



1st vol.

1854



pp. 72-73-

SKETCHES
OF
WESTERN ADVENTURE.

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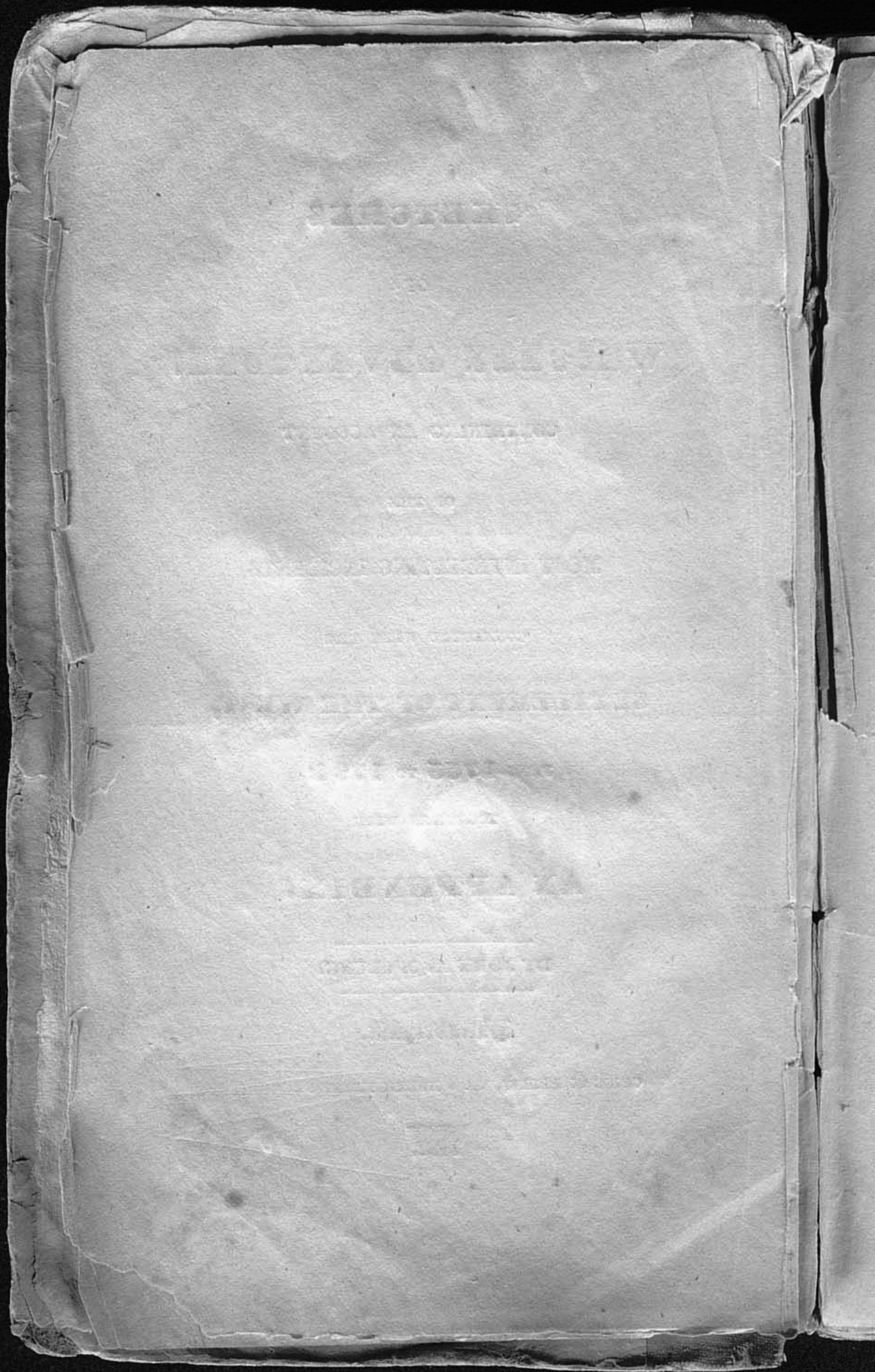
SKETCHES
OF
WESTERN ADVENTURE:
CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
MOST INTERESTING INCIDENTS
CONNECTED WITH THE
SETTLEMENT OF THE WEST,
FROM **1755** TO **1794:**
TOGETHER WITH
AN APPENDIX.

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Philadelphia.

GRIGG & ELLIOT, NO. 9 NORTH FOURTH STREET.

1832.



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SKETCHES
OF
WESTERN ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

THE English settlements in North America, until late in the 18th century, were confined to the country lying East of the Allegheny mountains. Even the most adventurous traders from Virginia and Pennsylvania, rarely penetrated beyond the head waters of the Ohio river, and the spot where Pittsburgh now stands was, for a long time, an extreme frontier point, where the white fur traders and the Western Indians were accustomed to meet and exchange their commodities. All beyond was an unexplored wilderness, which was known only as occupying certain degrees of latitude and longitude upon the map. Shortly before the old French war of 1755, this spot was occupied by the French, and a fort erected, which, in honor of their commander, was called Du Quesne. The possession of this fortress was keenly debated during the earlier years of the war, and was soon rendered memorable by the disastrous expedition of Braddock and Grant. Omitting a regular detail of these events, which have been often related, we shall commence our desultory history with a detail of the adventures of Col. JAMES SMITH, who subsequently removed to Kentucky, and for many years was a resident of Bourbon county. He was the first anglo-American who penetrated into the interior of the Western country—at least the first who has given us an account of his adventures, and in a succession of sketches, like the present, designed to commemorate individual rather than na-

tional exertions, he is justly entitled to the distinction which we give him. If we mistake not, his adventures will be found particularly interesting, as affording more ample specimens of savage manners and character, than almost any other account now in existence.

In the spring of the year 1755, James Smith, then a youth of eighteen, accompanied a party of 300 men from the frontiers of Pennsylvania, who advanced in front of Braddock's army, for the purpose of opening a road over the mountain. When within a few miles of the Bedford Springs, he was sent back to the rear, to hasten the progress of some wagons loaded with provisions and stores for the use of the road cutters. Having delivered his orders, he was returning, in company with another young man, when they were suddenly fired upon by a party of three Indians, from a cedar thicket, which skirted the road. Smith's companion was killed on the spot; and although he himself was unhurt, yet his horse was so much frightened by the flash and report of the guns, as to become totally unmanageable, and after a few plunges, threw him with violence to the ground. Before he could recover his feet, the Indians sprung upon him, and, overpowering his resistance, secured him as a prisoner. One of them demanded, in broken English, whether "more white men were coming up;" and upon his answering in the negative, he was seized by each arm, and compelled to run with great rapidity over the mountain until night, when the small party encamped and cooked their supper. An equal share of their scanty stock of provisions was given to the prisoner, and in other respects, although strictly guarded, he was treated with great kindness. On the evening of the next day, after a rapid walk of fifty miles, through cedar thickets, and over very rocky ground, they reached the Western side of the Laurel mountain, and beheld, at a little distance, the smoke of an Indian encampment. His captors

now fired their guns, and raised the *scalp halloo!* This is a long yell for every scalp that has been taken, followed by a rapid succession of shrill, quick, piercing shrieks, somewhat resembling laughter in its most excited tones. They were answered from the Indian camp below, by a discharge of rifles and a long whoop, followed by shrill cries of joy, and all thronged out to meet the party. Smith expected instant death at their hands, as they crowded around him; but to his surprise, no one offered him any violence. They belonged to another tribe, and entertained the party in their camp with great hospitality, respecting the prisoner as the property of their guests. On the following morning Smith's captors continued their march, and on the evening of the next day arrived at fort Du Quesne—now Pittsburgh. When within half a mile of the fort, they again raised the scalp halloo, and fired their guns as before. Instantly the whole garrison was in commotion. The cannon were fired—the drums were beaten, and French and Indians ran out in great numbers to meet the party, and partake of their triumph. Smith was again surrounded by a multitude of savages, painted in various colours, and shouting with delight; but their demeanor was by no means as pacific as that of the last party he had encountered. They rapidly formed in two long lines, and brandishing their hatchets, ramrods, switches, &c. called aloud upon him to run the gauntlet. Never having heard of this Indian ceremony before, he stood amazed for some time, not knowing what to do; but one of his captors explained to him, that he was to run between the two lines, and receive a blow from each Indian as he passed, concluding his explanation by exhorting him to "run his best," as the faster he ran the sooner the affair would be over. This truth was very plain—and young Smith entered upon his race with great spirit. He was switched very handsomely along the lines, for about three-fourths of the distance, the

stripes only acting as a spur to greater exertions, and he had almost reached the opposite extremity of the line, when a tall chief struck him a furious blow with a club upon the back of the head, and instantly felled him to the ground. Recovering himself in a moment, he sprung to his feet and started forward again, when a handful of sand was thrown in his eyes, which, in addition to the great pain, completely blinded him. He still attempted to grope his way through; but was again knocked down and beaten with merciless severity. He soon became insensible under such barbarous treatment, and recollected nothing more, until he found himself in the hospital of the fort, under the hands of a French surgeon, beaten to a jelly, and unable to move a limb. Here he was quickly visited by one of his captors—the same who had given him such good advice, when about to commence his race. He now enquired, with some interest, if he felt “very sore.” Young Smith replied, that he had been bruised almost to death, and asked what he had done to merit such barbarity. The Indian replied that he had done nothing, but that it was the customary greeting of the Indians to their prisoners—that it was something like the English “how d’ye do?” and that now all ceremony would be laid aside, and he would be treated with kindness. Smith enquired if they had any news of Gen. Braddock. The Indian replied that their scouts saw him every day from the mountains—that he was advancing in close columns through the woods—(this he indicated by placing a number of red sticks parallel to each other, and pressed closely together)—and that the Indians would be able to shoot them down “like pigeons.”

Smith rapidly recovered, and was soon able to walk upon the battlements of the fort, with the aid of a stick. While engaged in this exercise, on the morning of the 9—, he observed an unusual bustle in the fort. The Indians stood in

crowds at the great gate, armed and painted. Many barrels of powder, ball, flints, &c. were brought out to them, from which each warrior helped himself to such articles as he required. They were soon joined by a small detachment of French regulars, when the whole party marched off together. He had a full view of them as they passed, and was confident that they could not exceed four hundred men. He soon learned that it was detached against Braddock, who was now within a few miles of the fort; but from their great inferiority in numbers, he regarded their destruction as certain, and looked joyfully to the arrival of Braddock in the evening, as the hour which was to deliver him from the power of the Indians. In the afternoon, however, an Indian runner arrived with far different intelligence. The battle had not yet ended when he left the field; but he announced that the English had been surrounded, and were shot down in heaps by an invisible enemy; that instead of flying at once or rushing upon their concealed foe, they appeared completely bewildered, huddled together in the centre of the ring, and before sun down there would not be a man of them alive. This intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon Smith, who now saw himself irretrievably in the power of the savages, and could look forward to nothing but torture or endless captivity. He waited anxiously for further intelligence, still hoping that the fortune of the day might change. But about sunset, he heard at a distance the well known scalp halloo, followed by wild, quick, joyful shrieks, and accompanied by long continued firing. This too surely announced the fate of the day. About dusk, the party returned to the fort, driving before them twelve British regulars, stripped naked and with their faces painted black! an evidence that the unhappy wretches were devoted to death. Next came the Indians displaying their bloody scalps, of which they had immense numbers, and dressed in the scarlet coats, sashes, and

military hats of the officers and soldiers. Behind all came a train of baggage horses, laden with piles of scalps, canteens, and all the accoutrements of British soldiers. The savages appeared frantic with joy, and when Smith beheld them entering the fort, dancing, yelling, brandishing their red tomahawks, and waving their scalps in the air, while the great guns of the fort replied to the incessant discharge of rifles without, he says, that it looked as if Hell had given a holiday, and turned loose its inhabitants upon the upper world. The most melancholy spectacle was the band of prisoners. They appeared dejected and anxious. Poor fellows! They had but a few months before left London, at the command of their superiors, and we may easily imagine their feelings, at the strange and dreadful spectacle around them. The yells of delight and congratulation were scarcely over, when those of vengeance began. The devoted prisoners—British regulars—were led out from the fort to the banks of the Allegheny, and to the eternal disgrace of the French commandant, were there burnt to death one after another, with the most awful tortures. Smith stood upon the battlements and witnessed the shocking spectacle. The prisoner was tied to a stake with his hands raised above his head, stripped naked, and surrounded by Indians. They would touch him with red hot irons, and stick his body full of pine splinters and set them on fire—drowning the shrieks of the victim in the yells of delight with which they danced around him. His companions in the mean time stood in a group near the stake, and had a foretaste of what was in reserve for each of them. As fast as one prisoner died under his tortures, another filled his place, until the whole perished. All this took place so near the fort, that every scream of the victims must have rung in the ears of the French commandant!

Two or three days after this shocking spectacle, most of the Indian tribes dispersed and returned to their homes, as is

usual with them after a great and decisive battle. Young Smith was demanded of the French by the tribe to whom he belonged, and was immediately surrendered into their hands.

The party embarked in canoes, and ascended the Allegheny river, as far as a small Indian town about forty miles above fort Du Quesne. There they abandoned their canoes, and striking into the woods, travelled in a western direction, until they arrived at a considerable Indian town, in what is now the state of Ohio. This village was called Tullahas—and was situated upon the western branch of the Muskingum. During the whole of this period, Smith suffered much anxiety, from the uncertainty of his future fate, but at this town all doubt was removed. On the morning of his arrival, the principal members of the tribe gathered around him—and one old man with deep gravity, began to pluck out his hair by the roots, while the others looked on in silence, smoking their pipes with great deliberation. Smith did not understand the design of this singular ceremony, but submitted very patiently to the man's labours, who performed the operation of "picking" him with great dexterity, dipping his fingers in the ashes occasionally, in order to take a better hold. In a very few moments Smith's head was bald, with the exception of a single long tuft upon the centre of his crown, called the "scalp lock." This was carefully plaited in such a manner, as to stand upright, and was ornamented with several silver brooches. His ears and nose were then bored with equal gravity, and ornamented with ear rings and nose jewels. He was then ordered to strip—which being done, his naked body was painted in various fantastic colors, and a breech-cloth fastened around his loins. A belt of wampum was then placed around his neck, and silver bands around his right arm. To all this Smith submitted with much anxiety, being totally ignorant of their customs, and dreading lest, like the British prisoners, he had

been stripped and painted for the stake. His alarm was increased, when an old chief arose, took him by the arm, and leading him out into the open air, gave three shrill whoops, and was instantly surrounded by every inhabitant of the village, warriors, women and children. The chief then addressed the crowd in a long speech, still holding Smith by the hand. When he had ceased speaking, he led Smith forward, and delivered him into the hands of three young Indian girls, who grappling him without ceremony, towed him off to the river which ran at the foot of the hill, dragged him in the water up to his breast, and all three suddenly clapping their hands upon his head, attempted to put him under. Utterly desperate at the idea of being drowned by these young ladies, Smith made a manful resistance—the squaws persevered—and a prodigious splashing in the water took place, amidst loud peals of laughter from the shore. At length, one of the squaws became alarmed at the furious struggles of the young white man, and cried out earnestly several times, “no hurt you! no hurt you!” Upon this agreeable intelligence, Smith’s resistance ceased, and these gentle creatures plunged him under the water, and scrubbed him from head to foot with equal zeal and perseverance. As soon as they were satisfied, they led him ashore, and presented him to the chief—shivering with cold, and dripping with water. The Indians then dressed him in a ruffled shirt, leggins, and moccasins, variously ornamented, seated him upon a bearskin, and gave him a pipe, tomahawk, tobacco, pouch, flint and steel. The chiefs then took their seats by his side, and smoked for several minutes in deep silence, when the eldest delivered a speech, through an interpreter, in the following words: “My son, you are now one of us. Hereafter, you have nothing to fear. By an ancient custom, you have been adopted in the room of a brave man, who has fallen; and every drop of white blood has been wash-

ed from your veins. We are now your brothers, and are bound by our law to love you, to defend you, and to avenge your injuries, as much as if you were born in our tribe." He was then introduced to the members of the family into which he had been adopted, and was received by the whole of them with great demonstrations of regard. In the evening, he received an invitation to a great feast—and was there presented with a wooden bowl and spoon, and directed to fill the former from a huge kettle of boiled corn and hashed venison. The evening concluded with a war dance, and on the next morning, the warriors of the tribe assembled, and leaving one or two hunters, to provide for their families in their absence, the rest marched off for the frontiers of Virginia. In leaving the village, the warriors observed the most profound silence, with the exception of their leader, who sung the travelling song, as it is called, and when some distance off, they discharged their rifles slowly, and in regular succession, beginning in front and ending with the rear. As soon as the warriors had left them, Smith was invited to a dance, in which the Indian boys and young unmarried squaws assembled, and entertained themselves for several hours together. They formed in two lines facing each other, at the distance of about twenty feet. One of the young men held a gourd in his hand, filled with pebbles, or beads, which he rattled in such a manner as to produce music, and all the dancers singing in concert with their leader, moved forward in a line until the parties met—then retired, and repeated the same exercise for hours, without the least variation. Young Smith was merely a spectator in this scene, and his chief entertainment arose from observing the occasional symptoms of gallantry and coquetry which diversified the monotony of the dance. Heads were often bent close together as the two lines met, and soft whispers, ogling glances, and an occasional gentle tap upon the cheek, con-

vinced Smith, that Indians are not so insensible to the charms of their squaws as has been represented. An Indian courtship is somewhat different from ours. With them, all the coyness, reserve, and pretty delays are confined to the gentlemen. The young squaws are bold, forward, and by no means delicate in urging their passion—and a particularly handsome or promising young hunter, is often reduced to desperate extremities, to escape the toils of these female Lotharios! Smith was uniformly treated with the greatest kindness, and was for some time particularly distressed by the pressing invitations to eat, which he received from all quarters. With the Indians, it is uniformly the custom to invite every visitor to eat, as soon as he enters the wigwam, and if he refuses, they are much offended, regarding it as an evidence of hostility to them, and contempt for their house-keeping. Smith, ignorant of this circumstance, was sometimes pressed to eat twenty times in a day, and observing their dark and suspicious glances when he declined their hospitality, he endeavored at length to satisfy them at the risk of stuffing himself to death. Making it a point to eat with all who invited him, he soon found himself in great favor, and in the course of a week after his adoption, an old chief honored him with an invitation to hunt with him. Smith readily consented. At the distance of a few miles from the village, they discovered a number of buffalo tracks. The old Indian regarded them attentively—and followed them with great caution, stopping frequently to listen, and rolling his eyes keenly in every direction. Smith, surprised at this singular conduct, asked him why he did not push on more rapidly, and endeavor to get a shot. "Hush!" said the Indian, shaking his head—"may be buffalo—may be Catawba!" Having at length satisfied himself, that they were really buffalo—he pushed on more rapidly, and on the way, assigned his reasons for his hesitation. He said, that the

Catawbas had long been at war with his tribe, and were the most cunning and wicked nation in the world. That a few years ago, they had secretly approached his camp in the night, and sent out a few of their spies, mounted upon buffalo hoofs, who walked round their camp, and then returned to the main body. That, in the morning, he and his warriors, perceiving their tracks, supposed a herd of buffalo to be ahead of them, and moved on rapidly in pursuit. That, they soon fell into the ambuscade, were fired on by the Catawba's and many of them killed. The Catawbas, however, quickly gave way, and were pursued by his young men with great eagerness. But they had taken the precaution to stick a number of slender reeds in the grass, sharpened like a pen, and dipped in rattlesnake's poison, so that as his young men pursued them eagerly, most of them were artificially snake-bitten, and lamed. That the Catawbas then turned upon them, overpowered them, and took the scalps of all who had been lamed by the reeds. The old man concluded by shaking his head, and declaring, that "Catawba was a very bad Indian—a perfect devil for mischief." Smith, however, was so unfortunate a few days afterwards, as to fall into discredit with these simple people. He had been directed to go out and kill some venison for the squaws and children, who had suffered for several days, during the absence of the greater part of the warriors. As this was the first time that he had been entrusted with so weighty a commission alone, he determined to signalize his hunt by an unusual display of skill and enterprize. He, therefore, struck boldly into the woods, and at a few miles distance, falling upon a fresh buffalo trail, he pushed on for several miles with great eagerness. Despairing, however, of overtaking them, as the evening came on, he began to retrace his steps, and as he had taken a considerable circuit, he determined to cut across the hills, and reach the village by a shorter way. He soon be-

came inextricably involved in the mazes of the forest, and at dark, found himself completely bewildered. He fired his gun repeatedly, in hopes of being heard, but his signal was unanswered, and he wandered through the woods the whole night, totally unable to find his way home. Early in the morning, the Indians, probably suspecting him of desertion, started out in pursuit of him, but observing the zigzag manner in which the young woodsman had marched, they soon became satisfied of the truth, and their anger was changed to laughter and contempt. Smith's rifle was taken from him, and a bow and arrow (the weapons of a boy,) were placed in his hands; and although he was treated with undiminished kindness by all, yet it was evident, that it was mingled with compassion and contempt, for his ignorance of the woods. He was now placed under the particular care of Tontileau-go, his adopted brother, and a renowned hunter and warrior. With the aid of his directions, he soon learned all the mysteries of hunting. He trapped beaver, killed deer, bear and buffalo, with great readiness—and in the course of the winter, rose considerably in reputation. The warriors were still absent, and the women and children depended on them entirely for subsistence. Sometimes they were three days without food; particularly, when the snow became hard, and the noise which they made in walking on the crust frightened the deer, so that they could not come within gunshot. Their only resource then, was to hunt bear trees; that is, for large hollow trees in which bears lay concealed during the winter. The hole is generally from thirty to fifty feet from the ground, and they are often compelled to climb up and apply fire, in order to drive bruen out, who obstinately maintains his ground until nearly stifled with smoke, and then sneezing and snuffling, and growling, he shows himself at the mouth of his hole, for a little fresh air. The hunter stations himself below, and fires upon him as soon as he ap-

pears. Towards spring, the warriors generally return, and game is then killed in abundance. We shall here pause, in our narrative, to mention some traits of Indian character and manners, which, perhaps, will be interesting to many of our readers, who have not had opportunities of informing themselves on the subject. The lives of the men are passed in alternate action of the most violent kind, and indolence the most excessive. Nothing but the pressing call of hunger, will rouse them to much exertion.

In the month of August and September, when roasting ears are abundant, they abandon themselves to laziness, dancing and gaming, and can rarely be roused even to hunt, so long as their cornfields will furnish them food. During this month, they are generally seen lying down in idle contemplation, dancing with their squaws, playing at foot-ball, or engaged in a game resembling dice, of which they are immoderately fond. War and hunting are their only serious occupations, and all the drudgery of life devolves upon the squaws. Smith gave high offence to the warriors by taking a hoe into his hand, and working with the squaws for half an hour, at a time when they were engaged in planting corn. They reprimanded him with some severity for his industry, observing that it was degrading to a warrior to be engaged in labor like a squaw; and for the future he must learn to demean himself more loftily, always remembering that he was a member of a warlike tribe, and a noble family.

They are remarkably hospitable, always offering to a stranger, the best that they have. If a warrior, upon entering a strange wigwam, is not immediately invited to eat, he considers himself deeply affronted, although he may have just risen from a meal at home. It is not enough on these occasions that ordinary food, such as venison or homony, is offered. It is thought rude and churlish, not to set before their guest, their greatest delicacies, such as sugar, bear's oil, hon-

ey, and if they have it, rum. If there is no food of any kind in the house, which is often the case, the fact is instantly mentioned, and is at once accepted as a sufficient apology. Smith was so unfortunate, as to incur some reproach upon this subject also. While he, and his adopted brother, Tontileaugo, were encamped in the woods, hunting, there came a hunter of the Wyandott tribe, who entered their camp, faint and hungry, having had no success in hunting, and consequently, having fasted for several days. Tontileaugo was absent at the time, but Smith received the visitor with great hospitality, (as he thought) and gave him an abundant meal of homony and venison. Shortly after the Wyandott's departure, his brother, Tontileaugo returned, and Smith informed him of the visit of the stranger, and of his own hospitable reception. Tontileaugo listened with gravity, and replied: "And I suppose of course, you brought up some of the sugar and bear's oil, which was left below in the canoe?" "No," replied Smith, "I never thought of it—it was at too great a distance." "Well, brother," replied Tontileaugo, "you have behaved just like a Dutchman! I can excuse it in you for this time, as you are young, and have been brought up among the white people—but you must learn to behave like a warrior, and never be caught in such *little* actions! Great actions alone, can ever make a great man!"

Their power of sustaining long continued fatigue is as extraordinary. Even their squaws will travel as fast as an ordinary horse, and pack an incredible quantity of baggage upon their backs. In the spring of 1756, a great quantity of game had been killed, at a considerable distance from the village; and all the inhabitants, including squaws and boys, turned out to bring it home. Smith was loaded with a large piece of buffalo, which, after packing two or three miles, he found too heavy for him, and was compelled

to throw it down. One of the squaws laughed heartily, and coming up, relieved him of a large part of it, adding it to her own pack, which before, was equal to Smith's. This he says, stimulated him to greater exertion than the severest punishment would have done.

Their warriors, for a short distance, are not swifter than the whites, but are capable of sustaining the exercise, for an incredible length of time. An Indian warrior can run for twelve or fourteen hours without refreshment, and after a hasty meal, and very brief repose, appear completely refreshed, and ready for a second course. Smith found it more difficult to compete with them in this respect, than any other. For although he ran with great swiftness for a few miles, he could not continue such violent exertion for a whole day. While he and his brother Tontileaugo were encamped at a distance from the others, they were much distressed from having to pack their meat from such a distance, and as three horses were constantly grazing near them, (for there was grass under the snow,) Tontileaugo proposed that they should run them down, and catch them, it having been found impossible to take them in any other way. Smith, having but little relish for the undertaking, urged the impossibility of success. But Tontileaugo replied, that he had frequently run down bear, deer, elk and buffalo, and believed, that in the course of a day and night, he could run down any four-footed animal, except the wolf. Smith observed, that, although deer were swifter than horses for a short distance, yet, that a horse could run much longer than either the elk or buffalo, and that he was confident they would tire themselves to no purpose. The other insisted upon making the experiment, at any rate; and at daylight, on a cold day in February, and on a hard snow several inches deep, the race began. The two hunters stripped themselves to their moccasins, and started at full speed. The horses were in high order, and very wild, but

contented themselves with running in a circle of six or seven miles circumference, and would not entirely abandon their usual grazing ground. At ten o'clock, Smith had dropped considerably astern, and before eleven, Tontileaugo and the horses were out of sight; the Indian keeping close at their heels, and allowing them no time for rest. Smith, naked as he was, and glowing with exercise, threw himself upon the hard snow; and having cooled himself in this manner, he remained stationary until three o'clock in the evening, when the horses again came in view, their flanks smoking like a seething kettle, and Tontileaugo close behind them, running with undiminished speed. Smith being now perfectly fresh, struck in ahead of Tontileaugo, and compelled the horses to quicken their speed, while his Indian brother from behind, encouraged him to do his utmost—after shouting “chako!—chokoa-nough!” (pull away! pull away my boy!) Had Tontileaugo thought of resting, and committed the chase to Smith alone, for some hours, and then in his turn relieved him, they might have succeeded; but neglecting this plan, they both continued the chase until dark, when, perceiving that the horses ran still with great vigor, they despaired of success, and returned to the camp, having tasted nothing since morning, and one of them at least, having run nearly one hundred miles. Tontileaugo was somewhat crestfallen at the result of the race, and grumbled not a little at their long wind; but Smith assured him that they had attempted an impossibility, and he became reconciled to their defeat.

Their discipline, with regard to their children, is not remarkably strict. Whipping is rare with them, and is considered the most disgraceful of all punishments. Ducking in cold water, is the ordinary punishment of misbehavior; and as might be expected, their children are more obedient in winter than in summer. Smith, during his first winter's residence among them, was an eye witness to a cir-

cumstance, which we shall relate, as a lively example of Indian manners. His brother, Tontileaugo, was married to a Wyandott squaw, who had had several children by a former husband. One of these children offended his step-father in some way, who in requital, gave him the "strappado," with a whip made of buffalo hide. The discipline was quite moderate, but the lad shouted very loudly, and soon brought out his Wyandott mother. She instantly took her child's part with great animation. It was in vain that the husband explained the offence, and urged the moderation with which he had inflicted the punishment. All would not do. "The child, she said, was no slave to be beaten and scourged with a whip. His father had been a warrior, and a Wyandott, and his child was entitled to honorable usage. If he had offended his step-father, there was cold water enough to be had; let him be ducked until he would be brought to reason, and she would not utter a word of complaint; but a "buffalo tug" was no weapon, with which the son of a warrior ought to be struck—his father's spirit was frowning in the skies at the degradation of his child." Tontileaugo listened with great calmness to this indignant remonstrance; and having lit his pipe, strolled off, in order to give his squaw an opportunity of becoming cool. The offence, however, had been of too serious a nature, and his squaw, shortly after his departure, caught a horse, and taking her children with her, rode off to the Wyandott village, about forty miles distant. In the afternoon, Tontileaugo returned to his wigwam, and found no one there but Smith, an old man and a boy. He appeared much troubled at his squaw's refractory conduct, uttered some deep interjections—but finally did as most husbands are compelled to do—followed her to make his peace.

They are remarkably superstitious, and hold their "conjurers" in great veneration. These dignitaries are generally old and decrepid. On the borders of Lake Erie, one evening

a squaw came running into camp, where Smith, Tontileaugo and a few others were reposing, after a long day's journey, and alarmed them with the information, that two strange Indians, armed with rifles, were standing upon the opposite shore of a small creek, and appeared to be reconnoitering the camp. It was supposed that they were Johnston Mohawks, and that they would shortly be attacked. Instantly the women and children were sent into the woods, and the warriors retired from the light of the fires, taking their stations silently in the dark, and awaiting the enemy's approach. Manetohcoa, their old conjurer, alone remained by the fire, regardless of the danger, and busily employed in his necromantic art. To assist him in his labors, he had dyed feathers, the shoulder blade of a wildcat, and a large quantity of leaf tobacco. Thus accoutred, he conjured away, with great industry, in the light of the fire, and exposed to the most imminent danger, in case of an attack, as he was very lame, totally deaf, and miserably rheumatic. After a few minutes anxious expectation, old Manetohcoa, called aloud upon his friends to return to the fire, assuring them that there was no danger. They instantly obeyed, with the utmost confidence, and their squaws and children were recalled, as if no further danger was to be apprehended. Upon coming up, they found old Manetohcoa enveloped in tobacco smoke, and holding the bone of the wildcat in his hand, upon which his eyes were fixed with great earnestness. He told them, that after having burnt his feathers, fumigated himself with the tobacco, heated his blade bone, and pronounced his charm, that he expected to see a multitude of Mohawks arise upon the surface of the bone; but to his surprise, he saw only the figures of two wolves! He assured them, that the woman had mistaken the wolves for Mohawks; and that no enemy was near them. The Indians instantly composed themselves to rest—relying confidently upon the truth of the old

man's assertions. In the morning, to Smith's astonishment, the tracks of two wolves were seen at the spot, where the squaw's account had placed the Mohawks. The Indians expressed no surprise at this extraordinary confirmation of the old man's skill in divination—but Smith's infidelity was powerfully shaken! Admitting the truth of the facts, (and from Col. Smith's high reputation for piety and integrity, we presume they cannot be questioned,) it must be acknowledged, either an extraordinary instance of sagacity—or else we must class it among those numerous fortunate circumstances, which occasionally have staggered the faith of much more learned men than Col. Smith. Johnson's superstition is well known—and Smith's doubts may at least be pardoned.

Their military principles are few and simple, but remarkable for sagacity, and singularly adapted the character of the warfare in which they are generally engaged. Caution, perhaps, rather than boldness, is the leading feature of their system. To destroy their enemy, at the least possible risk to themselves, is their great object. They are by no means, as has been sometimes supposed, destitute of discipline. Their manœuvres are few, but in performing them, they are peculiarly alert, ready, and intelligent. In forming a line—in protecting their flanks, by bodies arranged "en potence," or in forming a large hollow square, for the purpose of making head against a superior force—they are inferior to no troops in the world. Each movement is indicated by a loud whoop, of peculiar intonation, from their leader, and is irregularly, but rapidly obeyed. The result is order—although during the progress of the movement, the utmost apparent confusion prevails. Nothing astonished them more, than the pertinacity with which Braddock adhered to European tactics, in the celebrated battle on the banks of the Monongahela. They often assured Smith that the long knives were fools: That they could neither fight nor run away, but drew

themselves up in close order, and stood still, as if to give their enemies the best possible opportunity of shooting them down at their leisure. Grant's masquerade before the walls of fort Du Quesne, also gave them much perplexity. A venerable Caughnewaughga chief, who had in his youth, been a renowned warrior and counsellor, and who excelled all his cotemporaries in sagacity and benevolence, frequently told Smith, that Grant's conduct was to him totally inexplicable. This General formed the advance of General Forbes in '77. He marched with great secrecy and celerity through the woods, and appeared upon the hill above Du Quesne in the night. There he encamped, and by way of bravado, caused the drums to beat, and the bagpipes to play, as if to inform the enemy of his arrival. At day light, he was surrounded by Indians—who creeping up, under cover of bushes, gullies, &c., nearly annihilated his army without any sensible loss to themselves. The old chief observed, "that as the great art of war consisted in ambushing and surprising your enemy, and preventing yourself from being surprised, that Grant had acted like a skilful warrior in coming secretly upon them—but that his subsequent conduct in giving the alarm to his enemy, instead of falling upon him with the bayonet, was very extraordinary; that he could only account for it, by supposing that Grant, like too many other warriors, was fond of rum, and had become drunk about daylight."

They have the most sovereign contempt for all book learning! Smith was occasionally in the habit of reading a few elementary English books, which he had procured from traders, and lost credit among them by his fondness for study.

Nothing, with them, can atone for a practical ignorance of the woods. We have seen, that, for losing himself, Smith was degraded from the rank of a warrior, and re-

duced to that of a boy. Two years afterwards, he regained his rank, and was presented with a rifle, as a reward for an exhibition of hardihood and presence of mind. In company with the old chief, to whom we have just referred, and several other Indians, he was engaged in hunting. A deep snow was upon the ground, and the weather was tempestuous. On their way home, a number of raccoon tracks were seen in the snow, and Smith was directed to follow them and observe where they treed. He did so, but they led him off to a much greater distance than was supposed, and the hunters were several miles ahead of him, when he attempted to rejoin them. At first their tracks were very plain in the snow, and although night approached, and the camp was distant, Smith felt no anxiety. But about dusk, his situation became critical. The weather became suddenly much colder, the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and whirlwinds of snow blinded his eyes, and filled up the tracks of his companions. He had with him neither a gun, flint, nor steel—no shelter but a blanket, and no weapon but a tomahawk. He plodded on for several hours, ignorant of his route—stumbling over logs, and chilled with cold, until the snow became so deep, as seriously to impede his progress, and the flakes fell so thick, as to render it impossible to see where he was going. He shouted aloud for help, but no answer was returned, and as the storm every instant became more outrageous, he began to think that his hour had come. Providentially, in stumbling on through the snow, he came to a large sycamore, with a considerable opening on the windward side. He hastily crept in and found the hollow sufficiently large to accommodate him for the night, if the weather side could be closed so as to exclude the snow and wind, which was beating against it with great violence. He instantly went to work with his tomahawk and cut a number of sticks, which he placed upright

against the hole, and piled brush against it in great quantities, leaving a space open for himself to creep in. He then broke up a decayed log, and cutting it into small pieces, pushed them one by one into the hollow of the tree, and lastly, crept in himself. With these pieces, he stopped up the remaining holes of his den, until not a chink was left to admit the light. The snow, drifting in large quantities, was soon banked up against his defences, and completely sheltered him from the storm, which still continued to rage with undiminished fury. He then danced violently in the centre of his den for two hours, until he was sufficiently warmed, and wrapping himself in his blanket, he slept soundly until morning. He awoke in utter darkness, and groping about, he found his door and attempted to push it away, but the snow had drifted against it in such quantities, that it resisted his utmost efforts. His hair now began to bristle, and he feared that he had with great ingenuity, contrived to bury himself alive. He laid down again for several hours, meditating upon what he should do, and whether he should not attempt to cut through the tree with his tomahawk—but at length he made one more desperate effort to push away the door, and succeeded in moving it several inches, when a great bank of snow fell in upon him from above, convincing him at once of the immense quantity which had fallen. He at length burrowed his way into the upper air, and found it broad day light, and the weather calm and mild. The snow lay nearly four feet deep—but he was now enabled to see his way clearly, and by examining the barks of the trees, was enabled to return to camp.

He was received with loud shouts of joy and congratulation, but not a single question was asked until he had despatched a hearty meal of venison, homony and sugar.

The old chief, Tecaughnetanego, whom we have already mentioned, then presented him with his own pipe, and they

all remained silent until Smith had smoked. When they saw him completely refreshed, the venerable chief, addressed him in a mild and affectionate manner, (for Smith at that time, was a mere boy with them) and desired to hear a particular account of the manner in which he had passed the night. Not a word was spoken until Smith concluded his story, and then he was greeted on all sides with shouts of approbation.

Tecaughnetanego arose and addressed him in a short speech, in which his courage, hardihood and presence of mind, were highly commended. He was exhorted to go on as he had begun, and assured, that one day he would make a very great man. That all his brothers rejoiced in his safety, as much as they had lamented his supposed death—that they were preparing snow shoes to go in search of him when he appeared, but as he had been brought up effeminately among the whites, they never expected to see him alive. In conclusion, he was promoted from the rank of a boy to that of a warrior, and assured, that when they sold skins in the spring, at Detroit, they would purchase for him a new rifle. And they faithfully observed their promise.

They are extravagantly fond of rum; but drinking does not with them, as with the whites, form a part of the regular business of life. They occasionally indulge in a wild and frantic revel, which sometimes lasts several days, and then return to their ordinary habits. They cannot husband their liquor, for the sake of prolonging the pleasure of toping—it is used with the most reckless profusion while it lasts, and all drink to beastly intoxication. Their squaws are as fond of liquor as the warriors, and share in all their excesses.

After the party to which Smith belonged, had sold their beaver skins, and provided themselves with ammunition and blankets, all their surplus cash was expended in rum, which was bought by the keg. They then held a council,

in which a few strong bodied hunters were selected to remain sober, and protect the rest during the revel, for which they were preparing. Smith was courteously invited to get drunk, but upon his refusal, he was told that he must then join the sober party, and assist in keeping order. This, as he quickly found, was an extremely dangerous office; but before engaging in the serious business of drinking, the warriors carefully removed their tomahawks and knives, and took every precaution against bloodshed. A shocking scene then commenced. Rum was swallowed in immense quantities, and their wild passions were stimulated to frenzy! Smith and the sober party, were exposed to the most imminent peril, and were compelled to risk their lives every moment. Much injury was done, but no lives were lost.

In the Ottawa camp, where the same infernal orgies were celebrated, the result was more tragical. Several warriors were killed on the spot, and a number more wounded.

So long as they had money, the revel was kept up day and night, but when their funds were exhausted, they gathered up their dead and wounded, and with dejected countenances, returned to the wilderness. All had some cause of lamentation. The blanket of one had been burnt, and he had no money to buy another; the fine clothes of another had been torn from his back; some had been maimed; and all had improvidently wasted their money.

The religion of the Indians, although defaced by superstition, and intermingled with many rites and notions which to us appear absurd, contains, nevertheless, a distinct acknowledgment of the existence of a Supreme Being, and a future state. The various tribes are represented by Dr. Robertson as polytheists; and Mr. Hume considers polytheism as inseparably attendant upon the savage state. It appears, however, that the Western Indians approached more nearly

to simple deism, than most savage nations with whom we have been heretofore acquainted. One Great Spirit is universally worshipped, throughout the West—although different tribes give him different names. In the immense prairies of the West, he is generally termed the Wahcondah, or master of life. With the Indians of the lakes, he was generally termed Manitto, which we believe means simply "The Spirit!" In the language of Smith's tribe he was known by the title of "Owanecyo," or the possessor of all things.

Human sacrifices are very common among the tribes, living West of the Mississippi; but I have seen no evidence of such a custom among those of the North-west.

Tecaughretanego, the veteran chief whom we have already mentioned, was esteemed the wisest and most venerable of his own nation; and his religious opinions, perhaps, may be regarded as a very favorable sample of Indian theology. We shall take the liberty of detailing several conversations of this old chief, particularly upon religious subjects, which to us, were the most interesting passages of Smith's diary—growing, as they did, out of a situation, which required the exercise of some philosophy and reliance upon Providence. We have already adverted to the precarious nature of the Indian supplies of food, dependant as they are, upon the woods for their meat, and liable to frequent failures from the state of the weather, and other circumstances over which they have no control.

It so happened that Smith, together with Tontileaugo and the old chief, Tecaughretanego, were encamped at a great distance from the rest of the tribe, and during the early part of the winter, they were very successful in hunting, and were abundantly supplied with all necessaries. Upon the breach between Tontileaugo and his wife, however, Smith and the old chief were left in the woods, with no other company than that of Nungany, a little son of the latter not more than

ten years old. Tecaughretanego, notwithstanding his age, (which exceeded sixty,) was still a skilful hunter, and capable of great exertion when in good health; but, unfortunately, was subject to dreadful attacks of rheumatism, during which, in addition to the most excruciating pain, he was incapable of moving his limbs, or helping himself in any way. Smith was but a young hunter, and Nungay n totally useless except as a cook; but while Tecaughretanego retained the use of his limbs, notwithstanding the loss of Tontileaugo, they killed game very abundantly.

About the middle of January, however, the weather became excessively cold, and the old chief was stretched upon the floor of his wigwam, totally unable to move. The whole care of the family now devolved upon Smith, and his exertions were not wanting. But from his youth and inexperience, he was unable to provide as plentifully as Tontileaugo had done, and they were reduced to very short allowance. The old chief, notwithstanding the excruciating pain which he daily suffered, always strove to entertain Smith at night, with agreeable conversation, and instructed him carefully and repeatedly in the art of hunting. At length the snow became hard and crusty, and the noise of Smith's footsteps frightened the deer, so that, with the utmost caution he could use, he was unable to get within gunshot. The family, in consequence, were upon the eve of starvation.

One evening, Smith entered the hut, faint and weary, after a hunt of two days, during which he had eaten nothing. Tecaughretanego had fasted for the same length of time, and both had been upon short allowance for a week. Smith came in very moodily, and laying aside his gun and powder horn, sat down by the fire in silence. Tecaughretanego enquired mildly and calmly, what success he had had. Smith answered, that they must starve, as the deer were so wild that he could not get within gunshot, and it was too far to go to

any Indian settlement for food. The old man remained silent for a moment, and then in the same mild tone, asked him if he was hungry? Smith replied, that the keen appetite seemed gone, but that he felt sick and dizzy, and scarcely able to walk. "I have made Nungany hunt up some food for you, brother," said the old man kindly, and bade him produce it. This food was nothing more than the bones of a fox and wildcat, which had been thrown into the woods a few days before, and which the buzzards had already picked almost bare. Nungany had collected and boiled them, until the sinews were stripped from the flesh—intending them for himself and father, both of whom were nearly famished; but the old man had put them away for Smith, in case he should again return without food. Smith quickly threw himself upon this savoury soup, and swallowed spoonful after spoonful, with the voracity of a wolf. Tecaughretanego waited patiently until he had finished his meal, which continued until the last spoonful had been swallowed, and then handing him his own pipe, invited him to smoke. Little Nungany, in the mean time, removed the kettle, after looking in vain for some remnant of the feast for his own supper. He had watched every mouthful which Smith swallowed with eager longing, but in perfect silence, and finding, that for the third night, he must remain supperless, he sat down quietly at his father's feet, and was soon asleep.

Tecaughretanego, as soon as Smith had smoked, asked him if he felt refreshed—and upon receiving an animated assurance in the affirmative, he addressed him mildly as follows: "I saw, my brother, when you first came in, that you had been unfortunate in hunting, and were ready to despair—I should have spoken at the time, what I am now about to say, but I have always observed, that hungry people, are not in a temper to listen to reason. You are now refreshed, and can listen patiently to the words of your elder

brother. I was once young like you, but am now old. I have seen sixty snows fall, and have often been in a worse condition, from want of food, than we now are; yet I have always been supplied, and that, too, at the very time when I was ready to despair. Brother: you have been brought up among the whites, and have not had the same opportunities of seeing how wonderfully Owaneeyo provides food for his children in the woods! He sometimes lets them be in great want, to teach them that they are dependant upon him, and to remind them of their own weakness; but he never permits them absolutely to perish. Rest assured that your brother is telling you no lie; but be satisfied that he will do as I have told you. Go now: sleep soundly—rise early in the morning and go out to hunt; be strong and diligent; do your best, and trust to Owaneeyo for the rest.”

When we recollect that this admirable speech came from a wild Indian, totally uninstructed, and untaught to restrain his passions; that at the very time, he was suffering the most excruciating pain, both from disease and hunger; that he had denied himself a morsel of food, in order to bestow it upon Smith; and, lastly, that from the state of the snow and Smith's inexperience, he had no human prospect of relief—it is no exaggeration to say, that a more striking example of wisdom, mildness and magnanimity was never exhibited.

Smith was powerfully struck by the old man's reasoning; and still more affected by the patience and firmness with which he sustained himself, under the complicated suffering with which he was visited. In the morning, at daylight, he seized his gun, and commenced the duties of the day with great spirit. He saw a great many deer, but the crashing of the crust alarmed them as heretofore; and after hunting until noon without success, he began to suspect that Tecaughretanego must have been mistaken, and that they were certainly destined to starve. His hunger seemed rather whet-

ted than allayed by his sumptuous repast upon wildcat bones, the evening before, and now became so ravenous as to divest him of all reason, and he determined to run back to Pennsylvania. True, the intervening country was crowded with hostile Indians, but the edge of the tomahawk was not keener than that of hunger; and a sharp and quick death, infinitely preferable to the slow and torturing ravages of starvation. Having hastily adopted this desperate resolution, he quickened his pace, and moved off steadily in the direction of Pennsylvania. He had not gone more than seven or eight miles, before he heard the lowing of buffalo in front, and in a few minutes, came in view of a noble herd, marching leisurely ahead of him. He ran with great rapidity in such a direction as to head them, and concealing himself in a thicket, awaited their approach. They passed leisurely within a few yards of him, so that he had an opportunity of selecting a fat heifer, which he killed at the first fire. He quickly struck fire from his flint—and cutting a few slices from the fleshiest part, he laid it upon the coals, but could not wait until it was done. After gorging himself with raw beef, which (with the exception of the wild cat bones of the preceding night,) he thought the most delicious food he had ever tasted, he began to be tenderly concerned for the old man and little boy, whom he had left in a famishing condition at the wigwam. His conscience reproached him for leaving them to perish; and he instantly loaded himself heavily with the fattest and fleshiest pieces, and having secured the rest from the wolves, returned to their camp, with as much expedition as he could exert. It was late at night when he entered the wigwam. Tecaughretanego received him with the same mild equanimity which had heretofore distinguished him, and thanked him very affectionately for the exertions which he had used, while the eyes of the famished boy were fastened upon the beef as if he would devour it raw. His father

ordered him to hang on the kettle and cook some beef for them all—but Smith declared that he himself would cook for the old man, while Nungany broiled some meat upon the coals for himself. The boy looked eagerly at his father for his consent, and receiving a nod in reply, he sprung upon the meat as a kite would pounce upon a pullet, and unable to wait for the slow operation of the fire, began to eat it raw. Smith in the mean time had cut several very thin slices and placed them in the kettle to boil—but supposing Tecaughretanego as impatient as himself, he was about to take it off the fire after a very few minutes, when the old man, in a tone as calm and quiet as if he had not fasted for three whole days, desired him to “let it be done enough.” At the same time he ordered Nungany, who was still eating like a shark, to take no more at present, but to sit down, and after a few minutes he might sup a little broth. The old man then reminded Smith of their conversation the night before—and of the striking truth with which his assurance of Owaneeyo’s goodness had been accomplished. At length he desired Smith to give him the beef, observing that it had been boiled enough, and as if he had reserved all his vigor for that moment, he assaulted it with a keenness and perseverance, which showed that the gifts of Owaneeyo were not thrown away.

In the morning, Tecaughretanego requested Smith to return to the spot where he had killed the buffalo, and bring in the rest of it to camp. He accordingly took down his rifle and entered the wood, intending to hunt on the road. At the distance of a few miles from camp, he saw a large elm, which had been much scratched, and perceiving a hole in it at the distance of forty feet from the ground, he supposed that a bear had selected it for his winter quarters, and instantly determined to rouse him from his slumbers. With his tomahawk, he cut down a sapling which grew near the tree, in such a manner as to

ledge it against the den. He then cut a long pole, and tied a few bunches of rotten wood to the end of it. Taking it then in his hand, he climbed the sapling, until he reached the mouth of the den, and setting fire to the rotten wood, put it into the hollow as far as he could reach. He soon had the gratification of hearing poor bruin sneeze and cough, as if in great trouble—and rapidly sliding down the sapling, he seized his gun at the moment that the bear showed himself. He instantly shot him, and having loaded himself with the hind quarters, he marched back in high spirits to the wigwam. They were now well provided for a week—and in a few days the snow thawed so much as to enable him to kill deer; so that during the rest of the winter, they fared sumptuously.

Early in April, Tecaughretanego's rheumatism abated so much as to permit him to walk, upon which, they all three built a bark canoe, and descended the Ollentangy, until the water became so shallow as to endanger their frail bark among the rocks. A council was then held, in which Tecaughretanego proposed to go ashore, and pray for rain to raise the creek or river, so as to enable them to continue their journey. Smith readily consented, and they accordingly disembarked, drawing their canoe ashore after them. Here the old Indian built a "sweating house," in order to purify himself, before engaging in his religious duties. He stuck a number of semicircular hoops in the ground, and laid a blanket over them. He then heated a number of large stones, and placed them under the blanket, and finally crawled in himself, with a kettle of water in his hand, directing Smith to draw down the blanket after him, so as almost entirely to exclude the external air. He then poured the water upon the hot stones, and began to sing aloud with great energy—the steam rising from the blanket like a heavy mist. In this hot place he continued for fifteen minutes, singing the whole time, and then came out dripping with perspira-

tion from head to foot. As soon as he had taken breath, he began to burn tobacco, throwing it into the fire by handfuls, and at the same time, repeating the following words in a tone of deep and solemn earnestness: "Oh Great Owaneeyo! I thank thee that I have regained the use of my legs once more; that I am now able to walk about and kill turkies, without feeling exquisite pain. Oh! ho! ho! ho! Grant that my knees and ancles may be right well, that I may be able not only to walk, but to run and to jump logs, as I did last fall! Oh! ho! ho! ho! Grant that upon this voyage, we may frequently kill bear as they may be crossing the Sandusky and Scioto! Oh! ho! ho! ho! Grant that we may also kill a few turkies to stew with our bear's meat! Oh! ho! ho! ho! Grant that rain may come to raise the Olleutangy a few feet, that we may cross in safety down to Scioto, without splitting our canoe upon the rocks—and now O Great Owaneeyo! thou knowest how fond I am of tobacco, and though I do not know when I shall get any more, yet you see that I have freely given up all I have for a burnt offering; therefore, I expect that thou wilt be merciful and hear all my petitions—and I, thy servant will thank thee, and love thee for all thy gifts."

Smith held the old chief in great veneration, and has observed, that he never in his life listened to a man who reasoned more clearly and powerfully upon such subjects as came before him; and he heard the first part of his prayer with great respect and due gravity; but when the attention of Owaneeyo was called to the tobacco, which his votary bestowed upon him so liberally, his muscles gave way, and in spite of his efforts to restrain himself, he burst into a low and half stifled laugh. Ridicule is at all times formidable, but particularly so in a moment of enthusiasm and sincere devotion. Tecaughretanego was deeply and seriously offended, and rebuked his young companion in the following

words: "Brother, I have somewhat to say to you! When you were reading your books in our village, you know I would not let the boys plague you or laugh at you, although we all thought it a foolish and idle occupation in a warrior. I respected your feelings *then*—but just now I saw you laughing at me! Brother, I do not believe that you look upon praying as a silly custom, for you sometimes pray yourself. Perhaps you think my mode of praying foolish, but if so, would it not be more friendly to reason with me, and instruct me, than to sit on that log and laugh at an old man."

Smith apologized with great earnestness—declaring that he respected and loved him sincerely, but that when he saw him throw the last of his tobacco into the fire, and recollected how fond he was of it, he could not help smiling a little, although for the future he would never have reason to complain of him on that account. The old man, without saying a word, handed him his pipe as a token of friendship, although it was filled only with willow bark; and the little difference was soon forgotten.

Smith then explained to him the outlines of the Christian Religion, and dwelt particularly upon the doctrine of reconciliation through the atonement of Christ. Tecaughretango listened with patience and gravity until his companion had ended his remarks, and then calmly observed, "that it *might be so!*" He even acknowledged, "that it did not appear so absurd, as the doctrine of the Romish Priests, which he had heard at Detroit, but declared that he was too old *now* to change his religion; that he should, therefore, continue to worship God after the manner of his fathers; and if it was not consistent with the honor of the Great Spirit to accept of him in *that way*—then he hoped that he would receive him upon such terms as were acceptable to him; that it was his earnest and sincere desire to worship the Great Spirit, and obey his wishes; and he hoped that Owaneeyo would overlook

such faults as arose from ignorance and weakness, not wilful neglect." To a speech of this kind, the sentiments of which find an echo in almost every breast, Smith could make no reply. Here, therefore, the subject ended.

A few days afterward, there came a fine rain, and the Ol-lentangy was soon sufficiently deep to admit of their passage in safety, and after reaching the Sandusky they killed four bears and a great many wild turkies. Tecaughretanego gravely assured Smith, that this was a clear and direct answer to his prayer, and inferred from it, that his religion could not be as unacceptable to Owaneeyo as Smith supposed. Perhaps it would be difficult to disprove the first part of the old Indian's observation—the last is more questionable.

We have already gleaned all the most interesting parts of Smith's narrative, for the long details of huntings, trappings and migrations, without particular object or incident, would scarcely be interesting to the reader. We have endeavored to select such circumstances, as would give the general reader a lively idea of the habits and opinions of the Western Indians, without burthening our narrative with too much detail. As most, if not all the subsequent adventures, will have a close connection with Indian life, it was thought proper to commence with a narrative which should throw some light upon that subject. It is only necessary, further, to observe, that in the summer of 1759, and in the fourth year of his captivity or rather adoption, Smith, accompanied by Tecaughretanego and Nungany, sailed in a bark canoe down the St. Lawrence, as far as Montreal. Here he privately left his Indian companions, and went on board a French transport, which he had heard was about to sail, with a number of English prisoners on board, intended to be exchanged. After having been detained sometime in Montreal, in consequence of the English fleet being below, he was at.

length exchanged and returned to his native country. His family and sweetheart received him with great joy; but to his inexpressible mortification, the latter had been married only a few days before his arrival. His subsequent adventures, although novel and interesting, do not properly come within the range of our present subject. We refer the reader who may desire to know more, to Col. Smith's own narrative, which has recently been reprinted by John Grigg, of Philadelphia.

CHAPTER II.

THE adventures, which in order of time, should come next, are those of the celebrated DANIEL BOONE; for of FINDLEY, said to be the first white man who ever vided Kentucky, nothing is known, but the simple fact that he *did* visit it—first alone, and afterwards in company with Boone. It is much to be regretted, that the materials for a sketch of Boone are so scanty. He has left us a brief account of his adventures, but they are rather such as one would require for the composition of an epitaph, than of a biography. The leading incidents are mentioned in a general way, and there are some gaudy and ambitious sketches of *scenery* which swell the bulk of the piece, without either pleasing the imagination or gratifying the curiosity. It would seem that the brief notes of the plain old woodsman, had been committed to some young sciolist in literature, who thought that flashy description could atone for barrenness of incident. A general summary of remarkable events, neither excites nor gratifies curiosity, like a minute detail of *all the circumstances* connected with them. This trait, so essential to the interest of narratives, and of which perhaps the most splendid example in existence, has been given in Mr. Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," is deplorably wanting in most of the materials to which we have had access. A novelist may fill up the blank from his own imagination; but a writer who professes to adhere to truth, is fettered down to the record before him. If, therefore, in the following details, we should be found guilty of the unpardonable sin of dullness, we hope that at least a portion of the blame will fall upon the scantiness of the materials.

Of Boone's early youth, nothing is known. He has modestly forborne to say any thing of himself, except so far as

He is connected with the settlement of Kentucky. He was born in Virginia, but instigated by that roving spirit which distinguished him throughout life, he emigrated at an early period to North Carolina, and lived until his fortieth year upon the banks of the Yadkin. In 1767, Findley returned from his adventurous journey, and brought with him a report of a large tract of fertile country, totally unoccupied, and abounding in every variety of game from the beaver to the buffalo. To a man like Boone, fond of hunting, and naturally attached to a roving and adventurous life, such a scene presented irresistible charms. Accordingly, in 1769, he left his family upon the Yadkin, and in company with five others, of whom Findley was one, he moved in a western direction, being determined to explore that country of which he had heard so favorable an account.

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 upon 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 northwestern 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!*" 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 which 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 loose for an instant the full possession of all his faculties. He saw that immediate escape was impossible, but he encouraged his companion, and constrained himself to accompany 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, was 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 roused 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 every thing 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 despondence. 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, while his brother returned to Carolina for an additional supply of ammunition, as their original supply was nearly exhausted. His situation we should now suppose in the highest degree gloomy and dispiriting. 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 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 yells of the Indians around him. Fortunately, however, he never encountered them.

On the 27th of July, 1770, his brother returned with a supply of ammunition; 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 two 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.

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 Powel'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. With his usual brevity, Boone has omitted to inform us of the particulars of this conference, or of the peculiar character of the business upon which he was sent. By the aid of Mr. Marshall's valuable history, however, we are enabled to supply this silence—at least with regard to the latter circumstance. It seems, that the Cherokees living within the chartered limits of the state of North Carolina, claimed all the land south of the Kentucky as far as Tennessee river. That Col. Richard Henderson and some other gentlemen, animated by the glowing description of the fertility of the soil, which Boone and his brother had given upon their return, determined to purchase the whole of this immense tract from the Cherokees, and employ Boone as their agent. The Cherokees gladly parted with an empty title, for a solid, although moderate recompense, and Henderson and his friends instantly prepared to take possession, relying upon the validity of their deed from the Indians. Unfortunately, however, for the success of these speculators, Kentucky lay within the limits of Virginia, according to the old charter of King James, and that state accordingly claimed for herself solely, the privilege of purchasing the Indian title to lands lying within her own limits. She lost no time

therefore, in pronouncing the treaty of Henderson null and void, as it regarded *his own title*—although by rather an exceptionable process of reasoning, they determined that it was obligatory upon the Indians, so far as regarded the extinction of *their* title. Whether or not the reasoning was good, I cannot pretend to say—but supported as it was by the authority of a powerful state, it was *made good*, and Henderson's golden dreams completely vanished. He and his associates, however, received a liberal grant of land lying on Green river, as a compensation for the expense and danger which they had incurred in prosecuting their settlement.

It was under the auspices of Henderson, that Boone's next visit to Kentucky was made. Leaving his family on Clinch river, he sat 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 22nd of March, his small party was attacked by the Indians, and suffered 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 harrassing attacks to which they were constantly exposed, (for the Indians seemed enraged to madness at the prospect of their building houses on their hunting ground,) 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 Harrodsburgh, 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 on the 24th of December, 1775.

In the following July, however, a much more alarming incident occurred. One of his daughters, in company with a Miss Calloway, were amusing themselves in the immediate neighborhood of the fort, when a party of Indians, suddenly rushed out of a canebrake, and intercepting their return, took them prisoners. The screams of the 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 gotten 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 their ground before they had leisure 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 harrassed 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 of April, the enemy appeared in large numbers, hoping to crush the infant settlement at a single blow. Boonsborough, Logan's fort and Harrodsburgh 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 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, and again repulsed the enemy 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 to Logan's. In this last attempt, they displayed great obstinacy, and as the garrison consisted only of 15 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, Col. 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.

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 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 upwards of 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 garrisons, 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 until 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.

It is much to be regretted, that some of our wits and egotists, of both sexes, could not borrow a little of the sagacity of Boone, and recollect, that when they engross the attention of the company, and endeavor most to shine, that instead of being agreeable, in nine cases out of ten they are only bores.

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 ex-

cite 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 risen 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 in 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 every thing 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 was 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 of 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 upon 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.

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 Canadian officers, 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 now 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 in 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 Capt. 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 farther 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 obvious 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 the "*bienfaisance and humanite*" which should accompany the warfare of civilized beings, at length informed Boone, that it was a 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. They probably (unless totally infatuated,) expected such a consummation, and all at the same moment sprung from their enemies and ran to the fort, under a heavy fire, which fortunately only wounded one man.

We look here in vain for the prudence and sagacity which usually distinguished Boone. Indeed there seems to have been a contest between him and Duquesne, as to which should display the greater quantum of shallowness. The plot itself was unworthy of a child, and the execution beneath contempt. For after all this treachery, to permit his prisoner to escape from the very midst of his warriors, who certainly might have thrown themselves between Boone and the fort, argues a poverty or timidity, on the part of Duquesne, truly despicable.

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 men killed and four wounded. On the part of the savages, thirty seven were killed and many wounded, who, as usual, were all 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 woods 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 which 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 renegado white men, were mingled with them, and inflamed their wild passions, by dwelling upon the injuries which they had ever 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 despatched to most of the north-western tribes, and all were exhorted to lay aside private jealousy, and unite in a common cause against these white intruders. In the mean time, the settlers were busily employed in opening farms, marrying and giving in marriage, totally ignorant of the storm which was gathering upon the Lakes.

In the spring of 1782, after a long interval of repose, they were harrassed 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. En-

tering 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. Capt. 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. Capt. 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, Capt. Estill determined to detach a party of six men, under Lieut. 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 manoeuvre 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. We think it probable, that the Indians rushed upon Estill, as above mentioned, and having defeated him, recrossed the creek and attacked Miller, thus cutting up their enemy in detail. 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 the 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 neces-

sary. 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 more 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 other one on record. The numbers, the arms, the courage and the position of the parties were equal. Both were composed of good marksmen, and skilful 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 great battles of Austerlitz and Wagram, exhibit the same error on the part of one commander, and the same decisive and successful step on the part of the other. The Arch Duke Charles extended his line to take the French in flank, and thereby weakened his centre, which was instantly broken by a rapid charge of the whole French army. No movement seems more delicate and dangerous than that of Estill, and the first great check which Bonoparte received, (that of Eylau,) was chiefly occasioned by weakening his front in order to assail the enemy in rear. It requires, however, great boldness and promptitude in the opposite leader, to take advantage of it. A cautious and wary leader, will be apt to let the golden opportunity pass away, until the detachment has reached his flank, and it is then too late. The English military critics, censure our WASHINGTON for hesitation of this kind at Brandywine. They say, that when the detachment of Cornwallis, was absent on its march to take the Americans in flank, Washington should have crossed with his whole force, and have fallen upon

Kniphausen. Lee says that such a manœuvre was contemplated, but was prevented by false intelligence.

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, sometimes in small parties, and kept the settlers in constant alarm.

At length, early in August, the grand effort was made. The allied Indian army, composed of detachments from nearly all the northwestern tribes, and amounting to nearly six hundred men, commenced their march from Chillicothe, under the command of their respective chiefs, aided and influenced by Girty, McKee and other renegado white men. With a secrecy and celerity peculiar to themselves, they advanced through the woods without giving the slightest indications 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 that 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 at daylight 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 on 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, stands 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 were supplied with water from a spring at some distance from the fort on its Northwestern side—a great error, common to most of the stations, which, in a close and long continued siege, must have suffered dreadfully for 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 now 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 the 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. 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 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 bucket full 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 a rather 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 sprung 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 their 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 upon fleet horses, and sent at full speed 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.

To the left of the long and narrow lane, where the Mays-

ville 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 every thing 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 had 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 re-load it,) and Girty fell. It happened, however, that a piece of thick soal 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, enquired whether they knew him, and assured them, that they might safely trust to his honor." The garrison listened in silence to his 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 enquiry 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 roof of their cabins." Girty took great of-

fence 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. Col. Daniel Boone, accompanied by his youngest son, headed a strong party from Boonsborough; Trigg brought up the force from the neighborhood of Harrodsburgh, 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 Levy 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 seems to have had 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 Gir-

ty'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 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 portion of seriousness bordering upon awe. All

eyes were now turned upon Boone, and Col. 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 any thing 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 aloud, "let all who are not cowards follow me!" The words and the action together, produced an electrical 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 forages, 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 trace 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 the two ravines head, on each side of the ridge. Here a body of Indians presented themselves, and attacked the van. McGary's party instantly re-

turned 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 which flanked them. They found themselves enclosed as if in the wings of a net, destitute of proper shelter, while the enemy were in a great measure covered from their fire. Still, however, they maintained their ground. The action became warm 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 sprung 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. Col. Boone, after witnessing the death of his son 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 in 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 entering the wood at a point where there was no pursuit, returned by a circuitous route to Bryant's station. In the mean time, 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 them 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 close and fatal discharge of rifles upon the foremost of the pursuers. The enemy instantly fell back from the opposite bank, and gave time for the harrassed 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, al-

though 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 but 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 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 overlooked Capt. 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 this brave officer, instantly sprung from his horse, aided Patterson to mount into 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 they 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, Capt. 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 melancholy intelligence spread rapidly throughout the country, and the whole land was covered with mourning. Sixty men had been killed in the battle and flight, and seven had been taken prisoners, of whom 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 bloodiness 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. Todd and Trigg were a severe loss to their families and to the country generally. They were men of a rank in life superior to the ordinary class of set

tlers, 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 tinged 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, himself, 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 Chillicothe 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 Col. 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 for ever! That when I spoke of waiting for Logan on the day before, they had scouted the idea, and hinted something about "courage"—that now it would be shown who had courage, or who were d—d cowards, that could talk big when the enemy was 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 this is given, added, that even then, McGary spoke with bitterness of the de-

ceased Colonels, and swore that they had received just what they deserved, and that he for one, was glad of it.

That the charge of McGary, in its full extent, was unjust, there can be no doubt; at the same time, it is in accordance with the known principles of human nature, to suppose that the natural ardor of the officers—both young men—should be stimulated by the hope of gaining a victory, the honor of which would be given them as commanders. The number of the Indians was not distinctly known, and if their retreat had been ordinarily precipitate, they would certainly have crossed the Ohio before Logan could have joined. But, leaving all the facts to speak for themselves, we will proceed with our narrative.

On the very day in which this rash and unfortunate battle was fought, Col. 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 harrassed 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 re-assembled at Bryant's, and the loss was distinctly ascertained. Although sufficiently se-

vere, 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 much 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 Col. 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 Col. 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 Col. 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 despatch, 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 unremitting severity. Their villages were burnt, their corn cut up, and their whole 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 In-

dian 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 which baffled pursuit.

Boone accompanied this expedition, but as usual, has omitted every thing 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 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. He could neither read nor write—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 group which thronged the court yard or the churches, like a venerable relict 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 langor and security of a village, for the healthful exercises 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 has 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 shortly afterwards left Kentucky, and removed to Louisiana. Hunting was his daily amusement, and almost his only occupation. Until the day of his death (and he lived to an unusually advanced age,) he was in the habit of remaining for days at a time in the forest, at a distance from the abodes of men, armed with a rifle, hatchet, knife, and having flints and steel to enable him to kindle a fire, and broil the wild game upon which he depended for subsistence. When too old to walk through the woods, as was his custom when young, he would ride to a lick, and there lay in ambush all day, for the sake of getting a shot at the herds of deer that were accustomed to visit the spot, for the sake of the salt. We have heard that he died in the woods, while lying in ambush near a lick, but have not at present the means of ascertaining with certainty the manner of his death. He has left behind him a name strongly written in the annals of Kentucky, and a reputation for calm courage, softened by humanity, conducted by prudence, and embellished by a singular modesty of deportment. His person was rough, robust, and indicating strength rather than activity; his manner was cold, grave and taciturn; his countenance homely, but kind; his conversation unadorned, unobtrusive and touching only upon the "needful." He never spoke of himself, unless particularly questioned; but the 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.

CHAPTER III.

SIMON KENTON 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 early negligence or inability on the part of his parents, 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, 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 which 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, to his own house, 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 in testifying his willingness to indulge him, in so amiable a pastime, and having reached a solitary spot in the wood, 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) sprung 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, eying attentively a small bush which grew near them. 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, with-

out even returning for an additional supply of clothing, and directed his steps westward.

During the first day of his journey, he travelled 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 travelling 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 Alleghany 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 eagerly 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. &c.

Fired by Yager's glowing description of its beauty, and eager to reach this new El Dorado 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 sceptical 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 Kenawha, 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 be 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 two first 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 a 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 travelled 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 Kenawha, 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 Kenawha, 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 Capt. 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 copper-head 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 Kenawha, hunted with success until the spring of '74, when a war broke out between the Indian tribes and the colonies, occasioned in a great measure, by the murder of the celebrated chief, Logan's family, by Capt. Cressup. Kenton was not in the great battle near the mouth of the Kenawha, but 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.

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 passing 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 Kenawha, 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 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 upset by a sudden squall; and that they were compelled to swim ashore, without being able to save any thing 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 mean time, Hendricks had been left at the Blue Lick, 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 had 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 had already been mentioned, concerted an expedition against the small Indian town 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 poney, 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 poney 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 attracted by a rustling of 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 yet be behind, he lost no time in regaining the shelter of the wood, 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 upon 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 to 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 obtain some recompense for the trouble of their jour-

ney. Approaching the village with the cautious and stealthy pace of the cat or panther, they took their stations upon the edge of the 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 Col. 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. 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, and while two of them rode in front and led, I know not how many 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 continued 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, that stemmed the current much more vigorously than him-

self. The horses being thus left to themselves, turned about, and swam again to the Ohio 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 them. The latter alternative was unanimously adopted. Death or captivity might be tolerated—but the loss of so beautiful a lot of horses, after having worked so hard for them, was not to be thought of for a moment.

As soon as it was determined that themselves and horses were to share the same fate, it again became necessary to fix upon some probable plan of saving them. Should they 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 probable 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 wood. A more miserable plan could not have been adopted. If they could not consent to sacrifice their horses, in order to save their own lives, they should have moved either up or down the river, and thus have preserved the distance from the Indians which their rapidity of movement had gained. The Indians would have followed their trail, and being twenty-four hours march behind them, could never have overtaken them. But neglecting this obvious consideration, they

stupidly sat down until sunset, expecting that the river would become more calm. The day passed away in tranquility, but at night the wind blew harder than ever, and the water 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 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 capping stone to his imprudence, and dismounting, walked leisurely back to meet his pursuers, and thus give them as little trouble as possible. He quickly beheld three Indi-

ans and one white man, all well mounted. Wishing to give the alarm to his companions, he raised his rifle to his shoulder, 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 wood, where there was much fallen timber and a rank growth 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 wood, an Indian on horseback galloped round the corner of the wood, 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 observes 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 they would give him quarter and good treatment. Promises were cheap with the Indian, 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 sprung 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 am-

ple 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 in 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 sprung 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 stretched 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.

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 rung again, and abused him for a "tief!—a hoss steal!—a rascal!" and finally for a "d——d white man!" I may here observe, that 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 probably torture, as soon as he should reach 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 to his back, the colt was turned loose with a sudden lash, but after exerting a few curvetts 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 despatched a messenger to inform the village of their arrival, in order, I suppose, 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 Capt. 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 brandishing a hickory switch, which he held in his hand, he 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 into the ground. The remnant 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 the 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. A scene, precisely resembling a splendid picture in the last of the Mohicans, now took place. Kenton 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 observing 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 Waughcotomoco. His fate was quickly announced to him by a renegado 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 Waughcotomoco. 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 farther 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 Waughcotomoco 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 before—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 slaughterhouse.

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 Waughcetomoco. 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.

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 was intended for him, he obeyed it with the 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 seizing his arm, jirked 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 to-

gether, 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 travelled the same war path, slept upon 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 three years 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 misdemeanors 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 argued 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 progress 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 into 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 renegadoes 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 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 him, and he sadly accompanied Girty and Redpole back to the village.

Upon approaching the Indian who had halloed, 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 two first 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, of-

ten 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 guard 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 Waughcotomoco by a different route.

They passed through the village without halting, and at the 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 regard 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 sprung 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 his 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 at ———.

They soon reached a large village upon the head waters of Scioto, where Kenton, for the first time, beheld the celebrated Mingo Chief, Logan, so honorably mentioned in Mr. 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 despatched 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, Kenton 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 subsistence, 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 impatience 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 attack, and procuring the means of subsistence; and, at the same time, it was very difficult 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, together with powder and balls, from a Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, 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 travelling only during the night, they at length arrived safely at Louisville, after a march of thirty days.

Thus terminated one of the most remarkable adventures in the whole range of western history. A fatalist would recognize the hand of destiny in every stage of its progress. In the infatuation with which Kenton refused to adopt proper measures for his safety, while such were practicable—in the persevering obstinacy with which he remained upon the Ohio shore, until flight became useless; and afterwards, in that remarkable succession of accidents, by which, without the least exertion on his part, he was alternately tantalized with a prospect of safety, and then plunged again into the deepest despair. He was eight times exposed to the gauntlet—three times tied to the stake—and as often thought himself upon 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 embarked in a new enterprize.

Col. George Rogers Clarke had projected an expedition against the hostile posts of Vincennes and Kaskaskia, and invited all Kentuckians, who had leisure and inclination, to join him. Kenton instantly repaired to his standard, and shared in the hardship and glory of one of the boldest, most arduous and successful expeditions, which have ever graced the American arms: The results of the campaign are well known. Secrecy and celerity were eminently combined in it, and Clarke shared with the common soldier, in encountering every fatigue, and braving every danger. Kenton, as usual, acted as a spy, and was eminently serviceable, but no incident occurred, of sufficient importance to obtain a place in these sketches.

From that time, until the close of the Indian war in the west, Kenton was actively employed, generally in a frontier station, and occasionally in serious expeditions. He accompanied Edwards in his abortive expedition against the Indian towns in 1785, and shared in Wayne's decisive campaign of '94. But, as his life will shortly be published, in a separate volume, it is unnecessary to pursue the subject farther in a sketch like the present. He is now living on Mad river, in the Ohio state, near the scene of his former adventures. His once gigantic form is now broken by age; and his last days, will probably be spent in poverty and neglect.

CHAPTER IV.

Among the earliest and most respectable of the emigrants to Kentucky, was General BENJAMIN LOGAN. His father was an Irishman, who had left his own country early in the 18th century, and settled in Pennsylvania, from which he subsequently removed to Augusta county, Virginia. Here he shortly afterwards died. Young Logan, as the eldest son, was entitled by the laws of Virginia, to the whole of the landed property, (his father having died intestate.) He refused, however, to avail himself of this circumstance, and as the farm upon which the family resided was too small to admit of a division, he caused it to be sold, and the money to be distributed among his brothers and sisters, reserving a portion for his mother. At the age of twenty one, he removed from Augusta county, to the banks of the Holston, where shortly afterwards, he purchased a farm and married. In 1774, he accompanied Dunmore in his expedition, probably as a private. In '75, he removed to Kentucky, and soon became particularly distinguished. His person was striking and manly, his hair and complexion very dark, his eye keen and penetrating, his countenance grave, thoughtful and expressive of a firmness, probity and intelligence, which were eminently displayed throughout his life. His education was very imperfect, and confined, we believe, simply, to the arts of reading and writing. Having remained in Kentucky, in a very exposed situation, until the spring of '76, he returned for his family, and brought them out to a small settlement, called Logan's fort, not far from Harrodsburgh. The Indians during this summer were so numerous and daring in their excursions, that Logan was compelled to remove

his wife and family, for safety, to Harrodsburgh, while he himself remained at his cabins, and cultivated a crop of corn.

In the spring of '77, his wife returned to Logan's fort; and several settlers having joined him, he determined to maintain himself there at all risk. His courage was soon put to the test. On the morning of the 20th May, a few days after his wife had rejoined him, the women were milking the cows at the gate of the little fort, and some of the garrison attending them, when a party of Indians appeared and fired upon them. One man was shot dead and two more wounded, one of them mortally. The whole party, including one of the wounded men, instantly ran into the fort and closed the gate. The enemy quickly showed themselves upon the edge of a canebrake, within close rifle shot of the gate, and seemed numerous and determined. Having a moment's leisure to look around, they beheld a spectacle, which awakened the most lively interest and compassion. A man named Harrison, had been severely wounded, and still lay near the spot where he had fallen, within full view both of the garrison and the enemy. The poor fellow was, at intervals, endeavoring to crawl in the direction of the fort, and had succeeded in reaching a cluster of bushes, which, however, were too thin to shelter his person from the enemy. His wife and family were in the fort, and in deep distress at his situation. The enemy undoubtedly forebore to fire upon him, from the supposition that some of the garrison would attempt to save him, in which case, they held themselves in readiness to fire upon them from the canebrake. The case was a very trying one. It seemed impossible to save him without sacrificing the lives of several of the garrison, and their numbers already were far too few for an effectual defence, having originally amounted only to fifteen men, three of whom had already been put hors de combat. Yet the

spectacle was so moving, and the lamentation of his family so distressing, that it seemed equally impossible not to make an effort to relieve him. Logan endeavored to persuade some of his men to accompany him in a sally, but so evident and appalling was the danger, that all at first refused, one Herculean fellow observing that he was a "weakly man," and another declaring that he was sorry for Harrison, "but that the skin was closer than the shirt." At length, John Martin collected his courage, and declared his willingness to accompany Logan, saying that "he could only die once, and that he was as ready now as he ever would be." The two men opened the gate and started upon their forlorn expedition, Logan leading the way. They had not advanced five steps, when Harrison perceiving them, made a vigorous effort to rise, upon which Martin, supposing him able to help himself, immediately sprung back within the gate. Harrison's strength almost instantly failed, and he fell at full length upon the grass. Logan paused a moment after the desertion of Martin, then suddenly sprung forward to the spot where Harrison lay, rushing through a tremendous shower of rifle balls, which was poured upon him from every spot around the fort, capable of covering an Indian. Seizing the wounded man in his arms, he ran with him to the fort, through the same heavy fire, and entered it unhurt, although the gate and picketing near him were riddled with balls, and his hat and clothes pierced in several places.

The fort was now vigorously assailed in the Indian manner, and as vigorously defended by the garrison. The women were all employed in moulding bullets, while the men were constantly at their posts. The weakness of the garrison was not their only grievance. A distressing scarcity of ammunition prevailed, and no supply could be procured nearer than Holston. But how was it to be obtained? The fort was closely blockaded—the Indians were swarming in the

woods, and chances were sadly against the probability of the safe passage of any courier through so many dangers! Under these circumstances, Logan determined to take the dangerous office upon himself. After encouraging the men as well as he could, with the prospect of a safe and speedy return, he took advantage of a dark night, and crawled through the Indian encampment without discovery. Shunning the ordinary route through Cumberland Gap, he arrived at Holston by by-paths which no white man had yet trodden—through canebrakes and thickets; over tremendous cliffs and precipices, where the deer could scarcely obtain footing, and where no vestige of any of the human family could be seen. Having obtained a supply of powder and lead, he returned through the same almost inaccessible paths to the fort, which he found still besieged and now reduced to extremity. The safe return of their leader inspired them with fresh courage, and in a few days, the appearance of Col. Bowman's party, compelled the Indians to retire.

During the whole of this and the next year, the Indians were exceedingly troublesome. The Shawnees particularly, distinguished themselves by the frequency and inveterate nature of their incursions; and as their capital, Chillicothe, was within striking distance, an expedition was set on foot against it in 1779, in which Logan served as second in command. Capt. James Harrod and John Bulger, accompanied the expedition—the former of whom, shortly afterwards, perished in a lonely ramble—and the latter was killed at the Blue Licks. Col. Bowman commanded in chief. The detachment amounted to one hundred and sixty men; consisted entirely of volunteers, accustomed to Indian warfare, and was well officered, with the exception of its commander. They left Harrodsburg in July, and took their preliminary measures so well, that they arrived within a mile of Chillicothe, without giving the slightest alarm to the enemy. Here

the detachment halted at an early hour in the night, and as usual, sent out spies to examine the condition of the village. Before midnight they returned, and reported that the enemy remained unapprised of their being in the neighborhood, and were in the most unmilitary security. The army was instantly put in motion. It was determined that Logan, with one half of the men, should turn to the left and march half way around the town, while Bowman, at the head of the remainder, should make a corresponding march to the right; that both parties should proceed in silence, until they had met at the opposite extremity of the village, when, having thus completely encircled it, the attack was to commence. Logan, who was bravery itself, performed his part of the combined operation, with perfect order, and in profound silence; and having reached the designated spot, awaited with impatience the arrival of his commander. Hour after hour stole away, but Bowman did not appear. At length daylight appeared. Logan still expecting the arrival of his Colonel, ordered the men to conceal themselves in the high grass, and await the expected signal to attack. No orders, however, arrived. In the mean time, the men, in shifting about through the grass, alarmed an Indian dog, the only sentinel on duty. He instantly began to bay loudly, and advanced in the direction of the man who had attracted his attention. Presently a solitary Indian left his cabin, and walked cautiously towards the party, halting frequently, rising upon tip-toes, and gazing around him. Logan's party lay close, with the hope of taking him, without giving the alarm; but at that instant a gun was fired in an opposite quarter of the town, as was afterwards ascertained by one of Bowman's party, and the Indian, giving one shrill whoop, ran swiftly back to the council house. Concealment was now impossible. Logan's party instantly sprung up from the grass, and rushed upon the village, not doubting for a moment that they would be

gallantly supported. As they advanced, they perceived Indians of all ages and of both sexes running to the great cabin, near the centre of the town, where they collected in full force and appeared determined upon an obstinate defence. Logan instantly took possession of the houses which had been deserted, and rapidly advancing from cabin to cabin, at length established his detachment within close rifle shot of the Indian redoubt. He now listened impatiently for the firing which should have been heard from the opposite extremity of the town, where he supposed Bowman's party to be, but to his astonishment, every thing remained quiet in that quarter. In the mean time his own position had become critical. The Indians had recovered from their panic, and kept up a close and heavy fire upon the cabins which covered his men. He had pushed his detachment so close to the redoubt, that they could neither advance nor retreat without great exposure. The enemy outnumbered him, and gave indications of a disposition to turn both flanks of his position, and thus endanger his retreat. Under these circumstances, ignorant of the condition of his commander, and cut off from communication with him, he formed the bold and judicious resolution, to make a moveable breast work of the planks which formed the floor of the cabins, and under cover of it, to rush upon the strong hold of the enemy and carry it by main force. Had this gallant determination been carried into effect, and had the movement been promptly seconded, as it ought to have been by Bowman, the conflict would have been bloody, and the victory decisive. Most probably not an Indian would have escaped, and the consternation which such signal vengeance would have spread throughout the Indian tribes, might have repressed their incursions for a considerable time. But before the necessary steps could be taken, a messenger arrived from Bowman, with orders "to retreat!"

Astonished at such an order, at a time when honor and safety required an offensive movement on their part, Logan hastily asked if Bowman had been overpowered by the enemy? No! Had he ever beheld an enemy? No! What then, was the cause of this extraordinary abandonment of a design so prosperously begun? He did not know—the Colonel had ordered a retreat! Logan, however reluctantly, was compelled to obey. A retreat is always a dispiriting movement, and with militia, is almost certain to terminate in a complete rout. As soon as the men were informed of the order, a most irregular and tumultuous scene commenced. Not being buoyed up by the mutual confidence which is the offspring of discipline, and which sustains regular soldiers under all circumstances, they no longer acted in concert. Each man selected the time, manner and route of his retreat for himself. Here a solitary Kentuckian would start up from behind a stump, and scud away through the grass, dodging and turning to avoid the balls which whistled around him. There a dozen men would run from a cabin, and scatter in every direction, each anxious to save himself, and none having leisure to attend to their neighbors. The Indians, astonished at seeing men route themselves in this manner, sallied out of their redoubts and pursued the stragglers, as sportsmen would cut up a scattered flock of wild geese. They soon united themselves to Bowman's party, who from some unaccountable panic of their commander or fault in themselves, had stood stock still near the spot where Logan had left them the night before. All was confusion. Some cursed their Colonel; some reproached other officers—one shouted one thing; one bellowed another; but all seemed to agree that they ought to make the best of their way home, without the loss of a moment's time. By great exertions on the part of Logan, well seconded by Harrod, Bulger and the present Major Bedinger, of the Blue Licks, some degree of

order was restored, and a tolerably respectable retreat commenced. The Indians, however, soon surrounded them on all sides, and kept up a hot fire which began to grow fatal. Col. Bowman appeared totally demented, and sat upon his horse like a pillar of stone, neither giving an order, nor taking any measures to repel the enemy. The sound of the rifle shots, however, had completely restored the men to their senses, and they readily formed in a large hollow square, took trees and returned the fire with equal vivacity. The enemy was quickly repelled, and the troops re-commenced their march.

But, scarcely had they advanced half a mile, when the Indians re-appeared, and again opened a fire upon the front, rear, and both flanks. Again, a square was formed and the enemy repelled: but scarcely had the harrassed troops re-commenced their march, when the same galling fire was opened upon them from every tree, bush and stone capable of concealing an Indian. Matters now began to look serious. The enemy were evidently endeavoring to detain them, until fresh Indians could come up in sufficient force to compel them to lay down their arms. The men began to be unsteady, and the panic was rapidly spreading from the Colonel to the privates. At this crisis, Logan, Harrod, Bendinger, &c., selected the boldest, and best mounted men, and dashing into the bushes on horseback, scoured the woods in every direction, forcing the Indians from their coverts, and cutting down as many as they could overtake. This decisive step completely dispersed the enemy—and the weary and dispirited troops continued their retreat unmolested. They lost nine killed and a few others wounded. But the loss of reputation on the part of the Colonel, was incalculable, for, as usual, *he* was the scapegoat upon whose head the disgrace of the miscarriage was laid. No good reason has ever been assigned for the extraordinary failure of his

own detachment, and the subsequent panic, which he displayed, when harrassed in the wood, afford room for suspicion, that either the darkness of the night, or the cry of an owl (for he did not see the face of an enemy,) had robbed the Colonel of his usual courage.

It may here be remarked, that the propriety of combined operations with irregular troops, is at least doubtful. Different corps, moving by different routes upon the same point, are liable to miscarriage from so many causes, that the measure is scarcely ever attended with success, unless when the troops are good, the officers intelligent and unanimous, and the ground perfectly understood. The intervention of a creek, the ignorance of a guide, or the panic of an officer, as in the case of Bowman, may destroy the *unity* of the operation, and expose the detachment which has reached its station in proper time to be cut off. The signal failure of Washington at Germantown, may, in a great measure, be attributed to the complicated plan of attack, as the several divisions arrived at different times, attacked without concert, and were beaten in detail. I can scarcely recollect a single instance, save the affair of Trenton, in which raw troops have succeeded by combined operations, and many miscarriages in our own annals, may be attributed to that circumstance. Logan returned to Kentucky with a reputation increased, rather than diminished, by the failure of the expedition. His conduct was placed in glaring contrast to that of his unfortunate commander, and the praise of the one was in exact correspondence to the censure of the other.

No other affair of consequence occurred, until the rash and disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, in which as we have seen, Logan was unable to share. He seems to have remained quietly engaged in agricultural pursuits, until the summer of '88, when he conducted an expedition against the north western tribes, which as usual, terminated in bur-

ning their villages, and cutting up their cornfields, serving to irritate, but not to subdue the enemy. A single incident attending this expedition, deserves to be commemorated. Upon approaching a large village of the Shawanoes, from which, as usual, most of the inhabitants had fled, an old chief named Moluntha, came out to meet them, fantastically dressed in an old cocked hat, set jauntily upon one side of his head, and a fine shawl thrown over his shoulders. He carried an enormous pipe in one hand, and a tobacco pouch in the other, and strutted out with the air of an old French beaux to smoke the pipe of peace with his enemies, whom he found himself unable to meet in the field. Nothing could be more striking, than the fearless confidence with which he walked through the foremost ranks of the Kentuckians, evidently highly pleased with his own appearance, and enjoying the admiration which he doubted not, that his cocked hat and splendid shawl inspired. Many of the Kentuckians were highly amused at the mixture of dandyism and gallantry which the poor old man exhibited, and shook hands with him very cordially. Unfortunately, however, he at length approached Major McGary, whose temper, never particularly sweet, was as much inflamed by the sight of an Indian, as that of a wild bull by the waving of a red flag. It happened, unfortunately too, that Moluntha had been one of the chiefs who commanded at the Blue Licks, a disaster which McGary had not yet forgotten. Instead of giving his hand as the others had done, McGary scowled upon the old man, and asked him if "he recollected the Blue Licks!" Moluntha smiled and merely repeated the word "Blue Licks!"—When McGary instantly drew his tomahawk and cleft him to the brain. The old man received the blow without flinching for a second, and fell dead at the feet of his destroyer. Great excitement instantly prevailed in the army. Some called it a ruthless murder—and others

swore that he had done right—that an Indian was not to be regarded as a human being—but ought to be shot down as a wolf whenever and wherever he appeared. McGary himself raved like a madman at the reproach of his countrymen, and declared, with many bitter oaths, that he would not only kill every Indian whom he met, whether in peace or war, at church or market, but that he would equally as readily tomahawk the man who blamed him for the act.

Nothing else, worthy of being mentioned, occurred during the expedition, and Logan, upon his return, devoted himself exclusively to the civil affairs of the country, which about this time began to assume an important aspect. The reader who is desirous of understanding the gradations by which, from a simple society of woodsmen, Kentucky became transformed into a boiling vortex of political fury, intrigue and dissension, will do well to consult Mr. Marshall's history, which, although possessing some peculiarities of opinion, and occasional eccentricities of style, will be found to contain a strong, clear and sagacious view of the political events, which succeeded the peace of 1783.

CHAPTER V.

During the whole of the Revolutionary war, the Indians had been extremely troublesome to the back counties of Pennsylvania and Virginia, particularly to those of Washington, Youghogany and Westmoreland. In the early part of the year 1782, however, these irregular excursions became so galling, that an expedition was concerted against the Wyandott village, lying upon the waters of the Sandusky. Great exertions were made to procure volunteers. Every man who should equip himself with a horse and rifle, was to be exempted from two tours of militia duty; and any loss, either of arms or horses, was to be repaired out of the plunder of the Indian towns. The volunteers were to rendezvous on the 20th of May, at an old Mingo village, on the western shore of the Ohio, about forty miles above fort Pitt, and the unfortunate Col. WILLIAM CRAWFORD was unanimously selected as the leader of the expedition. On the appointed day, four hundred and fifty mounted volunteers assembled at the Mingo village, and impatiently awaited the arrival of their Colonel. Crawford instantly accepted the appointment, which had been so unanimously pressed upon him, and a few days before the day of rendezvous, passed through Pittsburgh, on his way to the appointed place. He there prevailed upon Dr. Knight to accompany the detachment as surgeon, and having provided such medical stores as were likely to be useful on the expedition, he lost no time in putting himself at the head of the troops.

On Saturday, the 25th of May, the little army commenced its march, striking at once into a pathless wilderness, and directing their course due west. On the fourth day, they

halted at the ruins of the old Meravian town, about sixty miles from the Ohio, where a few of the volunteers gave a sample of the discipline which was to be expected from the party, by abandoning the detachment and returning home. The main body, however, still seemed eager to prosecute the expedition, and the march was continued with unabated spirit. On the morning of the 30th, Major Brunton and Captain Bean, being a few hundred yards in advance of the troops, observed two Indians, skulking through the woods, apparently observing the motions of the detachment. They instantly fired upon them, but without success. Secrecy now being out of the question, it only remained to press forward with all practicable dispatch, and afford the enemy as little time for preparation as possible. As the wilderness began to deepen around them, and the critical moment approached in which their courage would be tried, it became evident that the ardor of the men was considerably cooled.

On the eleventh day of their march, they reached the spot where the town of Sandusky had formerly stood, but from which the Indians had lately removed to a spot about eighteen miles below. Here the detachment halted, and here the insubordinate spirit of the army, first displayed itself. They insisted upon returning home, alleging the tired condition of their horses, and the fact, that their provisions were likely soon to be exhausted. The officers, yielding to the wishes of their *constituents*, (for the troops had elected their own officers,) determined, in council, that they would continue their march for one day longer, and if no Indians appeared, they would then return home! What other result than that which we are now about to record, could have been anticipated from such officers and such men? Just as the council broke up, a single lighthorseman belonging to the advanced guard rode in at a gallop, announcing that a large body of Indians were formed in an open wood, a few miles in advance,

and seemed determined to arrest the farther progress of the invaders. Instant preparations were made for battle. The troops, notwithstanding their previous murmurs, advanced with alacrity, and soon came up with the light horsemen, who were slowly retiring within view of the enemy. The country was generally open, and well adapted to the operations of cavalry. Here and there a thin copse of woodland appeared, generally free from undergrowth, and giving to each party a full view of their enemy's movements. The Indians had partially obtained possession of one of these copses, although their full force had not yet come up. The importance of seizing the wood was instantly seen, and Crawford hastily ordered his men to dismount, tie their horses, and force the enemy from their position, before their reinforcements could arrive. This judicious order was promptly and effectually obeyed. Both flanks of the Indian position were immediately turned, and a rapid and threatening movement upon their front quickly compelled them to give way. Crawford now took possession of the wood, but scarcely had he done so, when the main body of the enemy hurried up to the assistance of their van, and outflanking Crawford in turn, opened a heavy and galling fire upon his men, from which they found it very difficult to obtain proper shelter. The action now became sharp and serious—Crawford maintaining his ground, and the enemy, (who were hourly increasing in number,) making the most strenuous efforts to regain the wood. From four in the evening until dusk, the firing was very heavy, and the loss considerable. During the whole of this time, scarcely an Indian was visible, unless for a moment, when shifting his position. Their number could only be ascertained, from the many wreaths of smoke, which arose from every bush, tree, or tuft of grass within view. At night the enemy drew off, and Crawford's party slept upon their arms upon the field of battle.

On the next day the attack was renewed, but at a more respectful distance. The Indians had apparently sustained some loss on the close firing of the preceding evening, and seemed now determined to await the arrival of additional reinforcements. Occasional shots were fired through the day, on both sides, but without much injury to either. As soon as it was dark, the field officers assembled in council—and as the numbers of the enemy were evidently increasing every moment, it was unanimously determined to retreat by night, as rapidly as was consistent with order, and the preservation of the wounded. The resolution was quickly announced to the troops, and the necessary dispositions made for carrying it into effect. The outposts were silently withdrawn from the vicinity of the enemy, and as fast as they came in, the troops were formed in three parallel lines, with the wounded, borne upon biers, in the centre. By nine o'clock at night, all necessary arrangements had been made, and the retreat began in good order. Unfortunately, they had scarcely moved an hundred paces, when the report of several rifles were heard in the rear, in the direction of the Indian encampment. The troops instantly became very unsteady. At length, a solitary voice, in the front rank, called out, that their design was discovered, and that the Indians would soon be upon them. Nothing more was necessary. The cavalry were instantly broken—and as usual, each man endeavored to save himself as he best could. A prodigious uproar ensued, which quickly communicated to the enemy, that the white men had routed themselves, and that they had nothing to do but pick up stragglers. The miserable wounded, notwithstanding the piercing cries with which they supplicated to be taken with them, were abandoned to the mercy of the enemy and soon put out of pain.

Dr. Knight, the surgeon of the detachment, was in the rear when the flight commenced, but seeing the necessity of

despatch, he put spurs to his horse and galloped through the wood as fast as the darkness of the night would permit. He had not advanced more than three hundred yards, when he heard the voice of Col. Crawford, a short distance in front, calling aloud for his son John Crawford, his son-in-law Major Harrison, and his two nephews, Major Rose and William Crawford. Dr. Knight replied in the same loud tone, that he believed the young men were in front. "Is that you, Doctor?" asked Crawford, eagerly—for no features could be recognised in the darkness. "Yes, Colonel!—I am the hindmost man I believe!" "No, No!" replied Crawford, anxiously, "my son is in the rear yet—I have not been able to hear of him in front!—Do not leave me, Doctor, my horse has almost given out—I cannot keep up with the troops—and wish a few of my best friends to stay with me!" Knight assured him, that he might rely upon his support in any extremity, and drew up his horse by his side. Col. Crawford still remained upon the same spot, calling loudly for his son, until the last straggler had passed. He then in strong language reprobated the conduct of the militia, in breaking their ranks, and abandoning the wounded,—but quickly returned to the subject of his son—and appeared deeply agitated at the uncertainty of his fate. Perceiving, however, that further delay must terminate in death or captivity, the party set spurs to their horses and followed the route of the troops. Presently an old man and a lad joined them. Crawford eagerly asked if they had seen his son or nephews? They assured him that they had not, upon which he sighed deeply, but made no reply. At this instant, a heavy fire was heard at the distance of a mile in front—accompanied by yells, screams, and all the usual attendants of battle. Not a doubt was entertained that the Indians had intercepted the retreat of the main body, and were now engaged with them. Having lost all confidence in his men, Crawford did not choose to

unite his fortune to theirs, and changed his course, to the northward, in such a manner as to leave the combatants upon the left. He continued in this direction for nearly an hour, until he supposed himself out of the immediate line of the enemy's operations, when he again changed his course to the eastward, moving as rapidly as possible, with an interval of twenty paces between them, and steadily regulating their route by the north star. The boy who accompanied them was brisk and active, but the old man constantly lagged behind, and as constantly shouted aloud for them to wait for him. They often remonstrated with him on the impropriety of making so much noise, at a time when all their lives depended upon secrecy and celerity, and he repeatedly promised to do so no more. At length, upon crossing Sandusky creek, the old man found himself once more considerably in the rear, and once more shouted aloud for them to wait, until he could come up. Before they could reply a halloo was heard, in the rear of their left, and apparently not more than one hundred paces from the spot where the old man stood. Supposing it to be the cry of an Indian, they remained still and silent for several minutes, looking keenly around them in the expectation of beholding an enemy. Every thing, however, continued silent. The old man was heard no more, and whether he escaped, or was killed, could never be ascertained. The party continued their flight until day break, when Col. Crawford's horse and that of the boy, sunk under their riders, and were abandoned. Continuing their journey on foot, they quickly fell in with Captain Biggs, an expert woodsman and gallant officer, who, in the universal scattering, had generously brought off a wounded officer, Lieut. Ashley, upon his own horse, and was now composedly walking by his side, with a rifle in his hand and a knapsack upon his shoulders. This casual meeting was gratifying to both parties, and they continued their jour-

ney with renewed spirits. At three o'clock in the afternoon a heavy rain fell, and compelled them to encamp. A temporary shelter was quickly formed by barking several trees, after the manner of the Indians, and spreading the bark over poles so as to form a roof. A fire was then kindled, and the rain continued to pour down in torrents. They remained here through the night, without any accident. Continuing their route on the following morning, at the distance of three miles from the camp, they found a deer, which had recently been killed and skinned. The meat was neatly sliced and bundled up in the skin—and a tomahawk lay near—giving room for suspicion that Indians were in the neighborhood. As the whole party had fasted for thirty six hours, this was a very acceptable treat, and lifting the skin, with the meat enclosed from the ground, they carried it with them until they had leisure to cook it. Having advanced a mile further, they observed a smoke in the woods, before them. The party instantly halted, while Col. Crawford and Dr. Knight advanced to reconnoitre. Cautiously approaching the fire, they found it burning brightly, but abandoned, from which they inferred that a party had encamped there the preceding night, and had retired a few minutes before their approach. Having carefully examined the bushes around, and discovered no Indian sign, they directed their friends in the rear to come up, and quickly sat about preparing breakfast. In a few minutes they observed a white man, skulking in the rear, examining the trail and apparently very shy of approaching them. Calling out to him in a friendly tone, they invited him to approach without fear, assuring him that they were countrymen and friends. The man instantly complied, and informed them that he had killed the deer which they were cooking, but hearing them approach, he had taken them for enemies, and had fled into the bushes for concealment.

Highly pleased at this further accession to their strength, the party breakfasted heartily upon the deer—and continued their march. By noon, they had reached the path by which the army had marched a few days before, in their advance upon the Indian towns, and some discussion took place as to the propriety of taking that road homeward. Biggs and the Doctor strenuously insisted upon continuing their course through the woods, and avoiding all paths, but Crawford overruled them, assuring them that the Indians would not urge the pursuit beyond the plains, which were already far behind. Unfortunately, the Colonel prevailed, and abandoning their due eastern course, the party pursued the beaten path. Crawford and Knight moved one hundred and fifty yards in front, Biggs and his wounded friend Ashley were in the centre, both on horseback, the Doctor having lent Biggs his horse, and the two men on foot brought up the rear. They soon had reason to repent their temerity. Scarcely had they advanced a mile, when several Indians sprung up within twenty yards of Knight and Crawford, presented their guns and in good English ordered them to stop. Knight instantly sprung behind a large black oak, cocked his gun and began to take aim at the foremost. Crawford, however, did not attempt to conceal himself—but calling hastily to Knight, ordered him twice not to fire. Instantly the Indian, at whom Knight had taken aim, ran up to the Colonel with every demonstration of friendship, shook his hand cordially and asked him how he did. Knight still maintaining a hostile attitude behind the tree, Crawford called to him again, and ordered him to put down his gun, which the Doctor very reluctantly obeyed. Biggs and Ashley, seeing the condition of their friends, halted, while the two men in the rear very prudently took to their heels and escaped. One of the Indians then told Crawford to order Biggs to come up and surrender or they would kill him. The Colonel complied,

but Biggs, feeling no inclination to obey his commander in the present instance, very coolly cocked his rifle, took deliberate aim at one of the Indians, and fired, although without effect. He and Ashley then put spurs to their horses and for the time escaped. The two prisoners were then taken to the Indian camp, which stood within a few miles of the place where they were taken—and on the next evening, five Delawares came in with the scalps and horses of Biggs and Ashley, who it appeared, had returned to the road, and were intercepted a few miles further on.

On the morning, which was the 10th of June, Crawford and Knight, together with nine more prisoners, were conducted by their captors, seventeen in number, to the old town of Sandusky, about thirty three miles distant. The main body halted at night, within eight miles of the village, but as Col. Crawford expressed great anxiety to speak with Simon Girty, who was then at Sandusky, he was permitted to go on that evening, under the care of two Indians. On Tuesday morning, the 11th of June, Col. Crawford was brought back from Sandusky on purpose to march into town with the other prisoners. Knight eagerly accosted him, and asked if he had seen Girty? The Colonel replied in the affirmative—and added, that Girty had promised to use his utmost influence for his (the Colonel's) safety—but was fearful of the consequences, as the Indians generally, and particularly Captain Pipe, one of the Delaware chiefs, were much incensed against the prisoners, and were endeavoring to have them all burned. The Colonel added, that he had heard of his son-in-law, Col. Harrison, and his nephew, William Crawford, both of whom had been taken by the Shawanees, and admitted to mercy. Shortly after this communication, their capital enemy, Captain Pipe appeared. His appearance was by no means unprepossessing, and he exhibited none of the ferocity, which Knight, from Girty's account,

had been led to expect. On the contrary, his manners were bland and his language flattering. But one ominous circumstance attended his visit. With his own hands, he *paint*ed every prisoner black! While in the act of painting the Doctor, he was as polite and affectionate as a French valet, assuring him that he should soon go to the Shawanee town and see his friends; and while painting the Colonel, he told him that his head should be shaved, *i. e.*, he should be adopted, as soon as he arrived at the Wyandott town. As soon as the prisoners were painted, they were conducted towards the town, Capt. Pipe walking by the side of Crawford, and treating him with the utmost kindness, while the other prisoners, with the exception of Doctor Knight, were pushed on ahead of him.

As they advanced, they were shocked at observing the bodies of four of their friends, who had just left them, lying near the path, tomahawked and scalped, with an interval of nearly a mile between each. They had evidently perished in running the gauntlet. This spectacle was regarded as a sad presage of their own fate. In a short time they overtook the five prisoners who remained alive. They were seated on the ground, and appeared much dejected. Nearly seventy squaws and Indian boys surrounded them, menacing them with knives and tomahawks, and exhausting upon them every abusive epithet which their language afforded. Crawford and Knight were compelled to sit down apart from the rest, and immediately afterwards, the Doctor was given to a Shawanee warrior, to be conducted to their town, while the Colonel remained stationary. The boys and squaws then fell upon the other prisoners, and tomahawked them in a moment. Among them was Captain McKinley, who had served with reputation throughout the revolutionary war until the capture of Cornwallis. An old withered hag approached him, brandishing a long knife, and

seizing him by the hair, instantly cut off his head and kicked it near the spot where Crawford sat in momentary expectation of a similar fate. Another destiny, however, was reserved for him. After having sufficiently exhausted their rage upon the lifeless bodies of the five prisoners, the whole party started up, and driving Crawford before them, marched towards the village. Presently, Girty appeared on horseback, coming from Sandusky. He stopped for a few moments, and spoke to Crawford—then passing to the rear of the party, addressed Knight: "Is this the Doctor?" enquired he, with an insulting smile. "Yes! Mr. Girty, I am glad to see you!" replied poor Knight, advancing towards him, and anxiously extending his hand. But Girty cursed him in a savage tone, ordered him to begone and not to suppose that he would give his hand to such a — rascal. Upon this, the Shawanee warrior who had him in custody, dragged him along by a rope. Girty followed on horseback, and informed him that he was to go to Chillicothe. Presently they came to a spot where there was a large fire, around which about thirty warriors, and more than double that number of boys and squaws were collected. As soon as the Colonel arrived, they surrounded him, stripped him naked, and compelled him to sit on the ground near the fire. They then fell upon him, and beat him severely with sticks and their fists. In a few minutes a large stake was fixed in the ground, and piles of hickory poles, rather thicker than a man's thumb, and about twelve feet in length, were spread around it. Col. Crawford's hands were then tied behind his back—a strong rope was produced, one end of which was fastened to the ligature between his wrists, and the other tied to the bottom of the stake. The rope was long enough to permit him to walk around the stake several times and then return. Fire was then applied to the hickory poles, which lay in piles at the distance of six or seven yards from the stake.

The Colonel observing these terrible preparations, called to Girty, who sat on horseback, at the distance of a few yards from the fire, and asked if the Indians were going to burn him. Girty very coolly replied in the affirmative. The Colonel heard the intelligence with firmness, merely observing, that he would bear it with fortitude. When the hickory poles had been burnt asunder in the middle, Capt. Pipe arose and addressed the crowd, in a tone of great energy, and with animated gestures, pointing frequently to the Colonel, who regarded him with an appearance of unruffled composure. As soon as he had ended, a loud whoop burst from the assembled throng, and they all rushed at once upon the unfortunate Crawford. For several seconds, the crowd was so great around him, that Knight could not see what they were doing—but in a short time, they had dispersed sufficiently to give him a view of the Colonel. His ears had been cut off, and the blood was streaming down each side of his face. A terrible scene of torture now commenced. The warriors shot charges of powder into his naked body, commencing with the calves of his legs, and continuing to his neck. The boys snatched the burning hickory poles and applied them to his flesh. As fast as he ran around the stake, to avoid one party of tormentors, he was promptly met at every turn by others, with burning poles, red hot irons, and rifles loaded with powder only; so that in a few minutes nearly one hundred charges of powder had been shot into his body, which had become black and blistered in a dreadful manner. The squaws would take up a quantity of coals and hot ashes, and throw them upon his body, so that in a few minutes he had nothing but fire to walk upon. In the extremity of his agony, the unhappy Colonel called aloud upon Girty, in tones which rang through Knight's brain with maddening effect: "Girty! Girty!! shoot me through the heart!! Quick! quick!! Do not refuse me!!" "Dont you see

"I have no gun, Colonel!" replied the monster, bursting into a loud laugh, and then turning to an Indian beside him, he uttered some brutal jests upon the naked and miserable appearance of the prisoner. While this awful scene was being acted, Girty rode up to the spot where Doctor Knight stood, and told him that he now had a foretaste of what was in reserve for him at the Shawanee towns. He swore that he need not expect to escape death—but should suffer it in all the extremity of torture! Knight, whose mind was deeply agitated at the sight of the fearful scene before him, took no notice of Girty, but preserved an impenetrable silence. Girty, after coldly contemplating the Colonel's sufferings for a few moments, turned again to Knight, and indulged in a bitter invective against a certain Col. Gibson, from whom he said, he had received deep injury, and dwelt upon the delight with which he would see him undergo such tortures as those which Crawford was then suffering. He observed, in a taunting tone, that most of the prisoners had said, that the white people would not injure him, if the chance of war was to throw him into their power—but that for his own part, he should be loth to try the experiment—"I think (added he with a laugh,) that they would roast me alive, with more pleasure, than those red fellows, are now broiling the Colonel!—What is your opinion, Doctor? Do you think they would be glad to see me?" Still Knight made no answer, and in a few minutes Girty rejoined the Indians.

The terrible scene had now lasted more than two hours, and Crawford had become much exhausted. He walked slowly around the stake, spoke in a low tone, and earnestly besought God to look with compassion upon him, and pardon his sins. His nerves had lost much of their sensibility, and he no longer shrunk from the firebrands with which they incessantly touched him. At length he sunk in a fainting fit upon his face, and lay motionless. Instantly an Indian

sprung upon his back, knelt lightly upon one knee, made a circular incision with his knife upon the crown of his head, and clapping the knife between his teeth, tore the scalp off with both hands. Scarcely had this been done, when a withered hag approached with a board full of burning embers, and poured them upon the crown of his head, now laid bare to the bone. The Colonel groaned deeply, arose, and again walked slowly around the stake!—But why continue a description so horrible? Nature at length could endure no more, and at a late hour in the night, he was released by death from the hands of his tormentors.

At sun set, Dr. Knight was removed from the ground, and taken to the house of Captain Pipe, where, after having been securely bound, he was permitted to sleep unmolested. On the next morning, the Indian fellow to whose care he had been committed, unbound him, again painted him black, and told him he must instantly march off for the Shawanee village. The Doctor was a small, weak man, and had sunk much under the hardship to which he had been exposed—and this, probably, was the cause of his having been committed unbound to the guardianship of a single Indian. They quickly left Sandusky, and in a few minutes passed by the spot where Crawford had been tortured. His flesh had been entirely consumed, and his bones, half burnt and blackened by the fire, lay scattered around the stake. The Indian fellow who guarded him, uttered the scalp halloo, as he passed the spot, and insultingly told Knight, that “these were the bones of his Big Captain!” Knight was on foot, the Indian mounted on a poney and well armed, yet the Doctor determined to effect his escape, or compel his enemy to shoot him dead upon the spot. The awful torture which Crawford had undergone, had left a deep impression upon his mind. The savage intimation of Girty was not forgotten—and he regarded death, by shooting, as a luxury compared with

the protracted agony of the stake. Anxious, however, to lull the suspicious temper of the Indian, who appeared to be extremely vigilant, he spoke to him in a cheerful, confident tone, and pretended to be entirely ignorant of the fate which awaited him at the Shawanee town. He found the fellow very sociable, and apparently as simple as he could wish. Upon his asking if they were not to live together in the same cabin, like brothers, as soon as they arrived at the end of their journey, the Indian seemed pleased, and replied, "yes." He then asked the Doctor, if he could make a wigwam? The Doctor boldly asserted, that he was a capital workman in wood, and could build a wigwam, to which their most spacious council houses were mere hovels. This assertion evidently elevated him in the Indian's esteem, and they continued to chat in a very friendly manner, each probably thinking that he had made a dupe of the other.

After travelling about twenty five miles, they encamped for the night, when Knight permitted himself to be bound. The Indian then informed him, that they would reach the Shawanee village about the middle of the next day, and seemed to compose himself to rest. Knight frequently attempted to untie himself, but was as often frustrated by the incessant vigilance of the Indian, whose dark eyes were rolling around him throughout the whole night. At daylight, the Indian arose and unbound his prisoner, who instantly determined to attempt an escape without further delay. His conductor did not immediately leave the spot, but began to rekindle their fire which had burned low, and employed himself diligently in giving battle to the myriads of gnats, that swarmed around him, and fastened upon his naked body with high relish. Knight seeing him rub his back with great energy, muttering petulantly in the Indian tongue, asked if he should make a smoke behind him, in order to drive the gnats away. The Indian told him to do so, and Knight arising

from his seat, took the end of a dog-wood fork about eighteen inches in length, and putting a coal of fire between it and another stick, went behind the Indian as if to kindle a fire. Gently laying down the coal, he paused a moment to collect his strength, and then struck the Indian a furious blow upon the back of the head, with the dog-wood stick. The fellow stumbled forward, and fell with his hands in the fire, but instantly rising again, ran off with great rapidity, howling most dismally. Knight instantly seized the rifle which his enemy had abandoned and pursued him, intending to shoot him dead on the spot, and thus prevent pursuit—but in drawing back the cock of the gun too violently, he injured it so much that it would not go off—and the Indian frightened out of his wits, and leaping and dodging with the activity of a wild cat, at length effected his escape.

On the same day about noon, as Knight afterwards learned from a prisoner who effected his escape, the Indian arrived at the Shawanee village, with his head dreadfully cut and his legs torn by the briars. He proved to be a happy mixture of the braggadocio and coward, and treated his fellows with a magnificent description of his contest with Knight, whom he represented as a giant in stature (five feet seven inches!) and a buffalo in strength and fierceness. He said that Knight prevailed upon him to untie him, and that while they were conversing like brothers, and while he himself was suspecting no harm, his prisoner suddenly seized a dog-wood sapling, and belabored him, now on this side of his head, now on the other, (here his gestures were very lively,) until he was scarcely able to stand! That, nevertheless, he made a manful resistance, and stabbed his gigantic antagonist twice, once in the back, and once in the belly, but seeing that his knife made no impression upon the strength of the prisoner, he was at length compelled to leave him, satisfied that the wounds which he had inflicted must at length prove

mortal. The Indians were much diverted at his account of the affair, and laughed loud and long, evidently not believing a syllable of the tale—at least so far as his own prowess was concerned.

In the mean time, Knight finding it useless to pursue the Indian, to whom terror had lent wings, hastily returned to the fire, and taking the Indian's blanket, moccasins, bullet bag and powder horn, lost no time in moving off, directing his course towards the north east. About half an hour by sun he came to the plains already mentioned, which were about sixteen miles wide. Not choosing to cross them by daylight, he lay down in the high grass until dark, then guided by the north star, he crossed them rapidly, and before daylight had reached the woods on the other side. Without halting for a moment, he continued his march until late in the afternoon, crossing nearly at right angles the path by which the troops had advanced, and moving steadily to the northward, with the hope of avoiding the enemy who might still be lingering upon the rear of the troops. In the evening he felt very faint and hungry, having tasted nothing for three days, and very little since his captivity. Wild gooseberries grew very abundantly in the woods, but being still green, they required mastication, which he was unable to perform, his jaws having been much injured by a blow from the back of a tomahawk. There was a weed, however, which grew in the woods, the juice of which was grateful to the palate, and nourishing to the body. Of this he sucked plentifully, and finding himself much refreshed, was enabled to continue his journey. Supposing that he had now advanced sufficiently to the northward to baffle his pursuers, he changed his course and steered due east. Wishing, if possible, to procure some animal food, he often attempted to rectify the lock of his gun, supposing that it was only wood bound, but having no knife, he was unable to unscrew it, and was at

length reluctantly compelled to throw it away as a useless burden. His jaw rapidly recovered, and he was enabled to chew green gooseberries, upon which, together with two young unfledged black birds, and one land tarapin, (both devoured raw,) he managed to subsist for twenty one days. He swam the Muskingum a few miles below fort Lawrence, and crossing all paths, directed his steps to the Ohio river. He struck it at a few miles below fort McIntosh on the evening of the 21st day, and on the morning of the 22d reached the fort in safety.

Such was the lamentable expedition of Col. Crawford, rashly undertaken, injudiciously prosecuted, and terminating with almost unprecedented calamity. The insubordinate spirit of the men, together with the inadequacy of the force, were the great causes of the failure. The first was incident to the nature of the force—but the second might have been remedied by a little consideration. Repeated disasters, however, were necessary to convince the Americans of the necessity of employing a sufficient force—and it was not until they had suffered by the experience of ten more years, that this was at length done. The defeat of Braddock had been bloody, but not disgraceful. Officers and soldiers died in battle, and with arms in their hands. Not a man offered to leave the ground until a retreat was ordered. Crawford, on the contrary, perished miserably at the stake, as did most of his men. They were taken in detail, skulking through the woods, to avoid an enemy, whom they might have vanquished by union, steadiness, and courage. It stands upon record as one of the most calamitous and disgraceful expeditions which has ever stained the American arms

CHAPTER V.

During the old French war, JOHN SLOVER, a native of Virginia, was taken by a party of Miami Indians, on the banks of White river, and immediately conducted to the Indian town of Sandusky. Here he resided from his eighth to his twentieth year. At the treaty of Pittsburgh, in the fall of '73, he came in with the Shawanee nation, and accidentally meeting with some of his relations, he was recognized, and earnestly exhorted to relinquish his connection with the Indians, and return to his friends. He yielded with some reluctance, (having become strongly attached to a savage life,) and having probably but little relish for labor on a farm, after the easy life which he had led in Ohio, he enlisted in the continental army, and served two campaigns with credit, as a sharp shooter. Having been properly discharged, he settled in Westmoreland county, and when the unfortunate expedition of Crawford was set on foot, was strongly urged to attend in the capacity of a guide. Conquering the distaste which he naturally felt, at the idea of conducting a hostile army against his former friends, he yielded to the persuasion of his neighbors and shared in all the dangers of the army. At the moment when the rout took place, Slover was in the immediate neighborhood of the enemy, attending to a number of horses that were grazing on the plain. But the uproar in front, occasioned by the tumultuous flight of more than four hundred men, soon warned him of his danger. He hastily mounted the best horse within reach, and put him to his utmost speed. He soon overtook the main body, and was among the foremost when the Indians attempted to intercept them. A deep bog crossed the line of retreat,

and occasioned immense confusion. Those who first reached it, plunged in without hesitation, but after struggling for a few minutes their horses stuck fast, and were necessarily abandoned. The darkness of the night, and the hurry of the retreat, prevented the rear from profiting by the misfortune of the van. Horseman after horseman plunged madly into the swamp, and in a few minutes, a scene which baffles all attempt at description took place. Not one tenth part of the horses were able to struggle through. Their riders dismounted and endeavored on foot, to reach the opposite side. The Indians pressed upon them, pouring an incessant fire upon the mass of fugitives, some of whom were completely mired, and sunk gradually to the chin, in which condition they remained until the following morning; others, with great difficulty, effected a passage, and continued their flight on foot.

Slover having struggled for several minutes to disengage his horse, was at length compelled to abandon him, and wade through the morass as he best could, on foot. After incredible fatigue and danger, he at length reached the firm ground, covered with mud, and frightened not a little at hearing the yells of the enemy immediately behind him, and upon each flank, many of them having crossed a few hundred yards above, where the mud was not so deep. In a few minutes he overtook a party of six men on foot, having been compelled like himself to abandon their horses, and two of them having even lost their guns. Finding themselves hard pressed by the enemy, who urged the pursuit with great keenness, they changed their course from an eastern to a western direction, almost turning upon their own trail, and bending their steps towards Detroit. In a short time they struck the same swamp, although considerably higher up, and were compelled to wait until daylight in order to find their way across. Having succeeded at length, in reaching the oppo-

site side, they travelled throughout the day, directly towards the Shawanee towns. This, as the event proved, was finessing rather too much. They would certainly avoid their pursuers, but they were plunging into the midst of the Indian settlements, and must expect to meet with roving bands of Indians in every direction.

At 10 o'clock, they halted for breakfast, having eaten nothing for two days. While busily engaged with their ration of cold pork and corn bread, they were alarmed by hearing a halloo immediately behind them, which was instantly answered by two others upon each flank. Hastily dropping their wallets, they fled into the grass, and falling upon their faces, awaited with beating hearts the approach of the enemy. Presently, seven or eight Indians appeared, talking and laughing in high spirits, evidently ignorant of the presence of the fugitives. In a few minutes they had passed, and the party cautiously returned to their wallets. The fright, however, had completely spoiled their appetites, and hastily gathering up the remnant of their provisions, they continued their journey, changing their course a little to the north, in order to avoid the party who had just passed. By twelve o'clock, they reached a large prairie, which it was necessary for them to cross, or return upon their own footsteps. In the prairie they would be much exposed, as an enemy could see them at a vast distance, but to return to the spot from which they had started was so melancholy an alternative, that after a short and anxious consultation, it was determined at all risk to proceed. They accordingly entered the vast plain, which stretched for many miles before them, affording no means of concealment but the grass, and advanced rapidly but cautiously, until about one o'clock, when the man in front, called their attention to a number of moving objects ahead, which seemed to approach them. The grass was high, and the objects indistinct. They might

be Indians or elk or buffalo, but whoever or whatever they were, it would be as well perhaps not to await their coming. They accordingly crawled aside, and again lay down in the grass—occasionally lifting their heads in order to reconnoitre the strangers. As they drew near, they perceived them to be a party of Indians, but from the loose and straggling manner in which they walked, and the loudness of their voices, they were satisfied that they had not been detected. The Indians quickly passed them and disappeared in the grass. The party then arose and continued their journey, looking keenly around them, in hourly expectation of another party of the enemy.

In the evening, a heavy rain fell, the coldest that they had ever felt, and from which it was impossible to find a shelter. Drenched to the skin and shivering with cold, they waded on through the grass until near sunset, when to their great joy they saw a deep forest immediately in front, where they could obtain shelter as well from the storm as the enemy. The rain, however, which had poured in torrents while they were exposed to it, ceased at once as soon as they had reached a shelter. Considering this a good omen, they encamped for the night, and on the following morning, recommenced their journey with renewed spirits. They were much delayed, however, by the infirmity of two of their men, one of whom had burnt his foot severely, and the other's knees were swollen with the rheumatism. The rheumatic traveller, at length, fell considerably behind. The party halted, halloed for him, and whistled loudly upon their chargers, but in vain. They saw him no more on their march, although he afterwards reached Wheeling in safety, while his stronger companions, as we shall quickly see, were not so fortunate.

They had now again shifted their course, and were marching in a straight direction towards Pittsburgh. They had

passed over the most dangerous part of the road, and had thus far, got the first view of every enemy who appeared. On the morning of the third day, however, a party of Indians, who had secretly dogged them from the prairie, (through which their trail had been broad and obvious,) had now outstripped them and lay in ambush on their road. The first intimation which Slover had of their existence, was a close discharge of rifles, which killed two of their party dead. The four survivors instantly ran to the trees, but two of their guns had been left in the swamp, so that two only remained fit for service. Slover, whose gun was in good order, took aim at the foremost Indian, who, raising his hand warningly, told him not to fire, and he should be treated kindly. Slover and his two unarmed companions instantly surrendered, but John Paul, the youth, refused to be included in the capitulation, and being equally bold and active, completely baffled his pursuers and came safely into Wheeling.

One of the Indians, instantly recognized Slover, having been present at his capture many years before, and having afterwards lived with him at Sandusky. He called him by his Indian name (Mannuchothe,) and reproached him indignantly for bearing arms against his brothers. Slover was somewhat confused at the charge, fearing that his recognition would be fatal to him when he should reach the Indian towns. They were taken back to the prairie, where the Indians had left their horses, and each mounting a horse, they moved rapidly towards the nearest town, which proved to be Waughcotomoco, the theatre of Kenton's adventure, four years before. Upon approaching the town, the Indians, who had heretofore been very kind to them, suddenly began to look sour, and put themselves into a passion by dwelling upon their injuries. Presently, as usual, the squaws, boys, &c. came out, and the usual scene commenced. They soon became tired of abusing and switching them, and having se-

lected the oldest of the three, they blacked his face with coal and water. The poor fellow was much agitated, and cried bitterly, frequently asking Slover if they were not going to burn him. The Indians, in their own language, hastily forbid Slover to answer him, and coming up to their intended victim, patted him upon the back, and with many honied epithets, assured him that they would not hurt him. They then marched on to the large town, about two miles beyond the small one, (both bearing the same name,) having as usual, sent a runner in advance to inform the inhabitants of their approach. The whole village presently flocked out, and a row was formed for the gauntlet. The man who had been blacked attracted so much attention, that Slover and his companion scarcely received a blow. The former preceded them by twenty yards, and was furiously attacked by every individual. Loads of powder were shot into his body, deep wounds were inflicted with knives and tomahawks, and sand was thrown into his eyes, and he was several times knocked down by cudgels. Having heard that he would be safe on reaching the council house, he forced his way with gigantic strength, through all opposition, and grasped the post with both hands, his body burnt with powder and covered with blood. He was furiously torn from his place of refuge, however, and thrust back among his enemies, when finding that they would give him no quarter, he returned their blows with a fury equal to their own, crying piteously the whole time, and frequently endeavoring to wrest a tomahawk from his enemies. This singular scene was continued for nearly half an hour, when the prisoner was at length beaten to death. Slover and his companion reached the post in safety, and were silent spectators of the fate of their friend. As soon as he was dead, the Indians cut up his body, and stuck the head and quarters upon poles in the centre of the town.

On the same evening, he beheld the dead bodies of young Crawford and Col. Harrison, and a third whom he supposed to be Col. McClelland, the second in command. Their bodies were black and mangled, like that of their unfortunate companion, having been beaten to death a few hours before their arrival. As he passed by the bodies, the Indians smiled maliciously, and asked if he knew them? He mentioned their names, upon which they nodded with much satisfaction. In the evening all the dead bodies were dragged beyond the limits of the town and abandoned to the dogs and wolves. In twenty four hours, their bones only were to be seen.

On the following morning, Slover's only surviving companion was marched off to a neighboring town, and never heard of afterwards. Slover, himself, was summoned in the evening to attend at the council house, and give an account of his conduct. Heretofore he had generally been treated with kindness, and on the first day of the council, he saw no symptoms of a disposition to put him to death. But on the second day, James Girty arrived from Crawford's execution, and instantly threw the whole weight of his influence into the scale against the prisoner. He dwelt with much emphasis upon the ingratitude of Slover, in serving as a spy against those who had formerly treated him with such distinguished kindness, and scrupled not to affirm, that in a confidential conversation which he had had with the prisoner, on that morning, he had asked him "how he would like to live again with his old friends?"—Upon which Slover had laughed, and replied, that "he would stay until he had an opportunity of taking a scalp, and would then steal a horse and return to the whites." Slover knew many of his judges by name, spoke their language fluently, and made a vigorous defence. He said, that during the whole twelve years of his former captivity amongst them, he had given am-

ple proofs of his fidelity to the Indians. That, although he had a thousand opportunities, he had never once attempted an escape, and there were several now present who could testify that, at the treaty of fort Pitt, he had left them with reluctance in compliance with the earnest solicitations of his family! That he had then taken leave of them publicly, in broad daylight, in time of profound peace, and with their full approbation. That he then had no idea of the existence of a future war, but when war came, it was his duty to accompany his countrymen to the field against the Indians, precisely as he would have accompanied the Indians formerly against the whites. That it was the undoubted duty of every warrior to serve his country, without regard to his own private feelings of attachment; that he had done so—and if the Indians thought it worthy of death, they could inflict the penalty upon him!—he was alone and in their power!—That Mr. Girty's assertion was positively false—he had not exchanged a syllable with him, beyond a brief and cold salutation, when they had met in the morning, not to mention the absurdity of supposing that if he had really entertained such an idea, he would have communicated it to Girty!—the sworn enemy of the whites, and as he believed his own personal enemy.

This vigorous and natural defence, seemed to make some impression upon his enemies. Girty's assertion was so strikingly improbable, that very few gave it credit, and some of Slover's old friends exerted themselves actively in his behalf. The council suspended their decision for several days, and in the mean time, endeavored to gain information from him, as to the present condition of Virginia. Slover informed them that Cornwallis had been captured, together with his whole army, which astonished them much, and compelled them to utter some deep guttural interjections. But Girty and McKey became very angry, swore that it was a lie,

and renewed their exertions with increased ardor, to have him brought to the stake. While his trial was pending, he was unbound, and unguarded, was invited to all their dances, and suffered to reside as an inmate in the cabin of an old squaw, who treated him with great affection. Girty was blustering, ferocious and vulgar in his manners, but McKey was silent, grave and stern, never addressing Slover, and seldom speaking in council. He lived apart from the rest in a handsome house, built of white oak logs, elegantly hewed, and neatly covered with shingles. His hatred to the whites was deep and inveterate, and his influence was constantly exerted against every prisoner who came before him. They spared no pains, in endeavoring to entrap Slover into some unguarded words, which might injure him with the Indians. A white man one morning asked Slover to walk out with him, as he had something of importance to communicate. As soon as they had gained the fields, the fellow halted, and in a confidential tone, informed Slover that he had two brothers living upon the banks of the Potomac, whom he was desirous of seeing again—that the Indians had given him his life, for the present, but they were such capricious devils, that there was no confidence to be placed in them, and he felt disposed to escape, while it was in his power, if Slover would accompany him. Slover heard him coldly, and with an appearance of great surprize, blamed him for entertaining so rash a project, and assured him that *he* was determined to encounter no such risk. The emissary of Girty and McKey, returned instantly to the council, and reported that Slover had eagerly entered into the project, and was desirous of escaping that evening.

Two days afterwards, a very large council was held, being composed of warriors from the Shawanee, Delaware, Wyandott, Chippewa and Mingo tribes. Two Indians came to the wigwam in order to conduct Slover once more before

his judges, but the old squaw concealed him beneath a large bear skin, and fell upon the two messengers so fiercely with her tongue, that they were compelled to retreat with some precipitation. This zeal in his service, on the part of the old squaw, was rather alarming than gratifying to Slover, for he rightly conjectured that something evil was brewing, which he knew that she would be unable to avert. He was not long in suspense. Within two hours, Girty came into the hut, followed by more than forty warriors, and seizing Slover, stripped him naked, bound his hands behind him, painted his body black, and bore him off with great violence. Girty exulted greatly in the success of his efforts, and loaded him with curses and reproaches, assuring him that he would now get what he had long deserved.

The prisoner was borne off to a town at the distance of five miles from Waughcotomoco, where he was met as usual, by all the inhabitants, and beaten in the ordinary manner for one hour. They then carried him to another little village about two miles distant, where a stake and hickory poles had been prepared, in order to burn him that evening. The scene of his intended execution was the council house, part of which was covered with shingles, and the remainder entirely open at top, and very slightly boarded at the sides. In the open space, a pole had been sunk in the ground, and the faggots collected. Slover was dragged to the stake, his hands bound behind him, and then fastened to the pole as in Crawford's case. Fire was quickly applied to the faggots which began to blaze briskly. An orator then, as usual, addressed the assembly, in order to inflame their passions to the proper height. Slover seeing his fate inevitable, rallied his courage, and prepared to endure it with firmness. For the last half hour the wind had been high, but the clouds were light, and appeared drifting rapidly away. While the orator was speaking, however, the wind suddenly lulled, and a hea-

vy shower of rain fell which instantly extinguished the fire, and drenched the prisoner and his enemies to the skin. Poor Slover, who had been making preparations to battle with fire, was astonished at finding himself deluged all at once with so different an element, and the enemy seemed no less so. They instantly ran under the covered part of the house, and left the prisoner to take the rain freely, assuring him from time to time, that he should be burned on the following morning. As soon as the rain ceased, they again surrounded him, dancing around the stake, kicking him severely, and striking him with sticks, until eleven o'clock at night. A tall young chief named "Half Moon," then stooped down and asked the prisoner if "he was not sleepy?" Slover, somewhat astonished at such a question, and at such a time, replied in the affirmative. Half Moon then untied him, conducted him into a strong block house, pinioned his arms until the buffalo tug was buried in the flesh, and then passing another thong around his neck, and tying the other end to one of the beams of the house, left him under a strong guard, exhorting him to sleep soundly, for that he must "eat fire in the morning."

The prisoner, on the contrary, never closed his eyes, awaiting anxiously until his guard should fall asleep. They showed, however, no inclination to indulge him. Two of them lay down a little after midnight, but the third sat up talking and smoking until nearly daylight. He endeavored to entertain Slover, by speculations upon his (Slover's) ability to bear pain, handling the painful subject with the zest of an amateur, and recounting to the prisoner, the particulars of many exhibitions of the same kind which he had witnessed. He dwelt upon the entertainment which he had no doubt Slover would afford, exhorting him to bear it like a man, and not forget that he had once been an Indian himself. Upon this torturing subject, he talked, and smoked,

and talked again, until the prisoner's nerves tingled, as if the hot irons were actually hissing against his flesh. At length the tedious old man's head sunk gradually upon his breast, and Slover heard him snoring loudly. He paused a few moments, listening intently. His heart beat so strongly, that he was fearful lest the Indians should hear it, and arrest him in his last effort to escape. They did not stir, however, and with trembling hands he endeavored to slip the cords from his arms over his wrist. In this he succeeded without much difficulty, but the thong around his neck was more obstinate. He attempted to gnaw it in two, but it was as thick as his thumb and as hard as iron, being made of a seasoned buffalo's hide. Daylight was faintly breaking in the east, and he expected every moment, that his tormentors would summon him to the stake. In the agony and earnestness of his feelings, the sweat rolled in big drops down his forehead, and the quickness of his breathing awakened the old man. Slover lay still, fearful of being detected, and kept his arms under his back. The old Indian yawned, stretched himself, stirred the fire, and then lay down again, and began to snore as loudly as ever. Now was the time or never! He seized the rope with both hands and giving it several quick jerks, could scarcely believe his senses, when he saw the knot come untied, and felt himself at liberty. He arose lightly, stepped silently over the bodies of the sleeping Indians, and in a moment stood in the open air. Day was just breaking—and the inhabitants of the village had not yet arisen. He looked around for a moment to see whether he was observed, and then ran hastily into a cornfield, in order to conceal himself. On the road he had nearly stumbled upon a squaw and several children, who were asleep under a tree. Hastily avoiding them, he ran through the cornfield, and observing a number of horses on the other side, he paused a moment, untied the cord, which still con-

fined his right arm, and hastily fitting it into a halter, approached a fine strong colt, about four years old, that fortunately proved as gentle as he could wish. Fancying that he heard a door open behind him, he sprung upon his back as lightly as a squirrel, although every limb was bruised and swollen, by the severe beating of the preceding night, and as the woods were open and the ground level, he put his horse to his utmost speed and was soon out of sight. Confident that pursuit would not be delayed more than fifteen minutes, he never slackened his speed until about ten o'clock in the day, when he reached the Scioto, at a point fully fifty miles distant from the village which he had left at daylight.

He here paused a moment, and allowed the noble animal, who had borne him so gallantly, to breathe for a few minutes. Fearing, however, that the enemy had pursued him with the same mad violence, he quickly mounted his horse again, and plunged into the Scioto, which was now swollen by the recent rains. His horse stemmed the current handsomely, but began to fail in ascending the opposite bank. He still, however, urged him to full speed, and by three o'clock had left the Scioto more than twenty miles behind, when his horse sunk under him, having galloped upwards of seventy miles. Slover instantly sprung from his back, and ran on foot until sunset. Halting for a moment, he heard a halloo, far behind him, and seeing the keenness of the pursuit, he continued to run until ten o'clock at night, when he sunk upon the ground, and vomited violently. In two hours the moon arose, which he knew would enable the enemy to follow his trail through the night—and again starting up, he ran forward until day. During the night he had followed a path, but in the morning he abandoned it, and changing his course, followed a high ridge, covered with rank grass and weeds, which he carefully put back with a stick as he passed through it in order to leave as indistinct a trail as possible. On that

evening he reached some of the tributaries of the Muskingum, where his naked and blistered skin attracted millions of musquitoes, that followed him day and night, effectually prevented his sleeping, and carefully removed such particles of skin as the nettles had left, so that if his own account is to be credited, upon reaching the Muskingum, which he did on the third day, he had been completely peeled from head to foot. Here he found a few wild raspberries, which was the first food he had tasted for four days. He had never felt hunger, but suffered much from faintness and exhaustion. He swam the Muskingum at Old Comer's town; and looking back, thought that he had put a great deal of ground between himself and the stake, at which he had been found near Wacotomoco—and that it would be very strange if, having been brought thus far, he should again fall into the power of the enemy.

On the next day he reached Stillwater, where he caught two crawfish, and devoured them raw. Two days afterwards, he struck the Ohio river immediately opposite Wheeling, and perceiving a man standing upon the Island, he called to him, told him his name, and asked him to bring over a canoe for him. The fellow at first was very shy, but Slover having told the names of many officers and privates, who had accompanied the expedition, he was at length persuaded to venture across, and the fugitive was safely transported to the Virginia shore, after an escape which has few parallels in real life, and which seems even to exceed the bounds of probable fiction.

CHAPTER VI.

In the present chapter, we shall notice several circumstances, in the order in which they occurred, none of which singly, are of sufficient importance to occupy a chapter to themselves. In the autumn of 1779, a number of keel boats were ascending the Ohio under the command of Maj. Rodgers, and had advanced as far as the mouth of Licking without accident. Here, however, they observed a few Indians, standing upon the southern extremity of a sandbar, while a canoe, rowed by three others, was in the act of putting off from the Kentucky shore, as if for the purpose of taking them aboard. Rodgers instantly ordered the boats to be made fast on the Kentucky shore, while the crew, to the number of seventy men, well armed, cautiously advanced in such a manner as to encircle the spot where the enemy had been seen to land. Only five or six Indians had been seen, and no one dreamed of encountering more than fifteen or twenty enemies. When Rodgers, however, had, as he supposed, completely surrounded the enemy, and was preparing to rush upon them, from several quarters at once, he was thunderstruck at beholding several hundred savages suddenly spring up in front, rear, and upon both flanks! They instantly poured in a close discharge of rifles, and then throwing down their guns, fell upon the survivors with the tomahawk! The panic was complete, and the slaughter prodigious. Major Rodgers, together with forty five others of his men, were almost instantly destroyed. The survivors made an effort to regain their boats, but the five men who had been left in charge of them, had immediately put off from shore in the hindmost boat, and the enemy had already

gained possession of the others. Disappointed in the attempt, they turned furiously upon the enemy, and aided by the approach of darkness, forced their way through their lines, and with the loss of several severely wounded, at length effected their escape to Harrodsburgh.

Among the wounded was Captain Robert Benham. Shortly after breaking through the enemy's line, he was shot through both hips, and the bones being shattered, he instantly fell to the ground. Fortunately, a large tree had lately fallen near the spot where he lay, and with great pain, he dragged himself into the top, and lay concealed among the branches. The Indians, eager in pursuit of the others, passed him without notice, and by midnight all was quiet. On the following day, the Indians returned to the battle ground, in order to strip the dead and take care of the boats. Benham, although in danger of famishing, permitted them to pass without making known his condition, very correctly supposing that his crippled legs, would only induce them to tomahawk him upon the spot, in order to avoid the trouble of carrying him to their town. He lay close, therefore, until the evening of the second day, when perceiving a raccoon descending a tree, near him, he shot it, hoping to devise some means of reaching it, when he could kindle a fire and make a meal. Scarcely had his gun cracked, however, when he heard a human cry, apparently not more than fifty yards off. Supposing it to be an Indian, he hastily reloaded his gun, and remained silent, expecting the approach of an enemy. Presently the same voice was heard again, but much nearer. Still Benham made no reply, but cocked his gun and sat ready to fire as soon as an object appeared. A third halloo was quickly heard, followed by an exclamation of impatience and distress, which convinced Benham that the unknown must be a Kentuckian. As soon, therefore, as he heard the expression "whoever you are—for God's sake an-

swer me!"—he replied with readiness, and the parties were soon together. Benham, as we have already observed, was shot through both legs!—the man who now appeared, had escaped from the same battle, *with both arms broken!* Thus each was enabled to supply what the other wanted. Benham having the perfect use of his arms, could load his gun and kill game, with great readiness, while his friend having the use of his legs, could kick the game to the spot where Benham sat, who was thus enabled to cook it. When no wood was near them, his companion would rake up brush with his feet, and gradually roll it within reach of Benham's hands, who constantly fed his companion, and dressed *his* wounds, as well as his own—tearing up both of their shirts for that purpose. They found some difficulty in procuring water, at first—but Benham at length took his own hat, and placing the rim between the teeth of his companion, directed him to wade into the Licking, up to his neck, and dip the hat into the water (by sinking his own head.) The man who could walk, was thus enabled to bring water, by means of his teeth, which Benham could afterwards dispose of as was necessary.

In a few days, they had killed all the squirrels and birds within reach, and the man with the broken arms, was sent out to drive game within gunshot of the spot, to which Benham was confined. Fortunately, wild turkeys were abundant in those woods, and his companion would walk around, and drive them towards Benham, who seldom failed to kill two or three of each flock. In this manner, they supported themselves for several weeks, until their wounds had healed, so as to enable them to travel. They then shifted their quarters, and put up a small shed at the mouth of Licking, where they encamped until late in November, anxiously expecting the arrival of some boat, which should convey them to the falls of Ohio.

On the 27th of November, they observed a flat boat moving leisurely down the river. Benham instantly hoisted his hat upon a stick and hallooed loudly for help. The crew, however, supposing them to be Indians—at least suspecting them of an intention to decoy them ashore, paid no attention to their signals of distress, but instantly put over to the opposite side of the river, and manning every oar, endeavored to pass them as rapidly as possible. Benham beheld them pass him with a sensation bordering on despair, for the place was much frequented by Indians, and the approach of winter threatened them with destruction, unless speedily relieved. At length, after the boat had passed him nearly half a mile, he saw a canoe put off from its stern, and cautiously approach the Kentucky shore, evidently reconnoitering them with great suspicion. He called loudly upon them for assistance, mentioned his name and made known his condition. After a long parley, and many evidences of reluctance on the part of the crew, the canoe at length touched the shore, and Benham and his friend were taken on board. Their appearance excited much suspicion. They were almost entirely naked, and their faces were garnished with six weeks growth of beard. The one was barely able to hobble upon crutches, and the other could manage to feed himself with one of his hands. They were instantly taken to Louisville, where their clothes (which had been carried off in the boat which deserted them) were restored to them, and after a few weeks confinement, both were perfectly restored.

Benham afterwards served in the northwest throughout the whole of the Indian war—accompanied the expeditions of Harmer and Wilkinson, shared in the disaster of St. Clair, and afterwards in the triumph of Wayne. Upon the return of peace, he bought the land, upon which Rodgers had

been defeated, and ended his days in tranquility, amid the scenes which had witnessed his sufferings.

Early in the spring of 1780, Mr. ALEXANDER M'CONNEL, of Lexington, Ky. went into the woods on foot, to hunt deer. He soon killed a large buck, and returned home for a horse, in order to bring it in. During his absence, a party of five Indians, on one of their usual skulking expeditions, accidentally stumbled on the body of the deer, and perceiving that it had been recently killed, they naturally supposed that the hunter would speedily return to secure the flesh. Three of them, therefore, took their stations within close rifle shot of the deer, while the other two followed the trail of the hunter, and waylaid the path by which he was expected to return. McConnel, expecting no danger, rode carelessly along the path, which the two scouts were watching, until he had come within view of the deer, when he was fired upon by the whole party, and his horse killed. While laboring to extricate himself from the dying animal, he was seized by his enemies, instantly overpowered, and borne off as a prisoner. His captors, however, seemed to be a merry, good natured set of fellows, and permitted him to accompany them unbound—and what was rather extraordinary, allowed him to retain his gun and hunting accoutrements. He accompanied them with great apparent cheerfulness through the day, and displayed his dexterity in shooting deer for the use of the company, until they began to regard him with great partiality. Having travelled with them in this manner for several days, they at length reached the banks of the Ohio river. Heretofore, the Indians had taken the precaution to bind him at night, although not very securely; but on that evening, he remonstrated with them on the subject, and complained so strongly of the pain which the cords gave him, that they merely wrapped the buffalo tug loosely around his wrists, and having tied it in an easy knot, and at-

tached the extremities of the rope to their own bodies, in order to prevent his moving without awakening them, they very composedly went to sleep, leaving the prisoner to follow their example or not as he pleased.

McConnel determined to effect his escape that night, if possible, as on the following morning they would cross the river, which would render it much more difficult. He, therefore, lay quietly until near midnight, anxiously ruminating upon the best means of effecting his object. Accidentally casting his eyes in the direction of his feet, they fell upon the glittering blade of a knife, which had escaped its sheath, and was now lying near the feet of one of the Indians. To reach it with his hands, without disturbing the two Indians, to whom he was fastened, was impossible, and it was very hazardous to attempt to draw it up with his feet. This, however, he attempted. With much difficulty he grasped the blade between his toes, and after repeated and long continued efforts, succeeded at length in bringing it within reach of his hands. To cut his cords, was then but the work of a moment, and gradually and silently extricating his person from the arms of the Indians, he walked to the fire and sat down. He saw that his work was but half done. That if he should attempt to return home, without destroying his enemies, he would assuredly be pursued and probably overtaken, when his fate would be certain. On the other hand, it seemed almost impossible for a single man to succeed in a conflict with five Indians, even although unarmed and asleep. He could not hope to deal a blow with his knife so silently and fatally, as to destroy each one of his enemies in turn, without awakening the rest:—Their slumbers were proverbially light and restless—and if he failed with a single one, he must instantly be overpowered by the survivors. The knife, therefore, was out of the question. After anxious reflection for a few minutes, he formed his plan. The

guns of the Indians were stacked near the fire—their knives and tomahawks were in sheaths by their sides. The latter he dared not touch for fear of awakening their owners—but the former he carefully removed, with the exception of two, and hid them in the woods, where he knew the Indians would not readily find them. He then returned to the spot where the Indians were still sleeping, perfectly ignorant of the fate being prepared for them, and taking a gun in each hand, he rested the muzzels upon a log within six feet of his victims, and having taken deliberate aim at the head of one, and the heart of another, he pulled both triggers at the same moment. Both shots were fatal. At the report of their guns, the others sprung to their feet, and stared wildly around them. McConnel, who had run instantly to the spot where the other rifles were hid, hastily seized one of them and fired at two of his enemies, who happened to stand in a line with each other. The nearest fell dead, being shot through the centre of the body; the second fell also, bellowing loudly, but quickly recovering, limped off into the woods as fast as possible. The fifth, and only one who remained unhurt, darted off like a deer, with a yell which announced equal terror and astonishment. McConnel, not wishing to fight any more such battles, selected his own rifle from the stack, and made the best of his way to Lexington, where he arrived safely within two days.

Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Dunlap, of Fayette, who had been several months a prisoner amongst the Indians on Mad-river, made her escape, and returned to Lexington. She reported, that the survivor returned to his tribe with a lamentable tale. He related that they had taken a fine young hunter near Lexington, and had brought him safely as far as the Ohio;—that while encamped upon the bank of the river, a large party of white men had fallen upon them in the night, and killed all his companions, together with the poor

defenceless prisoner, who lay bound hand and foot, unable either to escape or resist!!

Early in May, 1781, McAfee's station, in the neighborhood of Harrodsburgh, was alarmed. On the morning of the 9th, Samuel McAfee, accompanied by another man, left the fort in order to visit a small plantation in the neighborhood, and at the distance of three hundred yards from the gate, they were fired upon by a party of Indians in ambush. The man who accompanied him instantly fell, and McAfee attempted to regain the fort. While running rapidly for that purpose, he found himself suddenly intercepted by an Indian, who, springing out of the canebrake, planted himself directly in his path. There was no time for compliments. Each glared upon the other for an instant in silence, and both raising their guns at the same moment, pulled the triggers together. The Indian's rifle snapped, while McAfee's ball passed directly through his brain. Having no time to reload his gun, he sprang over the body of his antagonist, and continued his flight to the fort. When within one hundred yards of the gate, he was met by his two brothers, Robert and James, who, at the report of the guns, had hurried out to the assistance of their brother. Samuel hastily informed them of their danger, and exhorted them instantly to return. James readily complied, but Robert, deaf to all remonstrances, declared that he must have a view of the dead Indian. He ran on, for that purpose, and having regaled himself with that spectacle, was hastily returning by the same path, when he saw five or six Indians between him and the fort, evidently bent upon taking him alive. All his activity and presence of mind was now put in request. He ran rapidly from tree to tree, endeavoring to turn their flank, and reach one of the gates, and after a variety of turns and doublings in the thick wood, he found himself pressed by only one Indian. McAfee, hastily throwing himself behind a fence,

turned upon his pursuer and compelled him to take shelter behind a tree. Both stood still for a moment—McAfee having his gun cocked, and the sight fixed upon the tree, at the spot where he supposed the Indian would thrust out his head in order to have a view of his antagonist. After waiting a few seconds he was gratified. The Indian slowly and cautiously exposed a part of his head, and began to elevate his rifle. As soon as a sufficient mark presented itself McAfee fired, and the Indian fell. While turning, in order to continue his flight, he was fired on by a party of six, which compelled him again to tree. But scarcely had he done so, when, from the opposite quarter he received the fire of three more enemies, which made the bark fly around him, and knocked up the dust about his feet. Thinking his post rather too hot for safety, he neglected all shelter, and ran directly for the fort, which, in defiance of all opposition, he reached in safety, to the inexpressible joy of his brothers, who had despaired of his return.

The Indians now opened a heavy fire upon the fort, in their usual manner; but finding every effort useless, they hastily decamped, without any loss beyond the two who had fallen by the hands of the brothers, and without having inflicted any upon the garrison. Within half an hour, Major McGary brought up a party from Harrodsburgh at full gallop, and uniting with the garrison, pursued the enemy with all possible activity. They soon overtook them, and a sharp action ensued. The Indians were routed in a few minutes with the loss of six warriors left dead upon the ground, and many others wounded, who as usual were borne off. The pursuit was continued for several miles, but from the thickness of the woods, and the extreme activity and address of the enemy, was not very effectual. McGary lost one man dead upon the spot, and another mortally wounded.

About the same time, Bryant's station was much harrass-

ed by small parties of the enemy. This, as we have already remarked, was a frontier post, and generally received the brunt of Indian hostility. It had been settled in 1779 by four brothers from North Carolina, one of whom, William, had married a sister of Col. Daniel Boone. The Indians were constantly lurking in the neighborhood, waylaying the paths, stealing their horses and butchering their cattle. It at length became necessary to hunt in parties of twenty or thirty men, so as to be able to meet and repel those attacks, which were every day becoming more bold and frequent. One afternoon, about the 20th of May, William Bryant, accompanied by twenty men, left the fort on a hunting expedition down the Elkhorn creek. They moved with caution, until they had passed all the points where ambuscades had generally been formed, when, seeing no enemy, they became more bold, and determined, in order to sweep large extent of country, to divide their company into two parties. One of them, conducted by Bryant in person, was to descend the Elkhorn on its southern bank, flanking out largely, and occupying as much ground as possible. The other, under the orders of James Hogan, a young farmer in good circumstances, was to move down in a parallel line upon the north bank. The two parties were to meet at night, and encamp together at the mouth of Cane run. Each punctually performed the first part of their plans. Hogan, however, had travelled but a few hundred yards, when he heard a loud voice behind him exclaim in very good English, "stop boys!" Hastily looking back, they saw several Indians on foot pursuing them as rapidly as possible. Without halting to count numbers, the party put spurs to their horses, and dashed through the woods at full speed, the Indians keeping close behind them, and at times gaining upon them. There was a led horse in company, which had been brought with them for the purpose of packing game. This was instant-

ly abandoned and fell into the hands of the Indians. Several of them lost their hats in the eagerness of flight; but quickly getting into the open woods, they left their pursuers so far behind, that they had leisure to breathe and enquire of each other, whether it was worth while to kill their horses before they had ascertained the number of the enemy. They quickly determined to cross the creek, and await the approach of the Indians. If they found them superior to their own and Bryant's party united, they would immediately return to the fort—as, by continuing their march to the mouth of Cane run, they would bring a superior enemy upon their friends and endanger the lives of the whole party. They accordingly crossed the creek, dismounted, and awaited the approach of the enemy. By this time it had become dark. the Indians were distinctly heard approaching the creek upon the opposite side, and after a short halt, a solitary warrior descended the bank and began to wade through the stream. Hogan waited until they had emerged from the gloom of the trees which grew upon the bank, and as soon as he had reached the middle of the stream, where the light was more distinct, he took deliberate aim and fired. A great splashing in the water was heard, but presently all became quiet. The pursuit was discontinued, and the party, remounting their horses, returned home. Anxious, however, to apprize Bryant's party of their danger, they left the fort before daylight on the ensuing morning, and rode rapidly down the creek, in the direction of the mouth of Cane. When within a few hundred yards of the spot where they supposed the encampment to be, they heard the report of many guns in quick succession. Supposing that Bryant had fallen in with a herd of buffalo, they quickened their march in order to take part in the sport. The morning was foggy, and the smoke of the guns lay so heavily upon the ground that they could see nothing until they had approached within twenty

yards of the creek, when they suddenly found themselves within pistol shot of a party of Indians, very composedly seated upon their packs, and preparing their pipes. Both parties were much startled, but quickly recovering, they sheltered themselves as usual, and the action opened with great vivacity. The Indians maintained their ground for half an hour, with some firmness, but being hard pressed in front, and turned in flank, they at length gave way, and being closely pursued, were ultimately routed, with considerable loss, which, however, could not be distinctly ascertained. Of Hogan's party, one man was killed on the spot, and three others wounded, none mortally.

It happened that Bryant's company, had encamped at the mouth of Cane, as had been agreed upon, and were unable to account for Hogan's absence. That, about daylight, they had heard a bell at a distance, which they immediately recognized as the one belonging to the led horse which had accompanied Hogan's party, and which, as we have seen, had been abandoned to the enemy the evening before. Supposing their friends to be bewildered in the fog, and unable to find their camp, Bryant, accompanied by Grant, one of his men, mounted a horse, and rode to the spot where the bell was still ringing. They quickly fell into an ambushade, and were fired upon. Bryant was mortally, and Grant severely wounded, the first being shot through the hip and both knees, the latter through the back. Being both able to keep the saddle, however, they set spurs to their horses, and arrived at the station shortly after breakfast. The Indians, in the mean time, had fallen upon the encampment, and instantly dispersed it, and while preparing to regale themselves after their victory, were suddenly attacked, as we have seen, by Hogan. The timidity of Hogan's party, at the first appearance of the Indians, was the cause of the death of Bryant. The same men who fled so hastily in the evening, were able

the next morning, by a little firmness, to vanquish the same party of Indians. Had they stood at first, an equal success would probably have attended them, and the life of their leader would have been preserved.

We have now to notice an adventure of a different kind, and which, from its singularity, is entitled to a place in our pages. In 1781, Lexington was only a cluster of cabins, one of which, near the spot where the court house now stands, was used as a school house. One morning in May, McKinley, the teacher, was sitting alone at his desk, busily engaged in writing, when hearing a slight noise at the door, he turned his head, and beheld—what do you suppose, reader? A tall Indian, in his war paint? brandishing his tomahawk, or handling his knife? No! an enormous cat, with her forefeet upon the step of the door, her tail curled over her back, her bristles erect, and her eyes glancing rapidly through the room, as if in search of a mouse. McKinley's position at first completely concealed him, but a slight and involuntary motion of his chair, at sight of this shaggy inhabitant of the forest, attracted puss's attention, and their eyes met. McKinley having heard much of the powers of "the human face divine," in quelling the audacity of wild animals, attempted to disconcert the intruder by a frown. But puss was not to be bullied. Her eyes flashed fire, her tail waved angrily, and she began to gnash her teeth, evidently bent upon serious hostility. Seeing his danger, McKinley hastily arose and attempted to snatch a cylindrical rule from a table which stood within reach, but the cat was too quick for him. Darting upon him with the proverbial activity of her tribe, she fastened upon his side with her teeth, and began to rend and tear with her claws like a fury. McKinley's clothes were in an instant torn from his side, and his flesh dreadfully mangled by the enraged animal, whose strength and ferocity filled him with astonishment. He in

vain attempted to disengage her from his side. Her long sharp teeth were fastened between his ribs, and his efforts served but to enrage her the more. Seeing his blood flow very copiously from the numerous wounds in his side, he became seriously alarmed, and not knowing what else to do, he threw himself upon the edge of the table and pressed her against the sharp corner with the whole weight of his body. The cat now began to utter the most wild and discordant cries, and McKinley, at the same time, lifting up his voice in concert, the two together sent forth notes so doleful as to alarm the whole town. Women, who are always the first in hearing or spreading news, were now the first to come to McKinley's assistance. But so strange and unearthly was the harmony within the school house, that they hesitated long before they ventured to enter. At length the boldest of them rushed in, and seeing McKinley bending over the corner of the table, and writhing his body as if in great pain, she at first supposed that he was laboring under a severe fit of the colic—but quickly perceiving the cat which was now in the agonies of death, she screamed out, "why good heaven! Mr. McKinley what is the matter?" "I have caught a cat, madam!" replied he, gravely turning around, while the sweat streamed from his face under the mingled operation of fright, fatigue and agony. Most of the neighbors had now arrived, and attempted to disengage the dead cat from her antagonist; but, so firmly were her tusks locked between his ribs, that this was a work of no small difficulty. Scarcely had it been effected, when McKinley became very sick, and was compelled to go to bed. In a few days, however, he had totally recovered, and so late as 1820, was alive, and a resident of Bourbon county, Ky., where he has often been heard to affirm, that he, at any time, had rather fight two Indians than one wild cat.

About the same time, a conflict, more unequal and equally

remarkable, took place in another part of the country. David Morgan, a relation of the celebrated General Daniel Morgan, had settled upon the Monongahela, during the earlier period of the revolutionary war, and at this time had ventured to occupy a cabin at the distance of several miles from any settlement. One morning, having sent his younger children out to a field at a considerable distance from the house, he became uneasy about them, and repaired to the spot where they were working, armed as usual with a good rifle. While sitting upon the fence, and giving some directions, as to their work, he observed two Indians upon the other side of the field gazing earnestly upon the party. He instantly called to the children to make their escape, while he should attempt to cover their retreat. The odds were greatly against him, as in addition to other circumstances, he was nearly seventy years of age, and of course unable to contend with his enemies in running. The house was more than a mile distant, but the children, having two hundred yards the start, and being effectually covered by their father, were soon so far in front, that the Indians turned their attention entirely to the old man. He ran for several hundred yards with an activity which astonished himself, but perceiving that he would be overtaken, long before he could reach his home, he fairly turned at bay, and prepared for a strenuous resistance. The woods through which they were running, were very thin, and consisted almost entirely of small trees, behind which, it was difficult to obtain proper shelter. When Morgan adopted the above mentioned resolution, he had just passed a large walnut, which stood like a patriarch among the saplings which surrounded it, and it became necessary to run back about ten steps in order to regain it. The Indians became startled at the sudden advance of the fugitive, and were compelled to halt among a cluster of saplings, where they anxiously strove to shelter them-

selves. This, however, was impossible, and Morgan, who was an excellent marksman, saw enough of the person of one of them to justify him in risking a shot. His enemy instantly fell mortally wounded. The other Indian, taking advantage of Morgan's empty gun, sprung from his shelter and advanced rapidly upon him. The old man, having no time to reload his gun, was compelled to fly a second time. The Indian gained rapidly upon him, and when within twenty steps, fired, but with so unsteady an aim, that Morgan was totally unhurt, the ball having passed over his shoulder. He now again stood at bay, clubbing his rifle for a blow, while the Indian dropping his empty gun, brandished his tomahawk and prepared to throw it at his enemy. Morgan struck with the but of his gun, and the Indian whirled his tomahawk at one and the same moment. Both blows took effect—and both were at once wounded and disarmed. The breech of the rifle was broken against the Indian's skull, and the edge of the tomahawk was shattered against the barrel of the rifle, having first cut off two of the fingers of Morgan's left hand. The Indian then attempting to draw his knife, Morgan grappled him and bore him to the ground. A furious struggle ensued, in which the old man's strength failed, and the Indian succeeded in turning him. Planting his knee in the breast of his enemy, and yelling loudly, as is usual with them upon any turn of fortune, he again felt for his knife in order to terminate the struggle at once—but having lately stolen a woman's apron, and tied it around his waist, his knife was so much confined, that he had great difficulty in finding the handle. Morgan, in the mean time, being a regular pugilist, according to the custom of Virginia, and perfectly at home in a ground struggle, took advantage of the awkwardness of the Indian, and got one of the fingers of his right hand between his teeth. The Indian tugged and roared in vain, struggling to extricate it. Morgan

held him fast, and began to assist him in hunting for the knife. Each seized it at the same moment, the Indian by the blade and Morgan by the handle, but with a very slight hold. The Indian having the firmest hold, began to draw the knife further out of its sheath, when Morgan suddenly giving his finger a furious bite, twitched the knife dexterously through his hand, cutting it severely. Both now sprung to their feet, Morgan brandishing his adversary's knife, and still holding his finger between his teeth. In vain the poor Indian struggled to get away—rearing, plunging and bolting like an unbroken colt. The teeth of the white man were like a vice, and he at length succeeded in giving him a stab in the side. The Indian received it without falling, the knife having struck his ribs; but a second blow, aimed at the stomach, proved more effectual, and the savage fell. Morgan thrust the knife, handle and all, into the cavity of the body, directed it upward, and starting to his feet, made the best of his way home.

The neighborhood was quickly alarmed, and hurrying to the spot where the struggle had taken place, they found the first Indian lying where he had fallen, but the second had disappeared. A broad trail of blood, however, conducted to a fallen tree top, within one hundred yards of the spot, into which the poor fellow had dragged himself, and where he now lay bleeding, but still alive. He had plucked the knife from his wound and was endeavoring to dress it with the stolen apron which had cost him his life, when his enemies approached. The love of life appeared still strong within him, however. He greeted them with what was intended for an insinuating smile, held out his hand and exclaimed in broken English, "how de do, broder! how de do! glad to see you!" But poor fellow, the love was all on his side. Their brotherhood extended only to tomahawking, scalping, and skinning him, all of which operations were performed within a

few minutes after the meeting. To such an extent had mutual injury inflamed both parties.

About the middle of July, 1782, seven Wyandotts crossed the Ohio a few miles above Wheeling, and committed great depredations upon the southern shore, killing an old man whom they found alone in his cabin, and spreading terror throughout the neighborhood. Within a few hours after their retreat, eight men assembled from different parts of the small settlement and pursued the enemy with great expedition. Among the most active and efficient of the party were two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe. Adam was particularly popular. In strength, action and hardihood, he had no equal—being finely formed and inured to all the perils of the woods. They had not followed the trail far, before they became satisfied that the depredators were conducted by Big Foot, a renowned chief of the Wyandott tribe, who derived his name from the immense size of his feet. His height considerably exceeded six feet, and his strength was represented as Herculean. He had also five brothers, but little inferior to himself in size and courage, and as they generally went in company, they were the terror of the whole country. Adam Poe was overjoyed at the idea of measuring his strength with that of so celebrated a chief, and urged the pursuit with a keenness which quickly brought him into the vicinity of the enemy. For the last few miles, the trail had led them up the southern bank of the Ohio, where the footprints in the sand were deep and obvious, but when within a few hundred yards of the point at which the whites as well as the Indians were in the habit of crossing, it suddenly diverged from the stream, and stretched along a rocky ridge, forming an obtuse angle with its former direction. Here Adam halted for a moment, and directed his brother and the other young men to follow the trail with proper caution, while he himself still adhered to the river path, which

led through clusters of willows directly to the point where he supposed the enemy to lie. Having examined the priming of his gun, he crept cautiously through the bushes, until he had a view of the point of embarkation. Here lay two canoes, empty and apparently deserted. Being satisfied, however, that the Indians were close at hand, he relaxed nothing of his vigilance, and quickly gained a jutting cliff, which hung immediately over the canoes. Hearing a low murmur below, he peered cautiously over, and beheld the object of his search. The gigantic Big Foot, lay below him in the shade of a willow, and was talking in a low deep tone to another warrior, who seemed a mere pigmy by his side. Adam cautiously drew back, and cocked his gun. The mark was fair—the distance did not exceed twenty feet, and his aim was unerring. Raising his rifle slowly and cautiously, he took a steady aim at Big Foot's breast, and drew the trigger. His gun flashed. Both Indians sprung to their feet with a deep interjection of surprize, and for a single second all three stared upon each other. This inactivity, however, was soon over. Adam was too much hampered by the bushes to retreat, and setting his life upon a cast of the die, he sprung over the bush which had sheltered him, and summoning all his powers, leaped boldly down the precipice and alighted upon the breast of Big Foot with a shock which bore him to the earth. At the moment of contact, Adam had also thrown his right arm around the neck of the smaller Indian, so that all three came to the earth together. At that moment a sharp firing was heard among the bushes above, announcing that the other parties were engaged, but the trio below were too busy to attend to any thing but themselves. Big Foot was for an instant stunned by the violence of the shock, and Adam was enabled to keep them both down. But the exertion necessary for that purpose was so great, that he had no leisure to use his knife. Big Foot

quickly recovered, and without attempting to rise, wrapped his long arms around Adam's body, and pressed him to his breast with the crushing force of a Boa Constrictor! Adam, as we have already remarked, was a powerful man, and had seldom encountered his equal, but never had he yet felt an embrace like that of Big Foot. He instantly relaxed his hold of the small Indian, who sprung to his feet. Big Foot then ordered him to run for his tomahawk which lay within ten steps, and kill the white man, while he held him in his arms. Adam, seeing his danger, struggled manfully to extricate himself from the folds of the giant, but in vain. The lesser Indian approached with his uplifted tomahawk, but Adam watched him closely, and as he was about to strike, gave him a kick so sudden and violent, as to knock the tomahawk from his hand, and send him staggering back into the water. Big Foot uttered an exclamation in a tone of deep contempt at the failure of his companion, and raising his voice to its highest pitch, thundered out several words in the Indian tongue, which Adam could not understand, but supposed to be a direction for a second attack. The lesser Indian now again approached, carefully shunning Adam's heels, and making many motions with his tomahawk, in order to deceive him as to the point where the blow would fall. This lasted for several seconds, until a thundering exclamation from Big Foot, compelled his companion to strike. Such was Adam's dexterity and vigilance, however, that he managed to receive the tomahawk in a glancing direction upon his left wrist, wounding him deeply but not disabling him. He now made a sudden and desperate effort to free himself from the arms of the giant and succeeded. Instantly snatching up a rifle (for the Indian could not venture to shoot for fear of hurting his companion) he shot the lesser Indian through the body. But scarcely had he done so when Big Foot arose, and placing one hand upon his collar and the oth-

er upon his hip, pitched him ten feet into the air, as he himself would have pitched a child. Adam fell upon his back at the edge of the water, but before his antagonist could spring upon him, he was again upon his feet, and stung with rage at the idea of being handled so easily, he attacked his gigantic antagonist with a fury which for a time compensated for inferiority of strength. It was now a fair fist fight between them, for in the hurry of the struggle neither had leisure to draw their knives. Adam's superior activity and experience as a pugilist, gave him great advantage. The Indian struck awkwardly, and finding himself rapidly dropping to leeward, he closed with his antagonist, and again hurled him to the ground. They quickly rolled into the river, and the struggle continued with unabated fury, each attempting to drown the other. The Indian being unused to such violent exertion, and having been much injured by the first shock in his stomach, was unable to exert the same powers which had given him such a decided superiority at first, and Adam, seizing him by the scalp lock, put his head under water, and held it there, until the faint struggles of the Indian induced him to believe that he was drowned, when he relaxed his hold and attempted to draw his knife. The Indian, however, to use Adam's own expression, "had only been POSSUMING!" He instantly regained his feet, and in his turn put his adversary under. In the struggle, both were carried out into the current, beyond their depth, and each was compelled to relax his hold and swim for his life. There was still one loaded rifle upon the shore, and each swam hard in order to reach it, but the Indian proved the most expert swimmer, and Adam seeing that he should be too late, turned and swam out into the stream, intending to dive and thus frustrate his enemy's intention. At this instant, Andrew, having heard that his brother was alone in a struggle with two Indians, and in great danger, ran up hastily to the edge

of the bank above, in order to assist him. Another white man followed him closely, and seeing Adam in the river, covered with blood, and swimming rapidly from shore, mistook him for an Indian and fired upon him, wounding him dangerously in the shoulder. Adam turned, and seeing his brother, called loudly upon him to "shoot the big Indian upon the shore." Andrew's gun, however, was empty, having just been discharged. Fortunately, Big Foot had also seized the gun with which Adam had shot the lesser Indian, so that both were upon an equality. The contest now was who should load first. Big Foot poured in his powder first, and drawing his ramrod out of its sheath in too great a hurry, threw it into the river, and while he ran to recover it, Andrew gained an advantage. Still the Indian was but a second too late, for his gun was at his shoulder, when Andrew's ball entered his breast. The gun dropped from his hands and he fell forward upon his face upon the very margin of the river. Andrew, now alarmed for his brother, who was scarcely able to swim, threw down his gun and rushed into the river in order to bring him ashore—but Adam, more intent upon securing the scalp of Big Foot as a trophy, than upon his own safety, called loudly upon his brother to leave him alone and scalp the big Indian, who was now endeavoring to roll himself into the water, from a romantic desire, peculiar to the Indian warrior, of securing his scalp from the enemy. Andrew, however, refused to obey, and insisted upon saving the living, before attending to the dead. Big Foot, in the mean time, had succeeded in reaching the deep water before he expired, and his body was borne off by the waves, without being stripped of the ornament and pride of an Indian warrior.

Not a man of the Indians had escaped. Five of Big Foot's brothers, the flower of the Wyandott nation, had accompanied him in the expedition, and all perished. It is said

that the news of this calamity, threw the whole tribe into mourning. Their remarkable size, their courage, and their superior intelligence, gave them immense influence, which, greatly to their credit, was generally exerted on the side of humanity. Their powerful interposition, had saved many prisoners from the stake, and had given a milder character to the warfare of the Indians in that part of the country. A chief of the same name was alive in that part of the country so late as 1792, but whether a brother or son of Big Foot, is not known. Adam Poe recovered of his wounds, and lived many years after his memorable conflict; but never forgot the tremendous "hug" which he sustained in the arms of Big Foot.

CHAPTER VII.

The present, like the preceding chapter, will be devoted to miscellaneous items of intelligence, arranged in chronological order. About the middle of the summer of 1792, a gentleman named Woods, imprudently removed from the neighborhood of a station, and for the benefit of his stock, settled on a lonely heath, near Beargrass. One morning, he left his family, consisting of a wife, a daughter not yet grown, and a lame negro man, and rode off to the nearest station, not expecting to return until night. Mrs. Woods, while engaged in her dairy, was alarmed at seeing several Indians rapidly approaching the house. She instantly screamed loudly, in order to give the alarm, and ran with her utmost speed, in order to reach the house before them. In this she succeeded, but had not time to close the door until the foremost Indian had forced his way into the house. As soon as he entered, the lame negro grappled him and attempted to throw him upon the floor, but was himself hurled to the ground with violence, the Indian falling upon him. Mrs. Woods was too busily engaged in keeping the door closed against the party without, to attend to the combatants, but the lame negro, holding the Indian in his arms, called to the young girl to cut his head off with a very sharp axe which lay under the bed. She attempted to obey, but struck with so trembling a hand, that the blow was ineffectual. Repeating her efforts under the direction of the negro, however, she at length wounded the Indian so badly, that the negro was enabled to arise and complete the execution. Elated with success, he then called to his mistress and told her to suffer another Indian to enter and they would kill them all one by

one. While deliberating upon this proposal, however, a sharp firing was heard without, and the Indians quickly disappeared. A party of white men had seen them at a distance, and having followed them cautiously, had now interposed, at a very critical moment, and rescued a helpless family from almost certain destruction.

In the spring of 1784, three young Kentuckians, Davis, Caffree, and McClure, pursued a party of southern Indians, who had stolen horses from Lincoln county, and finding it impossible to overtake them, they determined to go on to the nearest Indian settlement, and make reprisals—horse stealing being at that time a very fashionable amusement, and much practised on both sides. After travelling several days, they came within a few miles of an Indian town near the Tennessee river, called Chicacago. Here they fell in with three Indians. Finding themselves equal in point of numbers, the two parties made signs of peace, shook hands and agreed to travel together. Each, however, was evidently suspicious of the other. The Indians walked upon one side of the road and the whites upon the other, watching each other attentively. At length, the Indians spoke together in tones so low and earnest, that the whites became satisfied of their treacherous intentions, and determined to anticipate them. Caffree being a very powerful man, proposed that he himself should seize one Indian, while Davis and McClure should shoot the other two. The plan was a bad one, but was unfortunately adopted. Caffree sprung boldly upon the nearest Indian, grasped his throat firmly, hurled him to the ground, and drawing a cord from his pocket attempted to tie him. At the same instant Davis and McClure attempted to perform their respective parts. McClure killed his man, but Davis' gun missed fire. All three, i. e. the two white men, and the Indian at whom Davis had flashed, immediately took trees, and prepared for a skirmish, while Caffree re-

mained upon the ground with the captured Indian—both exposed to the fire of the others. In a few seconds, the savage at whom Davis had flashed, shot Caffree as he lay upon the ground and gave him a mortal wound—and was instantly shot in turn by McClure who had reloaded his gun. Caffree becoming very weak, called upon Davis to come and assist him in tying the Indian, and instantly afterwards expired. As Davis was running up to the assistance of his friend—the Indian now released by the death of his captor, sprung to his feet, and seizing Caffree's rifle, presented it menacingly at Davis, whose gun was not in order for service, and who ran off into the forest closely pursued by the Indian. McClure hastily reloaded his gun and taking up the rifle which Davis had dropped, followed them for some distance into the forest, making all those signals which had been concerted between them, in case of separation. All, however, was vain—he saw nothing more of Davis, nor could he ever afterwards learn his fate. As he never returned to Kentucky, however, he probably perished.

McClure, finding himself alone in the enemy's country, and surrounded by dead bodies, thought it prudent to abandon the object of the expedition and return to Kentucky. He accordingly retraced his steps, still bearing Davis' rifle in addition to his own. He had scarcely marched a mile, before he saw advancing from the opposite direction, an Indian warrior, riding a horse with a bell around its neck, and accompanied by a boy on foot. Dropping one of the rifles, which might have created suspicion, McClure advanced with an air of confidence, extending his hand and making other signs of peace. The opposite party appeared frankly to receive his overtures, and dismounting, seated himself upon a log, and drawing out his pipe, gave a few puffs himself, and then handed it to McClure. In a few minutes another bell was heard, at the distance of half a mile, and a second

party of Indians appeared upon horseback. The Indian with McClure now coolly informed him by signs that when the horsemen arrived, he (McClure) was to be bound and carried off as a prisoner with his feet tied under the horse's belly. In order to explain it more fully, the Indian got astride of the log, and locked his legs together underneath it. McClure internally thanking the fellow for his excess of candour, determined to disappoint him, and while his enemy was busily engaged in riding the log, and mimicking the actions of a prisoner, he very quietly blew his brains out, and ran off into the woods. The Indian boy instantly mounted the belled horse, and rode off in an opposite direction. McClure was fiercely pursued by several small Indian dogs, that frequently ran between his legs and threw him down. After falling five or six times, his eyes became full of dust and he was totally blind. Despairing of escape, he doggedly lay upon his face, expecting every instant to feel the edge of the tomahawk. To his astonishment, however, no enemy appeared, and even the Indian dogs after tugging at him for a few minutes, and completely stripping him of his breeches, left him to continue his journey unmolested. Finding every thing quiet, in a few moments he arose, and taking up his gun, continued his march to Kentucky. He reached home in safety, and in 1820 was still alive. This communication is from his own lips, and may be relied upon as correct.

In the course of the next year, many families came down the Ohio in boats, landed at Maysville, and continued their route by land, into such parts of the country as pleased them. Out of a number of incidents, which attended the passage of boats down the river, I shall select two, as worthy of being mentioned. Col. Thomas Marshall, formerly commander of the third Virginia regiment on continental establishment, and subsequently holding the same rank in the Virginia artillery, embarked with a numerous family on

board of a flat bottomed boat, and descended the Ohio without any incident worthy of notice, until he had passed the mouth of Kenawha. Here, about ten o'clock at night, he was hailed from the northern shore, by a man who spoke good English, and quickly announced himself as James Girty, the brother of Simon, both of whom have already been repeatedly mentioned. The boat dropped slowly down within one hundred and fifty yards of the shore, and Girty making a corresponding movement on the beach, the conference was kept up for several minutes. He began by mentioning his name, and enquiring that of the master of the boat. Having been satisfied upon this head, he assured him that he knew him well, respected him highly, &c. &c., and concluded with some rather extraordinary remarks. "He had been posted there, he said, by the order of his brother Simon, to warn all boats of the danger of permitting themselves to be decoyed ashore. The Indians had become jealous of him, and he had lost that influence which he formerly held amongst them. He deeply regretted the injury which he had inflicted upon his countrymen, and wished to be restored to their society. In order to convince them of the sincerity of his regard, he had directed him to warn all boats of the snares spread for them. Every effort would be made to draw passengers ashore. White men would appear on the bank—and children would be heard to supplicate for mercy.—But, continued he, do you keep the middle of the river, and steel your heart against every mournful application which you may receive." The Colonel thanked him for his intelligence, and continued his course.

From this it would appear, that Girty's situation was by no means enviable. The superior intelligence which had first given him influence, gradually attracted envy. Combinations were probably formed against him, as they are in civilized life, against every man who is guilty of the unpar-

donable offence of mounting rapidly above his fellows. Ambition, jealousy, intrigue, combinations for particular objects, prevail as strongly among savages as among civilized beings, and spring in each from the same source—a tender, passionate, inordinate love of self—a passion the most universal, deeply rooted, and infinitely diversified in its operations, of any in existence—a passion as strong and easily offended in the degraded Hottentot, as in the Emperor Napoleon, in the superannuated old woman, as in the blooming belle—the only human passion which age cannot tame, or misery extinguish or experience cure, or philosophy expel; which flutters as strongly in the jaws of death, as in the vigor of life, and is as buoyant and ridiculous in the breast of the philosopher, as in that of a village beauty. Nothing more was ever heard of Girty's wish to be restored to his station in society; but his warning, by whatever motive dictated, was of service to many families.

About the same time, Captain JAMES WARD, at present a highly respectable citizen of Mason county, Ky., was descending the Ohio, under circumstances which rendered a rencontre with the Indians peculiarly to be dreaded. He, together with half a dozen others, one of them his nephew, embarked in a crazy boat, about forty five feet long, and eight feet wide, with no other bulwark than a single pine plank, above each gunnel. The boat was much encumbered with baggage, and seven horses were on board. Having seen no enemy for several days, they had become secure and careless, and permitted the boat to drift within fifty yards of the Ohio shore. Suddenly, several hundred Indians showed themselves on the bank, and running down boldly to the water's edge, opened a heavy fire upon the boat. The astonishment of the crew may be conceived. Captain Ward and his nephew were at the cars when the enemy appeared, and the captain knowing that their safety depended

upon their ability to regain the middle of the river, kept his seat firmly, and exerted his utmost powers at the oar, but his nephew started up at sight of the enemy, seized his rifle and was in the act of levelling it, when he received a ball in the breast, and fell dead in the bottom of the boat. Unfortunately, his oar fell into the river, and the Captain, having no one to pull against him, rather urged the boat nearer to the hostile shore than otherwise. He quickly seized a plank, however, and giving his own oar to another of the crew, he took the station which his nephew had held, and unhurt by the shower of bullets which flew around him, continued to exert himself, until the boat had reached a more respectable distance. He then, for the first time, looked around him in order to observe the condition of the crew. His nephew lay in his blood, perfectly lifeless—the horses had been all killed or mortally wounded. Some had fallen overboard—others were struggling violently, and causing their frail bark to dip water so abundantly, as to excite the most serious apprehensions. But the crew presented the most singular spectacle. A captain, who had served with reputation in the continental army, seemed now totally bereft of his faculties. He lay upon his back in the bottom of the boat, with hands uplifted and a countenance in which terror was personified, exclaiming in a tone of despair, "Oh Lord! Oh! Lord!" A Dutchman, whose weight might amount to about three hundred pounds, was anxiously engaged in endeavoring to find shelter for his bulky person, which, from the lowness of the gunnels, was a very difficult undertaking. In spite of his utmost efforts, a portion of his posterial luxuriance, appeared above the gunnel, and afforded a mark to the enemy, which brought a constant shower of balls around it. In vain he shifted his position. The hump still appeared, and the balls still flew around it, until the Dutchman loosing all patience, raised his head above the gunnel, and in a tone

of querulous remonstrance, called out, "oh now! quit that tanned nonsense, tere—will you!" Not a shot was fired from the boat. At one time, after they had partly regained the current, Capt. Ward attempted to bring his rifle to bear upon them, but so violent was the agitation of the boat, from the furious struggles of the horses, that he could not steady his piece within twenty yards of the enemy, and quickly laying it aside, returned to the oar. The Indians followed them down the river for more than an hour, but having no canoes, they did not attempt to board; and as the boat was at length transferred to the opposite side of the river, they at length abandoned the pursuit and disappeared. None of the crew, save the young man already mentioned, were hurt, although the Dutchman's seat of honor served as a target for the space of an hour, and the continental captain was deeply mortified at the sudden, and, as he said, "unaccountable" panic which had seized him. Captain Ward himself was protected by a post, which had been fastened to the gunnel, and behind which he sat while rowing.

In the month of August, 1786, Mr. Francis Downing, then a mere lad, was living in a fort, where subsequently some iron works were erected by Mr. Jacob Myers, which are now known by the name of Slate creek works, and are the property of Col. Thomas Dye Owings. About the 16th, a young man belonging to the fort, called upon Downing, and requested his assistance in hunting for a horse which had strayed away on the preceding evening. Downing readily complied, and the two friends traversed the woods in every direction, until at length, towards evening, they found themselves in a wild valley, at the distance of six or seven miles from the fort. Here Downing became alarmed, and repeatedly assured his elder companion, (whose name was Yates,) that he heard sticks cracking behind them, and was confident that Indians were dogging them. Yates, being an ex-

perienced hunter, and from habit grown indifferent to the dangers of the woods, diverted himself freely at the expense of his young companion, often enquiring, at what price he rated his scalp, and offering to ensure it for sixpence. Downing, however, was not so easily satisfied. He observed, that in whatever direction they turned, the same ominous sounds continued to haunt them, and as Yates still treated his fears with the most perfect indifference, he determined to take his measures upon his own responsibility. Gradually slackening his pace, he permitted Yates to advance twenty or thirty steps in front of him, and immediately after descending a gentle hill, he suddenly sprung aside and hid himself in a thick cluster of whortlebury bushes. Yates, who at that time was performing some woodland ditty to the full extent of his lungs, was too much pleased with his own voice, to attend either to Downing or the Indians, and was quickly out of sight. Scarcely had he disappeared when Downing, to his unspeakable terror, beheld two savages put aside the stalks of a canebrake, and look out cautiously in the direction which Yates had taken. Fearful that they had seen him step aside, he determined to fire upon them, and trust to his heels for safety, but so unsteady was his hand, that in raising his gun to his shoulder, she went off before he had taken aim. He lost no time in following her example, and after having run fifty yards, he met Yates, who, alarmed at the report, was hastily retracing his steps. It was not necessary to enquire what was the matter. The enemy were in full view, pressing forward with great rapidity, and "devil take the hindmost," was the order of the day. Yates would not outstrip Downing, but ran by his side, although in so doing he risked both of their lives. The Indians were well acquainted with the country, and soon took a path that diverged from the one which the whites followed, at one point and rejoined it at another, bearing the

same relation to it, that the string does to the bow. The two paths were at no point, distant from each other more than one hundred yards, so that Yates and Downing could easily see the enemy gaining rapidly upon them. They reached the point of re-union first, however, and quickly came to a deep gulley which it was necessary to cross, or retrace their steps. Yates cleared it without difficulty, but Downing being much exhausted, fell short, and falling with his breast against the opposite brink, rebounded with violence and fell at full length on the bottom. The Indians crossed the ditch a few yards below him, and eager for the capture of Yates, continued the pursuit, without appearing to notice Downing. The latter, who at first had given himself up for lost, quickly recovered his strength and began to walk slowly along the ditch, fearing to leave it lest the enemy should see him. As he advanced, however, the ditch became more shallow, until at length it ceased to protect him at all. Looking around cautiously, he saw one of the Indians returning apparently in quest of him. Unfortunately, he had neglected to reload his gun, while in the ditch, and as the Indian instantly advanced upon him, he had no resource but flight. Throwing away his gun, which was now useless, he plied his legs manfully, in ascending a long ridge which stretched before him, but the Indian gained upon him so rapidly, that he lost all hope of escape. Coming at length to a large poplar which had been blown up by the roots, he ran along the body of the tree upon one side, while the Indian followed it upon the other, doubtless expecting to intercept him at the root. But here the supreme dominion of fortune was manifested. It happened that a large she bear was suckling her cubs in a bed which she had made at the root of the tree, and as the Indian reached that point first, she instantly sprung upon him, and a prodigious uproar took place. The Indian yelled, and stabbed with his knife, the

bear growled and saluted him with one of her most endearing "hugs;"—while Downing, fervently wishing her success, ran off through the woods, without waiting to see the event of the struggle. Downing reached the fort in safety, and found Yates reposing after a hot chace, having eluded his pursuers, and gained the fort two hours before him. On the next morning, they collected a party and returned to the poplar tree, but no traces either of the Indian or bear were to be found. They both probably escaped with their lives although not without injury.

On the night of the 11th of April, 1787, the house of a widow, in Bourbon county, became the scene of an adventure, which we think deserves to be related. She occupied what is generally called a double cabin, in a lonely part of the county, one room of which was tenanted by the old lady herself, together with two grown sons, and a widowed daughter, at that time suckling an infant, while the other was occupied by two unmarried daughters from sixteen to twenty years of age, together with a little girl not more than half grown. The hour was 11 o'clock at night. One of the unmarried daughters was still busily engaged at the loom, but the other members of the family, with the exception of one of the sons, had retired to rest. Some symptoms of an alarming nature had engaged the attention of the young man for an hour before any thing of a decided character took place. The cry of owls were heard in the adjoining wood, answering each other in rather an unusual manner. The horses, which were enclosed as usual in a pound near the house, were more than commonly excited, and by repeated snorting and galloping, announced the presence of some object of terror. The young man was often upon the point of awakening his brother, but was as often restrained by the fear of incurring ridicule and the reproach of timidity, at that time an unpardonable blemish in the character of a Ken-

tuckian. At length, hasty steps were heard in the yard, and quickly afterwards, several loud knocks at the door, accompanied by the usual exclamation, "who keeps house?" in very good English. The young man, supposing from the language, that some benighted settlers were at the door, hastily arose, and was advancing to withdraw the bar which secured it, when his mother, who had long lived upon the frontiers, and had probably detected the Indian tone in the demand for admission, instantly sprung out of bed, and ordered her son not to admit them, declaring that they were Indians. She instantly awakened her other son, and the two young men seizing their guns, which were always charged, prepared to repel the enemy. The Indians finding it impossible to enter under their assumed characters, began to thunder at the door with great violence, but a single shot from a loophole, compelled them to shift the attack to some less exposed point; and, unfortunately, they discovered the door of the other cabin, which contained the three daughters. The rifles of the brothers could not be brought to bear upon this point, and by means of several rails taken from the yard fence, the door was forced from its hinges and the three girls were at the mercy of the savages. One was instantly secured, but the eldest defended herself desperately with a knife which she had been using at the loom, and stabbed one of the Indians to the heart, before she was tomahawked. In the mean time the little girl, who had been overlooked by the enemy in their eagerness to secure the others, ran out into the yard, and might have effected her escape, had she taken advantage of the darkness and fled, but instead of that the terrified little creature ran around the house wringing her hands, and crying out that her sisters were killed. The brothers, unable to hear her cries, without risking every thing for her rescue, rushed to the door and were preparing to rally out to her assistance, when their mother threw herself be-

fore them and calmly declared that the child must be abandoned to its fate—that the sally would sacrifice the lives of all the rest without the slightest benefit to the little girl. Just then the child uttered a loud scream, followed by a few faint moans and all was again silent. Presently the crackling of flames was heard, accompanied by a triumphant yell from the Indians, announcing that they had set fire to that division of the house which had been occupied by the daughters, and of which they held undisputed possession. The fire was quickly communicated to the rest of the building, and it became necessary to abandon it or perish in the flames. In the one case, there was a possibility that some might escape; in the other, their fate would be equally certain and terrible. The rapid approach of the flames cut short their momentary suspense. The door was thrown open, and the old lady, supported by her eldest son, attempted to cross the fence at one point, while her daughter carrying her child in her arms, and attended by the younger of the brothers, ran in a different direction. The blazing roof shed a light over the yard but little inferior to that of day, and the savages were distinctly seen awaiting the approach of their victims. The old lady was permitted to reach the style unmolested, but in the act of crossing, received several balls in her breast and fell dead. Her son, providentially, remained unhurt, and by extraordinary agility, effected his escape. The other party succeeded also in reaching the fence unhurt, but in the act of crossing, were vigorously assailed by several Indians, who throwing down their guns, rushed upon them with their tomahawks. The young man defended his sister gallantly, firing upon the enemy as they approached, and then wielding the butt of his rifle with a fury that drew their whole attention upon himself, and gave his sister an opportunity of effecting her escape. He quickly fell, however, under the tomahawk, of his enemies, and was found at daylight, scalp-

ed and mangled in a shocking manner. Of the whole family, consisting of eight persons, when the attack commenced, only three escaped. Four were killed upon the spot, and one (the second daughter) carried off as a prisoner.

The neighborhood was quickly alarmed, and by daylight, about thirty men were assembled under the command of Col. Edwards. A light snow had fallen during the latter part of the night, and the Indian trail could be pursued at a gallop. It led directly into the mountainous country bordering upon Licking, and afforded evidences of great hurry and precipitation on the part of the fugitives. Unfortunately, a hound had been permitted to accompany the whites, and as the trail became fresh and the scent warm, she followed it with eagerness, baying loudly and giving the alarm to the Indians. The consequences of this imprudence were soon displayed. The enemy finding the pursuit keen, and perceiving that the strength of the prisoner began to fail, instantly sunk their tomahawks in her head and left her, still warm and bleeding upon the snow. As the whites came up, she retained strength enough to wave her hand in token of recognition, and appeared desirous of giving them some information, with regard to the enemy, but her strength was too far gone. Her brother sprung from his horse and knelt by her side, endeavoring to stop the effusion of blood, but in vain. She gave him her hand, muttered some inarticulate words, and expired within two minutes after the arrival of the party. The pursuit was renewed with additional ardor, and in twenty minutes the enemy was within view. They had taken possession of a steep narrow ridge and seemed desirous of magnifying their numbers in the eyes of the whites, as they ran rapidly from tree to tree, and maintained a steady yell in their most appalling tones. The pursuers, however, were too experienced to be deceived by so common an artifice, and being satisfied that the number of

the enemy must be inferior to their own, they dismounted, tied their horses, and flanking out in such a manner as to enclose the enemy, ascended the ridge as rapidly as was consistent with a due regard to the shelter of their persons. The firing quickly commenced, and now for the first time they discovered that only two Indians were opposed to them. They had voluntarily sacrificed themselves for the safety of the main body, and had succeeded in delaying pursuit until their friends could reach the mountains. One of them was instantly shot dead, and the other was badly wounded, as was evident from the blood upon his blanket, as well as that which filled his tracks in the snow for a considerable distance. The pursuit was recommenced, and urged keenly until night, when the trail entered a running stream and was lost. On the following morning the snow had melted, and every trace of the enemy was obliterated. This affair must be regarded as highly honorable to the skill, address, and activity of the Indians, and the self devotion of the rear guard, is a lively instance of that magnanimity of which they are at times capable, and which is more remarkable in them, from the extreme caution, and tender regard for their own lives, which usually distinguishes their warriors.

A few weeks after this melancholy affair, a very remarkable incident occurred in the same neighborhood. One morning, about sun rise, a young man of wild and savage appearance, suddenly arose from a cluster of bushes in front of a cabin, and hailed the house, in a barbarous dialect, which seemed neither exactly Indian nor English, but a collection of shreds and patches from which the graces of both were carefully excluded. His skin had evidently once been white—although now grievously tanned by constant exposure to the weather. His dress in every respect was that of an Indian, as were his gestures, tones and equipments, and his age could not be supposed to exceed twenty years. He

talked volubly but uncouthly, placed his hand upon his breast, gestured vehemently, and seemed very earnestly bent upon communicating something. He was invited to enter the cabin, and the neighbors quickly collected around him. He appeared involuntarily to shrink from contact with them—his eyes rolled rapidly around with a distrustful expression from one to the other, and his whole manner was that of a wild animal, just caught, and shrinking from the touch of its captors. As several present understood the Indian tongue, they at length gathered the following circumstances, as accurately as they could be translated, out of a language which seemed to be an "omnium gatherum" of all that was mongrel, uncouth and barbarous. He said that he had been taken by the Indians, when a child, but could neither recollect his name, nor the country of his birth. That he had been adopted by an Indian warrior, who brought him up with his other sons, without making the slightest difference between them, and that under his father's roof, he had lived happily until within the last month. A few weeks before that time, his father, accompanied by himself and a younger brother, had hunted for some time upon the waters of the Miami, about forty miles from the spot where Cincinnati now stands, and after all their meat, skins &c. had been properly secured, the old man determined to gratify his children by taking them upon a war expedition to Kentucky. They accordingly built a bark canoe, in which they crossed the Ohio near the mouth of Licking, and having buried it, so as to secure it from the action of the sun, they advanced into the country and encamped at the distance of fifteen miles from the river. Here their father was alarmed by hearing an owl cry in a peculiar tone, which he declared boded death or captivity to themselves, if they continued their expedition—and announced his intention of returning without delay to the river. Both of his sons vehemently oppos-

ed this resolution, and at length prevailed upon the old man to disregard the owl's warning, and conduct them, as he had promised, against the frontiers of Kentucky. The party then composed themselves to sleep, but were quickly awakened by the father, who had again been warned in a dream that death awaited them in Kentucky, and again besought his children to release him from his promise and lose no time in returning home. Again they prevailed upon him to disregard the warning, and persevere in the march. He consented to gratify them, but declared he would not remain a moment longer in the camp which they now occupied, and accordingly they left it immediately, and marched on through the night, directing their course towards Bourbon County. In the evening, they approached a house, that which he had hailed and in which he was now speaking. Suddenly, the desire of rejoining his people occupied his mind so strongly as to exclude every other idea, and seizing the first favorable opportunity, he had concealed himself in the bushes, and neglected to reply to all the signals which had been concerted for the purpose of collecting their party when scattered. This account appeared so extraordinary, and the young man's appearance was so wild and suspicious, that many of the neighbors suspected him of treachery, and thought that he should be arrested as a spy. Others opposed this resolution and gave full credit to his narrative. In order to satisfy themselves, however, they insisted upon his instantly conducting them to the spot where the canoe had been buried. To this the young man objected most vehemently, declaring that although he had deserted his father and brother, yet he would not betray them. These feelings were too delicate to meet with much sympathy from the rude borderers who surrounded him, and he was given to understand that nothing short of conducting them to the point of embarkation, would be accepted as an evidence of his sin-

cerity. With obvious reluctance he at length complied. From twenty to thirty men were quickly assembled, mounted upon good horses, and under the guidance of the deserter, they moved rapidly towards the mouth of Licking. On the road, the young man informed them that he would first conduct them to the spot, where they had encamped when the scream of the owl alarmed his father, and where an iron kettle had been left concealed in a hollow tree. He was probably induced to do this from the hope of delaying the pursuit so long as to afford his friends an opportunity of crossing the river in safety. But if such was his intention, no measure could have been more unfortunate. The whites approached the encampment in deep silence, and quickly perceived two Indians, an old man and a boy, seated by the fire and busily employed in cooking some venison. The deserter became much agitated at the sight of them, and so earnestly implored his countrymen not to kill them, that it was agreed to surround the encampment, and endeavor to secure them as prisoners. This was accordingly attempted, but so desperate was the resistance of the Indians, and so determined were their efforts to escape, that the whites were compelled to fire upon them, and the old man fell mortally wounded, while the boy, by an incredible display of address and activity, was enabled to escape. The deserter beheld his father fall, and throwing himself from his horse, he ran up to the spot where the old man lay bleeding but still sensible, and falling upon his body, besought his forgiveness for being the unwilling cause of his death, and wept bitterly. His father evidently recognised him, and gave him his hand, but almost instantly afterwards expired. The white men now called upon him to conduct them at a gallop to the spot where the canoe was buried, expecting to reach it before the Indian boy and intercept him. The deserter in vain implored them to compassionate his feelings. He urged that he

had already sufficiently demonstrated the truth of his former assertions, at the expense of his father's life, and earnestly entreated them to permit his younger brother to escape. His companions, however, were inexorable. Nothing but the blood of the young Indian would satisfy them, and the deserter was again compelled to act as a guide. Within two hours they reached the designated spot. The canoe was still there and no track could be seen upon the sand, so that it was evident that their victim had not yet arrived. Hastily dismounting, they tied their horses and concealed themselves within close rifle shot of the canoe. Within ten minutes after their arrival, the Indian appeared in sight, walking swiftly towards them. He went straight to the spot where the canoe had been buried, and was in the act of digging it up, when he received a dozen balls through his body, and leaping high into the air, fell dead upon the sand. He was instantly scalped and buried where he fell, without having seen his brother, and probably without having known the treachery by which he and his father had lost their lives. The deserter remained but a short time in Bourbon, and never regained his tranquility of mind. He shortly afterwards disappeared, but whether to seek his relations in Virginia or Pennsylvania, or whether disgusted by the ferocity of the whites, he returned to the Indians, has never yet been known. He was never heard of afterwards.

During the summer, the house of Mr. John Merrill, of Nelson county, Ky., was attacked by the Indians, and defended with singular address and good fortune. Merrill was alarmed by the barking of a dog about midnight, and upon opening the door in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, he received the fire of six or seven Indians, by which his arm and thigh were both broken. He instantly sunk upon the floor and called upon his wife to close the door. This had scarcely been done, when it was violently assailed by

the tomahawks of the enemy, and a large breach soon effected. Mrs. Merrill, however, being a perfect Amazon both in strength and courage, guarded it with an axe, and successively killed or badly wounded four of the enemy as they attempted to force their way into the cabin. The Indians then ascended the roof and attempted to enter by way of the chimney, but here, again, they were met by the same determined enemy. Mrs. Merrill seized the only feather bed, which the cabin afforded, and hastily ripping it open, poured its contents upon the fire. A furious blaze and stifling smoke instantly ascended the chimney, and quickly brought down two of the enemy, who lay for a few moments at the mercy of the lady. Seizing the axe, she quickly despatched them, and was instantly afterwards summoned to the door, where the only remaining savage now appeared endeavoring to effect an entrance, while Mrs. Merrill was engaged at the chimney. He soon received a gash in the cheek, which compelled him with a loud yell to relinquish his purpose, and return hastily to Chillicothe, where, from the report of a prisoner, he gave an exaggerated account of the fierceness, strength and courage of the "long knife squaw!"

CHAPTER VIII.

In the month of April, 1792, a number of horses belonging to Captain Luther Calvin, of Mason county, were stolen by the Indians; and, as usual, a strong party volunteered to go in pursuit of the enemy and recover the property. The party consisted of thirty seven men, commanded by Captains CALVIN and KENTON, and was composed chiefly of young farmers, most of whom had never yet met an enemy. The present Captain CHARLES WARD, Deputy Sheriff of Mason county, was one of the volunteers, and was at that time a mere lad, totally unacquainted with Indian warfare. They rendezvoused upon the Kentucky shore, immediately opposite Ripley, and crossing the river in a small ferry boat, pursued the trail for five or six miles with great energy. Here, however, a specimen of the usual caprice and uncertainty attending the motions of militia, was given. One of the party, whose voice had been loud and resolute while on the Kentucky shore, all at once managed to discover that the enterprize was rash, ill advised, and if prosecuted, would certainly prove disastrous. A keen debate ensued, in which young Spencer Calvin, then a lad of eighteen, openly accused the gentleman alluded to of cowardice, and even threatened to take the measure of his shoulders with a ramrod, on the spot. By the prompt interference of Kenton and the elder Calvin, the young man's wrath was appeased for the time, and all those who preferred safety to honor, were invited instantly to return. The permission was promptly accepted, and no less than fifteen men, headed by the recreant already mentioned, turned their horses' heads and recrossed the river.

The remainder, consisting chiefly of experienced warriors, continued the pursuit.

The trail led them down on the Miami, and about noon, on the second day, they heard a bell in front, apparently from a horse grazing. Cautiously approaching it, they quickly beheld a solitary Indian, mounted on horseback, and leisurely advancing towards them. A few of their best marksmen fired upon him and brought him to the ground. After a short consultation, it was then determined to follow his back trail, and ascertain whether there were more in the neighborhood. A small, active, resolute woodsman, named McIntyre, accompanied by three others, was pushed on in advance, in order to give them early notice of the enemy's appearance, while the main body followed at a more leisurely pace. Within an hour, McIntyre returned, and reported that they were then within a short distance of a large party of Indians, supposed to be greatly superior to their own. That they were encamped in a bottom upon the borders of a creek, and were amusing themselves, apparently awaiting the arrival of the Indian whom they had just killed, as they would occasionally halloo loudly, and then laugh immoderately, supposing, probably, that their comrade had lost his way. This intelligence fell like a shower bath upon the spirits of the party, who, thinking it more prudent to put a greater interval between themselves and the enemy, set spurs to their horses, and galloped back in the direction from which they had come. Such was the panic, that one of the footmen, a huge hulking fellow, six feet high, in his zeal for his own safety, sprung up behind Capt. Calvin, (who was then mounted upon Capt. Ward's horse, the Captain having dismounted in order to accommodate him,) and nothing short of a threat to blow his brains out, could induce him to dismount. In this orderly manner, they scampered through the woods for several miles, when, in obedience to the orders of Ken-

ton and Calvin, they halted, and prepared for resistance in case (as was probable,) the enemy had discovered them, and were engaged in the pursuit. Kenton and Calvin were engaged apart in earnest consultation. It was proposed that a number of saplings should be cut down and a temporary breastwork erected, and while the propriety of these measures were under discussion, the men were left to themselves.

Captain Ward, as we have already observed, was then very young, and perfectly raw. He had been in the habit of looking up to *one man* as a perfect Hector, having always heard him represented in his own neighborhood as a man of redoubted courage, and a perfect Anthropophagus among the Indians. When they halted, therefore, he naturally looked around for his friend, hoping to read safety, courage, and assurance of success in that countenance, usually so ruddy and confident. But, alas! the gallant warrior was woefully chop-fallen. There had, generally, been a ruddy tinge upon the tip of his nose, which some ascribed to the effervescence of a fiery valour, while others, more maliciously inclined, attributed it to the fumes of brandy. Even this burning beacon had been quenched, and had assumed a livid ashy hue, still deeper if possible than that of his lips. Captain Ward thinking that the danger must be appalling, which could damp the ardor of a man like ———, instantly became grievously frightened himself, and the contagion seemed spreading rapidly, when Kenton and Calvin rejoined them, and speaking in a cheerful, confident tone, completely reanimated their spirits.

* Finding themselves not pursued by the enemy, as they had expected, it was determined, that they should remain in their present position until night, when a rapid attack was to be made in two divisions, upon the Indian camp, under the impression that the darkness of the night, and the sur-

prize of the enemy, might give them an advantage, which they could scarcely hope for in daylight. Accordingly, every thing remaining quiet at dusk, they again mounted and advanced rapidly, but in profound silence, upon the Indian camp. It was ascertained that the horses which the enemy had stolen, were grazing in a rich bottom below their camp. As they were advancing to the attack, therefore, Calvin detached his son with several halts, which he had borrowed from the men, to regain their own horses, and be prepared to carry them off in case the enemy should overpower them. The attack was then made in two divisions. Calvin conducted the upper and Kenton the lower party. The wood was thick, but the moon shone out clearly, and enabled them to distinguish objects with sufficient precision. Calvin's party came first in contact with the enemy. They had advanced within thirty yards of a large fire in front of a number of tents, without having seen a single Indian, when a dog which had been watching them for several minutes, sprung forward to meet them, baying loudly. Presently an Indian appeared approaching cautiously towards them, and occasionally speaking to the dog in the Indian tongue. This sight was too tempting to be borne, and Calvin heard the tick of a dozen rifles in rapid succession, as his party cocked them in order to fire. The Indian was too close to permit him to speak, but turning to his men he earnestly waved his hand as a warning to be quiet. Then cautiously raising his own rifle, he fired with a steady aim, just as the Indian had reached the fire, and stood fairly exposed to its light. The report of the rifle instantly broke the stillness of the night, and their ears were soon deafened by the yells of the enemy. The Indian at whom Calvin had fired, fell forward into the burning pile of faggots, and by his struggling to extricate himself, scattered the brands so much, as almost to extinguish the light. Several dusky forms, glan-

ced rapidly before them for a moment, which drew a volley from his men, but with what effect could not be ascertained. Calvin, having discharged his piece, turned so rapidly as to strike the end of his ramrod against a tree behind him, and drive it into its sheath with such violence, that he was unable to extricate it for several minutes, and finally fractured two of his teeth in the effort.

A heavy fire now commenced from the Indian camp, which was returned with equal spirit by the whites, but without much effect on either side. Trees were barked very plentifully, dogs bayed, the Indians yelled, the whites shouted, the squaws screamed, and a prodigious uproar was maintained for about fifteen minutes, when it was reported to Calvin that Kenton's party had been overpowered, and was in full retreat. It was not necessary to give orders for a similar movement. No sooner had the intelligence been received, than the Kentuckians of the upper division broke their ranks and every man attempted to save himself as he best could. They soon overtook the lower division, and a hot scramble took place for horses. One called upon another to wait for him until he could catch his horse, which had broken his bridle, but no attention was paid to the request. Some fled upon their own horses, others mounted those of their friends. "First come, first served," seemed to be the order of the night, and a sad confusion of property took place, in consequence of which, to their great terror, a few were compelled to return on foot. The flight was originally caused by the panic of an individual. As the lower division moved up to the attack, most of the men appeared to advance with alacrity.

Captain Ward, however, happened to be stationed next to McIntyre, whom we have already had occasion to mention as a practised woodsman and peculiarly expert marksman. Heretofore, he had always been foremost in every danger,

and had become celebrated for the address, activity, and boldness with which he had acquitted himself. As they were ascending the gentle acclivity upon which the Indian camp stood, however, he appeared much dejected, and spoke despondingly of their enterprize. He declared that it had been revealed to him in a dream, on the preceding night, that their efforts would be vain, and that he himself was destined to perish. That he was determined to fight, as long as any man of the party stood his ground, but if the whites were wise, they would instantly abandon the attempt upon the enemy, and recross the Ohio, as rapidly as possible. These observations made but little impression upon Ward, but seemed to take deep root in the mind of the gentleman whose pale face had alarmed the company at the breastwork. The action quickly commenced, and at the first fire from the Indians, Barre, a young Kentuckian, was shot by ——'s side. This circumstance completed the overthrow of his courage, which had declined visibly since the first encounter in the morning, and elevating his voice to its shrillest notes, he shouted aloud, "Boys! it wont do for us to be here — Barre is killed, and the Indians are crossing the creek!" Bonaparte has said, that there is a critical period in every battle, when the bravest men will eagerly seize an excuse to run away. The remark is doubly true with regard to militia. No sooner had this speech been uttered by one who had never yet been charged with cowardice, than the rout instantly took place and all order was disregarded. Fortunately, the enemy were equally frightened, and probably would have fled themselves, had the whites given them time. No pursuit took place for several hours, nor did they then pursue the trail of the main body of fugitives. But it unfortunately happened that McIntyre, instead of accompanying the rest, turned off from the main route, and returned to the breastwork where some flour and venison had been left.

The Indians quickly became aware of the circumstance, and following with rapidity, overtook, tomahawked, and scalped him, while engaged in preparing breakfast on the following morning. Thus was his dream verified. The prediction in this case as in many others, probably produced its own accomplishment by confounding his mind, and depriving him of his ordinary alertness and intelligence. He certainly provoked his fate, by his own extraordinary rashness.

NOTE.

It is somewhat remarkable, that a brother of Captain Ward's was in the Indian camp at the moment when it was attacked. He had been taken by the Indians in 1758, being at that time only three years old, had been adopted as a member of the Shawanee tribe and had married an Indian woman by whom he had several children, all of whom, together with their mother, were then in camp. Captain Ward has informed the writer of this narrative, that, a few seconds before the firing began, while he stood within rifle shot of the encampment, an Indian girl apparently fifteen years of age attracted his attention. She stood for an instant in an attitude of alarm, in front of one of the tents, and gazed intently upon the spot where he then stood. Not immediately perceiving that it was a female, he raised his gun, and was upon the point of firing, when her open bosom announced her sex, and her peculiarly light complexion caused him to doubt for a moment whether she could be an Indian by birth. He afterwards ascertained that she was his brother's child.

It appears still more remarkable, that exactly one year afterwards, John Ward, the adopted Indian, should have been opposed to another one of his brothers, Capt. JAMES WARD, of Mason, in a night skirmish somewhat resembling that which we have just detailed. Capt. James Ward, together with Kenton, Baker and about thirty others, while engaged

in pursuit of some stolen horses, fell upon a fresh trail of Indians, that crossed the road which they were then pursuing. Instantly abandoning their former object, they followed the fresh trail with great eagerness, and a short time after dark arrived at an encampment. Having carefully reconnoitered it, they determined to remain quiet until daylight, and then fall upon the enemy as before, in two divisions, one to be commanded by Kenton and the other by Baker. Every thing remained quiet until four o'clock in the morning, when Baker moved at the head of his party, in order to take the appointed position, (which was very advantageous, and in conjunction with Kenton's, completely surrounded the enemy,) while Kenton remained stationary, awaiting the signal of attack. By some mistake, Baker moved in a false direction, and, to the surprize of both parties, instead of enclosing the Indian camp, he fell directly upon it. A heavy firing, and the usual yelling, quickly announced the fact to Kenton, who moved hastily up to the assistance of his friends. It was still perfectly dark and the firing was of course at random. Baker, in whose fiery character, courage predominated over every thing else, lost all patience at the restraint under which they lay, and urged strenuously, that they should rush upon the enemy, and decide the affair at once with the tomahawk; but Kenton, whom repeated misfortunes had rendered extremely cautious, opposed it so vehemently, that it was not done. One of their men had fallen, and they could hear one of the enemy, apparently not more than thirty yards from them, groan deeply, and occasionally converse with his companions in the Indian tongue. The wounded man was the unfortunate John Ward, whose hard fate it was, to fight against the whites in a battle in which his own father was killed, to encounter two of his brothers in the field, and finally to fall mortally wounded in a night skirmish, when his brother was opposed to him, and was within

hearing of his groans. His father perished in the long battle at the "Point," as it was called, near the mouth of the Kenawha. The whole force of the Shawanees was assembled at that point, and John Ward was then nineteen years of age, so that there can be but little doubt of his having been present.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. JOHN MAY, a gentleman of Virginia, had, at an early period, been appointed surveyor of the Kentucky lands, and had become so extensively involved in business, as to require the aid of a clerk. In 1789, he employed Mr. CHARLES JOHNSTON, a young man scarcely twenty years of age, in that capacity. Johnston accompanied his employer to Kentucky in the summer of '89, and returned to Virginia in the autumn of the same year, without any adventure worthy of notice; and in the month of February, 1790, it became necessary for them to return to Kentucky, in order to complete the business which had been left unfinished on the former trip. Heretofore, they had travelled by land, but on the present occasion, May determined to descend the Great Kenawha and Ohio by water. They, accordingly, travelled by the usual route to Green Briar court house, where the town of Lewisburgh has since been built, and from thence crossed the wilderness which lay between that point and the Great Kenawha. After suffering much from the weather, which was intensely cold, they at length reached Kelly's station upon the Kenawha, from which point May proposed to embark. Having purchased a boat, such as was then used for the navigation of the western waters, they embarked in company with Mr. Jacob Skyles, a gentleman of Virginia, who had at that time a stock of dry goods intended for Lexington, and without any accident, in the course of a few days, they arrived at Point Pleasant. Here there was an accession to their number of three persons, a man named Flinn and two sisters of the name of Fleming. Flinn was a hardy borderer, accustomed from his youth to

all the dangers of the frontiers, and the two Miss Flemings were women of low station and doubtful character. They were all natives of Pittsburgh and were on their way to Kentucky.

During their short stay at Point Pleasant, they learned that roving bands of Indians were constantly hovering upon either bank of the Ohio, and were in the habit of decoying boats ashore under various pretences, and murdering or taking captives, all who were on board; so that, upon leaving Point Pleasant, they determined that no consideration should induce them to approach either shore, but steeling their hearts against every entreaty, that they would resolutely keep the middle of the current, and leave distressed individuals to shift for themselves. How firmly this resolution was maintained the sequel will show. The spring freshet was in its height at the time of their embarkation, and their boat was wafted rapidly down the stream. There was no occasion to use the side oars, and it was only necessary for one individual at a time to watch throughout the night, at the steering oar, in order to keep the boat in the current. So long as this could be done, they entertained no dread of any number of Indians on either shore, as boarding had hitherto formed no part of their plans, and was supposed to be impracticable, so long as arms were on board of the boat.

On the morning of the 20th of March, when near the junction of the Scioto, they were awakened at daylight by Flinn, whose turn it was to watch, and informed that danger was at hand. All instantly sprung to their feet, and hastened upon deck without removing their nightcaps or completing their dress. The cause of Flinn's alarm was quickly evident. Far down the river a smoke was seen, ascending in thick wreaths above the trees, and floating in thinner masses over the bed of the river. All instantly perceived that it could only proceed from a large fire—and who was there to

kindle a fire in the wilderness which surrounded them? No one doubted that Indians were in front, and the only question to be decided was, upon which shore they lay, for the winding of the river, and their distance from the smoke, rendered it impossible at first to ascertain this point. As the boat drifted on, however, it became evident that the fire was upon the Ohio shore, and it was instantly determined to put over to the opposite side of the river. Before this could be done, however, two white men ran down upon the beach, and clasping their hands in the most earnest manner, implored the crew to take them on board. They declared that they had been taken by a party of Indians in Kennedy's bottom, a few days before—had been conducted across the Ohio, and had just effected their escape. They added, that the enemy was in close pursuit of them, and that their death was certain, unless admitted on board. Resolute in their purpose, on no account to leave the middle of the stream, and strongly suspecting the suppliants of treachery, the party paid no attention to their entreaties, but steadily pursued their course down the river, and were soon considerably ahead of them. The two white men ran down the bank, in a line parallel with the course of the boat, and their entreaties were changed into the most piercing cries and lamentations upon perceiving the obstinacy with which their request was disregarded. Instantly the obduracy of the crew began to relax. Flinn and the two females, accustomed from their youth to undervalue danger from the Indians, earnestly insisted upon going ashore, and relieving the white men, and even the incredulity of May began to yield to the persevering importunity of the suppliants. A parley took place. May called to them from the deck of the boat where he stood in his nightcap and drawers, and demanded the cause of the large fire the smoke of which had caused so much alarm. The white men positively denied that there was any

fire near them. This falsehood was so palpable, that May's former suspicions returned with additional force, and he positively insisted upon continuing their course without paying the slightest attention to the request of the men. This resolution was firmly seconded by Johnston and Skyles, and as vehemently opposed by Flinn and the Miss Flemings, for, contrary to all established rules of policy, the females were allowed an equal vote with the males on board of the boat. Flinn urged that the men gave every evidence of real distress which could be required, and recounted too many particular circumstances attending their capture and escape, to give color to the suspicion that their story was invented for the occasion, and added, that it would be a burning shame to them and their's forever, if they should permit two countrymen to fall a sacrifice to the savages, when so slight a risk on their part would suffice to relieve them. He acknowledged that they had lied in relation to the fire, but declared himself satisfied that it was only because they were fearful of acknowledging the truth, lest the crew should suspect that Indians were concealed in the vicinity. The controversy became warm, and during its progress, the boat drifted so far below the men, that they appeared to relinquish their pursuit in despair.

At this time, Flinn made a second proposal, which, according to his method of reasoning, could be carried into effect, without the slightest risk to any one but himself. They were now more than a mile below the pursuers. He proposed that May should only touch the hostile shore long enough to permit him to jump out. That it was impossible for Indians, (even admitting that they were at hand,) to arrive in time to arrest the boat, and even should any appear, they could immediately put off from shore and abandon him to his fate. That he was confident of being able to outrun the red devils, if they saw him first, and was equally confi-

dent of being able to see them as soon as they could see him. May remonstrated upon so unnecessary an exposure—but Flinn was inflexible, and in an evil hour, the boat was directed to the shore. They quickly discovered, what ought to have been known before, that they could not float as swiftly after leaving the current as while borne along by it, and they were nearly double the time in making the shore, that they had calculated upon. When within reach Flinn leaped fearlessly upon the hostile bank, and the boat grated upon the sand. At that moment, five or six savages ran up out of breath, from the adjoining wood, and instantly seizing Flinn, began to fire upon the boat's crew. Johnston and Skyles sprung to their arms, in order to return the fire, while May, seizing an oar attempted to regain the current. Fresh Indians arrived, however, in such rapid succession, that the beach was quickly crowded by them, and May called out to his companions to cease firing and come to the oars. This was instantly done, but it was too late.

The river, as we have already observed, was very high, and their clumsy and unwieldy boat, had become entangled in the boughs of the trees which hung over the water, so that after the most desperate efforts to get her off, they were compelled to relinquish the attempt in despair. During the whole of this time the Indians were pouring a heavy fire into the boat, at a distance not exceeding ten paces. Their horses, of which they had a great number on board, had broken their halters, and mad with terror were plunging so furiously as to expose them to a danger scarcely less dreadful than that which menaced them from shore. In addition to this, none of them had ever beheld a hostile Indian before, (with the exception of May,) and the furious gestures and appalling yells of the enemy, struck a terror to their hearts which had almost deprived them of their faculties. Seeing it impossible to extricate themselves, they all lay

down upon their faces, in such parts of the boat, as would best protect them from the horses, and awaited in passive helplessness, the approach of the conquerors. The enemy, however, still declined boarding, and contented themselves with pouring in an incessant fire, by which all the horses were killed, and which at length began to grow fatal to the crew. One of the females received a ball in her mouth which had passed immediately over Johnston's head, and almost instantly expired. Skyles, immediately afterwards, was severely wounded in both shoulders, the ball striking the right shoulder blade, and ranging transversely along his back. The fire seemed to grow hotter every moment, when, at length May arose and waved his nightcap above his head as a signal of surrender. He instantly received a ball in the middle of the forehead and fell perfectly dead by the side of Johnston, covering him with his blood.

Now, at last, the enemy ventured to board. Throwing themselves into the water, with their tomahawks in their hands, a dozen or twenty swam to the boat, and began to climb the sides. Johnston stood ready to do the honors of the boat, and presenting his hand to each Indian in succession, he helped them over the side to the number of twenty. Nothing could *appear* more cordial than the meeting. Each Indian shook him by the hand, with the usual salutation of "How de do," in passable English, while Johnston encountered every visiter with an affectionate squeeze, and a forced smile, in which terror struggled with civility. The Indians then passed on to Skyles and the surviving Miss Fleming, where the demonstrations of mutual joy were not quite so lively. Skyles was writhing under a painful wound, and the girl was sitting by the dead body of her sister. Having shaken hands with all of their captives, the Indians proceeded to scalp the dead, which was done with great coolness, and the reeking scalps were stretched and prepared upon hoops

for the usual process of drying, immediately before the eyes of the survivors. The boat was then drawn ashore, and its contents examined with great greediness. Poor Skyles, in addition to the pain of his wounds, was compelled to witness the total destruction of his property, by the hands of these greedy spoilers, who tossed his silks, cambric, and broadcloth into the dirt, with the most reckless indifference. At length they stumbled upon a keg of whiskey. The prize was eagerly seized, and every thing else abandoned. The Indian who had found it, instantly carried it ashore and was followed by the rest with tumultuous delight. A large fire nearly fifty feet long was quickly kindled, and victors and vanquished indiscriminately huddled around it. As yet no attempt had been made to strip the prisoners, but unfortunately, Johnston was handsomely dressed in a broadcloth surtout, red vest, fine ruffled shirt and a new pair of boots. The Indians began to eye him attentively, and at length one of them, whose name he afterwards learned was Chick-atommo, a Shawanee chief, came up to him, and gave the skirt of his coat two or three hard pulls, accompanied by several gestures which were not to be mistaken. Johnston instantly stripped off his coat, and very politely handed it to him. His red waistcoat was now exposed to full view and attracted great attention. Chick-atommo instantly exclaimed, "Hugh! you big Cappatain!" Johnston hastily assured him that he was mistaken, that he was no officer—nor had any connection with military affairs whatever. The Indian then drew himself up, pointed with his finger to his breast, and exclaimed, "Me Cappatain! all dese," pointing to his men, "my sogers!" The red waistcoat accompanied the surtout, and Johnston quickly stood shivering in his shirt and pantaloons. An old Indian then came up to him, and placing one hand upon his own shirt (a greasy, filthy garment, which had not, probably, been washed for six months,) and

the other upon Johnston's ruffles, cried out in English, "Swap! Swap!" at the same time, giving the ruffles a gentle pull with his dirty fingers. Johnston, conquering his disgust at the proposal, was about to comply, and had drawn his shirt over his head, when it was violently pulled back by another Indian, whose name he afterwards learned, was Tom Lewis. His new ally then reproached the other Indian severely for wishing to take the shirt from a prisoner's back in such cold weather, and instantly afterwards threw his own blanket over Johnston's shoulders. The action was accompanied by a look so full of compassion and kindness, that Johnston, who had expected far different treatment, was perfectly astonished. He now saw that native kindness of heart and generosity of feeling, was by no means rare even among savages.

The two white men who had decoyed them ashore, and whose names were Divine and Thomas, now appeared, and took their seats by the side of the captives. Sensible of the reproach to which they had exposed themselves, they hastened to offer an excuse for their conduct. They declared that they really *had* been taken in Kennedy's bottom a few days before, and that the Indians had compelled them, by threats of instant death in case of refusal, to act as they had done. They concluded by some common place expressions of regret for the calamity which they had occasioned, and declared that their own misery was aggravated at beholding that of their countrymen! In short, words were cheap with them, and they showered them out in profusion. But Johnston and Skyles' sufferings had been and still were too severe, to permit their resentment to be appeased by such light atonement. Their suspicions of the existence of wilful and malignant treachery on the part of the white men, (at least one of them,) were confirmed by the report of a negro, who quickly made his appearance, and who, as it ap-

peared, had been taken in Kentucky a few days before. He declared that Thomas had been extremely averse to having any share in the treachery, but had been overruled by Divine, who alone had planned, and was most active in the execution of the project, having received a promise from the Indians, that, in case of success, his own liberty should be restored to him. This report has been amply confirmed by subsequent testimony. Mr. Thomas is now living near Maysville, and has always sustained an excellent reputation.

In a few minutes, six squaws, most of them very old, together with two white children, a girl and a boy, came down to the fire, and seated themselves. The children had lately been taken from Kentucky. Skyles' wound now became excessively painful, and Flinn, who, in the course of his adventurous life, had picked up some knowledge of surgery, was permitted to examine it. He soon found it necessary to make an incision, which was done very neatly with a razor. An old squaw then washed the wound, and having caught the bloody water in a tin cup, presented it to Skyles, and requested him to drink it, assuring him that it would greatly accelerate the cure. He thought it most prudent to comply.

During the whole of this time, the Indians remained silently smoking or lounging around the fire. No sentinels were posted in order to prevent a surprize, but each man's gun stood immediately behind him, with the breech resting upon the ground, and the barrel supported against a small pole, placed horizontally upon two forks. Upon the slightest alarm, every man could have laid his hand upon his own gun. Their captors were composed of small detachments from several tribes. Much the greater portion belonged to the Shawanees, but there were several Delawares, Wyandotts, and a few wandering Cherokees. After smoking,

they proceeded to the division of their prisoners. Flinn was given to a Shawanee warrior—Skyles to an old crabbed, ferocious Indian of the same tribe, whose temper was sufficiently expressed in his countenance, while Johnston was assigned to a young Shawanee chief, whom he represents as possessed of a disposition which would have done him honor in any age or in any nation. His name was Messhawa, and he had just reached the age of manhood. His person was tall and expressive rather of action than strength, his air was noble, and his countenance mild, open, and peculiarly prepossessing. He evidently possessed great influence among those of his own tribe, which, as the sequel will show, he exerted with great activity on the side of humanity. The surviving Miss Fleming was given to the Cherokees, while the Wyandotts and the Delawares were allowed no share in the distribution. No dissatisfaction, however, was expressed. The division had been proclaimed by an old chief in a loud voice, and a brief guttural monosyllable announced their concurrence. After the distribution of their captives, Flinn, Divine and Thomas, were ordered to prepare four additional oars, for the boat which they had taken, as they had determined to man it, and assail such other boats as should be encountered during their stay on the Ohio. These and several other preparations occupied the rest of the day.

On the next morning, the Indians arose early and prepared for an encounter, expecting, as usual, that boats would be passing. They dressed their scalp tufts, and painted their faces in the most approved manner, before a pocket glass which each carried with him, grimmacing and frowning in order to drill their features to the expression of the most terrific passions. About ten o'clock, a canoe, containing six men, was seen, slowly and laboriously ascending the river upon the Kentucky shore. All the prisoners were in-

stantly ordered to descend the bank to the water's edge and decoy the canoe within reach of the Indian guns. Johnston, with whatever reluctance, was compelled to accompany the rest. Divine on this, as on the former occasion, was peculiarly active and ingenious in stratagems. He invented a lamentable story of their canoe having been overset and of their starving condition, destitute as they were of either guns or axes. It was with agony that Johnston beheld the canoes put off from the Kentucky shore, and move rapidly towards them, struggling with the powerful current, which bore them so far below them that they could not distinguish the repeated signs which Johnston made, warning them to keep off. The Indians perceiving how far the canoe was driven below them, ran rapidly down the river, under cover of the woods, and concealed themselves among the willows, which grew in thick clusters upon the bank. The unsuspecting canoemen soon drew near, and when within sixty yards, received a heavy fire which killed every man on board. Some fell into the river, and overset the canoe, which drifted rapidly down the current, as did the bodies of the slain. The Indians sprung into the water, and dragging them ashore, tomahawked two of them, who gave some signs of life, and scalped the whole.

Scarcely had this been done, when a more splendid booty appeared in view. It happened that Captain Thomas Marshall, of the Virginia artillery, in company with several other gentlemen, was descending the Ohio, having embarked only one day later than May. They had three boats weakly manned, but heavily laden with horses and dry goods, intended for Lexington. About twelve o'clock on the second day of Johnston's captivity, the little flotilla appeared about a mile above the point where the Indians stood. Instantly all was bustle and activity. The additional oars were fixed to the boat, the savages instantly sprung on board, and

the prisoners were compelled to station themselves at the oars, and were threatened with instant death unless they used their utmost exertions to bring them along side of the enemy. The three boats came down very rapidly and were soon immediately opposite their enemy's. The Indians opened a heavy fire upon them, and stimulated their rowers to their utmost efforts. The boats became quickly aware of their danger, and a warm contest of skill and strength took place. There was an interval of one hundred yards between each of the three boats in view. The hindmost was for a time in great danger. Having but one pair of oars, and being weakly manned, she was unable to compete with the Indian boat, which greatly outnumbered her both in oars and men. The Indians quickly came within rifle shot, and swept the deck with an incessant fire, which rendered it extremely dangerous for any of the crew to show themselves. Captain Marshall was on board of the hindmost boat, and maintained his position at the steering oar in defiance of the shower of balls which flew around him. He stood in his shirt sleeves with a red silk handkerchief bound around his head, which afforded a fair mark to the enemy, and steered the boat with equal steadiness and skill, while the crew below relieved each other at the oars. The enemy lost ground from two circumstances. In their eagerness to overtake the whites, they left the current, and attempted to cut across the river from point to point, in order to shorten the distance. In doing so, however, they lost the force of the current, and quickly found themselves dropping astern. In addition to this, the whites conducted themselves with equal coolness and dexterity. The second boat waited for the hindmost, and received her crew on board, abandoning the goods and horses, without scruple, to the enemy. Being now more strongly manned, she shot rapidly ahead, and quickly overtook the foremost boat, which, in like manner,

received her crew on board, abandoning the cargo as before, and having six pair of oars, and being powerfully manned, she was soon beyond the reach of the enemy's shot. The chase lasted more than an hour. For the first half hour, the fate of the hindmost boat hung in mournful suspense, and Johnston, with agony, looked forward to the probability of its capture. The prisoners were compelled to labor hard at the oars, but they took care never to pull together, and by every means in their power, endeavored to favor the escape of their friends.

At length, the Indians abandoned the pursuit and turned their whole attention to the boats which had been deserted. The booty surpassed their most sanguine expectations. Several fine horses were on board, and flour, sugar, and chocolate in profusion. Another keg of whiskey was found and excited the same immoderate joy as at first. It was unanimously determined to regale themselves in a regular feast, and instant preparations were made to carry their resolution into effect. A large kettle of chocolate and sugar, of which the sugar formed the greater part, was set upon the fire, which an old squaw stirred with a dirty stick. Johnston was promoted on the spot to the rank of cook, and received orders to bake a number of flour cakes in the fire. A deer skin, which had served for a saddle blanket, and was most disgustingly stained by having been applied to a horse's sore back, was given him as a tray, and being repeatedly ordered to "make haste," he entered upon his new office with great zeal. By mixing a large portion of sugar with some dumplings, which he boiled in chocolate, he so delighted the palates of the Indians, that they were enthusiastic in their praises, and announced their intention of keeping him in his present capacity as long as he remained with them. The two kegs which had been carefully guarded were now produced, and the mirth began to border on the "fast and furi-

ous." A select band, as usual, remained sober, in order to maintain order and guard against surprize, but the prisoners were invited to get drunk with their red brothers. Johnston and Skyles declined the invitation, but Flinn, without waiting to be asked twice, instantly joined the revellers, and quickly became as drunk as any of them. In this situation he entered into a hot dispute with an Indian, which, after much abuse on both sides, terminated in blows, and his antagonist received a sad battering. Several of his tribe drew their knives, and rushed upon Flinn with fury, but were restrained amid peals of laughter by the others, who declared that Flinn had proved himself a man, and should have fair play.

In the mean time, Johnston and Skyles had been bound and removed to a convenient distance from the drinking party, with the double design of saving their lives, and guarding against escape. While lying in this manner, and totally unable to help themselves, they beheld with terror, one of the revellers staggering towards them, with a drawn knife in his hand, and muttering a profusion of drunken curses. He stopped within a few paces of them, and harangued them with great vehemence, for nearly a minute, until he had worked himself up to a state of insane fury, when suddenly uttering a startling yell, he sprung upon the prostrate body of Skyles and seizing him by the hair endeavored to scalp him. Fortunately he was too much intoxicated to exert his usual dexterity, and before he had succeeded in his design, the guard ran up at full speed, and seizing him by the shoulders, hurled him violently backwards to the distance of several yards. The drunken beast rolled upon the ground, and with difficulty recovering his feet, staggered off, muttering curses against the white man, the guard, himself, and the whole world. Skyles had only felt the point of the knife, but had given up his scalp for lost, and rubbed the crown of his head seve-

ral times with feverish apprehensions, before he could be satisfied that his scalp was still safe.

No other incident occurred during the night, and on the following morning the Indians separated. Those to whom Flinn belonged, remained at the river in expectation of intercepting other boats, while Johnston's party struck through the wilderness, in a steady direction for their towns. During their first day's march, he afforded much amusement to his captors. In the boat abandoned by Captain Marshall, they had found a milch cow, haltered in the usual manner. Upon leaving the river, they committed her to the care of Johnston, requiring him to lead her by the halter. Being totally unaccustomed to this method of travelling, she proved very refractory and perplexed him exceedingly. When he took one side of a tree, she regularly chose the other. Whenever he attempted to lead her, she planted her feet firmly before her, and refused to move a step. When he strove to drive her, she ran off into the bushes, dragging him after her, to the no small injury of his person and dress. The Indians were in a roar of laughter throughout the whole day, and appeared highly to enjoy his perplexity. At night they arrived at a small encampment, where they had left their women and children. Here, to his great joy, Johnston was relieved of his charge, and saw her slaughtered with the utmost gratification. At night, he suffered severely by the absence of the benevolent Messhawa, to whose charge, as we have already said, he had been committed. The Indians were apprehensive of pursuit, and directed Messhawa, at the head of several warriors, to bring up the rear, and give them seasonable warning of any attempt on the part of the whites to regain their prisoners. In his absence, he had been committed to an Indian of very different character. While his new master was engaged in tying his hands, as usual, for the night, he ventured to complain that

the cords were drawn too tight, and gave him unnecessary pain. The Indian instantly flew into a passion, exclaimed, "Dam you soul!" and drew the cord with all the violence of which he was capable, until it was completely buried in the flesh. Johnston, in consequence, did not sleep for a moment, but passed the whole night in exquisite torture. In the morning Messhawa came up, and finding his prisoner in a high fever, and his hands excessively swollen, instantly cut the cords, and exchanged some high words with the other Indian upon the subject.

The march was quickly recommenced, and Johnston could not avoid congratulating himself every moment, upon his good fortune in having Messhawa for his guide. Skyles' master seemed to take pleasure in tormenting him. In addition to an enormous quantity of baggage, he compelled him to carry his rifle, by which his raw wound was perpetually irritated and prevented from healing. Messhawa permitted Johnston to share his own mess upon all occasions, while the savage to whom Skyles belonged, would scarcely permit him to eat a dozen mouthfuls a day, and never without embittering his meat with curses and blows. In a few days they arrived at the Scioto river, which, from the recent rains, was too high to admit of being forded. The Indians were instantly employed in constructing a raft, and it was necessary to carry one very large log, several hundred yards. Two Indians with a handspike supported the lighter end, while the butt was very charitably bestowed upon Johnston alone. Not daring to murmur, he exerted his utmost strength, and aided by several Indians, with some difficulty, succeeded in placing the enormous burden upon his shoulder. He quickly found, however, that the weight was beyond his strength, and wishing to give his two companions in front warning of his inability to support it, he called to them in English to "take care!" They did not understand him, how-

ever, and continued to support it, when finding himself in danger of being crushed to death, he dropped the log so suddenly that both Indians were knocked down, and lay for a time without sense or motion. They quickly sprung up, however, and drawing their tomahawks, would instantly have relieved Johnston of all his troubles, had not the other Indians, amid peals of laughter, restrained them, and compelled them to vent their spleen in curses, which were showered upon "Ketepels," as he was called, for the space of an hour, with great fury.

After crossing the Scioto, the Indians displayed a disposition to loiter and throw away time, but little in unison with Johnston's feelings, who was anxious to reach their towns as speedily as possible, flattering himself with the hope that some benevolent trader would purchase him of the Indians and restore him to liberty. They amused themselves at a game called "Nosey," with a pack of cards which had been found in one of the abandoned boats. The pack is equally divided between two of them, and by some process which Johnston did not understand, each endeavored to get all the cards into his own possession. The winner had a right to ten fillups at his adversary's nose, which the latter was required to sustain with inflexible gravity, as the winner was entitled to ten additional fillups for every smile which he succeeded in forcing from him. At this game they would be engaged for a whole day, with the keenest interest, the bystanders looking on with a delight scarcely inferior to that of the gamblers themselves, and laughing immoderately when the penalty was exacted.

When gaming, they were unusually kind to their prisoners, but this ray of sunshine was frequently very suddenly overcast. Johnston ventured to ask an old Shawanee chief, how far they would be forced to travel, before reaching his village. The old man very good naturedly assured him,

by drawing a diagram upon the sand with a stick, pointing out the situation of the Ohio river, of the Scioto, and of the various Indian villages, and pointing to the sun, he waved his hand once for every day, which they would employ in the journey. Johnston then ventured to ask "how many inhabitants his village contained?" The old man replied, that the Shawanees had once been a great nation, but (and here his eyes flashed fire, and he worked himself into a furious passion,) the long knives had killed nearly the whole of his nation. "However," continued he, "so long as there is a Shawanee alive, we will *fight! fight! fight!* When no Shawanee—then no fight."

The prisoners were also in great danger whenever the Indians passed through a forest which had been surveyed, and where the marks of the axe upon the trees were evident. They would halt upon coming to such a tree, and after a few minutes silence, would utter the most terrible yells, striking the trees with their hatchets, and cursing the prisoners with a fierceness which caused them often to abandon all hopes of life. On one occasion, they passed suddenly from the most ferocious state of excitement, to the opposite extreme of merriment at a slight disaster which befel Johnston. They were often compelled to ford creeks, but upon one occasion, they attempted to pass upon a log. The morning was bitterly cold and frosty, and the log having been barked, was consequently very slippery. In passing upon this bridge, Johnston's foot slipped, and he fell into the cold water, with an outcry so sudden and shrill that the whole party, which the instant before had been inflamed with rage, burst at once into loud laughter, which, at intervals, was maintained for several miles. Sometimes they amused themselves by compelling their prisoners to dance, causing them to pronounce in a tone bordering on music, the words "Kom-nekah! He-kah-kah! Was-sat-oo—Hos-ses-kah!" and this mo-

notonous and fatiguing exercise, was occasionally relieved by the more exciting one, of springing over a large fire, when the blaze was at its highest, in which they could only escape injury by great activity.

Their painful journey had now lasted nearly a month, and the Indian towns were yet at a great distance. Hitherto, Skyles and Johnston had remained together, but by the whimsical fancy of their captors, they were now separated. Skyles was borne off to the Miami towns, while Johnston was destined for Sandusky. A few days after this separation, Johnston's party fell in with a Wyandott and a negro man, who, having run away from Kentucky, had been taken up by the Wyandott, and retained as an assistant in a very lucrative trade, which he was at that time carrying on with the Indians of the interior. He was in the habit of purchasing whiskey, powder, blankets, &c., at Detroit, generally upon credit, packing them upon horses into the interior, and exchanging them at a profit of nearly one thousand per cent. for furs and hides. This casual rencounter in the wilderness, was followed by great demonstrations of joy on both sides. The trader produced his rum, the Shawanese their merchandize, and a very brisk exchange ensued. Johnston's boots, for which he had paid eight dollars in Va., were gladly given for a pint of rum, and other articles were sold at a proportionate price. Johnston, as before, was removed from the immediate neighborhood of the revellers, and committed to the care of two sober Indians, with strict injunctions to prevent his escape. They, accordingly, bound him securely, and passing the ends of the cord under their own bodies, lay down to sleep, one upon each side of their prisoner. At midnight, Johnston was awakened by a heavy rain, although his guards slept on with most enviable composure. Unable to extricate himself, and fearful of awakening them, he was endeavoring to submit with patience,

when the negro appeared and very courteously invited him to take shelter in his tent, which stood within fifty yards of the spot where he lay. Johnston was beginning to explain to his black friend the impossibility of moving without the consent of his guards, when they suddenly sprung to their feet, and seizing the negro by the throat, and at the same time grasping Johnston's collar, they uttered the alarm halloo in the most piercing tones. The whole band of drunken Indians instantly repeated the cry, and ran up, tomahawk in hand, and with the most ferocious gestures. Johnston gave himself up for lost, and the negro looked white with terror, but their enemies conducted themselves with more discretion, than, from their drunken condition, could have been anticipated. They seized Johnston, bore him off a few paces into the woods, and questioned him closely as to the conference between himself and the negro. He replied by simply and clearly stating the truth. They then grappled the negro, and menacing him with their knives, threatened to take his scalp on the spot, if he did not tell the truth. His story agreed exactly with Johnston's, and the Indians became satisfied that no plot had been concerted. The incident, however, had completely sobered them, and for several hours the rum cask gave way to the dancing ring, which was formed in front of the negro's tent, where Johnston had been permitted, after the alarm subsided, to take shelter from the rain. He quickly fell asleep, but was grievously tormented by the nightmare. He dreamed that he was drowning in the middle of the creek which he had crossed on that morning, and his respiration became so laborious and painful, that he at length awoke. The song and the dance were still going on around him, and the cause of his unpleasant dream was quickly manifest. A huge Indian had very composedly seated himself upon his breast, and was smoking a long pipe, and contemplating the dancers, apparently very

well satisfied with his seat. Johnston turned himself upon his side and threw the Indian off. He did not appear to relish the change of place much, but soon settled himself and continued to smoke with uninterrupted gravity.

At daylight, a new scene presented itself. The warriors painted themselves in the most frightful colors, and performed a war dance, with the usual accompaniments. A stake, painted in alternate stripes of black and vermilion, was fixed in the ground, and the dancers moved in rapid but measured evolutions around it. They recounted, with great energy, the wrongs which they had received from the whites. Their lands had been taken from them—their corn cut up—their villages burnt—their friends slaughtered—every injury which they had received was dwelt upon, until their passions had become inflamed beyond all control. Suddenly, Chickatommo darted from the circle of dancers, and with eyes flashing fire, ran up to the spot where Johnston was sitting, calmly contemplating the spectacle before him. When within reach he struck him a furious blow with his fist, and was preparing to repeat it, when Johnston seized him by the arms, and hastily demanded the cause of such unprovoked violence. Chickatommo, grinding his teeth with rage, shouted "Sit down! sit down!" Johnston obeyed, and the Indian, perceiving the two white children within ten steps of him, snatched up a tomahawk, and advanced upon them with a quick step, and a determined look. The terrified little creatures instantly arose from the log on which they were sitting, and fled into the woods, uttering the most piercing screams, while their pursuer rapidly gained upon them with his tomahawk uplifted. The girl, being the youngest, was soon overtaken, and would instantly have been tomahawked, had not Messhawa bounded like a deer to her relief. He arrived barely in time to arrest the uplifted tomahawk of Chickatommo, after which, he seized him by the collar and

hurled him violently backward, to the distance of several paces. Snatching up the child in his arms, he then ran after the brother, intending to secure him likewise from the fury of his companion, but the boy, misconstruing his intention, continued his flight with such rapidity, and doubled several times with such address, that the chase was prolonged to the distance of several hundred yards. At length Messhawa succeeded in taking him. The boy, thinking himself lost, uttered a wild cry, which was echoed by his sister, but both were instantly calmed. Messhawa took them in his arms, spoke to them kindly, and soon convinced them that they had nothing to fear from him. He quickly reappeared, leading them gently by the hand, and soothing them in the Indian language, until they both clung to him closely for protection. No other incident disturbed the progress of the ceremonies, nor did Chickatommo appear to resent the violent interference of Messhawa.

Their rum had not yet become exhausted, and after the conclusion of the war dance, they returned to it with renewed vigor. A lame Mingo, on a solitary hunting excursion, soon joined them, and with drunken hospitality, was pressed, and in some degree compelled to get drunk with them. They soon became very affectionate, and the Mingo, taking advantage of the momentary generosity produced by the rum, ventured to ask that Johnston might be given to him, for a particular purpose, which he explained to them. He said that he had lately killed a warrior of the Wyandott tribe, whose widow had clamorously demanded that he (the Mingo) should either procure her another husband, or lay down his own life, as a penalty for the slain Wyandott. He added that he was too poor to procure her another husband, unless he should take that honorable office upon himself, for which he had but small inclination, the squaw in question being well stricken in years, tolerably crooked, and withal a

most terrible scold, and that he must submit to the other alternative, and lay down his life, unless the Shawanees would have compassion upon him, and give him Johnston, who (he said) being young and handsome, would doubtless be acceptable to the squaw aforesaid, and console her faithful heart for the loss of her former husband. He urged his suit with so much earnestness, that the Shawanees relented, and assured him that Johnston should instantly be delivered into his hands. This was accordingly done, without the slightest regard to the prisoner's inclination, and within an hour, the whole party took leave of him, shaking him heartily by the hand, and congratulating him upon his approaching happiness, telling him that there was a fine squaw waiting for him in the Wyandott town. Johnston would have liked the adoption better without the appendage of the bride, but thinking that if she were one of the furies, her society would be preferable to the stake and hot irons, he determined to make the best of his condition, and wear his shackles as easily as possible, until an opportunity offered of effecting his escape. His new master, after lingering around the late encampment until late in the day, at length shouldered his wallet, and moved off by the same route which the Shawanees had taken. By noon, on the following day, they came up with them, when a curious scene ensued. As soon as the Shawanees had become sober, they repented their late liberality, and determined to reclaim their prisoner; the Mingo stoutly demurred, and a long argument took place, accompanied by animated gestures, and not a few oaths on both sides. At length Messhawa put an end to the wrangling by seizing a horse by the halter, and ordering Johnston instantly to mount. He then sprung upon another, and applying the lash smartly to both horses, he quickly bore the prisoner beyond the sound of the Mingo's voice. An hour's ride brought them to Upper Sandusky, where Messhawa dis-

mounted, and awaited the arrival of Chickatommo. He quickly appeared accompanied by his party and followed by the discontented Mingo. The latter regarded Johnston from time to time with so earnest a countenance, and appeared so desirous of approaching him, that the latter became alarmed, lest in the rage of disappointment, he should inflict upon the prisoner, the vengeance which he dared not indulge against the Shawanees. But his fears were quickly relieved. The Mingo dogged him so faithfully, that he at length came upon him while alone, and approaching him with a good natured smile, presented a small pamphlet which Johnston had dropped on the preceding day. Having done this, he shook him by the hand, and immediately left the village.

At Sandusky, Johnston became acquainted with Mr. Duchouquet, a French trader, who had for several years resided among the Indians, and was extensively engaged in the fur trade. To him, he recounted his adventures, and earnestly solicited his good offices in delivering him from the Indians. Duchouquet promptly assured him, that every exertion should be used for that purpose, and lost no time in redeeming his pledge. That evening he spoke to Chickatommo, and offered a liberal ransom for the prisoner, but his efforts were fruitless. The Shawanee chief did not object to the price, but declared that no sum should induce them to give him up, until they had first taken him to their towns. This answer was quickly reported to Johnston, and filled him with despair. But as the Shawanee party, were engaged in another drinking bout, he entreated Duchouquet, to seize the favorable moment, when their hearts were mellowed by rum, and repeat his offer. The Frenchman complied, and was again peremptorily refused. Johnston now desired him to enquire of Chickatommo, the name of the town to which he was to be taken, and the fate which was in reserve for him, upon his arrival there. To the first question Chic-

katommo promptly replied, that the prisoner was to be carried to the Miami villages, but to the second he gave no satisfactory answer, being probably ignorant himself upon the subject. The mention of the Miami villages, completely extinguished every spark of hope, which still existed in Johnston's breast, as those towns had heretofore been the grave of every white prisoner who had visited them. He had also heard, that the Indians carefully concealed from their victims, the fate which awaited them, either from some instinctive feelings of compassion, or more probably from policy, in order to prevent the desperate efforts to escape, which were usual with prisoners, who were informed of their destiny. Under these circumstances, he gloomily abandoned himself to despair, and lay down in helpless expectation of his fate. But no sooner had he abandoned the case, than fortune, as usual, put in her oar, and displayed that capricious but omnipotent power, for which she has so long and so deservedly been celebrated. The same Wyandott trader, who had encountered them in the wilderness, now again appeared at Sandusky, with several horses laden with kegs of rum, and in the course of two days, completely stripped them of every skin, blanket, and article of merchandize, which had escaped his rapacity before.

On the morning of the third day, Chickatomo and his party awake as from a dream, and found themselves poor, destitute, ragged and hungry, without the means of supplying any of their wants. Ashamed to return to their village in this condition, after having sent before them so magnificent a description of their wealth, they determined to return to the Ohio, in hopes of again replenishing their purses at the expense of emigrants. They accordingly appeared of their own accord before Duchouquet, and declared, that as the scalp of their prisoner would be transported more easily than his person, they had determined to burn him on

that evening—but, if he still wished to purchase him, they would forego the expected entertainment for his sake, and let him have the prisoner upon good terms. Duchouquet eagerly accepted the offer, and instantly counted down six hundred silver broaches, the ordinary price of a prisoner. The Indians lost no time in delivering him into the trader's hands, and having taken an affectionate leave of him, they instantly sat out for the Ohio.

Johnston's gratification may easily be conceived, but on the following day, his apprehensions returned with renewed vigor. To his great surprize, Chickatommoo and his party again made their appearance at Sandusky, having abandoned their contemplated trip to Ohio, and loitered about the village for several days, without any visible cause for such capricious conduct. Johnston, recollecting their former whimsical bargain with the Mingo, was apprehensive that the same scene was to be repeated, and resolving not to be taken alive, he armed himself, and awaited calmly their determination. His suspicions, however, were entirely groundless. They passed him several times without the slightest notice, and at length set off in earnest for Detroit, leaving him at full liberty with his friend Duchouquet.

On the evening of their departure, a Delaware arrived from the Miami villages, with the heartrending intelligence, that his unfortunate companion, Flinn, had been burned at the stake a few days before. The savage declared that he himself had been present at the spectacle, had assisted in torturing him, and had afterwards eaten a portion of his flesh, which he declared "was sweeter than bear's meat." The intelligence was fully confirmed on the following day by a Canadian trader, who had just left the Miami towns. He stated that Flinn had been taken to their villages, and at first had entertained strong hopes of being adopted, as his

bold, frank, and fearless character, had made considerable impression upon his enemies. But the arrival of some wild chiefs from the extreme northern tribes, most of whom were cannibals, had completely changed his prospects. A wild council was held, in which the most terrible sentiments with regard to the whites were uttered. The custom of adopting prisoners was indignantly reprobated, as frivolous and absurd, and the resolution proclaimed that henceforth no quarter should be given to any age, sex or condition. Flinn was accordingly seized and fastened to the stake. The trader was one of the spectators. Flinn quickly observed him, and asked if he was not ashamed to witness the distress of a fellow creature in that manner, without making some effort to relieve him, upon which he instantly ran to the village and brought out several kegs of rum, which he offered as a ransom for the prisoner. The Indians, who, by this time, were in a terrible rage, rejected the offer with fierceness, and split the heads of the kegs with their tomahawks, suffering the liquor to flow unheeded upon the ground. The disappointed trader again returned to the village, and brought out six hundred silver broaches. They, in turn, were rejected with additional fury, and not without a threat of treating him in the same manner, if he again interfered. The trader, finding every effort vain, communicated his ill success to Flinn, who heard him with composure, and barely replied, "Then all I have to say is, *God have mercy upon my soul!*" The scene of torture then commenced, amid whoops and yells, which struck terror to the heart of the trader, but which the prisoner bore with the most heroic fortitude. Not a groan escaped him. He walked calmly around the stake for several hours, until his flesh was roasted, and the fire had burned down. An old squaw then approached in order to rekindle it, but Flinn, watching his opportunity, gave her so furious a kick in the breast, that she fell back totally insen-

sible, and for several minutes was unable to take any further share in the ceremony. The warriors then bored his ankles, and passing thongs through the sinews, confined them closely to the stake, so that he was unable afterwards to offer the same resistance. His sufferings continued for many hours, until they were at length terminated by the tomahawk.

Within a few days, he also heard of Skyles. After leaving Johnston, this gentleman had been conducted to one of the towns on the Miami of the lake, near the scene of Flinn's execution, where, as usual, he was compelled to run the gauntlet. The Indian boys were his chief tormentors. One of the little urchins displayed particular address and dexterity in his infernal art. He provided himself with a stout switch taken from a thorn tree, upon which one of the largest thorns had been permitted to remain. As Skyles passed him, he drove the keen instrument up to the head in his naked back. The switch was wrested from his grasp, and was borne by Skyles, sticking in his back, to the end of his painful career. He continued in the hands of the same crabbed master, who had taken such pleasure in tormenting him upon the march through the wilderness, but had found means to make himself so agreeable to his squaw, that his time was rendered more agreeable than he could have anticipated. He carried water for her, gathered her wood, and soothed her sullen temper by a thousand little artifices, so that her husband, who stood in some awe of his helpmate, was compelled to abate somewhat of his churlishness. He at length reaped the fruit of his civility. The squaw returned one evening alone to the wigwam, and informed Skyles, in confidence, that his death had been determined on, in council, and that the following day had been appointed for his execution. He at first doubted the truth of this startling intelligence, and retiring to rest as usual, feigned to be

asleep, but listened attentively to the conversation of the old squaw with her daughter, a young girl of fifteen. His doubts were quickly dispelled. His approaching execution was the subject of conversation between them, and their language quickly became warm. The old lady insisted upon it that he was a good man, and ought to be saved, while the girl exulted at the idea of witnessing his agonies, declaring repeatedly that the "white people were all devils," and ought to be put to death. At length they ceased wrangling, and composed themselves to rest. Skyles instantly arose, took down his master's rifle, shot bag and corn pouch, and stepping lightly over the bodies of the family, quickly gained the wood, and bent his steps to the bank of the Miami river. Without an instant's delay, he plunged into the stream, and swam to the opposite side. In so doing, however, he completely ruined his rifle, and was compelled to throw it away. Retaining the wallet of parched corn, he directed his steps to the southward, intending, if possible, to strike the settlements in Kentucky, but so poor a woodsman was he, that after a hard march of six hours, he again stumbled upon the Miami, within one hundred yards of the spot where he had crossed it before. While anxiously meditating upon the best means of avoiding the dangers which surrounded him, he heard the tinkle of a bell within a few hundred yards of the spot where he stood, and hastily directing his steps towards it, he saw a horse grazing quietly upon the rank grass of the bottom. Instantly mounting him, he again attempted to move in a southern direction, but was compelled by the thickness of the wood, and the quantity of fallen timber to change his course so frequently that he again became bewildered, and abandoning his horse, determined to prosecute his journey on foot. Daylight found him in a deep forest, without a path to direct him, without the means of procuring food, and without the slightest knowledge of a-

ny of those signs by which an experienced woodsman is enabled to direct his course through a trackless wilderness with such unerring certainty. Fearful of stumbling unawares upon some Indian town, he lay concealed all day, and at night re-commenced his journey. But fresh perplexities awaited him at every step. He was constantly encountering either a small village or a solitary wigwam, from which he was frequently chased by the Indian dogs, with such loud and furious barking, that he more than once considered detection inevitable. In this manner he wandered through the woods for several days, until faint with hunger, he determined at all risks to enter an Indian village, and either procure food or perish in the attempt. Having adopted this resolution, he no longer loitered on the way, but throwing himself boldly upon the first path which presented itself, he followed it at a brisk and steady pace, careless of where it might lead. About four o'clock in the afternoon, he came so suddenly upon a village that it was impossible to retreat without exposing himself to detection, and as he considered it madness to enter it in daylight, he concealed himself among some old logs until nightfall, when he sallied out like an owl or a wolf in search of something to allay the piercing pangs of hunger. Nothing could be picked up upon the skirts of the villege, as neither roasting ears nor garden fruit were in season, and it became necessary to enter the town or perish of hunger. Fortunately, the embers of a decayed fire lay near him, in which he found a sufficient quantity of coal with which to black his face and hands, and having completely disguised himself in this manner, he boldly marched into the hostile town, to take such fate as it should please heaven to send. He fortunately had with him the remnant of a blanket, which he disposed about his person in the usual Indian manner, and imitating at the same time their straggling gate, he kept the middle of the street and passed unquestioned by

squaw or warrior. Fortunately for him, the streets were almost entirely deserted, and as he afterwards learned, most of the warriors were absent. Security, however, was not his present object so much as food, which indeed had now become indispensable. Yet how was he to obtain it. He would not have hesitated to steal, had he known where to look for the larders, nor to beg, had he not known that he would have been greeted with the tomahawk. While slowly marching through the village and ruminating upon some feasible plan of satisfying his wants, he saw light in a wigwam at some distance, which gave it the appearance of a trader's booth. Cautiously approaching, he satisfied himself of the truth of his conjecture. A white man was behind a counter, dealing out various articles to several squaws who stood around him. After some hesitation, Skyles entered the shop, and in bad English asked for rum. The trader regarded him carelessly, and without appearing surprised at either his dress or manner, replied that he had no rum in the house, but would go and bring him some, if he could wait a few moments. So saying, he leaped carelessly over the counter and left the shop. Skyles instantly followed him, and stopping him in the street, briefly recounted his story, and throwing himself upon his mercy, earnestly implored his assistance. The trader appeared much astonished, and visibly hesitated. Quickly recovering himself, however, he assured Skyles that he would use every effort to save him, although in doing so, he himself would incur great risk. He then informed him that a band of Shawanees had appeared at the village on that very morning in keen pursuit of a prisoner, who (they said,) had escaped a few days before, and whom they supposed to be still in the neighborhood, from the zigzag manner in which he had traveled. Many of the warriors of the town were at that moment assisting the Shawanees in hunting for him. He

added, that they might be expected to return in the morning, in which case, if discovered, his death would be certain. Skyles listened in great alarm to his account of the danger which surrounded him. If he left the village, he could scarcely expect to escape the numerous bands who were ranging the forests in search of him!—If he remained where he was, the danger was still more imminent. Under these circumstances, he earnestly requested the advice of the trader as to the best means of avoiding his enemies. The man replied that, he must instantly leave the village, as keen eyes would be upon him in the morning, and his design would instantly be penetrated. That he must conceal himself in a hazel thicket, which he pointed out to him, where in a short time he would join him with food, where they could arrange some feasible plan of escape. They then separated, the trader returning to his shop and Skyles repairing to the friendly thicket. Here within a few minutes he was joined by his friend, who informed him that he saw but one possible mode of escape. That it would be impossible for him either to remain where he was, or to attempt to reach the white settlements through the woods, but he declared that if he was diligent and active, he might overtake a boat, which had left them that morning for Lake Erie, and offered him his own skiff for that purpose. He added that the boat was laden with furs and was commanded by an English captain, who would gladly receive him on board. Skyles eagerly embraced the offer, and they proceeded without a moment's delay to the river shore, where a handsome skiff with two oars lay in readiness for the water. Having taken an affectionate leave of the trader, Skyles put off from shore, and quickly gaining the current, rowed until daylight with the zeal of a man who knew the value of life and liberty. His greatest apprehension was, that his flight would be discovered in time to prevent his reaching the boat, and at

every rustling of the bushes on the bank of the river, or at every cry of the owl which arose from the deep forest around him, the blood would rush back to his heart, and he would fancy that his enemies were upon him. At length, between dawn and sunrise, he beheld the boat, which he had pursued so eagerly, only a few hundred yards in front, drifting slowly and calmly down the stream. He redoubled his exertions, and in half an hour, was within hailing distance. He called aloud for them to halt, but no answer was returned. Upon coming along side, he was unable to see a single man on board. Supposing her crew asleep, he mounted the side of the vessel, and saw the man at the helm enjoying a very comfortable nap, with the most enviable disregard to the dangers which might await him in the waters of Lake Erie, which were then in sight. The helmsman started up, rubbed his eyes, looked around him, and after saluting his visiter, observed that "he had almost fallen asleep." Skyles agreed with him, and anxiously enquired for the captain. The latter soon made his appearance in a woolen nightcap, and the negotiation commenced. The captain asked who he was, and what was the cause of so early a visit? Skyles was fearful of committing himself by a premature disclosure of his real character, and replied that, he was an adventurer who had been looking out for land upon the Auglaize, but that he had been driven from the country by the apprehension of outrage from the Indians, who had lately become unusually incensed against the whites. The captain coolly replied, that he had heard of one white man having been burned a few days before, at one of the Miami villages, and had understood that another had avoided the same fate only, by running away into the woods, where, unless retaken, it was supposed he would perish, as he had shown himself a miserable woodsman, and as numerous parties were in search of him. After a moment's hesitation

Skyles frankly acknowledged himself to be that miserable fugitive, and threw himself at once upon their mercy. The English captain heard him apparently without surprize, and granted his request without hesitation. All was done with the utmost sang froid. In a short time, they arrived at Detroit, where, to his no small astonishment, he beheld Chickatommo, Messhawa and their party, who had just arrived from Sandusky, after the sale of Johnston. Carefully avoiding them, he lay close in the house of a trader until the following day, when another large party arrived in pursuit of him, (having traced him down the river to Lake Erie,) and paraded the streets for several days, uttering loud complaints against those who had robbed them of their prisoner. Poor Skyles entertained the most painful apprehensions for several days, but was at length relieved by their departure. As soon as possible, he obtained a passage to Montreal, and returned in safety to the United States.

In noticing the fate of the companions of Johnston's captivity, we are naturally led to say something of the only female of the party. The reader cannot have forgotten that one of the Miss Flemings was killed upon the Ohio, and that the other became a prisoner, and was assigned to the Cherokees. Johnston had been much surprised at the levity of her conduct, when first taken. Instead of appearing dejected at the dreadful death of her sister, and the still more terrible fate of her friends, she never appeared more lively or better reconciled to her fate than while her captors lingered upon the banks of the Ohio. Upon the breaking up of the party, the Cherokees conducted their prisoner towards the Miami villages, and Johnston saw nothing more of her until after his own liberation. While he remained at the house of Mr. Duchouquet, the small party of Cherokees to whom she belonged, suddenly made their appearance in the village in a condition so tattered and dilapidated, as to

satisfy every one that all their booty had been wasted with their usual improvidence. Miss Fleming's appearance, particularly, had been entirely changed. All the levity which had astonished Johnston so much on the banks of the Ohio, was completely gone. Her dress was tattered, her cheeks sunken, her eyes discoloured by weeping, and her whole manner expressive of the most heartfelt wretchedness. Johnston addressed her with kindness, and enquired the cause of so great a change, but she only replied, by wringing her hands, and bursting into tears. Her master quickly summoned her away, and on the morning after her arrival, she was compelled to leave the village, and accompany them to Lower Sandusky. Within a few days, Johnston, in company with his friend Duchouquet, followed them to that place, partly upon business, partly with the hope of effecting her liberation. He found the town thronged with Indians of various tribes, and there, for the first time, he learned that his friend Skyles had effected his escape. Upon enquiring for the Cherokees, he learned that they were encamped with their prisoner within a quarter of a mile of the town, holding themselves aloof from the rest, and evincing the most jealous watchfulness over their prisoner. Johnston instantly applied to the traders of Sandusky, for their good offices, and as usual, the request was promptly complied with. They went out in a body to the Cherokee camp, accompanied by a white man named Whittaker, who had been taken from Virginia when a child, and had become completely naturalized among the Indians. This Whittaker was personally known to Miss Fleming, having often visited Pittsburgh where her father kept a small tavern, much frequented by Indians and traders. As soon as she beheld him, therefore, she ran up to the spot where he stood, and bursting into tears, implored him to save her from the cruel fate which she had no doubt, awaited her. He engaged very zealously in her service, and

finding that all the offers of the traders were rejected with determined obstinacy, he returned to Detroit, and solicited the intercession of an old chief known among the whites by the name of "Old King Crane," assuring him (a lie which we can scarcely blame.) that the woman was his sister. King Crane listened with gravity to the appeal of Whittaker, acknowledged the propriety of interfering in the case of so near a relative, and very calmly walked out to the Cherokee camp, in order to try the efficacy of his own eloquence in behalf of the white squaw. He found her master, however, perfectly inexorable. The argument gradually waxed warm, until at length the Cherokees became enraged, and told the old man that it was a disgrace to a chief like him, to put himself upon a level with "white people," and that they looked upon him as no better than 'dirt.' At this insupportable insult, King Crane became exasperated in turn, and a very edifying scene ensued, in which each bespattered the other with a profusion of abuse for several minutes, until the Old King recollected himself sufficiently, to draw off for the present, and concert measures for obtaining redress. He returned to the village in a towering passion, and announced his determination to collect his young men and rescue the white squaw by force, and if the Cherokees dared to resist, he swore that he would take their scalps upon the spot. Whittaker applauded this doughty resolution, but warned him of the necessity of despatch, as the Cherokees, alarmed at the idea of losing their prisoner, might be tempted to put her to death without further delay. This advice was acknowledged to be of weight, and before daylight on the following morning, King Crane assembled his young men and advanced cautiously upon the Cherokee encampment. He found all but the miserable prisoner buried in sleep. *She* had been stripped naked, her body painted black, and in this condition, had been bound to a stake,

around which hickory poles had already been collected, and every other disposition made for burning her alive at daylight. She was moaning in a low tone as her deliverers approached, and was so much exhausted as not to be aware of their approach until King Crane had actually cut the cords which bound her, with his knife. He then ordered his young men to assist her in putting on her clothes, which they obeyed with the most stoical indifference. As soon as her toilet had been completed, the King awakened her masters, and informed them that the squaw was *his!* that if they submitted quietly, it was well!—if not, his young men and himself were ready for them. The Cherokees, as may readily be imagined, protested loudly against such unrighteous proceedings, but what could words avail against drawn tomahawks and superior numbers? They finally expressed their willingness to resign the squaw—but hoped that King Crane would not be such a “beast” as to refuse them the ransom which he had offered them on the preceding day! The King replied coolly, that he had the squaw now in his own hands—and would serve them only right if he refused to pay a single broach—but that he disdained to receive any thing at their hands, without paying an equivalent! and would give them six hundred silver broaches. He then returned to Lower Sandusky, accompanied by the liberated prisoner. She was instantly painted as a squaw by Whittaker, and sent off, under care of two trusty Indians to Pittsburgh, where she arrived in safety in the course of the following week.

The Cherokees, in the evening, paraded the streets of Sandusky, armed and painted, as if upon a war party, and loudly complained of the violence which had been offered to them. They declared that they would not leave town until they had shed the blood of a white man, in revenge for the loss of their prisoner. Johnston and Duchouquet

were compelled to remain closely at home for several days, until to their great joy, the Cherokees finally left the village and were seen no more.

The remainder of Johnston's narrative is easily despatched. He quickly left Lower Sandusky, and embarked in a boat laden with fur to Detroit. After remaining here a few days, he took a passage to Montreal, and for the first and last time, had an opportunity of beholding the tremendous falls of Niagara.* Having arrived at Montreal in safety, he remained a few days in order to arrange his affairs, and as soon as possible, continued his journey by way of Fort Stanwix to New York. There he had an interview with President Washington, who, having been informed of his escape, sent for him, in order to make a number of enquiries as to the strength of the tribes through which he had passed, the force and condition of the British garrisons, and the degree of countenance which they had afforded to the hostile Indians. Having given all the information of which he was possessed, he was dismissed with great kindness, and in the course of the following week, he found himself once more in the bosom of his family. As the reader may probably take some interest in the fate of the Indians whom we have mentioned, we are enabled to add something upon that subject. Chickatommo was killed at the decisive battle of the "Fallen timber," where the united force of the northwestern tribes was defeated by Gen. Wayne. Messhawa fought at the same place, but escaped, and afterwards became a devoted follower of the celebrated Tecumseh. He fought at Tippecanoe, Raisin, and finally at the River Thames, where it is supposed he was killed. King Crane lived to a great age, was present at St. Clair's defeat, and at the "Fallen timber," but finally became reconciled to the Americans, and fought

*This was an Iroquois word, and in their language signifies "The Thunder of the waters!" It is pronounced O-ni-aa-gaa-ra.

under Harrison at Thames. Whittaker, the white man, was in St. Clair's defeat, and afterwards with the Indians against Wayne. He has been dead many years. Tom Lewis fought against the Americans in all the northwestern battles, until the final peace in 1796, and then was one of the deputation who came on to Washington city, where Johnston saw him in '97. He afterwards rose to the rank of chief among the Shawanees, but having an incurable propensity to rum and thieving, he was degraded from his rank and removed, with a band of his countrymen, to the country west of the Mississippi.

CHAPTER X.

NARRATIVE

OF

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HUBBELL.

From the Western Review.

In the year 1791, while the Indians were yet troublesome, especially on the banks of the Ohio, Captain William Hubbell, who had previously emigrated to Kentucky from the state of Vermont, and who, after having fixed his family in the neighborhood of Frankfort, then a frontier settlement, had been compelled to go to the eastward on business, was a second time on his way to this country. On one of the tributary streams of the river Monongahela, he procured a flat bottomed boat, and embarked in company with Mr. Daniel Light, and Mr. William Plascut and his family, consisting of a wife and eight children, destined for Limestone, Kentucky. On their progress down the river Ohio, and soon after passing Pittsburgh, they saw evident traces of Indians along the banks, and there is every reason to believe that a boat which they overtook, and which, through carelessness, was suffered to run aground on an island, became a prey to these merciless savages. Though Captain Hubbell and his party stopped some time for it in a lower part of the river, it did not arrive, and it has never to their knowledge been heard of since. Before they reached the mouth of the Great Kenhawa, they had, by several successive ad-

ditions, increased their number to twenty, consisting of nine men, three women, and eight children. The men, besides those mentioned above, were one John Stoner, an Irishman and a Dutchman whose names are not recollected, Messrs. Ray and Tucker, and a Mr. Kilpatrick, whose two daughters also were of the party. Information received at Gallipolis confirmed the expectation, which appearances previously raised, of a serious conflict with a large body of Indians; and as Captain Hubbell had been regularly appointed commander of the boat, every possible preparation was made for a formidable and successful resistance of the anticipated attack. The nine men were divided into three watches for the night, which were alternately to continue awake and be on the look out for two hours at a time. The arms on board, which consisted principally of old muskets much out of order, were collected, loaded, and put in the best possible condition for service. At about sunset on that day, the 23d of March, 1791, our party overtook a fleet of six boats descending the river in company, and intended to have continued with them, but as their passengers seemed to be more disposed to dancing than fighting, and as, soon after dark, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Captain Hubbell, they commenced fiddling and dancing instead of preparing their arms and taking the necessary rest preparatory to battle, it was wisely considered more hazardous to be in such company than to be alone. It was therefore determined to proceed rapidly forward by aid of the oars and to leave those thoughtless fellow-travellers behind. One of the boats, however, belonging to the fleet, commanded by a Captain Greathouse, adopted the same plan, and for a while kept up with Captain Hubbell, but all its crew at length falling asleep, that boat also ceased to be propelled by the oars, and Captain Hubbell and his party proceeded steadily forward alone. Early in the night a canoe was dimly seen floating

down the river, in which were probably Indians reconnoitering, and other evident indications were observed of the neighborhood and hostile intentions of a formidable party of savages.

It was now agreed, that should the attack, as was probable, be deferred till morning, every man should be up before the dawn in order to make as great a show as possible of numbers and of strength; and that, whenever the action should take place, the women and children should lie down on the cabin floor and be protected as well as they could by the trunks and other baggage, which might be placed around them. In this perilous situation they continued during the night, and the Captain, who had not slept more than one hour since he left Pittsburgh, was too deeply impressed with the imminent danger which surrounded him to obtain any rest at that time.

Just as daylight began to appear in the east, and before the men were up and at their posts agreeably to arrangement, a voice at some distance below them in a plaintive tone repeatedly solicited them to come on shore as there were some white persons who wished to obtain a passage in their boat. This the Captain very naturally and correctly concluded to be an Indian artifice, and its only effect was to rouse the men and place every one on his guard. The voice of entreaty was soon changed into the language of indignation and insult, and the sound of distant paddles announced the approach of the savage foe. At length three Indian canoes were seen through the mist of the morning rapidly advancing. With the utmost coolness the Captain and his companions prepared to receive them. The chairs, tables and other incumbrances were thrown into the river, in order to clear the deck for action. Every man took his position, and was ordered not to fire till the savages had approached so near, that, (to use the words of Captain Hubbell,) "the flash

from the guns might singe their eye brows;" and a special caution was given, that the men should fire successively, so that there might be no interval. On the arrival of the canoes, they were found to contain about twenty-five or thirty Indians each. As soon as they had approached within the reach of musket shot, a general fire was given from one of them which wounded Mr. Tucker through the hip so severely that his leg hung only by the flesh, and shot Mr. Light just below his ribs. The three canoes placed themselves at the bow, stern, and on the right side of the boat, so that they had an opportunity of raking in every direction. The fire now commenced from the boat, and had a powerful effect in checking the confidence and fury of the Indians. The Captain, after firing his own gun took up that of one of the wounded men, raised it to his shoulder and was about to discharge it when a ball came and took away the lock; he coolly turned round, seized a brand of fire from the kettle which served for a caboose, and applying it to the pan, discharged the piece with effect. A very regular and constant fire was now kept up on both sides. The Captain was just in the act of raising his gun a third time, when a ball passed through his right arm, and for a moment disabled him. Scarcely had he recovered from the shock and re-acquired the use of his hand, which had been suddenly *drawn up* by the wound, when he observed the Indians in one of the canoes just about to board the boat in its bow, where the horses were placed belonging to the party. So near had they approached, that some of them had actually seized with their hands the side of the boat. Severely wounded as he was, he caught up a pair of horsemen's pistols and rushed forward to repel the attempt at boarding. On his approach the Indians fell back, and he discharged a pistol with effect at the foremost man. After firing the second pistol, he found himself without arms, and was compelled to retreat; but stepping back upon a pile

of small wood which had been prepared for burning in the kettle, the thought struck him, that it might be made use of in repelling the foe, and he continued for some time to strike them with it so forcibly and actively that they were unable to enter the boat, and at length he wounded one of them so severely that with a yell they suddenly gave way. All the canoes instantly discontinued the contest and directed their course to Captain Greathouse's boat which was then in sight. Here a striking contrast was exhibited to the firmness and intrepidity which had been displayed. Instead of resisting the attack, the people on board of this boat retired to the cabin in dismay. The Indians entered it without opposition, and rowed it to the shore, where they instantly killed the Captain and a lad of about fourteen years of age. The women they placed in the centre of their canoes, and manning them with fresh hands, again pursued Captain Hubbell and party. A melancholy alternative now presented itself to these brave but almost desponding men, either to fall a prey to the savages themselves, or to run the risk of shooting the women, who had been placed in the canoes in the hope of deriving protection from their presence. But "self preservation is the first law of nature," and the Captain very justly remarked, there would not be much humanity in preserving their lives at such a sacrifice, merely that they might become victims of savage cruelty at some subsequent period.

There were now but four men left on board of Captain Hubbell's boat, capable of defending it, and the Captain himself was severely wounded in two places. The second attack, however, was resisted with almost incredible firmness and vigor. Whenever the Indians would rise to fire, their opponents would commonly give them the first shot, which in almost every instance would prove fatal. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, and the exhausted condition of the defenders of the boat, the Indians at length

appeared to despair of success, and the canoes successively retired to the shore. Just as the last one was departing, Captain Hubbell called to the Indian, who was standing in the stern, and on his turning round, discharged his piece at him. When the smoke, which for a moment obstructed the vision, was dissipated, he was seen lying on his back, and appeared to be severely, perhaps mortally wounded.

Unfortunately the boat now drifted near to the shore where the Indians were collected, and a large concourse, probably between four and five hundred, were seen rushing down on the bank. Ray and Plascut, the only men remaining unhurt, were placed at the oars, and as the boat was not more than twenty yards from shore, it was deemed prudent for all to lie down in as safe a position as possible and attempt to push forward with the utmost practicable rapidity. While they continued in this situation, nine balls were shot into one oar, and ten into the other, without wounding the rowers, who were hidden from view and protected by the side of the boat and the blankets in its stern. During this dreadful exposure to the fire of the savages, which continued about twenty minutes, Mr. Kilpatrick observed a particular Indian, whom he thought a favorable mark for his rifle, and, notwithstanding the solemn warning of Captain Hubbell rose to shoot him. He immediately received a ball in his mouth, which passed out at the back part of his head, and was almost at the same moment shot through the heart. He fell among the horses that about the same time were killed, and presented to his afflicted daughters and fellow-travellers, who were witnesses of the awful occurrence, a spectacle of horror which we need not further attempt to describe.

The boat was now providentially and suddenly carried out into the middle of the stream and taken by the current beyond the reach of the enemy's balls. Our little band, reduced as they were in numbers, wounded, afflicted, and al-

most exhausted by fatigue, were still unsubdued in spirit, and being assembled in all their strength, men, women and children, with an appearance of triumph gave three hearty cheers, calling to the Indians to come on again if they were fond of the sport.

Thus ended this awful conflict, in which out of nine men, two only escaped unhurt. Tucker and Kilpatrick were killed on the spot, Stoner was mortally wounded and died on his arrival at Limestone, and all the rest, excepting Ray and Plascut, were severely wounded. The women and children were all uninjured, excepting a little son of Mr. Plascut, who, after the battle was over, came to the Captain and with great coolness requested him to take a ball out of his head. On examination it appeared that a bullet which had passed through the side of the boat had penetrated the forehead of this little hero, and remained under the skin. The Captain took it out, and the youth, observing, "*that is not all,*" raised his arm, and exhibited a piece of bone at the point of his elbow, which had been shot off and hung only by the skin. His mother exclaimed, "why did you not tell me of this?" "Because," he coolly replied, "the Captain directed us to be silent during the action, and I thought you would be likely to make a noise if I told you."

The boat made the best of its way down the river, and the object was to reach Limestone that night. The Captain's arm had bled profusely, and he was compelled to close the sleeve of his coat in order to retain the blood and stop its effusion. In this situation, tormented by excruciating pain and faint through loss of blood, he was under the necessity of steering the boat with his left arm, till about ten o'clock that night, when he was relieved by Mr. William Brooks, who resided on the bank of the river, and who was induced by the calls of the suffering party to come out to their assistance. By his aid and that of some other persons who were

in the same manner brought to their relief, they were enabled to reach Limestone about twelve o'clock that night.

Immediately on the arrival of Mr. Boooks, Captain Hubbell, relieved from labor and responsibility, sunk under the weight of pain and fatigue, and became for a while totally insensible. When the boat reached Limestone, he found himself unable to walk, and was obliged to be carried up to the tavern. Here he had his wound dressed and continued several days until he acquired sufficient strength to proceed homewards.

On the arrival of our party at Limestone, they found a considerable force of armed men, about to march against the same Indians, from whose attacks they had so severely suffered. They now learned, that the Sunday preceding, the same party of savages had cut off a detachment of men ascending the Ohio from fort Washington at the mouth of Licking river, and had killed with their tomahawks, without firing a gun, twenty one out of twenty two men of which the detachment consisted.

Crowds of people, as might be expected, came to witness the boat which had been the scene of so much heroism, and such horrid carnage, and to visit the resolute little band by whom it had been so gallantly and perseveringly defended. On examination it was found that the sides of the boat were literally filled with bullets and with bullet holes. There was scarcely a space of two feet square in the part above water, which had not either a ball remaining in it or a hole through which a ball had passed. Some persons who had the curiosity to count the number of holes in the blankets which were hung up as curtains in the stern of the boat, affirmed that in the space of five feet square there were one hundred and twenty two. Four horses out of five were killed, and the escape of the fifth amidst such a shower of balls appears almost miraculous.

The day after the arrival of Gaptain Hubbell and his companions, the five remaining boats, which they had passed on the night preceding the battle, reached Limestone. Those on board remarked, that during the action they distinctly saw the flashes, but could not hear the reports of the guns. The Indians, it appears, had met with too formidable a resistance from a single boat to attack a fleet, and suffered them to pass unmolested: and since that time, it is believed that no boat has been assailed by Indians on the Ohio.

The force which marched out to disperse this formidable body of savages, discovered several Indians dead on the shore near the scene of action. They also found the bodies of Captain Greathouse and several others, men, women and children, who had been on board of his boat. Most of them appeared to have been *whipped to death*, as they were found stripped, tied to trees, and marked with the appearance of lashes, and large rods which seemed to have been worn with use were observed lying near them.

CHAPTER XI.

Heretofore our narrative has chiefly been confined to the adventures of individuals, or at most, to the irregular *forays* of independent volunteers. We come now, however, to events upon a large scale, and to a detail of national, not individual efforts. Before entering, however, upon such a brief notice as our limits will permit, of the events of the north western campaign, it will be necessary to premise a few observations upon the causes of the long continued warfare to which the western states were exposed, while those upon the borders of the Atlantic enjoyed all the blessings of peace.

At the general pacification of 1783, there were several stipulations upon both sides, which were not complied with. Great Britain had agreed, as speedily as possible, to evacuate all the north western posts, which lay within the boundaries of the United States, while, on the other hand, Congress had stipulated that no *legal* impediments should be thrown in the way, in order to prevent the collection of debts due to British merchants before the declaration of war. Large importations had been made by American merchants, upon *credit*, in '73 and '74, and as all civil intercourse between the two countries had ceased until the return of peace, the British creditors were unable to collect their debts. Upon the final ratification of the treaty, they naturally became desirous of recovering their property, while their debtors as naturally were desirous of avoiding payment. Congress had stipulated that no legal barrier should be thrown in the way; but as is well known, Congress, under the old confederation, was much more prolific in "resolutions," or rather "recommendations," than acts. The states might or might

not comply with them, as suited their convenience. Accordingly, when Congress recommended the payment of all debts to the state legislatures, the legislatures determined that it was inexpedient to comply. The British creditor complained to his government, the government remonstrated with Congress, upon so flagrant a breach of one of the articles of pacification, Congress appealed to the legislatures, the legislatures were deaf and obstinate, and there the matter rested. When the question was agitated, as to the evacuation of the posts, the British in turn, became refractory, and determined to hold them until the acts of the state legislatures, preventing the legal collection of debts, were repealed. Many remonstrances were exchanged, but all to no purpose.

In the mean time, the Indians were supplied, as usual, by the British agents, and if not openly encouraged, were undoubtedly secretly countenanced in their repeated depredations upon the frontier inhabitants. These, at length became so serious, as to demand the notice of government. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1790, General Harmer was detached at the head of three hundred regular troops, and more than one thousand militia, with orders to march upon their towns bordering upon the lakes, and inflict upon them such signal chastisement as should deter them from future depredations. On the 20th of September, the various troops, designed for the expedition, rendezvoused at Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, and on the following day commenced their march to the Miami villages. The country was rough, swampy, and in many places, almost impassable, so that seventeen days were consumed before the main body could come within striking distance of the enemy. In the mean time, the great scarcity of provisions rendered it necessary for the General to sweep the forest with numerous small detachments, and as the woods swarmed with roving bands of Indians, most of these parties were cut off.

At length, the main body, considerably reduced by this petty warfare, came within a few miles of their towns. Here the General ordered Captain Armstrong, at the head of thirty regulars, and Col. Harden of Kentucky, with one hundred and fifty militia, to advance and reconnoitre. In the execution of this order they suddenly found themselves in the presence of a superior number of Indians, who suddenly arose from the bushes and opened a heavy fire upon them. The militia instantly gave way, while the regulars accustomed to more orderly movements attempted a regular retreat. The enemy rushed upon them tomahawk in hand and completely surrounded them. The regulars attempted to open a passage with the bayonet, but in vain. They were all destroyed with the exception of their Captain and one Lieutenant. Captain Armstrong was remarkably stout and active, and succeeded in breaking through the enemy's line, although not without receiving several severe wounds. Finding himself hard pressed, he plunged into a deep and miry swamp, where he lay concealed during the whole night within two hundred yards of the Indian camp, and witnessed the dances and joyous festivity with which they celebrated their victory. The Lieutenant (Haitshorn,) escaped by accidentally stumbling over a log, and falling into a pit where he lay concealed by the rank grass which grew around him. The loss of the Militia was very trifling. Notwithstanding this severe check, Harmer advanced with the main body upon their villages, which he found deserted and in flames, the Indians having fired them with their own hands. Here he found several hundred acres of corn, which was completely destroyed. He then advanced upon the adjoining villages, which he found deserted and burned as the first had been. Having destroyed all the corn which he found, the army commenced its retreat from the Indian country, supposing the enemy sufficiently intimidated. After marching a-

bout ten miles on the homeward route, General Harmer received information which induced him to suppose that a body of Indians had returned and taken possession of the village which he had just left. He detached, therefore, eighty regular troops under the orders of Major Wyllys, and nearly the whole of his militia under Col. Harden, with orders to return to the village and destroy such of the enemy as presented themselves. The detachment accordingly countermarched and proceeded with all possible despatch to the appointed spot, fearful only that the enemy might hear of their movement and escape before they could come up. The militia in loose order took the advance—the regulars moving in a hollow square brought up the rear. Upon the plain in front of the town a number of Indians were seen, between whom and the militia a sharp action commenced. After a few rounds, with considerable effect upon both sides, the savages fled in disorder and were eagerly and impetuously pursued by the militia, who in the ardor of the chase were drawn into the woods to a considerable distance from the regulars. Suddenly from the opposite quarter several hundred Indians appeared, rushing with loud yells upon the unsupported regulars. Major Wyllys, who was a brave and experienced officer, formed his men in a square, and endeavored to gain a more favorable spot of ground, but was prevented by the desperate impetuosity with which the enemy assailed him. Unchecked by the murderous fire which was poured upon them from the different sides of the square, they rushed in masses up to the points of the bayonets, hurled their tomahawks with fatal accuracy, and putting aside the bayonets with their hands, or clogging them with their bodies, they were quickly mingled with the troops, and handled their long knives with destructive effect. In two minutes the bloody struggle was over. Major Wyllys fell together with seventy three privates and one Lieutenant. One Captain, one En-

sign and seven privates, three of whom were wounded, were the sole survivors of this short but desperate encounter. The Indian loss was nearly equal, as they sustained several heavy fires which the closeness of their masses rendered very destructive, and as they rushed upon the bayonets of the troops with the most astonishing disregard to their own safety. Their object was to overwhelm the regulars before the militia could return to their support, and it was as boldly executed as it had been finely conceived. In a short time the militia returned from the pursuit of the flying party which had decoyed them to a distance, but it was now too late to retrieve the fortune of the day. After some sharp skirmishing they effected their retreat to the main body, with the loss of one hundred and eight killed and twenty eight wounded. This dreadful slaughter so reduced the strength and spirits of Harmer's army, that he was happy in being permitted to retreat unmolested, having totally failed in accomplishing the objects of the expedition, and by obstinately persevering in the ruinous plan of acting in detachments, having thrown away the lives of more than half of his regular force. This abortive expedition served only to encourage the enemy and to give additional rancor to their incursions.

Before detailing the important events which followed, however, we shall pause for a few moments to dwell upon the singular adventure of an individual who attended Harmer in his expedition. Jackson Jöhonnet was born in Connecticut in May, 1774. His father was a farmer, and managed, upon a very small and by no means fertile farm, to bring up a large family with credit and decency. Jackson, the eldest son, at the age of sixteen, became desirous of engaging in some business upon his own account, and as his father could well spare his labor upon the farm, he took leave of his family in the spring of '90, and embarked on board of a coasting schooner for Boston. Having arrived in this large city, and

for the first time in his life, finding himself without friends, money or employment of any kind, he began to entertain some uncomfortable apprehensions of want. After wandering through the streets for several days, with a very disconsolate air, he was at length accosted by a dexterous recruiting officer, who seeing him to be a perfect greenhorn, determined to enlist him if he could. Accosting him with great frankness, he soon became acquainted with his real condition, and after some preliminary observations upon the gaiety, recklessness, and happiness of a soldier's life, he proposed that he should enlist in his company, and march out to the west, assuring him that if he was active and diligent, he would make an immense fortune in one year. Jackson at first shrunk from the idea of "enlisting," but his imagination became gradually heated at the glowing description of the fertility of the western country, and the facility with which land could be acquired to any extent by a successful soldier. He finally promised him a sergeant's commission on the spot, and held out to him the prospect of a lieutenancy in case of good behavior. Jackson at length yielded to the eloquence of this modern Kite, and in a few days found himself on the road to Pittsburgh, and highly charmed with his martial appearance, when arrayed in the uniform of his corps. Embarking on board of a flat boat at Pittsburgh, he descended the Ohio as far as fort Washington, (Cincinnati,) where he found his regiment preparing to accompany Harmer. A few days after his arrival, the march commenced. Here he, for the first time, awoke from the pleasant dream in which he had indulged. He had thought that war was a succession of battles and triumphs, leading naturally to wealth and glory. Splendid uniforms, gay music, waving plumes, and showy parades, had floated in splendid confusion before his fancy, until the march commenced. He now found that war was made up of dreadful fatigue, constant

exposure to all weather, hard words and harder blows from his superiors, and the whole crowned by the constant gnawings of hunger without the means of satisfying it.

On the tenth day of their march, (having been promoted to the rank of sergeant,) he was detached upon an exploring expedition, at the head of ten regular soldiers. Being all equally ignorant of Indian warfare, they were quickly decoyed into an ambuscade, and made prisoners by a party of Kickapoo Indians. Having been bound and secured in the usual manner, they were driven before the captors like a herd of bullocks, and with scarcely a morsel of food, were forced to make the most exhausting marches in the direction of the Kickapoo village. On the second day, George Aikins, one of his companions, a native of Ireland, was unable to endure his sufferings any longer, and sunk under his pack in the middle of the path. They instantly scalped him as he lay, and stripping him naked, pricked him with their knives in the most sensitive parts of the body, until they had aroused him to a consciousness of his situation, when they tortured him to death in the usual manner. The march instantly recommenced, and the wretched prisoners, faint and famished as they were, were so shocked at the fate of their companion, that they bore up for eight days under all their sufferings. On the ninth, however, they reached a small village, where crowds of both sexes came out to meet them, with shrieks and yells, which filled them with terror. Here they were compelled, as usual, to run the gauntlet, and as they were much worn down by hunger and fatigue, four of the party, viz: Durgee, Forsythe, Deloy, and Benton, all of New England, were unable to reach the council house, but fainted in the midst of the course. The boys and squaws instantly fell upon them, and put them to death by torture. Here they remained in close confinement, and upon very scanty diet for several days, in the course of which the news

of Harmer's defeat arrived. Piles of scalps, together with canteens, sashes, military hats, &c. were brought into the village, and several white women and children were taken through the town on their way to the villages farther west. At the same time, four more of his companions were led off to the western villages, and never heard of afterwards. Himself and a corporal, named Sackville, were now the only survivors. They remained in close confinement two weeks longer. Their rations were barely sufficient to sustain life, and upon the receipt of any unpleasant intelligence, they were taken out, whipped severely and compelled to run the gauntlet.

At length, on the fourteenth night of their confinement, they determined to make an effort to escape. Sackville had concealed a sharp penknife in a secret pocket, which the Indians had been unable to discover. They were guarded by four warriors and one old hag of seventy, whose temper was as crooked as her person. The prisoners having been securely bound, the warriors lay down about midnight to sleep, ordering the old squaw to sit up during the rest of the night. Their guns stood in the corner of the hut, and their tomahawks, as usual, were attached to their sides. Their hopes of escape were founded upon the probability of eluding the vigilance of the hag, cutting their cords, and either avoiding or destroying their guard. The snoring of the warriors quickly announced them asleep, and the old squaw hung in a drowsy attitude over the fire. Sackville cautiously cut his own cords, and after a few minutes delay, succeeded in performing the same office for Jackson. But their work was scarcely begun yet. It was absolutely necessary that the old squaw should fall asleep, or be *silenced in some other way!* before they could either leave the hut, or attack the sleeping warriors. They waited impatiently for the space of half an hour, but perceiving that although occasion

ally dozing, she would rouse herself at short intervals, and regard them suspiciously, they exchanged looks of intelligence (being afraid even to whisper,) and prepared for the decisive effort. Jackson suddenly sprung up as silently as possible and grasping the old woman by the throat drew her head back with violence, when Sackville, who had watched his movements attentively, instantly cut her throat from ear to ear. A short gurgling moan was the only sound which escaped her, as the violence with which Jackson grasped her throat, effectually prevented her speaking. The sleepers were not awakened, although they appeared somewhat disturbed at the noise, and the two adventurers, seizing each a rifle, struck at the same moment with such fury as to disable two of their enemies. The other two instantly sprung to their feet, but before they could draw their tomahawks or give the alarm, they were prostrated by the blows of the white men, who attacked them at the moment that they had gained their feet. Their enemies, although stunned, were not yet dead. They drew their tomahawks from their sides, therefore, and striking each Indian repeatedly upon the head, completed the work by piercing the heart of each with his own scalping knife. Selecting two rifles from the corner, together with their usual appendages, and taking such provisions as the hut afforded, they left the village as rapidly as possible, and fervently invoking the protection of heaven, committed themselves to the wilderness. Neither of them were good woodsmen, nor were either of them expert hunters. They attempted a southeastern course, however, as nearly as they could ascertain it, but were much embarrassed by the frequent recurrence of impassable bogs, which compelled them to change their course, and greatly retarded their progress. Knowing that the pursuit would be keen and persevering, they resorted to every method of baffling their enemies. They waded down many streams, and occasion-

ally surmounted rocky precipices, which, under other circumstances, nothing could have induced them to attempt. Their sufferings from hunger were excessive, as they were so indifferently skilled in hunting, as to be unable to kill a sufficient quantity of game, although the woods abounded with deer, beaver and buffalo.

On the fourth day, about 10 o'clock, A. M., they came to a fine spring, where they halted and determined to prepare their breakfast. Before kindling a fire, however, Sackville, either upon some vague suspicion of the proximity of an enemy, or from some other cause, thought proper to ascend an adjoining hillock and reconnoitre the ground around the spring. No measure was ever more providential. Jackson presently beheld him returning cautiously and silently to the spring, and being satisfied from his manner that danger was at hand, he held his rifle in readiness for action, at a moment's warning. Sackville presently rejoined him with a countenance in which anxiety and resolution were strikingly blended. Jackson eagerly enquired the cause of his alarm. His companion, in a low voice, replied that they were within one hundred yards of four Indian warriors, who were reposing upon the bank of the little rivulet on the other side of the hillock. That they were about kindling a fire in order to prepare their breakfast, and that two white men lay bound hand and foot within twenty feet of them. He added that they were evidently prisoners, exposed to the same dreadful fate which *they* had just escaped, and concluded by declaring, that if Jackson would stand by him faithfully, he was determined to rescue them or perish in the attempt. Jackson gave him his hand and expressed his readiness to accompany him. Sackville then looked carefully to the priming of his gun, loosened his knife in the sheath, and desired Jackson to follow him, without making the slightest noise. They, accordingly, moved in a stooping posture up a small and bushy

ravine, which conducted them to the top of the gentle hill. When near the summit, they threw themselves flat upon the ground, and crawled into a thick cluster of whortlebury bushes, from which they had a fair view of the enemy. The Indians had not changed their position, but one of the white men was sitting up, and displayed the countenance of a young man, apparently about twenty five, pale, haggard and exhausted. Two Indians, with uplifted tomahawks, sat within three feet of him. One lay at full length upon the ground, while the remaining one was in the act of lighting a fire. Sackville cocked his gun and in a low voice directed Jackson to fire at one of the guards who, from the quantity of beads and silver about his head, appeared to be a chief, while he selected the other guard for a mark. Each presented at the same moment, took a steady aim and fired. Both Indians fell—the chief shot dead, the other mortally wounded. The other two Indians squatted in the grass like terrified partridges, when the hawk hovers over them, and lay still and motionless. Sackville and Jackson reloaded their guns as rapidly as possible, and shifted their position a few paces in order to obtain a better view of the enemy. In the meantime, the two Indians cautiously elevated their heads above the grass, and glanced rapidly around in order to observe from what quarter the fatal shots were discharged. The thin wreaths of smoke which curled above the bushes where our adventurers lay, betrayed their hiding place to the enemy. Before they could take advantage of it, however, they were ready to fire again, and this second volley proved fatal to one of their enemies who lay without motion, but the other was only slightly wounded, and endeavored to reach the bushes upon the opposite side of the brook. Sackville and Jackson now sprung to their feet and rushed upon him, but the desperate savage shot Sackville through the heart as he advanced, and flourished his tomahawk so menacingly at

Jackson that he was compelled to pause and reload his gun. The savage seized this opportunity to grasp the two rifles belonging to the Indians who had been first killed, and Jackson in consequence was compelled to retreat to the friendly shelter of the bushes, which he had too hastily abandoned. At this instant the two prisoners having burst the cords which confined them, sprung to their feet and ran towards the bushes for protection. Before they could reach them, however, the Indian shot one dead, and fired his last gun at the other, but without effect. Jackson having reloaded again fired upon their desperate enemy and wounded him in the neck from which he could see the blood spouting in a stream. Nothing daunted, the Indian rapidly reloaded his gun and again fired without effect. The prisoner who had escaped, now seized Sackville's gun and he and Johonnet having reloaded, once more left the bushes and advanced upon the wounded enemy. The savage, although much exhausted from loss of blood, sat up at their approach and flourishing a tomahawk in each hand seemed at least determined to die game. Johonnet was anxious to take him alive, but was prevented by his companion who levelling his gun as he advanced shot his adversary through the head, and thus put an end to the conflict. It was a melancholy victory to the survivors. Johonnet had lost his gallant comrade, and the rescued white man had to lament the death of his fellow captive. The last Indian had certainly inflicted a heavy penalty upon his enemies, and died amply revenged. The rescued prisoner proved to be George Sexton, of Newport, Rhode Island, a private in Harmer's army.

Fortunately for Johonnet, his new comrade was an excellent woodsman, and very readily informed his deliverer of their present situation and of the proper course to steer. He said that, in company with three others he had been taken by a party of Wabash Indians, in the neighborhood of fort

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Jefferson; that two of his comrades having sunk under their sufferings, had been tomahawked and scalped upon the spot; that himself and his dead companion, had been in hourly expectation of a similar fate; and concluded, with the warmest expressions of gratitude for the gallantry with which he had been rescued. So lively, indeed, was his sense of obligation, that he would not permit Jackson to carry his own baggage, nor would he suffer him to watch more than three hours in the twenty four. On the following day, they fortunately fell in with a small detachment from fort Jefferson, by which they were safely conducted to the fort. Here Jackson remained until summoned to attend St. Clair, in his disastrous expedition against the same Miami villages where he had lately suffered so much.

CHAPTER XII.

We now come to one of the heaviest disasters which occurs in the annals of Indian warfare. The failure of Harmer, made a deep impression upon the American nation, and was followed by a loud demand for a greater force, under the command of a more experienced general. General ARTHUR ST. CLAIR was, at that time, Governor of the north western territory, and had a claim to the command of such forces as should be employed within his own limits. This gentleman had uniformly ranked high as an officer of courage and patriotism, but had been more uniformly unfortunate than any other officer in the American service. He had commanded at Ticonderoga in the spring of '77, and had conducted one of the most disastrous retreats which occurred during the revolutionary war. Notwithstanding his repeated misfortunes, he still commanded the respect of his brother officers, and the undiminished confidence of WASHINGTON. He was now selected as the person most capable of restoring the American affairs in the North West, and was placed at the head of a regular force, amounting to near fifteen hundred men, well furnished with artillery, and was empowered to call out such reinforcements of militia as might be necessary. Cincinnati, as usual, was the place of rendezvous.

In October, 1791, an army was assembled at that place, greatly superior, in numbers, officers and equipments, to any which had yet appeared in the west. The regular force was composed of three complete regiments of infantry, two companies of artillery and one of cavalry. The militia who joined him at fort Washington, amounted to upwards of six hun-

dred men, most of whom had long been accustomed to Indian warfare. The General commenced his march from Cincinnati on the — of October, and following the route of Harmer, arrived at fort Jefferson without material loss, although not without having sustained much inconvenience from scarcity of provisions. The Kentucky rangers, amounting to upwards of two hundred men, had encountered several small parties of Indians, but no serious affair had as yet taken place. Shortly after leaving fort Jefferson, one of the militia regiments, with their usual regard to discipline, determined that it was inexpedient to proceed farther, and detaching themselves from the main body, returned rapidly to the fort on their way home. This illtimed mutiny, not only discouraged the remainder, but compelled the General to detach the first regiment in pursuit of them, if not to bring them back, at least to prevent them from injuring the stores, collected at the fort for the use of the army. With the remainder of the troops, amounting in all to about twelve hundred men, he continued his march to the great Miami villages.

On the evening of the 3d of November, he encamped upon a very commanding piece of ground, upon the bank of the river St. Mary's, where he determined to throw up some slight works for the purpose of protecting their knapsacks and baggage, having to move upon the Miami villages, supposed to be within twelve miles, as soon as the first regiment should rejoin them. The remainder of the evening was employed in concerting the plan of the proposed work with Major Furguson of the engineers, and when the centries were posted at night, every thing was as quiet as could have been desired. The troops were encamped in two lines, with an interval of seventy yards between them, which was all that the nature of the ground would permit. The battalions of Majors Butler, Clarke and Patterson, composed the

front line, the whole under the orders of Major General Butler, an officer of high and merited reputation. The front of the line was covered by a creek, its right flank by the river, and its left by a strong corps of infantry. The second line was composed of the battalions of Majors Gaither and Beldinger, and the second regiment under the command of Lieut. Col. Darke. This line, like the other, was secured upon one flank by the river, and upon the other by the cavalry and pickets.* The night passed away without alarm. The sentinels were vigilant,† and the officers upon the alert.

A few hours before day, St. Clair caused the reveillie to be beaten, and the troops to be paraded under arms, under the expectation that an attack would probably be made. In this situation, they continued until daylight, when they were dismissed to their tents. Some were endeavoring to snatch a few minute's sleep, others were preparing for the expected march, when suddenly the report of a rifle was heard from the militia a few hundred yards in front, which was quickly followed by a sharp irregular volley in the same direction. The drums instantly beat to arms, the officers flew in every direction, and in two minutes the troops were formed in order of battle. Presently the militia rushed into the camp, in the utmost disorder, closely pursued by swarms of Indians, who, in many places, were mingled with them, and were cutting them down with their tomahawks. Major Butler's battalion received the first shock, and was thrown into

*The militia amounting to about two hundred and fifty men, were thrown across the creek about three hundred yards in front of the first line, and a small detachment of regulars under the orders of Captain Slough, were pushed still further in advance in order to prevent the possibility of surprize.

†Captain Slough was alarmed in the course of the night by the appearance of an unusual number of the enemy in his front and upon both flanks. A short time before day they had collected in such numbers as seriously to alarm him, and induced him to fall back upon the militia. He instantly informed General Butler of the circumstance, but that officer, unfortunately, slighted the intelligence and did not deem it of sufficient importance, to inform the commander in chief.

disorder by the tumultuous flight of the militia, who, in their eagerness to escape, bore down every thing before them. Here Maj. Gen. Butler had stationed himself and here St. Clair directed his attention, in order to remedy the confusion which began to spread rapidly through the whole line. The Indians pressed forward with great audacity, and many of them were mingled with the troops, before their progress could be checked. Major General Butler was wounded at the first fire, and before his wound could be dressed, an Indian who had penetrated the ranks of the regiment, ran up to the spot where he lay, and tomahawked him before his attendants could interpose. The desperate savage was instantly killed. By great exertions, Butler's battalion was restored to order, and the heavy and sustained fire of the first line compelled the enemy to pause and shelter themselves. This interval, however, endured but for a moment. An invisible but tremendous fire, quickly opened upon the whole front of the encampment, which rapidly extended to the rear, and encompassed the troops on both sides. St. Clair, who at that time, was worn down by a fever, and unable to mount his horse, nevertheless, as is universally admitted, exerted himself with a courage and presence of mind worthy of a better fate. He instantly directed his litter to the right of the rear line, where the great weight of fire fell, and where the slaughter, particularly of the officers, was terrible. Here Darke commanded, an officer who had been trained to hard service, during the revolutionary war, and who was now gallantly exerting himself to check the consternation which was evidently beginning to prevail. St. Clair ordered him to make a rapid charge with the bayonet, and rouse the enemy from their covert. The order was instantly obeyed, and, at first, apparently with great effect. Swarms of dusky bodies arose from the high grass, and fled before the regiment with every mark of consternation, but as the troops

were unable to overtake them, they quickly recovered their courage, and kept up so fatal a retreating fire, that the exhausted regulars were compelled, in their turn, to give way. This charge, however, relieved that particular point for some time; but the weight of the fire was transferred to the centre of the first line, where it threatened to annihilate every thing within its range. There, in turn, the unfortunate General was borne by his attendants, and ordered a second appeal to the bayonet. This second charge was made with the same impetuosity as at first, and with the same momentary success. But the attack was instantly shifted to another point, where the same charge was made and the same result followed. The Indians would retire before them, still keeping up a most fatal fire, and the continentals were uniformly compelled to retire in turn. St. Clair brought up the artillery in order to sweep the bushes with grape, but the horses and artillerymen were destroyed by the terrible fire of the enemy, before any effect could be produced. They were instantly manned afresh from the infantry, and again swept of defenders.

The slaughter had now become prodigious. Four fifths of the officers and one half of the men were either killed or wounded. The ground was covered with bodies, and the little ravine which led to the river was running with blood. The fire of the enemy had not in the least slackened, and the troops were falling in heaps before it in every part of the camp. To have attempted to have maintained his position longer, could only have lead to the total destruction of his force, without the possibility of annoying the enemy, who never showed themselves, unless when charged, and whose numbers (to judge from the weight and extent of the fire,) must have at least doubled his own. The men were evidently much disheartened, but the officers, who were chiefly veterans of the revolution, still maintained a firm counte-

nance, and exerted themselves with unavailing heroism to the last. Under these circumstances, St. Clair determined to save the lives of the survivors if possible, and for that purpose collected the remnants of several battalions into one corps, at the head of which he ordered Lieut. Col. Darke to make an impetuous charge upon the enemy, in order to open a passage for the remainder of the army. Darke executed his orders with great spirit, and drove the Indians before him to the distance of a quarter of a mile. The remainder of the army instantly rushed through the opening, in order to gain the road. Major Clarke, with the remnant of his battalion, bringing up the rear, and endeavoring to keep the Indians in check.*

The retreat soon degenerated into a total rout. Officers, who strove to arrest the panic, only sacrificed themselves. Clarke, the leader of the rear guard, soon fell in this dangerous service, and his corps were totally disorganized. Officers and soldiers were now mingled without the slightest regard to discipline, and "devil take the hindmost," was the order of the day. The pursuit, at first, was keen; but the temptation afforded by the plunder of the camp, soon brought them back, and the wearied, wounded, and disheartened fugitives, were permitted to retire from the field unmolested. The rout continued as far as fort Jefferson, twenty nine miles from the scene of action. The action lasted more than three hours, during the whole of which time, the fire was heavy and incessant.

The loss, in proportion to the number engaged, was enormous, and is unparalleled, except in the affair of Braddock. Sixty eight officers were killed upon the spot, and twenty eight wounded. Out of nine hundred privates who went in-

*General St. Clair's horses were killed as well as those of his aids. He was placed by a few friends upon an exhausted pack horse that could not be pricked out of a walk, and in this condition followed in the rear of the troops.

to action, five hundred and fifty were left dead upon the field, and many of the survivors were wounded. Gen. St. Clair was untouched, although eight balls passed through his hat and clothes, and several horses were killed under him. The Indian loss was reported by themselves at fifty eight killed and wounded, which was probably not underrated, as they were never visible after the first attack, until charged with the bayonet. They also rated their own force at from three to four thousand, nearly the whole force of the north western tribes having been assembled. They were probably at least double the force opposed to them, as, in a very few minutes after the first fire, the whole camp was surrounded and swept by a fire which the oldest officers had never seen equalled in weight and duration. At fort Jefferson, the fugitives were joined by the first regiment, who, as noticed above, had been detached in pursuit of the deserters. Here a council of war was called, which terminated in the unanimous opinion, that the junction of the first regiment did not justify an attempt upon the enemy in the present condition of affairs, and that the army should return to fort Washington without delay. This was accordingly done, and thus closed the second campaign against the Indians.

The unfortunate General was, as usual, assailed from one end of the country to the other, but particularly in Kentucky, with one loud and merciless outcry of abuse, and even detestation. All the misfortunes of his life, (and they were many and bitter,) were brought up in array against him. He was reproached with cowardice, treason, imbecility, and a disposition to prolong the war, in order to preserve that authority which it gave him. He was charged with sacrificing the lives of his men and the interests of his country, to his own private ambition. Men, who had never fired a rifle, and never beheld an Indian, criticised severely the plan of his encampment and the order of his battle; and, in short,

all the bitter ingredients which compose the cup of the unsuccessful general, were drained to the dregs.

It seems to be a universal, and probably a correct rule, that, as the general reaps all the glory of success, so, in like manner, he should sustain all the disgrace of defeat. A victorious general, whether by a lucky blunder or otherwise, is distinguished for life—and an unfortunate one degraded. No charge in the one case, or excuse in the other, is listened to for a moment. Victory hides every blemish, and misfortune obscures every virtue. This is the popular rule for estimating the merits of a leader, which, for a time, might elevate a noisy *Cleon* to the level of an Alexander. But the historian decides otherwise. Let us look at the unfortunate St. Clair's conduct, and see if it deserves the furious and unbounded censure which has been heaped upon it. It is acknowledged, that although attacked suddenly, (all Indian attacks are sudden,) he was not surprized. His troops were encamped in order of battle, and formed in a moment. He cannot be charged with remissness, for he had arrayed them in order of battle three hours before daylight, and they had just been dismissed, when the attack commenced. He cannot be charged with incompetency *during the action*, for all his measures, if allowance be made for the circumstances attending it, were bold, judicious and military.* He did not suffer his men to be shot down in their ranks, as in Braddock's case, but made repeated, desperate and successful charges against the enemy, which nothing but their overwhelming superiority of numbers prevented from being decisive. The troops, in general, behaved with firmness, the officers were the flower of the old continental army, and not a man deserted his colours, until the order was given to retreat. In one word, the general's crime was that, with nine hundred regulars and two hundred and fifty militia, he was unable, in

*See Appendix B.

a thick wood and an unknown country, to overcome between three and four thousand Indians, selecting their own time and mode of attack, and led on by the most renowned chief of the northwestern tribes, which posterity will bring against General St. Clair. The charge of cowardice is unworthy of an answer. It could only be brought by a blind and ignorant populace, stung with rage as they ever are, at defeat, and pouring upon their unhappy victim, every reproach which rage, ignorance and the malice of interested demagogues may suggest. It may be observed, that St. Clair always stood high in the opinion of Washington, notwithstanding his repeated misfortunes, and that in his last battle, although worn down by a cruel disease, he exposed his person in every part of the action, delivered his orders with coolness and judgment, and was one of the last who arrived at fort Jefferson in the retreat. His whole life afterwards was one long and wasting struggle with poverty, reproach and misfortune. When demanding a compensation to which he considered himself entitled, before the Congress of the United States, a demand to which he had been compelled by the stern pressure of want, old age and decrepitude, he was stigmatized by a member of that body as a "pauper!" and his claim rejected! Rejected on that same floor where a princely present was bestowed on Lafayette, for services of the same kind which were refused to be acknowledged in the case of the unhappy and really indigent St. Clair. In the one case, their generosity would resound through the world, and gratify national pride. In the other, it would only have been an act of obscure justice! The official letter of St. Clair, at once temperate, mournful and dignified, is subjoined in the appendix.

It remains only to mention such private incidents as we have been enabled to collect. The late WILLIAM KENNAN, of Fleming County, at that time a young man of eighteen, was

attached to the corps of rangers who accompanied the regular force. He had long been remarkable for strength and activity. In the course of the march from fort Washington, he had repeated opportunities of testing his astonishing powers in that respect, and was universally admitted to be the swiftest runner of the light corps. On the evening preceding the action, his corps had been advanced, as already observed, a few hundred yards in front of the first line of infantry, in order to give seasonable notice of the enemy's approach. Just as day was dawning, he observed about thirty Indians within one hundred yards of the guard fire, advancing cautiously towards the spot where he stood, together with about twenty rangers, the rest being considerably in the rear. Supposing it to be a mere scouting party, as usual, and not superior in number to the rangers, he sprung forward a few paces in order to shelter himself in a spot of peculiarly rank grass, and firing with a quick aim upon the foremost Indian, he instantly fell flat upon his face, and proceeded with all possible rapidity to reload his gun, not doubting for a moment, but that the rangers would maintain their position, and support him. The Indians, however, rushed forward in such overwhelming masses, that the rangers were compelled to fly with precipitation, leaving young Kennan in total ignorance of his danger. Fortunately, the Captain of his company had observed him when he threw himself in the grass, and suddenly shouted aloud, "Run Kennan! or you are a dead man!" He instantly sprung to his feet, and beheld Indians within ten feet of him, while his company was already more than one hundred yards in front. Not a moment was to be lost. He darted off with every muscle strained to its utmost, and was pursued by a dozen of the enemy with loud yells. He at first pressed straight forward to the usual fording place in the creek, which ran between the rangers and the main army, but several Indians who had passed him before he arose

from the grass, threw themselves in the way, and completely cut him off from the rest. By the most powerful exertions, he had thrown the whole body of pursuers behind him, with the exception of one young chief, (probably Messhawa,) who displayed a swiftness and perseverance equal to his own. In the circuit which Kennan was obliged to take, the race continued for more than four hundred yards. The distance between them was about eighteen feet, which Kennan could not increase nor his adversary diminish. Each, for the time, put his whole soul into the race. Kennan, as far as he was able, kept his eye upon the motions of his pursuer, lest he should throw the tomahawk, which he held aloft in a menacing attitude, and at length, finding that no other Indian was immediately at hand, he determined to try the mettle of his pursuer in a different manner, and felt for his tomahawk in order to turn at bay. It had escaped from its sheath, however, while he lay in the grass, and his hair had almost lifted the cap from his head, when he saw himself totally disarmed. As he had slackened his pace for a moment the Indian was almost in reach of him, when he recommenced the race, but the idea of being without arms, lent wings to his flight, and for the first time, he saw himself gaining ground. He had watched the motions of his pursuer too closely, however, to pay proper attention to the nature of the ground before him, and he suddenly found himself in front of a large tree which had been blown down, and upon which brush and other impediments lay to the height of eight or nine feet. The Indian (who heretofore had not uttered the slightest sound) now gave a short quick yell, as if secure of his victim. Kennan had not a moment to deliberate. He must clear the impediment at a leap or perish. Putting his whole soul into the effort, he bounded into the air with a power which astonished himself, and clearing limbs, brush and every thing else, alighted in perfect safety upon the other side.

A loud yell of astonishment burst from the band of pursuers, not one of whom had the hardihood to attempt the same feat. Kennan, as may be readily imagined, had no leisure to enjoy his triumph, but dashing into the bed of the creek (upon the banks of which his feat had been performed) where the high banks would shield him from the fire of the enemy, he ran up the stream until a convenient place offered for crossing, and rejoined the rangers in the rear of the encampment, panting from the fatigue of exertions which have seldom been surpassed. No breathing time was allowed him, however. The attack instantly commenced, and as we have already observed, was maintained for three hours, with unabated fury.

When the retreat commenced, Kennan was attached to Major Clarke's battalion, and had the dangerous service of protecting the rear. This corps quickly lost its commander, and was completely disorganized. Kennan was among the hindmost when the flight commenced, but exerting those same powers which had saved him in the morning, he quickly gained the front, passing several horsemen in the flight. Here he beheld a private in his own company, an intimate acquaintance, lying upon the ground, with his thigh broken, and in tones of the most piercing distress, implored each horseman who hurried by to take him up behind him. As soon as he beheld Kennan coming up on foot, he stretched out his arms, and called aloud upon him to save him. Notwithstanding the imminent peril of the moment, his friend could not reject so passionate an appeal, but seizing him in his arms, he placed him upon his back, and ran in that manner for several hundred yards. Horseman after horseman passed them, all of whom refused to relieve him of his burden. At length the enemy was gaining upon him so fast, that Kennan saw their death certain, unless he relinquished his burden. He accordingly told his friend, that he had us-

ed every possible exertion to save his life, but in vain—that he must relax his hold around his neck or they would both perish. The unhappy wretch, heedless of every remonstrance, still clung convulsively to his back, and impeded his exertions until the foremost of the enemy (armed with tomahawks alone,) were within twenty yards of them. Kennan then drew his knife from its sheath and cut the fingers of his companion, thus compelling him to relinquish his hold. The unhappy man rolled upon the ground in utter helplessness, and Kennan beheld him tomahawked before he had gone thirty yards. Relieved from his burden, he darted forward with an activity which once more brought him to the van. Here again he was compelled to neglect his own safety, in order to attend to that of others. The late Governor Madison, of Kentucky, who afterwards commanded the corps which defended themselves so honorably at Raisin, a man who united the most amiable temper to the most unconquerable courage, was at that time a subaltern in St. Clair's army, and being a man of infirm constitution, was totally exhausted by the exertions of the morning, and was now sitting down calmly upon a log, awaiting the approach of his enemies. Kennan hastily accosted him, and enquired the cause of his delay. Madison, pointing to a wound which had bled profusely, replied that he was unable to walk further and had no horse. Kennan instantly ran back to a spot where he had seen an exhausted horse grazing, caught him without difficulty, and having assisted Madison to mount, walked by his side until they were out of danger. Fortunately, the pursuit soon ceased, as the plunder of the camp presented irresistible attractions to the enemy. The friendship thus formed between these two young men, endured without interruption through life. Mr. Kennan never entirely recovered from the immense exertions which he was compelled to make during this unfortunate expedition. He

settled in Fleming County, and continued for many years a leading member of the Baptist Church. He died in 1827.

A party of Chickasaws were on their march to join St. Clair, but did not arrive in time to share in the action. One warrior of that nation, alone, was present, and displayed the most admirable address and activity. He positively refused to stand in the ranks with the soldiers, declaring that the "Shawanees would shoot him down like a wild pigeon;" but took refuge behind a log, a few yards in front of Butler's battalion, and discharged his rifle eleven times at the enemy with unerring accuracy. He could not be persuaded, however, to forego the pleasure of scalping each Indian as he fell, and in performing this agreeable office he at length was shot down by the enemy and scalped in turn.

The leader of the Indian army in this bloody engagement, was a chief the Missassago tribe, known by the name of "Little Turtle." Notwithstanding his name, he was at least six feet high, strong, muscular and remarkably dignified in his appearance. He was forty years of age, had seen much service, and had accompanied Burgoyne in his disastrous invasion. His aspect was harsh, sour and forbidding, and his person during the action, was arrayed in the very extremity of Indian foppery, having at least twenty dollars worth of silver depending from his nose and ears. The plan of attack was conceived by him alone, in opposition to the opinion of almost every other chief. Notwithstanding his ability, however, he was said to have been unpopular among the Indians, probably in consequence of those very abilities.

Many veteran officers, of inferior rank, who had served with distinction throughout the revolutionary war, were destined to perish in this unhappy action. Among them was the gallant and unrewarded Captain Kirkwood, of the old Delaware line, so often and so honorably mentioned in Lee's Memoirs. The State of Delaware having had but one re-

giment on continental establishment, and that regiment having been reduced to a company at Camden, it was impossible for Kirkwood to be promoted without a violation of the ordinary rules, by which commissions were regulated. He accordingly, had the mortification of beholding junior officers daily mounting above him in the scale of rank, while he himself, however meritorious, was compelled to remain in his present condition, on account of the small force which his native state could bring into the field. Notwithstanding this constant source of mortification, he fought with distinguished gallantry, throughout the war, and was personally engaged in the battles of Camden, Guilford, Hobkirks, Ninety-six and Eutaw, the hottest and bloodiest which occurred during the revolution. At the peace of '83, he returned with a broken fortune, but a high reputation for courage, honor and probity, and upon the re-appearance of war in the north west, he hastened once more to the scene of action, and submitted, without reluctance, to the command of officers who had been boys while he was fighting those severe battles in the south. He fell in a brave attempt to repel the enemy with the bayonet, and thus closed a career as honorable as it was unrewarded.

Lieutenant Col. Darke's escape, was almost miraculous. Possessed of a tall, striking figure, in full uniform, and superbly mounted, he headed three desperate charges against the enemy, in each of which he was a conspicuous mark. His clothes were cut in many places, but he escaped with only a slight flesh wound. In the last charge, Ensign Wilson, a youth of seventeen, was shot through the heart, and fell a few paces in the rear of the regiment, which was then rather rapidly returning to their original position. An Indian, attracted by his rich uniform, sprung up from the grass, and rushed forward to scalp him. Darke, who was at that time in the rear of his regiment, suddenly faced about, dashed at

the Indian on horseback, and cleft his skull with his broad sword, drawing upon himself by the act, a rapid discharge of more than a dozen rifles. He rejoined his regiment, however, in safety, being compelled to leave the body of young Wilson to the enemy. On the evening of the 8th of November, the broken remains of the army arrived at fort Washington, and were placed in winter quarters.

A few days after St. Clair's defeat, General Scott, who immediately upon receiving intelligence of that disaster, had raised a corps of mounted volunteers with orders to reconnoitre and report the condition of the enemy. They, accordingly, approached the battle ground with all possible secrecy, and beheld it occupied by several hundred of the enemy, in all the triumph of success. Many of them were drunk and incapable of either flight or resistance, others were riding the bullocks with their faces turned to the tail, and all were in high glee. Hastily returning, they informed Scott of the condition of the enemy, who lost no time in availing himself of the opportunity. By a rapid forced march, he brought a considerable body of mounted men within reach of their camp, and hastily dividing them into three bodies, he fell suddenly upon the enemy, who were totally unprepared, and routed them with great slaughter. More than two hundred of the enemy were left dead upon the field, and many of the fugitives were wounded. All the artillery and baggage which yet remained upon the field were recovered, together with more than six hundred muskets, many of which had been scattered through the woods by their frightened owners. This was certainly the handsomest affair which graced the war, and does great honor to the courage and military abilities of Scott. It was of incalculable service to the west, in dispelling the gloom occasioned by the misfortune of St. Clair, and by the power of contrast, threw a darker shade of disgrace over that unfortunate General's mis-

carriage. Thus closed the second offensive campaign against the north western tribes, convincing the federal government, that their enemies were much more numerous and determined, than was at first apprehended.

CHAPTER XIII.

Amidst the almost universal clamor which arose upon the defeat of the unfortunate St. Clair, General Washington himself did not entirely escape censure. The appointment of an old, infirm, and above all, an *unlucky* General to a command, which above all other qualities, required activity, promptitude, and the power of sustaining great fatigue, was reprobated in no measured terms. Public opinion imperiously demanded a better selection for the third offensive campaign, and St. Clair was necessarily superceded. The choice of a proper successor became the theme of general discussion and was a matter of no small difficulty. The command was eagerly sought by many officers of the revolution, among whom the most prominent were General Wayne, of Pennsylvania, and the late General Henry Lee, of Virginia, the celebrated commandant of the Partizan legion during the war of Independence. The peculiar fitness of Lee for a command of that kind, seems to have impressed itself strongly upon the mind of Washington, and there is a letter extant, which shows, that nothing but the discontent, which the appointment of so young an officer, would naturally have excited in the minds of those who had held a rank above him in the former war, could have prevented his being the successor of St. Clair. This objection did not apply to Wayne, and as he had repeatedly proved himself a bold, active, and energetic commander, his appointment was unacceptable to those only whose claims had been rejected—a description of men very difficult to be pleased. Wayne had entered the army, as Colonel of a regiment in the Pennsylvania line, and first attracted notice in the Canadian expedi-

tion. He there displayed so keen a relish for battle upon all occasions, and upon any terms, exposed his own life as well as those of his men with such recklessness, and was in the habit of swearing so hard in the heat of battle, that he soon obtained, among the common soldiers, the nickname of "Mad Anthony." He never enjoyed a high reputation as an officer of prudence, science, and combination, and on one occasion, particularly, was surprized by the celebrated English partizan, Grey, and routed with a slaughter scarcely inferior to that of St. Clair. As an executive officer, however, he was incomparable. He seemed to be of opinion, that the whole science of war consisted in giving and taking hard blows; and we have heard from one who served under him many years, that his favorite word of command was "Charge the d—d rascals with the bayonet." Whenever (as at Stony Point,) a bold, brisk onset was all that was required, no better General than Wayne could possibly be selected, but on other occasions, his keen appetite for action was apt to hurry him into an imprudent exposure of his troops. In Virginia, he once narrowly escaped total destruction, by pressing too eagerly upon Lord Cornwallis, who afterwards repeatedly affirmed, that one half hour more of daylight would have sufficed for the destruction of his rash but gallant enemy, and afterwards in the Carolinas, his quarters were broken up, and his whole camp thrown into confusion by a small party of Creek Indians, who fell upon him as unexpectedly as if they had risen from the earth. Several severe losses, however, which he received in the course of his career, had taught him to temper his courage with a moderate degree of caution, and as he was remarkably popular among the common soldiers, (who are better judges of the ordinary quality of courage than the higher military talents,) he was supposed to be peculiarly qualified for re-animating the cowering spirits of the troops. There

was an interval of more than a year between the defeat of St. Clair, and the appointment of his successor. Wayne lost no time in proceeding to the head quarters of the western army, and arrived at fort Washington in the spring of '93. Reinforcements of regular troops were constantly arriving, and in addition to the usual complement of cavalry and artillery, a strong legionary corps was raised upon continental establishment, and placed under his command. In addition to this, he was authorized to call upon the Governor of Kentucky (Shelby,) for as many mounted militia as might be necessary. It was so late in the season, however, before all the various forces could be collected, and all the necessary supplies procured, that he judged it prudent to defer any offensive movement until the spring. The mounted volunteers were accordingly dismissed with some flattering encomiums upon their zeal and readiness, while the regular forces were placed in winter quarters. The volunteers returned to Kentucky with a high idea of the efficiency of the regular force under Wayne, and sanguine expectations of a favorable result. The rapid succession of disasters which had heretofore attended the operations of regulars in conjunction with militia, had created a strong disgust to that species of force, and it was with difficulty that a sufficient number of mounted men could be procured for co-operation. But after witnessing the order, diligence and energy which characterized Wayne's conduct as an officer, and the indefatigable labor with which he drilled his troops into a ready performance of the necessary movements, this disrelish to a co-operation with regulars completely vanished, and on the following spring, the volunteers proffered their services with great alacrity.

During the winter, Wayne remained at a fort which he had built upon a western fork of the little Miami, and to which he had given the name of Greenville. By detach-

ments from the regular troops, he was enabled to sweep the country lying between him and the Miami villages, and having taken possession of the ground upon which St. Clair was defeated, he erected a small fort upon it, to which he gave the name of Recovery. His orders were positive, to endeavor, if possible, to procure peace upon reasonable terms, without resorting to force, and he accordingly opened several conferences with the hostile tribes during the winter. Many of their chiefs visited him in his camp, and examined his troops, artillery and equipments with great attention, and from time to time made ample professions of a disposition to bury the hatchet; but nothing definite could be drawn from them, and from the known partiality of Wayne to the decision of the sword, could it be supposed that he pressed the overtures with much eagerness. As the spring approached, the visits of the Indians became more rare, and their professions of friendship waxed fainter. In February, they threw aside the mask at once, and made a bold effort to carry the distant out post at fort Recovery by a coup de main. In this, however, they were frustrated by the vigilance and energy of the garrison, and finding that Wayne was neither to be surprized nor deceived, they employed themselves in collecting their utmost strength, with a determination to abide the brunt of battle.

In the spring, the General called upon the Governor of Kentucky for a detachment of mounted men, who repaired with great alacrity to his standard, in two brigades under Todd and Barbee, the whole commanded by Major General Scott, amounting to more than fifteen hundred men, accustomed to Indian warfare. The regular force including cavalry and artillery, amounted to about two thousand, so that the General found himself at the head of three thousand men, well provided with every thing, in high spirits and eager for battle. The Indian force did not exceed two thou-

sand, and was known to have assembled in the neighborhood of the British fort at the rapids of the Miami.

It was late in July, before Wayne was ready to march from Greenville, and from the nature of the country as well as the necessity of guarding against surprize, his progress was very leisurely. On the 19th of August, when within a day's march of the enemy's position, he determined to send a messenger, charged with the last offer of peace and friendship, which he intended to make. For this dangerous, and apparently useless office, he selected a private volunteer, named Miller, who had formerly been taken by the Indians, and lived for many years upon the banks of the Miami. Miller, however, appeared to value his own neck much more highly than the General did, as he stoutly remonstrated against the duty, declaring that it would be useless to the army, as well as destructive to himself. He declared, confidently, that the Indians, from many undoubted signs, were resolutely bent upon battle, and would listen to nothing of which he might be the bearer. He added that, he knew them of old, and was satisfied that they would roast him alive, without an instant's hesitation, in defiance of his white flag, and sacred character of ambassador. Wayne, however, was not to be diverted from his purpose. He assured Miller that he would hold eight or ten Indians then in his camp, as hostages for his safe return, and if the enemy roasted him, he swore that a noble hecatomb should be offered to his manes, as he would compel all his prisoners to undergo the same fate; but concluded with an assurance that the Indians, when informed of his determination, would dismiss him in perfect safety, for a regard to the lives of their friends. Reluctantly, and with many dark prophecies of the fate which awaited him, he at length consented to go upon the mission, and having taken leave of his friends, he set off at a rapid pace for the Indian camp. When within view

of it, he hoisted a white flag upon a pole and marched boldly forward, knowing that in this, as in most other cases, the boldest is the safest course. As soon as they beheld him approaching, they ran out to meet him with loud yells, brandishing their tomahawks, and crying out in their own language "Kill the runaway!" Miller, who well understood their language, instantly addressed them with great earnestness, and in a few words made known the cause of his visit, and the guarantee which Wayne held for his safe return. To the first part of the intelligence they listened with supreme contempt. A long conference ensued, in which many chiefs spoke, but nothing could be determined upon.

On the next day, Miller was ordered to return to Wayne, with some evasive message, intending to amuse him, until they could devise some means of recovering their friends. He, accordingly, left them with great readiness, and was returning with all possible despatch, when he met the General in full march upon the enemy, having become tired of waiting for the return of his messenger. Wayne's object in sending Miller, is difficult to be conjectured. The Indians had constantly refused to come to any terms. They had sent away their women, and given every indication of a disposition to fight, and were in possession of ground which would give them immense advantages against the regulars. He could scarcely suppose that a treaty could be effected, nor with the prospect of battle before him, which to him, presented all the attractions of a ball to a dandy or a dinner to an epicure, is it to be supposed that he could have been very desirous of such an event. The ground was well known to many individuals in the army, and Miller's report could have added but little to the knowledge already existing, to say nothing of the strong probability, that he might never return from a duty so perilous! The truth is, the old General valued the life of a soldier at an exceedingly low rate, and

thought that even if the mission brought no advantage, it was attended with no other danger, than the chance of death to a single soldier, which did not deserve a moment's thought.

The General received the report of Miller without delaying his march for a moment, which was continued in order of battle, until he arrived within view of the enemy. The regular force formed the centre column, one brigade of mounted volunteers moved upon the left under Gen. Barbee, the other brought up the rear under Brigadier Todd. The right flank was covered by the river, and Major Price, with a selected corps of mounted volunteers, was advanced about five miles in front, with orders to feel the enemy's position, and then fall back upon the main body. About noon, the advanced corps received so heavy a fire from a concealed enemy, as to compel it to retire with precipitation. The heads of the columns quickly reached the hostile ground, and had a view of the enemy. The ground for miles was covered with a thick growth of timber, which rendered the operation of cavalry extremely difficult. The Indians occupied a thick wood in front, where an immense number of trees had been blown down by a hurricane, the branches of which were interlocked in such a manner as greatly to impede the exertions of the regulars. The enemy were formed in three parallel lines, at right angles to the river, and displayed a front of more than two miles. Wayne rode forward to reconnoitre their positions, and perceiving from the weight and extent of the fire, that they were in full force, he instantly made dispositions for the attack. The whole of the mounted volunteers were ordered to make a circuit, for the purpose of turning the right flank of the Indians—the cavalry were ordered to move up under cover of the river bank, and if possible, turn their left, while the regular infantry were formed in a thick wood in front of the "Fallen timber," with orders, as soon as the signal was given, to rush forward at

full speed, without firing a shot, arousing the enemy from their covert at the point of the bayonet, and *then* to deliver a close fire upon their backs, pressing them so closely as not to permit them to reload their guns. All these orders were executed with precision. The mounted volunteers moved off rapidly to occupy the designated ground, while the first line of infantry, was formed under the eye of the commander for the perilous charge in front.

As soon as time had been given for the arrival of the several corps, upon their respective points, the order was given to advance, and the infantry, rushing through a tremendous fire of rifles, and overleaping every impediment, hastened to close with their concealed enemy, and maintain the struggle on equal terms. Although their loss, in this desperate charge, was by no means inconsiderable, yet the effect was decisive. The enemy rose and fled before them more than two miles, with considerable loss, as, owing to the orders of Wayne, they were nearly as much exposed as the regulars. Such was the rapidity of the advance, and the precipitation of the retreat, that only a small part of the volunteers could get up in time to share in the action, although there can be no question that their presence, and threatening movement, contributed equally with the impetuous charge of the infantry, to the success of the day. The broken remains of the Indian army were pursued under the guns of the British fort, and so keen was the ardor of Wayne's men, and so strong their resentment against the English, that it was with the utmost difficulty, they could be restrained from storming it upon the spot. As it was, many of the Kentucky troops advanced within gunshot, and insulted the garrison with a select volley of oaths and epithets, which must have given the British commandant a high idea of backwoods gentility. He instantly wrote an indignant letter to General Wayne, complaining of the outrage, and demanding by what authority he

trespassed upon the sacred precincts of a British garrison? Now, "Mad Anthony" was the last man in the world to be dragooned into politeness, and he replied in terms but little short of those employed by the Kentuckians, and satisfactorily informed Captain Campbell, the British commandant, that his only chance of safety was silence and civility. After some sharp messages on both sides, the war of the pen ceased, and the destruction of property began. Houses, stores, cornfields, orchards, were soon wrapped in flames or levelled with the earth. The dwelling house and store of Col. McKee, the Indian Agent, shared the fate of the rest. All this was performed before the face of Captain Campbell, who was compelled to look on in silence, and without any effort to prevent it. There remains not the least question *now* that the Indians were not only encouraged in their acts of hostility by the English *traders*, but were actually supplied with arms, ammunition and provisions, by order of the English commandant at Detroit, Col. England.* There remains a correspondence between this gentleman and McKee, in which urgent demands are made for fresh supplies of *ammunition*, and the approach of "the enemy" (as they call Wayne,) is mentioned with great anxiety. After the battle of the rapids, he writes that the Indians are much discouraged, and that "*it will require great efforts to induce them to remain in a body.*" Had Wayne been positively informed of this circumstance, he would scarcely have restrained his men from a more energetic expression of indignation.

The Indian force being completely dispersed, their cornfields cut up, and their houses destroyed, Wayne drew off

*This gentleman was remarkable for his immense height and enormous quantity of flesh. After his return from America, the waggish Prince of Wales, who was himself no pigmy, became desirous of seeing him. Col. England was one day pointed out to him by Sheridan, as he was in the act of dismounting from his horse. The Prince regarded him with marked attention for several minutes, and then turning to Sheridan, said with a laugh "Col. England hey! You should have said *Great Britain!* by G—d!"

from the neighborhood of the British post, and in order to hold the Indians permanently in check, he erected a fort at the junction of the Auglaize and Miami, in the very heart of the Indian country, to which he gave the appropriate name of Defiance. As this was connected with fort Washington by various intermediate fortifications, it could not fail completely to overawe the enemy, who, in a very short time, urgently and unanimously demanded peace.

No victory could have been better timed than that of Wayne. The various tribes of Indians throughout the whole of the United States, encouraged by the repeated disasters of our armies in the north west, had become very unsteady, and menacing in their intercourse with the whites. The Creeks and Cherokees, in the south, were already in arms, while the Oneidas, Tuscaroras, &c., in the north, were evidently preparing for hostilities. The shock of the victory at the Rapids, however, was instantly felt in all quarters. The southern Indians instantly demanded peace—the Oneidas, conscious of their evil intentions and fearful of the consequences, became suddenly affectionate even to servility, and within a few months after the victory, all the frontiers enjoyed the most profound peace. Wayne reported his loss at thirty three killed and one hundred wounded. The Indian loss could not be ascertained, but was supposed to exceed that of the Americans. This, however, is very doubtful, as they gave way immediately, and were not so much exposed as the continentals.

One circumstance attending their flight is remarkable and deserves to be inserted. Three Indians being hard pressed by the cavalry upon one side, and the infantry upon the other, plunged into the river and attempted to swim to the opposite shore. A runaway negro who had attached himself to the American army, was concealed in the bushes upon the opposite bank, and perceiving three Indians approaching

nearer than in his opinion was consistent with the security of his hiding place, he collected courage enough to level his rifle at the foremost, as he was swimming, and shot him through the head. The other two Indians instantly halted in the water, and attempted to drag the body of their dead companion ashore. The negro, in the mean time, reloaded his gun and shot another dead upon the spot. The survivor instantly seized hold of both bodies, and attempted with a fidelity which seems astonishing, to bring them both to land. The negro having had leisure to reload a second time, and firing from his covert upon the surviving Indian, wounded him mortally while struggling with the dead bodies. He then ventured to approach them, and from the striking resemblance of their features, as well as their devoted attachment, they were supposed to have been brothers. After scalping them, he permitted their bodies to float down the stream.

We shall conclude our sketches with an anecdote, which, although partaking somewhat of the marvellous, is too well authenticated to be rejected. Early in the spring of '93, two boys by the name of Johnson, the one twelve the other nine years of age, were playing on the banks of Short Creek, near the mouth of the Muskingum, and occasionally skipping stones in the water. At a distance, they beheld two men, dressed like ordinary settlers, in hats and coats, who gradually approached them, and from time to time, threw stones into the water in imitation of the children. At length, when within one hundred yards of the boys, they suddenly threw off the mask, and rushing rapidly upon them, made them prisoners. They proved to be Indians of the Delaware tribe. Taking the children in their arms, they ran hastily into the woods, and after a rapid march of about six miles, encamped for the night. Having kindled a fire and laid their rifles and tomahawks against an adjoining tree, they

lay down to rest, each with a boy in his arms. The children as may readily be supposed, were too much agitated to sleep. The eldest at length began to move his limbs cautiously, and finding that the Indian who held him remained fast asleep, he gradually disengaged himself from his arms, and walking to the fire which had burned low, remained several minutes in suspense as to what was next to be done. Having stirred the fire, and ascertained by its light the exact position of the enemy's arms, he whispered softly to his brother to imitate his example, and if possible, extricate himself from his keeper. The little fellow did as his brother directed, and both stood irresolute for several minutes around the fire. At length, the eldest, who was of a very resolute disposition, proposed that they should kill the sleeping Indians, and return home. The eldest pointed to one of the guns, and assured his brother that if he would only pull the trigger of that gun after he had placed it in rest, *he* would answer for the other Indian. The plan was soon agreed upon. The rifle was levelled with the muzzle resting upon a log which lay near, and having stationed his brother at the breach with positive directions not to touch the trigger until he gave the word, he seized a tomahawk and advanced cautiously to the other sleeper. Such was the agitation of the younger, however, that he touched the trigger too soon, and the report of his gun awakened the other Indian before his brother was quite prepared. He struck the blow, however, with firmness, although, in the hurry of the act, it was done with the blunt part of the hatchet, and only stunned his antagonist. Quickly repeating the blow, however, with the edge, he inflicted a deep wound upon the Indian's head, and after repeated strokes, left him lifeless upon the spot. The younger, frightened at the explosion of his own gun, had already betaken himself to his heels, and was with difficulty overtaken by his brother. Having re-

gained the road by which they had advanced, the elder fixed his hat upon a bush in order to mark the spot, and by daylight they had regained their homes. They found their mother in an agony of grief for their loss, and ignorant, whether they had been drowned or taken by the Indians. Their tale was heard with astonishment, not unmingled with incredulity, and a few of the neighbors insisted upon accompanying them instantly to the spot, where so extraordinary a rencontre had occurred. The place was soon found, and the truth of the boy's story placed beyond doubt. The tomahawked Indian lay in his blood, where he fell, but the one who had been shot was not to be found. A broad trail of blood, however, enabled them to trace his footsteps, and he was at length overtaken. His appearance was most ghastly. His under jaw had been entirely shot away, and his hands and breast were covered with clotted blood. Although, evidently much exhausted, he still kept his pursuers at bay, and faced them from time to time with an air of determined resolution. Either his gory appearance, or the apprehension that more were in the neighborhood, had such an effect upon his pursuers, that notwithstanding their numbers, he was permitted to escape. Whether he survived or perished in the wilderness, could never be ascertained, but from the severity of the wound, the latter supposition is most probable.

From the peace of '94, down to the renewal of war in the north west, under the auspices of Tecumseh and the Prophet, no event occurred of sufficient importance to claim our notice. The war was over, and even private and individual aggression was of rare occurrence. The country which had been the scene of those fierce conflicts which we have endeavored to relate, became settled with a rapidity totally unprecedented in the annals of the world. The forests became rapidly thinned, and the game equally as rapidly dis-

appeared. Numerous villages, as if by enchantment, were daily springing up in those wild scenes, where Kenton, Crawford, Slover, and Johnston, had endured such sufferings; and the Indians, from fierce and numerous tribes, were gradually melting down to a few squalid wanderers, hovering like restless spirits around the scenes of their former glory, or driven, with insult, from the doors of the settlers, where they were perpetually calling for food and rum. Such wanderers were frequently murdered by lawless white men, who, like the rovers of old, contended that "there was no peace beyond the line," and as such offences were rarely punished, the Indians gradually became satisfied that they must either retire beyond the reach of the whites, or make one last effort to retrieve the sinking fortunes of their race. Tecumseh was the great apostle of this reviving spirit, and to do him justice, displayed a genius and perseverance worthy of a better fate. As these events, however, are beyond our limits, we must refer the young reader, who may have accompanied us thus far, to the histories of the day, where his curiosity will be amply gratified.

APPENDIX.

A.

In the life of KENTON, we had occasion to refer to various names and circumstances, which, in our anxiety to preserve the unity and connexion of the narrative, we passed over very slightly at the time, reserving a more full detail for the present place. We allude to the celebrated war upon the Kenhawa, generally known by the name of Dunmore's expedition, in which the names of "Logan," "Lewis," "Girty," "Cornstalk," &c., figure conspicuously. Many and various reasons have been assigned for this war. Some have attributed it to the murder of Logan's family by Cressup, others to the equally atrocious murder of "Bald Eagle," a celebrated Delaware chief. Both, probably, contributed to hasten the rupture, which, however, would unquestionably have taken place without either. The cause of this, as of all other Indian wars, is to be found in the jealousy and uneasiness with which the Indians beheld the rapid extension of the white settlements. After the peace of '63, large tracts of land in the west had been assigned, as bounties, to such officers and soldiers as had fought throughout the war. Accordingly, as soon as peace was restored, crowds of emigrants hastened to the west, attended by the usual swarm of surveyors, speculators, &c. The inhabitants of the frontiers became mingled with the Indians. They visited and receiv-

ed visits from each other, and frequently met in their hunting parties. Peace existed between the nations, but the old, vindictive feelings, occasioned by mutual injuries, still rankled in the breast of individuals. Civilities were quickly followed by murders, which led to retaliation, remonstrances, promises of amendment, and generally closed with fresh murders.

The murder of "Bald Eagle," an aged Delaware Sachem, was peculiarly irritating to that warlike nation. He spoke the English language with great fluency, and being remarkably fond of tobacco, sweetmeats, and rum, all of which were generally offered to him in profusion in the settlements, he was a frequent visiter at the fort erected at the mouth of the Kenhawa, and familiarly acquainted even with the children. He usually ascended the river alone, in a bark canoe, and from the frequency and harmlessness of his visits, his appearance never excited the least alarm. A white man who had suffered much from the Indians, encountered the old chief one evening, alone upon the river, returning peaceably from one of his usual visits. A conference ensued, which terminated in a quarrel, and the old man was killed upon the spot. The murderer, having scalped his victim, fixed the dead body in the usual sitting posture in the stern of the boat, replaced the pipe in his mouth, and launching the canoe again upon the river, permitted it to float down with its burden, undisturbed. Many settlers beheld it descending in this manner, but from the upright posture of the old man, they supposed that he was only returning as usual from a visit to the whites. The truth, however, was quickly discovered, and inflamed his tribe with the most ungovernable rage. Vengeance was vowed for the outrage and amply exacted.

At length, hostilities upon this remote frontier became so serious, as to demand the attention of government. One of

the boldest of these forays, was conducted by Logan in person. Supposing that the inhabitants of the interior would consider themselves secure from the Indians, and neglect those precautions which were generally used upon the frontier, he determined, with a small but select band of followers, to penetrate to the thick settlements upon the head waters of the Monongahela, and wreak his vengeance upon its unsuspecting inhabitants. The march was conducted with the usual secrecy of Indian warriors, and with great effect. Many scalps and several prisoners were taken, with which, by the signal conduct of their chief, they were enabled to elude all pursuit, and return in safety to their towns. One of the incidents attending this incursion, deserves to be mentioned, as illustrating the character of Logan. While hovering, with his followers, around the skirts of a thick settlement, he suddenly came within view of a small field, recently cleared, in which three men were pulling flax. Causing the greater part of his men to remain where they were, Logan, together with two others, crept up within long shot of the white men and fired. One man fell dead, the remaining two attempted to escape. The elder of the fugitives (Hellew,) was quickly overtaken and made prisoner by Logan's associates, while Logan himself, having thrown down his rifle, pressed forward alone in pursuit of the younger of the white men, whose name was Robinson. The contest was keen for several hundred yards, but Robinson, unluckily, looking around, in order to have a view of his pursuer, ran against a tree with such violence as completely to stun him, and render him insensible for several minutes. Upon recovering, he found himself bound and lying upon his back, while Logan sat by his side, with unmoved gravity, awaiting his recovery. He was then compelled to accompany them in their further attempts upon the settlements, and in the course of a few days, was marched off with great rapidity

for their villages in Ohio. During the march, Logan remained silent and melancholy, probably brooding over the total destruction of his family. The prisoners, however, were treated kindly, until they arrived at an Indian village upon the Muskingum. When within a mile of the town, Logan became more animated, and uttered the "scalp halloo" several times, in the most terrible tones. The never failing scene of insult and torture then began. Crowds flocked out to meet them, and a line was formed for the gauntlet. Logan took no share in the cruel game, but did not attempt to repress it. He, however, gave Robinson, whom he regarded as his own prisoner, some directions as to the best means of reaching the council house in safety, and displayed some anxiety for his safe arrival, while poor Hellew was left in total ignorance, and permitted to struggle forward as he best could. Robinson, under the patronage of Logan, escaped with a few slight bruises, but Hellew, not knowing where to run, was dreadfully mangled, and would probably have been killed upon the spot, had not Robinson (not without great risk on his own part) seized him by the hand and dragged him into the council house.

On the following morning, a council was called in order to determine their fate, in which Logan held a conspicuous superiority over all who were assembled. Hellew's destiny came first under discussion, and was quickly decided by an almost unanimous vote of adoption. Robinson's was most difficult to determine. A majority of the council, (partly influenced by a natural thirst for vengeance upon at least *one* object, partly, perhaps, by a lurking jealousy of the imposing superiority of Logan's character,) were obstinately bent upon putting him to death. Logan spoke for nearly an hour upon the question, and if Robinson is to be believed, with an energy, copiousness, and dignity, which would not have disgraced Henry himself. He appeared at no loss for either

words or ideas, his tones were deep and musical, and were heard by the assembly with the silence of death. All, however, was vain. Robinson was condemned, and within an hour afterwards, was fastened to the stake. Logan stood apart from the crowd with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon the scene with an air of stern displeasure. When the fire was about to be applied, he suddenly strode into the circle, pushing aside those who stood in the way, and advancing straight up to the stake, cut the cords with his tomahawk, and taking the prisoner by the hand, led him with a determined air to his own wigwam. The action was so totally unexpected, and the air of the chief so determined, that he had reached the door of his wigwam before any one ventured to interfere. Much dissatisfaction was then expressed, and threatening symptoms of a tumult appeared, but so deeply rooted was his authority, that in a few hours all was quiet, and Robinson, without opposition, was permitted to enter an Indian family. He remained with Logan until the treaty of Fort Pitt, in the autumn of the ensuing year, when he returned to Virginia. He ever retained the most unbounded admiration for Logan, and repeatedly declared that his countenance, when speaking, was the most striking, varied, and impressive, that he ever beheld. And when it is recollected that he had often heard Lee and Henry, in all their glory, the compliment must be regarded as a very high one.

This, together with various other marauding expeditions, generally carried on by small parties, determined the Governor of Virginia (Dunmore) to assemble a large force and carry the war into their own territories. The plan of the expedition was soon arranged. Three complete regiments were to be raised west of the Blue Ridge, under the command of General Andrew Lewis; while an equal force, from the interior, was commanded by Dunmore in person. The armies were to form a junction at the mouth of the Great

Kenawha, and proceed together under Dunmore, to the Indian towns in Ohio. On the 1st September, 1774, a part of Gen. Lewis' division, consisting of two regiments, under the orders of Col. Charles Lewis, his brother, and Col. William Fleming, of Botetourt, rendezvoused at Camp Union, (now Lewisburg, Va.) where they were joined by an independent regiment of backwoods volunteers, under the orders of Col. John Fields, a very distinguished officer, who, together with most of those now assembled, had served under Braddock. Here they remained, awaiting the arrival of Col. Christian, who was busily engaged in assembling another regiment. By the junction of Field, Lewis' force amounted to about eleven hundred men, accustomed to danger, and conducted by the flower of the border officers. Gen. Lewis, as well as his brother, had been present at Braddock's defeat, and were subaltern officers in two companies of Virginia riflemen, who formed the advance of the English army.

We shall here relate some circumstances attending that melancholy disaster, which are not to be found in the regular histories of the period. Braddock's battle ground was a small bottom, containing not more than two acres, bounded on the east by the Monongahela, and upon the west by a high cliff which rises precipitately above the bottom, and which, together with the river, completely enclosed it. Through this cliff, and near its centre, runs a deep gorge or ravine, the sides of which are nearly perpendicular, and the summits of which were at that time thickly covered with timber, rank grass and thickets of underwood. Upon this cliff, the Indian army lay in ambush, awaiting the arrival of their foe. The only passage for the English, lay through the ravine immediately in front of the ford. The two companies of rangers crossed the river in advance of the regulars, and suspecting no danger, immediately entered the mouth of the ravine. Braddock followed in close column, and the devo-

ted army soon stood in the bottom already mentioned, the river in the rear, the cliff in front, and the ravine presenting the only practicable passage to the French fort. Instantly, a tremendous fire opened upon them from the cliff above, and as the small bottom was thronged with red coats, immense execution was done. In the mean time, the two devoted companies of rangers were more than one hundred yards in front, and completely buried in the gorge already mentioned. Upon hearing the firing in their rear, they attempted to rejoin the army, but a select corps of Indian warriors rushed down the steep banks of the ravine and blocked up the passage. A furious struggle ensued. The Indians could not possibly give way, as the banks were too steep to admit of retreat in that direction, and if they retired through the mouth of the ravine into the bottom below, they would have found themselves in the midst of the English ranks. On the other hand, the Virginians were desperately bent upon rejoining their friends, which could only be done over the bodies of the Indians. Thus the gorge became the theatre of a separate battle, far more desperate than that which raged in the bottom or upon the cliffs. In these two companies, were to be found many names afterwards highly distinguished both in the Indian and British war. Here was General Lewis and his five brothers; Col. Matthews, afterwards so distinguished at Germantown, together with four of his brothers; Col. John Field, afterwards killed at Point Pleasant; Col. Grant, of Kentucky, John McDowell, and several others, afterwards well known in Virginia and Kentucky. The press was too great to admit of the rifle. Knives and tomahawks were their only weapons, and upon both sides (for the numbers engaged) the slaughter was prodigious. One half the Virginians were left dead in the pass, and most of the survivors were badly wounded. The Indians suffered equally, and at length became so much thinned as to afford room for the Vir-

ginians to pass them and rejoin their friends below. There, all was dismay and death. Braddock, unable from the nature of the ground to charge with effect, and too proud to retreat before an enemy whom he despised, was actively, and as calmly as if upon parade, laboring to form his troops under a fire which threatened to annihilate every thing within its range. The event is well known.

Upon the fall of Braddock, the troops gave way, and recrossing the river, rejoined the rear guard of the army, after a defeat, which *then* had no parallel in Indian warfare. Col. Lewis afterwards served as Major in Washington's regiment, and ranked peculiarly high in the estimation of his illustrious commander. He accompanied Grant in his unfortunate masquerade, and in a brave attempt with the colonial troops to retrieve the fortune of the day, was wounded and made prisoner by the French. While he and Grant were together at fort Du Quesne, upon parole, a quarrel took place between them, much to the amusement of the French. Grant, in his despatches, had made Lewis the scapegoat, and thrown the whole blame of the defeat upon him; whereas, in truth, the only execution that was done, was effected by his Virginia troops. The despatches fell into the hands of some Indians, who brought them to the French commandant. Captain Lewis happened to be present when they were opened, and was quickly informed of their contents. Without uttering a word, he instantly went in search of Grant, reproached him with the falsehood, and putting his hand upon his sword, directed his former commander to draw and defend himself upon the spot. Grant contemptuously refused to comply, upon which Lewis lost all temper, cursed him for a liar and a coward, and in the presence of two French officers *spat in his face!* Gen. Lewis' person considerably exceeded six feet in height, and was at once strongly and handsomely formed. His countenance was manly and stern—

strongly expressive of that fearlessness and energy of character which distinguished him through life. His manners were plain, cold, and unbending, and his conversation short, pithy, and touching only upon the "needful." At the general treaty with the Indian tribes in '63, Gen. Lewis was present, and his fine military appearance attracted great attention, and inspired somewhat of *awe* among the more pacific deputies. The Governor of New York declared that he "looked like the genius of the forest—and that the earth seemed to tremble beneath his footsteps."

Such as we have described him, he was now placed at the head of one thousand men, with orders to meet Dunmore at Point Pleasant. Having waited several days at Lewisburgh for Col. Christian, without hearing from him, he determined no longer to delay his advance. On the 11th of September, he left Lewisburgh, and without any adventure of importance, arrived at the concerted place of rendezvous. Dunmore had not yet arrived, and Lewis remained several days in anxious expectation of his approach. At length, he received despatches from the Governor, informing him that he had changed his plan, and had determined to move directly upon the Scioto villages, at the same time ordering Lewis to cross the Ohio and join him. Although not much gratified at this sudden change of a plan which had been deliberately formed, Lewis prepared to obey, and had issued directions for the construction of rafts, boats, &c., in which to cross the Ohio, when, on the morning of the 10th October, two of his hunters came running into camp, with the intelligence that a body of Indians was at hand, which covered "four acres of ground." Upon this intelligence, the General (having first lit his pipe) directed his brother, Col. Charles Lewis, to proceed with his own regiment, and that of Col. Fleming, and reconnoitre the ground where the enemy had been seen, while he held the remainder of the army

ready to support him. Col. Charles Lewis instantly advanced in the execution of his orders, and at the distance of a mile from camp, beheld a large body of the enemy advancing rapidly in the hope of surprising the Virginian camp. The sun was just rising as the rencontre took place, and in a few minutes the action became warm and bloody. Col. Charles Lewis being much exposed, and in full uniform, was mortally wounded early in the action, as was Col. Fleming the second in command. The troops having great confidence in Col. Lewis, were much discouraged, and being hard pressed by the enemy, at length gave way, and attempted to regain the camp. At this critical moment, Gen. Lewis ordered up Field's regiment, which coming handsomely into action, restored the fortune of the day. The Indians, in turn, were routed, and compelled to retire to a spot where they had erected a rough breastwork of logs.

The action was fought in the narrow point of land formed by the junction of the Ohio and Kenawha. The Indian breastwork was formed from one river to the other, so as to enclose the Virginians within the point, of course the breastwork formed the base, and the Virginian camp the vertex of the triangle, of which the rivers were sides. Here they rallied in full force, and appeared determined to abide the brunt of the Virginian force. Logan, Cornstalk, Elenipsico, Red Eagle, and many other celebrated chiefs were present, and were often heard loudly encouraging their warriors. Cornstalk, chief Sachem of the Shawanees, and leader of the northern confederacy, was particularly conspicuous. As the repeated efforts of the whites to carry the breastwork, became more warm and determined, the Indian line began to waver, and several were seen to give way. Cornstalk, in a moment, was upon the spot, and was heard distinctly to shout "Be strong! Be strong!" in tones which rose above the din of the conflict. He buried his hatchet in the head

of one of his warriors, and indignantly shaming the rest, completely restored the battle, which raged until four o'clock in the afternoon, without any decisive result. The Virginians fought with distinguished bravery, and suffered severely in those repeated charges upon the breastwork, but were unable to make any impression. The Indians, towards evening, despatched a part of their force to cross both rivers, in order to prevent the escape of a man of the Virginians, should victory turn against them.

At length, Gen. Lewis, alarmed at the extent of his loss, and the obstinacy of the enemy, determined to make an effort to turn their flank with three companies, and attack them in rear. By the aid of a small stream, which empties into the Kenhawa, a short distance above its mouth, and which at that time had high and bushy banks, he was enabled to gain their rear with a small force, commanded by Captain (afterwards Governor) Isaac Shelby. Cornstalk instantly ordered a retreat, which was performed in a masterly manner, and with a very slight loss, the Indians alternately advancing and retreating in such a manner as to hold the whites in check, until dark, when the whole body disappeared. The loss of the Virginians was severe, and amounted in killed and wounded to one fourth of their whole number. The Indian loss was comparatively trifling. The action was shortly followed by a treaty, at which all the chiefs were present except Logan, who refused to be included in it. He wandered among the northwestern tribes, for several years, like a restless spirit, and finally, in utter recklessness, became strongly addicted to gaming and the use of ardent spirits. He was at length murdered on a solitary journey from Detroit to the north eastern part of Ohio, as is generally supposed by his own nephew.

It is not a little singular, that the three celebrated Indian chiefs who commanded in the battle at the Point, should all

have been murdered, and that two of them should have met their fate upon the same spot which had witnessed their brave efforts to repress the extension of the white settlements. Cornstalk and Elenipsico, his son, were killed during a friendly visit to Point Pleasant, in the summer of 1775, only a few months after the action. The circumstances attending the affair are thus related by Col. Stewart:

“A Captain Arbuckle commanded the garrison of the fort erected at Point Pleasant after the battle fought by General Lewis with the Indians at that place, in October, 1774. In the succeeding year, when the revolutionary war had commenced, the agents of Great Britain exerted themselves to excite the Indians to hostility against the United States. The mass of the Shawanees entertained a strong animosity against the Americans. But, two of their chiefs, Cornstalk and Red Hawk, not participating in that animosity, visited the garrison at the Point, where Arbuckle continued to command. Col. Stewart was at the post in the character of a volunteer, and was an eye-witness of the facts which he relates. Cornstalk represented his unwillingness to take a part in the war, on the British side: but stated, that his nation, except himself and his tribe, were determined on war with us, and he supposed, that he and his people would be compelled to go with the stream. On this intimation, Arbuckle resolved to detain the two chiefs, and a third Shawanees who came with them to the fort, as hostages, under the expectation of preventing thereby any hostile efforts of the nation. On the day before these unfortunate Indians fell victims to the fury of the garrison, Elenipsico, the son of Cornstalk, repaired to Point Pleasant for the purpose of visiting his father, and on the next day, two men belonging to the garrison, whose names were Hamilton and Gillmore, crossed the Kenawha, intending to hunt in the woods beyond it. On their return from hunting, some Indians who had

come to view the position at the Point, concealed themselves in the weeds near the mouth of the Kenhawa, and killed Gillmore while endeavoring to pass them. Col. Stewart and Capt. Arbuckle were standing on the opposite bank of the river at that time, and were surprized that a gun had been fired so near the fort, in violation of orders which had been issued inhibiting such an act. Hamilton ran down the bank, and cried out that Gillmore was killed. Captain Hall commanded the company to which Gillmore belonged. His men leaped into a canoe, and hastened to the relief of Hamilton. They brought the body of Gillmore weltering in blood, and the head scalped, across the river. The canoe had scarcely reached the shore, when Hall's men cried out "let us kill the Indians in the fort." Captain Hall placed himself in front of his soldiers, and they ascended the river's bank pale with rage, and carrying their loaded firelocks in their hands. Colonel Stuart and Captain Arbuckle exerted themselves in vain, to dissuade these men, exasperated to madness by the spectacle of Gillmore's corpse, from the cruel deed which they contemplated. They cocked their guns, threatening those gentlemen with instant death, if they did not desist, and rushed into the fort.

The interpreter's wife, who had been a captive among the Indians, and felt an affection for them, ran to their cabin and informed them that Hall's soldiers were advancing, with the intention of taking their lives, because they believed, that the Indians who killed Gillmore, had come with Cornstalk's son on the preceding day. This the young man solemnly denied, and averred that he knew nothing of them. His father, perceiving that Elenipsico was in great agitation, encouraged him and advised him not to fear. "If the great Spirit, said he, has sent you here to be killed, you ought to die like a man!" As the soldiers approached the door, Cornstalk rose to meet them, and received seven or eight balls

which instantly terminated his existence. His son was shot dead, in the seat which he occupied. The Red-hawk made an attempt to climb the chimney, but fell by the fire of some of Hall's men. The other Indian, says Colonel Stuart, "was shamefully mangled, and I grieved to see him so long dying."

B.

ST. CLAIR'S OFFICIAL LETTER.

"Fort Washington, Nov. 9, 1791

"SIR:

"Yesterday afternoon the remains of the army under my command got back to this place, and I have now the painful task to give an account of a warm, and as unfortunate an action as almost any that has been fought, in which every corps was engaged and worsted, except the first regiment, that had been detached upon a service that I had the honor to inform you of in my last despatch, and had not joined me.

"On the 3d inst. the army had reached a creek about twelve yards wide running to the southward of west, which I believe to have been the river St. Mary, that empties into the Miami of the lake, arrived at the village about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, having marched near nine miles, and were immediately encamped upon a very commanding piece of ground in two lines, having the above mentioned creek in front. The right wing, composed of Butler, Clark and Patterson's battalions, commanded by Major General Butler, formed the first line; and the left wing, consisting of Bedinger and Gaither's battalions, and the second regiment commanded by Col. Darke, formed the second line, with an in-

terval between them of about seventy yards, which was all the ground would allow.

“The right flank was pretty well secured by the creek, a steep bank, and Faulkner’s corps. Some of the cavalry and their piquets covered the left flank. The militia were sent over the creek and advanced about one quarter of a mile, and encamped in the same order. There were a few Indians who appeared on the opposite side of the creek, but fled with the utmost precipitation on the advance of the militia. At this place, which I judged to be about fifteen miles from the Miami villages, I had determined to throw up a slight work, the plan of which was concerted that evening with Major Ferguson, wherein to have deposited the men’s knapsacks, and every thing else that was not of absolute necessity, and to have moved on to attack the enemy as soon as the first regiment was come up, but they did not permit me to execute either; for on the 4th, about half an hour before sunrise, and when the men had been just dismissed from the parade, (for it was a constant practice to have them all under arms a considerable time before day-light,) an attack was made upon the militia, who gave way in a very little time, and rushed into camp through Major Butler’s battalion, which, together with part of Clark’s, they threw into considerable disorder, and which, notwithstanding the exertions of both these officers, was never altogether remedied. The Indians followed close at their heels; the fire, however, of the front line checked them; but almost instantaneously a very heavy attack began upon that line, and in a few minutes it was extended to the second likewise. The great weight of it was directed against the centre of each, where the artillery was placed, and from which the men were repeatedly driven with great slaughter. Finding no great effect from the fire, and confusion beginning to spread from the

great number of men who were fallen in all quarters, it became necessary to try what could be done with the bayonet.

“Lieut. Col. Darke was accordingly ordered to make a charge, with a part of the second line, and to turn the left flank of the enemy. This was executed with great spirit, and at first promised much success. The Indians instantly gave way, and were driven back three or four hundred yards; but for want of a sufficient number of riflemen to pursue this advantage, they soon returned, and the troops were obliged to give back in their turn. At this moment they had entered our camp by the left flank, having pursued back the troops that were posted there.

“Another charge was made here by the second regiment, Butler and Clarke’s battalions, with equal effect, and it was repeated several times, and always with success; but in all of them many men were lost, and particularly the officers, which, with some raw troops, was a loss altogether irremediable. In that I just spoke of made by the second regiment, and Butler’s battalion, Major Butler was dangerously wounded, and every officer of the second regiment fell except three, one of which, Capt. Greaton, was shot through the body.

“Our artillery being now silenced, and all the officers killed except Captain Ford, who was badly wounded, more than half of the army fallen, being cut off from the road, it became necessary to attempt the regaining it, and to make a retreat if possible. To this purpose the remains of the army was formed as well as circumstances would admit, towards the right of the encampment; from which, by the way of the second line, another charge was made upon the enemy, as if with the design of turning their right flank, but it was in fact to gain the road. This was effected, and as soon as it was open the militia entered it, followed by the troops, Major Clark with his battalion covering the rear.

"The retreat in those circumstances was, you may be sure, a precipitate one. It was in fact a flight. The camp and the artillery were abandoned; but that was unavoidable, for not a horse was left alive to have drawn it off had it otherwise been practicable. But the most disgraceful part of the business is, that the greatest part of the men threw away their arms and accoutrements, even after the pursuit (which continued about four miles) had ceased.

"I found the road strewed with them for many miles, but was not able to remedy it; for having had all my horses killed, and being mounted upon one that could not be pricked out of a walk, I could not get forward myself; and the orders I sent forward either to halt the front or prevent the men from parting with their arms, were unattended to.

"The route continued quite to fort Jefferson, twenty-nine miles, which was reached a little after sunset. The action began about half an hour before sun-rise, and the retreat was attempted at half past nine o'clock.

"I have not yet been able to get the returns of the killed and wounded; but Major Gen. Butler, Lieut. Col. Oldham, of the militia, Majors Ferguson, Hart and Clark, are among the former.

"I have now, Sir, finished my melancholy tale; a tale that will be felt, sensibly felt, by every one that has sympathy for private distress, or for public misfortune. I have nothing, Sir, to lay to the charge of the troops but their want of discipline, which, from the short time they had been in service, it was impossible they should have acquired, and which rendered it very difficult, when they were thrown into confusion, to reduce them again to order, and is one reason why the loss has fallen so heavy upon the officers, who did every thing in their power to effect it. Neither were my own exertions wanting, but worn down with illness, and suffering under a painful disease, unable either to mount or dismount

a horse without assistance, they were not so great as they otherwise would, or perhaps ought to have been.

“We were overpowered by numbers; but it is no more than justice to observe, that though composed of so many different species of troops, the utmost harmony prevailed through the whole army during the campaign.

“At fort Jefferson I found the first regiment, which had returned from the service they had been sent upon, without either overtaking the deserters or meeting the convoy of provisions. I am not certain, Sir, whether I ought to consider the absence of this regiment from the field of action as fortunate; for I very much doubt, whether, had it been in the action, the fortune of the day would have been turned; and if it had not, the triumph of the enemy would have been more complete, and the country would have been destitute of means of defence.

“Taking a view of the situation of our broken troops at fort Jefferson, and that there was no provisions in the fort, I called on the field officers for their advice what would be proper further to be done; and it was their unanimous opinion, that the addition of the first regiment, unbroken as it was, did not put the army on so respectable a footing as it was in the morning, because a great part of it was now unarmed; that it had been found unequal to the enemy, and should they come on, which was probable, would be found so again; that the troops could not be thrown into the fort, because it was too small, and there was no provision in it; that provisions were known to be upon the road at the distance of one or at most two marches; that therefore it would be proper to move without loss of time to meet the provisions, when the men might have the sooner an opportunity of some refreshment, and that a proper detachment might be sent back with it, to have it safely deposited in the fort.

“This advice was accepted, and the army was put in mo-

tion at ten o'clock, and marched all night, and the succeeding day met with a quantity of flour; part of it was distributed immediately, part taken back to supply the army on the march to fort Hamilton, and the remainder, about fifty horse loads, sent forward to fort Jefferson.

"I have said, Sir, in the former part of my communication, that we were overpowered by numbers; of that, however, I had no other evidence but the weight of the fire, which was always a most deadly one, and generally delivered from the ground. few of the enemy showing themselves on foot, except when they were charged, and that in a few minutes our whole camp, which extended above three hundred and fifty yards in length, was entirely surrounded and attacked on all quarters.

"The loss, Sir, the public has sustained by the fall of so many officers, particularly Gen. Butler, and Major Ferguson, cannot be too much regretted; but it is a circumstance that will alleviate the misfortune in some measure, that all of them fell most gallantly doing their duty. I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant.

"ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

"HON. SECRETARY OF WAR."

Upon a review of the chapter containing St. Clair's defeat, the author is aware that he will probably be charged with undue partiality, and perhaps with a misstatement of facts, particularly as it relates to the force of the Indian army. Mr. Marshall, in his life of Washington, reduces the Indian force to an equality with St. Clair, and Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, appears to be of the same opinion. That chapter was written before I had particularly referred to these excellent authorities, and my own statement of the Indian force was taken from a book entitled "Indian Wars," which professes to have derived it from the acknowledgement of the Indians themselves. Upon reflection, I am satisfied that the

gentlemen above mentioned are correct, and only regret that the error into which I was led by insufficient authority, cannot now be remedied. In a private letter from Colonel McKee, the Indian agent, to Col. England, at Detroit, the Indian force assembled at the "Fallen Timber" a few days before the battle, is estimated at "*one thousand men!*" The letter concludes with an earnest demand for *reinforcements!* Ten days afterwards, the battle was fought, within which period, it is difficult to believe, that large reinforcements could arrive from the upper lakes, the only source from which they were expected. It is absolutely certain, that the Indian force opposed to Wayne did not exceed fifteen hundred men, although their whole strength was assembled. From this data, it would seem impossible that the force employed against St. Clair (more hastily collected and at shorter warning) could have exceeded twelve or fifteen hundred men. Mr. Marshall, although evidently disposed to do that unfortunate gentleman every justice, is, nevertheless, tolerably severe in his strictures upon the order of battle. He particularly censures him for posting the militia in front, in order to receive the first shock, and contends that they should have been formed in the centre of the square, in order to reinforce such parts of the line as gave way. This, as the event turned out, would probably have been better than the measure actually adopted, but St. Clair, at the time, only conformed to the rule then established, and universally practised. Militia were *always* advanced in front of regulars, and never incorporated with them. This was uniformly done by Washington, by Greene, (except upon one occasion, when he placed them in the rear as a reserve, and when they were wanted, found them too much frightened to be of any use,) and by every General who employed them. We criticise St. Clair by the light of forty year's additional experience in Indian warfare, which at the time of his defeat

was not as well understood, at least so far as relates to the employment of regulars, as now. The close encampment of the troops was certainly highly improper, as battle was expected, and for battle he should have been always prepared. For the rest, we can see no room for blame. That no *general* charge was made is true, for the simple reason, that the troops being totally *raw*, could not be brought to *unite* in one, although every possible exertion was made by officers, as brave and intelligent as any in America. And, even if one *could* have been made, there is every reason to believe, that the event of the action would have been the same. The Indians would have given way, but their *retreating* fire was as fatal as any other, and had the regulars followed throughout the day, they could not have overtaken them, and without a sufficient body of cavalry, could have made no impression upon so light footed and irregular an enemy. That a general charge succeeded under Wayne is true, but how different were the circumstances. Wayne was the *assailant*—St. Clair was attacked suddenly and under great disadvantages. Wayne more than doubled his enemy in numbers, St. Clair was at best only equal to his, and what made an incalculable difference, Wayne was in possession of a powerful body of mounted men, who alone exceeded the whole body of Indians in the field. *Here*, advantages gained by the bayonet, could be pressed by a numerous cavalry. The Indians were aware of all these circumstances; they beheld the movement of the mounted men, in order to turn their position, and finding themselves charged in their coverts, instantly fled, but whether from fear of the bayonets of the infantry, or the more rapid movements of horse, is a question which might admit of discussion. Had Wayne encountered them with the bayonet alone, they would (as in St. Clair's case) have fled, but like the ancient Parthians, their flight would have been as fatal as their ad-

vance. I have not the slightest disposition to detract from the well merited fame of Wayne. His whole movements during the campaign, displayed a boldness, vigor, and decision, which the miserable decrepitude of St. Clair forbade him to exert; but it cannot be denied, that he fought with means incomparably beyond those of his predecessor.

N. B. Gen. St. Clair was of opinion that his defeat occurred upon the St. Mary's, and by an inadvertence, it is so stated in the text. It is incorrect. The action was fought upon a small tributary stream of the Wabash.

C.

INDIAN MANNERS.

THE CHACE.

The following numbers are chiefly collected from Lewis & Clarke and Major Long's Journal:

"When the trading and planting occupations of the people are terminated, and provisions begin to fail them, which occurs generally in June, the chiefs assemble a council for the purpose of deliberating upon farther arrangements necessary to be made. This assembly decrees a feast to be prepared, on a certain day, to which all the distinguished men of the nation are to be invited, and one of their number is appointed to have it prepared in his own lodge. On the return of this individual to his dwelling, he petitions his squaws to have pity on him, and proceed to clean and adjust the department; to spread the mats and skins for seats, and to collect wood, and bring water for cooking. He requests them

to provide three or four large kettles, to prepare the maize, and to kill their fattest dog for a feast. The squaws generally murmur at this last proposition, being reluctant to sacrifice these animals, which are of great service to them in carrying burdens, like the dogs of the erratic Tartars: but when they are informed of the honor that awaits them, of feasting all the distinguished men, they undertake their duties with pride and satisfaction.

“When they have performed their part, the squaws give notice to the husband, who then calls two or three old public criers to his lodge. He invites them to be seated near him, and after the ceremony of smoking, he addresses them in a low voice, directing them to pass through the village, and invite the individuals, whom he names to them, to honor him by their presence, at the feast which is now prepared. ‘Speak in a low voice,’ says he, ‘and tell them to bring their bowls and spoons.’ The criers, having thus received their instructions, sally out together, and, in concert, sing aloud, as they pass in various directions through the village. In this song of invitation, the names of all the elect are mentioned. Having performed this duty, they return to the lodge, and are soon followed by the chiefs and warriors. The host seats himself in the back part of the lodge, facing the entrance, where he remains during the ceremony. If the host is invested with the dignity of chief, he directs those who enter where to seat themselves, so that the chiefs may be arranged on one side, and the warriors on the other: if he is a warrior, he seats the principal chiefs of the village by his side, who whisper in his ear the situation which those who enter ought to occupy: this intimation is repeated aloud by the host, when the guests are all arranged, the pipe is lighted, and the indispensable ceremony of smoking succeeds.

“The principal chief then rises, and extending his expanded hand towards each in succession, gives thanks to them

individually, by name, for the honor of their company, and requests their patient attention to what he is about to say. He then proceeds, somewhat in the following manner:— ‘Friends and relatives, we are assembled here for the purpose of consulting respecting the proper course to pursue in our next hunting excursion, or whether the quantity of provisions, at present on hand, will justify a determination to remain here, to weed our maize.’ If it be decided to depart immediately, the subject to be then taken into view, will be the direction, extent and object of the route.

“Having thus disclosed the business of the council, he is frequently succeeded by an old chief, who thanks him for his attention to their wants, and advises the assembly to pay great attention to what he has said, as he is a man of truth, of knowledge and bravery. He further assures them, that they have ample cause to return thanks to the Great Wahconda, for having sent such a man among them.

“The assembly then takes the subject into their consideration, and, after much conversation, determine upon a route, which the principal chief proposed in a speech. This chief, previous to the council, is careful to ascertain the opinions and wishes of his people, and speaks accordingly.

“He sometimes, however, meets with opposition, from persons who propose other hunting grounds: but their discourses are filled with compliments to his superior knowledge and good sense. *The proceedings of the council are uniformly conducted with the most perfect good order, and decorum.*

“*Each speaker carefully abstains from militating against the sensibility of any of his hearers: and uncourteous expressions towards each other, on these occasions, are never heard. Generally, at each pause of the speaker, the audience testify their approbation, aloud, by the interjection HEH: and as they believe that he has a just right to his own opin-*

ions, however absurd they may appear to be, and opposite to their own, the expression of them excites no reprehension; and, if they cannot approve, they do not condemn, unless urged by necessity.

“The day assigned for their departure having arrived, the squaws load their horses and dogs, and place as great a weight upon their own backs as they can conveniently transport; and after having closed the entrances to their several habitations, by placing a considerable quantity of brushwood before them, the whole nation departs from the village.

“The men scatter about in every direction, to reconnoitre the country for enemies and game; but notwithstanding the constant activity of the hunters, the people often endure severe privation of food, previously to their arrival within view of the bisons, an interval of fifteen or twenty days.

“On coming in sight of the herd, the hunters speak kindly to their horses; applying to them the endearing name of father, brother, uncle, &c.; they petition them not to fear the buffalos, but to run well, and keep close to them, but at the same time to avoid being gored. The party having approached as near to the herd as they suppose the animals will permit, without taking the alarm, they halt, to give the pipe bearer an opportunity of smoking; which is considered necessary to their success. He lights his pipe, and remains a short time with his head inclined, and the stem of the pipe extended towards the herd. He then smokes, and puffs the smoke towards the buffalos, towards the heavens and the earth, and finally to the cardinal points successively. These last they distinguish by the terms, sunrise, sunset, cold country, and warm country; or they designate them collectively by the phrase of the four winds.

“The ceremony of smoking being performed, the word for starting is given by the principal chief. They immediately separate into two bands, who pass in full speed to the right

and left, and perform a considerable circuit, with the object of enclosing the herd, at a considerable interval between them. They then close in upon the animals, and each man endeavors to kill as many of them as his opportunity permits.

“It is upon this occasion, that the Indians display their horsemanship, and dexterity in archery. Whilst in full run, they discharge the arrow with an aim of much certainty, so that it penetrates the body of the animal behind the shoulder. If it should not bury itself so deeply as they wish, they are often known to ride up to the enraged animal and withdraw it. They observe the direction and depth to which the arrow enters, in order to ascertain whether or not the wound is mortal, of which they can judge with a considerable degree of exactness; when a death wound is inflicted the hunter raises a shout of exultation, to prevent others from pursuing the individual of which he considers himself certain. He then passes on in pursuit of another, and so on until his quiver is exhausted, or the game has fled beyond his farther pursuit.

“The force of the arrow, when discharged by a dexterous and athletic Indian, is very great, and we were even credibly informed, that under favorable circumstances, it has been known to pass entirely through the body of a buffalo, and actually to fly some distance, or fall to the ground, on the opposite side of the animal.

“Notwithstanding the apparent confusion of this engagement, and that the same animal is sometimes feathered by arrows from different archers before he is despatched, or considered mortally wounded, yet, as each man knows his own arrows from all others, and can also estimate the nature of the wound, whether it would produce a speedy death to the animal, quarrels respecting the right of property in the prey seldom occur, and it is coassigned to the more fortunate individual, whose weapon penetrated the most vital

part. The chase having terminated, each Indian can trace back his devious route to the starting place, so as to recover any small article he may have lost.

"A fleet horse, well trained to hunt, runs at the proper distance, with the reins thrown upon his neck, parallel with the buffalo, turns as he turns, and does not cease to exert his speed until the shoulder of the animal is presented, and the fatal arrow is implanted there. He then complies with the motion of his rider, who leans to one side in order to direct his cours to another buffalo. Such horses as these are reserved by their owners exclusively for the chase, and are but rarely subjected to the drudgery of carrying burdens.

"When the herd has escaped, and those that are only wounded, or disabled, are secured, the hunters proceed to flay and cut up the slain.

"Every eatable part of the animal is carried to the camp, and preserved, excepting the feet and the head, but the brains are taken from the skull, for the purpose of dressing the skin, or converting it into Indian leather."

In descending the Ontonagon river, which falls into Lake Superior, Mr. Schoolcraft says: "Our Indian guides stopped on the east side of the river to examine a bearfall that had been previously set, and were overjoyed to find a large bear entrapped. As it was no great distance from the river, we all landed to enjoy the sight. The animal sat up on his fore paws, facing us, the hinder paws being pressed to the ground by a heavy weight of logs, which had been arranged in such a manner as to allow the bear to creep under, and when, by seizing the bait, he had sprung the trap, he could not extricate himself, although with his forepaws he had demolished a part of the works. After viewing him for some time, a ball was fired through his head, but did not kill him. The bear kept his position, and seemed to growl in defiance. A second ball was aimed at the heart, and took effect; but he

did not resign the contest immediately, and was at last despatched with an axe. As soon as the bear fell, one of the Indians walked up, and addressing him by the name of Muckwah, shook him by the paw with a smiling countenance, saying in the Indian language, he was sorry he had been under the necessity of killing him, and hoped the offence would be forgiven, particularly as Long-Knife* had fired one of the balls."†

THEIR DANCES.

All their dances are distinguished by appropriate names, such as the war dance—the scalp dance—the buffalo dance—the beggar's dance, &c.

In Major Long's Journal, the beggar's dance is thus described: "About one hundred Ottoes, together with a deputation of the Ioway nation, who had been summoned by Major O'Fallon, (Indian agent for the government of the United States,) presented themselves at our camp. The principal chiefs advanced before their people, and, upon invitation seated themselves. After a short interval of silence, Shonga-Tonga, the Big horse, a large, portly Indian, of a commanding presence, arose, and said: 'My father, your children have come to dance before your tent, agreeably to our custom of honoring brave or distinguished persons.' After a suitable reply from Maj. O'Fallon, the amusement of dancing was commenced, by the striking up of their rude instrumental and vocal music, the former consisting of a gong made of a large keg, over one end of which a skin was stretched, which was struck by a small stick; and another instrument consisting of a stick of firm wood, notched like a saw, over the teeth of which a smaller stick was rubbed forcibly backward and forward. With these, rude as they were, very good time was preserved with the vocal perfor-

*An American.

†Schoolcraft's Journal, p. 183.

mers, who sat around them; and by all the natives as they sat, in the inflection of their bodies, or the movements of their limbs. After the lapse of a little time, three individuals leaped up, and danced around for a few minutes; then, at a concerted signal from the master of ceremonies, the music ceased and they retired to their seats, uttering a loud noise, which by patting the mouth rapidly with the hand, was broken into a succession of similar sounds, somewhat like the hurried barking of a dog. Several sets of dancers succeeded, each terminating as the first. In the intervals of the dances, a warrior would step forward and strike a flag staff they had erected, with a stick, whip or other weapon, and recount his martial deeds. This ceremony is called "striking the post,"* and whatever is then said may be relied on as truth, being delivered in the presence of many a jealous warrior and witness, who could easily detect, and would immediately disgrace the striker, for exaggeration and falsehood. This is called the beggar's dance, during which some presents are always expected by the performers; as tobacco, whiskey or trinkets. But, on this occasion, as none of these articles were immediately offered, the amusement was not, at first, distinguished by much activity. The master of ceremonies continually called aloud to them, to exert themselves; but still they were somewhat dull and backward. Ietan (the master of ceremonies,) now stepped forward, and lashed a post with his whip, declaring, that he would thus punish those who would not dance. This threat from one whom they had vested with authority for this occasion, had a manifest effect upon his auditors, who were presently highly wrought up, by the sight of two or three little mounds of tobacco twists, which were now laid before them, and appeared to infuse new life. After lashing the post, and making his threat, Ietan went on to relate his mar-

*Of this an explanation will hereafter be given.

tial exploits. He had stolen horses, seven or eight times, from the Konzas; he had first struck the bodies of three of that nation, slain in battle. He had stolen horses from the Ietan nation, and had struck one of their dead. He had stolen horses from the Pawanees, and struck the body of one Pawanee Loup. He had stolen horses several times from the Omawhaws, and once from the Pimcas. He had struck the bodies of two Sioux. On a war party, in company with the Pawanees, he had attacked the Spaniards, and penetrated into one of their camps. The Spaniards, except a man and a boy, fled. He was at a distance before his party, and was shot at, and missed, by the man, whom he immediately shot down and struck. 'This, my father,' said he, 'is the only martial art of my life that I am ashamed of.' After several rounds of dancing, and of striking at the post, the Miaketa, or the little soldier, a war worn veteran, took his turn to strike the post. He leaped actively about, and strained his voice to the utmost pitch, while he portrayed some of the scenes of blood in which he had acted. He had struck dead bodies of all the red nations around, Osages, Konzas, Pawnee Loups, Pawnee Republicans, Grand Pawnees, Puncas, Omawhaws, Sioux, Paducas, La Plais, or Baldheads, Ietans, Sacs, Foxes, and Ioways. He had struck eight of one nation, seven of another, &c. He was proceeding with his account, when Ietan ran up to him, put his hand upon his mouth, and respectfully led him to his seat. This act was no trifling compliment, paid to the well known brave. It indicated, that he had still so many glorious acts to speak of, that he would occupy so much time as to prevent others from speaking, and put to shame the other warriors, by the contrast of his actions with theirs.

"Their physical action is principally confined to leaping a small distance from the ground, with both feet, the body being slightly inclined; and, upon alighting, an additional

slight, but sudden inclination of the body is made so as to appear like a succession of jerks; or the feet are raised alternately, the motions of the body being the same. Such are their movements, in which the whole party corresponds; but in the figures, as they are termed, in our assembly rooms, each individual performs a separate part, and each part is a significant pantomimic narrative. In all their variety of action, they are careful to observe the musical cadences. In this dance, Ietan represents one who was in the act of stealing horses. He carried a whip in his hand, as did a considerable number of the Indians, and around his neck were thrown several leathern thongs, for bridles, and halters, the ends of which trailed upon the ground behind him. After many preparatory manœuvres, he stooped down, and with his knife, represented the act of cutting the hobbles of horses; he then rode his tomahawk, as children ride their broomsticks, making such use of his whip, as to indicate the necessity of rapid movement, lest his foes should overtake him. Wa-sa-ba-jing-ga, or Little Black Bear, after a variety of gestures, threw several arrows, in succession, over his head, thereby indicating his familiarity with the flight of such missiles; he, at the same time, covered his eyes with his hand, to indicate that he was blind to danger. Others represented their manœuvres in battle, seeking their enemy, discharging at him their guns and arrows, &c. &c. Most of the dancers were the principal warriors of the nation, men who had not condescended to amuse themselves, or others, in this manner, for years before; but they now appeared in honor of the occasion, and to conciliate, in their best manner, the good will of the representative of the government of the Big knives.*

“Among these veteran warriors, Ietan, or Shamonekussee, Hashea, the Broken Arm, commonly called Cutnose, and

*The appellation by which the Indians distinguish the whites of the U. States.

Wasabajinga, or Little Black Bear, three youthful leaders, in particular attracted our attention. In consequence of having been appointed soldiers on this occasion to preserve order, they were painted entirely black. The countenance of the former indicated much wit, and had, in its expression, something of the character of that of Voltaire. He frequently excited the mirth of those about him by his remarks and gestures. Hashea, called Cutnose, in consequence of having lost the tip of his nose in a quarrel with Ietan, wore a handsome robe of white wolf skin, with an appendage behind him called a *crow*. This singular decoration is a large cushion, made of the skin of a crow, stuffed with any light material, and variously ornamented. It has two decorated sticks projecting from it upward, and a pendent one beneath. This apparatus is secured upon the buttocks, by a girdle passing round the body. The other actors in the scene were decorated with paints, of several colors, fantastically disposed upon their persons. Several were painted with white clay, which had the appearance of being grooved in many places. This grooved appearance is given, by drawing the finger nails over the part, so as to remove the pigment from thence, in parallel lines. These lines are either rectilinear, undulated, or zigzag: sometimes passing over the forehead transversely, or vertically; sometimes in the same directions, or obliquely over the whole visage, or upon the breast, arms, &c. Many were painted with red clay, in which the same lines appeared. A number of them had the representation of a black hand, with outspread fingers, on different parts of the body, strongly contrasted with the principal color with which the body was overspread; the hand was depicted in different positions upon the face, breast, and back. The faces of others were colored one half black, and the other white, &c. Many colored their hair with red clay; but the eyelids and base of the ears, were generally tinged with ver-

million. At the conclusion of the ceremony, whiskey, which they always expect on similar occasions, was produced, and a small portion given to each. The principal chiefs of the different nations, who had remained passive spectators of the scene, now directed their people to return to their camp. The word of the chiefs was obeyed, except by a few of the Ioways, who appeared to be determined to keep their places, notwithstanding the reiterated command of the chiefs. Ietan now sprang towards them, with an expression of much ferocity in his countenance, and it is probable, a tragic scene would have been displayed, had not the chiefs requested him to use gentle means, and thus he succeeded, after which the chiefs withdrew."*

EMBASSIES.

Charlevoix says, "in their treaties for peace, and generally, in all their negotiations, they discover a dexterity, and a nobleness of sentiments, which would do honor to the most polished nations."† A specimen of the mode of negotiating peace among the Missouri Indians, which I shall extract from Major Long's Journal, will, in a considerable degree, sustain the foregoing remark of Charlevoix: it will also convey an idea of the formalities observed on that occasion, with greater accuracy, than any general observations.

"During the stay of our detached party at the Konza village, several chief men of the nation requested Mr. Dougherty to lead a deputation from them, to their enemies the Otoes, Missouris, and Ioways, then dwelling in one village, on the Platte. Circumstances then prevented the gratification of their wishes, but he gave them to understand, that if the deputation should meet our party near Council Bluff, he would probably then be authorized to bear them company: on which they determined to send a party thither. Accor-

*Vol. 1, page 153.

†Charlevoix, p. 167.

dingly, on the day preceding the arrival of our steam-boat at the position chosen for our winter cantonment, a deputation from the Konzas arrived for that purpose. It consisted of six men, led by He-roch-che, or the Red War Eagle, one of the principal warriors of the Konza nation.

“Mr. Dougherty having made their pacific mission to Major O’Fallon, the latter expressed to them his cordial approbation of their intentions, and the following day he despatched Mr. Dougherty with them, to protect them by his presence, on their approach to the enemy, and to assist them by his mediation, in their negotiations, should it be found necessary.

“The distance to the Oto village is about twenty five miles; on the journey over the prairies, they espied an object at a distance, which was mistaken for a man, standing upon an eminence. The Indians immediately halted, when Herochche addressed them, with the assurance that they must put their trust in the Master of Life, and in their leaders; and observed that, having journeyed thus far on their business, they must not return until their purpose was accomplished; that if it was their lot to die, no event could save them; ‘we have set out, my braves,’ said he, ‘to eat of the Otoes victuals, and we must do so or die;’ the party then proceeded onward. The Indians are always very cautious when approaching an enemy’s village, on any occasion, and this party well knew that their enterprize was full of danger.

“In a short time they were again brought to a halt, by the appearance of a considerable number of men and horses, that wer advancing towards them. After some consultation and reconnoitering, they sat down upon the ground, and lighting the peace pipe, or calumet, Herochche directed the stem of it towards the object of their suspicion, saying, ‘smoke friend, or foe,’ he then directed it towards the Oto village,

towards the white people, towards heaven, and the earth successively.

The strangers, however, proved to be drovers, with cattle for the troops, on their way to Council Bluff.

"In consequence of being thus detained, it was late in the afternoon when the party arrived at the Platte river, and as they had still eighteen miles to travel, and it was indispensable to their safety that they should reach the village before dark, Mr. Dougherty urged his horse rapidly forwards. The Indians, who were all on foot, ran the whole distance, halting but twice, in order to cross the Elk Horn and Platte rivers, although one of them was upwards of sixty years of age, and three of the others were much advanced in years.

"As they drew near the Oto village, they were discovered by some boys who were collecting their horses together for the night, and who, in a telegraphic manner, communicated intelligence of their approach, to the people of the village, by throwing their robes into the air.

"The party was soon surrounded by the inhabitants, who rushed towards them, riding, and running with the greatest impetuosity. The greatest confusion reigned for some time, the Otoes shouting, hallooing and screaming, whilst their Konza visitors lamented aloud. Shaumonekuse soon arrived, and restored a degree of order, when the business of the mission being made known in a few words, the Konzas were taken up, behind some of the horsemen, and conveyed as rapidly as possible, to the lodge of Shongotongo, lest personal violence should be offered them on the way. They did not, however, escape the audible maledictions of the squaws, as they passed, but were stigmatized as wrinkled-faced old men, with hairy chins, and ugly faces, and flat noses.

"After running this species of gauntlet, they were quietly seated in the lodge, where they were sure of protection. A squaw, however, whose husband had been recently killed

by the Konzas, rushed into to the lodge, with the intention of seeking vengeance by killing one of the ambassadors on the spot. She stood suddenly before Herochche, and seemed a very demon of fury. She caught his eye, and at the instant, with all her strength, she aimed a blow at his breast with a large knife, which was firmly grasped in her right hand, and which she seemed confident of sheathing in his heart. At that truly hopeless moment, the countenance of the warrior remained unchanged, and even exhibited no emotion whatever; and when the knife approached its destination with the swiftness of lightning, his eye stood firm, nor were its lids seen to quiver; so far from recoiling, or raising his arm to avert the blow, that he even rather protuded his breast to meet that death which seemed inevitable, and which was only averted by the sudden interposition of the arm of one of her nation, that received the weapon to the very bone.

"Thus foiled in her attempt, the squaw was gently led out of the lodge, and no one offered her violence, or even harsh reproof. No further notice was taken of this transaction by either party.

"Food was then, as usual, placed before the strangers, and soon after a warrior entered with a pipe, which he held whilst Herochche smoked, saying in a loud voice, 'you tell us you wish for peace; I say, I will give you a horse; let us see which of us will be the liar, you or I.' The horse was presented to him.

"The evening, and much of the night, were passed in friendly conversation respecting the events of the five years' war, which they had waged with each other.

"On the following morning, the Konzas were called to partake of the hospitality of different lodges, whilst the principal men of the village were assembled in council, to deliberate upon the subject of concluding a peace.

"At noon, the joint and grand council was held in Crenier's

lodge. The Otoes, Missouris, and Ioways took their seats around the apartment, with the Konzas in the centre. Herochche, whose business it was first to speak, holding the bowl of the calumet in his hand, remained immoveable for the space of three-fourths of an hour, when he arose, pointed the stem of the calumet towards each of the three nations successively, then towards heaven, and the earth, after which he stretched out his arm, with the palm of the hand towards each of the members in succession. He then proceeded to shake each individual by the hand, after which he returned to his place, and renewed the motion of the hand as before.

“Having performed all these introductory formalities, he stood firm and erect, though perfectly easy and unconstrained, and with a bold expression of countenance, loud voice, and emphatical gesticulation, he thus addressed the council:—

“‘Fathers, brothers, chiefs, warriors, and brave men— You are all great men: I am a poor, obscure individual. It has, however, become my duty to inform you, that the chiefs and warriors of my nation, sometime ago, held a council for the purpose of concerting measures to terminate amicably the cruel and unwelcome war that has so long existed between us, and chosen me, all insignificant as I am, to bring you this pipe which I hold in my hand. I have visited your village, that we might all smoke from the same pipe, and eat from the same bowl, with the same spoon, in token of our future union in friendship.

“‘On approaching your village, my friends and relatives, I thought I had not long to live. I expected that you would kill me and these poor men who have followed me. But I received encouragement from the reflection, that if it should be my lot to die to-day, I would not have to die to-morrow, and I relied firmly upon the Master of Life.

“‘Nor was this anticipation of death unwarranted by

precedent: you may recollect, that five winters ago, six warriors of my nation came to you, as I have now done, and that you killed them all but one, who had the good fortune to escape. This circumstance was vivid in my memory when I yesterday viewed your village in the distance; said I, those warriors who preceded me in the attempt to accomplish this desirable object, although they were greater and more brave than I, yet they were killed by those whom they came to conciliate, and why shall I not share their fate? if so, my bones will bleach near theirs. If, on the contrary, I should escape death, I will visit the bones of my friends. The oldest of my followers here, was father-in-law to the chief of those slaughtered messengers; he is poor and infirm, and has followed us with difficulty; his relatives also are poor, and have been long lamenting the loss of the chief you killed. I hope you will have pity on him, and give him mockasins (meaning a horse) to return home with, for he cannot walk. Two or three others of my companions are also in want of mockasins for their journey homeward.

“My friends, we wish for peace, and we are tired of war; There is a large tract of country intervening between us, from which, as it is so constantly traversed by our respective hostile parties, we cannot either of us kill the game in security, to furnish our traders with peltries. I wish to see a large level road over that country, connecting our villages together, near which no one can conceal himself in order to kill passengers, and that our squaws may be enabled to visit from village to village in safety, and not be urged by fear to cast off their packs and betake themselves to the thickets, when they see any person on the route. Our nations have made peace frequently, but a peace has not been of long duration. I hope, however, that which we shall now establish, will continue one day, two days, three days, four days, five

days. My friends! what I have told you is true; I was not sent here to tell you lies. That is all I have to say.'

“Herochche then lit his pipe, and presented the stem to the brother of the Crenier, Wa-sac-a-ru-ja, or he who eats raw, who had formerly been his intimate friend. The latter held the end of the stem in his hand, whilst he looked Herochche full in the face for a considerable space of time. At length, he most emphatically asked, ‘is all true that you have spoken?’ The other, striking himself repeatedly and forcibly upon the breast, answered with a loud voice, ‘Yes, it is all truth that I have spoken.’ Wasacaruja, without any further hesitation, accepted the proffered pipe, and smoked, whilst Herochche courteously held the bowl of it in his hand; the latter warrior then held it in succession to each member of council, who respectively took a whiff or two, after which the pipe itself was presented to Wasacaruja, to retain.

“It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the energy and propriety with which this speech was delivered, or of the dignity and self-possession of the speaker. Before he commenced, he hesitated, and looked around upon his enemies, probably in order to trace in the lineaments of their countenances, the expressions of their feelings towards him. He then began his address, by raising his voice at once to its full intonation, producing a truly powerful effect upon the ear, by a contrast with the deep and long continued silence which preceded it. He was at no loss for subject or for words, but proceeded right onwards to the close of his speech, like a full-flowing, impetuous stream.

“Wasacaruja, in consequence of having first accepted of the calumet, was now regarded as responsible for the sincerity of his friend Herochche. He therefore arose, and thus addressed the ambassador:—‘My friend! I am glad to see you on such an occasion as the present, and to hear that your voice is for peace. A few winters ago, when we were

in friendship with each other, I visited your village, and you gave me all your people, saying that all the Konzas were mine. But it was not long afterwards, as we hunted near your country, that you stole our horses, and killed some of our people, and I cannot but believe that the same course will be again pursued. Nevertheless, I shall again repair to the same place of which I have spoken, this autumn, for the purpose of hunting, and in the spring I will again visit your town. You observed that you were apprehensive of being killed as you approached our village, and you most probably would have been so, coming as you did, late in the evening, and without the usual formality of sending a messenger to apprise us of your approach, had you not been accompanied by the *Big Knife*, with whom you are so well acquainted. But we have now smoked together, and I hope that the peace thus established may long continue. You say that you are in want of mockasins; we will endeavor to give you one or two for your journey home. That is all I have to say.'

"Herochche then apologized for his unceremonious entrance into the village, by saying, that he knew it was customary to send forward a runner, on such an occasion, and he should have done so, but his friend the *Big Knife*, whom he had previously consulted with that view, told him that he had full confidence in the magnanimity of the Otoes.

"Thus the ceremony was concluded, and peace restored between the two nations."*

WAR EXPEDITIONS.

In this number we shall give a few striking instances of the dexterity and address, as well as the devoted courage, which frequently distinguish their conduct in war.

"In the year 1763, Detroit, containing a British garrison of three hundred men, commanded by Major Gladwyn, was

*Long's Journal, vol. 1, p. 310.

besieged by a confederacy of Indian tribes under Pontiac, an Ottoway chief, who displayed such a boldness in his designs, such skill in negotiation, and such personal courage in war, as to justify us in considering him one of the greatest men who have ever appeared among the Indian tribes of North America. He was the decided and constant enemy of the British Government, and excelled all his contemporaries in both mental and bodily vigor. His conspiracy for making himself master of the town of Detroit, and destroying the garrison, although frustrated, is a master-piece among Indian stratagems; and his victory over the British troops at the battle of Bloody Bridge, stands unparalleled in the history of Indian wars, for the decision and steady courage by which it was, in an open fight, achieved.

“As, at the time above mentioned, every appearance of war was at an end, and the Indians seemed to be on a friendly footing, Pontiac approached Detroit, without exciting any suspicions in the breast of the Governor, or the inhabitants. He encamped at a little distance from it, and let the commandant know that he was come to trade; and being desirous of brightening the chain of peace between the English and his nation, desired that he and his chiefs might be admitted to hold a council with him. The Governor, still unsuspecting, and not in the least doubting the sincerity of the Indian, granted their General's request, and fixed on the next morning for their reception.

“On the evening of that day, an Indian woman who had been appointed by Major Gladwyn to make a pair of Indian shoes, out of a curious elkskin, brought them home. The Major was so pleased with them, that, intending these as a present for a friend, he ordered her to take the remainder back, and make it into others for himself. He then directed his servant to pay her for those she had done, and dismissed her. The woman went to the door that led to the street,

but no further; she there loitered about as if she had not finished the business on which she came. A servant at length observed her, and asked her why she staid there? she gave him, however, no answer.

“Some short time after, the Governor himself saw her, and enquired of his servant what occasioned her stay. Not being able to get a satisfactory answer, he ordered the woman to be called in. When she came into his presence, he desired to know what was the reason of her loitering about, and not hastening home before the gates were shut, that she might complete in due time the work he had given her to do. She told him, after much hesitation, that as he had always behaved with great goodness towards her, she was unwilling to take away the remainder of the skin, because he put so great a value upon it; and yet had not been able to prevail upon herself to tell him so. He then asked her why she was more reluctant to do so now than she had been when she made the former pair. With increased reluctance she answered, that she should never be able to bring them back.

“His curiosity being now excited, he insisted on her disclosing the secret that seemed to be struggling in her bosom for utterance. At last, on receiving a promise that the intelligence she was about to give him should not turn to her prejudice, and that if it appeared to be beneficial she should be rewarded for it, she informed him, that at the council to be held with the Indians the following day, Pontiac and his chiefs intended to murder him; and, after having massacred the garrison and inhabitants, to plunder the town. That for this purpose, all the chiefs who were to be admitted into the council room had cut their guns short, so that they could conceal them under their blankets; with which, on a signal given by their general, on delivering the belt, they were all to rise up, and instantly to fire on him and his attendants. Having effected this, they were immediately to rush into the

town, where they would find themselves supported by a great number of their warriors, that were to come into it during the sitting of the council under the pretence of trading, but privately armed in the same manner. Having gained from the woman every necessary particular relative to the plot, and also the means by which she acquired a knowledge of them, he dismissed her with injunctions of secrecy, and a promise of fulfilling on his part with punctuality the engagements he had entered into.

“The intelligence the Governor had just received gave him great uneasiness: and he immediately consulted the officer who was next him in command on the subject. But this gentleman, considering the information as a story invented for some artful purpose, advised him to pay no attention to it. This conclusion, however, had happily, no weight with him. He thought it prudent to conclude it to be true, till he was convinced that it was not so; and therefore, without revealing his suspicions to any other person, he took every needful precaution that the time would admit of. He walked around the fort the whole night, and saw himself, that every sentinel was upon duty, and every weapon of defence in proper order.

“As he traversed the ramparts that lay nearest to the Indian camp, he heard them in high festivity, and little imagining that their plot was discovered, probably pleasing themselves with the anticipation of their success. As soon as the morning dawned, he ordered all the garrison under arms, and then imparting his apprehension to a few of the principal officers, gave them such directions as he thought necessary. At the same time he sent round to all the traders, to inform them, that as it was expected a great number of Indians would enter the town that day, who might be inclined to plunder, he desired they would have their arms ready, and repel any attempt of that kind.

“About ten o’clock, Pontiac and his chiefs arrived, and were conducted to the council chamber, where the governor and his principal officers, each with pistols in his belt, awaited his arrival. As the Indians passed on, they could not help observing that a greater number of troops than usual were drawn up on the parade, or marching about. No sooner were they entered and seated on the skins prepared for them, than Pontiac asked the Governor, on what occasion his young men, meaning the soldiers, were thus drawn up and parading the streets? He received for answer, that it was only intended to keep them perfect in their exercise.

“The Indian chief-warrior now began his speech which contained the strongest professions of friendship and good will, towards the English: and when he came to the delivery of the belt of wampum, the particular mode of which, according to the woman’s information, was to be the signal for the chiefs to fire, the governor and all his attendants drew their swords half way out of their scabbards; and the soldiers at the same instant made a clattering with their arms before the doors, which had been purposely left open. Pontiac, though one of the bravest of men, immediately turned pale and trembled; and instead of giving the belt in the manner proposed, delivered it according to the usual way. His chiefs, who had impatiently expected the signal, looked at each other with astonishment, but continued quiet, waiting the result.

“The governor, in his turn, made a speech, but instead of thanking the great warrior for the professions of friendship he had just uttered, he accused him of being a traitor. He told him that the English, who knew every thing, were convinced of his treachery and villainous designs; and as a proof that they were acquainted with his most secret thoughts and intentions, he stepped towards an Indian chief that sat nearest to him, and drawing aside the blanket, discovered the

shortened firelock. This entirely disconcerted the Indians, and frustrated their design.

“He then continued to tell them, that as he had given his word at the time they desired an audience, that their persons should be safe, he would hold his promise inviolable, though they so little deserved it. However, he desired them to make the best of their way out of the fort, lest his young men, on being acquainted with their treacherous purposes, should cut every one of them to pieces.

“Pontiac endeavored to contradict the accusation, and to make excuses for his suspicious conduct; but the governor, satisfied of the falsity of his protestations, would not listen to him. The Indians immediately left the fort; but instead of being sensible of the governor’s generous behavior, they threw off the mask, and the next day made a regular attack upon it.”

Major Gladwyn has not escaped censure for this mistaken lenity: for probably had he kept a few of the principal chiefs prisoners, whilst he had them in his power, he might have been able to have brought the whole confederacy to terms, and prevented a war. But he atoned for his oversight, by the gallant defence he made for more than a year, amidst a variety of discouragements.

“During that period some very smart skirmishes happened between the besiegers and garrison, of which the following was the principal and most bloody. Capt. Delzel, a brave officer, prevailed on the governor to give him the command of about two hundred men, and to permit him to attack the enemy’s camp. This being complied with, he sallied from the town before daybreak; but Pontiac, receiving from some of his swift-footed warriors, who were constantly employed in watching the motions of the garrison, timely intelligence of their design, collected the choicest of his troops, and met the detachment at some distance from his camp, near a place

since called Bloody-bridge. As the Indians were vastly superior in number, to Capt. Delzel's party, he was soon overpowered and driven back. Being now nearly surrounded, he made a vigorous effort to regain the bridge he had just crossed, by which alone he could find a retreat: but in doing this he lost his life, and many of his men fell with him. However, Major Rogers, the second in command, assisted by Lieutenant Braham, found means to draw off the shattered remains of their little army, and conducted them into the fort.

"Then considerably reduced, it was with difficulty the Maj. could defend the town notwithstanding which, he held out against the Indians till he was relieved; as after this they made but few attacks upon the place, and only continued to blockade it.

"The Gladwyn schooner arrived about this time near the town, with a reinforcement and necessary supplies. But before this vessel could reach the place of its destination, it was most vigorously attacked by a detachment from Pontiac's army. The Indians surrounded it in their canoes, and made great havoc among the crew.

"At length, the captain of the schooner, with a considerable number of his crew being killed, and the savages beginning to climb up the sides from every quarter, the Lieutenant being determined that the stores should not fall into the enemy's hands, and seeing no alternative, ordered the gunner to set fire to the powder room and blow the ship up. This order was on the point of being executed, when a chief of the Huron's who understood the English language, gave out to his friends the intention of the commander. On receiving this intelligence, the Indians hurried down the sides of the ship with the greatest precipitation, and got as far from it as possible; while the commander immediately took advantage

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