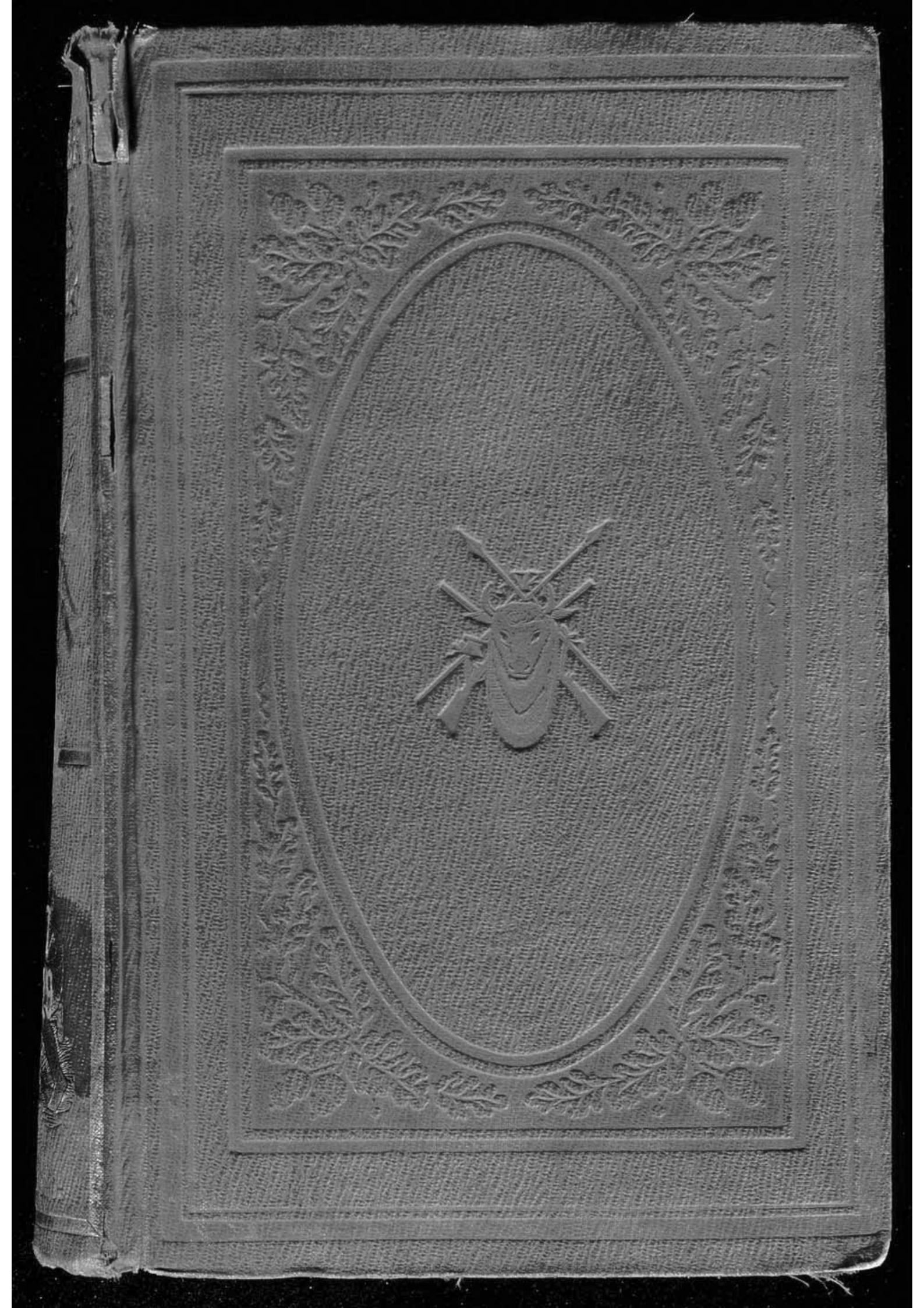

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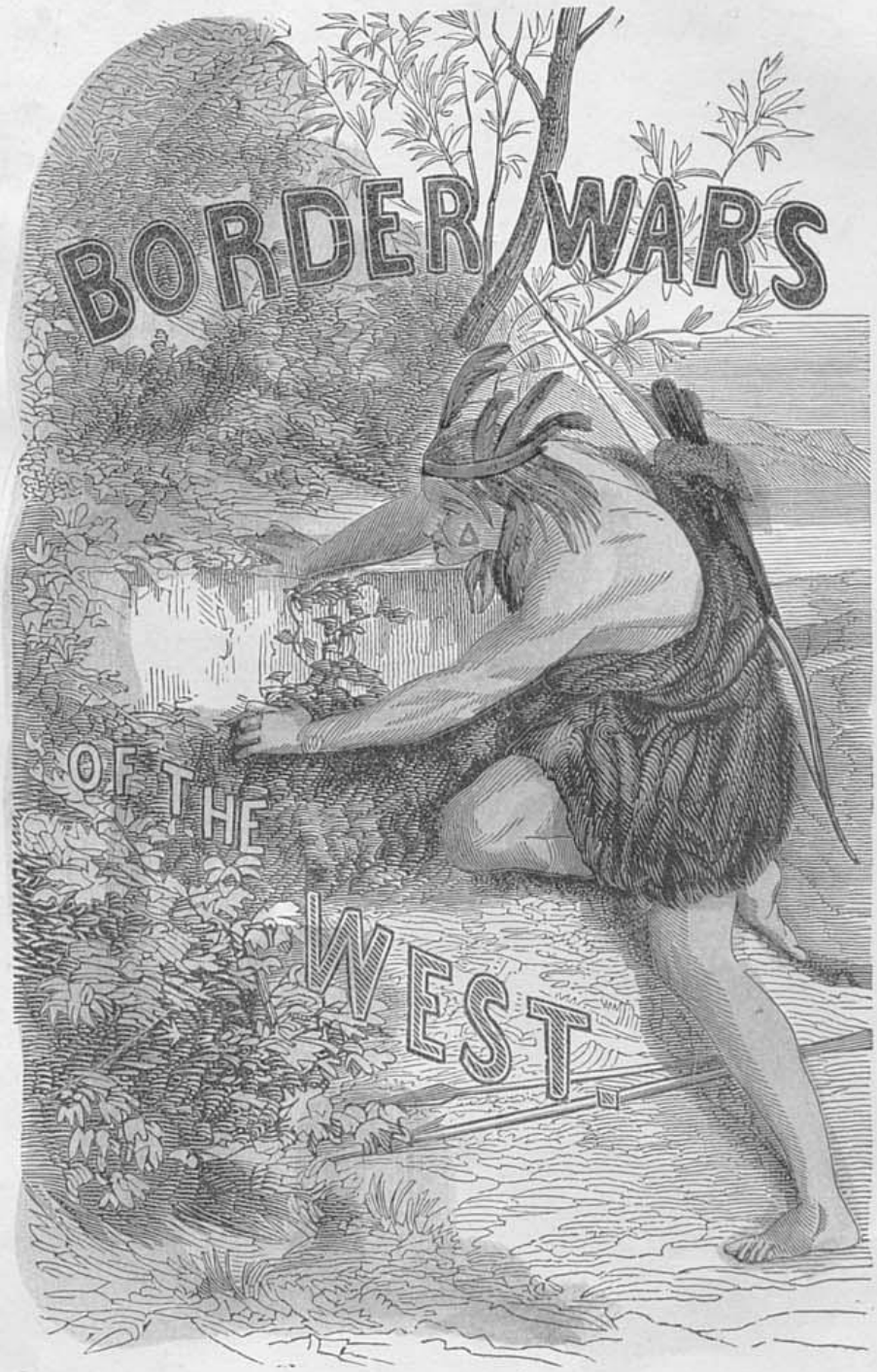
BORDER WARS
OF THE
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BORDER WARS

OF THE

WEST:

COMPRISING THE

FRONTIER WARS OF PENNSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA, KENTUCKY,
OHIO, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, TENNESSEE,
AND WISCONSIN;

AND EMBRACING

INDIVIDUAL ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS,

AND EXPLOITS OF

BOONE, KENTON, CLARK, LOGAN, BRADY, POE, MORGAN, THE WHETZELS,

AND OTHER BORDER HEROES OF THE WEST.

BY JOHN FROST, LL. D.

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PREFACE.

THE wars between the early settlers on the western frontier of our country and its aboriginal inhabitants form an extremely interesting portion of history. The long period of time through which these wars extend, the large number of actions which they embrace, the variety of adventures and instances of individual heroism which they display, and the magnitude and importance of the territorial acquisitions in which they resulted, fully entitle them to form a separate history.

The Border Wars of the West, when we enter into their details, as gathered from the traditions received from those who were engaged in them, abound with interesting displays of human character. In them we may study the traits of the Indians, the terrible enemies of our forefathers, ancient possessors of the soil, who resisted their gradual but certain encroachments, with all the violence of savage fury and all the stratagems of barbarous subtlety and cunning. Here too we may learn many useful lessons from the traits of character exhibited by the border settlers, exposed by their position to all the horrors of the midnight surprise with the dreadful accompaniments of the warwhoop, the massacre, the burning and plundering, murder and scalping, and followed by the weary sorrows of Indian captivity. We can never cease to admire the courage and fortitude with which the old border heroes and their not less heroic wives confronted the dangers of a life on the frontier, and the activity, promptness, and determination with which they met and punished every assault. There was no thought of

submission to savage insults with them. Seldom was an out post of civilization when once taken, abandoned for a time. To maintain their ground, and defy the enemy was their only thought. Nor can we fail to notice and admire the strong bond of brotherhood in which a common danger and a common destiny had bound these sturdy heroes of the frontier. An attack upon one solitary farm-house was enough to set the whole border in a flame of military ardour. Instantly, as the news travelled from block house to block house, there was heard the shout of vengeance, the click of rifle locks, the farewell to wives and children, the stern word of command MARCH! and the heavy tread of warriors departing to rescue captive friends and punish the cruelty of the savage. These were indeed the times that tried men's souls; and these border wars were the school in which were trained the heroes of the Revolution and the second war with Britain; and the history of these border wars may serve to kindle the spirit and move the arm of many a hero in the future conflicts of the Republic.

It will be perceived that in the preparation of this history I have had free recourse to the local histories of the able writers, who have chronicled the deeds of the frontier heroes. I have been greatly assisted by the works of Perkins, McClung, Brown, Drake and others who have written on the subject, and I take pleasure in adding the present general acknowledgment of my indebtedness, to the frequent references which I have made to them in the body of the work.

In conclusion I would express my earnest hope and trust that this attempt to commemorate the services and sufferings of the border heroes and heroines may prove interesting and useful to my countrymen.

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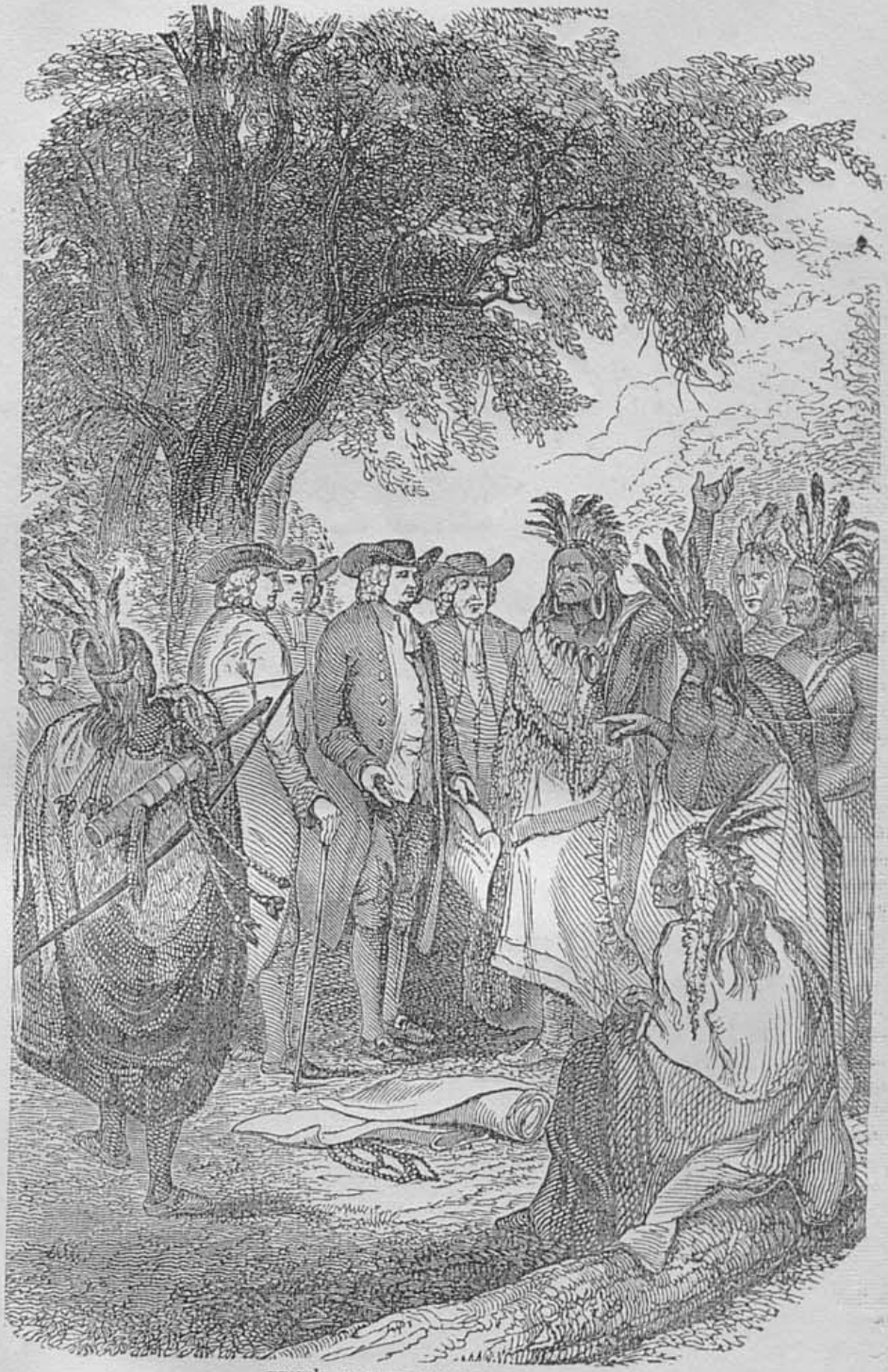

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

BORDER WARS.

THE BORDER WARS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL REMARKS.—WASHINGTON'S EXPEDITION. BRADDOCK'S EXPEDITION AND DEFEAT.

THE account of the wars between the settlers of Pennsylvania and the Indians, presents us with much that is heroic and admirable, as well as much that is horrible and degrading to human nature. Although, in consequence of the wise and beneficent policy which William Penn pursued, from the time of his celebrated treaty with the Indians, the first settlers of the south-eastern portion of the State did not experience the miseries which visited New England, yet as the pale-face penetrated the interior, and the red man saw the hunting-grounds of his fathers converted to the purposes of civilization, contentions arose and bloody deeds followed.

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The struggle between the French and English for dominion in America, was a prime and constant cause of the difficulties between the Indians and settlers of Pennsylvania, as of other States. French agents visited the great tribe of Lenni Lenape, and incited them to resist the encroachments of the English. They also frequently supplied the Indians with arms and ammunition, and by these means endeavored to link them to the French interest. In spite of the precautionary treaties of the English, the efforts of their foes were generally successful. From as early as 1739, until the English gained possession of Canada, the French left no scheme untried which promised to injure the interests of their rivals, and to advance their own; and the consequences were felt by the settlers, who had trusted that the Indians would be faithful to their treaties.

The first body of settlers arrived in Pennsylvania in 1682. These, under the guidance of William Penn, founded the city of Philadelphia, on the Delaware. Emigrants poured into this part of the State, and the settlements were soon extended to the north and westward. As early as 1715 and 1720 a trader would occasionally venture west of the Alleghany mountains. Of these the first was James Le Fort, who established his residence at Carlisle in 1720. Soon afterwards trading-houses were established at Venango, and on the Monongahela, near the mouth of Turtle Creek. But the first actual settlement west of the Alleghanies was not made until 1750, when Christopher Gist, with eleven families, occupied a tract of land west of the Youghiogheny river, within the present limits of Fayette county. At that time the French had erected forts at the mouth of French Creek, in Venango, and at Riviere au Beuf, in Erie county. Fort Duquesne, at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, was not erected until 1754; and the hostilities between the French and Indians upon one side, and the settlers of Pennsylvania and Virginia, may be dated from that period.

The Ohio Company having determined to erect a fort at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany, Captain Trent, with about forty men, was sent to peform the service. This party arrived at its destination late in February, 1754, and immediately began to erect a fort. On the 16th of April, Monsieur Contracœur, with a fleet of 360 batteaux, and canoes, carrying upwards of one thousand men and eighteen pieces of artillery, came down from Venango, and summoned the commander of the English to surrender. Resistance would have ended in destruction, and therefore the party surrendered.

At this time, Colonel Washington, with one hundred and fifty men, was encamped at Wills Creek, at which place he had concluded a treaty with the Indians. Receiving the news of the surrender of the unfinished fort, he called a council of war, to determine upon the course to be pursued. It was resolved to march to the mouth of Redstone Creek, on the Monongahela, and raise a fortification. On the 25th of April, Washington sent a detachment of sixty men to open a road. As trees had to be felled, and rocks removed, the march was slow and toilsome. After passing through the mountains, Washington reached the Youghiogheny, where he was compelled to construct a bridge. Learning that the French were coming out to meet him, he hastened forward to the Great Meadows, where he threw up an entrenchment.

"Early in the morning of the 27th of May, Mr. Gist arrived in camp from his residence, which is about thirteen miles distant, and informed Colonel Washington that M. La Force, with fifty men, had been at his plantation the day before, and that on his way he had seen the tracks of the same party, five miles from the encampment at the Great Meadows. Seventy-five men were immediately despatched in pursuit of this party, but they returned without having discovered it. Between eight and nine o'clock the same night, an express arrived from Half King, who was then six

miles off, with intelligence that he had seen the tracks of Frenchmen, which had been traced to an obscure retreat, and that he imagined the whole party to be concealed within a short distance. Fearing this might be a stratagem of the French for attacking his camp, Colonel Washington put his ammunition in a place of safety, and leaving a strong guard to protect it, he set out with forty men, and reached the Indians' camp a little before sunrise, having marched through a rainy and exceedingly dark night.

On consulting with Half King, and the other Indians of his party, it was agreed that they should march together and make the attack in concert on the French. They then proceeded in single file through the woods, after the manner of the Indians, till they came upon the tracks of the two Frenchmen, when the Half King sent two Indians forward to retrace these tracks, and discover the position of the main body. This was found to be in a very retired place, surrounded by rocks, and half a mile from the road. A disposition for attack was then formed, in which the English occupied the right wing and the Indians the left. In this manner they advanced, till they came so near as to be discovered by the French, who instantly ran to their arms. Washington then ordered his men to fire, and a skirmish ensued. The firing continued on both sides about fifteen minutes, till the French were defeated, with the loss of their whole party; ten men being killed, including their commander, M. de Jumonville, one wounded, and twenty-one taken prisoners. Colonel Washington's loss was one man killed and two or three wounded. The Indians escaped without injury, as the firing of the French was directed chiefly against the right wing, where Washington and his men were stationed."*

As soon as the news of the capture of the party under

* Sparks' Washington, Vol. II. pp. 451–2.

WASHINGTON.

Jumonville reached Fort Duquesne, the French made vigorous preparations to send a force against Washington. Some of the Indians, alarmed at the prospect of such a movement, came to the Great Meadows for protection, as they had agreed to take an open part against the French. Colonel Washington immediately commenced enlarging his entrenchments, and strengthening his palisades. He gave the place thus fortified the name of Fort Necessity. His army had been increased to four hundred men. A road was cut with excessive toil, over Laurel Hill to Gist's plantation. At that place a council of war was held, which resolved upon a retreat. This was commenced, but the difficulties encountered were so great, that Washington resolved to halt at Fort Necessity, and there await the attack of the enemy. The defences were much strengthened, and every preparation made for a vigorous resistance.

On the morning of the 2d of July, the approach of the enemy was announced by a wounded sentinel. At eleven o'clock they came within six hundred yards of the fort and fired, but without effect. Colonel Washington had drawn up his men outside of the trenches, and ordered them to reserve their fire till they should be near enough to do some execution. As the French and Indians did not seem inclined to assault, he then drew the men within the trenches, and ordered them to fire as opportunity presented. The enemy kept up a brisk fire of musketry during the day. The rain fell heavily and the trenches were filled with water. About eight o'clock at night the French commander requested a parley. Washington complied. The result of the parley was an agreement upon terms of honorable capitulation. Colonel Washington, with his troops, were to march out of the fort with drums beating and colors flying, and have free and unmolested passage to the inhabited parts of Virginia. The prisoners taken in the skirmish with Jumonville were restored to the French. No more such establishments were

to be built by either party, upon the disputed territory, within a year from the time of the capitulation. The next morning Colonel Washington began his march from the fort. The Indians could hardly be restrained from pilfering his baggage and attacking his men. But he succeeded in getting safely beyond their reach. After the capture of Fort Necessity, the French and Indians retired to Fort Duquesne.

The British Government at last awoke to the importance of resisting the growing power of the French in America. Two thousand men were ordered to be raised in the colonies; and two regiments of foot from Ireland were ordered to Virginia. On the 14th of January, 1754, Major-General Edward Braddock, with the regular troops, sailed from Cork, and on the 20th of February arrived in Virginia. On the 14th of April, 1755, a council was held at Alexandria, in which the plan of the campaign was fixed upon. As the chief part of that plan, General Braddock, with the British troops, and some volunteers from Maryland and Virginia, was to proceed against Fort Duquesne.

The forces destined for the expedition against Fort Duquesne, assembled at Fort Cumberland, on Wills Creek, in May. They comprised 1000 regulars, 1200 provincials, and about thirty sailors from Admiral Keppel's fleet. Colonel Washington accompanied Braddock as Aide-de-camp. While at Fort Cumberland, waiting the opening of a road through the Cumberland valley, and the arrival of horses and wagons, General Braddock gave evidence of that imprudence of temper which afterwards led to disaster. He charged the colonial governments with neglecting the expedition; and at one time, dcelared it should not proceed, if means of conveyance were not soon provided. Every exertion had been made of which the colonial governments were capable.

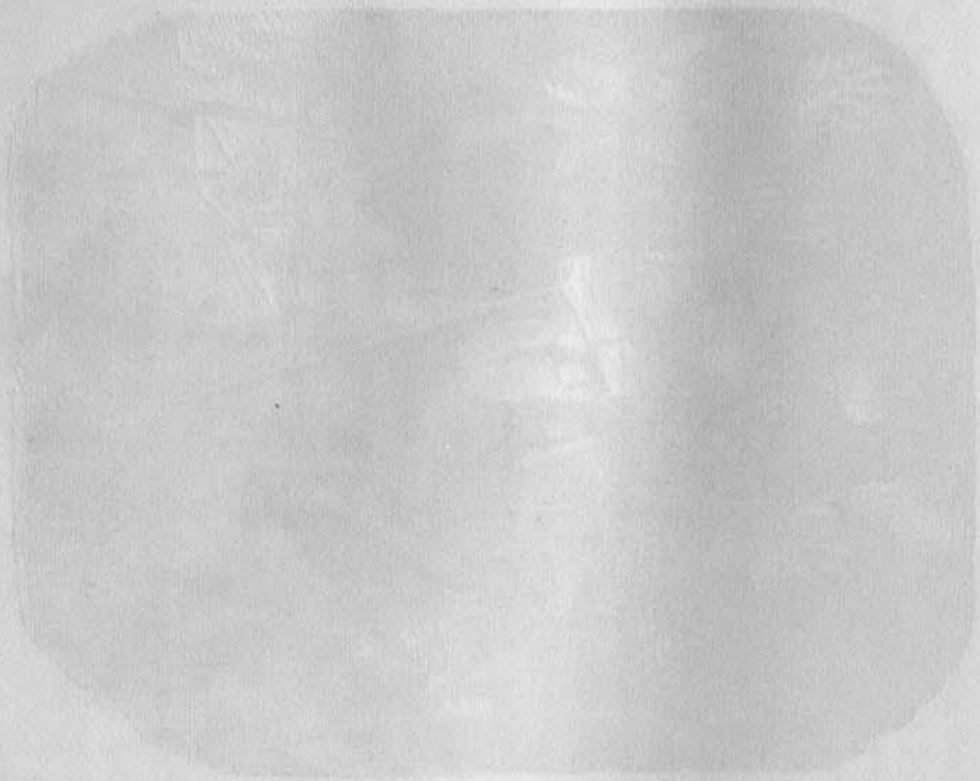
Having sent forward a detachment of five hundred men, to open the roads and erect a fort at Little Meadows, Braddock, with the main body of his army, commenced his march for

ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

Fort Duquesne. Scaroyoda and Captain Jack, Delaware sachems, with about one hundred and fifty Indians, offered to act as scouts and guides, and Colonel Washington advised the commander-in-chief to accept their services. But the self-sufficiency and military pride of Braddock, rejected the advice with contempt. At the Little Meadows, a halt was made. Braddock then changed the plan of the march. Twelve hundred men with twelve pieces of cannon were selected, and at the head of this force, the commander-in-chief pushed on for Fort Duquesne, leaving the remainder of the troops to follow by easy marches. Crossing the Youghiogheny

THE COUNCIL OF WAR AT ALEXANDRIA.

on the 9th of July, the troops pressed on in high spirits. At noon, they again crossed the same river, and soon after, the vanguard was fired upon as it ascended a hill, by a concealed foe. A heavy discharge of musketry was then poured in upon the right flank. The general advanced to the relief of these detachments; but before he could reach the ground they occupied, they gave way, and rushing back upon the other parts of the army caused extreme confusion. Braddock, instead of adopting the Indian mode of warfare, endeavored to form his men in platoons and keep them together, as if fighting upon an open battle-field. Huddled together, the troops were compelled to withstand a heavy fire for more than three hours. They fired irregularly, and did but little harm to the enemy. The French and Indians, securely posted behind trees or among the high grass, took deliberate aim, and committed terrible havoc, especially among the English officers. At length more than one-half of the army being either killed or wounded, and the general himself having received a mortal wound. the troops broke and fled in dismay. The



FRENCH AND INDIANS ATTACKING BRADDOCK IN THE WOODS.

GENERAL BRADDOCK.

few remaining officers endeavored to rally them, but in vain. They shot down the men who wanted to make them stand and wait to be slaughtered. Colonel Washington at the head of the provincials, covered the retreat. General Braddock and a few other wounded officers were brought off. But the rest of the wounded, with the artillery, ammunition, stores, and baggage, fell into the hands of the victors. The fugitives were not pursued, and they arrived at the camp of Colonel Dunbar, who was coming up with the remainder of the forces engaged in the expedition. The whole loss of the English in this disastrous defeat was about six hundred and fifty men killed or wounded, including sixty-eight officers. General Braddock died four days after the battle, and was buried in the road, to conceal his grave from the Indians.

Colonel Dunbar had sufficient force to have advanced and

retrieved the fortunes of the expedition. But a panic appears to have seized the troops. All the ammunition and stores unnecessary for immediate use were destroyed, and Dunbar marched for Fort Cumberland. At that place, he was met by the Governors of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, who requested that he would post some troops on the frontier to protect the inhabitants. But he continued his march and did not think himself safe until he arrived in Philadelphia.

BRITISH UNIFORM, 1756.

CHAPTER II.

DEPREDATIONS OF THE INDIANS UPON THE FRONTIERS OF PENNSYLVANIA AFTER BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

THE frontiers of the province of Pennsylvania were, during the autumn of 1755 and the year 1766, overrun by war-parties of the Indians, instigated by the French. Unlike the other provinces, Pennsylvania had no militia. Governor Morris endeavored to arouse the inhabitants to a sense of their duty; and the Indian attacks were powerful aids to his exertions. At the time of Braddock's defeat, the settlements

KING SHINGAS.

had extended westward beyond the Susquehanna, and northward as far as the extremity of Northampton county. The increase of the population of Pennsylvania had been without a precedent in the colonies, and everything indicated prosperity and happiness, when the Delawares and Wyandottes commenced their depredations. The principal war chief of the Delawares was King Shingas, a man unsurpassed in courage, strength, activity and cunning. He fell upon the settlements west of the Susquehanna, and committed the most horrible atrocities. A party of his warriors attacked the settlers of Mahoney, on Penn's Creek, and burned and destroyed their buildings and improvements, so that the settlement was deserted. In Tuscarora valley, an Indian trader and several other persons were killed. Great Cove was attacked, the houses burned, a number of persons killed, seventeen carried off, and the whole settlement broken up. In December, 1755, the Indians extended their incursions into Northampton county, burned fifty houses, murdered above one hundred persons, continued their ravages, and

MASSACRE IN NORTHAMPTON COUNTY.

overran and laid waste the greater part of that county. They even ventured within twenty-five miles of Easton. A large body of Indians, commanded by French officers, had fixed their head-quarters upon the borders of that county, for the preservation of their plunder and their prisoners.

In the affair at Great Cove, in Cumberland county, some interesting events occurred.

One Hugh M'Swine was abroad at the time. When he came home, he followed after, and overtook the Indians at Tussey's Narrows. Jacobs, the commander of the party, took him for a spy and made him prisoner; there was with this party of Indians, one Jackson, a white man, who had joined the Indians, and was more industrious and revengeful than the native Indians. Next morning Captain Jacobs sent M'Swine and another prisoner, under the care of Jackson and one warrior, by whom he also sent his horse, and a silver mounted gun, while they went in quest of some more of the poor unhappy inhabitants. The Indian and Jackson, with the two prisoners, travelled until night came on, when they took up their lodging in a waste cabin, and sent M'Swine to cut rails to make a fire; but when he got the axe, he began to think how he could manage to kill both Indian and white man, and immediately put his plan into execution. He went in with his axe, split down the Indian, but before he had time to strike another blow, Jackson was on his feet, and they instantly got in grips with each other; they were both very strong men, and after they had struggled a long time, M'Swine began to fail, and was still calling on the other man to assist him, but he stood trembling, and could do nothing: at length M'Swine had the good fortune to get one of the guns in his hand, knocked down his antagonist, and so put an end to him. He scalped both the Indian and Jackson; and next evening arrived at Fort Cumberland, with Captain Jacobs' horse and gun. Colonel Washington sent him to Winchester, (Virginia,)

where he got paid for the scalps, horse and gun, and received a lieutenant's commission.

About this time there was a party of Cherokees, seventy in number, who came to the assistance of the people of Pennsylvania; they went in pursuit of a party of Indians as far as the west side of Sideling hill, when they despaired of coming up with them, and returned. There were some white men along with these Cherokees, among whom was Hugh M'Swine. This party, in their return, fell in with another party of Indians coming into the settlements to murder, and a skirmish ensued. By some means M'Swine was parted from his company, and pursued by three Indians, his gun being loaded, he turned round and shot the one nearest him, and then ran on, and charging again, shot another, upon which the third gave a yell and turned back. The Cherokees shortly after brought in four scalps and two prisoners of the enemy, one of whom was a squaw, who had been twelve times at war. About this time some Cherokees and white men went to reconnoitre Fort Duquesne, and in returning home the white men were not able to keep up with the Indians, and so were left behind in the wilderness, and some of them got home in a very distressing condition. Hugh M'Swine, after many dangerous enterprises, and much toil and fatigue, many battles and skirmishes with the Indians, in defence of his country, from savage and destructive incursions, fell by them in a battle near Ligonier.

To guard against these devastations, a chain of forts and block-houses was erected, at an expense of eighty-five thousand pounds, by the province of Pennsylvania, along the Kittanning hills, from the river Delaware to the Maryland line, commanding the principal passes of the mountains, garrisoned with from twenty to seventy-five provincials, as the situation and importance of places respectively required. On the east side of the Susquehanna, beginning at the Delaware, were Depui's Fort, Fort Lehigh, Fort Allen, Fort

Everitt, Fort Williams, Fort Henry, Fort Swatara, Fort Hunter, Fort Halifax, Fort Augusta; west of the Susquehanna, Fort Louther, at Carlisle; Fort Morris and Fort Franklin at Shippensburg; Fort Granville; Fort Shirley, on Aughwick Branch, a creek that empties into the Juniata; Fort Littleton; Fort Loudon, on the Conococheago Creek, Franklin county; these three last-named forts ranged in the north and south line. From Fort Shirley there was an Indian path to Fort Augusta, on the Susquehanna. Eight companies of soldiers were stationed on the west side of the Susquehanna, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel John Armstrong, called the second battalion of the Pennsylvania regiment.

The French and Indians continued their depredations and cruelties in 1756. In February, a party of Indians from Shamoken came to Juniata. The first place they came to on the river was Hugh Mitcheltree's, who had gone to Carlisle, and had got a young man of the name of Edward Nicholas to stay with his wife until he would return: the Indians killed them both. The same party of Indians went up the river where the Lukens's lived. William Wilcox at the time lived on the opposite side of the river. Whose wife and eldest son had come over the river on some business; the Indians came while they were there and killed old Edward Nicholas and his wife; and took Joseph Nicholas, Thomas and Catharine Nicholas, and John Wilcox, James Armstrong's wife and two children, prisoners.

An Indian named James Cotties, wished to be captain of this party. When they did not choose him he would not go with them. He and a boy went to Shearman's Creek and killed William Sheridan and his family, thirteen in number. They then went down the creek to where three old persons lived, two men and a woman of the name of French, whom they also killed. He often boasted afterwards, that he and the boy took more scalps than the whole party.

Many individual exploits were performed by the hardy frontier settlers in their warfare with the Indians, and more daring and fortitude was never displayed. The Indians frequently paid dearly for their active cruelty. A man named Samuel Bell met with remarkable success in an encounter with the enemy.

Some time after Braddock's defeat, he and his brother James Bell, agreed to go into Shearman's valley to hunt for deer, and were to meet on Croghan's, now Sterret's Gap, on the Blue mountain. By some means or other they did not meet, and Samuel slept all night in a waste cabin belonging to Mr. Patton, on Shearman's Creek. In the morning, he had not travelled far before he spied three Indians, who at the same time saw him; they all fired at each other; he wounded one of the Indians, but received no damage, except through his clothes, by the balls. Several shots were fired on both sides, and each took a tree. Bell took his tomahawk and stuck it into the tree behind which he stood, so that should they approach he might be prepared. The tree was grazed by the Indians' balls, and he had thoughts of making his escape by flight, but on reflection had doubts of his being able to out-run them. After some time, the two Indians took the wounded one and put him over a fence; one took one course and the other another, taking a compass so that Bell could no longer secure himself by the tree; but by trying to ensnare him, they had to expose themselves, by which means he had the good fortune to shoot one of them dead. The other ran and took the dead Indian on his back, one leg over each shoulder; by this time Bell's gun was again loaded, he then ran after the Indian until he came within about four yards from him, fired, and shot through the dead Indian, and lodged his ball in the other, who dropped the dead man and ran off. In his return, coming past the fence where the wounded Indian was, he dispatched him, but did not know he had killed the third Indian until his bones were found afterwards.

The settlement at Conococheague was visited by the savages on several occasions, and terrible devastation was the consequence. McCord's Fort was burned, and twenty-seven persons killed or captured. The war party then marched to Fort Littleton. Captain Hamilton being stationed there with a company of provincials, and hearing of the attack upon McCord's Fort, pursued the enemy. An Indian guided him upon the proper trail, until he overtook the savages at Sideling Hill. An engagement followed, in which the whites, after a severe contest, were defeated, and lost a considerable number of men. The victors, with their prisoners, then pursued their return march unmolested.

In July, 1756, Robinson's Fort, in Sherman's valley, was attacked by a party of Indians, several persons killed and many taken prisoners. The same valley was frequently visited by the horrors of savage warfare. Fort Granville, erected at the mouth of Rishecoquille's Creek, and garrisoned by a company of provincials, had not stood long before it was attacked by the Indians, who resorted to all their usual stratagems to reduce it. At length, the commander of the garrison being killed, the second in command, a man named Turner, surrendered the fort. The victors killed a large proportion of the garrison, and took the rest with them to their towns. Turner was afterwards put to death with horrible torture.

The next attack was upon Bigham's Fort, in Tuscarora, which they took and burnt, killing or capturing all who were in it. About the same time they killed Robert Cochran on his own plantation, and captured his wife and son.

The Indians at one of their inroads murdered a family of seven persons on Shearman's Creek; from thence they passed over the mountain at Croghan's, now Sterret's Gap, and wounded a man, killed a horse, and captured Mrs. Boyde, her two sons and a daughter, upon Conodoguinet Creek.

Another time they came down upon the frontiers of Lan

caster, now Dauphin County. The first assault was upon a wagon belonging to a German, with which he was endeavoring to move off; but being killed a small distance behind the wagon, those with the wagon fled to a fort not far distant. The men in the fort being alarmed at the report of the Indians' guns, came to see the occasion of it, and met a woman running towards them, crying. They proceeded to where the wagon stood, and at some distance behind lay the man, tomahawked and scalped, and the brains issuing from the wounds; although he was still breathing. The wagon being left standing in the same place, it was pillaged and destroyed in the night.

The next day twelve men were sent to acquaint the men at the next fort, about eight miles distant, of what had happened, who were fired on from an ambuscade, and were killed and wounded, all but two, who were pursued, but escaped.

Mrs. Boggs, of the same neighborhood, while riding to a neighbor's house, was fired upon by the Indians, her horse killed, and she with a young child taken prisoner, whom they treated in the most barbarous and cruel manner; not suffering the child to suck, sometimes throwing it in the road, and kicking it before them. After three days marching in this manner, they carried the child into the woods, where they murdered and scalped it, with savage cruelty.

In August, 1756, Colonel John Armstrong, commander of the Second Battalion of Provincials, resolved to undertake an expedition against Kittanning, from which town the Delawares, under Shingas and Captain Jacobs, made their incursions. The object of the expedition was to break up the rendezvous, and make such a home thrust at the enemy as would compel them to relinquish their designs against the frontier settlements, and look to their own safety. The expedition was well-planned, and decisively executed. The force under Colonel Armstrong consisted of three hundred and seven men, many of whom were skilled in Indian war-

fare. In the following official report, the Colonel gives the most complete history of the expedition and its results.

FORT LITTLETON, Sept. 14th, 1756.

May it please your Honor:—Agreeable to mine of the 29th ult., we marched from Fort Shirley* the day following, and on Wednesday, the 3d instant, joined our advanced party at the Beaver Dams, a few miles from Frankstown, on the north branch of Juniata. We were there informed that some of our men having been out upon a scout, had discovered the track of two Indians on this side of the Alleghany Mountain, and but a few miles from camp. From the freshness of the tracks, their killing of a cub bear, and the marks of their fires, it seemed evident they were not twenty-four hours before us, which might be looked upon as a particular Providence in our favor that we were not discovered. Next morning we decamped, and in two days came within fifty miles of the Kittanning. It was then adjudged necessary to send some persons to reconnoitre the town, and to get the best intelligence they could concerning the situation and position of the enemy. Whereupon an officer with one of the pilots and two soldiers, were sent off for that purpose.

The day following, we met them on their return, and they informed us that the roads were entirely clear of the enemy, and that they had the greatest reason to believe they were not discovered; but from the rest of the intelligence they gave, it appeared they had not been nigh enough the town, either to perceive the true situation of it, the number of the enemy, or what way it might be most advantageously attacked.

We continued our march, intending to get as near the town as possible that night, so as to be able to attack it next morning about daylight; but to our great dissatisfaction, about

* Huntingdon County.

nine or ten o'clock at night, one of our guides came and told us that he perceived a fire by the road-side, at which he saw two or three Indians, a few perches distant from our front. Whereupon, with all possible silence, I ordered the rear to retreat about one hundred perches, in order to make way for the front, that we might consult how we could best proceed without being discovered by the enemy.

Some time after the pilot returned a second time, and assured us, from the best observations he could make, there were not above three or four Indians at the fire. On which it was proposed that we should immediately surround, and cut them off; but this was thought too hazardous; for, if but one of the enemy had escaped, it would have been the means of discovering the whole design, and the light of the moon, on which depended our advantageously posting our men, and attacking the town, would not admit of our staying until the Indians fell asleep. On which it was agreed to have Lieutenant Hogg go with twelve men, and the person who first discovered the fire, with orders to watch the enemy, but not to attack them till break of day; and then, if possible, to cut them off. It was also agreed (we believing ourselves to be but about six miles from the town,) to leave the horses, many of them being tired, with what blankets and other baggage we then had, and take a circuit off of the road, which was very rough and incommodious, on account of the stones and fallen timber, in order to prevent our being heard by the enemy at the fire place.

This interruption much retarded our march; but a still greater loss arose from the ignorance of our pilots, who neither knew the true situation of the town, nor the best paths that led thereto; by which means, after crossing a number of hills and valleys, our front reached the river Alleghany, about one hundred perches below the main body of the town, a little before the setting of the moon; to which place, rather than by pilots, we were guided by the beating

of the drum and the whooping of the warriors, at their dances.

It then became us to make the best use of the remaining moonlight; but ere we were aware, an Indian whistled in a very singular manner, about thirty perches from our front, in the foot of a corn field; upon which we immediately sat down, and after passing silence to the rear, I asked one Baker, a soldier, who was our best assistant, whether that was not a signal to the warriors of our approach. He answered, No; and said it was the manner of a young fellow's calling a squaw, after he had done his dance; who, accordingly kindled a fire, cleaned his gun, and shot it off, before he went to sleep.

All this time we were obliged to lay quiet and hush, till the moon was faintly set. Immediately after, a number of fires appeared in different parts of the corn-field, by which, Baker said, the Indians lay, the night being warm, and that these fires would immediately be out, as they were only designed to disperse the gnats.

By this time it was break of day, and the men having marched thirty miles, were mostly asleep; the line being long, the three companies of the rear were not yet brought over the last precipice. For these, some proper hands were immediately dispatched, and the weary soldiers being roused to their feet, a proper number under sundry officers were ordered to take the end of the hill, at which we then lay, and march along the top of said hill, at least one hundred perches, and so much farther, it then being daylight, as would carry them opposite the upper part, or at least the body of the town; for the lower part thereof, and the corn-field, presuming the warriors were there, I kept rather the larger number of the men, promising to postpone the attack in that part, for eighteen or twenty minutes, until the detachment along the hill should have time to advance to the place assigned them. In doing of which, they were a little unfortunate.

The time being elapsed, the attack was begun in the corn-field, and the men, with all expedition possible, dispatched through the several parts thereof. A party being also dispatched to the houses which were then discovered by the light of the day. Captain Jacobs immediately then gave the war-whoop, and with sundry other Indians, as the English prisoners afterwards told us, cried, "The white men were at last come, they would then have scalps enough;" but at the same time ordered their squaws and children to flee to the woods.

Our men, with great earnestness, passed through and fired in the corn-field, where they had several returns from the enemy, as they also had from the opposite side of the river. Presently after, a brisk fire began among the houses, which from the house of Captain Jacobs, was returned with a great deal of resolution; to which place I immediately repaired, and found that from the advantages from the house and port holes, sundry of our people were wounded, and some killed; and finding that returning the fire upon the house was ineffectual, ordered the contiguous houses to be set on fire, which was performed with a great deal of activity—the Indians always firing whenever an object presented itself, and seldom missed of wounding or killing some of our people; from which house, in moving about and giving the necessary directions, I received a wound with a large musket ball in the shoulder. Sundry persons during the action, were ordered to tell the Indians to surrender themselves prisoners, but one of the Indians in particular, answered and said, "He was a man, and would not be a prisoner." Upon which he was told, in Indian, he would be burnt. To this he answered, he did not care, for he would kill four or five before he did; and had we not desisted from exposing ourselves, they would have killed a great many more—they having a number of loaded guns there. As the fire began to approach, and the smoke grow thick, one of the Indian fellows, to show his manhood, began to sing. A squaw in the same house, and at the same

time, was heard to cry and make a noise, but for so doing, was severely rebuked by the men; but by and by, the fire being too hot for them, two Indian fellows and a squaw sprung out and made for the corn-field, who were immediately shot down by our people, then surrounding the house; it was thought Captain Jacobs tumbled himself out at the garret or cock-loft window, at which he was shot—our prisoners offering to be qualified to the powder-horn and pouch there taken off him, which they say he had lately got from a French officer in exchange for Lieutenant Armstrong's boots, which he carried from Fort Granville, where the Lieutenant was killed. The same prisoners say they are perfectly assured of his scalp, as no other Indians there wore their hair in the same manner. They also say they know his squaw's scalp by a particular bob; and also know the scalp of a young Indian called the King's son. Before this time, Captain Hugh Mercer, who early in the action was wounded in the arm, had been taken to the top of the hill above the town, to where a number of the men and some of the officers were gathered; from whence they had discovered some Indians cross the river and taken the hill, with an intention, they thought, to surround us and cut us and our retreat off, from whom I had sundry pressing messages to leave the house and retreat to the hill, or we should all be cut off; but to this, I could by no means consent, until all the houses were set on fire; though our spreading upon the hill appeared very necessary, yet did it prevent our researches of the corn-field and river side, by which means sundry scalps were left behind, and doubtless some squaws, children, and English prisoners, that otherwise might have been got.

During the burning of the houses, which were nearly thirty in number, we were agreeably entertained with a quick succession of charged guns gradually firing off, as they were reached by the fire; but more so with the vast explosion of sundry bags and large kegs of gunpowder, wherewith almost

every house abounded. The prisoners afterwards informing, that the Indians had frequently said, they had a sufficient stock of ammunition for ten years to war with the English. With the roof of Captain Jacob's house, where the powder blew up, was thrown the leg and thigh of an Indian, with a child of three or four years old, such a height they appeared as nothing, and fell into the adjacent corn-field.

There was also a great quantity of goods burnt, which the Indians had received but ten days before from the French.

By this time I had proceeded to the hill to have my wound tied up, and the blood stopped, when the prisoners, who in the morning had come to our people, informed me that that very day two batteaux of Frenchmen, with a large party of Delawares and French Indians, were to join Captain Jacobs at Kittanning, and to set out next morning to take Fort Shirley, or, as they called it, George Croghan's fort; and that twenty-four warriors, who had lately come to town, were sent out before them the evening before, for what purpose they did not know, whether to prepare meat, to spy the fort, or make an attack upon some of our back inhabitants.

Soon after, upon a little reflection, we were convinced these warriors were all at the fire we had discovered but the night before, and began to doubt the fate of Lieutenant Hogg and his party. From this intelligence of the prisoners, our provisions being scaffolded some thirty miles back, except what were in the men's haversacks, which were left with the horses and blankets with Lieutenant Hogg and his party, and a number of wounded people then on hand, by the advice of the officers it was thought imprudent to wait for the cutting down of the corn-field, (which was before designed) but immediately to collect our wounded and force our march back, in the best manner we could, which we did by collecting a few Indian horses to carry off our wounded.

From the apprehension of being waylaid and surrounded, (especially by some of the woodsmen) it was difficult to keep

the men together; our march for sundry miles, not exceeding two miles an hour—which apprehensions were heightened by the attempt of a few Indians, who, for some time after the march, fired upon each wing, and immediately ran off, from whom we received no other damage but one of our men being wounded through both legs. Captain Mercer being wounded was induced, as we have reason to believe, by some of his men, to leave the main body with his Ensign, John Scott, and ten or twelve men, they being heard tell him that we were in great danger, and that they could take him into the road a nigh way, is probably lost, there being yet no account of him, and most of the men have come in. A detachment was sent back to bring him in, but could not find him; and upon the return of the detachment, it was generally reported he was seen with the above number of men, take a different road.

Upon our return to the place where the Indian fire had been discovered the night before, we met with a sergeant of Captain Mercer's company, and two or three others of his men, who had deserted us that morning, immediately after the action at Kittanning. These men on running away, had met Lieutenant Hogg, who lay wounded in two different parts of his body, by the road side. He there told them of the fatal mistake of the pilot, who had assured us there were but three Indians at the most at the fire place, but when he came to attack them that morning, according to orders, he found a number considerably superior to his, and believes they killed or mortally wounded three of them at the first fire. After which a warm engagement began, and continued for about an hour, when three of his best men were killed, and himself twice wounded, the residue fleeing off—he was obliged to squat in a thicket, where he might have lain securely until the main body had come up, if this cowardly sergeant, and others that fled with him, had not taken him away.

They had marched but a short space when four Indians

appeared, on which these deserters began to flee. The Lieutenant then, notwithstanding his wounds, as a brave soldier, urging and commanding them to stand and fight, which they all refused. The Indians pursued, killing one man, and wounding the Lieutenant a third time in the belly, of which he died in a few hours; but he having some time before been put on horseback, rode some miles from the place of action; but this last attack of the Indians upon Lieutenant Hogg and the deserters, was by the before mentioned sergeant represented to us quite in a different light: he telling us that there were a far larger number of Indians there than appeared to them, and that he and the men had fought five rounds. That he had there seen the Lieutenant and sundry others killed and scalped, and had also discovered a number of Indians throwing themselves before us, and insinuated a great deal of such stuff as threw us into much confusion. So that the officers had a great deal to do to keep the men together, but could not prevail with them to collect what horses and other baggage the Indians had left, after their conquest of Lieutenant Hogg and the party under his command in the morning, except a few of the horses, which some of the bravest of the men were prevailed on to collect. So that from the mistake of the pilot who spied the Indians at the fire, and the cowardice of the said sergeant, and other deserters, we have sustained a considerable loss of our horses and baggage.

It is impossible to ascertain the exact number of the enemy killed in the action, as some were destroyed by fire, and others in different parts of the corn-field; but upon a moderate computation, it is generally believed there cannot be less than thirty or forty killed and mortally wounded, as much blood was found in sundry parts of the corn-field, and Indians seen in several places crawl into the woods on hands and feet, whom the soldiers, in pursuit of others, then overlooked, expecting to find and scalp them afterwards, and also several killed and wounded in crossing the river.

On beginning our march back, we had about a dozen of scalps, and eleven English prisoners, but now find that four or five of the scalps are missing; part of which were lost on the road, and part in the possession of the men with Captain Mercer, separated from the main body, with whom also went four prisoners; the other seven being now at this place, where we arrived on Sunday night, not being attacked through our whole march by the enemy, though we expected it every day. Upon the whole, had our pilots understood the situation of the town, and the paths leading to it, so as to have posted us at a convenient place, where the disposition of the men, and the duty assigned them could have been performed with greater advantage, we had, by Divine assistance, destroyed a much greater number of the enemy, recovered more prisoners, and sustained less damage than what we at present have. But the advantage gained over these, our common enemies, is far from being satisfactory to us, yet must we not despise the smallest degree of success that God is pleased to give, especially at a time when the attempts of our enemies have been so prevalent and successful. I am sure there was the greatest inclination to do more, had it been in our power, as the officers and most of the soldiers, throughout the whole action, exerted themselves with as much activity and resolution as possibly could be expected.

Our prisoners inform us the Indians have for some time past talked of fortifying at the Kittanning and other towns. That the number of French at Fort Du Quesne is about four hundred. That the principal part of their provisions came up the river, from the Mississippi; and that in the three other forts, which the French have on the Ohio, there are not more men, taken together, than there are at Fort Du Quesne.

I hope as soon as possible to receive your Honor's instructions with regard to the distribution or stationing of the sundry companies in this battalion; and as a number of men are now wanting in each of the companies, whether or no they should

be immediately recruited, and if the sundry officers are to recruit, that money be speedily sent for that purpose.

I beg the favor of your Honor, as soon as possible to furnish Governor Morris with a copy of this letter, and the gentlemen commissioners for the Province another, as my present indisposition neither admits me to write, nor dictate any more at this time.

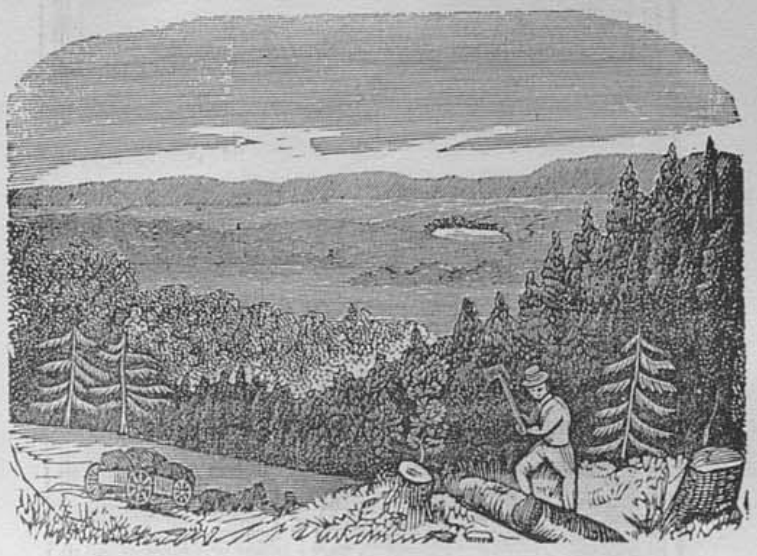
In case a quantity of ammunition is not already sent to Carlisle, it should be sent as soon as possible; and also, if the companies are to be recruited and completed, there must be an immediate supply of about three hundred blankets, as there have been a great many lost in the present expedition. Enclosed is a list of the killed, wounded and missing of the several companies. I expect to get to Carlisle in about four days.

Yours, &c., JOHN ARMSTRONG.

To Hon. W. DENNY.

The destruction of Kittanning and its in habitants was the severest blow the savages had yet experienced; and such of them as escaped the carnage removed to the westward of Fort Duquesne, not considering themselves secure within the reach of the provincial troops. Colonel Armstrong received the thanks of the frontier inhabitants, and of the corporation of Philadelphia, as well as a medal for his gallantry. A quantity of plate was divided among his officers.

MONTCALM.



CHAPTER III.

HISTORY OF THE WAR ON THE FRONTIER UNTIL THE FALL OF FORT DUQUESNE.

ALTHOUGH the frontier settlers of Pennsylvania were in a great measure relieved from the constant apprehension of attack, by the bold and successful expedition of Colonel Armstrong, the close of the year 1757 witnessed the defeat of most of the enterprises undertaken by the English against the French, and new fears were excited. By the capture of Fort William Henry, the Marquis de Montcalm had obtained the command of the best passage from Canada to the British provinces. By the destruction of Oswego, he gained complete control of the great lakes; and by the possession of Fort Duquesne he maintained the French superiority west of the Alleghany mountains. The government of Pennsylvania made some effort to conciliate the Indians, and bring about a

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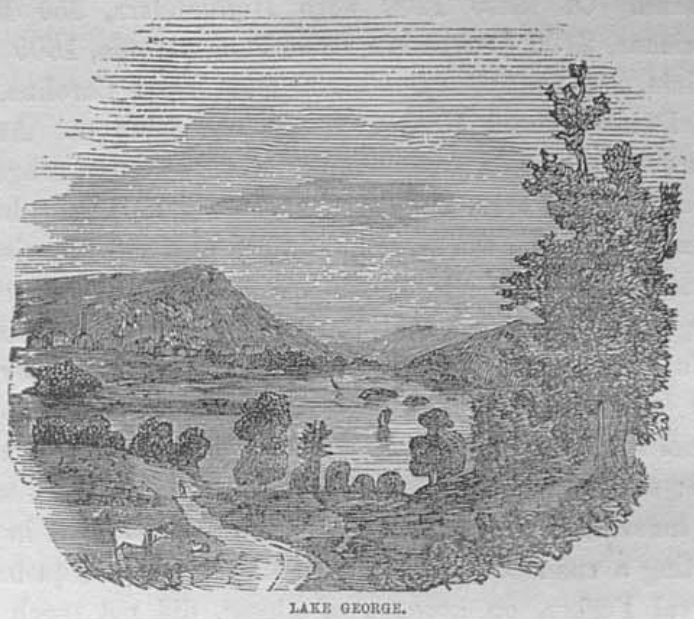
WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

treaty of peace with them. But the activity and diplomatic skill of the French were triumphant.

The accession of the energetic Chatham to the premiership of Great Britain, breathed new life into the nation; and in the colonies hopes were entertained that the French power would soon fall before his vigorous and wise measures. General Abercrombie was appointed to the chief command of the forces in America, and a plan for the campaign of 1758 adopted, which included expeditions against Louisburg, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Fort Duquesne.

General Abercrombie, commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, collecting his troops at Albany, prepared for an expedition against Ticonderoga. On the 5th of July, fifteen thousand troops, with a formidable train of artillery,



LAKE GEORGE.

crossed Lake George, landed on the western shore, and commenced their march against the enemy. A fort within two miles of Ticonderoga fell into Abercrombie's hands, and on the 8th he attempted to storm that strong post. A severe action of four hours ensued, when the English commander, having lost nearly two thousand men, ordered a retreat.

An army of fifty thousand men, of whom twenty thousand were provincials, was collected. The expedition against Louisburg was completely successful. That strong fortress, which had been heretofore deemed impregnable, was this year compelled to surrender to the English forces. Colonel Bradstreet, with three thousand men, captured Fort Frontignac in Upper Canada. As this place was the magazine from which supplies were drawn for the French posts on the Ohio, its fall contributed to the successful result of the expedition against Fort Duquesne.

The command of the forces destined to act against Fort Duquesne, was entrusted to Brigadier-General Joseph Forbes. The whole number of troops under his orders was seven

thousand. Of these 1200 were Highlanders, 350 Royal Americans, 2700 Provincials from Pennsylvania, 1600 from Virginia, 250 from Maryland, 150 from North Carolina, 100 from Delaware, and 1000 wagoners and laborers. Among the provincials was a great number of experienced rangers—men accustomed from childhood to Indian warfare. In the present expedition, the services of such men were invaluable. Colonel Washington, who was in command of the Virginians, strongly recommended that the army should follow Braddock's route, as the expedition might be defeated by the delay of cutting a new road over the mountains. But Colonel Bouquet persuaded General Forbes to adopt a new route; and accordingly, on the 1st of August, 1758, seventeen hundred men were employed west of Bedford in constructing a road across the mountains to the Susquehanna. General Forbes, on account of illness, did not reach Fort Loudon until the 9th of September. Colonel Bouquet, with 2,500 troops, was then at Loyalhanna.

Before the arrival of the commanding general, Colonel Bouquet sent out Major Grant, with thirty-seven officers and eight hundred and five privates, to reconnoitre Fort Duquesne and the adjacent country. Though the French had spies out to report the progress of their enemies, Major Grant succeeded in approaching within two miles of the fort unobserved. At that point he left his baggage, under a guard of a captain and fifty-two men, and, under cover of night, marched to within a quarter of a mile of the fort. About eleven o'clock the detachment reached the brow of the hill, which now bears the name of Grant's Hill. Major Grant, judging, from the fact of his having seen no enemy on his march, and the silence in the vicinity of the fort, that the garrison was very small, and wishing to keep the glory of the capture to himself, sent Major Lewis with two hundred and fifty men, to lie in ambush near the baggage, on pretence that the enemy might attempt its capture. Two officers and

COSTUME OF HIGHLAND SOLDIERS.

fifty men approached the fort and set fire to a store-house. The fire was extinguished, but the party met with no enemy.

At break of day dispositions were made for the attack. Four hundred men were posted on the hill facing the fort, to cover the retreat of Captain McDonald's company, which marched with drums beating towards the enemy, to draw a party out of the fort. The French and Indians, aroused from their slumbers by the music, sallied out in great force to the attack. Separating into three divisions, two of them were despatched, under cover of the banks of the river, to surround the main body of the English; the third displayed itself before the fort, as if it included the whole strength of

the garrison. The conflict then commenced. Captain McDonald was immediately driven upon the main body, and Major Grant discovered that he was surrounded. A most destructive fire was poured in upon his troops, and they returned it. The battle became desperate. The provincials, fighting in the Indian way, made a good defence; but the Highlanders, exposed to the enemy's fire, fell into confusion and fled, and the provincials were compelled to follow. Major Lewis hastened to the relief of Major Grant, but soon found himself attacked on all sides. The troops at length gave way, and the rout became general. Major Grant retreated to the baggage, and strove to rally his men. As soon as the enemy came up, Captain Bullit, with fifty Virginians, attacked them in a furious manner, and thus checked the pursuit. Most of his men being killed, however, he was forced to give way. Major Grant and Major Lewis were captured, but Captain Bullit, although one of the last to leave the battle-ground, escaped. This disastrous defeat occurred on the 21st of September. The loss of the English was two hundred and seventy men killed, forty-two wounded, and several prisoners. The loss of the French and Indians must have been considerable, but it is not known.

Encouraged by victory, the enemy resolved to attack Colonel Bouquet at Loyalhanna, before reinforcements could reach him. Accordingly, on the 12th of October, 1200 French and two hundred Indians, under the command of De Vetri, marched and assailed him. A well-fought battle of four hours duration ensued, when the French were compelled to retreat, having suffered a severe loss. Colonel Bouquet had sixty-seven men killed or wounded in the battle.

About the first of November, General Forbes arrived at Loyalhanna with the remainder of the army. A council of war was held, and after considerable discussion, it was resolved to prosecute the expedition in spite of the lateness of the season. Colonel Washington was then sent forward to

take command of the division employed in opening the road. On the 12th of November, about three miles from camp, he encountered a party of the enemy, killed one man and took three prisoners. The fire of Colonel Washington's detachment being heard at camp, Colonel Mercer, with a number of Virginians, was sent to his aid. The two parties approaching in the dusk of the evening, mistook each other for enemies. Volleys were exchanged, by which a lieutenant and thirteen or fourteen men were killed.

On the 13th, Colonel Armstrong, with 1000 men, pushed forward to assist Washington in opening the road. General Forbes followed soon after, leaving strong garrisons at Bedford and Loyalhanna. The weather was exceedingly damp and chill, and the new road very difficult. When the army had arrived within twelve miles of the fort, some Indian scouts came in and reported that the fort and houses connected with it had been burned and abandoned. The army pressed on, and arrived at its destination on the 25th of November. The general found the works nearly destroyed; but about thirty cabins were standing, and a well-stocked magazine was secured. The cannon were not found. Whether the French had taken them down the Ohio, or sunk them in the river, could not be ascertained. There were about five hundred Frenchmen in the fort at the time of the evacuation, under the command of M. de Lignery. They are charged with having allowed the Indians to burn and torture their English prisoners, but of this conclusive evidence is wanting. The bodies of those who fell in the skirmish at Grant's Hill were found scalped and mutilated. The remains were buried. Soon afterwards, the bones of those who fell in Braddock's defeat, were collected and consigned to the earth.

The fall of Fort Duquesne was hailed throughout the middle provinces as the breaking up of the stronghold of an active and unsparing foe. Governor Denny communicated the particulars of the campaign to the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and con-

gratulated the province upon the triumph of the English arms. The Assembly responded to the Governor's message, congratulating him upon the prospect of conciliating the Indians and securing the permanent ascendency of England in North America. Immediately after the successful conclusion of the campaign, the Delawares sued for peace. Conferences were held at the site of old Fort Du Quesne, which resulted in the conclusion of treaties of peace. General Forbes ordered the fort to be repaired, left a garrison of two hundred provincial troops in it, and another garrison near the Loyalhanna, and marched the main army to the other side of the mountains. In the next year, Fort Pitt was erected at the site of Fort Duquesne.

GENERAL WOLFE.

CHAPTER IV.

PONTIAC'S WAR.

THE result of the campaign of 1759 was the destruction of the French power in America. The genius and resources of Montcalm could not withstand the numbers of the English, when under the direction of such generals as Amherst and Wolfe; and after the fall of Quebec, all Canada was surrendered into their hands. The frontier of Pennsylvania was now quiet, and the people began to entertain hopes of enjoying a lasting peace. They used every means to conciliate the Indians, and since the French were subdued, the red men seemed desirous of peace.

But appearances were deceitful. The surface of affairs was smooth and tranquil, while a terrible storm was brewing beneath. After the capture of Canada, a small force, commanded by Major Rodgers, took possession of the French fort at Detroit. But though the English thus acquired a foot-hold in that territory, it was against the will of the Indians, and especially conflicted with the power and designs of Pontiac, the great chief of the Ottawas. He believed that the English intended to drive the Indians from the territory,

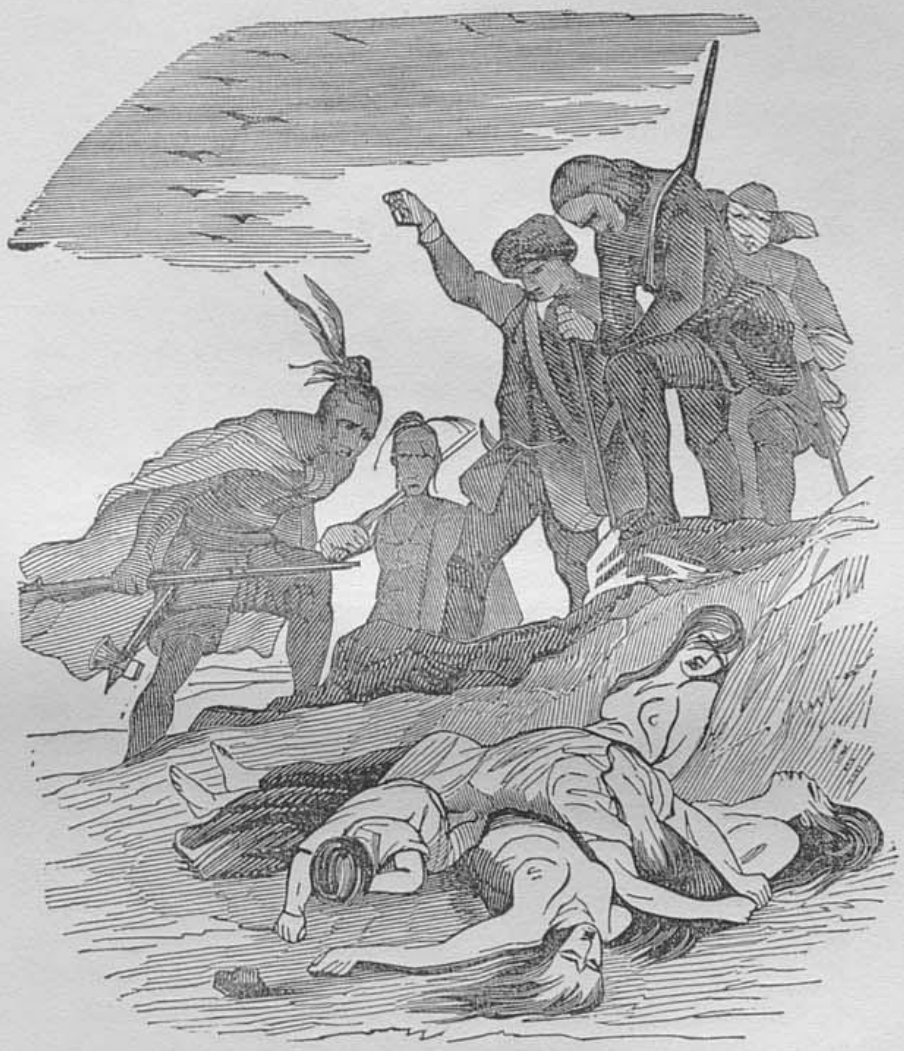
and make him a subject of the King; and with this conviction he resolved to resist the invaders while he had the power.

The great chief was not long in circulating the war-belts among all the principal tribes in the vicinity of the great lakes. He called a general council at the River Aux Econe, and addressed them in person. His eloquence persuaded them to take up the hatchet, and soon war-parties of Ottawas, Chippewas, Miamis, Shawnees, Winnebagoes, Mississagas, and Pottawatamies, were moving on the frontier. A complete confederacy was formed, and a more extensive and systematic plan of operations agreed upon, than was ever adopted by the Indians before or since. All the frontier posts were to be attacked simultaneously. A commissary was appointed, it is said, and Pontiac issued bills of credit on bits of bark, all of which were carefully redeemed.

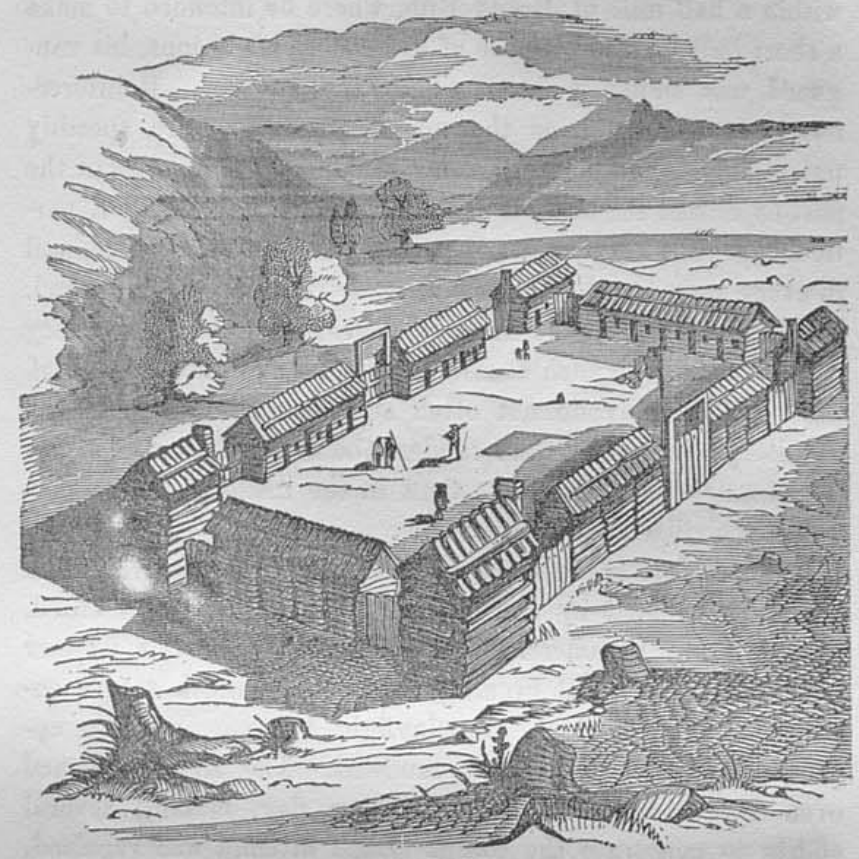
In the beginning of the war, the Indians were almost every where successful. Out of thirteen forts, ten were captured. Detroit, the most important of all, however, was successfully defended, though with great difficulty.

The plan of attack was revealed to Major Gladwin, the commander, by an Indian woman. Pontiac, finding his stratagem betrayed, besieged the fort in form; but the garrison being relieved, was enabled to hold out till, overawed by the formidable preparations of the whites, the Indians gave up at once the siege and the war.

Although Pennsylvania was not the scene of events as important as during the French war, yet the inhabitants suffered much from the depredations of the enemy. A large Indian force entered the State, spreading terror wherever they came. The dismayed inhabitants of the more exposed settlements sought shelter in Carlisle, Lancaster, Reading, and Shippensburg. Fort Pitt was the principal object of their attack, and in order to facilitate its capture, it was determined that Fort Ligonier should be first assaulted. The



RAVAGES OF PONTIAC'S WARRIORS ON THE FRONTIER.



A BORDER FORT.

latter place was accordingly vigorously attacked, while Fort Pitt was closely invested to prevent the garrison from receiving relief. Fort Ligonier was well defended, and the Indians failed to capture it. Meanwhile Colonel Bouquet was advancing to the relief of Fort Pitt.

On hearing this, the Indians raised the siege of that place and prepared to give him battle, or rather to waylay him. Colonel Bouquet reached Ligonier without being disturbed by the enemy, but he could learn nothing of the situation of Fort Pitt. The Indians had completely cut off the communication. Leaving most of his baggage at Fort Ligonier, he pursued his march. On the fifth of August, when he had arrived

within a half mile of Bushy Run, where he intended to make a short halt for the purpose of refreshing his troops, his vanguard was suddenly attacked by the Indians. Reinforcements coming up from the main body, they were speedily put to flight, and pursued some distance. The moment the pursuit ceased the attack was renewed with great vigor, particularly upon the flank. Repeated charges were made, and in every instance the Indians were driven from their ground. But little however was gained by this. It not being the policy of the Indians on such occasions to await the actual shock of the regulars, they do not often sustain much loss, and the desultory mode of warfare renders the mere capture of a portion a much less advantage than in the mode of tactics pursued by civilized nations.

That warfare is the most primitive, in which the victory is generally decided by the absolute respective loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. The battle lasted in this manner from one o'clock till evening, when the English troops encamped upon the field. At daylight, the enemy again appeared, and the combat was renewed. The Indians seemed even bolder than on the preceding day, making several efforts to penetrate the camp. Each attempt was repulsed, only to be followed by a fresh one. It was impossible for the troops to move without exposing not only their baggage, but their wounded, to the savages. In this dilemma, the commander had recourse to stratagem, to bring the enemy to close action. The troops were drawn up in a circle around their convoy. A portion of them were ordered to execute a feigned retreat; and to render the deception still more complete, the troops on their right and left were to extend their files as if to cover them. The savages caught eagerly at the bait, and rushing furiously down, they suddenly found themselves attacked in front and flank at once. They supported the charge of the English gallantly at first, and resolutely returned their fire. But a second charge was too much for

their courage, they were routed and pursued so closely that they had no chance to rally.

The victory of the English though complete was not gained without considerable loss, fifty of the troops were killed and sixty wounded. The loss of the Indians was never ascertained, but has been estimated at sixty men. After this they returned to their villages, entirely giving up the attempt on Fort Pitt. The attack on this post had been very violent and persevering. The Indians surrounded it, pouring in an almost incessant storm of bullets. Flaming arrows were also discharged in great quantities into the fort, in the hope of setting fire to the building. But the garrison, reinforced by the inhabitants and traders, who had taken refuge there, repelled every attempt.

In the year preceding the breaking out of this war (1762) a number of persons from Connecticut arrived in the Valley of Wyoming, with the view of effecting a settlement there, the territory being claimed by their government. After planting crops they returned to Connecticut for their families. In the spring of 1763 they came back prepared for a permanent residence. The country at that time was mostly occupied by the Delawares, who were considered by the Six Nations as their tributaries. Tedeuscung, who had been elevated to the position of head chief of the Delawares, it is supposed by the influence of the Iroquois, had shown much impatience at the domination of his patrons, and manifested a strong desire to shake it off. In April of this year he was burned to death in his wigwam at night. The flames were supposed to have been lighted by the emissaries of the Iroquois, several men of these tribes having been on an apparently friendly visit to him for some days before.

The Delawares believed the murder to have been committed by the Connecticut settlers, being, it is said, persuaded to this belief by the Iroquois themselves. This policy was pursued with a double object. First, the destruction of the

Wyoming settlement, which had been fully determined on; and secondly, the embroiling of their instruments and dupes with the whites. The Delawares had, on a former occasion, been the victims of a like treacherous policy.

The tribe deferred the retaliation for the supposed injury till October, when they fell upon the unprepared settlers, and massacring a number, compelled the remainder to abandon the valley. Such is the generally received account. Mr. Miner, in his History of Wyoming, expresses a decided opinion that the massacre was perpetrated, not by the Delawares, but by the Iroquois.

"Colonel Stone," says Mr. Miner, "supposes this deed to have been perpetrated by the Delawares, in revenge for the death of Tedeuscung, while our convictions are clear that it was the work of the same hands that slew the king. Two men, named John and Emanuel Hoover, were at work upon a chimney, being built in a house on the flats, when they were made prisoners by the Indians, who had already another captive with them. The Indians immediately took the path northward, and ascending the hill near where the Plains School House stands, in Wilkesbarre, they met a man coming down, thoughtless of danger, carrying a small bundle in his hand. Immediately surrounding him, they drew their spears, and before he had time to beg for life, or cry, "God have mercy on my soul!" thrust him through, and he fell, covered with wounds; after scalping him, they marched on. They took their prisoners to near where Geneva now stands, in the settlements of the Six Nations; from whence John Hoover and the other prisoner, whose name we do not know, attempted to make their escape. The latter found his way to the white settlement at Shamokin, and afterwards published, in the State of New York, a pamphlet, containing an account of his captivity and sufferings. A copy was in the valley in 1785, but cannot be found. Some time after his escape, the body of John Hoover was found in the woods, he

having, it was not doubted, died of fatigue and hunger. His brother Emanuel visited Wyoming after the revolutionary war, and related the circumstance to Cornelius Cortright, Esq., to whom I am indebted for nearly all I have been able to learn of the massacre of 1763. From these facts it is plain that the mischief was perpetrated, not by the Delawares but by the Six Nations."

The massacre, by whomsoever committed, was attended with the usual barbarities, the recital of which will scarcely be desired by the reader. The only event of importance this year that remains to be noticed, is the massacre of the Moravian Indians, in Lancaster county. We take the following account of this horrible affair from the "Historical Collections of Pennsylvania."

"On the night of the 14th December, 1763," says Day, "a number of armed and mounted men, from the townships of Donegal and Paxton, most of them belonging to the company of frontier rangers of those townships, concerted an attack on the Indians at Conestoga, for the purpose, as they alleged, of securing one or more hostile Indians, who were harboured there, and who were supposed to have recently murdered several families of the whites. The number of the Paxton men is variously estimated from twenty to upwards of fifty. Few of the Indians were at home—the men probably being absent either in hunting or trading their baskets and furs at Lancaster. In the dead of night the white men fell upon the village; some defence was doubtless attempted by the few male Indians present (Dr. Franklin's narrative says there were only three men, two women, and a young boy), but they were overpowered, and the whole, men, women, and children, fell victims to the rifle, the tomahawk, and the knife of the frontier-men. The dwellings were burnt to the ground.

The citizens and magistrates of Lancaster, shocked at the horrible outrage, with commendable humanity, gathered the

scattered individuals of the tribe who remained into the stone workhouse at Lancaster, where, under bolts and bars, and the strict supervision of the keeper, they could not doubt but the Indians would be safe until they could be conveyed to Philadelphia for more secure protection.

But the Paxton men were satisfied with nothing short of the extermination of the tribe, alleging, however, that one or two of the hostile Indians were still among the Indians protected by the civil authority at Lancaster. Concealing themselves at night near Lancaster, they waited until the next day, 27th December, when the whole community was engaged in the solemnities of the sanctuary; then riding suddenly into the town at a gallop, the band seized upon the keeper of the workhouse and overpowered him, and rushing into the prison, the work of death was speedily accomplished. The poor Indians, about fourteen in number, were left weltering in gore, while the Paxton men left the town in the same haste with which they had entered it. The alarm was raised through the town; but before the citizens could assemble, the murderers were beyond their reach. In consequence of this affair, the Moravian Indians from Wyalusing and Nain, who had come to Philadelphia for protection, were removed to Province island near the city, and placed under the charge of the garrison.

The Paxton men, elated by their recent success, assembled in great numbers early in January, and threatened to march to Philadelphia in a body, and destroy the Indians there. The people of the city were prodigiously alarmed, and several companies of foot, horse, and artillery were formed to repel the expected attack. The Paxton men, who had approached the Schuylkill on their march, finding such a force prepared to receive them, returned home.

A proclamation was issued by the governor, expressing the strongest indignation at the outrage at Conestoga and Lancaster, and offering a reward for the arrest of the perpe-

trators; but such was the state of public opinion in the interior counties, that no one dared to bring the offenders to justice, although they mingled openly among their fellow-citizens."

Comment on this atrocity is altogether unnecessary. No one now attempts to justify it. But we may make a single remark. How almost invariably have the efforts of Christian missionaries, to civilize and christianize the Indians, been frustrated in this way! It was thus that the labors of the pious and benevolent Elliot, in Massachusetts, were rendered vain; and as we proceed in our narrative, we shall have to record another melancholy instance, in the history of the Moravian missions.

CHAPTER V.

EXPEDITION OF COLONEL BOUQUET TO THE MUSKINGUM.

THE victory at Bushy Run, gained by the skill of Colonel Bouquet and the steadiness of his troops, deterred the Indians from making any more inroads into the settlements for some months. During the greater part of the winter, the inhabitants remained in perfect quiet. But in February they were reminded of the existence of their cruel enemies by an incursion which they made into Northampton county, in which one man was killed, and some devastations committed. Soon after, a party from the garrison at Fort Pitt, was attacked by a number of Indians, one man killed and another wounded, who escaped to the fort, after beating off three Indians. After this, murders became frequent. It was therefore determined that an attempt should be made to inflict a severe chastisement upon the Indians in their own country. Two expeditions were accordingly prepared, to act in concert. One, under Colonel Bradstreet, was to march against the Wyandots, Chippewas, Ottawas, and the other tribes in the vicinity of the lakes, where Detroit was still threatened by Pontiac. The other, commanded by Colonel

Bouquet, was to attack the Ohio Indians. This division was to consist of the regular troops who had been engaged at Bushy Run, provincials from Virginia and Pennsylvania, and a number of friendly Indians. Virginia was compelled to retain all her troops for the protection of her own border, in consequence of attacks of the savages; the auxiliary Indians did not come, and the people of Pennsylvania not being remarkable at that time for military ardor, the expedition was long delayed. The bill for the raising the required force,—1000 men,—was passed by the Legislature near the end of May, but it was not until the beginning of August that the complement was obtained. Great fears appear to have been entertained that the Pennsylvania troops would desert. In order to prevent it, Governor Penn made a speech to them, in which he dwelt upon the barbarities committed by the Indians, and the necessity which existed of punishing them; reminded them of the tried valor of those in whose company the campaign was to be made; and concluded by alluding to the punishment that awaited them in case they should prove recreant to their duty, and the oath of service they had taken. Notwithstanding this, when they reached Fort Loudon, eight days afterwards, three hundred of them were missing. The number was ordered to be made up by new enlistments, but the attempt was not successful. On application to Virginia, however, the men were furnished, though they did not join Colonel Bouquet till near the end of September, at Fort Pitt.

In consequence of these delays, while still at Fort Loudon, Colonel Bouquet received despatches from Colonel Bradstreet, informing him of the conclusion of a treaty of peace with the Delawares and Shawanees.

The warriors of these tribes still continuing to infest the borders, Colonel Bouquet determined to persevere in his advance into their country. On reaching Fort Pitt, in the middle of September, he sent an answer to Colonel Brad-

street, but the bearer was killed. The Indians had only entered into the treaty to gain time for preparation to receive their formidable foes. Shortly after the army arrived at Fort Pitt, ten Indians were observed on the other bank of the Alleghany river, who asked to have a talk, but as they manifested much reluctance to cross the river, suspicions were entertained that it was only an Indian stratagem. Three of their number were at last prevailed upon to come over, but gave so unsatisfactory an account of their errand, that they were detained as prisoners. One of them was soon liberated however, and sent to the tribes with a message from the commander to the following effect: that Colonel Bouquet had heard from Colonel Bradstreet that they were anxious for peace, and that they said they had recalled all their warriors from the frontiers. That in consequence of this he would not have advanced, had he not heard that they had since killed several men; that on hearing this he had determined to proceed to Fort Pitt and wait to hear more from Colonel Bradstreet; but on his arriving there he found that his messenger to Colonel Bradstreet had been murdered, and his head stuck upon a pole in the path, and that several war parties were still upon the frontier. He concluded by informing them that he was still, notwithstanding these outrages, willing to grant them terms, if they made submission. He told them that he was going to send other messengers to Colonel Bradstreet, and wished to know whether they were willing that two of their people should accompany them and bring them back safe. He assured them that if his messengers were in any way injured or disturbed, he would put the Indians, whom he had detained as hostages, to death.

Soon after the dismissal of this Indian, two warriors, one an Onondaga, and the other an Oneida, came to Fort Pitt, and endeavoured to dissuade Colonel Bouquet from prosecuting his march. They told him that they had been sent by Sir William Johnson to try to bring about a treaty between

the English and the Delawares and their confederate tribes, and begged him not to injure their mission by acting precipitately, assuring him that the Indians were sorry for having engaged in hostilities against the settlements, and were now gathering their prisoners together to deliver them up to him. They advised him to liberate the two taken at Fort Pitt.

The commander regarded this as merely a stratagem to prevent his marching till the season should be too far advanced to allow the expedition to be made. He thought fit, however, to reply to them as though he had not the slightest doubt of their sincerity. He told them that their tribes were false, and had deceived them. He was willing, though he expressed his determination to continue his march, to abstain from hostilities, provided the Indians also discontinued them, and appointed Tuscarowas as the place where their chiefs might meet him, if they were really desirous of peace. The following account of the departure of the expedition from Fort Pitt is taken from the history published in 1776, at London.

"Colonel Bouquet, having at length with great difficulty collected his troops, formed his magazines, and provided for the safety of the posts he was to leave behind him, was ready, on the 2d of October, to proceed from Fort Pitt, with about fifteen hundred men, including drivers and other necessary followers of the camp. As a just idea of the conduct of this expedition, and the great caution taken to prevent surprise, will be best obtained from the order of march, we shall insert it.

In his address to the troops, he expressed the greatest confidence in their bravery, and told them that the distance to the enemy's towns with the clearing of roads to them, must necessarily require considerable time; that in those deserts they had no other supplies to expect but the provisions and ammunition they carried with them; and that therefore the utmost care and frugality would be necessary

in the use of them. He published the severest penalties against those who should be found guilty of stealing or embezzling any part of them.

The order of march was as follows:

A corps of Virginia volunteers advanced in front, detaching three scouting parties—one of them furnished with a guide, marched in the center path, which the army was to follow. The other two extended themselves in a line abreast on the right and left of the aforesaid party, to reconnoitre the woods. Under cover of this corps the axe men, consisting of all the artificers, and two companies of light infantry, followed in three divisions, under the direction of the chief engineer, to clear three different paths in which the troops and convoy followed, viz; The front face of the square, composed of part of the forty-second regiment, marched in a column, two deep in the center path. The right face of the square, composed of the remainder of the forty-second and of the sixtieth regiments, marched in a single file in the right hand path. The first battalion of Pennsylvanians composed the left face, marching in like manner in the path to the left of the center. The corps of reserve, composed of two platoons of grenadiers, followed the right and left faces of the square. The second battalion of Pennsylvanians formed the rear face of the square, and followed the corps of reserve, each in a single file, on the right and left hand paths; all these troops covering the convoy, which moved in the center path. A party of light horsemen marched behind the rear face of the square, followed by another corps of Virginia volunteers, forming the rear guard. The Pennsylvania volunteers dividing themselves equally, and marching in a single file, at a proper distance, flanked the right and left faces of the square. The ammunition and tools were placed in the rear of the first column, or front face of the square, followed by the officers' baggage and tents. The oxen and sheep came after the baggage, in separate droves, properly guarded. The

provisions came next to the baggage, in four divisions, or brigades of pack-horses, each conducted by a horse-master. The troops were ordered to preserve the most profound silence, and the men to march at two yards distance from one another. When the line or any part of it halted, the whole were to face outward; and if attacked on their march, they were to halt immediately, ready to form the square when ordered. The light horse were then to march into the square with the cattle, provisions, ammunition, and baggage. Dispositions were also made in case of an attack at night.

These arrangements being made, the army decamped from Fort Pitt, on Wednesday, October 3d, and marched about one mile and a half over a rich and level country, with stately timber, to camp No. 2, a strong piece of ground, pleasantly situated, with plenty of water and food for the cattle."

While the army was on its march, two miles from Beaver Creek, a man who had been made prisoner by the Delawares, and had escaped, joined them. He told the colonel that his captors had seen the army, but avoided making any attack on account of its numbers. Two miles beyond the creek, they found the skull of a child placed upon a pole. The same day the trail of a number of Indians was discovered. On the 13th of October they reached Tuscorawas, the place appointed by Colonel Bouquet for the conference with the hostile tribes. The next day, the two messengers, who had been sent with the answer to Colonel Bradstreet, returned, having been made prisoners by the Delawares, and carried to one of their towns, where they had been kept till the Indians learned the near approach of the army; when they were liberated, and directed to tell Colonel Bouquet that the chiefs of the Delawares and Shawanese were coming to him to make peace. Two days after, six Indians appeared at the camp, and said that all their chiefs were within eight miles, desirous of a conference. He promised to meet them next day at a

bower a little distance from the camp. We take the account from the history before quoted.

"Wednesday, October 17th. The colonel, with most of the regular troops, Virginia volunteers and light horse, marched from the camp to the bower erected for the congress. As soon as the troops were stationed so as to appear to the best advantage, the Indians arrived and were conducted to the bower. Being seated, they began to smoke their pipe, or calumut, agreeable to their custom. This ceremony being over, their speakers laid down their pipes, and opened their pouches, wherein were their strings and belts of wampum. The Indians present were of the Senecas, Keyashuta chief, and fifteen warriors; Delawares, Custaloga, chief of the Wolf tribe, and Beaver, chief of the Turkey tribe, with twenty warriors; Shawanese, Ke-issinaucht-ha, chief, and six warriors. The purport of their speeches was that of making excuses for their late treachery and misconduct, throwing the blame on the rashness of their young men, and the nations living to the west of them; and suing for peace in the most abject manner, and promising severally to deliver up all their prisoners. After they had concluded, the colonel promised to give them an answer the next day, and then dismissed them, the army returning to the camp. The badness of the weather, however, prevented his meeting them again until the 20th, when he spoke to them in substance as follows: He recapitulated the many instances of their former perfidy; their killing or capturing the traders who had been sent among them at their own request, and plundering their effects; their attacking Fort Pitt, which had been built with their express consent; their murdering four men who had been sent on a public message to them, thus violating the customs held sacred among all nations, however barbarous; their attacking the king's troops last year in the woods, and after being defeated in that attempt, falling upon our frontiers, where they continued to

murder our people to this day. Many more things he also said, and concluded by telling them: 'I give you twelve days from this date to deliver into my hands, at Wakatomeke, all the prisoners in your possession, without any exception; and you are to furnish them with clothing, provisions and horses, to carry them to Fort Pitt.'"

The firm manner in which the colonel addressed them, with the sight of the army which had so severely defeated them at Bushy Run the preceding year, now advanced into the heart of their country, had a powerful effect in subduing the spirits of these haughty savages. The two Delaware chiefs, at the close of their speech on the 17th, delivered up eighteen white prisoners, and eighty-three small sticks, expressing the number of other prisoners which they had in their possession, and promised to bring in as soon as possible. None of the Shawanese kings appeared at the congress, and Ke-issi-naucht-ha, their deputy, declined speaking until the colonel had answered the Delawares; and then, with a dejected sullenness, he promised in behalf of his nation that they would submit to the terms prescribed to the other tribes.

The colonel, however, determined to march further into their country, knowing that the presence of his army would be the best security for the performance of their promises, and required some of each nation to attend him in his march.

In pursuance of this resolution, the army advanced to a spot within about a mile of the Forks of the Muskingum; which was selected as the most eligible place for a permanent encampment, it being in the centre of the country where most of the Indian villages were situated. On this account, it was most convenient to receive the prisoners; besides, the vicinity of the villages rendered it an easy matter to destroy them, in case their inhabitants did not fulfill their engagements.

The camp was formed October 25th. It was fortified, and houses were erected for holding the council, as well as for

the reception of the liberated captives. Soon after the arrangements were completed, a messenger came from the Delawares, to inform Colonel Bouquet that they were on their way with the prisoners.

Colonel Bouquet refused to grant the Delaware chiefs the usual sign of amity, by shaking hands with them, until they had delivered up all of their prisoners. These were mostly brought in by the ninth of November, when another conference was had. The prisoners liberated amounted to two hundred and six, as follows: from Virginia, thirty-two men, and fifty-eight women and children; from Pennsylvania, forty-nine men, and sixty-seven women and children.

In the council, Keyashuta, for the Senecas and Delawares, made the following speech, in presenting a string of wampum.

"With this string of wampum, we wipe the tears from your eyes; we deliver you these three prisoners, which are the last of your flesh and blood that remained among the Senecas and Custalogas tribes of Delawares. We gather together and bury with this belt all the bones of the people that have been killed in this unhappy war, which the evil spirit occasioned among us. We cover the bones that have been buried, that they may be never more remembered. We again cover their places with leaves that they may be no more seen. As we have been long astray, and the path between you and us stopped, we extend this belt, that it may be again cleared, and we may travel in peace to see our brethren, as our ancestors formerly did. While you hold it fast by one end, and we by the other, we shall always be able to discover any thing that may disturb our friendship."

Replying, Colonel Bouquet assured them that they should have the peace they wished, but demanded, that as all the prisoners could not be delivered there, hostages should be given to him, to be kept at Fort Pitt, till they were given up. He then promised to liberate the two Indians confined at Fort Pitt, and for the first time took the chiefs by the hand.

INDIAN COUNCIL.

RED HAWK.

The council with the Shawanese was held on the twelfth of November. They were represented by Red Hawk, one of their chiefs, who, the historian relates, "delivered himself with a strange mixture of fierce pride and humble submission. He promised that his people would bring their prisoners, about one hundred, to Fort Pitt in the spring, alleging as a reason for not doing it before, that they had gone on a long hunt, and would not return before then. The liberated captives were then brought into the camp.

"It is," says the historian, "impossible to paint the various scenes of joy and sorrow, horror and disappointment, and all the most tender passions, which appeared on this occasion. Fathers and mothers recognizing their once lost infants—husbands hanging round the necks of their newly found wives—sisters and brothers unexpectedly meeting together, after a long separation, scarce able to speak the same language, or for some time to be sure that they were children of the same parents—others flying from place to place, in eager inquiries after relations not found, and trembling to receive an answer

to their questions; distracted with doubts, hopes, and fears, on obtaining no account of those they sought; or stiffened with horror on learning their unhappy fate! The Indians, too, as if wholly forgetting their usual savageness, bore a capital part in heightening these most affecting scenes. They delivered up their beloved captives with the utmost reluctance, shed torrents of tears over them, recommending them to the care and protection of the commanding officer, and continuing their regard to them all the time they remained in camp. They visited them from day to day, brought them what corn, skins, horses and other matters they had bestowed on them while in their families; accompanied with other presents, and all the marks of the most sincere and tender affection. Nay, they did not stop here, but when the army marched, some of the Indians solicited and obtained leave to accompany their former captives all the way to Fort Pitt, and employed themselves in hunting and bringing provisions for them on the road. A young Mingo went still further, and gave an instance of love, which would make a figure even in romance. He had taken so great a liking to a Virginian young woman, who was among the captives, as to call her his wife. Against all remonstrances of the imminent danger to which he exposed himself by approaching the frontiers, he persisted in following her, at the risk of being killed by the surviving relations of many unfortunate persons, who had been captured or scalped by those of this nation. Among the children who had been carried off young, and had long lived with the Indians, it is not to be expected that any marks of joy would appear on being restored to their parents or relations. Having been accustomed to look upon the Indians as the only connections they had; having been tenderly treated by them, and speaking their language, it is no wonder that they considered their new state in the light of captivity, and parted from the savages with tears. But it must not be denied that there were even some grown persons who showed an unwillingness

to return. The Shawanese were obliged to bind several of their prisoners, and force them along to the camp; and some women who had been delivered up, afterwards found means to escape, and run back to the Indian towns. Some who could not make their escape, clung to their savage acquaintances at parting, and continued in bitter lamentations, even refusing sustenance."

The promise of the Shawanese was faithfully kept, their captives were all brought to Fort Pitt the ensuing spring. In delivering them up one of their chiefs made a speech, which may be quoted as illustrative of the feeling with which the Indians regard those whom they have adopted.

"Father," said he to the English, "we have brought your flesh and blood to you. They have been all united to us by adoption; and although we now deliver them, we will always look upon them as our relations, whenever the Great Spirit is pleased that we may visit them. We have taken as much care of them as if they were our own flesh and blood. They are now become acquainted with your customs and manners, and therefore we request you to use them tenderly and kindly, which will induce them to live contentedly with you."

Thus terminated this harassing war, which is rendered memorable to the philanthropist, by the fact that during its continuance, for the first time, rewards were offered by the government of Pennsylvania for scalps.

CHAPTER VI.[1]

DUNMORE'S WAR.—1774.

FROM the successful termination of Bouquet's expedition to the Muskingum, till the Dunmore war of 1774, the frontiers of Pennsylvania enjoyed comparative security and quiet. Individual difficulties sometimes occurred with the Indians; and occasional robberies were committed, and blood shed in the course of these quarrels. But the conduct of the great body of the tribes was decidedly pacific until aroused by the outrages which led to the Dunmore war. Though these outrages were not committed upon the grounds of Pennsylvania, yet they are closely connected with her history, inasmuch as her people were obliged to feel in some degree, though not as severely as on former occasions, the effects of savage resentment.

At the period of the opening of this contest, and indeed for years after, the territory around Pittsburgh was claimed by Virginia. In the spring of 1774, Governor Dunmore sent an officer to take possession of it. After a struggle with St. Clair, the representative of the proprietors of Pennsylvania,

he established himself at Fort Pitt, which he repaired, it having been almost demolished. It appears that the disposition of the people was rather favorable to the Virginia claim; nor is it to be wondered at that the rough frontiermen should prefer the warlike and enterprising spirit of Virginians to the indecisive and, until lately, pacific character of the Pennsylvanians. However this may have been, it is certain that Connolly, Dunmore's agent, kept possession of the disputed territory for some time; in what manner it was effected, it is not our business to relate, but some of the circumstances attending it are closely connected with our narrative. On his first arrival, Connolly issued an order, for all from whom military service was due, to assemble for the purpose of being enrolled among the militia of Virginia. The activity of St. Clair prevented the enrolment from taking place. Connolly was arrested by him. The people, however, came together, and becoming intoxicated, fired at the Indian village on the other side of the river. Fortunately no injury was inflicted. But such an open expression of hostility on the part of the whites could not tend otherwise than to excite the alarm and inflame the hatred of the Indians, who had no means of knowing the circumstances.

It is said that Connolly wrote to the whites on the Ohio, that the Indians were dangerous, and they should be prepared to retaliate any injury they might receive. This letter was received by Colonel Cresap. A few days before, a canoe belonging to a Pittsburgh trader, had been attacked by some Cherokees, and one of the men killed. Soon after Cresap read the letter, he heard that two Indians were descending the river in a canoe, and agreed with some others to attack them. Colonel Zane remonstrated with them, telling them that it would be sure to bring on a war; besides which, the act itself would be murder, as these Indians had taken no part in the attack upon the boat. But they refused to listen to him, and started off. Being questioned on their return in

regard to the Indians, they replied that they had fallen overboard. Their canoe was found stained with blood and pierced with bullets. These victims to atrocious barbarity, had been employed by the same trader whose canoe had been attacked before, to guard his goods on their passage down the river. In the evening, the same party attacked an encampment of Indians, and murdered several. A few days after another massacre, equal in atrocity, was perpetrated by Daniel Greathouse, and a party under his command. A large number of Indians were encamped at the mouth of Big Yellow Creek. On the opposite side was the house of a white man named Baker, who had been in the habit of selling liquor to the Indians. Greathouse and his men had posted themselves near the house under the pretext of protecting it. Telling his men to conceal themselves, Greathouse himself crossed over to ascertain the number in the encampment. While there, one of the women advised him to leave as soon as possible, as the men were intoxicated, and excited by the murder of their companions.

Greathouse finding the party too strong to be assailed openly, requested Baker to make all the Indians who should come over as drunk as possible. Accordingly, several men and women coming over, they were furnished with liquor, and the warriors became intoxicated. In this defenceless condition the whole party were butchered. It is said that only a few of the men participated in this massacre; but as the rest did not attempt to interfere, they are to be considered as accessories. Alarmed by the noise of the guns, two other Indians came over to inquire into the cause, and they also were killed immediately on reaching the place.

A larger number of Indians attempting to cross in a canoe were fired upon from the shore, many of them killed and the rest obliged to return. Among those who were slaughtered in this horrible affair, were a few of the relations

of Logan, the famous Mingo chief, comprising one or two of his immediate family. The reader will find that ample vengeance was taken for them. The woman who had given Greathouse the warning, was also among the slain.

The account given above is the most commonly received version of these massacres, but there are others representing the circumstances much more favorably to the whites. In one of these it is stated that early in the spring the Indians commenced attacking the hunting and emigrating parties.

This is from a letter by George Rogers Clark, who was himself a member of a company that went to settle in Kentucky that spring. He states that on hearing of the hostility of the Indians, they determined to attack an Indian town on the Scioto, and with this view sent for Cresap to command the party, knowing him to be experienced in Indian warfare. According to this writer, Cresap dissuaded the enterprise, telling them that there was no certainty of war, but that if they persevered, it *would* be *inevitable*, and advised them to go to Wheeling and wait for more certain information. With this advice they complied; but soon after they got to Wheeling, Connolly's letter arrived, warning them that war was apprehended. A second message came directly after the first, informing them that war was certain. From this time the open hostilities may be dated, according to Clark. He agrees with the usual account, however, in representing the encampment of Logan as perfectly peaceful, and says the massacre was viewed as a horrid murder.

After these massacres, none of the whites entertained the slightest doubt of a general war, and active measures were taken to anticipate the Indians. But in spite of every endeavor, the settlements, especially in Western Virginia, suffered greatly. For the first time, Logan took the tomahawk and trod the war-path against the whites. But for the exploits of this chief, as well as for the other events of this war,

the reader must consult the history of Virginia, to which they properly belong.

The Indians being defeated in the decisive battle of Point Pleasant, were forced to beg a peace, which was granted them, on the usual conditions of delivering up all prisoners and property which they had taken during the war, and furthermore that they should refrain from hunting south of the Ohio. Pennsylvania suffered comparatively little during this war, though it was brought about in a great measure by persons residing upon her soil. But the Indians fully recognized the Long-Knives as the authors of the outrages upon them, and let fall almost the entire weight of their vengeance on the Virginia settlements.

But another contest was at hand, in which Western Pennsylvania was doomed to bear her full share, and drink deeply of the cup of savage barbarity.

The year after this war, the first blood of the Revolutionary struggle was shed at Lexington.

The policy of engaging the Indians in their interest during the contest with the colonies, early engaged the attention of the British government. Some assert that the treatment of the Indians after the battle of Point Pleasant, was dictated to Dunmore with this view. Nor were the leading men of the provinces backward to perceive the importance of the subject. Massachusetts, with her usual promptitude, was the first to attempt to counteract this policy. Nor did Congress neglect this subject. By the efforts made under its orders, some of the tribes were induced to remain neutral, this being all that was asked of them. But unfortunately all their attempts failed with the most formidable, the Six Nations.

Nothing in the history of the colonies is so obscure as the position of this confederacy in regard to the belligerent parties. Some writers represent them as the warmest allies of France, while others tell us that they were the firm ad-

herents of England. In the usually perspicuous and satisfactory pages of Cooper, we have searched in vain for an explanation.

We have said that all the efforts failed to persuade this formidable confederacy to preserve a position of neutrality. But the reader is not to suppose that they at once declared to the American agents their hostile intentions. Their course on this occasion was every way worthy the reputation they had obtained for crafty policy.

They were lavish of promises of friendship and goodwill, which were as sincere and as well justified by their subsequent conduct, as their professions of this nature generally were.

The influence of the Iroquois among the tribes of the Northwest was extensive; and great fears were justly entertained that they would incite them to a renewal of their attacks on the settlements. These attacks in fact had never entirely ceased. Constant collisions took place between the hunting parties of the Indians and the emigrating parties of the whites, particularly in Kentucky. The Americans could not but see how easy it would be for their enemies to take advantage of this state of affairs to bring about a general war, nor could they doubt their disposition to do so.

The selection of an agent, therefore, to treat with these tribes, was an affair of great importance. Colonel Morgan was chosen for this post, a man, it appears, every way fitted for it. His head-quarters were fixed at Pittsburgh. Commissioners were also appointed, who on their arrivial at Pittsburgh used every endeavor to prevail upon the tribes to assemble for a general conference at that place.

Colonel Morgan had in June sent out a messenger, Mr. Wilson, for this purpose, as well as to prevent the Indians from attending at Detroit, where the English governor was anxious to assemble them, in order to secure them to the royal interest. He returned in September, having been

COLONEL MORGAN.

present at the council, to which he had not succeeded in preventing the Indians from going. He had accompanied the Wyandots to Detroit, at their urgent request; there the letter and wampum belt which Colonel Morgan had sent to that tribe were torn in pieces before him by the English governor, and himself ordered to return home without revisiting the Indians. But he was allowed afterwards to return for his clothes. On the whole, his report was very unfavorable. Two of the tribes, the Shawanese and Delawares, were divided upon the subject, but most of them were evidently already in the British interest.

In October, Morgan succeeded in collecting a number of

the Indians at Pittsburgh. The following account of the conference is given in a letter to Hancock, then President of Congress.

"Sir:—I have the happiness to inform Congress that the cloud which threatened to break over this part of the country appears now to be nearly dispersed. The Six Nations, Delawares, Munsies, Mohicans, and Shawanees, who have been assembled here to the number of six hundred and forty-four, with their principal chiefs and warriors, have given the strongest assurance of their resolutions to preserve inviolate the peace and neutrality they have engaged in with the United States. About sixty or seventy families, composed of most of the different tribes of the Six Nations, and a few of the Lake Indians, but principally of the Senecas, who removed from near the mouths of Cross Creeks, on the Ohio, a few years ago, and are now seated on the head of the Scioto, have been the perpetrators of all the mischief and murders committed on the frontiers of Virginia since the last treaty. The murders which have come to my knowledge, are of two women at the mouth of Fish Creek, (where one boy is missing), one man, opposite Hockhocking, where four others were wounded, and two soldiers, who were killed and scalped within half a mile of Fort Randolph, at the mouth of Great Kenawha, all on the banks of the Ohio. Two days before the last mentioned happened, the Shawanees made it their business, as they frequently have done, to inform the commanding officer at Kenawha, that a party of Mingoes, as these people are generally called, were in the neighborhood, with hostile intentions. Before any of these murders were committed, our frontier inhabitants had generally flown from their farms and evacuated the country, for two hundred miles in extent, except at particular places where some of them forted and proposed to make a stand. This flight was occasioned by the false alarms we received in the months of August and September last, respecting the great assemblies of Indians to

attack this post, and of a general war being inevitable. In order to put a stop to the conduct of the banditti above mentioned, the Six Nations have now deputed a principal chief and several warriors to go and remove the whole of them to the Seneca country; or at least to make them sensible of their error and engage them to desist. In case of a refusal, they are to threaten them with a total extirpation, as disturbers of the general peace; in which several chiefs of different nations have assured me they will unite. Several principal men of the different nations having accepted the invitation of Congress to visit them, is a further proof of the peaceable disposition of their tribes. The Indians having frequently complained of our surveying their lands, and having now pointed to a recent instance thereof in public council, will give Congress a good opportunity to convince them of the sincerity of our professions on that head. For the particulars of every transaction here, I beg leave to refer to the commissioners who wait upon Congress with their report."

Some of the most warlike of the Indian tribes were not represented at this conference, among others the Ottawas and Wyandottes.

Soon after, a man was killed and scalped by the Indians close by one of the garrisons. During the winter, however, the frontier was not much disturbed. The friendly Delawares were of great service in sending intelligence of projected incursions upon the settlements. In a letter written in March, 1777, Colonel Morgan again complains of the depredations of the mongrel band mentioned before, in his letter to Hancock. He says that their whole number did not exceed eighty men, but they were so connected with the powerful tribes around them, that it was dangerous to attempt to chastise them. He thinks, however, that the Six Nations might easily restrain them by sending a deputation to them.

In this same month, (March,) a message was received from the Delawares, that a party was on its march to attack

CAPTAIN PIPE.

Kittanning and the frontier of Westmoreland County. In consequence, preparations were made to receive it, and but little mischief was effected.

A man named Simpson was killed, and a tomahawk and letter left by his body. The letter was directed from the chiefs of Mohawks, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, Missasagoes, and Chippewas, to the Virginians and Pennsylvanians at Venango.

It complained that these people encroached upon the land of the Indians, and demanded that they should immediately remove. This letter Colonel Morgan supposes to have been gotten up by Colonel Butler; though he says that the complaint was just, that the whites had made encroachments upon the Indian grounds, but not at Venango. It having been resolved by Virginia to send an expedition against the Indians, Colonel Morgan was requested to inform the Delawares and Shawanees of the intention of the whites, that they might not take umbrage at the unannounced march of the troops through their country. The expedition however was abandoned.

In April, Captain Pipe, a chief of great influence among the Delawares, arrived at Fort Pitt, and made a long speech to Colonel Morgan. After complaining of, or rather regretting, the inability of the Americans to furnish the Indians with goods in exchange for their skins, which he said was highly injurious to the affairs of the United States, he concluded by expressing his own determination to adhere to the advice of the Americans, not to engage in the war on either side. Friendly messages were sent to his tribe on his return; and they held a council, in which his sentiments were endorsed by the tribe, and envoys sent with speeches to the other Indians, exhorting them to remain at peace with the whites.

Notwithstanding, inroads continued to be made by small parties of the savages, though no general attack was made.

So passed this year. On one side, the British governor at Detroit making every attempt to stimulate the Indians to combined attacks upon the frontier; and on the other, Colonel Morgan, assisted the friendly Delawares in making the most strenuous exertions to break his measures. His endeavors were much impeded by the conduct of many of the frontier men themselves, who seemed as much determined to bring on a war as the British governor. Had they been employed by him for the purpose, they could not have served him better. The murder of Cornstalk, the particulars of which will be related elsewhere, had nearly effected it.

The continued attempts of the Virginians to settle Kentucky, had a very injurious effect, as they brought the emigrants into constant collisions with the Indians. But it is time to proceed to the more sanguinary scenes of 1778

CHAPTER VII.

MASSACRE OF WYOMING.

PROBABLY no spot in the United States possesses as much romantic interest as Wyoming. This is accounted for by various circumstances; the natural beauty of the place, and the peculiar situation and misfortunes of its inhabitants. In regard to situation, they were an isolated community in the midst of a powerful State, against whom they were

obliged to maintain their settlement. And their misfortunes were such as the historian is not often called upon to record, even in the annals of Indian warfare. These circumstances pointed it out to the poet and novelist as a theme on which to exercise their vocations. Nor has it been neglected. Many a tale has been written in this country retailing the exaggerated accounts of the massacre; and in England one of the most distinguished poets of the century, has selected it as the scene of what has been pronounced by high authority, his best poem.

How astonished would an English reader of Campbell, who had got all his impressions of Wyoming from "Gertrude," be, to learn, that instead of being occupied by a band of Arcadians, it was a colony of go-a-headative Yankees from Connecticut; that instead of living under a patriarchal government, they were decidedly democratic. Yet the misrepresentations of Campbell's Gertrude are scarcely greater than those contained in some histories which are called authentic, the authors of which had not the same excuse as he. In fact it was not till the researches of Miner had dissipated the atmosphere of fable which surrounded the subject, that the true history of of Wyoming began to be at all known, even in this country.

The people of Wyoming entered with great zeal into the Revolutionary struggle, from its very commencement. Its exposed situation early attracted the notice of Congress, and in 1776 a resolution passed that body for the raising of two companies of Continentals, for the defence of the town, but liable to serve in any other part of the country.

The troops were raised without difficulty. They were commanded by Captains Ransom and Durkee. The resolution under which these companies were raised was passed in August; and before the end of the year they were ordered to join the main army under Washington. Thus the valley was deprived of more than one-third of its effective force.

Early in this year, (1776) the attention of the people was

called to a number of persons who had come into the valley since the beginning of the war, mostly from New York. Some of them openly avowed Tory principles, while all were suspected of holding them. A number were arrested, charged with acting as spies for the British. They were sent to Hartford; where as nothing could be proven against them, they were liberated.

Reports were in circulation this year of Colonel John Butler's being at Oswego with a force of Canadians and Indians, preparing for a descent upon the settlements, but it was contradicted. A conference was held with a chief of the Six Nations, at Wyoming. He professed in behalf of those tribes an ardent desire and determination for the preservation of peace. These professions were not altogether credited, however.

The year 1777 was occupied by the people of Wyoming in attending to their usual affairs, and in erecting defences against any attack. Scouting parties were sent out frequently to watch the Indian paths that led into the valley.

One of these parties was attacked by the Indians, and their commander, Lieutenant Jenkins, and three others made prisoners, and carried to Canada. The lieutenant was soon exchanged for an Indian chief who had been detained at Albany. This was the only act of hostility committed against Wyoming this year.

The next spring, rumors were rife of an intended attack. Application was made to Congress for the return of the two companies, but it was not granted, as the affairs of the country were then in a desperate condition. Another company was ordered to be raised in the valley for its defence; a measure of little if any use, for as Miner remarks, there was not time to discipline them, and consequently nothing was added to the military strength of the valley, they being in no particular superior to the militia.

In May, skirmishes began to take place between the scout-

ing parties sent from the valley, and those of the enemy, in which several of the settlers were killed. Notwithstanding this the Six Nations had not yet thrown off the mask altogether. In fact at the time of the massacre, a deputation of chiefs of the Senecas were in Philadelphia, under the pretext of negotiating.

The force of the invaders is stated to have numbered one thousand men, of whom four hundred were whites, commanded by Colonel John Butler. The first blow of the actual attack is thus described by Miner.

"At Fort Jenkins, the uppermost in the valley, and only a mile above Wintermoot's, there were gathered the families of the old patriot, John Jenkins, Esq., the Hardings and Gardiners, distiguished for zeal, with others. Not apprised of the contiguity of the savages, on the morning of the 30th June, Benjamin Harding, Stukely Harding, John Harding, a boy, James Hadsell, James Hadsell, Jr., Daniel Weller, John Gardiner, and Daniel Carr, eight in all, took their arms and went up about three miles into Exeter, to their labor. Towards evening, at an hour when aid could not be expected, they were attacked. That they fought bravely was admitted by the enemy. Weller, Gardiner, and Carr, were taken prisoners. James Hadsell, and his son James, Benjamin and Stukely Harding were killed. John Harding, the boy, threw himself into the river, and lay under the willows, his mouth just above the surface. He heard with anguish the dying groans of his friends. Knowing he was near, the Indians searched carefully for him. At one time they were so close that he could have touched them.

This attack was made probably by an advanced guard of savages, as Butler did not enter the valley till some days after. Col. Zebulon Butler, who commanded at Wyoming, marched on the next day to the spot, where two Indians were killed. The bodies were removed, and the troops returned to Forty Fort, the principal station of the valley.

The people of the valley were filled with terrible pre-bodings. They knew their foes were merciless, and that if the defence was not successful they would be exposed to the horrors of savage warfare. The tomahawk and scalping-knife hung over the settlement, threatening them with slaughter and desolation. Yet there were some undaunted hearts in the valley forts. There were men prepared to fight bravely for their firesides and fields, and to yield their last drop of blood ere they owned the triumphs of the foe. The attack of the 30th of June only caused them to make more vigorous preparation to meet the invaders, which being completed, they calmly waited the result. It was a movement of dread suspense. The lives and fortunes of all depended on the event of the next movement of their enemies. It is in moments like this that the true spirit and metal of men is seen; and the men of those times were of the right sort.

The enemy directly after entered the valley in force. Wintermoot's Fort, belonging to a family of that name, who were of that class of emigrants mentioned before as being suspected of Toryism, was surrendered without opposition. A Mr. Ingersoll, made prisoner here, was sent under a guard to demand the surrender of all the forts, the public property, and the newly-raised company of Continentals. This was refused: the people did not entertain the proposition for a moment. There was another question, however, on which they were not so unanimous. This was, whether it was better to march out and attack the enemy at once, or await him in the forts. Unhappily, the former opinion prevailed, though the other was supported by Colonel Butler, and several of the principal officers. But the majority of the council could not bear the idea of allowing the enemy to ravage their fields and plunder their homes with impunity.

Miner estimates the number who actually marched out at three hundred, among whom were old men of seventy and boys of fourteen. They were divided into six companies.

The Wyoming men were formed, the right flank resting on a steep bank which ran along the river, and the left on a swamp covered with trees. On the side of the enemy, the left, composed of the white troops, was led by Butler himself. The Indians formed on the right, led some say by Brandt, but others deny that he was present.

"About four in the afternoon," says Miner, "the battle began. Colonel Z. Butler ordered his men to fire, and at each discharge to advance a step. Along the whole line the discharges were rapid and steady. It was evident, on the more open ground, the Yankees were doing most execution. As our men advanced, pouring in their platoon fires with great vivacity, the British line gave way, in spite of all their officers efforts to prevent it. The Indian flanking party on our right kept up from their hiding-places a galling fire. Lieutenant Daniel Gore received a ball through the left arm. "Captain Durkee," said he, "look sharp for the Indians in those bushes." Captain D. stepped to the bank to look preparatory to making a charge and dislodging them, when he fell. On the British Butler's right, his Indian warriors were sharply engaged. They seemed to be divided into six bands, for a yell would be raised at one end of their line, taken up, and carried through six distinct bodies, appearing at each time to repeat the cry. As the battle waxed warmer, that fearful yell was renewed again and again, with more and more spirit. It appeared to be at once their animating shout, and their signal of communication. As several fell near Colonel Dorrance, one of his men gave way; "Stand up to your work, sir," said he, firmly, but coolly, and the soldier resumed his place.

For half an hour a hot fire had been given and sustained, when the vastly superior numbers of the enemy began to develope his power. The Indians had thrown into the swamp a large force, which now completely outflanked our left. It was impossible it should be otherwise: that wing was thrown

into confusion. Colonel Dennison gave orders that the company of Whittlesey should wheel back, so as to form an angle with the main line, and thus present his front, instead of flank, to the enemy. The difficulty of performing evolutions by the bravest militia on the field, under a hot fire, is well known. On the attempt, the savages rushed in with horrid yells. Some had mistaken the order to fall back as one to retreat, and that word, that fatal word, ran along the line. Utter confusion now prevailed on the left. Seeing the disorder, and his own men beginning to give way, Colonel Z. Butler threw himself between the fires of the opposing ranks, and rode up and down the line in the most reckless exposure. "Don't leave me, my children, and the victory is ours." But it was too late.

Still, on the fated left, men stood their ground. "See," said Westover to George Cooper, "our men are all retreating, shall we go?" "I'll have one more shot first," was the reply. At that moment a ball struck a tree just by his head, and an Indian springing towards him with his spear, Cooper drew up his rifle and fired; the Indian sprung several feet from the ground, and fell prostrate on his face. "Come," said Westover. "I'll load first," replied Cooper. And it is probable this coolness saved them, for the great body of the savages had dashed forward after the flying, and were far in their rear.

On the right, one of his officers said to Captain Hewitt, "The day is lost! see, the Indians are sixty rods in our rear: shall we retreat?" "A negative with an oath," was his answer. "Drummer, strike up," cried he, and strove to rally his men. Every effort was in vain. Thus he fought, and there he fell!

Every captain that led a company into action was slain, and in every instance fell on or near the line. As was said of Bidlack, so of Hewitt, Whittlesey, and the others; "they died at the head of their men." They fought bravely—every

man and officer did his duty, but they were overpowered by three fold their force. In point of numbers the enemy was overwhelmingly superior.

Darius Spafford was just married to Miss Blackman. Receiving his death wound, he fell into the arms of his brother Phineas, by whose side he fought. "Brother," said he, "I am mortally hurt; take care of Lavinia." Stephen Whiton, a young schoolmaster from Connecticut, was also a bridegroom, having recently married the daughter of Anderson Dana, Esq. The father and son-in-law fell together.

A portion of the Indian flanking party pushed forward in the rear of the Connecticut line, to cut off retreat to Forty Fort, and then pressed the retreating army towards the river. Monockasy Island affording the only hope of crossing, the stream of flight flowed in that direction through fields of grain. Cooper, and those who remained near the line of battle, saw the main body of the Indians hastening after the fugitives.

At Forty Fort, the bank of the river was lined by anxious wives and mothers, awaiting the issue. Hearing the firing sharply continued, now hope arose; but when the shots became irregular, and approached nearer and nearer, that hope sank in dismay. Lieutenant Gore, whose arm was shattered early in the action, being intercepted in an attempt to retreat the way he had marched up, secreted himself in a thick covert of bushes and briars near the road, on the descending bank. Indians ran past him, their attention directed to those who were flying through the flats. One stood very near, gazed a moment, drew up his rifle and fired. Raising a yell, he rushed forward, probably to scalp his victim.

At the river near the Island, the scene was exceedingly distressing. A few swam over and escaped. Closely pressed, many were killed in the river. Sergeant Jeremiah Bigford, a very active man, was pursued by an Indian into the stream with a spear; Bigford faced him, struck the spear

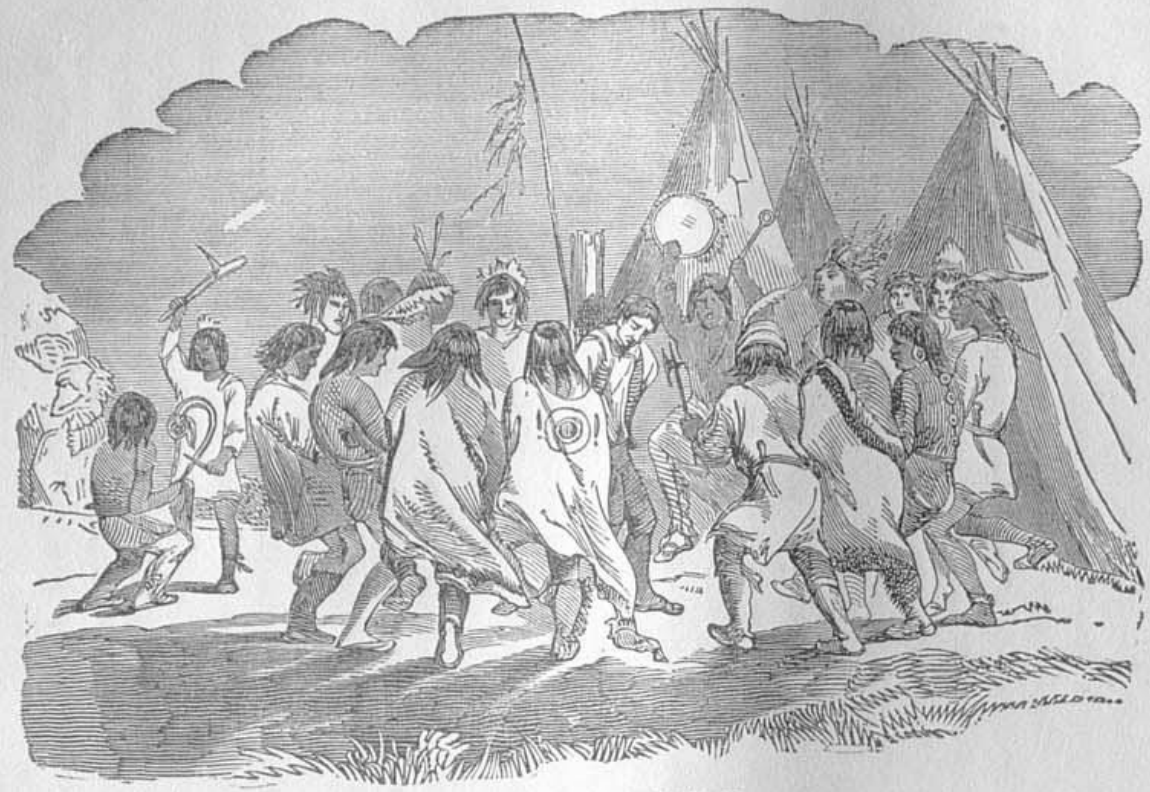
from his hand, and seizing him by the neck, dashed him under his feet, where he would have drowned, but another savage rushed forward to his aid, and ran his spear through Bigford's breast, who fell dead, and floated away. A month afterwards, his body was found seven or eight miles below, much decayed, but was recognized by a silver brooch he wore, which, with a piece of the shirt with the spear hole, was preserved by his family for many years. One of the fugitives, by the name of Pensil, sought security by hiding in a cluster of willows on the Island. Seeing his Tory brother come up, and recognize him, he threw himself at his feet, begged for protection, and proffered to serve him for life, if he would save him. "Mighty well!" was the taunting reply. "You d——d rebel," and instantly shot him dead. It was a dreadful hour; men seemed transformed into demons. The worst passions raged with wild and desolating fury. All the sweet charities of life seemed extinguished. Lieutenant Shoemaker, one of the most generous and benevolent-hearted men, whose wealth enabled him to dispense charity and do good, which was a delight to him, fled to the river, when Windecker, who had often fed at his board, and drank of his cup, came to the brink. "Come out, come out," said he; "you know I will protect you." How could he doubt it? Windecker reached out his left hand, as if to lead him, much exhausted, ashore, and dashed his tomahawk into the head of his benefactor, who fell back, and floated away.

Many prisoners were lured to shore by promise of quarter, and then butchered. The accurate Indian marksmen, sure of their prey, had coolly singled out officers, and broke the thigh bone, it is supposed, as so many were found perforated, so as effectually to disable, but leaving the victim alive for torture. Captain Bidlack was thrown alive on the burning logs of the fort, held down with pitch forks, and there tortured till he expired. Prisoners taken under solemn promise of quarter, were gathered together, and placed in circles.

Sixteen or eighteen were arranged round one large stone, since known as the bloody rock. Surrounded by a body of Indians, Queen Esther, a fury in the form of a woman, assumed the office of executioner, with death maul or tomahawk, for she used the one with both hands, or took up the other with one, and passing round the circle with words, as if singing, or counting with a cadence, she would dash out the brains, or sink the tomahawk into the head of a prisoner. A number had fallen. Her rage increased with indulgence. Seeing there was no hope, Lebbeus Hammond and Joseph Elliott, with a sudden spring, shook off the Indians who held them, and fled for the thicket. Rifles cracked! Indians yelled! tomahawks flew! but they escaped, the pursuers soon returning to their death sports. The mangled bodies of fourteen or fifteen were afterwards found round the rock where they had fallen, scalped, and shockingly mangled. Nine more were found in a similar circle some distance above.

Young Searle, aged sixteen, fled, accompanied by William, the son of Ashael Buck, aged fourteen. Searle, almost exhausted, heard a person cry, "Stop—you shall have quarter—we wont hurt you." Looking round, and almost inclined to surrender, he saw Buck stop, and yield himself: that moment a tomahawk struck him to the earth, dead. Renewing his leap from desperation, Searle escaped. "See," said one of the flying Yankees, who was pursued by a powerful Indian, and nearly exhausted. Richard Inman drew up his rifle, and the Indian dropped dead. Samuel Carey, a young man of nineteen, had crossed the river at the island, where he was met by the Indians, who were already on the beach. At first they threatened him with death, placing a knife to his bowels, as if they meant to rip him open; but he was spared, and taken to the Indian country. With a single other exception, he was the only person made prisoner in the battle, whose life was not sacrificed."

The officers who escaped immediately took what precau-



INDIANS TORTURING A VICTIM.

tions were in their power for the defence of the forts. The night presented such a scene as war with all its atrocities, seldom occasions.

"On the river bank," says Miner, "on the Pittston side, Captain Blanchard, Mr. Whitaker, and Ishmael Bennet, attracted by fires among trees, on the opposite shore, took their station and witnessed the process of torture. Several naked men, in the midst of flames, were driven round a stake; their groans and screams were most piteous, while the shouts and yells of the savages, who danced round, urging the victims on with their spears, were too horrible to be endured. They were powerless to help or avenge, and withdrew, heartsick from a view of their horrid orgies—glad that they did not know who were the sufferers. This was more than a mile above Wintermoot's. On the battle ground, the work of torture lasted till vengeance, satiated and weary, dropped the knife and torch from exhaustion. Colonel John Butler, much agitated, as the peculiar effluvium of burning human flesh came to his nostrils, said, in the hearing of Mr. Ingersoll, 'It is not in my power to help it.' In the morning, the battle field was strewed with limbs and bodies torn apart, mangled, and partially consumed."

The loss of the Wyoming people is estimated to have been one hundred and sixty killed, which comprehends the entire loss; that of the enemy was not ascertained, but of course was much less severe.

Having received a reinforcement of a company of thirty-five men, the surviving officers had determined to call all the settlers together at Forty Fort, and hold it out against the enemy to the last; but when the morning came it was found that the people were flying from the valley in the greatest confusion. The greater part of the fugitives were women and children. One company, numbering one hundred, contained but a single man. Several perished in the swamps, and all were subject to the most distressing privations. The people

of the nearest settlement were Germans, and they received those who came to them, with the utmost kindness.

Receiving a summons from Colonel John Butler to surrender, Colonel Zebulon Butler and the few Continental soldiers, left the valley, and the remainder, under Colonel Dennison, capitulated on the following terms: that the fort should be demolished, and the arms surrendered, together with all public property. That the inhabitants should not take up arms again during the war. On the part of the British, they promised to protect the lives and property of the people.

Colonel Butler told some Wyoming people that their settlement should not have sent any men to the army; that it was this occasioned the attack. If he meant that it was very imprudent for them to do so, the remark was a very just one; but if he intended it as an excuse for leading an army of savages against a weak settlement, it is certainly rather a singular idea.

Colonel Butler however, has been greatly calumniated in the usual account of this affair, it being stated that he refused all terms, and when asked to name them replied, "the hatchet!" And that he caused the fort to be set on fire, and all in it, men, women and children, to be consumed in the flames. It appears, on the contrary, that he did all within his power to restrain the Indians, and to keep the articles of the capitulation unbroken.

During the negotiation, understanding that there was a quantity of liquor in the fort, he desired that it might be destroyed, lest the Indians should get hold of it, and become altogether uncontrolable.

His fault was not in the manner of conducting the expedition, but in conducting it at all. He soon found it hopeless to attempt to restrain the savages, and retreated from the Valley with his troops.

Until the departure of Butler, and indeed for some time after, the Indians were content with plundering the inhabit-

MASSACRE OF WYOMING.

GENERAL MACINTOSH.

ants. But one life was taken in the fort, and this was a deserter, shot by Butler's orders. But this did not last long. It was a temptation too strong for the Indians to resist, to see their enemies disarmed and completely in their power. Several families and small parties were murdered. All the people, with the exception of a few who took refuge in one of the forts, now abandoned the settlement. Most of the buildings were burned.

Near the beginning of September, Colonel Hartley, of the Pennsylvania line, arrived at Wyoming with a considerable force. It was determined to act offensively against the enemy. An expedition was made against one of their settlements, in which a number of Indians were killed, and a quantity of plundered property recovered, with the loss of two or three killed and a few wounded. Soon after this expedition the remains of those slain on the fatal third of July were committed to the earth.

During the remainder of this year, the savages continued

to make incursions upon the valley, a portion of the inhabitants having returned. In these attacks a large number of persons were killed or made prisoners. Early in autumn an attack was made upon Freeland's Fort, situated on Warrior's Run, Northumberland county, by a large force of whites and Indians. The garrison capitulated on condition that the women and children should be allowed to depart in safety. The men were to be surrendered as prisoners of war. Directly after the enemy had taken possession of the fort, a reinforcement arrived under Captain Boone, to relieve it. They approached quite near the place before they learned from some of the women of its capture. They immediately retreated, but were waylaid by the enemy, and most of the men killed, their commander among the rest.

In the spring of this year, General McIntosh, who had been appointed to the command of the western district, crossed the mountains. Under his directions, a fort was built at the mouth of Beaver Creek, and was called after the name of the general. It was intended as a rendezvous for expeditions into the Indian country. Formidable preparations were made for one, which were not completed however till fall. In September, the Delaware Indians were assembled at Pittsburgh, and their consent obtained for the marching of the troops through their country. The only thing achieved by this expedition was the establishment of a fort on the Tuscaroras, which it was impossible to maintain, on account of its distance from other posts, and it was abandoned in consequence.

PENNSYLVANIA.

CHAPTER VIII.

SULLIVAN'S EXPEDITION.—CONCLUSION.

THE American Government, in 1779, determined to inflict a heavy chastisement upon the Six Nations; one that should have the effect of deterring them from a repetition of the atrocities of Wyoming. With this view an expedition was planned, to enter the country of these tribes, that they might feel some of the calamities of war, to which they had as yet been almost strangers. The plan is said to have originated with Washington.

Some time, however, necessarily elapsed before the troops were prepared to set out, and in the mean time, the frontier settlements, and especially Wyoming, were again exposed, with the opening spring, to the forays of their bloodthirsty foes.

In March, large numbers of them penetrated to that ill fated valley; after capturing one prisoner they made an attempt to draw the garrison into an ambush. Failing in this, they next, becoming bolder, besieged the fort, and tried to carry it by storm; but upon a four-pounder, the only piece of artillery in the place, being brought to bear upon them, they retreated. Their chief was killed in the assault.

This repulse did not repel them from the valley, which still suffered from their presence. A German regiment arriving, Colonel Butler, who commanded, was at length able to clear the *open* valley of them, though they yet infested the mountains. This fact was soon evinced in a manner more convincing than comfortable.

They made an attack upon a detachment of two hundred men, killing two officers and several privates, and created such a panic in the whole command, that their officer, Major Powel, sent intelligence of it to Colonel Butler, and did not enter the valley until the Germans arrived to escort them.

The concentration of the troops to compose the expedition went on from this uninterruptedly, and on the 23d of June the whole force was assembled at Wyoming. Informed of every particular in regard to the movement of the American army, the enemy were soon convinced that it would be vain to attempt to resist the progress of such a force. They therefore commenced a series of attacks on the exposed settlements of New York and Pennsylvania, with the hope of inducing the American general to divide his command. Lachewaxen, a place within the Connecticut settlement, was broken up by an attack. On the 28th of July a man was shot within a mile or two of a camp of three thousand men.

In the beginning of August, the army under General Sullivan began its march. The particulars of this expedition would not be very interesting; but few opportunities were afforded the troops of displaying their valor. The only battle that took place was on the Cheming river. Here they

were met by the whole force of the Six Nations under Brandt, assisted by their white allies, commanded by the Butlers and Johnsons. The battle, hower, was neither long nor very bloody. The entire loss of the Americans is said to have been thirty men; and it is probable that the enemy's was even less, as they fought under cover until their flank was turned, when they fled. After this, the army was employed ravaging the Indian country, in which much more effectual execution was done than in the battle. A few prisoners were liberated, some of whom had been captured at Wyoming.

At the same time that Sullivan was engaged in this manner, another expedition, under Colonel Brodhead, ascended the Alleghany for Pittsburgh, against the Senecas, Munseys, and Mingoes. Only one action of any consequence occurred during the expedition.

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

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

hindrance, and hastened to seize a narrow pass up the river, where the rocks, nearly perpendicular, approach the river, and where a few determined men might successfully combat superior numbers. In a short time the Indians encountered the main body under Brodhead, and were driven back. In full and swift retreat they pressed on to gain the pass between the rocks and the river, but it was occupied by their daring and relentless foe, Brady and his rangers, who failed not to pour into their flying columns a most destructive fire.

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

Indeed, it has been said by an officer in the American army, who is no stranger to Indian battles, that Walter Scott's description of the battle of "Beal an Duine," from which we have ventured to make the above extract, would suit very well for that of any battle with the Indians, by changing a few names, and substituting plumes for bonnets, bayonets for spears, and so forth. Be that as it may, the Indians on this occasion were broken, routed, and forced to jump into the river. Many were killed on the bank, and many more in the stream. Cornplanter, chief of the Senecas, then a young man, saved himself by swimming, as did several others of the party.

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

horred enemy of his race, commenced a species of conversation with him in broken English, which we call blackguarding: calling Brady and his men cowards, squaws, and the like, and putting himself in such attitudes as he probably thought would be most expressive of his utter contempt of them.

When Brady had cleaned his rifle and loaded it, he sat down by an ash sapling, and taking sight about three feet above the Indian, fired. As the gun cracked, the Indian was seen to shrink a little, and then limp off. When the main army arrived, a canoe was manned, and Brady and a few men crossed to where the Indian had been seen. They found blood on the ground, and had followed it but a short distance till the Indian jumped up, struck his breast, and said, "I am a man." It was Brady's wish to take him prisoner without doing him further harm. The Indian continued to repeat, "I am a man." "Yes," said an Irishman who was along, "by J——s, you're a purty boy"—and before Brady could arrest the blow sunk his tomahawk in the Indian's brains.

The army moved onward, and after destroying all the Indians' corn, and ravaging the Kenjus flats, returned to Pittsburgh. These expeditions are generally said to have put an almost complete stop to the inroads of the Six Nations. This is not the fact, Wyoming was still exposed to them, and continued to be till the end of the war.

Yet these years present but little for the historian. The history of one is the history of all. A continued series of incursions, on a smaller scale than formerly, is all there is to record. We give the account of one of these which did not end as favorably for the invaders as they doubtless hoped.

In the latter part of March, an alarm was given that Indians were in the valley. On the 27th, Thomas Bennett and his son, a lad, in a field not far from their house, in Kingston, were seized and made prisoners by six Indians.

Lebbeus Hammond, who had been captured a few hours before, they found tied as they entered a gorge of the mountain. Hammond had been in the battle, and was then taken prisoner, but had escaped from the fatal ring at Bloody Rock, where Queen Esther was pursuing her murderous rounds as previously related. He was a prize of more than ordinary value. No doubt could exist that he was destined a victim to savage barbarity. The night of the 27th they took up their quarters about twelve miles north of the valley. The next day, having crossed the river near the Three Islands, they pushed on towards Meshoppen with all the speed in their power. While on their march they met two parties of Indians and Tories, descending for murder and pillage upon the settlement. A man by the name of Moses Mount, whom they knew, was particular in his inquiries into the state of the garrison and the situation of the inhabitants. On the evening of the 28th they built a fire, with the aid of Mr. Bennett, who being an old man, was least feared, and permitted to go unbound. To a request from Mr. Bennett to the chief, to lend him an awl to put on a button, the savage, with a significant look replied, "No want button for one night," and refused his request. The purpose of the Indians could not be mistaken. Whispering to Hammond, while the Indians went to a spring near by, to drink, it was resolved to make an effort to escape. To stay was certain death; they could but die. Tired with their heavy march, after a supper of venison, the Indians lay around the fire, Hammond and the boy tied between them, except an old Indian who was set to keep the first watch. His spear laid by his side, while he picked the meat from the head of a deer, as half sleeping and nodding, he sat over the fire. Bennett was allowed to sit near him, and seemingly in a careless manner, took the spear, and rolled it playfully on his thigh. Watching his opportunity, when least on his guard, he thrust the spear through the Indian's side, who fell with a startling groan

upon the burning logs. There was not a moment to be lost. Age forgot its decrepitude. In an instant Hammond and young Bennett were cut loose, the arms seized, three of the remaining savages tomahawked, and slain as they slept, and another wounded. One only escaped unhurt. On the evening of the 30th the captive victors came in with five rifles, a silver mounted hanger, and several spears and blankets, as trophies of their brilliant exploit.

Another exploit, equalling this in boldness, we give in the language of one of the actors.

"On the return of the army I was taken with the camp-fever, and was removed to the fort which I had built in '78, where my father was still living. In the course of the winter I recovered my health, and my father's house having been burnt in '78 by the party which attacked the before-mentioned fort, my father requested me to go with him and a younger brother to our farm, about four miles distant, to make preparations for building another, and raising some grain. But little apprehension was entertained of molestation from the Indians this season, as they had been so completely routed the year before. We left the fort about the last of March, accompanied by my uncle and his son, about twelve years old, and one Peter Pence. We had been on our farm about four or five days, when, on the morning of the 30th of March, we were surprised by a party of ten Indians. My father was lunged through with a war-spear, his throat was cut, and he was scalped; while my brother was tomahawked, scalped, and thrown into the fire before my eyes. While I was struggling with a warrior, the fellow who had killed my father drew his spear from his body and made a violent thrust at me. I shrank from the spear; the savage who had hold of me turned it with his hand so that it only penetrated my vest and shirt. They were then satisfied with taking me prisoner, as they had the same morning taken my uncle's little son and Pence, though they killed my uncle. The

same party, before they reached us, had touched on the lower settlements of Wyoming, and killed a Mr. Upson, and took a boy prisoner of the name of Rogers. We were now marched off up Fishing Creek, and in the afternoon of the same day we came to Huntingdon, where the Indians found four white men at a sugar camp, who fortunately discovered the Indians, and fled to a house; the Indians only fired on them and wounded a Captain Ransom, when they continued their course till night. Having encamped and made their fire, we, the prisoners, were tied and well secured, five Indians lying on one side of us, and five on the other; in the morning they pursued their course, and leaving the waters of Fishing Creek, they touched the head-waters of Hemlock Creek, where they found one Abraham Pike, his wife, and child. Pike was made prisoner, but his wife and child they painted, and told *Joggo squaw;* go home They continued their course that day, and encamped the same night in the same manner as the previous. It came into my mind that sometimes individuals performed wonderful actions, and surmounted the greatest danger. I then decided that these fellows must die; and thought of the plan to dispatch them. The next day I had an opportunity to communicate my plan to my fellow-prisoners; they treated it as a visionary scheme for three men to attempt to dispatch ten Indians. I spread before them the advantage that three men would have over ten when asleep; and that we would be the first prisoners taken into their towns and villages after our army had destroyed their corn, that we should be tied to the stake and suffer a cruel death; we had now an inch of ground to fight on, and if we failed it would only be death, and we might as well die one way as another. That day passed away, and having encamped for the night, we lay as before. In the morning we came to the river, and saw their canoes; they had descended the river and run their canoes upon Little Tunkhannock Creek, so called. They crossed the river and

set their canoes adrift. I renewed my suggestions to my companions to dispatch them that night, and urged that they must decide the question. They agreed to make the trial; but how should we do it, was the question. Disarm them, and each take a tomahawk, and come to close work at once. There are three of us; plant our blows with judgment, and three times three will make nine, and the tenth one we can kill at our leisure. They agreed to disarm them, and after that, one take possession of the guns and fire, at the one side of the four, and the other two take tomahawks on the other side and dispatch them. I observed that would be a very uncertain way; the first shot fired would give the alarm; they would discover it to be the prisoners, and might defeat us. I had to yield to their plan. Peter Pence was chosen to fire the guns, Pike and myself to tomahawk; we cut and carried plenty of wood to give them a good fire; the prisoners were tied and laid in their places; after I was laid down, one of them had occasion to use his knife; he dropped it at my feet; I turned my foot over it and concealed it; they all lay down and fell asleep. About midnight I got up and found them in a sound asleep. I slipped to Pence, who rose; I cut him loose and handed him the knife; he did the same for me, and I in turn took the knife and cut Pike loose; in a minute's time we disarmed them. Pence took his station at the guns. Pike and myself with our tomahawks took our stations; I was to tomahawk three on the right wing and Pike two on the left. That moment Pike's two awoke, and were getting up; here Pike proved a coward, and laid down. It was a critical moment. I saw there was no time to be lost; their heads turned up fair; I dispatched them in a moment, and turned to my lot as per agreement, and as I was about to dispatch the last on my side of the fire, Pence shot and did good execution; there was only one at the off wing that his ball did not reach; his name was Mohawk, a stout, bold, daring fellow. In the alarm he jumped off about three rods

from the fire; he saw it was the prisoners who made the attack, and giving the war-whoop, he darted to take possession of the guns. I was as quick to prevent him; the contest was then between him and myself. As I raised my tomahawk, he turned quick to jump from me; I followed him and struck at him, but missing his head, my tomahawk struck his shoulder, or rather the back of his neck; he pitched forward and fell; and the same time my foot slipped, and I fell by his side; we clinched; his arm was naked; he caught me round my neck; at the same time I caught him with my left arm round the body, and gave him a close hug, at the same time feeling for his knife, but could not reach it.

In our scuffle my tomahawk dropped out. My head was under the wounded shoulder, which almost suffocated me with his blood. I made a violent spring, and broke from his hold; we both rose at the same time, and he ran; it took me some time to clear the blood from my eyes; my tomahawk had got covered up, and I could not find it in time to overtake him; he was the only one of the party that escaped; Pike was powerless. I always had a reverence for Christian devotion. Pike was trying to pray, and Pence swearing at him, charging him with cowardice, and saying it was no time to pray—he ought to fight; we were masters of the ground, and in possession of all their guns, blankets, match coats, &c. I then turned my attention to scalping them, and recovering the scalps of my father, brother, and others, I strung them all on my belt for safe keeping. We kept our ground till morning, and built a raft, it being near the bank of the river where they had encamped, about fifteen miles below Tioga Point; having got all our plunder on it, we set sail for Wyoming, the nearest settlement. Our raft giving way, we made for land; but we lost considerable property, though we saved our guns and ammunition, and took to land; we reached Wyalusing late in the afternoon. Came to the narrows; discovered a smoke below, and a raft lying at the

shore, by which we were certain that a party of Indians had passed us in the course of the day, and had halted for the night. There was no alternative for us but to rout them or go over the mountain; the snow on the north side of the hill was deep; we knew from the appearance of the raft that the party must be small; we had two rifles each; my only fear was of Pike's cowardice. To know the worst of it, we agreed that I should ascertain their number, and give the signal for the attack; I crept down the side of the hill so near as to see their fires and packs, but saw no Indians. I concluded they had gone hunting for meat, and that this was a good opportunity for us to make off with their raft to the opposite side of the river. I gave the signal; they came and threw their packs on to the raft, which was made of small, dry pine timber; with poles and paddles we drove her briskly across the river, and had got nearly out of reach of shot, when two of them came in; they fired—their shots did no injury; we soon got under cover of an island, and went several miles; we had waded deep creeks through the day, the night was cold; we landed on an island and found a sink hole, in which we made our fire; after warming we were alarmed by a cracking in the crust; Pike supposed the Indians had got on to the island, and was for calling for quarter; to keep him quiet we threatened him with his life; the stepping grew plainer, and seemed coming directly to the fire: I kept a watch, and soon a noble raccoon came under the light. I shot the raccoon, when Pike jumped up and called out, "Quarter, gentlemen; quarter, gentlemen!" I took my game by the leg and threw it down to the fire: "Here, you cowardly rascal," I cried, "skin that, and give us a roast for supper." The next night we reached Wyoming, and there was much joy to see us; we rested one day, and it not being safe to go to Northumberland by land, we procured a canoe, and with Pence and my little cousin, we descended the river by night; we came to Fort Jenkins before day, where I found Colonel Kelly and

about one hundred men encamped out of the fort; he came across from the West Branch by the heads of Chillisquake to Fishing Creek, the end of the Nob mountain, so called at that day, where my father and brother were killed; he had buried my father and uncle; my brother was burnt, a small part of him only was to be found. Colonel Kelly informed me that my mother and her children were in the fort, and it was thought that I was killed likewise. Colonel Kelly went into the fort to prepare her mind to see me; I took off my belt of scalps and handed them to an officer to keep. Human nature was not sufficient to stand the interview. She had just lost a husband and a son, and one had returned to take her by the hand, and one, too, that she supposed to be dead."

It is but justice to the memory of Pike to say that this statement, which was made after his death, is very different from that generally given and believed at the time. Miner states that in that region he was known as "Sergeant Pike, the Indian killer."

Nor was the western frontier by any means exempt from attacks of the savages. Several expeditions were made against them by Brodhead, Williamson, and Crawford, none of which were productive of fame or any substantial good, and the last ended in a complete rout. The details of these enterprises will be given in their proper places.

The Delawares and Shawanees, who at the beginning of the war had for the most part remained neutral, towards the close became actively engaged. The expeditions to which we have referred probably contributed to this result.

General Broadhead commanded at Pittsburgh, and Captain Brady, of whom we made mention before, was actively employed under him in repelling attacks of the Indians. On one occasion he penetrated to Sandusky, accompanied by a few soldiers and friendly Indians. As he was returning with a number of squaws whom he had made prisoners, with what purpose is not stated, he became separated from his men, and

fell in with a party of hostile Indians, who had captured a woman and child. He attacked the party, and rescued the captives, but in the confusion his own also escaped. The following is narrated as another of his exploits.

Brady's success as a partisan had acquired for him its usual results—approbation with some, and envy with others. Some of his brother officers censured the commandant for affording him such frequent opportunities for honorable distinction. At length open complaint was made, accompanied by a request, in the nature of a demand, that others should be permitted to share with Brady the perils and honors of the service, abroad from the fort. The general apprised Brady of what had passed, who readily acquiesced in the propriety of the proposed arrangements; and an opportunity was not long wanting for testing its efficiency.

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

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

Instead of moving towards Sewickly, as the first detachment had done, he crossed the Alleghany at Pittsburgh, and proceeded up the river. Conjecturing that the Indians had descended that stream in canoes, till near the settlement, he was careful to examine the mouths of all creeks coming into it, particularly from the south-east. At the mouth of Big

Mahoning, about six miles above Kittanning, the canoes were seen drawn up to its western bank. He instantly retreated down the river, and waited for night. As soon as it was dark, he make a raft, and crossed to the Kittanning side. He then proceeded up to the creek, and found that the Indians had, in the mean time, crossed the creek, as their canoes were now drawn to its upper or north-eastern bank.

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

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

At length the Indians seemed quiet, and the captain determined to pay them a closer visit. He had got quite near their fires; his *pet* Indian had caught him by the hair and gave it a pluck, intimating the advice to retire, which he would not venture to whisper; but finding Brady regardless of it, had crawled off—when the captain, who was scanning their numbers, and the position of their guns, observed one throw off his blanket and rise to his feet. It was altogether impracticable for Brady to move without being seen. He

instantly decided to remain where he was, and risk what might happen. He drew his head slowly beneath the brow of the bank, putting his forehead to the earth for concealment. His next sensation was that of warm water poured into the hollow of his neck, as from the spout of a teapot, which, trickling down his back over the chilled skin, produced a feeling that even his iron nerves could scarce master. He felt quietly for his tomahawk, and had it been about him he probably would have used it; but he had divested himself even of that when preparing to approach the fires, lest by striking against the stones or gravel, it might give alarm. He was compelled, therefore, "nolens, volens," to submit to this very unpleasant operation, until it should please his warriorship to refrain; which he soon did, and returning to his place, wrapped himself up in his blanket, and composed himself for sleep, as if nothing had happened.

Brady returned to and posted his men, and in the deepest silence all awaited the break of day. When it appeared, the Indians arose and stood around their fires; exulting, doubtless, in the scalps they had taken, the plunder they had acquired, and the injury they had inflicted on their enemies. Precarious joy—short-lived triumph! The *avenger of blood* was beside them! At a signal given, seven rifles cracked, and five Indians were dead ere they fell. Brady's well-known war-cry was heard, his party was amongst them, and their guns (mostly empty) were all secured. The remaining Indians instantly fled and disappeared. One was pursued by the trace of his blood, which he seems to have succeeded in stanching. The *pet* Indian then imitated the cry of a young wolf, which was answered by the wounded man, and the pursuit again renewed. A second time the wolf-cry was given and answered, and the pursuit continued into a windfall. Here he must have espied his pursuers, for he answered no more. Brady found his remains there three weeks afterwards, being led to the place by ravens that were preying on the

carcass. The horse was unfettered, the plunder gathered, and the party commenced their return to Pittsburgh, most of them descending in the Indian canoes. Three days after their return, the first detachment came in. They reported that they had followed the Indians closely, but that the latter had got into their canoes and made their escape.

The conclusion of peace with Great Britain was accompanied by a cessation of hostility on the part of the Six Nations also; but the Western Indians remained as hostile as before, or rather this feeling was increased by the increase of emigration to the Western territory. This emigration, by pushing the frontier westward, tended to divert the attacks of the Indians from Pennsylvania; yet she continued to suffer in some measure till the defeat of the combined force of the Indians by Wayne. In 1784 the State purchased of the Indians all the land which still belonged to them within the limits of the Charter of Pennsylvania. The lands were not settled without similar difficulties to those encountered by the pioneers of Kentucky and Ohio, though in a somewhat less degree.

The following statement will show the reader, up to how recent a period, Pennsylvania was explosed to the inroads of savage foes.

"*Pittsburgh, May* 28, 1792.

"Massy Herbenson, on her oath, according to law, being taken before John Wilkins, Esq., one of the Commonwealth's justices of the peace in and for the county of Alleghany, deposeth and saith, that on the 22d day of this instant she was taken from her own house, within two hundred yards of Reed's block-house, which is called twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh; her husband, being one of the spies, was from home; two of the scouts had lodged with her that night, but had left her house about sunrise, in order to go to the block-house, and had left the door standing wide open. Shortly after the two scouts went away, a number of Indians came

into the house and drew her out of bed by the feet; the two eldest children, who also lay in another bed, were drawn out in the same manner; a younger child, about one year old, slept with the deponent. The Indians then scrambled about the articles in the house; when they were at this work, the deponent went out of the house, and hallooed to the people in the block-house; one of the Indians then ran up and stopped her mouth, another ran up with his tomahawk drawn, and a third ran and seized the tomahawk and called her his squaw; this last Indian claimed her as his, and continued by her. About fifteen of the Indians then ran down towards the block-house, and fired their guns at the block and store-house, in consequence of which one soldier was killed, and another wounded, one having been at the spring, and the other in coming or looking out of the store-house. This deponent then told the Indians there were about forty men in the block-house, and each man had two guns; the Indians then went to them that were firing at the block-house, and brought them back. They then began to drive the deponent and her children away; but a boy about three years old, being unwilling to leave the house, they took by the heels, and dashed it against the house, then stabbed and scalped it. They then took the deponent and the two other children to the top of the hill, where they stopped until they tied up the plunder they had got. While they were busy about this, the deponent counted them, and the number amounted to thirty-two, including two white men that were with them, painted like the Indians."

BORDER HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER I.

It is not intended, in this portion of our work, to give an account of the early contests with the Indians in which the first settlers of Virginia were engaged. Every child is familiar with them. The romantic adventures of Smith; the stern enmity of Powhattan; and the guardian care, which the amiable Pocohontas exercised over the infant colony, and especially over their heroic leader, are to be found in every history of the United States. The inhabitants of the coasts of North America do not appear to have been so formidable in war as those of the interior proved to the settler there. This is doubtless to be accounted for by the fact that they had not the same chance to become familiar with the weapons of the white men. But they do not appear to have possessed the same strategetical skill. They were as liable to be attacked by surprise as their pale face foes. The history of New England gives us instances of whole tribes being cut off in this manner. They did not so well understand the art of carrying on a desultory war; they were apt to risk too much in a single battle, and trusted too much to the protection of forts. A long train of almost uninterrupted successes lead the western Indian at last to the same fatal mistake.

Passing over the hostility between the Virginian settlers

and Powhattan, we may remark that from the marriage of Pocohontas, till 1622, the most friendly relation appear to have existed between the colonists and the Indians. The year referred to is distinguished in Virginian annals for the breaking out of a war whose ravages only came to an end with the extermination of the Indians. Incited by Opecancanough, who inherited what remained of the power and dignity of Powhattan, the savages attacked the greater part of the settlements on the same day. Wherever information had been received, as was the case at several places, the Indians were easily subdued. But where the original plan of a surprise was successfully carried out, a horrible slaughter was made by these treacherous foes; 349 persons are said to have been killed. The inhabitants of Jamestown had received warning and escaped. Around this settlement the people were hastily collected by order of the governor.

To revenge this massacre the English resorted to means equally treacherous with those which the Indians had adopted. Offering peace to the latter, they gladly availed themselves of it to cultivate their cornfields. While they were thus engaged, they were attacked and slaughtered without mercy. For nearly twenty years hostilities were kept up, though no event of importance occurred till 1643, when another combined attack on the settlements was projected and led by the same wily chief who had planned that of 1622. The particulars of this second massacre are more imperfect than those of the first. The exact date is not recorded. The number which fell is estimated by some at about the same, and by others at a higher rate than on the previous occasion. The Indians were instantly pursued by a chosen force, led by the governor in person, and their chief captured. He is said to have been one hundred years of age. He was carried to Jamestown, whence the governor determined to send him to England, but was prevented by a soldier, who shot the aged chief, inflicting a wound of which he died after a few days of suffering.

OPECANCANOUGH

The last stand made by the Indians of eastern Virginia was near the site of the city of Richmond, in 1676. Here they were defeated with great slaughter by Nathaniel Bacon, famous for his opposition to Governor Berkeley. From this time we hear no more of them.

We come now to the main portion of our task, the history of the Indian wars of western Virginia.

In 1710, Governor Spottswood, of Virginia, accompanied by a mounted party, passed the Blue Ridge, then the boundary of the settlements of the colony, and pushing across the valley, ascended the Alleghany Mountains. They were delighted with the country through which they passed, and on their return the governor created the order of the Golden Horseshoe, composed of all who had accompanied him on the expedition.

But it was not till 1732, that the first permanent settlement was formed. This was effected by a party from Pennsylvania, and the spot was where the town of Winchester stands. Other emigrants from the same quarter followed slowly. It is said that the Indians did not object to the coming of the people. The name of William Penn still protected them. Soon after the first settlement at Winchester, two men set out from there on an exploring expedition. Near the Roanoke they were attacked by a party of Cherokees, and one, named Salling, made prisoner. He remained several years with this tribe, and was again made prisoner by some Illinois Indians, by whom he was carried to Kaskasia. At length at the end of six years he returned home by way of Canada and New York.

His glowing representations induced several persons to emigrate to the valley. Of the number was Lewis, who had recently arrived from Europe, and whose family was destined to act an important part in the settlement of Western Virginia. In 1736 Governor Gooch made a grant of 500,000 acres of land west of the Blue Ridge to Burden, on condition that he

should settle one hundred families on it within ten years. In 1737 the stipulated number arrived from England. In 1743 occurred the first serious collision between the Indians and settlers in the valley.

The Indians, who were of the Shawanee tribe, fell in with a company of militia. How the conflict was brought on is not clearly told, but at the first fire Captain McDowel, who commanded, and seven of his men were killed, another volley was given with a like fatal effect. It does not appear that the savages sustained any loss. Great fears were at first entertained of a renewal of the incursion, but happily a treaty was soon after concluded with the tribe. A new impetus was given to the peopling of the valley in 1751 by the arrival of a number of Scotch emigrants.

We come now to the last war with France and her Indian allies. The principal operations of this war, in which the Virginia troops were engaged, have already been related in the history of Pennsylvania, in whose territory they were conducted. It remains now to give some account of the inroads of the enemy upon the Virginia settlements. This is rather a difficult undertaking, from the paucity of material.

The first victims were, as far as it can be ascertained, a family of the name of Files, who in 1754 emigrated to the country of the Monongahela.

But it was not till after Braddock's defeat, that Western Virginia felt, in its full force, the calamity of Indian warfare. Elated with their success, the savages crossed the Alleghanies, and fell upon the settlements between that range and the Blue Ridge with murderous fury. One of the first of their parties, having captured a Mrs. Neff, started on their way to return. Reaching the vicinity of Fort Pleasant, they divided into two parties to watch the fort, leaving their prisoner in the charge of an old Indian. He falling asleep, she ran off and reached the fort in safety. The next morning a party of sixteen men went out to attack the Indians, who

numbered fourteen. They soon discovered the smoke of their encampment, and dismounting, divided, in order to surround it. But a dog which had followed them giving the alarm, the Indians left their camp without being noticed by the whites, and getting between them and their horses, commenced firing upon them with great effect. The fire was returned and the contest maintained for some time with firmness, but finally seven of the whites being killed, and four wounded, the others retreated to the fort. Three Indians were killed and several wounded.

The party returned to their country carrying off the horses, which their opponents had abandoned. In 1756 an expedition was sent against the Indian towns on the Ohio; it was recalled however, before it reached its destination. The retreat encouraged the savages. The following extract from a letter written by Washington in April of this year, will give a good idea of the state of the country.

"The Blue Ridge is now our frontier, no men being left in this county (Frederick) except a few, who keep close with a number of women and children in forts. . . . The supplicating tears of the women, and moving petitions of the men, melt me with such deadly sorrow that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease."

Immediately on his return from the fatal field of Monongahela, Washington had been appointed to the chief command of the forces of Virginia, with the right of appointing his field officers. The high opinion which had been formed of him, from the manner in which he had conducted his first campaign against the French, had been more than confirmed by his conduct at Monongahela.

But it was impossible for any talent, however great, to defend the country against such a foe as now attacked it, with the means placed at his command.

Continual difficulties were found in the imperfect discipline of his troops. In the spring of 1756 the Assembly passed an act to increase the number of troops to 1500; but it was found impossible, on account of the defective military regulations of the Province, to collect them. Desertions were disgracefully frequent, and the punishment for this offence was so slight that it had no effect.

Colonel Washington was also much embarrassed by the claims of Captain Dagworthy, an officer in the employ of Maryland, but who held a royal commission. He refused to act under any Provincial officer of whatever rank; and as he and Washington were often brought together, much confusion was created. Early this year, he made a journey to the north, and while there he obtained from General Shirley a written order to Dagworthy to act under his command. Washington strongly urged the Province to send out an expedition to drive the French from Fort Du Quesne, as this was the point from which the maurauding parties started. Here they were supplied with ammunition and arms for their murderous attacks, and to it they retreated for protection if pursued by a force too strong to be resisted.

But it was in vain; his advice was not attended to. There was no siege train in the colony; and this was considered indispensable to the capture of so formidable a post. So another defensive campaign was determined on, or rather a mockery of defence; for what could a few hundred troops do, to protect a frontier so extensive, against such a foe. War-parties of the savages would advance with a celerity and secrecy unknown in the military annals of any other nation, and cut off families within a few miles of the garrisons; and before the latter knew of the inroad, would be so far on their retreat as to render pursuit futile.

Sometimes, indeed, they were not satisfied with this, but if their party was numerous, they would retreat apparently in great flight, scattering portions of their plunder along their

route, thus at once indicating their path to their pursuers, and filling them with a rash confidence of victory, that almost invariable prelude to defeat. The following is an account of an affair of this kind.

In the summer of 1757, a body of Shawanese, led on by their celebrated chief Kill-buck, crossed the Alleghanies and committed various acts of depredation. Some thirty or forty of this party appeared in the neighborhood of Edward's Fort and killed two men at a mill, whom they scalped, and then made off, taking with them a quantity of meal. Information having been conveyed to the fort, forty men, under Captain Mercer, started in pursuit of the murderers. The Indians, expecting this, concealed themselves beneath a bank and awaited the approach of the whites. As a decoy, they had strewn along the path some of the meal taken from the mill. Mercer's party discovering this, supposed the Indians were making a speedy retreat, and, not apprized of their strength, moved on at a brisk step, until the whole party were drawn immediately over the line of Indians beneath the bank, when the latter opened a most destructive fire upon them, sixteen falling dead at the first discharge. The others attempting to save themselves by flight, were pursued and slaughtered in every direction, until, out of the forty, but six escaped to the fort. One poor fellow, who ran up the side of the mountain, was fired at by an Indian; the ball penetrated just above his heel, ranged up his leg, shivering the bones, and lodged a little below his knee; he slipped under the lap of a fallen tree and there hid himself, and lay in that situation for two days and nights before he was discovered by his friends. It was that length of time before the people at the fort would venture out to collect and bury the dead. This wounded man recovered, and lived many years after.

Some time afterwards, the Indians, in much greater force, and aided, it was believed, by several whites, determined to carry this fort by storm. The garrison had been considerably

reinforced; among others, by the late General Daniel Morgan, then a young man, the Indians made the assault with great boldness; but on this occasion they met with a sad reverse of fortune. The garrison sallied out, and a desperate battle ensued. The assailants were defeated with great slaughter, while the whites lost comparatively but few men.

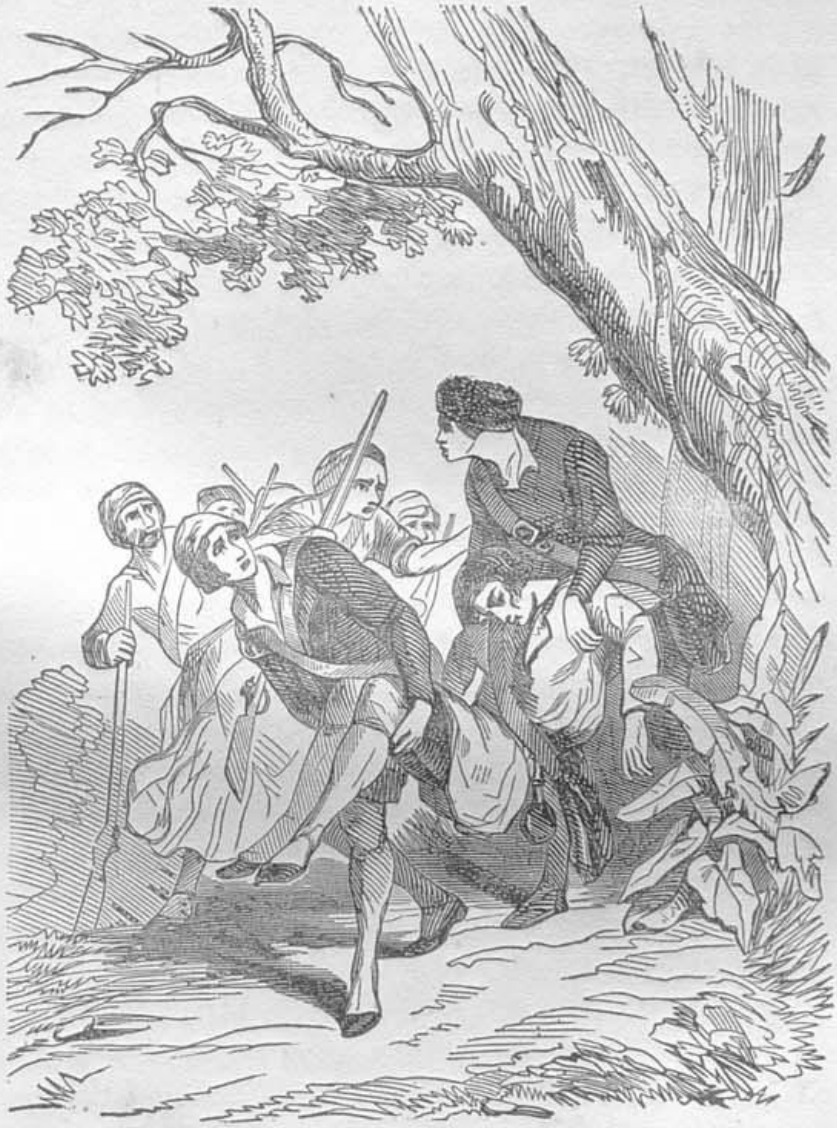
In March, 1757, Washington attended a meeting of the governors of the Province and the principal military officers, convened at Philadelphia, for the purpose of forming a plan for the next campaign. Here he again urged his favorite plan for an attack upon Fort Du Quesne, but it was determined to restrict the offensive operations at the north, and he was obliged to return to the same ungrateful labor of attempting impossibilities.

Encouraged by the success of their stratagem upon the garrison of Fort Edward, the savages soon after came back, more numerous than before, determined to attack the fort itself. But their success was not answerable to their expectations, the garrison making a sally, they were routed with great slaughter.

The next year, 1758, the Indians renewed their attacks. A large body of fifty of them advanced to Mill Creek, the neighborhood of which was thickly settled. Most of the people on the approach of the savages, took refuge in a log house. The enemy attacked it. One man was killed, and the others surrendered. After killing in sport several infants, they returned home carrying with them forty-eight prisoners.

Another exploit of the Indians this year was the capture of Seybert's Fort. This was not a military post, but a fortification constructed by the settlers for their security.

"In this fort, in the year 1758," says Withers, "the inhabitants of what was then called the 'Upper Tract,' all sought shelter from the tempest of savage ferocity; and at the time the Indians appeared before it, there were contained within its walls between thirty and forty persons of both sexes



CARRYING THE WOUNDED MAN TO THE FORT.

and of different ages. Among them was Mr. Dyer (the father of Colonel Dyer, now of Pendleton) and his family. On the morning of the fatal day, Colonel Dyer and his sister left the fort for the accomplishment of some object, and although no Indians had been seen there for some time, yet they did not proceed far, before they came in view of a party of forty or fifty Shawanees, going directly towards the fort. Alarmed for their own safety, as well as for the safety of their friends, the brother and sister endeavored by a hasty flight to reach the gate and gain admittance into the garrison; but before they could effect this, they were overtaken and made captives.

The Indians rushed immediately to the fort and commenced a furious assault on it. Captain Seybert prevailed (not without much opposition) on the besieged to forbear firing until he should endeavor to negotiate with, and buy off the enemy. With this view, and under the protection of a flag, he went out, and soon succeeded in making the wished-for arrangement. When he returned, the gates were thrown open, and the enemy admitted.

No sooner had the money, and other articles stipulated to be given, been handed over to the Indians, than a most bloody tragedy was begun to be acted. Arranging the inmates of the fort in two rows, with a space of about ten feet between them, two Indians were selected, who, taking each his station at the head of a row, with their tomahawks most cruelly murdered almost every white person in the fort; some few, whom caprice or some other cause induced them to spare, were carried into captivity. Such articles as could be well carried away were taken off by the Indians; the remainder were consumed, with the fort, by fire."

The house of a settler named Bingham, near Petersburg, was attacked by a party of Indians late at night. Before he was aware of his danger they had burst open the door; his wife was wounded by a shot, and the Indians entered the house. The family got under the bed. A hired man who

slept above, in the loft, would not come down, and thus Bingham was left to contend with them all, seven in number. The room was dark, and after discharging his rifle, he commenced striking at random. In this style of fighting he had a decided advantage. The numbers of the Indians were only an incumbrance; they could not strike a blow without danger of injuring a friend, while Bingham could deal his strokes with perfect freedom, knowing that he could hurt none but enemies. Several times the Indians grappled him, but each time he escaped. The battle lasted in this manner till daylight, when the Indians found their number reduced from seven to two. These took to flight, but Bingham discharged a rifle after them, wounding one.

This year, General Forbes took possession of Fort Du Quesne, after it was abandoned by the French. This event, though it deprived the Indians of the shelter of the post which had served them at once as a rendezvous and a protection, did not by any means put a stop to their incursions, which continued till the conclusion of peace between the English and French. In the spring of 1759 some settlers on the Monongahela were attacked. The following account of this affair is from the Historical Collections of Virginia:

"In the fall of 1758, Thomas Decker and some others commenced a settlement on the Monongahela River, at the mouth of what is now called Decker's Creek. In the ensuing spring it was entirely broken up by a party of Delawares and Mingoes, and the greater part of its inhabitants were murdered.

There was at this time, at Brownsville, a fort, then known as Redstone Fort, under the command of Captain Paul. One of Decker's party escaped from the Indians who destroyed the settlement, and making his way to Fort Redstone, gave to its commander the melancholy intelligence. The garrison being too weak to admit of sending a detachment in pursuit, Captain Paul dispatched a runner with the information to

10 KISKEPELA OR LITTLE EAGLE.

Captain John Gibson, then stationed at Fort Pitt. Leaving the fort under the command of Lieutenant Williamson, Captain Gibson set out with thirty men to intercept the Indians on their return to their towns.

In consequence of the distance which the pursuers had to to go, and the haste with which the Indians had retreated, the expedition failed in its object; they however accidentally came on a party of six or seven Mingoes, on the head of Cross Creek, in Ohio, near Steubenville. These had been prowling about the river, below Fort Pitt, seeking an opportunity to commit depredations. As Captain Gibson passed the point of a small knoll, just after daybreak, he came unexpectedly upon them. Some of them were lying down; the others were sitting round a fire, making thongs of green hides. Kiskepila, or Little Eagle, a Mingo chief headed the party. So soon as he discovered Captain Gibson, he raised the war-whoop and fired his rifle; the ball passed through Gibson's hunting-shirt, and wounded a soldier just behind him. Gibson sprang forward, and swinging his sword with herculean force, severed the head of Little Eagle from his body. Two other Indians were shot down, and the remainder escaped to their towns on the Muskingum.

When the captives who were restored under the treaty of 1763 came in, those who were at the Mingo towns when the remnant of Kiskepila's party returned, stated that the Indians represented Gibson as having cut off Little Eagle's head with a long knife. Several of the white persons were then sacrificed to appease the manes of Kiskepila, and a war-dance ensued, accompanied with terrific shouts, and bitter denunciations of revenge on '*the big-knife warrior.*' This name was soon after applied to the Virginia militia generally; and to this day they are known among the northwestern Indians as the 'Long Knives,' or 'Big Knife nation.' "

In 1761 a party of about fifty Shawanee warriors, penetrated to the James River settlements. Having killed four

men and a child, and captured a number of women and children, they separated, a portion, consisting of twenty men, starting home with the prisoners, while the others pushed further into the country. The inhabitants however were by this time fully aware of their danger, and had, most of them, taken refuge at Paull's Fort. Leaving a few men to guard this post the rest, twenty-two in number, went in pursuit of the enemy.

Coming up with the savages they attacked them so vigorously that they were soon routed, nine of them being killed on the spot, while the whites lost three. But the darkness prevented further pursuit. The remainder of the Indians joined their companions, and carried off their prisoners and booty without further molestation. The next year the war between France and England was concluded by a treaty of peace, and the frontiers experienced a short respite from the horrors of Indian warfare.

RETREAT OF THE INDIANS WITH THEIR PRISONERS.

CHAPTER II.

PONTIAC'S WAR.

It has been remarked that the British in succeeding to the possessions of the French in North America, did not at the same time inherit their influence with the Indian tribes. The proof of this is seen in the fact that, in the very year after the surrender of the French territories to them in the treaty of Fontainbleau, they were obliged to maintain a bloody and at one time almost doubtful contest with these tribes. Pontiac's war, which is of course alluded to here, though begun by the Ottawas and Chippewas, and other northern tribes, was not confined to them. The Shawanees and Delawares caught the infection from them, and consequently Virginia and Pennsylvania were doomed to suffer. As was the case in the French war, however, no engagement of any importance, in its bearing on the general course of the war, took place within the limits of Virginia, the operations being, as before, restricted to the marauding incursions of the enemy.

In 1773, the year of the breaking out of Pontiac's war, a large body of Shawanee warriors under the command, it is supposed, of Cornstalk, attacked the settlements in Green Briar county, and almost entirely destroyed them. When they first reached the settlements they affected to be very friendly; and as no depredations had been committed recently, their professions were believed, and they were treated with great hospitality. Nothing excited the suspicions of the settlers previous to the moment of attack, when the men were all slaughtered and the women and children made prisoners, not one escaping. They next directed their course to a block house which had been erected by a Mr. Clendenin, and was inhabited by his familiy and a number of others. They were

received with the same hospitality here as at the former place; Mr. Clendenin had just killed three elks, with the flesh of which he regaled his treacherous visitors. An old woman, who was afflicted with an ulcerated limb, showed it to one of the savages, inquiring whether he could do anything for it. He answered in the affirmative, and instantly tomahawked her. At the same time his comrades fell furiously upon the others, and the horrid scene of the former massacre was renewed here. A man who was in the yard at the time of the commencement of the tragedy, escaped, and reported it to the settlement on Jackson River. His story at first scarcely obtained credit with the people, but it soon received confirmation.

The Indians appeared, and the flying inhabitants in many instances were overtaken and murdered. Having done all the mischief in their power, the savages retreated, carrying their prisoners with them. Mrs. Clendenin, who had been made prisoner at the time of the murder of her husband, effected her escape next day. The following account of the manner of it, is from the "Memoirs of Indian Wars on the Western Frontiers of Virginia," communicated to the Philosophical Society of Virginia, by Charles A. Stuart.

"The provisions were all taken over to Muddy Creek, and a party of Indians retained them there till the return of the others from Carr's Creek, when the whole were marched off together. On the day they started from the foot of Kenney's Knob, going over the mountain, Mrs. Clendenin gave her infant child to another female prisoner, to carry, to relieve her for a few paces, and in a few moments after, a favorable opportunity offering for escape, she improved it with such alacrity into a dense thicket which they were at the time passing, that not an Indian saw her, or could tell which way she went. The opportunity was rendered more favorable by the manner in which the Indians at the time were marching. They had placed the prisoners in the centre, and dividing

MASSACRE OF MR. CLENDENIN'S FAMILY

themselves into two companies, one marched before them and the others followed in their rear, having each flank open, and this gave her the desired chance of escape.

It was not until all had left the place that the cries of Mrs. Clendenin's child caused the Indians to inquire for its mother. When they found she had made her escape, a monster Indian observed, "he would bring the cow to her calf," and taking the infant by the heels, dashed out its brains against a tree! And as though this was not enough, the miscreant throwing it down into the van, the whole company marched over it, the hoofs of the horses tearing out its bowels, and the feet of the Indians tracked the ground as they went with its blood.

Mrs. Clendenin returned that night to her own house, a distance of more than ten miles. Here she found her husband's dead body, which she covered with rails. She found him as he had been killed, with one of his children in his arms. He was shot down as he was making his escape over a fence. She now returned to her friends; and thus ends the remarkable, though short captivity of a woman, more to be admired for her courage than some other qualities not less desirable in the female character.

It is said that at the time of the massacre a colored woman killed her own child, to prevent its cries alarming the Indians, while she was making her escape.

It was during the next year, 1764, that Colonel Bouquet made his expedition against the Indian towns on the Muskingum, a full account of which is given in the chapter on the Border History of Pennsylvania. Yet in October of this year, that is, while Colonel Bouquet was either on his march to the Indian country, or else had actually arrived there, a party of Delawares entered the valley. Soon after crossing the mountains, they surprised and killed two men who were hunting. After this they divided into two parties. One of ten men attacked a number of families on their way to a fort for shelter, killed five or six men, and as usual carried off the

women and children. The remaining eight Indians attacked the settlements on Cedar Creek, killing several men and capturing two women, but being pursued and fired upon, one of them was shot, and the rest fled, abandoning not only their prisoners and booty, but even their guns.

Some other incursions were made this year, though none of much importance. In November, Colonel Bouquet concluded a treaty of peace with the Shawanees and Delawares, in conformity with the terms of which, all their white prisoners were given up.

Though the terms of this treaty were faithfully observed on the part of both Shawanees and Delawares, that is the mass of these tribes, yet we find that in the succeeding year several murders were committed in Virginia by small parties of Indians, acting on their own responsibility. The following is the best account we have found of these circumstances.

"In the latter part of this year, (1765,) the Indians made their appearance in the neighborhood of Woodstock. They killed an old man who, with some women and children, was making his way to the fort at Woodstock. His name was George Sigler.

Shortly before this, two Indians were discovered lurking in the neighborhood of Mill Creek. Matthias Painter, John Painter, and William Moore, armed themselves, and went in pursuit. They had not proceeded far, before they approached a large fallen pine, with a very bushy top. As they neared it, Matthias Painter observed, 'We had better look sharp; it is quite likely the Indians are concealed under the tops of this tree.' He had scarcely uttered the words before one of them rose up and fired. The ball grazed the temple of John Painter. Moore and Painter fired at the same instant; one of their balls passed through the Indian's body, and he fell, as they supposed, dead enough. The other fellow fled. The white men pursued him some distance; but the fugitive was too fleet for them. Finding they could not overhaul him, they

gave up the chase and returned to the pine tree: but to their astonishment, the supposed dead Indian had moved off with both guns and a large pack of skins. They pursued his trail, and when he found they were gaining upon him, he got into a sink hole, and as soon as they approached, commenced firing at them. He had poured out a quantity of powder on dry leaves, filled his mouth with bullets, and using a musket which was a self-primer, he was enabled to load and fire with astonishing quickness. He thus fired at least thirty times before they could get a chance to dispatch him. At last Mr. Moore got an opportunity, and shot him through the head. Moore and Painter had many disputes which gave the fellow the first wound. Painter, at length, yielded, and Moore got the premium allowed by law for Indian scalps.

The fugitive who made his escape, unfortunately met with a young woman on horseback, named Sethon, whom he tore from her horse, and forced off with him. This occurred near the present town of Newmarket, and after travelling about twenty miles, it is supposed the captive broke down from fatigue, and the savage monster beat her to death with a heavy pine knot. Her screams were heard by some people who lived upwards of a mile from this scene of horror, and who next day, on going to the place to ascertain the cause, found her stripped and weltering in her blood."

At the end of this war, Virginia had no settlements west of the Alleghany Mountains. Previous to its commencement they had been prohibited by the royal government as encroachments upon the Indian country. The very year of the breaking out of hostilities, 1763, a proclamation was issued commanding all who had settled on the western waters to abandon their improvements and leave the territory. The reasons for this measure were not, as the reader may suppose, a wish to mete out to the red man impartial justice, but a desire to propitiate him, till a more favorable opportunity should arrive. Washington always looked upon this procla-

mation "as a mere temporary expedient to quiet the savages," and he early began to buy western lands, employing as his agent in this business, Colonel Crawford, whose tragical end a few years later, produced such an impression in the West.

The principal settlements on this forbidden ground was in Green Briar county. It appears that the settlers refused obedience to the royal mandate, and their temerity met with a signal punishment, they all falling victims to savage cruelty, as has already been related.

In 1766, a plan began to be agitated for the planting of a new colony west of the mountains and south of the Ohio River. The plan was, that a large tract of land should be purchased of the Six Nations, who though not the actual occupants of the territory, claimed to be its owners. It met with strong opposition in England at first; one of the reasons alleged against the enterprise being the difficulty of retaining a colony so isolated in its position, and at such a great distance from all the other possessions of England, in her allegiance. But the plan met with both a zealous and an able advocate in Doctor Franklin, then resident in London as the agent for several of the Provinces. He combated this and every other argument brought against it successfully, and the project was at length adopted.

At this time the Indians were loudly complaining of the invasion of their lands by the white settlers on every side. Sir William Johnson, who had advocated the enterprise, and who was to be governor of the new colony, was directed to purchase the territory from the Indians. He immediately gave notice to the Six Nations, the Shawanees, and the Delawares, and also to the colonial governments concerned, (for it was proposed to settle permanently the boundaries between the whites and Indians,) to attend a conference at Fort Stanwix in October (1768). They met accordingly, and it was determined that the boundary line should run thus: Beginning on the Ohio at the mouth of the Tennessee, there

DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

to run up the Ohio and Alleghany to Kittanning, and from thence across to the Susquehannah. By this treaty the Six Nations transferred all their claims to lands south of the Ohio and Alleghany to the British.

In the years 1742 and 1752, conferences had been held with the Indians at Lancaster and Logtown, at which large cessions of land had been made by them while in a state of intoxication, for the usual merely nominal value. By the treaty of Fort Stanwix these cessions were expressly annulled. The treaty, it is stated, was signed by the deputies of the Six Nations for themselves and their allies or dependents, the Shawanees and Delawares, but not by the deputies of these last mentioned tribes, though they were present.

A company was formed in Virginia who made application to the king for a grant of land in the newly acquired terri-

tory. Among the members of this company we find the most distinguished men of Virginia. It is only necessary to mention the names of Washington and the Lees to substantiate this assertion. The application, when it reached England, was *referred*, and after that nothing more was heard of it. A company formed in England was more successful.

Though the Board of Trade reported against the grant, Franklin met their arguments so ably, that the king reversed their decision, which it is said caused the Lord Hillsborough, who had drawn up the report, to resign. The Revolution, however, prevented any actual settlement under this grant.

Meanwhile, the settlers not waiting for official or royal sanctions were pressing forward to the land of promise west of the Alleghany. As early as 1769 Boone and a few companions entered Kentucky with the determination of effecting a permanent settlement. It is customary to lavish extraordinary praise upon these men; and their perseverance and courage have scarcely been overestimated by their most ardent admirers, but the justice or propriety of the course they pursued is, to say the least, doubtful. One thing seems certain, that these efforts roused the Indians to hostility against the older settlements, and thereby tended greatly to embarrass the country during the struggle with Great Britain.

In 1770, a settlement was made at Wheeling by three brothers of the name of Tomlinson. In 1772 they received a reinforcement by the arrival of Wetzel, Zane, and some others. The reader will find these names occupying a prominent place in the history of the settlement.

CHAPTER III.

DUNMORE'S WAR.

Of some of the immediate causes of this war, an account is given in the Border History of Pennsylvania, with which they are connected by the circumstance that Connolly, who is generally deemed the instigator of the outrage, though a Virginian, and acting as the agent of Virginia, was resident in Pennsylvania. Of the more distant, but not less important causes, we are now to speak. These are to be found in the continual encroachments of the whites upon the Indian hunting grounds. Many of the Indians of the west had formerly been residents of the country east of the mountains, from whence they had been driven by the continual expansion of the settlements.

With these even the appearance of the pale-face hunter, or a trader, awakened suspicion; for well they knew, by sad experience, that they, though in their habits scarcely more settled than themselves, were but the advance guard of the ever advancing deluge of civilization, which seemed destined

to sweep them altogether from the continent. Nor was the story of white encroachment new to those whose homes had always been the West. They had seen the broken remnants of their kindred tribes, who came to seek rest with them. Too vividly had the history been impressed on their minds, for them not to recognize its repetition.

Still, however, it is possible that the well founded fear which the Indians entertained for the superior power of their rivals, might have prevailed over their just indignation; the pacific counsels of Cornstalk and Logan might have had their effect; had it not been for outrages which stimulated these chiefs themselves to vengeance. If we examine the annals of the settlement of the West, it will be difficult to find among their white opponents the equals of these chiefs, especially the latter. There can be no more proper place than this, to introduce a short sketch of this noblest of Indians; without which this history would be incomplete.

Logan was a chief of the Mingo tribe; he was called after James Logan, of Pennsylvania, with whom his father was well acquainted. Though by no means deficient in courage, he took no part either in the French war or in that of Pontiac. Every circumstance which has been discovered in regard to him, tends to confirm the assertion contained in the lofty appeal in the beginning of his celebrated speech. "I appeal to any white man to say that he ever entered Logan's cabin, but I gave him meat; that he ever came naked, but I clothed him. In the course of the last war, Logan was an advocate for peace. I had such an affection for the white people, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men!'" The following anecdote of his conduct on meeting a white man, we give in the language of the latter, Judge Brown. It is from the American Pioneer.

"During the war of 1774, as Mr. John Poole, a settler on the Ohio River, near Wheeling, was walking from his cabin for the purpose of getting some wood, he espied an Indian

LOGAN.

some distance from him, sitting on a log, with his head resting on his hands, apparently in a deep study. Poole walked towards him, and when he got near him, hailed him. He was surprised to hear the Indian answer him in English in the following manner: "Brother, you know me?—me John Logan;" to which Poole answered in the negative. The Indian then asked him, "You our brother?" Poole answered in the affirmative. Logan then got up off the log and clasped his arms around Poole's neck, and appeared very glad to see him. Poole then asked him why he was sad, and Logan said, "Your brothers (the whites) have killed my people on Yellow Creek, and me sorry;" and he burst into a flood of tears. Poole then took him to his cabin and gave him some refreshments, and treated him kindly. Logan then gave him a flint and a pipe, and started for Captina.

Of the murder of Logan's family we have given an account

in the history of Pennsylvania. After this outrage the settlers at once made up their minds to expect a war. They knew the Indians too well to suppose that they would remain quiet under these injuries and attempt no retaliation. Preparations were immediately made for defence, forts were erected along the frontier, and the government of Virginia was called upon for aid. The call was at once responded to. In the house of Burgesses, General Lewis proposed to raise a large force to march to the border. His proposition was adopted, and the most active measures taken to carry it into effect. But before these preparations could be completed, the work of vengeance was begun. The traders among the Indians were the first victims to their indiscriminate rage.

The frontier men, knowing that a considerable time would be necessary for the troops from the east to reach the border, determined to prevent the Indians from attacking the settlements, by carrying the war into their own country. For this purpose, four hundred men were collected at Wheeling. Colonel McDonald was selected to command them. In June of this year, 1774, the troops composing the expedition descended the Ohio, for the purpose of attacking the Indian town of Wapatomica, on the Muskingum. The Indians had prepared an ambush to receive them, and on the arrival of the army they were received with a heavy fire. Little execution was done however, only two of the whites were killed, and a few wounded. Nor was the firing of the whites more effective. But one Indian was known to be killed; the others retreated, carrying off the field the body of their slain comrade, together with those who had been wounded. The troops met with no further opposition, the town being evacuated when they reached it. It appears that the unusual promptitude of the whites somewhat disconcerted the Indians. They were not prepared for this sudden invasion of their country; and having failed in their attempts to destroy the army by surprise, they applied for peace; and upon the com-

mander demanding hostages, five of their chiefs delivered themselves as security for the sincerity of their intentions. One of them was sent to call the other tribes together; he staying longer than was deemed necessary, another was dispatched after him. Neither of them returned. Suspecting that they merely wished to amuse him till their forces were collected, Colonel McDonald advanced to another town in the neighborhood of that first occupied, and found it deserted. After an unimportant skirmish, Colonel McDonald directed the towns to be destroyed, which having been done, and the fields wasted, he returned to Virginia. The men were soon after disbanded. Nothing had been effected by this expedition towards the proposed object of intimidating the Indians.

Still they hesitated about entering on the war. The Six Nations were restrained by Sir William Johnson. The Delawares were in favor of peace; and Cornstalk still exerted himself on the same side among the Shawanees. But Logan was aroused. Early in July, at the head of a small party, he attacked the Monongahela settlements. The attack was entirely successful, and the party returned with thirteen scalps and two prisoners. One of these the Indians determined to burn, but Logan, after in vain attempting to dissuade them from it, released him from the stake with his own hands. He was finally adopted into one of the Indian families, and acting in the capacity of secretary, wrote the following letter to Captain Cresap.

"Captain Cresap, what did you kill my people on Yellow Creek for? The white people killed my kin at Conestoga a great while ago, and I thought nothing of it. But you killed my kin again on Yellow Creek, and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill too; and I have been to war three times since. But the Indians are not angry, only myself.

CAPTAIN JOHN LOGAN."

It may be observed here, that Cresap, whom Logan charges with the murder of his family, is acquitted of it, by the testimony of General Clark.

Logan, it is said, professed himself ready to make peace after his return from the first expedition. *His* revenge was satisfied. But it was now too late, the thirst for revenge on both sides was excited, and and could only be slaked with blood.

A party of Indians attacked a number of children who were playing together, and killed and scalped five of them. One girl's life was saved by a dog, who attacked an Indian by whom she was pursued. Many similar attacks were made upon the frontier settlements of Virginia. Those of Pennsylvania were spared, for the Indians discriminated between the inhabitants of the two Provinces.

Meanwhile the raising of the troops, ordered by the House of Burgesses, went on rapidly; before the end of summer 2500 men were collected. They were divided into two detachments, one under General Lewis, and the other under Lord Dunmore, the governor. Lewis was ordered to meet the latter at the mouth of the Kenawha, by the second of October. After a wearisome march he arrived at that place, having seen nothing of the Indians. General Lewis was much disappointed at not finding the governor there. The troops were encamped to await his arrival. It was the 30th of September when they reached the rendezvous, and they waited till the 9th of October, before anything was heard from Lord Dunmore. On the morning of this day a messenger arrived from him, directing Lewis to march to the Indian towns on the Scioto. Preparations were immediately made to move on the next day, but this was prevented by the attack upon the camp.

"Early on the morning of Monday, the tenth of that month," says Withers, "two soldiers left the camp and proceeded up the Ohio River, in quest of deer. When they had

progressed about two miles, they unexpectedly came in sight of a large number of Indians rising from their encampment, and who, discovering the two hunters, fired upon them and killed one; the other escaped unhurt, and running briskly to the camp, communicated the intelligence, "that he had seen a body of the enemy, covering four acres of ground, as closely as they could stand by the side of each other." The main part of the army was immediately ordered out under Colonels Charles Lewis and William Fleming, and having formed into two lines, they proceeded about four hundred yards, when they met the Indians, and the action commenced.

At the first onset, Colonel Charles Lewis having fallen, and Colonel Fleming being wounded, both lines gave way and were retreating briskly towards the camp, when they were met by a reinforcement under Colonel Field, and rallied. The engagement then became general, and was sustained with the most obstinate fury on both sides. The Indians perceiving the 'tug of war' had come, and determined on affording the colonial army no chance of escape, if victory should declare for them, formed a line extending across the Point, from the Ohio to the Kanawha, and protected in front by logs and fallen timber. In this situation they maintained the contest with unabated vigor, from sunrise till towards the close of evening, bravely and successfully resisting every charge which was made on them; and withstanding the impetuosity of every onset with the most invincible firmness, until a fortunate movement on the part of the Virginia troops decided the day.

Some short distance above the entrance of the Kanawha River into the Ohio, there is a stream called Crooked Creek, emptying into the former of these, from the north-east, whose banks are tolerably high, and were then covered with a thick and luxuriant growth of weeds. Seeing the impracticability of dislodging the Indians by the most vigorous attack, and sensible of the great danger which must arise to his army, if

the contest were not decided before night, General Lewis detached the three companies which were commanded by Captains Isaac Shelby, George Matthews, and John Stuart, with orders to proceed up the Kanawha River and Crooked Creek, under cover of the banks and weeds, till they should pass some distance beyond the enemy; when they were to emerge from their covert, march downward towards the Point, and attack the Indians in their rear. The manœuvre thus planned was promptly executed, and gave a decided victory to the colonial army. The Indians finding themselves suddenly and unexpectedly encompassed between two armies, and not doubting but that in their rear was the looked-for reinforcement under Colonel Christian, soon gave way, and about sundown commenced a precipitate retreat across the Ohio, to their towns on the Scioto. The victory, indeed, was decisive, and many advantages were obtained by it; but they were not cheaply bought. The Virginia army sustained in this engagement a loss of seventy-five killed, and one hundred and forty wounded—about one fifth of the entire number of the troops.

Among the slain were Colonels Lewis and Field; Captains Buford, Morrow, Wood, Cundiff, Wilson, and Robert McClannahan; and Lieutenants Allen, Goldsby, and Dillon, with some other subalterns. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained. On the morning after the action, Colonel Christian, who had arrived after the battle was ended, marched his men over the battle-ground, and found twenty-one of the Indians lying dead; and twelve others were afterwards discovered, where they had been attempted to be concealed under some old logs and brush.

From the great facility with which the Indians either carry off or conceal their dead, it is always difficult to ascertain the number of their slain; and hence arises, in some measure, the disparity between their known loss and that sustained by their opponents in battle. Other reasons for this disparity

CORNSTALK.

are to be found in their peculiar mode of warfare, and in the fact that they rarely continue a contest when it has to be maintained with the loss of their warriors. It would not be easy otherwise to account for the circumstance, that even when signally vanquished, the list of their slain does not, frequently, appear more than half as great as that of the victors. In this particular instance, many of their dead were certainly thrown into the river.

Nor could the number of the enemy engaged be ever ascertained. Their army is known to have been composed of warriors of the different nations north of the Ohio, and to have comprised the flower of the Shawanee, Delaware, Mingo, Wyandotte, and Cayuga tribes; led on by men whose names are not unknown to fame, and at the head of whom was Cornstalk, sachem of the Shawanees, and king of the northern confederacy.

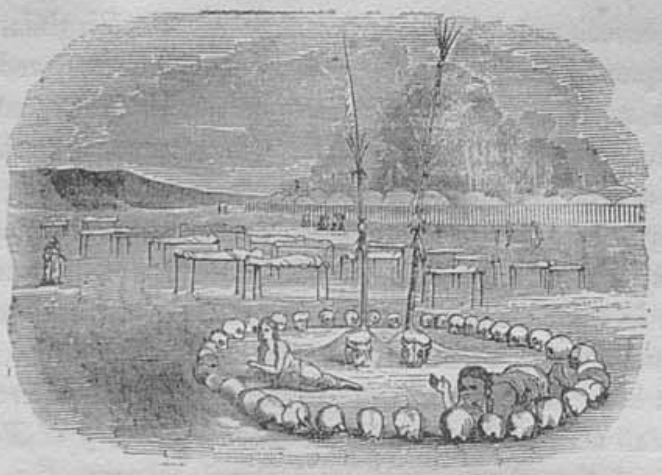
This distinguished chief and consummate warrior, proved himself on that day to be justly entitled to the prominent station which he occupied. His plan of alternate retreat and attack was well conceived, and occasioned the principal loss sustained by the whites. If at any time his warriors were believed to waver, his voice could be heard above the din of arms, exclaiming, in his native tongue: 'Be strong! be strong!' and when one near him, by trepidation and reluctance to proceed to the charge, evinced a dastardly disposition, fearing the example might have a pernicious influence, with one blow of his tomahawk he severed his skull. It was, perhaps, a solitary instance in which terror predominated. Never did men exhibit a more conclusive evidence of bravery in making a charge, and fortitude in withstanding an onset, than did these undisciplined soldiers of the forest in the field at Point Pleasant. Such, too, was the good conduct of those who composed the army of Virginia on that occasion, and such the noble bravery of many, that high expectations were entertained of their future distinction. Nor were these ex-

pectations disappointed. In the various scenes through which they subsequently passed, the pledge of after eminence then given was fully redeemed; and the names of Shelby, Campbell, Matthews, Fleming, Moore, and others, their compatriots in arms on the memorable tenth of October, 1774, have been inscribed in brilliant characters on the roll of fame."

It is said that at least one hundred of Lewis's men were absent, having been dispatched to procure a supply of game, the provisions of the army being nearly exhausted.

General Lewis, leaving a sufficient force to protect his wounded, crossed the Ohio, and pushed on towards the destination pointed out by Dunmore. Before he could reach it, he received orders from the governor to halt, as he was negotiating a peace with the Indians. This message he disregarded. A second he treated in the same manner; and not till Dunmore in person commanded him to stop, would he obey. Lewis was directed to lead his detachment back to Virginia, where it was to be disbanded.

After the battle of Point Pleasant, Cornstalk, finding the Indians averse to continuing the war, determined to repair to Dunmore's camp to obtain peace. In the conference, he boldly charged the whites with having occasioned the war, by the murder of Logan's family, and other outrages. Logan himself was not present, but sent his celebrated speech by Colonel Gibson. Peace was finally made, the Indians agreeing to liberate their prisoners, and to refrain from hunting south of the Ohio. Thus conforming to the provisions of the treaty of Fort Stanwix.



AN INDIAN BURIAL PLACE.

CHAPTER IV.

MURDER OF CORNSTALK.—SIEGE OF FORT HENRY.

THE conduct of Lord Dunmore, in his transactions with the Indians, has occasioned much discussion. Some writers comparing the favorable terms granted to the enemy, when apparently they were at his mercy, with his subsequent course in arming the negroes in the royal cause, do not hesitate to charge him with a wish to conciliate *them*, for the same purpose. Nay! they go further yet, and assert that he sent General Lewis exposed and unsupported to the Indian country, in order to weaken the Province by the loss of a large body of its most efficient men. We shall not discuss at length the probability of these charges; but we may remark, that though the troops under General Lewis, and even the General himself, were much dissatisfied with the order to return, yet Lord Dunmore received a vote of thanks from the Virginia Convention, which contained at that time the most prominent Whigs of the State. In regard to the terms granted to the Indians, it is not impossible to suppose that Dunmore recognized the truth of Cornstalk's assertion, that the war had

been occasioned by the aggressions of the Virginians, and consequently was satisfied with a treaty which restored affairs to the same condition as before hostilities broke out. We are fully aware that this solution will not appear probable to those ardent patriots, who are unable to see anything praiseworthy in one who proved himself an enemy to their country. Nor is it all strange that this idea should not have occurred to the frontier men; who, unused to considering Indians as on an equality with themselves, would have deemed the reason, had it been given, an attempt to impose upon their credulity.

A full account is given in the Border History of Pennsylvania, of the efforts made by Colonel Morgan, the Indian agent of the United States, to baffle the attempts of the English to engage the Western Indians in the war against the patriots. These efforts as the reader will find, though in the end unsuccessful, were instrumental in preserving the settlements, for a season, from the scourge of an Indian war. That they were not ultimately successful was owing to several causes, beyond the control of Colonel Morgan. Among these we may barely mention here, for it has been dwelt on elsewhere, the poverty of the American Government, which did not allow the agent to secure the friendship of these tribes in the same way as the British did, that is, by presents. Another cause equally powerful, was that which we have found on previous occasions so pregnant of evil, the conduct of many of the Americans themselves.

The winter of 1776 passed without much alarm. But the spring of 1777 brought a new state of affairs; those Indians who had with much difficulty been kept neutral by the efforts of the American agents, began to yield to the bribes and solicitations of the English. Cornstalk, sincerely desirous of peace, found his tribe in a critical situation, in danger of being exposed, if they persisted in their neutrality, to the enmity of the others. He determined to consult with the commandant at Point Pleasant, and for this purpose repaired

there, accompanied by a young Delaware chief named Redhawk. What followed we give in the language of Drake.

"After explaining the situation of things with regard to the confederate tribes, he said, in regard to his own, the Shawanees, 'The current sets [with the Indians] so strong against the Americans, in consequence of the agency of the British, that they [the Shawanees] will float with it, I fear, in spite of all my exertions.' Upon this intelligence, the commander of the garrison thought proper to detain him and Redhawk as hostages to prevent the meditated calamities. When Captain Arbuckle, the commander of the garrison, had notified the new government of Virginia of the situation of affairs, and what he had done, forces marched into that country. A part of them having arrived, waited for others to join them under General Hand, on whom these depended for provisions.

Meanwhile the officers held frequent conversations with Cornstalk, who took pleasure in giving them minute descriptions of his country, and especially of that portion between the Mississippi and Missouri. One day, as he was delineating a map of it upon the floor for the gratification of those present, a call was heard on the opposite side of the Ohio, which he at once recognized as the voice of his son, Ellinipsico, who had fought at his side in the famous battle of Point Pleasant, in 1774, of which we have spoken. At the request of his father, Ellinipsico came to the fort, where they had an affectionate meeting. This son had become uneasy at his father's long absence, and had at length sought him out in his exile here, prompted by those feelings which so much adorn human nature. The next day, two men crossed the Kanawha upon a hunting expedition. As they were returning to their boat after their hunt, and near the side of the river, they were fired upon by some Indians, and one of the two, named Gilmore, was killed, but the other escaped. A party of Captain Hall's men went over and brought in the body of Gilmore;

whereupon a cry was raised, 'Let us go and kill the Indians in the fort.' An infuriated gang, with Captain Hall at their head, set out with this nefarious resolution, and against every remonstrance, proceeded to commit the deed of blood. With their guns cocked, they swore death to any who should oppose them. In the mean time some ran to apprize the devoted chiefs of their danger. As the murderers approached, Ellinipsico discovered agitation, which when Cornstalk saw, he said, 'My son, the Great Spirit has seen fit that we should die together, and has sent you to that end. It is His will, and let us submit.' The murderers had now arrived, and the old chief turned around and met them. They shot him through with seven bullets. He fell, and died without a struggle.

Ellinipsico, though having at first appeared disturbed, met his death with great composure. He was shot upon the seat on which he was sitting when his fate was first pronounced to him.

Redhawk was a young Delaware chief, and, like Ellinipsico, had fought under Cornstalk. He died with less fortitude: having tried to secrete himself, he was soon discovered and slain. Another Indian, whose name is not mentioned, was mangled and murdered in the most barbarous manner. Suffice it here to say, that this was all that was effected by the expedition, and the forces soon after returned home."

A reward was offered by the Governor of Virginia for the arrest of the perpetrators of this outrage, but they were never brought to justice. Every attempt was made to conciliate Cornstalk's tribe, but without effect. A second time was Virginia doomed to feel the heavy stroke of Indian vengeance, for the guilt of a few of her sons. This year is said to have been the most terrible in the annals of the West.

Scalping parties of Indians traversed the country in every direction, and unfortunate was the family which had not availed itself of the shelter of some fort or block house.

It seems almost useless to give the details of these preda-

AN INDIAN WITH HIS CAPTIVE.

SIMON GIRTY.

tory incursions, it is the usual history of the sudden attack and cruel massacre; the flaming cabin and desolated field; and the weary march of the forlorn captives. One or two examples may be given, before we turn to the most important operation of the year—the attack upon the fort at Wheeling. A party of the enemy penetrated to the Monongahela settlements, and coming to the house of a man named Grigsby, who was was away, they took his wife and two children prisoners. On his return the distracted husband and father collected some of his neighbors, and pursued them. A few miles from his house he found the bodies of his wife and youngest child. They had been slain because they were no

able to travel fast enough. The pursuit was continued, but without success. Soon after, a young lady by the name of Coons, was killed. Her father had built a fort, which was called by his name. She was engaged in turning hemp in a field, when two young men, who had parted with her but a few moments previous, were alarmed by the report of fire-arms, and looking round, saw two Indians in the act of scalping Miss Coons. They were fired upon, but without being harmed.

In the fall, Fort Henry, at Wheeling, was besieged by a large Indian force under Simon Girty. Reports that such an attack was meditated, had been received by the settlers in August, and they were constantly on their guard against surprise. Scouting parties were sent out, who scoured the country with the utmost activity and vigilance. The commander at Fort Pitt received notice from some of the Moravian Indians, that a formidable attack was meditated upon some of the settlements on the Ohio. This intelligence alarmed the whole of this frontier, as no one could tell where the blow would fall.

On the 31st of August, Captain Ogle, who had been with a party, out on a scout, returned to Fort Henry, having seen nothing of the approach of the enemy. Early the next morning, two men, one white and one colored, went out to catch some horses. Not very far from the fort they fell into an ambuscade of six Indians, and the white man was killed, but the negro escaped to the fort. Never was a march conducted with more secresy; dividing into small parties, and taking unfrequented paths, they reached the fort undiscovered, a few hours after Captain Ogle had come in and reported "no immediate danger." The following account of the proceedings of the garrison, is from the narrative of McKiernan, published in the American Pioneer.

"As soon as the negro related his story, the colonel despatched Captain Samuel Mason, with fourteen men, to dis-

lodge the six Indians from the corn-field. Captain Mason with his party marched through the field, and arrived almost on the bank of the creek without finding the Indians, and had already commenced a retrograde movement, when he was suddenly and furiously assailed in front, flank, and rear, by the whole of Girty's army. The captain rallied his men from the confusion produced by this unexpected demonstration of the enemy, and instantly comprehending the situation in which he was placed, gallantly took the lead and hewed a passage through the savage phalanx that opposed him. In this desperate conflict more than half the little band was slain, and their leader severely wounded. Intent on retreating back to the fort, Mason pressed rapidly on with the remnant of his command, the Indians following closely in pursuit. One by one these devoted soldiers fell at the crack of the enemy's rifle. An Indian, who eagerly pursued Captain Mason, at length overtook him; and to make sure of his prey, fired at him from the distance of five paces; but the shot, although it took effect, did not disable the captain, who immediately turned about, and hurling his gun at the head of his pursuer, felled him to the earth. The fearlessness with which this act was performed, caused an involuntary dispersion of the gang of Indians who led the pursuit; and Mason, whose extreme exhaustion of physical powers prevented him from reaching the fort, was fortunate enough to hide himself in a pile of fallen timber, where he was compelled to remain to the end of the siege. Only two of his men survived the skirmish, and they, like their leader, owed their safety to the heaps of logs and brush that abounded in the corn-field.

As soon as the critical situation of Captain Mason became known at the fort, Captain Ogle, with twelve volunteers from the garrison, sallied forth to cover his retreat. This noble, self-devoted band, in their eagerness to press forward to the relief of their suffering fellow-soldiers, fell into an ambuscade, and

two-thirds of their number were slain upon the spot. Sergeant Jacob Ogle, though mortally wounded, managed to escape with two soldiers into the woods, while Captain Ogle escaped in another direction and found a place of concealment, which, like his brother officer, Captain Mason, he was obliged to keep as long as the siege continued. Immediately after the departure of Captain Ogle's command, three new volunteers left the garrison to overtake and reinforce him. These men, however, did not reach the corn-field until after the bloody scenes had been enacted, and barely found time to return to the fort before the Indian host appeared before it. The enemy advanced in two ranks, in open order—their left flank reaching to the river bank, and their right extending into the woods as far as the eye could reach. As the three volunteers were about to enter the gate, a few random shots were fired at them, and instantly a loud whoop arose on the enemy's left flank, which passed, as if by concert, along the line to the extreme right, until the welkin was filled with a chorus of the most wild and startling character. This salute was responded to by a few well directed rifle shots from the lower block-houses, which produced a manifest confusion in the ranks of the besiegers. They discontinued their shouting and retired a few paces, probably to await the coming up of their right flank, which, it would seem, had been directed to make a general sweep of the bottom, and then approach the stockade on the eastern side.

At this moment the garrison of Fort Henry numbered no more than twelve men and boys. The fortunes of the day so far, had been fearfully against them; two of their best officers and more than two-thirds of their original force were missing. The exact fate of their comrades was unknown to them, but they had every reason to apprehend that they had been cut to pieces. Still they were not dismayed—their mothers, sisters, wives, and children, were assembled around them—they had a sacred charge to protect.

and they resolved to fight to the last extremity, and confidently trusted in Heaven to give them a successful issue in the combat."

As soon as his forces had completely invested the fort. Girty, from the window of one of the deserted cabins around the place, read a proclamation of the British Governor Hamilton, of Detroit, summoning the garrison to surrender, promising as usual, that they should receive quarter if they complied, but threatening, in case they refused, the most furious vengeance. The summons was at once rejected. Upon this the attack was commenced with great vigor and determination, and was met with equal determination and superior coolness, on the part of the garrison, Colonel Shepherd commanding. Elated with their success against the detachments, the enemy showed much more temerity than was usual with them; after keeping up for some time a heavy fire upon the fort without doing any execution, they rushed forward and attempted to force the pickets and gates. Being received with a well directed fire, they fell back and kept up a constant discharge at the port holes. Within the fort every person was busy. The women moulded balls, and loaded the guns for the men; one or two of them actually stationed themselves at the port holes, and assisted in the defence, not being satisfied with the lot assigned to them. A little after noon the enemy drew off, but in two or three hours returned to the attack, which they conducted with less blind fury, and more skill than at first. On one side of the fort, a portion of their force was concealed in the cabins and behind the fences. On the other side, the remainder stationed themselves, and opened a heavy fire. By this movement the garrison were all drawn to that side. Suddenly the first mentioned party, issuing from the cabins, commenced battering the gate with heavy pieces of timber. Before they had succeeded in forcing it open, however, they were discovered, and a sharp fire directed upon

them. They persisted for some time with much obstinacy, till six of their warriors having been shot down, they reluctantly retired.

After several other unsuccessful attempts, the attack was again discontinued. At nine o'clock it was again renewed, with no better success. The next day the Indians gave up the siege. Just before they left, a party of fourteen men from Holliday's fort landed and joined the garrison. Directly after, Major Samuel McColloch arrived with forty horsemen. The party were in front of the gates and on the point of entering, when the Indians appearing, attempted to cut them off. All succeeded in entering except their commander. The Indians were bent on capturing him, and he was as determined to foil them. Finding himself completely cut off from the gates, he turned his horse and galloped towards Wheeling Hill. The remainder of the story we give in the words of McKiernan.

"When McColloch was hemmed in by the Indians before the fort, they might have taken his life without difficulty, but they had weighty reasons for desiring to take him alive. From the very commencement of the war, his reputation as an Indian hunter was as great, if not greater, than that of any white man on the north-western border. He had participated in so many rencounters that almost every warrior possessed a knowledge of his person. Among the Indians his name was a word of terror; they cherished against him feelings of the most phrensied hatred; and there was not a Mingo or Wyandot chief before Fort Henry who would not have given the lives of twenty of his warriors to secure to himself the living body of Major McColloch. When, therefore, the man whom they had long marked out as the first object of their vengeance, appeared in their midst, they made almost superhuman efforts to acquire possession of his person. The fleetness of McColloch's well-trained steed was scarcely greater than that of enemies, who, with flying strides, moved on in

pursuit. At length the hunter reached the top of the hill, and, turning to the left, darted along the ridge with the intention of making the best of his way to Short Creek. A ride of a few hundred yards in that direction brought him suddenly in contact with a party of Indians who were returning to their camp from a marauding incursion to Mason's Bottom, on the eastern side of the hill. This party being too formidable in numbers to encounter single-handed, the major turned his horse about and rode over his own trace, in the hope of discovering some other avenue to escape. A few paces only of his countermarch had been made, when he found himself confronted by his original pursuers, who had, by this time, gained the top of the ridge, and a third party was discovered pressing up the hill directly on his right. He was now completely hemmed in on three sides, and the fourth was almost a perpendicular precipice, of one hundred and fifty feet descent, with Wheeling Creek at its base. The imminence of his danger allowed him but little time to reflect upon his situation. In an instant he decided upon his course. Supporting his rifle in his left hand and carefully adjusting his reins with the other, he urged his horse to the brink of the bluff, and then made the leap which decided his fate. In the next moment the noble steed, still bearing his intrepid rider in safety, was at the foot of the precipice. McColloch immediately dashed across the creek, and was soon beyond the reach of the Indians."

The mischief done in the fort by the fire of the Indians, was the wounding one man; but outside of the fort, twenty-six men were killed. The loss of the Indians must have been severe, on account of their exposing themselves much more than usual. It has been estimated by some at forty, and by others as high as an hundred men. The settlers had all their houses burned, and about three hundred head of cattle destroyed.

Soon after raising the siege of Fort Henry, the Indians

attacked a party of whites with great success. The affair is thus narrated in the American Pioneer.

"About the time of the attack at Wheeling, which occurred in September, (1777,) Captain Foreman and his men were surprised at the head of Grave Creek Narrows; the account of which event, as given in the Border Warfare, differs somewhat from the way Robin Harkness, my uncle, related it, who was with Captain Foreman at the time. I will, therefore, give it as related by him. A smoke was discovered down the river in the direction of the fort at Grave Creek, which induced those at Wheeling to believe that the Indians had not yet left the country, and that the fort at Grave Creek had been set on fire. In order to make discoveries, on the 25th of September, Captain Foreman, with 45 men, set out for Grave Creek. Having arrived there, and seeing the fort standing, and discovering no signs of the Indians, they returned. On arriving at the foot of the Narrows, a contention arose between Captain Foreman and a man by the name of Lynn, who had been sent with him as a spy, about which road they should take, the river or ridge. Lynn urged the probability of the Indians having been on the opposite shore, and had more than likely seen them pass down; and the most likely place for waylaying them was in the Narrows, and therefore urged the necessity of going the ridge road. Foreman, being indisposed to take the cousel of Lynn, proceeded along the base of the hill. During the contention, Robin Harkness sat upon a log, having very sore eyes at the time, and took no part in the dispute; but when Captain Foreman started, he followed him. Lynn, however, with seven or eight other frontiersmen, went the ridge road. While passing along a narrow bottom at the head of the Narrows, the foremost of Captain Foreman's men picked up some Indian trinkets, which immediately excited a suspicion that Indians were near, which caused a halt. Before them some five or six Indians stepped into the path, and behind them about the same

number; and at the same moment a fire was poured in upon them from a line of Indians under cover of the river bank, and not over fifteen steps from the white men. Those that escaped the first fire fled up the hill; but it being steep and difficult to climb, they were exposed for some time to the fire of the Indians. Lynn and his comrades, hearing the fire when they were below them on the ridge, ran along until opposite. They then proceeded to the brink of the hill, where they saw a man ascending near them, who had got nearly to the top when he received a shot in his thigh, which broke it. Lynn and his comrades ran down and lifted him up, carried him over the hill, and hid him under a cleft of rocks, and then proceeded to Wheeling. As Robin Harkness was climbing the hill near the top, and pulling himself up by a bush, a ball struck it and knocked the bark off against him, which alarmed him, as he supposed it to be the ball; he however proceeded on and escaped unhurt. In this fatal ambuscade, twenty-one of Captain Foreman's party were killed, and several much wounded: among the slain were Captain Foreman and his two sons. The Indian force was never ascertained; but it was supposed to have been the same party that attacked Fort Henry, at Wheeling, which was supposed to have been upward of 300 strong. On the ensuing day, the inhabitants of the neighborhood of Wheeling, under the direction of Colonel Zane, proceeded to the fatal spot to bury those who had fallen, and at the same time to get the man who was wounded, and hid under the rocks, who was still alive, and finally recovered."

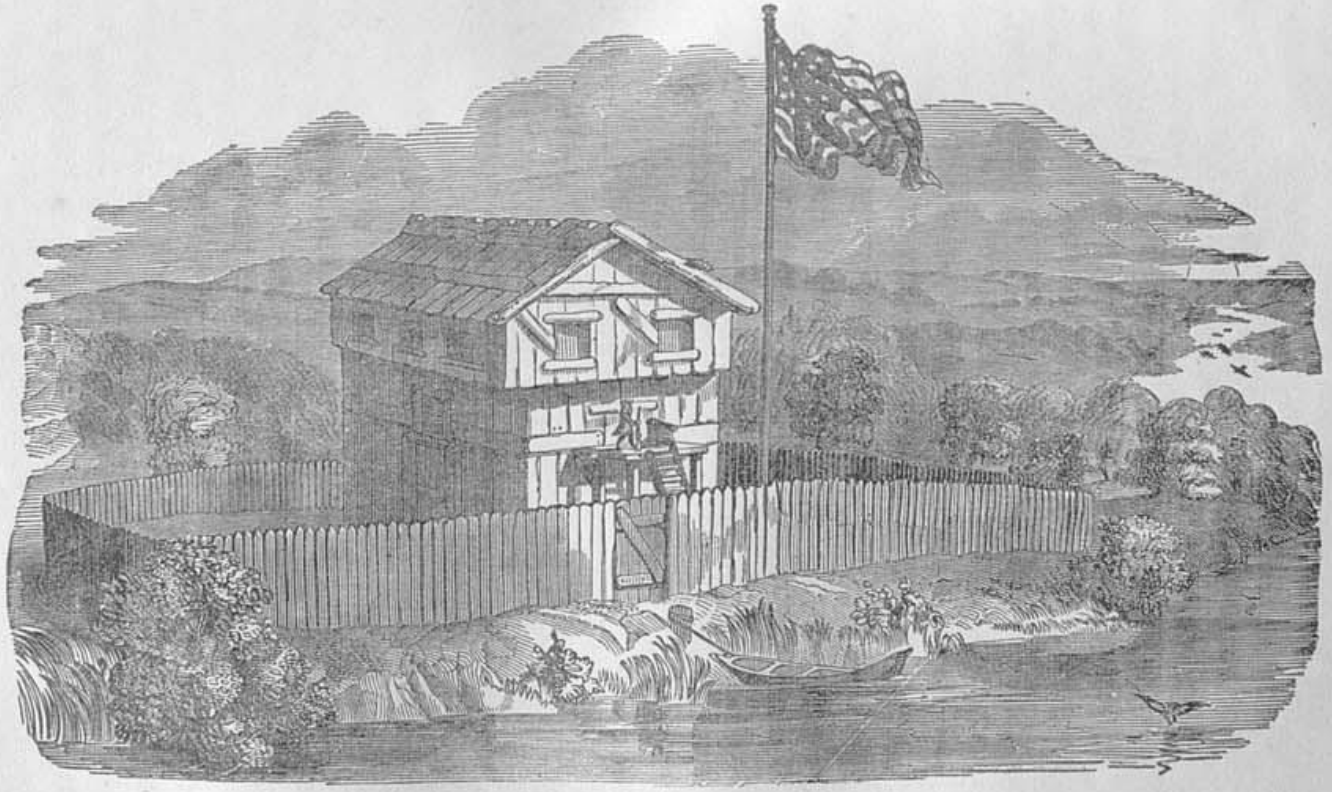
Many depredations were committed during the fall of this year, numbers were killed, or made prisoners. It was this year that Lewis Whetzel, then a boy of fourteen, and afterwards so celebrated as an Indian fighter, was captured, together with his brother. The daring and cunning of Lewis effected an escape and he and his brother reached home in safety.

CHAPTER V.

INDIAN HOSTILITIES FROM 1778 TO 1781.

THOUGH the Indians failed in their principal object, the capture of Fort Henry, in 1777, yet upon the whole, their success was such as to encourage them to an early renewal of hostilities the ensuing spring. Preparations were also made on the part of the Americans, for active operations. An expedition against the Indian towns of Ohio was planned; which however, only resulted in the establishment of a post in the Indian country, which it was afterwards found necessary to evacuate. A much more important and successful expedition was sent this year from Virginia. We refer to that led by Clark against the British posts in Illinois. The particulars of this will be found in the history of the latter State.

The incursions of the Indians were not directed against those points which, in the last year, had been the principal objects of attack. Avoiding the neighborhood of Wheeling, they passed the river lower down; and, there being nothing to obstruct or interrupt their progress, penetrated to the settlements on the Monongahela. A number of families in this region had assembled at Harbert's block-house. One day some of the children were playing outside, when one of them saw Indians coming, and ran in to give the alarm. A man



VIEW OF A BLOCK HOUSE.

stepped to the door to look, and was immediately fired at and wounded. Before the door could be closed, three of the savages had gained admittance, and with these a sharp struggle ensued. One of them was killed, but the other two managed to escape after being severely wounded. During the conflict in the house, the Indians without fell upon the children who had been excluded in the hurry of closing the door. Eight or ten of these were either murdered or carried off. In the block-house one man was killed, and several others wounded. Several similar attacks were made in the neighborhood at nearly the same time. In June an attack was made upon Fort Randolph, at Point Pleasant.

At first the Indians resorted to the stratagem, which had been used so successfully the year before at Fort Henry. A small party showed themselves near the house, hoping to draw the garrison out, and into an ambuscade formed by the others.

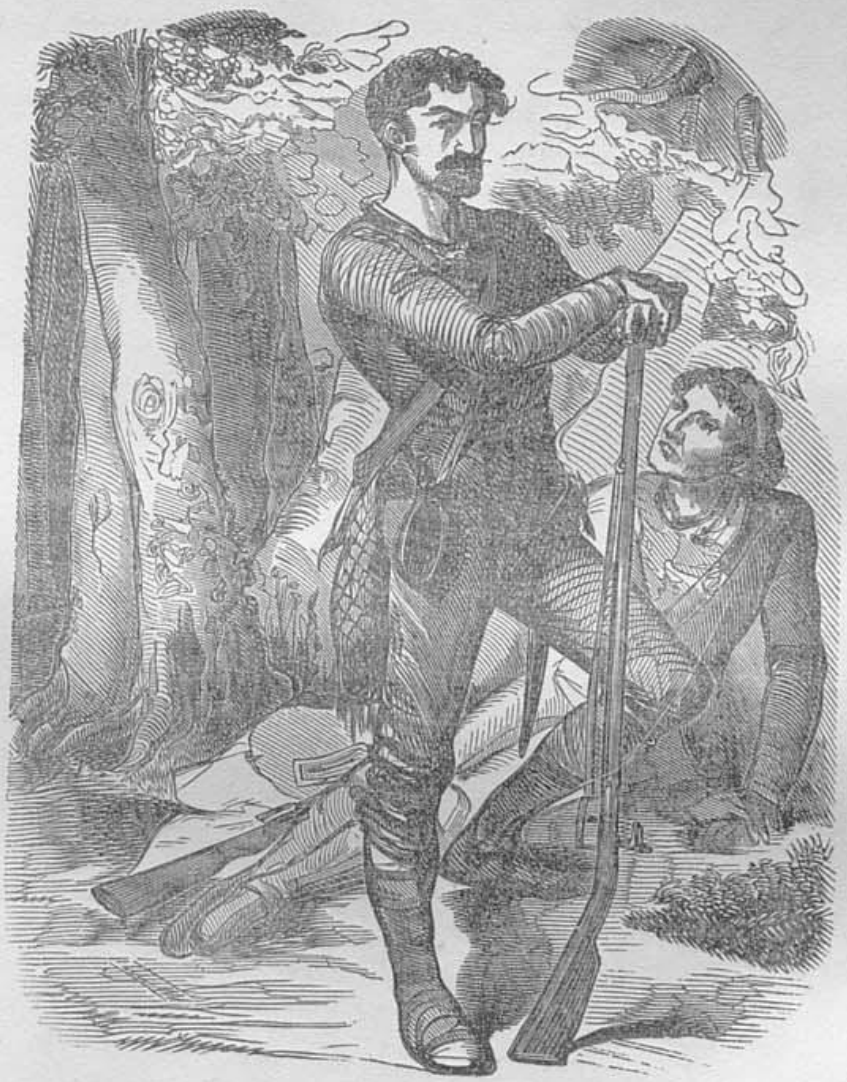
This attempt failing, they appeared about the fort in great force, and demanded its surrender. This was of course refused, when they declared, being mostly Shawanees, that they had come expressly to avenge the death of their chief, Cornstalk. They attacked the fort, but without success. After keeping up the siege for several days, they raised it, and marched of in the direction of the Greenbriar settlements. The commander of the fort sent two messengers to warn the settlers there. For their greater security, they were disguised as Indians. They travelled more rapidly than the enemy, who advanced with great caution, to ensure a surprise. The people were alarmed, and collected at the house of Colonel Donnelly, which being capacious and strongly built, was well adapted as a block-house.

A night and a day passed without anything being seen of the enemy. The second night the watch was somewhat relaxed; the men being wearied, mostly went to sleep in the upper story of the building. Early in the morning a man

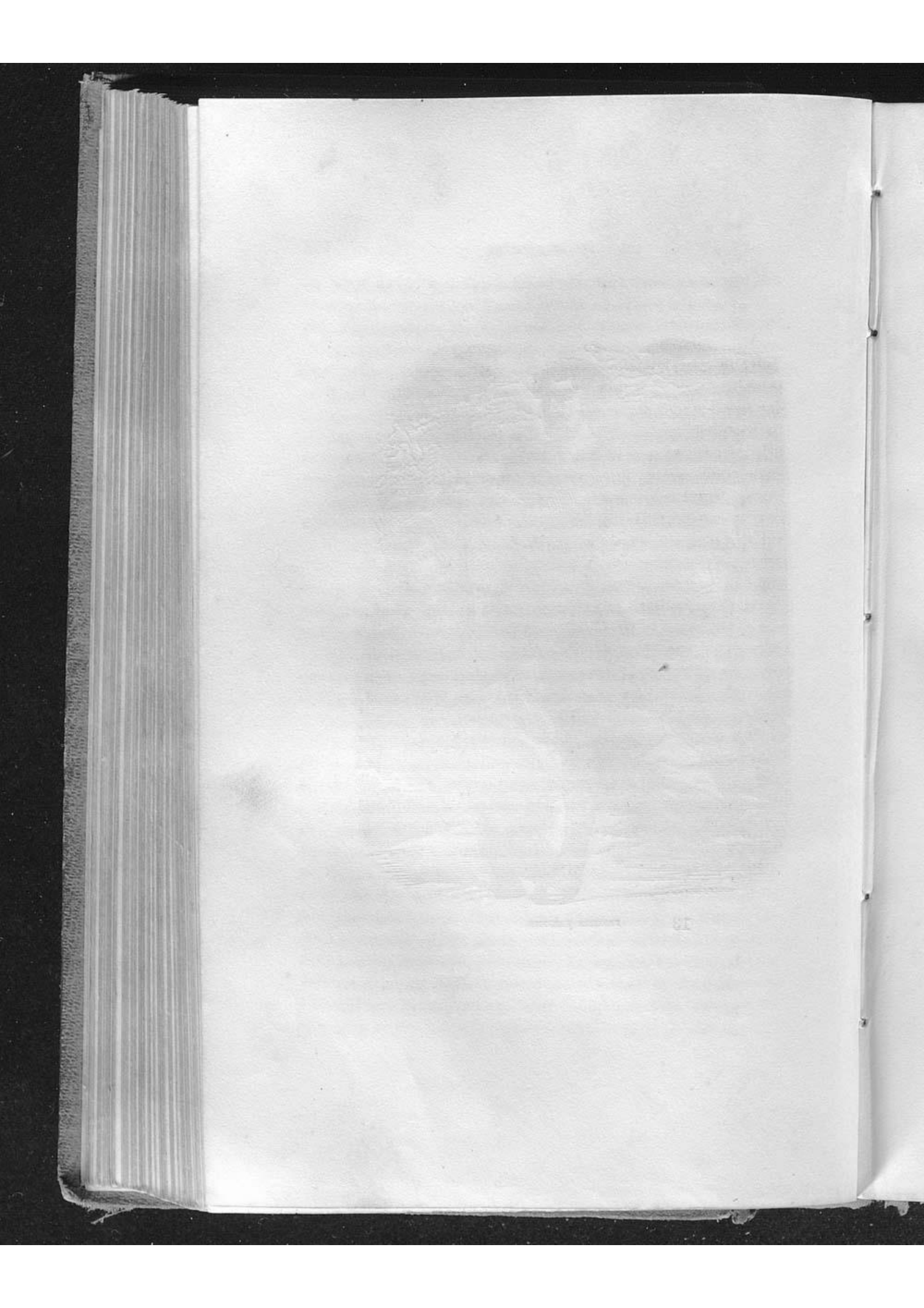
went out to bring in wood, and was shot down close by the door. The Indians rushed to the door, and attempted to enter, but it was closed by the only two men who were down stairs, a man named Hammon, and a negro servant. They then used their tomahawks and soon cut a hole through the door. The negro took up a musket, and discharged it through the hole; upon which they fell back, and the door was fastened. Some of the savages crept under the house, and tried to force their way up through the floor. Two were killed in the attempt, and then it was abandoned. By this time the men above were fully aroused and opened a destructive fire upon the Indians. This soon made them take shelter in the woods. The attack was renewed, but at a more respectful distance than before. A body of sixty-six men coming to reinforce the inmates of the house, the Indians retreated, bearing seventeen of their slain. West's Fort was situated upon Hacker's Creek, near the Monongahela. Three women went out from this fort to collect greens; they were attacked by four Indians, and one, a Mrs. Freeman, killed; the others were rescued by the men. As Jesse Hughes was running towards the fort he saw two Indians. He got in without being seen by them, and immediately seized his rifle, and went out accompanied by several others.

A sound like the howl of a wolf was heard. Hughes answered it and hastened to the place from whence it proceeded. The howl was again heard, and again Hughes replied to it; two Indians came running towards the party. One was instantly shot by Hughes, but the other escaped.

In the fall a large party of the enemy penetrated to Dunker's Creek. In ambush, they waited the return of the men from the fields. When these came up, they were attacked, and a battle ensued. It was not, however, of long duration, the Indians gained the advantage in the first onset, and the whites soon gave way. Eighteen were killed on the spot.



13 FRONTIER WARRIORS.



The success of Clark's expedition had some effect in restraining the savages, as they could not procure the reward for scalps as readily as before. The consequence was, that the depredations did not commence quite as early as usual, and it was also said that more prisoners were taken, and fewer persons killed. Notwithstanding this mitigation, however, the settlements suffered severely.

In April, an encounter took place on the Monongahela, near the borders of Pennsylvania, between David Morgan, a relative of the distinguished general of that name, and two Indians.

The following account of this affair is given in a letter to a gentleman of Philadelphia, published in "Border Life."

"Dear Sir:—I wrote you a note, a few days ago, in which I promised you the particulars of an affair between a white man of this county, and two Indians. The story is as follows:

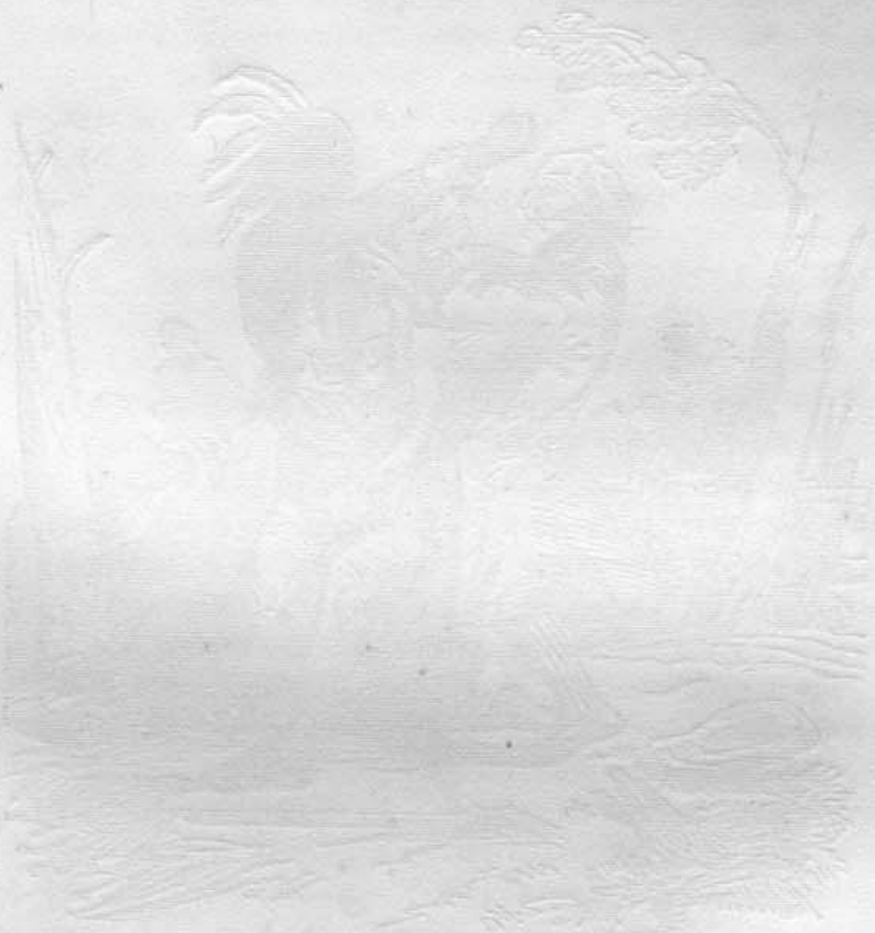
The white man is upwards of sixty years of age; his name is David Morgan, a kinsman of Colonel Morgan, of the Rifle Battalion.

This man had, through fear of the Indians, fled to a fort about twenty miles above the provincial line, and near the east side of the Monongahela River.—From thence he sent some of his younger children to his plantation, which was a mile distant, there to do some business in the field. He afterwards thought fit to follow, and see how they fared. Getting to his field, and seating himself upon the fence, within view of his children, where they were at work, he espied two Indians making towards them, on which he called to his children to make their escape. The Indians immediately bent their course towards him. He made the best haste to escape away that his age and consequent infirmity would permit; but soon found that he would be overtaken, which made him think of defence. Being armed with a good rifle,

he faced about, and found himself under the necessity of running four or five perches towards the Indians, in order to obtain shelter behind a tree of sufficient size.

This unexpected manœuvre obliged the Indians, who were close by, to stop where they had but small timber to shelter behind, which gave Mr. Morgan an opportunity of shooting one of them dead on the spot. The other, taking the advantage of Morgan's empty gun, advanced, and put him to flight a second time, and being lighter of foot than the old man, soon came up within a few paces, when he fired at him, but fortunately missed him. On this Mr. Morgan faced about again, to try his fortune, and clubbed his firelock. The Indian by this time had got his tomahawk ready for a throw, at which they are very dexterous. Morgan made the blow, and the Indian the throw, almost at the same instant, by which the little finger was cut off Morgan's left hand, and the one next to it almost off, and his gun broke off by the lock. Now they came to close grips. Morgan put the Indian down; but soon found himself overturned, and the Indian upon him, feeling for his knife, and yelling most hideously, as their manner is when they look upon victory to be certain.

However, a woman's apron, which the Indian had plundered out of a house in the neighborhood, and tied on him, above his knife, was now in his way, and so hindered him getting at it quickly, that Morgan got one of his fingers fast in his mouth, and deprived him of the use of that hand, by holding it, and disconcerted him considerably by chewing it; all the while observing how he would come on with his knife. At length the Indian had got hold of his knife, but so far towards the blade, that Morgan got a small hold on the hinder end; and as the Indian pulled it out of the scabbard, Morgan giving his finger a severe screw with his teeth, twitched it out through his hand, cutting it most grievously. By this time they were both got partly on their feet; the Indian was endeavoring to disengage hinself, but Morgan held fast to the



MR. MORGAN'S ADVENTURE.

finger, and quickly applied the point of the knife to the side of the savage; a bone happening in the way, prevented its penetrating any great depth, but a second blow, directed more towards the belly, found a free passage into his bowels. The old man turned the point upwards, made a large wound, burying the knife therein, and so took his departure instantly to the fort, with the news of his adventure.

On the report of Mr. Morgan, a party went out from the fort, and found the first Indian where he had fallen: the second they found not yet dead, at one hundred yards distant from the scene of action, hid in the top of a fallen tree, where he had picked the knife out of his body, after which had come out parched corn, &c., and had bound up his wound with the apron aforementioned: and on first sight he saluted them with 'How do do, broder? how do do, broder?' But alas! poor savage, their brotherhood extended only to tomahawking, scalping, and, to gratify some peculiar feelings of their own, skinning them both; and they have made drum-heads of their skins.

Westmoreland, April 26, 1779."

Another incident, which occurred about the same time, we quote from the same work. It is related in a letter to a lady.

MADAM:—I am now to give you a relation in which you will see how a person of your sex acquitted herself in defence of her own life, and that of her husband and children.

The lady who is the subject of this story is named Experience Bozarth. She lives on a creek called Dunkard Creek, in the south-west corner of this county. About the middle of March last, two or three families, who were afraid to stay at home, gathered to her house and there stayed—looking on themselves to be safer than when all scattered about at their own houses.

On a certain day, some of the children thus collected, came running in from play in great haste, saying there were ugly

red men. One of the men in the house stepped to the door, where he received a ball in the side of his breast, which caused him to fall back into the house. The Indian was immediately in over him, and engaged with another man in the house. The man tossed the Indian on a bed, and called for a knife to kill him. (Observe, these were all the men that were in the house.) (Now, Mrs. Bozarth appears the only help, who, not finding a knife at hand, took up an axe that lay by, and with one blow cut out the brains of the Indian. At that instant, (for all was instantaneous,) a second Indian entered the door, and shot the man dead, who was engaged with the Indian on the bed. Mrs. Bozarth turned to this second Indian, and with her axe gave him several large cuts, some of which let his entrails appear. He bawled out, 'Murder, murder!' On this, sundry other Indians who had been fully employed killing some children out of doors, came rushing to his relief; the head of one of these, Mrs. Bozarth clave in two with her axe, as he stuck it in at the door, which laid him flat upon the ground. Another snatched hold of the wounded, bellowing fellow, and pulled him out of doors, and Mrs. Bozarth, with the assistance of the man who was first shot in the door, and by this time a little recovered, shut the door after them and fastened it, where they kept garrison for several days, the dead white man and dead Indian both in the house with them, and the Indians about the house besieging them. At length they were relieved by a party sent out for that purpose. This whole affair, to shutting the door, was not perhaps more than three minutes in acting."

In June, a party of Shawanees made a sudden attack upon a small frontier fortification, known as Martin's Fort. No resistance was made, at least none of consequence; the surprise was most complete, three men were killed and seven made prisoners.

Many other small parties of Indians penetrated the country

MRS. BOZARTH DEFENDING HER DWELLING.

this year, committing much mischief, but it would require a volume to relate their depredations. We pass to other matters.

The greater part of the Delaware tribe still remained friendly. In May of this year a delegation of that tribe came to Princeton, New Jersey, from which place they sent to Congress an assurance of friendship.

The year 1780 was a comparatively quiet year for Virginia. This is probably to be accounted for by the fact that the Shawanees, who had been the most prominent in attacks which had so distressed the border, were obliged to remain at home the greater part of the summer, to defend their country against General Clark, who invaded it at the head of a body of Kentuckians.

1781, an expedition was made against the Indian towns in Ohio, led by Colonel Brodhead, the commander at Pittsburg. The troops, composed of frontier men, were collected at Wheeling. Nothing of consequence was effected beyond the burning of an Indian town called Corhocton. A number of prisoners were taken, among them sixteen warriors, who were sentenced to death by a council of war. The sentence was speedily carried into effect. But for the interference of the commander, the militia would have attacked the towns of the Moravian Indians, and perpetrated a tragedy which, in the event, was only postponed till the next year.

The incursions of the Indians were renewed this year with the same barbarous features which had always characterized them. In March they attacked the family of Captain Thomas, while they were engaged at family worship, and killed them all, except one little boy, whom they carried home with them. In August, Colonel Brodhead received information of an intended attack on Wheeling, which he lost no time in communicating to the commander there.

Preparations were immediately made for the reception of the enemy. In the beginning of September they made their

appearance. Their approach was announced by a boy who came in and informed the garrison that he, with two companions, had been attacked by a large number of Indians. One of his comrades was killed, and the other made prisoner.

The story of the boy was well confirmed, if it needed confirmation, for, just as he was entering the gate, he was wounded in the wrist by a rifle ball. The Indians soon came up and demanded the surrender of the fort, but retreated without making any attack upon it. A party of the enemy made a sudden attack upon Link's block-house, and killed three men, and took several others prisoners; two of these they put to death before leaving the settlement.

It was this year that the distinguished Wyandotte chief Big-Foot was killed. The most common accounts give the credit of the long contest with this formidable warrior, to Adam Poe, but it belongs to his brother Andrew. Big-Foot, with six warriors, crossed the river near Wheeling and fell upon the unprepared settlers with great fury. Eight men collected to pursue them. Among these were two brothers of the name of Poe, Adam and Andrew, who were greatly distinguished for courage and strength. Overjoyed at the idea of meeting Big-Foot, Adam, who appears to have been recognized as the leader, urged the pursuit with great rapidity. For some time the trail led along the bank of the river, but at length they reached a ridge of rocks, which ran obliquely from the river, forming an obtuse angle with it. The rest we take from the "Sketches of Western Adventure," by McClung.

"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 embarcation. Here lay two canoes,

POE'S FIGHT.

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 surprise, 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 tomakawk 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 other 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 advantange. 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.'

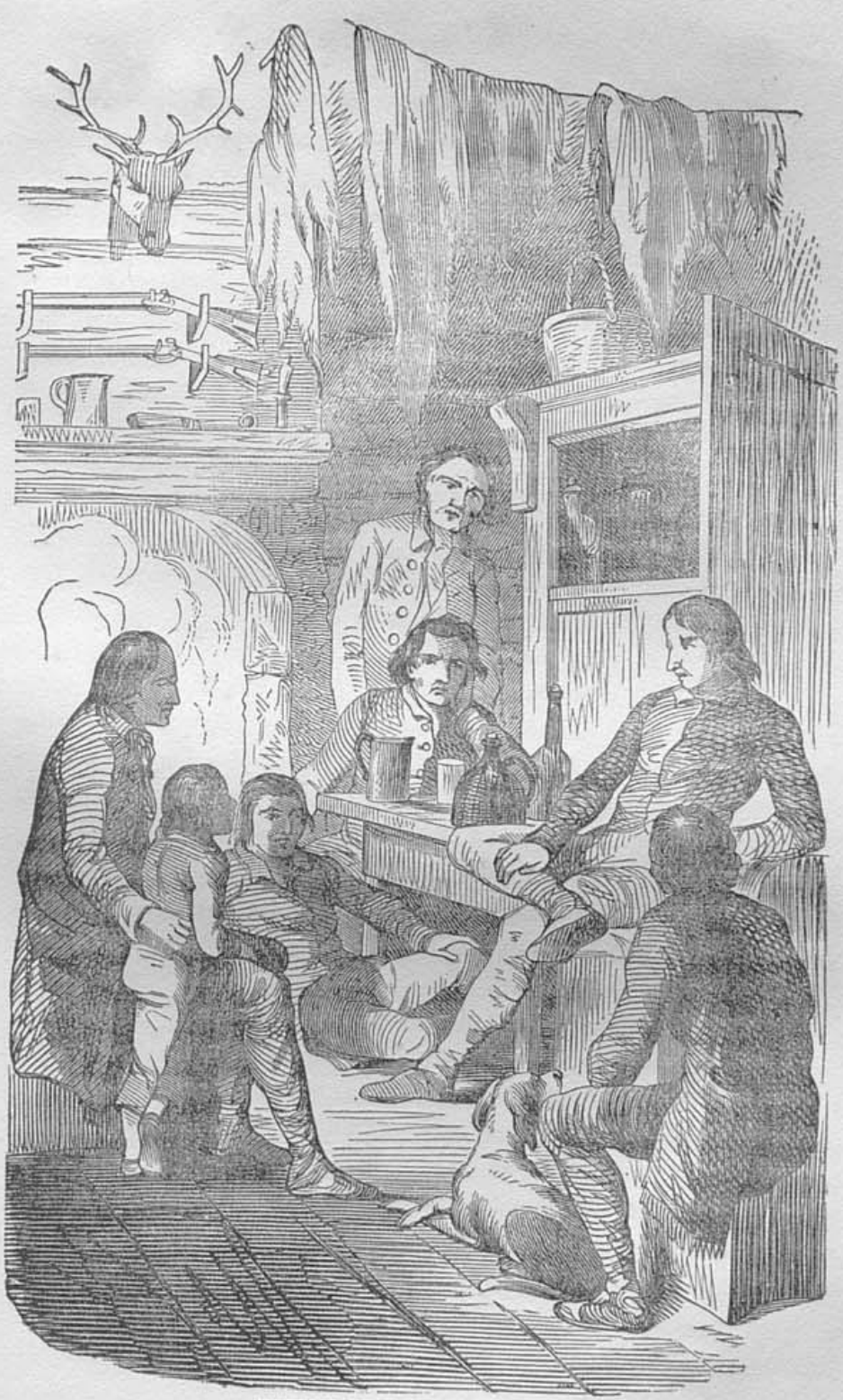
He instantly regained his feet, and in his turn put his adversary under. In the struggle both were carried out into the current, beyond their depth, and each was compelled to relax his hold and swim for his life. There was still one loaded rifle upon the shore, and each swam hard in order to reach it, 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 swim-

ming rapidly from shore, mistook him for an Indian and fired upon him, wounding him dangerously in the shoulder.

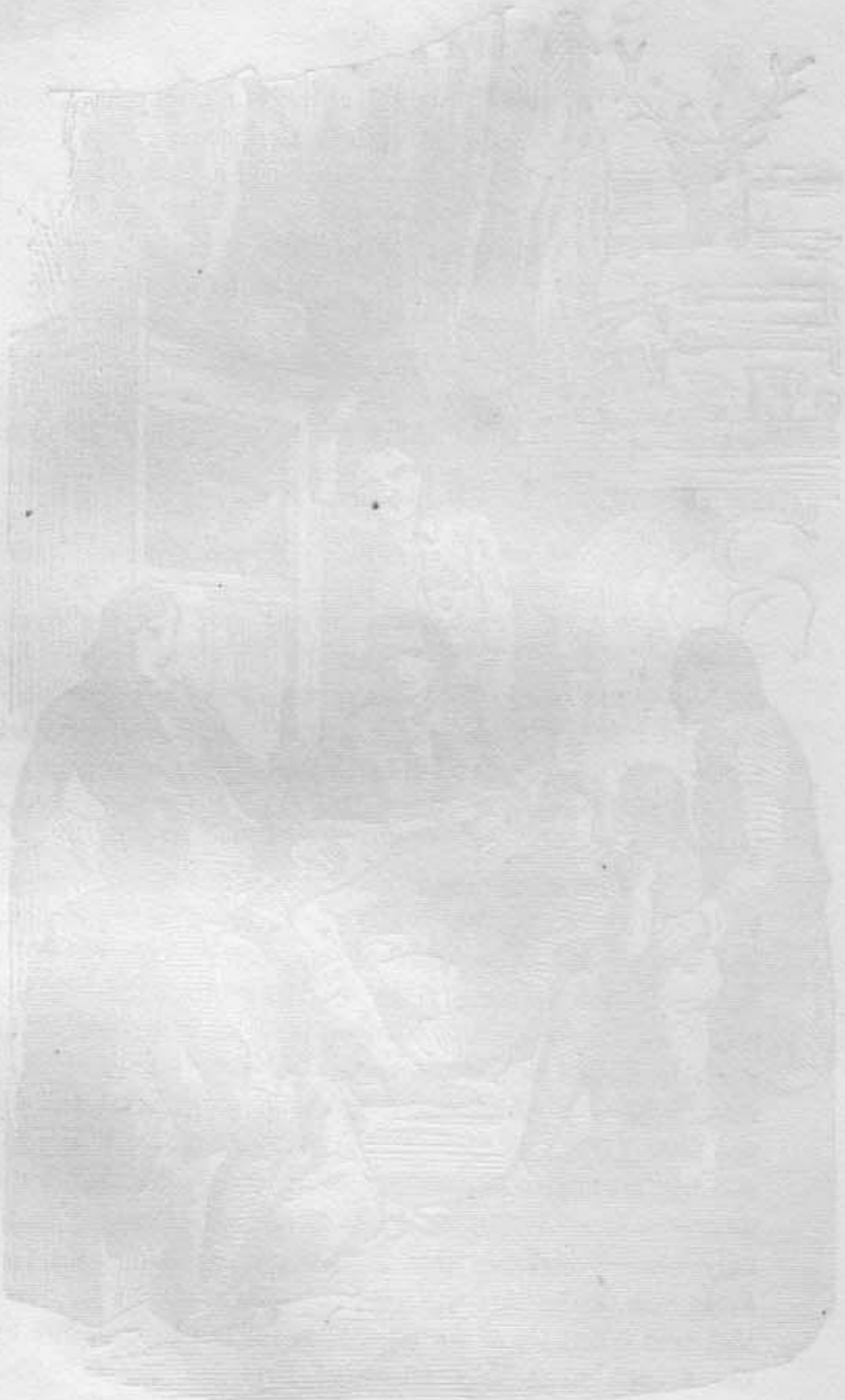
Adam turned, and seeing his brother, called loudly upon him to 'shoot the big Indian upon the shore.' Andrew's gun, however, was empty, having just been discharged. Fortunately, Big-Foot had also seized the gun with which Adam had shot the lesser Indian, so that both were upon an equality. The contest now was who should load first. Big-Foot poured in his powder first, and drawing his ram-rod 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."

All authorities are agreed upon the particulars of this contest, but the parts of the brothers should be reversed. It was Andrew who fought the battle.



INTERIOR OF A BLOCK HOUSE.



CHAPTER VI.

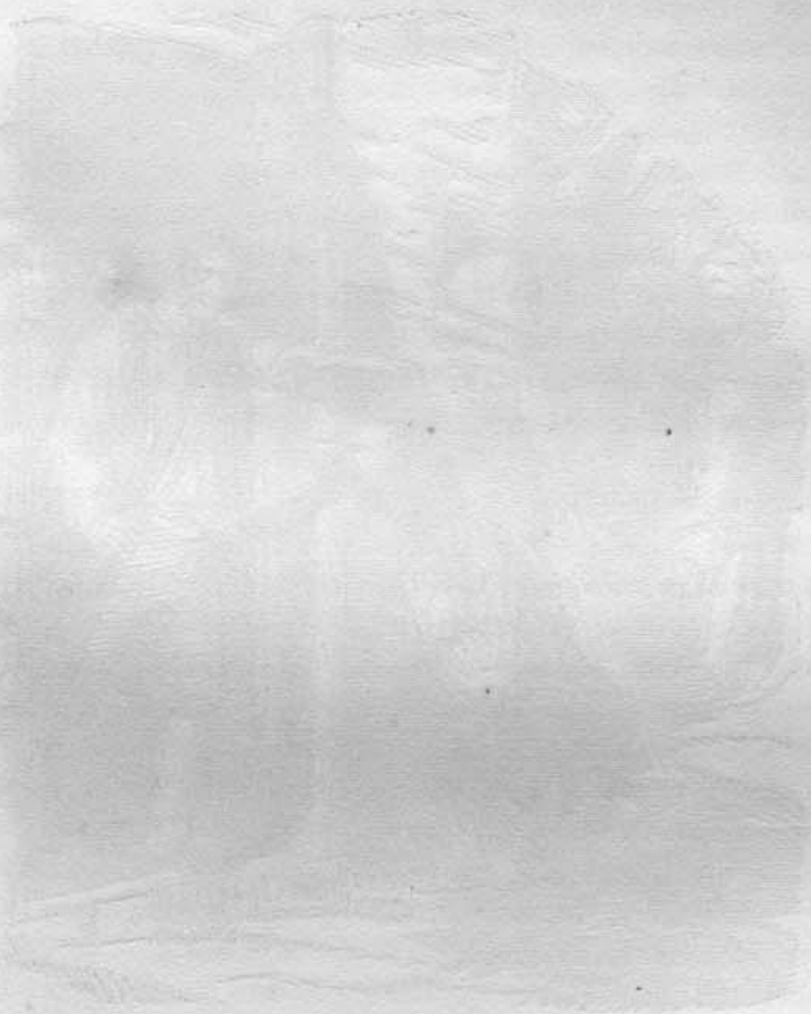
SECOND SIEGE OF FORT HENRY, AND INDIAN DEPREDATIONS.

THE year 1782 is memorable, in the annals of the West, for three events. The murder of the Moravian Indians, by the expedition under Williamson; the defeat and agonizing death of Colonel Crawford; and the second siege of Fort Henry. The particulars of the first two of these, will be related in the History of Ohio. The third one belongs to the History of Virginia.

On the eleventh of September a force computed at three hundred Indians, Delawares and Shawanees, (the former tribe had engaged in the war since the massacre of the Christian Indians in the spring of this year,) and fifty whites, of the "Queen's Rangers," appeared at Wheeling. Marching up with the British colors waving and martial music sounding, they demanded the surrender of the fort. Not receiving a favorable answer to his summons, George Girty, who commanded, made preparations to enforce them. To oppose the numerous force of the enemy, it is said the besieged could only number eighteen able to do duty, several in the fort being sick. The fort was supplied with one cannon, which had been taken out of the Ohio, where it had been thrown by the French when they evacuated Fort Du Quesne. This

was used with considerable effect. The attack was pressed vigorously. Sometimes the enemy tried to carry the works by assault, and when they failed in that, attempted to fire them. But each effort was met with promptitude by the garrison. Captain Sullivan, who was on his way to join General Clark at Louisville, had stopped at the fort just previous to the commencement of the siege, and accepted the command. He had brought with him a number of cannon balls, which remained in the pirogue in which he had descended the river. The Indians discovered them, and became anxious to use them against the fort. For this purpose they split open a large log, and having hollowed out each section with their hatchets, fastened them together with chains. This primitive piece of ordnance was then loaded, and a fire applied, when it burst, killing the enterprising engineers who managed it.

Colonel Zane had been so provoked by the burning of his house at the time of the former siege, that he refused on this occasion to leave it, and successfully defended himself against every attack. At one time they were in considerable danger, their stock of powder becoming almost exhausted. Colonel Zane proposed that one of his men should go to the fort and procure a fresh supply; one volunteered, but when he was on the point of starting, a young woman, one of the inmates of the house, insisted on taking his place: saying, that if she was killed she could be better spared than the man. She accordingly left the cabin and ran rapidly to the fort, where she was immediately admitted. The Indians had seen her, but merely called out "squaw." Having secured a quantity of powder about her person, she started back. The Indians suspecting something of the nature of her errand, from her speedy return, did not let her pass with the same indifference as before; several shots were fired at her, but she escaped them all, and reached the house. In regard to the person who performed this exploit, there is as much difference of opinion, as



DARING EXPLOIT OF A GIRL.

there is in regard to the share Mary Queen of Scots had in the murder of Darnley; some contending that the honor belongs to Elizabeth Zane, a sister of the Colonel, and others giving it to Molly Scott.

The siege was not continued long after this exploit. Upon the approach of a body of mounted men, the enemy retreated, first burning the houses and doing whatever other mischief they could. After this, Wheeling was not molested by the Indians. They were not willing however, to go home without performing something; they visited several other settlements, but every where found the people on their guard, and secured in their forts or block-houses.

They made an attack on one of these, called Rice's Fort. Surrounding it, they called upon the inmates to surrender, informing them "that they were too many—too big," to be resisted, and promising not to kill them. There were only six men in the fort, but these were determined to defend it to the last extremity. When night came, the assailants set fire to a large barn, close to the fort, in the hope that the flames would be communicated from it to the latter, but the wind did not prove favorable to their design. While the barn was burning, the Indians kept up a heavy discharge upon the fort, by which one man was killed. The men inside were not slow in returning the fire. In this manner the contest lasted for some hours, when the Indians retreated. Four of them were known to have been killed, and it is probable that they lost others.

Besides this main attack of the savages there were the usual forays, by small parties. In one of these Major McColloch, celebrated for his prowess against the Indians, and particularly for the daring leap by which he escaped their pursuit at Wheeling, was killed.

If we had observed exact chronological order in our narrative we should have recorded this, as well as some other incidents, before; but we preferred to dispose of the most

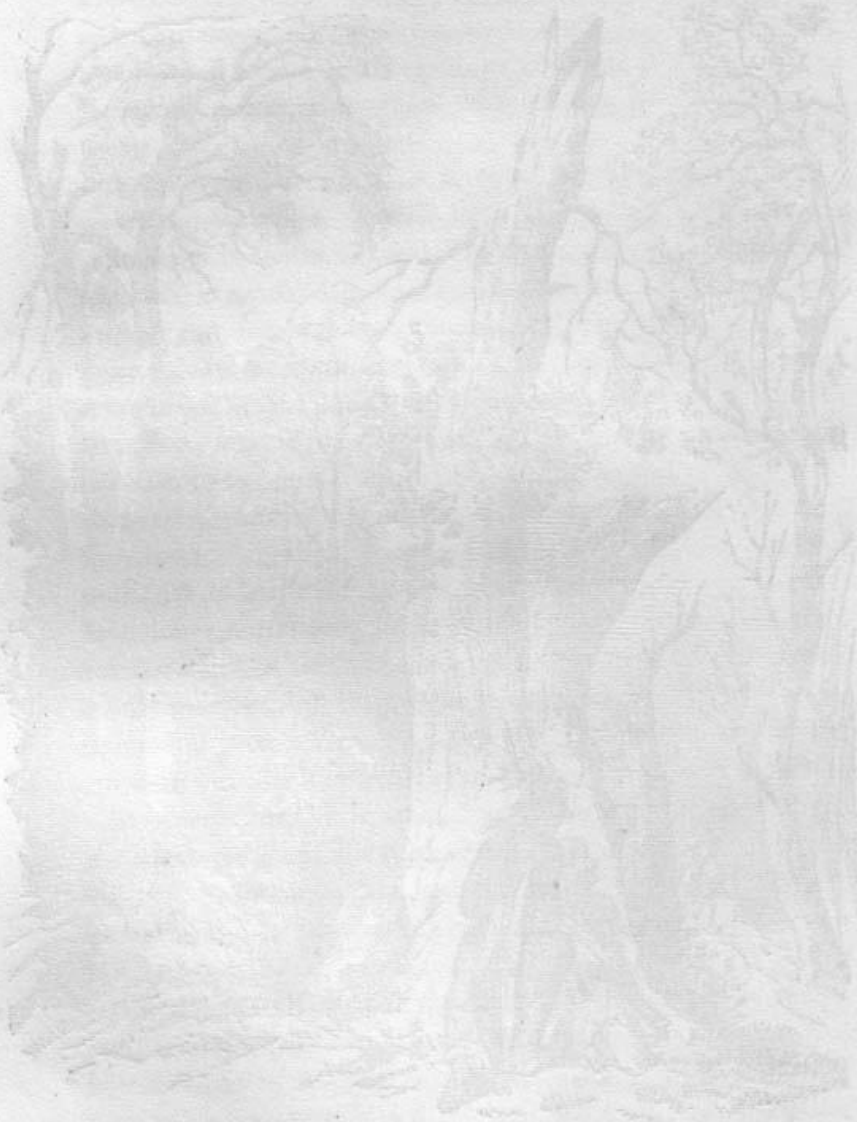
important events of the campaign first. Major McColloch's residence was upon Short Creek. During the summer, traces of the Indians were observed about the settlement. Attended by his brother John, the Major started on a scout, and was killed by a volley from a party of Indians who were concealed near the path in which he was riding; his brother's horse was shot under him, but he escaped upon that from which the major had just fallen. Looking back, he saw a number of Indians gathered around his brother, one of them in the act of scalping him. He instantly fired, and shot the warrior dead. Of the respect which the Indians entertained for the courage of McColloch, we have ample proof, though it was not shown in the manner in which civilized nations exhibit it, by interring the body with the honors of war. They cut open his body, and taking out the heart, devoured it, in order, as one of them said, that they might "be bold, like Major McColloch."

Thomas Mills, in escaping from the Indians at Crawford's defeat, was obliged to abandon his horse at the Indian spring, about nine miles from Wheeling. In a day or two he determined to return for it, and persuaded Lewis Whetzel to accompany him. Whetzel consented, though rather opposed to the undertaking. They found the horse fastened to a tree, and this Whetzel at once knew had been done by Indians. Mills attempting to loosen him, was killed. His companion immediately took to flight, pursued by four Indians. The chase was kept up for several miles, and Whetzel shot three of them in succession, loading his rifle as he ran. The other gave up the pursuit, saying, "No catch dat man, him gun always loaded."

After this year we do not hear of the Indians coming into the State in such large numbers, or making attempts upon forts, but the settlers of the border counties suffered from their depredations until the treaty made with them by Wayne.

We can hope to give the reader an idea of the state of the

INDIANS IN AMBUSH FOR MAJOR M'COLLOCH.—Page 221.



country, only by quoting some of its most important instances. In 1783 there was a great decrease of savage inroads, compared with those of the year before. 1784 was still more quiet. In both of these years, murders were committed, but as our space will not allow us to record all affairs of this kind, we pass them by, and come to the more important events of 1785.

Two brothers, of the name of Cunningham, inhabited two cabins close together, on West Fork. While one of them, Thomas, was absent, a party of Indians attacked his family, consisting of his wife and four children. Three of the children they murdered; Mrs. Cunningham and her infant were carried off. The family of Edward Cunningham was alarmed in time to secure the door of their cabin. The Indians retreated after having one of their number severely wounded by a rifle ball from this house. Mrs. Cunningham was released by the intercession of Simon Girty, and restored to her husband.

Two boys were captured near the neighborhood of Wheeling by four Indians. One, John Whetzel, probably a relation of Lewis, was shot in trying to escape. The ball pierced his wrist. The other, not accompanying the Indians very cheerfully, was tomahawked. Reaching the river near the mouth of Grave Creek, they killed some hogs, and stealing a canoe, put them in it. Three of the Indians and their prisoner then got in it to cross to the other side, while the other one took charge of some horses which they had captured. Close by was the settlement of Mr. Tomlinson, who with his family was at Wheeling.

"It so happened that Isaac Williams, Hambleton Kerr, and Jacob, a Dutchman, had come down that morning from Wheeling, to look after the cattle, etc., left at the deserted settlement. When near the mouth of Little Grave Creek, a mile above, they heard the report of a rifle. 'Dod rot 'em,' exclaimed Mr. Williams, 'a Kentuck boat has landed at the

creek, and they are shooting my hogs.' Quickening their pace, in a few minutes they were within a short distance of the creek, when they heard the loud snort of a horse. Kerr being in the prime of life, and younger than Mr. Williams, was several rods ahead, and reached the bank first. As he looked into the creek, he saw three Indians standing in a canoe; one was in the stern, one in the bow, and the other in the middle. At the feet of the latter, lay four rifles and a dead hog; while a fourth Indian was swimming a horse, a few rods from shore. The one in the stern had his paddle in the edge of the water, in the act of turning and shoving the canoe from the mouth of the creek into the river. Before they were aware of his presence, Kerr drew up and shot the Indian in the stern, who instantly fell into the water. The crack of his rifle had scarcely ceased, when Mr. Williams came up and shot the one in the bow, who also fell overboard. Kerr dropped his own rifle, and seizing that of the Dutchman, shot the remaining Indian. He fell over into the water, but still held on to the side of the canoe with one hand. So amazed was the last Indian at the fall of his companions, that he never offered to lift one of the rifles which lay at his feet, in self-defence, but acted like one bereft of his senses. By this time the canoe, impelled by the impetus given to it by the first Indian, had reached the current of the river, and was some rods below the mouth of the creek. Kerr instantly reloaded his gun, and seeing another man lying in the bottom of the canoe, raised it to his face as in the act of firing, when he cried out, 'Don't shoot, I am a white man!' Kerr told him to knock loose the Indian's hand from the side of the canoe, and paddle to the shore. In reply, he said his arm was broken, and he could not. The current, however, set it near some rocks not far from land, on which he jumped and waded out. Kerr now aimed his rifle at the Indian on horseback, who by this time had reached the middle of the river. The shot struck near him, splashing the water on his naked

RANGERS ATTACKING INDIANS IN CANOES.

skin. The Indian seeing the fate of his companions, with the utmost bravery, slipped from the horse, and swam for the canoe, in which were the rifles of the four warriors. This was an act of necessity, as well as daring, for he well knew he could not reach home without the means of killing game. He soon gained possession of the canoe unmolested, crossed with the arms to his own side of the Ohio, mounted the captive horse, which had swam to the Indian shore, and with a yell of defiance escaped into the woods. The canoe was turned adrift to spite his enemies, and was taken up near Maysville with the dead hog still in it, the cause of all their misfortunes."

Toward the end of June a party attacked the house of Mr. Scott, in Washington county, and killed him and four of his children. Mrs. Scott, after being a captive eleven days, escaped, and returned home, suffering almost incredible hardships on the way back. She wandered for a month in the wilderness, subsisting upon the juice of young plants, before she reached the settlements. On Dunkard's Creek lived a family named Crow. Three daughters of Mr. Crow walked out one evening along the bank of the creek. Suddenly several Indians issuing from behind a ledge of rocks, seized them. Leading them a short distance, they stopped and held a council to decide upon the fate of the prisoners. Suddenly they fell upon the unfortunate girls with their tomahawks. One of them broke from the Indian who held her, and escaped, the others were killed. In 1786 a party of twenty men under Major McMahon, started in pursuit of some Indians who had killed a man at Mingo Bottom. Crossing the river, they pushed on to the Muskingum. An encampment of Indians was discovered, but they were deemed too numerous to be attacked.

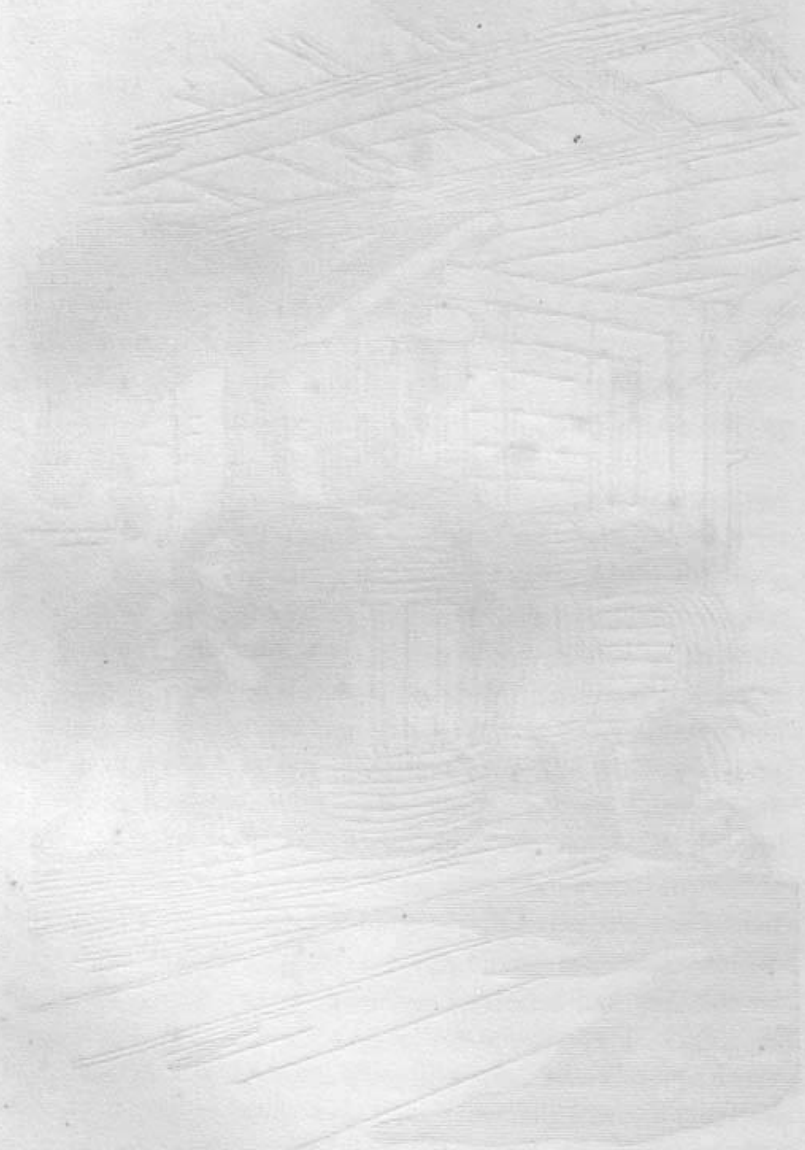
It was determined to return at once to Virginia. One of the men however refused to accompany the rest. This was Lewis Whetzel, of whose prowess as an Indian hunter we have

spoken before. He said he came out to hunt Indians, and was not going to return leaving them just as he had found them. He was left alone in the very heart of the Indian country. Moving about in search of a party of the enemy whom he could attack with some hope of success, he found a camp which, from the articles it contained, he judged to belong to two Indians. Concealing himself near, he waited their return. They came in about sunset. After spending several hours in conversation, one left the camp. Whetzel waited till near daylight for his return, and then killed the other Indian while he was asleep, scalped him, and returned home. He received a reward of one hundred dollars, which had been offered for the first Indian scalp which should be brought in.

In 1787 a number of incursions were made by the Indians, but none characterized by unusual circumstances. In 1788 Lewis Whetzel, who appears to have been the most daring as well as the most skillful Indian fighter in Virginia, made an expedition to the Muskingum. Finding a camp of four Indians, he attacked them at midnight, three of them were killed and scalped, but the fourth escaped. The father of Whetzel had been killed by the Indians, hence the deep rooted hatred he bore them.

It was common for the Indians to approach the posts of the whites, and concealing themselves, to imitate the cry of the turkey, to decoy unwary persons to approach their ambush. This had been done several times with fatal success near Wheeling. More than one man who had left the fort there, at the cry of the turkey, never returned. In the hill near the fort was a large cavern, whose mouth was concealed by vines and drooping boughs. Whetzel suspected that this was the place of concealment used by the subtle enemy. One morning, therefore, before day, by a circuitous route he reached the rear of the cave, and waited for the cry. Soon an Indian raised his head from its concealment, and gave the signal,

INDIANS RANSACKING THOMAS CUNNINGHAM'S HOUSE.—Page 225.



and immediately withdrew it into his shelter again. Whetzel prepared his rifle for the re-appearance of the head. It soon raised again, but before the cry could be given, the gun was discharged, and the Indian fell dead.

A similar story is told of Jesse Hughes.

In 1789 Whetzel killed an Indian who was regarded as friendly. For this he was arrested by General Harmer, and put in irons. Being allowed to walk about handcuffed and guarded, he escaped from the guard, eluded the pursuit of the soldiers and Indians who were sent after him, swam the Ohio (handcuffed) and reaching a friend's house, was released. He was again arrested, but such was the feeling among the people that the general was obliged to release him.

In 1790 he performed another exploit, of which the following is an account.

"Shortly after his return from Kentucky, a relative from Dunkard Creek invited Lewis home with him. The invitation was accepted, and the two leisurely wended their way along, hunting and sporting as they travelled. On reaching the home of the young man, what should they see, instead of the hospitable roof, a pile of smoking ruins. Whetzel instantly examined the trail, and found that the marauders were three Indians and one white man, and that they had taken one prisoner. That captive proved to be the betrothed of the young man, whom nothing could restrain from pushing on in immediate pursuit. Placing himself under the direction of Whetzel, the two strode on, hoping to overhaul the enemy before they had crossed the Ohio. It was found, after proceeding a short distance, that the savages had taken great care to obliterate their trail; but the keen discernment of Whetzel once on the track, and there need not be much difficulty. He knew they would make for the river by the most expeditious route, and therefore disregarding their trail, he pushed on so as to head them at the crossing-place. After an hour's hard travel, they struck a path which the deer had

made, and which their sagacity had taught them to carry over knolls in order to avoid the great curves of ravines. Whetzel followed the path because he knew it was in almost a direct line to the point at which he was aiming. Night coming on, the tireless and determined hunters partook of a hurried meal, then again pushed forward, guided by the lamps hung in the heavens above them, until towards midnight, a heavy cloud shut out their light and obscured their path. Early on the following morning, they resumed the chase, and descending from the elevated ridge, along which they had been passing for an hour or two, found themselves in a deep and quiet valley, which looked as though human footsteps had never before pressed its virgin soil. Travelling a short distance, they discovered fresh footsteps in the soft sand, and upon close examination, the eye of Whetzel's companion detected the impress of a small shoe with nail-heads around the heel, which he at once recognized as belonging to his affianced. Hour after hour the pursuit was kept up; now tracing the trail across hills, over alluvion, and often detecting it where the wily captors had taken to the beds of streams. Late in the afternoon, they found themselves approaching the Ohio, and shortly after dark, discovered, as they struck the river, the camp of the enemy on the opposite side, and just below the mouth of Captina. Swimming the river, the two reconnoitered the position of the camp, and discovered the locality of the captive. Whetzel proposed waiting until daylight before making the attack, but the almost frantic lover was for immediate action. Whetzel, however, would listen to no suggestion, and thus they awaited the break of day. At early dawn, the savages were up and preparing to leave, when Whetzel directed his companion to take good aim at the white renegade, while he would make sure work of one of the Indians. They fired at the same moment, and with fatal effect. Instantly the young man rushed forward to release the captive; and Whetzel reloading, pursued the two

WHETZEL'S FAMOUS RETREAT.

Indians, who had taken to the woods, to ascertain the strength of the attacking party. Whetzel pursued a short distance, and then fired his rifle at random, to draw the Indians from their retreat. The trick succeeded, and they made after him with uplifted tomahawks, yelling at the height of their voices. The adroit hunter soon had his rifle loaded, and wheeling suddenly, discharged its contents through the body of his nearest pursuer. The other Indian now rushed impetuously forward, thinking to dispatch his enemy in a moment. Whetzel, however, kept dodging from tree to tree, and, being more fleet than the Indian, managed to keep ahead until his unerring gun was again loaded, when turning, he fired, and the last of the party lay dead before him."

This distinguished warrior died at Natchez, in 1808.

A large number of the Indians attacked the house of Captain Kirkwood, near Wheeling. Fortunately, Captain Biggs, commander of a scout company, was there, with thirteen of his men. With his assistance the inmates were able to defend themselves till morning, when the sound of cannon from Fort Henry, announcing the knowledge of the attack there, frightened the assailants away. Five of the whites were wounded, one of whom died. The loss of the Indians is not known. This was in 1790.

In 1791 it was reported at Baker's station, that Indians were about. Five men crossed the Ohio opposite to the station, and had proceeded up the shore for a mile, when they were fired upon. One fell dead, another was severely wounded and made prisoner. The others ran towards the station. When they reached the beach opposite to it, the Indians fired and killed another man. The remaining two escaped by swimming. A party of eighteen men under Lieutenant Enochs, crossed over the river to chastise the enemy, but fell into an ambush, and were obliged to fly, leaving their commander dead, and several wounded upon the field.

We now present the reader with an account of the last conflict between Indians and an organized party of Virginians. It occurred in 1792.

"In consequence of the numerous depredations on the settlements now embraced in Brooke and Hancock counties, it was determined to summarily chastise these marauders; and accordingly a party of men organized under the command of Captain Lawson Van Buskirk, an officer of tried courage and acknowledged efficiency. A party of Indians had committed sundry acts of violence, and it was believed they would endeavor to cross the Ohio on their retreat, at some point near Mingo Bottom. The party of Captain Van Buskirk consisted of about forty experienced frontiermen, some of whom were veteran Indian hunters. The number of the enemy was known to be about thirty. The whites crossed the river below the mouth of Cross Creek, and marched up the bottom, looking cautiously for the enemy's trail. They had discovered it along the run, but missing it, they concluded to take the ridge, hoping thus to cross it. Descending the ridge, and just as they gained the river, the Indians fired upon them, killing Captain Van Buskirk, and wounding John Aidy. The enemy were concealed in a ravine amidst a dense cluster of paw-paw bushes. The whites marched in single file, headed by their captain, whose exposed situation will account for the fact that he was wounded with thirteen balls. The ambush quartered on their flank, and they were totally unsuspicious of it. The plan of the Indians was to permit the whites to advance in numbers along the line before firing upon them. This was done; but instead of each selecting his man, every gun was directed at the captain, who fell with thirteen bullet holes in his body. The whites and Indians instantly tree'd, and the contest lasted more than an hour. The Indians, however, were defeated, and retreated towards the Muskingum, with the loss of several killed, while the

ESCAPE OF MISS CROW.—Page 229.

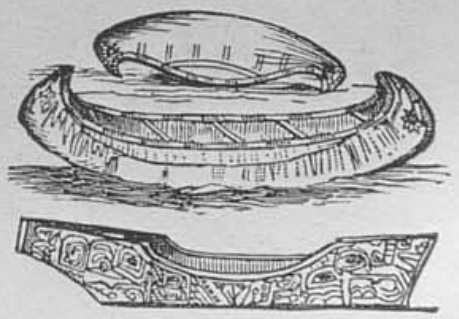
Virginians, with the exception of their captain, had none killed and but three wounded."

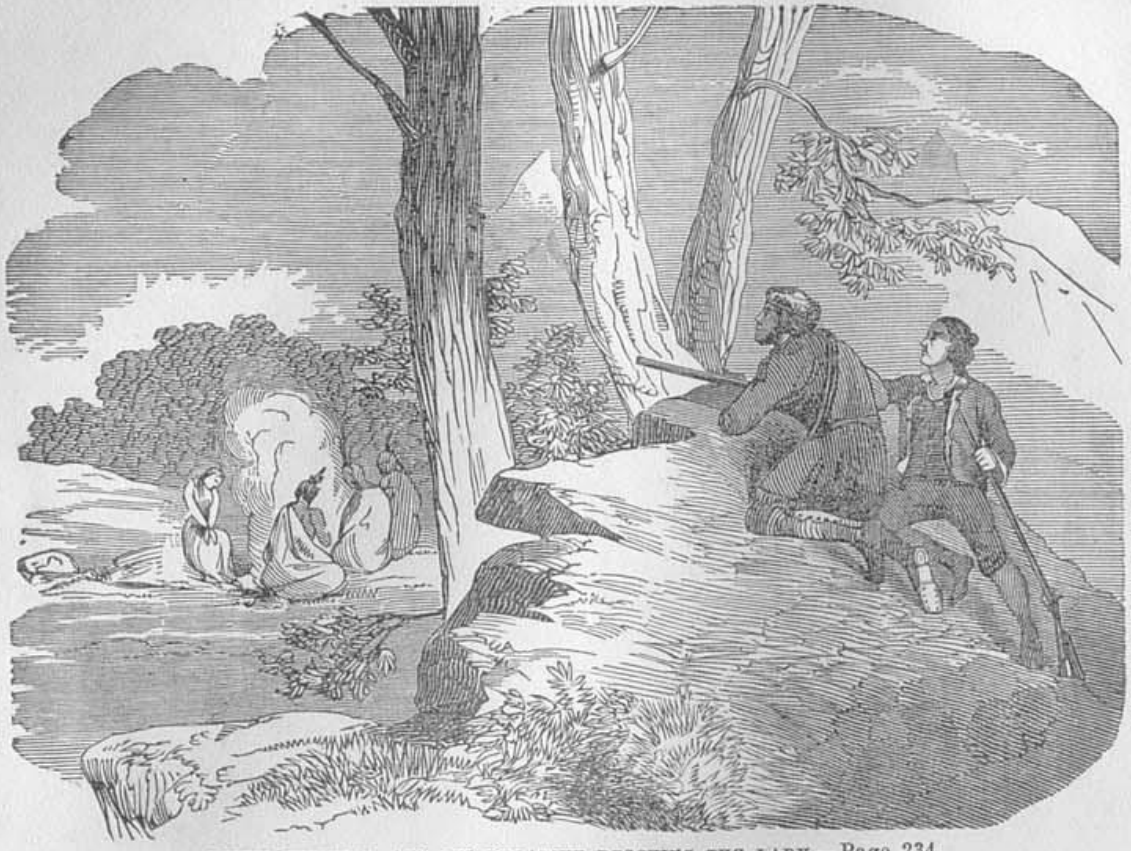
General Wayne, by defeating the Indians, put an end to the war in 1794. Yet after this battle, which took place in August, several murders were committed in Virginia. Peace was not formally made till 1795.

In September of 1794, the family of George Tush, on Wheeling Creek, were attacked in the evening. Mr. Tush was feeding his hogs, when he was fired upon, and wounded in the breast; he instantly fled, leaving his family unprotected. The children, five in number, were at once struck down, but Mrs. Tush was carried off several miles, and then tomahawked. Two of the children recovered.

The same fall a hunting party, consisting of two brothers, of the name of Scott, and a man named Manning, was attacked while seated around their camp-fire, in the evening. At the first fire both the Scotts were killed, and Manning's arm broken. Notwithstanding this, he escaped. These are, as far as we have been able to ascertain, the latest murders committed in Virginia by Indians.

During the latter part of this war, the settlements in Ohio shared the attention which the Indians had been used to bestow upon Virginia, and this State did not suffer as much as formerly.





LEWIS WHETZEL AND HIS RELATIVE RESCUING THE LADY.—Page 234.

INDIAN LODGE.

HISTORY OF THE BORDER WARS OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER I.

ADVENTURES OF THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

In 1758 Dr. Walker, a gentleman of Virginia, led a small exploring party over the Cumberland mountains into what is now part of the State of Kentucky. His travelling was confined to the mountainous part of the State, and in con sequence he was not so favorably impressed as those who succeeded him.

The report which he brought back of the country, was in fact so unfavorable, that it was nine years before it was again visited; and then it was not from Virgina, but from North Carolina, that the intruders came. We call them intruders, because the Indians very early looked upon them in that light.

The party to which we refer was headed by John Finley, and was composed of hunters. They were, it is probable, more used to travelling through an uncultivated country than Walker and his company, and not so easily discouraged. The variety and profusion of game, which then characterized Ken-

tucy, was well caclulated to arouse the enthusiasm of men of their habits of life. Accordingly when they returned, they gave so glowing an account of the new country, that it excited either ardent aspiration, or sneering skepticism, in proportion as the sanguine or suspicious preponderated in the character of each auditor.

The territory of Kentucky was not occupied by any Indian tribe, but was held in common, as a hunting-ground, by all the nations around.

It is not to be supposed these various tribes, often at war with each other, would meet here in peace; and consequently the blood of man as well as of the elk and buffalo, was often poured out upon the virgin soil. So frequent indeed were these encounters, that the natives conferred upon the region the name of the Dark and Bloody Ground, nor did its subsequent history prove it unworthy of the appellation.

Two years after the visit of Finley and his companions, the former led another party to Kentucky. Among those who constituted it, was Daniel Boone—a name inseparably connected with the early settlement of the country. There are many different accounts as to the place of his birth. Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland, have each in its turn, been pointed out as the honorable locality. We have even heard it asserted that he was born in England. The greatest probabilities seem in favor of Pennsylvania. The dispute however, is of no consequence, as it cannot affect the question of the importance of his after life. All accounts agree in stating that he emigrated to Kentucky from North Carolina.

At this time he was past the age at which men generally, wish to be settled in life. But he was addicted to roving habits, and the description of the country awakened in him as much enthusiasm as though he had been still in the hey-day of life.

On the first of May, 1769, as he himself tells us, he left

DANIEL BOONE.

North Carolina in company with four others. Of these, Finley was one, another was John Stewart; the names of the rest are not given. It was not till the seventh of June, that they saw from an eminence in the neighborhood of Red River, a branch of Kentucky, the fertile plains of the region they sought.

Here the adventurers rested awhile, building a cabin which was their head-quarters while they explored the vicinity. In

December, Boone and Stewart left the rest, and penetrated into the interior. They had as yet received neither encouragement or threatening from the Indians, having seen none. But they did not long enjoy this impunity. Soon after leaving the camp, Boone and his companion were surprised and captured by a party of Indians.

They remained with them seven days, during which time they deported themselves in such a manner as to completely deceive their captors as to their intentions. On the seventh night the guard, whom the prisoners' conduct had rendered unsuspicious, fell asleep, an opportunity which the latter did not allow to escape them. Stealing noiselessly away, they struck immediately for the camp of their friends. But on arriving there they found it deserted. The fate of his companions was never known to Boone.

Soon after, they were joined by the brother of Boone and another man, who, coming from North Carolina, accidentally fell upon the camp. This reinforcement, especially the meeting with his brother, came very seasonably to encourage Boone after the destruction or desertion of his comrades. But new misfortunes were in store for him. In a second incursion to the interior, Stewart was killed by the Indians. He is supposed to have been the first white man killed in Kentucky. Directly after, the Boones lost their only remaining companion, the man who had come from North Carolina with Squire Boone, so Daniel's brother is generally called. One account says he returned to the settlements discouraged by the danger; but it is stated by others, that he was devoured by wolves.

The ammunition of the brothers was by this time nearly exhausted, and Squire Boone returned to North Carolina for a fresh supply, leaving Daniel alone in the wilderness. This situation, however, did not produce the effect on Boone which it does on most men. The life of a woodsman was too congenial to his nature, to allow him to become melancholy in

ATTACK UPON BOONE'S PARTY OF SETTLERS.

Kentucky. He felt some natural regret at parting from his brother, but he continued to roam the country without fear. He received no injury from the Indians, nor does it appear that he saw any, though he often found signs of their presence.

In July his brother returned with the ammunition, and they continued together, hunting through the country with perfect impunity, till the spring of 1771, when Daniel returned to North Carolina, accompanied by his brother, for the purpose of taking his family out to Kentucky. During Boone's stay in Kentucky, a party from Virginia had also visited it, under the guidance of Colonel Knox; from the length of time they were absent, they were familiarly called "the long hunters." It does not appear that they saw any thing of Boone during their wanderings.

The result of both expeditions was to excite a spirit of enterprise among the people of North Carolina and Virginia. Boone set out with his family on the 25th of September. He was joined by several other families and a number of adventurers, so that the party contained forty armed men. Confiding in their strength, they now prosecuted their journey fearlessly. But they were soon taught by a severe lesson that their object was only to be attained at the price of blood. Near the Cumberland Mountains, they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians, and though they succeeded in repulsing them, they lost six men; among whom was Boone's eldest son.

After the battle the emigrants deemed it unwise to proceed any further, and accordingly abandoned their project temporarily, and returned to the settlements. Boone remained on the frontier till 1774, when the Indian war breaking out, he was employed by Dunmore to bring home a number of surveyors from the rapids of the Ohio, which he accomplished. He afterwards, like Kenton, and many other pioneers of Kentucky, engaged in the operations of this war.

In 1773, Captain Thomas Bullitt, who had greatly distin-

guished himself in Forbes' expedition against Fort Du Quesne, descended the Ohio. He made a visit unattended and unannounced to the Shawanee town of Chilicothe. In a talk which he held with the inhabitants, he told them that the English had purchased the land south of the Ohio, (at Fort Stanwix, in 1768). He said that he knew neither the Shawanees or the Delawares had received any of the price which was paid for the land, but said also, that it was intended to give them a present to make up for it. He told them that he intended to settle in the country south of the river, and assured them of his friendly disposition. To all this they replied that they had no objection to his settling there, provided he did not interfere with their hunting.

After rejoining his companions, he continued the descent of the river till he reached the Rapids; here he encamped. He made several surveys in the neighborhood, and it is said, selected the site of Louisville as an eligible place for a settlement. He died soon after his return to Virginia, and thus Kentucky was deprived of one who, doubtless, would have proved an expert pioneer. Bullitt was accompanied for a considerable distance down the Ohio, by the McAfees, from Boutecourt, Virginia; they separated at the mouth of the Kentucky river, which the McAfees ascended. They made surveys, including part of the town of Frankfort, and returned home to make preparations for removing to Kentucky; but they, like others, were delayed by the Indian war.

The first house erected in Kentucky was built by James Harrod, in the spring of 1774. It does not appear that the owner remained long in Kentucky immediately after completing it, for in the fall he was engaged in the battle at Point Pleasant. He returned, however, in the next spring; the settlement was reinforced, and the place called Harrodsburg, after the Pioneer.

In 1775, Henderson and some other gentlemen of North Carolina, purchased of the Cherokees, who laid claim to it, all

PIONEERS ENTERING KENTUCKY

the land lying between the Kentucky and Tennessee rivers. Daniel Boone was one of the agents employed to effect this purchase.

The state of Virginia refused to acknowledge the validity of the bargain, contending that as the territory was within the limits of her original charter, no party but herself had the right to make purchases there. The Assembly consented however, to remunerate the company for their trouble and expense. This they did by giving them a tract of land on Green River; in consideration of which, the claim the Company had acquired from the Cherokees, was made over to Virginia.

Soon after, Boone was employed by Henderson to select and mark out a route for a party which was going to his land. This duty he performed travelling with a few men, and was not disturbed until he reached a spot near where he afterwards founded Boonesborough, where he was attacked by the Indians with great fury, four of his men were killed or wounded, though the Indians were at length driven off. The next day they renewed the attack and killed or wounded five more of his men before they were again repulsed. On the first of April, Boone commenced building a fort on the Kentucky river, which was the beginning of the settlement of Boonesborough. While the whites were engaged in its construction, another of their number was killed. In the midst of these attacks, however, Boone persevered, and the fort was completed on the fourteenth of the month.

Boone then returned for his family, fully determined to make Kentucky his permanent abode. He accomplished his purpose without suffering an attack from the Indians. Mrs. Boone and her daughter were the first white women who entered Kentucky. Not long after their arrival, the female portion of the colony received a strong reinforcement. Three other families came to Harrodsburg, of the names of McGarvy, Hogan, and Denton. In December Boonesborough was again attacked, and one of the settlers killed. Of these

events, which happened early in the history of the colony, the reader must be satisfied with a very meagre account: the chief source of information being the Autobiography of Boone, which in many cases consists merely of a statement of leading facts.

The next intimation they received of the hostility of the savages, was in July 1776. One of Boone's daughters, together with two girls belonging to a family of the name of Calloway, who had recently settled at Boonesborough, were carried off by them from the immediate neighborhood of the fort. Their screams were heard by the garrison, and Boone as soon as possible started in pursuit, at the head of eight men. Some delay was unavoidably made in collecting the men, who were dispersed at various employments. The girls at the time of their capture were playing in a canoe, which was the only means possessed by the garrison for crossing the river. The Indians had taken it over to the opposite shore, so that some time elapsed before the men could get across after they were prepared. The pursuit was urged keenly however, when once they entered on it. The Indians had taken great precautions to prevent being overtaken, and probably thought themselves secure; for they were completely surprised, two of them shot, and the rest compelled to fly without any arms except a single gun, and without ammunition. Even their moccasins were left behind.

Meanwhile other settlers were attracted to Kentucky. In 1775 Simon Kenton established himself with one companion near where the town of Washington now stands, in Marion county. Kenton, who is generally ranked second to Boone, in the service he rendered to the colony, had visited the country some years before. He was born in Virginia, and abandoned his home in consequence of a fight in which he engaged with a successful rival in a love affair. Kenton thought he had killed his rival, and fled the country to avoid punishment. In company with two other young men, one of

SENTINEL AT A BLOCK HOUSE.

whom having been prisoner among the Indians for some years, acted as guide; he explored part of Kentucky. During the Indian war, he was employed by Dunmore as a spy, in conjunction with Simon Girty. But after the war was concluded, he returned to Kentucky as before stated, with but two companions. Pleased with the soil, in what is now Marion county they built a cabin and planted corn, in a clearing which they made in a cane brake. From this central point they traversed the country in every direction. In one of their exursions they found two men who were completely bewildered in the unknown country around them, and were destitute of the means of procuring a subsistence, having lost their rifle.

Kenton proposed to them to join his settlement. One consented, but the other, who had become tired of border life, could not be prevailed upon, but insisted on going back to the Monongahela. When they found that they could not persuade him to remain, they agreed to guide him for a part of the way. They accordingly started, leaving Hendricks, the other man, at the camp without a gun, but well supplied with provisions. When they returned from escorting his friend they found the camp deserted; several articles belonging to it were strewed about in confusion. Observing smoke ascending at a little distance, they at once concluded that Hendricks had been captured by the Indians, and that a party of them were gathered around the fire from which the smoke proceeded. Under this impression instead of reconnoitering the enemy and making an attempt to rescue their companion, they only thought of providing for their own safety in flight.

The next day they returned, and approaching the place cautiously, discovered that the camp was deserted. On examining it closely, they found the remains of their unfortunate companion, who, it was but too evident, had been burned to death. When we consider that Kenton had been

accustomed for several years to the woods, and that he had acted as a spy during the Indian war, we are at as great a loss to account for his want of courage here, as for his rashness on a subsequent occasion.

Kenton did not remain long at his settlement. Hearing from a man whom he met in one of his rambles, of the fort at Boonesborough, he and his companions joined the people there. Nearly at the same time, Benjamin Logan established himself in Lincoln county.

In 1776 General Clarke came to Kentucky, and visiting the different settlements, impressed upon the people the necessity of governmental regulations. The territory of Kentucky was claimed by Virginia, and the settlers were quite willing to admit her jurisdiction, being mostly Virginians. But the exact relation in which they stood to the State government, was not yet determined. In conformity with Clarke's suggestion, the people met at Harrodsburg, the oldest place in the territory. They elected two delegates to the Virginia Assembly, Clarke being one of those upon whom the choice rested. Clarke and his colleague at once set out for Virginia, though they were well aware that they would not be admitted to seats in the legislature, Kentucky not yet being organized. On their arrival they found that the Assembly had adjourned. Clarke applied to Governor Henry for a quantity of powder, for the use of the settlers; after some hesitation the request was complied with. In the fall the Assembly again met, and as he had foreseen, Clarke was not admitted to its deliberations. Notwithstanding this, he attended upon its session and had the pleasure of seeing Kentucky erected into a county. The political history of Kentucky does not come within the scope of this work, but this much it was indispensable to say, the events being closely connected with the military operations of the settlers.

Returning to Kentucky, Clarke and his colleague Jones, brought the powder from Fort Pitt, where it had been de-

posited, as far as Limestone Creek. Here they concealed it, and set off to Harrodsburg to obtain an escort sufficient to ensure the safety of their precious charge, on the preservation of which, the very existence of the colony depended. Soon after they had left, Colonel Todd, hearing of the stores at a cabin where Clarke and his companion had stopped, determined to go himself and bring them away, deeming his force of ten men sufficient for the purpose. He was accompanied by Jones, whom Clarke had left behind at the cabin. Before they reached the place of deposite they were attacked by a party of Indians, who it is supposed had been following the trail of Clarke. Jones and several others were killed. The remainder were either made prisoners or dispersed.

It was a very fortunate affair for the settlement that this attack was made before the party had taken possession of the stores. A company from Harrodsburg brought the latter in safety to the fort.

An attack was made upon McClellan's station, on the Elkhorn, by the same party which had defeated Colonel Todd. In a sally, McClellan and two others were killed. The Indians retired soon after without pressing the attack. The people of the station abandoned it, and repaired to Harrodsburg.

In March, 1777, a large body of Indians under the command of Blackfish, a noted chief, made an attack upon Harrodsburg. About four miles from that place they surprised three men who were cutting wood; one they made prisoner, another, William Ray, was killed, but his brother James escaped and gave the alarm to the people at Harrodsburg. The activity displayed by this young man attracted the admiration of the Indian leader himself. The Indians, hopeless of surprising the garrison after the escape of young Ray, delayed the attack till the next morning. They then commenced it by setting fire to a deserted cabin outside the fort. The idea of the flames having been lighted by the Indians did not

occur to the garrison, which is rather singular, as one would have supposed, on account of the affair of the day before, that they would have been upon their guard. They sallied out to preserve the cabin, when the enemy attempted to cut them off from the fort. The whites fell rapidly back, to preserve their communication, and reachimg a wood, repulsed the enemy after a skirmish, in which one Indian was killed, and four whites wounded, one mortally.

On the fifteenth of April, Boonesborough was attacked by a body of Indians, estimated at one hundred men. No particulars of the siege are preserved, excepting that the loss of the garrison was one killed and four wounded.

In May, Logan's Fort was attacked by the same party, it is supposed. The siege was much more protracted than that of Boonesborough, being maintained for a greater part of the summer. The garrison consisted of 15 men. While the women, guarded by a portion of the men, were milking outside the fort, the latter were fired upon by the Indians. The following exploit was creditable alike to the daring and humanity of the man who performed it.

"In this attack one man was killed, and two others wounded; one of them mortally. The residue, with the women, got into the fort unhurt. At this time the whole number of souls with Logan did not exceed thirty-five; the men were less than half that amount. The enemy were numerous. The besieged being concealed from their fire, it abated; and they having a moment's leisure to look about, discovered one of the wounded men, who had been left on the ground, yet alive—the other had gained the fort; this one had been supposed dead. A more pity-moving object cannot well be conceived; exposed every moment to be scalped by the Indians—sensible of his danger, yet incapable of getting into the fort. His name was Harrison, and he had a family in the place, whose apprehension of danger had almost rendered insensible of its loss. Logan could not bear to see the

man struggling and weltering on the ground, but exerted himself to raise a little party to take him up. So imminent, however, appeared the danger, that he met only objection and refusal, for it was thought that whoever made the attempt would expose himself to almost certain death.

John Martin, whose pride lay in being called *a soldier*, stimulated by his leader, at length seemed to collect sufficient fortitude to make the experiment, and with Logan proceeded to the fort gate; at this instant, Harrison appeared to raise himself up on his hands and knees, as if able to help himself, and Martin withdrew; thinking he had found a sufficient apology in the circumstances, or appalled by the obvious hazard. In this situation, Logan collected, and alone, rushed to the help of the wounded man; who, by that time exhausted by the effort, after crawling a few paces, had fallen to the ground; took him up in his arms and brought him to the fort amidst a shower of bullets, many of which struck the palisades about his head, as he entered the gate, unharmed."

While Logan's Fort was closely invested, the savages kept the other posts, particularly Harrodsburg and Boonesborough, in continual alarm, making the men fear for their own safety, in order to prevent them from sending succor to their distressed brethren. To illustrate the full extent of their peril and daring, together with the mode of final relief, we again quote from Marshall.

"At this time there was but little powder or ball in the fort, nor any prospect of a supply from the neighboring stations, could it even have been sent for without the most imminent danger, but which was not to be done. The Indians continuing to invest the place, there was but one alternative apparent to this little garrison. They must either send to Holston for ammunition, or expose themselves to be taken by the enemy, in case no supply was obtained. Peril the most obvious and alarming attended either course. The

individuals who should attempt the journey would be greatly exposed, and the garrison already small, would be reduced by their absence: if the supply was not successfully attempted, the consequence seemed still more terrible and certain. In this dilemma the part of prudence was to encounter the less, in order to escape the greater danger—to run the risk, rather than wait the arrival of certain ruin—in fine, to expose a part to be lost, for the salvation of the residue. Holston was to be reached and a supply achieved, be the consequence to the adventurers what it might, or all would be lost. The only question now was, who should obviate the possible catastrophe, by at once encountering the perils attendant on the enterprise of procuring the necessary supply. In this case, Logan, now distinguished by the title of captain, left not to others what himself could do, but where the greater labor or danger was, there was he ready to encounter or to execute.

His party on the present occasion was made up of his trusty companions, and with two of these he quitted the fort in the night, and traversing the woods found his way to Holston, where having obtained the wanted powder and lead, and put them under the care of his men, with directions how to conduct themselves, Logan returned alone to his fort in less than ten days from the time of departure; he still found the siege continued, and his diminutive garrison almost reduced to despair. In him they found a host, his intelligence reanimates their drooping spirits; they rise from despondence to exultation—from being almost vanquished to sensations stronger and more lively than those of victory; they are feelings of gratitude and confidence.

How had their commandant escaped the dangers which beset his path? was the eager inquiry of all. For the greater part of his way was through a broken and brushy wilderness, infested by savages ever ready to attack and to kill. But Captain Logan was a woodsman and a soldier; the one gave him a knowledge of the country; the other, fortitude to en-

counter and surmount both difficulty and danger. The sagacity of Logan had prescribed to him the untrodden way, he left that which was beaten, and likely to be waylaid by Indians—avoided Cumberland Gap, and explored his passage where no man ever travelled before, nor probably since, over the Cumberland Mountains, through clifts and brush and cane; clambering rocks and precipices, to be encountered only by the strong, the bold, and the determined. But he felt the importance of success; nor was he insensible to the situation of an affectionate wife, and confiding friends and comrades, who looked to him for safety and for preservation.

The escort with the ammunition observing the directions given it, arrived in safety, according to expectation; and the garrison although still besieged, felt itself competent to defend the fort. They were, however, under the necessity of hunting meat for their supply, which compelled daily exposures to the Indians who infested all the parts adjacent. Thus cut off from other society, and deeply impressed with the unpleasant effects of confinement within, and enemies without, they anxiously wished for a change, yet knew not whence to expect relief—while they suffered most poignant distress. They were not even apprized of Colonel Bowman's approach, who, however, arrived in the country about September, and fortunately directed his march, with a hundred men, to Logan's Fort. A detachment of these, considerably in advance of the main body, upon its approach to the fort, was fired upon by the besiegers, and several of them killed; the rest made their way into the place, which had the effect to disperse the enemy, to the great relief of the garrison. On the dead body of one of this detachment were found proclamations which had been prepared in Canada, and sent into the country by the British governor of that province; offering protection to such of the inhabitants as would abjure the republic and return to their allegiance to the crown; with denunciations of vengeance against such as refused. The

man who found the papers gave them to Logan. Upon ascertaining their contents, he thought it prudent to conceal them, lest their invocations and their threats, operating on the minds of the people, worn down by various difficulties and distress, the end of which could not be foreseen, might have the unhappy effect of diminishing their fortitude, or of shaking their fidelity."

On the 4th of July Boonesborough was again besieged by a larger number of Indians than before. Scarcely any more is known of this siege than of the former; the loss on the part of the whites was very similar, one killed and two wounded; the ascertained loss of the enemy was seven killed. The attack was maintained for two days and a night without much intermission, and the Indians resorted to their former policy of threatening the other settlements to prevent them from assisting the besieged.

Finding that they could not make any impression, the Indians at the end of the time mentioned above, raised the siege and precipitately retreated. During the whole of the summer, however, the settlements continued to be harassed by the enemy, so much so, that but little corn could be raised even in the vicinity of the fort. A scarcity of food was threatened in consequence, for it was dangerous to hunt, when the country was so filled by Indians as to prevent planting. In this emergency young Ray, whom we mentioned before, as saving the fort at Harrodsburg from surprise, greatly distinguished himself by his daring and skill in bringing in game. One day while he was engaged outside the fort with a man by the name of McConnel, who was shooting at a mark, they were fired upon, and McConnel killed. Proceeding in the direction from which the shot came, he discovered the Indian, but before he could shoot him, he found that he was in the presence of a large number of the enemy. He immediately made for the fort with his usual rapidity, the Indians fired after and pursued him, but

he reached the gate unhurt. So close were the Indians that the garrison feared to admit him.. He was compelled to protect himself by laying flat on the ground, with a large stump between him and the enemy. In this manner he passed four hours, frequently fired upon by the Indians, whose bullets ploughed up the ground around him. At length he called out to those in the fort to dig a hole beneath the wall of the cabin. This was done, and in this manner he entered the fort. This occurrence illustrates forcibly the Indian character and mode of warfare. Here we find a large number of these people watching patiently for four hours, merely in the expectation of killing a single man, for it does not appear that they had any design upon the fort, at least they made no attempt to accomplish anything.

In June of this year, 1777, Major Smith, with a body of men, pursued a number of Indians to the Ohio River. When they got there they found that all but one had crossed, this one they killed, and were returning, when they discovered another body of Indians, greatly superior in numbers to themselves. Notwithstanding this disparity, the whites did not hesitate to attack them. The conflict was short; the Indians fled after wounding one man. Their loss is not stated.

This year the system of employing regular scouts or spies was adopted in Kentucky. They were paid by Virginia, and appointed by the militia officers. Six were employed, two for each of the principal stations, Boonesborough, Harrodsburg, and Logan's Fort. Kenton was one of them, having been appointed by Boone. These men proved of great service; by scouring the woods, they generally succeeded in discovering the enemy before they approached the posts.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTURE OF BOONE AND ATTACK ON BOONESBOROUGH. ADVENTURES OF KENTON.

THE year 1778 opened with what appeared the greatest disaster which had yet befallen the colony, we mean the capture of Boone. Salt, which with the Kentuckians, as with most other civilized people, was an indispensable article of food, was very scarce among them, in consequence of the difficulty of bringing it to the settlement. To obviate this inconvenience, Boone, at the head of a company of thirty men, repaired to the Blue Licks to manufacture this necessary article for the use of the different stations. The business required considerable time. The party set out on the 1st of January, and in February, while hunting, their leader was discovered by a body of upwards of one hundred Indian warriors, who were on their way to attack Boonesborough. Boone was more than fifty years of age, and his activity was greatly impaired, so that he was soon overtaken and made prisoner. He was not ill treated however, though obliged to accompany his

CAPTURE OF BOONE.

captors to the camp of his men, which had probably been before discovered by some of the Indian scouts, for it is not for a moment to be supposed that Boone guided them to it. Here the whole party surrendered upon a capitulation, the terms of which were, that their lives should be spared and that they should not be subjected to ill treatment. This last was certainly rather an indefinite article, but it is said to have been observed faithfully by the Indians.

After this great success, the Indians relinquished all further designs against the settlements for the present. The prisoners were conducted to Chillicothe, where Boone was adopted into an Indian family, and soon became quite popular. He tells us of a piece of policy which he practiced here, which we would have scarcely expected from so simple minded a man as the old borderer is generally represented to have been. He was invited to many shooting matches. Boone, like most whites, who have been long accustomed to the use of firearms, was superior to the Indians in handling them. But he tells us that he took care not to beat them too often; he merely shot well enough to appear with credit among them all. Yet this man, it is said, could be over-reached in a business transaction by any rascal, and in fact did suffer in this manner.

Boone remained at Chillicothe until March, when in company with ten of his companions, he was sent to Detroit. Here he attracted the attention of Governor Hamilton, who offered to ransom him of the Indians for one hundred pounds. The Indians however refused the offer. Boone met with much kindness from several English gentlemen at Detroit. Returning from that place, he remained some time with the Indians apparently very contentedly. But in June a large number of warriors assembled at Chillicothe, and Boone could not doubt but that it was intended to make an expedition against the Kentucky settlements. He still, however, preserved his equanimity of demeanor, so as to throw the Indians completely

off their guard. One morning he went out as usual, to hunt, but at once bent his course towards Boonesborough, where he arrived after four days, enduring great privation and fatigue, in order to reach it in time to warn them of the coming storm. He found that his family, believing him dead, had returned to North Carolina. The defences had been neglected during his absence; and the garrison altogether unsuspicious of danger, were employed in their ordinary labors. His news was the signal for an immediate and total change. The fortifications were repaired with great rapidity, and a strict watch kept up. A few days after Boone's arrival, another escaped prisoner came in with the information that the enemy had postponed their attack in consequence of Boone's unceremonious departure. He also stated that they had spies all through the country, to watch the different settlements.

Tired with waiting for the attack, Boone determined to assume the offensive, by making an incursion into the Indian country. Accordingly, about the first of August, he started with nineteen men to attack a small Indian town on Paint Creek. Kenton accompanied Boone on this expedition. Having crossed the Ohio, they advanced cautiously. Kenton, being in advance, as he came within a few miles of the town, was startled by the sound of laughter coming, as it seemed, from a thicket near. He at once concealed himself behind a tree, where he had not waited long, before two Indians came along, riding upon one horse. Kenton took aim at the foremost and fired, killing him and wounding his companion. Both fell to the ground, and Kenton was advancing to scalp them, when two more Indians appeared, and he was compelled instantly to betake himself to cover, making a narrow escape, for their rifle balls passed close to his head. Several other Indians came up, and Kenton's position was one of great danger. He was quickly relieved, however, by Boone and his men, who coming up opened a fire upon the Indians, which soon obliged them to retreat. The body of the warrior whom

Kenton had slain was left upon the ground, and the latter had the gratification of scalping him.

When the spies reached the town they found it deserted; upon which Boone, taking it for granted that they had gone with the army against Boonesborough, retraced his route with great haste. They found the Indians upon their march in great force, and managed to pass them and reach Boonesborough one day in advance of them.

The enemy, amounting to five hundred men, was commanded by Captain Du Quesne, a French Canadian, and displayed the British colors. The garrison was summoned to surrender in the name of his Britannic Majesty, and were promised protection in case of yielding, but were threatened with vengeance in case they refused. In reply, Boone requested two days for consideration. This, although contrary to good policy, was granted by the besiegers, and the garrison employed it well, in preparing for resistance. The Indians were always reluctant to undertake an attack which threatened to involve any considerable loss of life among their warriors. It was on this account that they were willing to catch at the least probability of obtaining possession of the fort without fighting, though the chances were ten to one against such a result. Here their extreme caution, as is often the case in war, was attended with the evil effects of rashness.

When the time granted for deliberation, but which was employed by the garrison in a very different manner, had nearly expired, Boone assembled the men and demanded their determination, whether they would surrender, and trust to the good faith of the savages, or by resisting, risk their vengeance when they should have become enfuriated at the loss of those of their comrades who might fall in the attack. The opinion of all was at once expressed in favor of resistance to the last extremity.

The account of the singular occurrence which followed the

annunciation to the besiegers, of the determination of the garrison, we quote from McClung's Western Adventures.

"Boone then appeared at the gate of the fortress, and communicated to Captain Du Quesne 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. Du Quesne, after many, very many pretty periods about the '*bienfaisance et 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 Du Quesne, 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 prisoners 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 Du Quesne, truly despicable."

Immediately on the termination of this affair, the Indians commenced the attack upon the fort with a heavy fire, which the garrison returned in such a manner as compelled the enemy to seek shelter, and to conduct operations more guardedly in future. The siege was continued for nine days, without any very material loss being inflicted upon the garrison. Having failed to frighten the white men into a surrender by their heavy volleys, accompanied as they were by the most frightful yells, the enemy resorted to another expedient—which was to excavate a mine. The garrison discovered the operation of the enemy by the change made in the waters of the river, into which the earth was thrown. Boone ordered a counter-mine to be dug, which the besiegers perceiving, relinquished their design. They soon after abandoned the siege altogether and returned home, having thirty-seven of their number killed. The garrison had two

killed and four wounded. One hundred and twenty-seven pounds of bullets were picked up by the besieged on the outside of the fort. This was the last attack which Boonesborough was obliged to sustain; the increase of the settlements soon after took from it its position as a frontier post. In this year General Clark made his expedition against Illinois. At Louisville, where he stopped, and which was then beginning to be settled, he was joined by a few volunteers from the Kentucky settlements, the Indian hostilities not allowing them to spare many.

The reader will remember that in Boone's expedition into the Indian country which preceded the siege of Boonesborough, Kenton acted a very conspicuous part. When Boone, alarmed for the safety of his settlement, retraced his steps, Kenton did not accompany him. He and a friend named Montgomery, determined to push to the Indian villages in the hope of getting a shot at some straggling Indian. In this they were disappointed; they did not see a single warrior. Wishing to have some trophy to carry back with them, and finding they could not obtain a scalp, they stole four horses and carried them off triumphantly. Soon after their return they were employed in conjunction with another young man named Clark, by Colonel Bowman, to reconnoitre an Indian town upon which he meditated an attack. The enterprising rangers were not willing to confine themselves to their instructions. As they were prowling around the camp at night, they came upon an enclosure containing a large number of horses.

Their former successful adventure in horse stealing, suggested to them a similar attempt. In securing the horses, considerable difficulty was found, and the noise which was unavoidably made, alarmed the Indians, and they came hastily to the rescue of their property. But they were too late; for when they reached the spot, Kenton and his daring companions were already galloping off with their booty.

GENERAL SIMON KENTON.

Riding at full speed with the Indians in pursuit of them, they suddenly came upon a large swamp. This obliged them to change their course, but such was the rapidity of their flight, that they even then kept ahead of their pursuers. By dint of almost incessant riding they reached the Ohio early in the morning of the second day. They attempted to cross the river, but the wind was high and the horses unmanageable, and they were obliged after several efforts to make them swim over, to desist. Though there was almost a certainty that the Indians were on their trail, they could not prevail upon themselves to abandon their booty and cross the river without it. They determined to wait till evening, when they hoped that the wind would fall. Their conduct in this whole affair evinces about as much wisdom as that of the ancient traveller, who waited on the bank of Tiber for its stream to exhaust itself. When the evening came, the wind had risen to a greater height than ever. In the morning the horses could not be induced to enter the water, but broke from their captors and dispersed in the woods.

"They had scarcely ridden one hundred yards, (Kenton in the center, 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 Indians 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 be-

took 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 ram-rods, until he thought they would scold or beat him to death. They were the owners of the horses which he had carried off, and now took ample revenge for the loss of their property. At every stroke of their ram-rods 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 gun shot 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 belly, 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 or their 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 rather to increase 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 orginal owners had now recovered, was a fine but wild young colt, totally unbroken, and with all the honors of his 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 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 executing a few curvets and caprioles, to the great distress of his rider, but to the infinite amusement of the Indians, he appeared to take compassion on 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."

Arriving at their village, Kenton was treated with every insult and injury which the Indians could devise, always keeping in mind, however, his final destination—the stake. They therefore abstained from doing him any injury which might have the effect of shortening the solemnities on that occasion. In running the gauntlet, the activity of Kenton preserved him from much of the suffering to which prisoners are often subjected from this custom. He avoided the lines, and after a close pursuit succeeded in reaching the goal, receiving a few blows only. A council being held upon his case, it was determined to send him to another village. Kenton learned his destination from a renegade white man, who informed him, in answer to his eager inquiry, that it was in-

tended to burn him there. Kenton however, was determined to disappoint their benevolent intentions if possible. He set out on his journey guarded, but not bound. Along the route he revolved in his mind the plans and chances of escape.

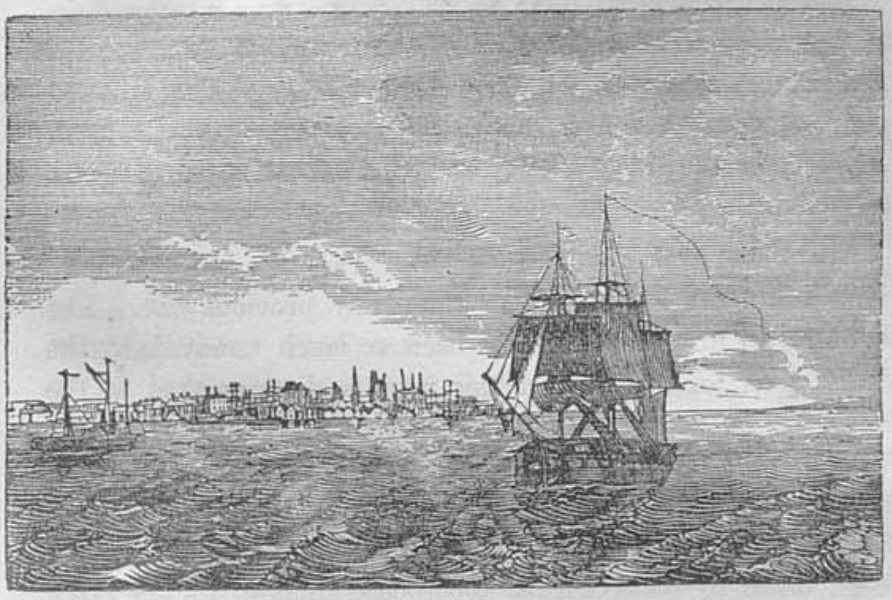
"At length he was aroused from his reverie, by the Indians firing off their guns and raising the shrill scalp halloo. The signal was soon answered, and the deep roll of a drum was heard far in front, announcing to the unhappy prisoner that they were approaching an Indian town, where the gauntlet, certainly, and perhaps the stake awaited him. The idea of a repetition of the dreadful scenes which he had already encountered, complety banished the indecision which had hitherto withheld him, and with a sudden and startling cry, he sprung into the bushes and fled with the speed of a wild deer. The pursuit was instant and keen, some on foot and some on horseback. But he was flying for his life,; the stake and hot iron, and the burning splinters were before his eyes, and he soon distanced the swiftest warrior 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 had plunged into the center of a fresh party of horsemen, who had sallied from the town at the firing of the guns, and happened unfortunately to stumble upon the poor prisoner, now making a last effort for freedom. His heart sunk at once from the ardor of hope to the very pit of despair, and he was again haltered and driven before them, to town, like an ox to the slaughter house.

Upon reaching the village, (Pickaway,) he was fastened to a stake near the door of the council house, and the warriors again assembled in debate. In a short time, they issued from the council house, and surrounding him, they danced, yelled, &c. for several hours, giving him once more a foretaste of the bitterness of death. On the following morning their journey was continued, but the Indians had now become watchful, and

gave him no opportunity of even attempting an escape. On the second day, he arrived at Waughcotomoco. 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."

Here he met Simon Girty, who at first treated him very roughly, but on ascertaining his name, his conduct entirely changed, and he embraced Kenton before the astonished warriors. They had been comrades, and had scouted together under Lord Dunmore, before Girty became a renegade. He now exerted his utmost influence and persuasion in Kenton's behalf; and though with much difficulty, procured a favorable decision from the council. For a short time he was treated with the utmost cordiality, but a large number of warriors arriving from a distance, another council was held on the case, and Girty's influence was unable to resist that of so many prominent chiefs and braves, the decision being reversed. Kenton was again bound, and marched off to a town on the banks of the Sciota. While on his way thither, an Indian rushed from a wigwam which they were passing, and with a stroke of his axe almost separated his arm from his body. When he reached the town he found Logan there, who told him that he was to go to Sandusky, and that the warriors talked of burning him there. The benevolent chief promised to exert his influence in his behalf; but his efforts failed altogether. On his arrival at Sandusky, a British agent persuaded the Indians to allow him to carry their prisoner to Detroit, that the British governor might examine him in regard to the force on the Western frontier. The Indians consented, on condition that he should be delivered to them as soon as the information had been obtained from him. Though the agent promised this, he had no intention of keeping his promise, as he assured Kenton. directly after, he had been given to his care.



DETROIT.

Some attempts were made to gain intelligence from him, but he either did not know anything of consequence, or else he was too cunning to let it be discovered, and they soon ceased to trouble him on the subject. Kenton passed his time comfortably enough at Detroit, where he remained till the summer of 1779, when he escaped and returned to Kentucky.

In 1779, the emigration to Kentucky was much greater than it had been any year previous. The old settlements were increased, and new ones commenced. Among the latter were Lexington and Bryant's station. As the word fort often occurs in connection with these settlements, it may be well to remark here, that the cabins which formed the dwellings of the settlers were ranged in a hollow square. There were gates to enter this enclosure, into which the doors of the cabins opened. The only openings in the outer walls of the cabins were the port-holes with which they were pierced. In the respects which we have mentioned, these establishments resembled the houses of Oriental cities, which are built so as to enclose a court. The style of architecture was of

course as different as could be imagined. The fortifications, though rude, were generally found efficient protection against the Indians, who were less capacitated to carry on sieges than perhaps any other people who bestowed the same attention upon military affairs. The greatest embarrassment arose from the want of water.

We have said that during this year the emigration to Kentucky was much greater than any previous one. The settlers do not seem to have been so much annoyed by the Indians as formerly. Yet this year is distinguished in the annals of Kentucky, for the most bloody battle ever fought between the whites and Indians within her borders, with the single exception of that of the Blue Licks.

It took place opposite to Cincinnati. Colonel Rogers had been down to New Orleans to procure supplies for the posts on the Upper Mississippi and Ohio. Having obtained them, he ascended these rivers until he reached the place mentioned above. Here he found the Indians in their canoes coming out of the mouth of the Little Miami, and crossing to the Kentucky side of the Ohio. He conceived the plan of surprising them as they landed. The Ohio was very low on the Kentucky side, so that a large sand-bar was laid bare, extending along the shore. Upon this Rogers landed his men, but before they could reach the spot where they expected to attack the enemy, they were themselves attacked by such superior numbers, that the issue of the contest was not doubtful for a single moment. Rogers and the greater part of his men were instantly killed. The few who were left, fled towards the boats. But one of them was already in the possession of the Indians, whose flanks were extended in advance of the fugitives, and the few men remaining in the other pushed off from shore without waiting to take their comrades on board. These last now turned around upon their pursuers, and furiously charging them, a small number broke through their ranks, and escaped to Harrodsburg. The loss in this

most lamentable affair was about sixty men, very nearly equal to that at Blue Licks.

"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 answer me!' he replied with readiness, and the parties were soon together.

Benham, as we have already observed, was shot through both legs. The man who now appeared, had escaped from

the same battle, *with both arms broken!* Thus each was 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 the 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 only 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."*

The Kentuckians resolved to invade the Indian country, and Chillicothe was selected as the point to feel the weight of their vengeance. Colonel Bowman issued a call, inviting all those who were willing to accompany him in the expedition, to rendevouz at Harrodsburg. This was the manner of organizing such expeditions in Kentucky. An officer would invite volunteers to participate with him in an incursion into the Indian country. All who joined were expected to submit to his direction.

On this occasion there was no want of zeal among the people. Bowman's reputation as a soldier was good, and three

* Western Adventure.

hundred men were soon collected, among whom were Logan and Harrod; both holding the rank of captain. It does not appear that either Boone or Kenton engaged in this enterprise. Indeed, the first is said to have been absent in North Carolina, his family having returned there, after his capture in the preceding year, supposing him to be dead.

"The expedition moved in the month of July—its destination well known—and its march so well conducted, that it approached its object without discovery. From this circumstance, it would seem that the Indians were but little apprehensive of an invasion from those who had never before ventured on it, and whom they were in the habit of invading annually; or else so secure in their own courage, that they feared no enemy: for no suspecting spy was out to foresee approaching danger. Arrived within a short distance of the town, night approached, and Colonel Bowman halted. Here it was determined to invest and attack the place just before the ensuing day, and several dispositions were then made very proper for the occasion; indicating a considerable share of military skill and caution, which gave reasonable promise of a successful issue. At a proper hour the little army separated, after a movement that placed it near the town; the one part, under the command of Bowman in person—the other, under Captain Logan; to whom precise orders had been given to march on the one hand half round the town—while the colonel passing the other way, was to meet him, and give the signal for an assault. Logan immediately executed his orders, and the place was half enveloped. But he neither saw nor heard the commander-in-chief. Logan now ordered his men to conceal themselves in the grass and weeds, and behind such other objects as were present, as the day began to show itself, and he had not yet received the expected order to begin the attack: nor had he been able, though anxious, to ascertain what had intercepted or delayed his superior officer. The men, on shifting about for hiding places, had alarmed one of the

Indians' dogs, who forthwith set to barking with the agitation of apparent fright. This brought out an Indian warrior, who proceeded with caution on the way that the dog seemed to direct his own attention, and in a short time, if he had continued his progress, might have been made a prisoner; but at this critical moment, one of the party with the colonel, fired his gun; which the Indian well understanding as coming from an enemy, gave an instantaneous and loud whoop ,and ran immediately to his cabin. The alarm was instantly spread through the town, and preparation made for defence. The party with Logan was near enough to hear the bustle and to see the women and children escaping to the cover of the woods, by a ridge which ran between them and where Colonel Bowman with his men, had halted.

In the mean time, the warriors equipped themselves with their military habiliments, and repaired to a strong cabin; no doubt, designated in their councils for the like occurrences. By this time daylight had disclosed the whole scene, and several shot were discharged on the one side, and returned from the other; while some of Logan's men took possession of a few cabins, from which the Indians had retreated—or rather perhaps it should be said, repaired to their stronghold, the more effectually to defend themselves. The scheme was formed by Logan, and adopted by his men in the cabins, of making a movable breastwork out of the doors and floors—and of pushing it forward as a battery against the cabin in which the Indians had taken post; others of them had taken shelter from the fire of the enemy behind stumps, or logs, or the vacant cabins, and were waiting orders; when the colonel finding that the Indians were on their defence, despatched orders for a retreat. This order, received with astonishment, was obeyed with reluctance; and what rendered it the more distressing, was the unavoidable exposure which the men must encounter in the open field, or prairie, which surrounded the town: for they were apprised that from the moment they left

their cover, the Indians would fire on them, until they were beyond the reach of their balls. A retreat, however, was deemed necessary, and every man was to shift for himself. Then, instead of one that was orderly, commanding, or supported—a scene of disorder, unmilitary and mortifying, took place: here a little squad would rush out of, or break from behind a cabin—there individuals would rise from a log, or start up from a stump, and run with all speed to gain the neighboring wood.

At length, after the loss of several lives, the remnant of the invading force was re-united, and the retreat continued in tolerable order, under the painful reflection that the expedition had failed, without any adequate cause being known. This was however, but the introduction to disgrace, if not of misfortune still more extraordinary and distressing. The Indian warriors, commanded by Blackfish, sallied from the town, and commenced a pursuit of the discomfited invaders of their forests and firesides, which they continued for some miles, harassing and galling the rear of the fugitives without being checked, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers. There not being more than thirty of the savages in pursuit. Bowman, finding himself thus pressed, at length halted his men in a low piece of ground covered with brush; as if he sought shelter from the enemy behind or among them. A situation more injudiciously chosen, if chosen at all, cannot be easily imagined—since of all others, it most favored the purposes of the Indians. In other respects the commander seems also to have lost his understanding—he gave no orders to fire—made no detachment to repulse the enemy, who, in a few minutes, by the whoops, yells, and firing, were heard on all sides—but stood as a mark to be shot at, or one panic struck. Some of the men fired, but without any precise object, for the Indians were scattered, and hid by the grass and bushes. What would have been the final result, it is difficult to conjecture, if Logan, Harrod, Bulger, and a few others,

had not mounted some of the pack horses and scoured the woods, first in one direction then in another; rushing on the Indians wherever they could find them, until very fortunately Blackfish was killed; and this being soon known, the rest fled. It was in the evening when this event occurred, which being reported to the colonel, he resumed his march at dark—taking for his guide a creek near at hand, which he pursued all night without any remarkable occurrence—and in quiet and safety thence returned home, with the loss of nine men killed, and another wounded; having taken two Indian scalps: which, however, was thought a trophy of small renown."

A somewhat different account is given by some, in which Bowman is exculpated from all blame. According to this, it was the vigorous defence of the Indians which prevented him from fulfilling his part of the combinations. Be this as it may, it is certain that Bowman lost reputation by the expedition; while, on the other hand, the conduct of Logan raised him still higher in the estimation of the people.

CHAPTER III.

HOSTILITIES OF 1780 AND 1781.—ESTILL'S DEFEAT. BATTLE OF BLUE LICKS.

THE year 1780 was distinguished for two events of much importance; the invasion of Kentucky by the British and Indians, under Colonel Byrd; and General Clark's attack upon the Shawanee towns. The first of these, was a severe and unexpected blow to Kentucky. Marshall says, that the people in their eagerness to take up land, had almost forgotten the existence of hostilities. Fatal security! and most fatal with such a foe, whose enterprises were conducted with such secrecy that their first announcement was their presence in the midst of the unprepared settlement. In fact, the carelessness of the Western borderers is often unaccountable, and this is not the least surprising instance of it.

That they did not anticipate an attempt to retaliate the incursion of Bowman into the Indian country, is indeed astonishing, It was very fortunate for the Kentuckians that

their enemies were as little gifted with perseverance, as they were with vigilance. This remark is to be understood in a restricted sense, of both parties. When once aroused to a sense of their danger none were more readily prepared, or more watchful to meet it than the settlers; and on the other hand, nothing could exceed the perseverance of the Indians in the beginning of their enterprises, but on the slightest success (not reverse) they wished to return to exhibit their trophies at home. Thus, on capturing Boone and his party, instead of pushing on and attacking the settlements which were thus weakened, they returned to display their prisoners.

The consequences were that these defects neutralized each other, and no very decisive strokes were made by either side. But the English Governor Hamilton, who had hitherto contented himself with stimulating the Indians to hostilities, now aroused by the daring and success of Clark, prepared to send a powerful expedition by way of retaliation, against the settlements. Colonel Byrd was selected to command the forces, which amounted to six hundred men, Canadians and Indians. To render them irresistible, they were supplied with two pieces of artilley. The posts on the Licking were the first objects of the expedition.

In June they made their appearance before Ruddle's station; and this, it is said, was the first intimation that the garrison had received of their danger, though Butler states that the enemy were twelve days on their march from the Ohio. The incidents of this invasion are few. The fort at Ruddle's station was in no condition to resist so powerful an enemy backed by artillery, the defences being nowise superior to those we have before described.

They were summoned to surrender in the name of his Britannic Majesty, with the promise of protection for their lives only. What could they do? The idea of resisting such a force was vain. The question presented itself to them thus. Whether they should surrender at once and give up their

property, or enrage the Indians by a fruitless resistance, and lose their property and lives also. The decision was quickly made, the post was surrendered and the enemy thronged in, eager for plunder. The inmates of the fort were instantly seized, families were separated, for each Indian caught the first person whom he met, and claimed him or her as his prisoner. Three who made some resistance, were killed upon the spot. It was in vain that the settlers remonstrated with the British commander, he said that it was impossible to restrain them. This doubtless was true enough, but he should have thought of it before he assumed the command of such a horde, and consented to lead them against weak settlements.

The Indians demanded to be led at once against Martin's Fort, a post about five miles distant. Some say that the same scene was acted over here; but another account states that so strongly was Colonel Byrd affected by the barbarities of the Indians, that he refused to advance further, unless they would consent to allow him to take charge of all the prisoners who should be taken. The same account goes on to say that the demand was complied with, and that on the surrender of Martin's Fort, this arrangement was actually made: the Indians taking possession of the property and the British of the prisoners. However this may be, the capture of this last mentioned place, which was surrendered under the same circumstances as Ruddle's, was the last operation of the campaign. Some quote this as an instance of weakness; Butler, in particular, contrasts it with the energy of Clark.

The sudden retreat of the enemy inspired the people with joy as great as their consternation had been at the news of his unexpected advance. Had he pressed on, there is but little doubt that all the stations would have fallen into his hands, for there were not men enough to spare from them to meet him in the field. The greatest difficulty would have been the carriage of the artillery. The unfortunate people who had fallen into the hands of the Indians at Ruddle's

station, were obliged to accompany their captors on their rapid retreat, heavily loaded with the plunder of their own dwellings. Some returned after peace was made, but too many, sinking under the fatigues of the journey, perished by the tomahawk.

Soon after the retreat of the enemy, General Clark, who was stationed at Fort Jefferson, called upon the Kentuckians to join him in an invasion of the Indian country. The reputation of Clark caused the call to be responded to with great readiness. A thousand men were collected, with whom Clark entered and devastated the enemy's territory. The principal towns were burned and the fields laid waste. But one skirmish was fought, and that at the Indian village of Pickaway. The loss was the same on both sides, seventeen men being killed in each army. Some writers who have not the slightest objection to war, very gravely express doubts as to whether the expedient of destroying the crops of the Indians was justifiable. It is generally treated by these men, as if it was a wanton display of a vindictive spirit; when in reality it was dictated by the soundest policy. For when the Indians' harvests were destroyed, they were compelled to subsist their families altogether by hunting, and had no leisure for their murderous inroads upon the settlements. This result was plainly seen on this occasion, for it does not appear that the Indians attacked any of the settlements during the remainder of this year.

An adventure which occurred in the spring, but was passed over for the more important operations of the campaign, claims our attention, presenting as it does a picture of the varieties of this mode of warfare. We quote from McClung.

"Early in the spring of 1780, Mr. Alexander McConnel, of Lexington, Kentucky, 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 attached 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 night 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 preparing for them, and taking a gun in each hand, he rested the muzzles 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 the 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 the 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."

In October, Boone, who had brought his family back to Kentucky, went to the Blue Licks in company with his brother. They were attacked by a party of Indians, and Daniel's brother was killed; and he himself pursued by them with the assistance of a dog. Being hard pressed, he shot this animal to prevent his barking from giving the alarm, and so escaped.

Kentucky having been divided into three counties, a more perfect organization of the militia was effected. A Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel were appointed for each county; those who held the first rank were Floyd, Logan, and Todd. Pope, Trigg, and Boone held the second. Clark was Brigadier General, and commander-in-chief of all the Kentucky militia; besides which he had a small number of regulars at Fort Jefferson. Spies and scouting parties were continually employed, and a galley was constructed by Clark's order, which was furnished with light pieces of artillery. This new species of defence did not however take very well with the militia, who disliked serving upon the water, probably because they found their freedom of action too much circumscribed. The regulars were far too few to spare a force sufficient to man it, and it soon fell into disuse, though it is said to have been of considerable service while it was employed. Had the Kentuckians possessed such an auxiliary at the time of Byrd's invasion, it is probable that it would have been repelled. But on account of the reluctance of the militia to serve in it, this useful vessel was laid aside and left to rot.

The campaign, if we may so term it, of 1781, began very early. In March, several parties of Indians entered Jefferson county at different points, and ambushing the paths, killed four men, among whom was Colonel William Linn. Captain Whitaker, with fifteen men, pursued one of the parties. He followed their trail to the Ohio, when supposing they had crossed over, he embarked his men in canoes to continue the pursuit. But as they were in the act of pushing off, the Indians, who were concealed in their rear, fired upon them, killing or wounding nine of the party. Notwithstanding this heavy loss, the survivors landed and put the Indians to flight. Neither the number of the savages engaged in this affair, or their loss, is mentioned in the narrative. In April, a station which had been settled by Squire Boone, near Shelbyville,

became alarmed by the report of the appearance of Indians. After some deliberation, it was determined to remove to the settlement on Bear's Creek. While on their way thither, they were attacked by a body of Indians, and defeated with considerable loss. These are all the details of this action we have been able to find. Colonel Floyd collected twenty-five men to pursue the Indians, but in spite of all his caution, fell into an ambuscade, which was estimated to consist of two hundred warriors. Half of Colonel Floyd's men were killed, and the survivors supposed that they had slain nine or ten of the Indians. This, however, is not probable; either the number of the Indians engaged, or their loss, is much exaggerated. Colonel Floyd himself, had a narrow escape, being dismounted; he would have been made prisoner, but for the gallant conduct of Captain Wells, who gave him his horse, the colonel being exhausted, and ran by his side, to support him in the saddle. These officers had formerly been enemies, but the magnanimous behavior of Wells on this occasion, made them steadfast friends.

"As if every month," says Marshall, "was to furnish its distinguishing incident—in May, Samuel McAfee and another had set out from James McAfee's station for a plantation at a small distance, and when advanced about one-fourth of a mile they were fired on; the man fell—McAfee wheeled and ran towards the fort; in fifteen steps he met an Indian—they each halt and present their guns, with muzzles almost touching—at the same instant they each pull trigger, McAfee's gun makes clear fire, the Indian's flashes in the pan—and he falls: McAfee continues his retreat, but the alarm being given, he meets his brothers, Robert and James—the first, though cautioned, ran along the path to see the dead Indian, by this time several Indians had gained the path between him and the fort. All his agility and dexterity were now put to the test—he flies from tree to tree, still aiming to get to the fort, but is pursued by an Indian; he throws himself over a

fence, a hundred and fifty yards from the fort, and the Indian takes a tree—Robert, sheltered by the fence, was soon prepared for him, and while he put his face by the side of the tree to look for his object, McAfee fires his rifle at it, and lodged the ball in his mouth—in this he finds his death, and McAfee escapes to the fort.

In the mean time, James McAfee was in a situation of equal hazard and perplexity. Five Indians, lying in ambush, fired at, but missed him; he flies to a tree for safety, and instantly received a fire from three or four Indians on the other side- the bullets knock the dust about his feet, but do him no injury; he abandons the tree and makes good his retreat to the fort. One white man and two Indians were killed. Such were the incidents of Indian warfare—and such the fortunate escape of the brothers.

Other events occurred in rapid succession—the Indians appear in all directions, and with horrid yells and menacing gestures commence a fire on the fort. It was returned with spirit; the women cast the bullets—the men discharged them at the enemy. This action lasted about two hours; the Indians then withdrew. The firing had been heard, and the neighborhood roused for the fight. Major Magary, with some of his men, and others from other stations, to the number of forty, appeared on the ground soon after the Indians had retreated, and determined on pursuing them. This was accordingly done with promptitude and celerity—at the distance of a mile the enemy were overtaken, attacked, and defeated. They fled—were pursued for several miles—and completely routed. Six or seven Indians were seen dead, and others wounded. One Kentuckian was killed in the action; another mortally wounded, who died after a few days. Before the Indians entirely withdrew from the fort, they killed all the cattle they saw, without making any use of them.

From this time McAfee's station was never more attacked,

although it remained for several years an exposed frontier. Nor should the remark be omitted, that for the residue of the year, there were fewer incidents of a hostile nature, than usual."

Fort Jefferson, which had been established on the Mississippi, about five miles below the mouth of the Ohio, had excited the jealousy of the Choctaws and Chickasaws, who claimed the territory in which it was built. In order to appease them it was deemed advisable to evacuate the post.

The hostile tribes north of the Ohio had by this time found the strength of the settlers, and saw that unles they made a powerful effort, and that speedily, they must forever relinquish all hope of re-conquering Kentucky. Such an effort was determined upon for the next year; and in order to weaken the whites as much as possible, till they were prepared for it, they continued to send out small parties, to infest the settlements.

At a distance of about twelve miles from Logan's Fort, was a settlement called the Montgomery station. Most of the people were connected with Logan's family. This station was surrounded in the night. The following account of this affair is given by Collins, in his History of Kentucky.

"On the succeeding morning, between daylight and sunrise, William Montgomery, the elder, followed by a negro boy, stepped out at the door of his cabin. They were immediately fired at and both killed by the Indians, the boy's head falling back on the door-sill. Jane, the daughter, then a young woman, afterwards the wife of Colonel William Casey, late of Adair county, sprung to the door, pushed out the negro's head, shut the door and called for her brother Thomas's gun. Betsey, her sister, about twelve years of age, clambered out at the chimney, which was not higher than a man's head, and took the path to Petit's station, distant about two and a half miles. An Indian pursued her for some distance, but being quite active, she was too fleet for him, and reached the station

in safety. From Petit's a messenger was immediately sent to Logan's Fort.

From some cause or other, probably the call of Jane for her brother's rifle, which was doubtless overheard by the Indians, they did not attempt to break into the cabin. William Montgomery, Jr., on hearing the first crack of a gun, sprang to his feet, seized a large trough which had been placed in his cabin to hold sugar-water, placed it against the door, and directing the apprentice boy to hold it, grasped his rifle, and through a crevice over the door, fired twice at the Indians, in rapid succession, before they left the ground, killing one and severely wounding another. John Montgomery was in bed, and in attempting to rise, was fired upon through a crack, and mortally wounded, his door forced open, and his wife made prisoner. Joseph Russell made his escape from his cabin, leaving his wife and three children to the mercy of the savages. They, with a mulatto girl, were also made prisoners.

The Indians commenced an early retreat, bearing off their wounded companion, and taking with them their captives. A few minutes after their departure, and when they were barely out of sight, the Indian who had pursued Betsey Montgomery, returned, and being ignorant of what had occurred in his absence, mounted a large beech log in front of the younger William Montgomery's door, and commenced hallooing. Montgomery, who had not yet ventured to open his door, again fired through the crevice, and shot him dead.

As soon as the messenger reached Logan's Fort, General Logan, with his horn, sounded the well known note of alarm, when, in a few minutes, as if by magic, a company of some twelve or fifteen men, armed and equipped for battle, were at his side. They instantly commenced their march, passed the cabins where the attack had been made, and took the trail of the Indians. By the aid of some signs which Mrs. Russell had the presence of mind to make, by occasionally breaking

MRS. RUSSELL.

a twig and scattering along their route pieces of a white handkerchief, which she had torn in fragments, Logan's party found no difficulty in the pursuit. After travelling some distance, they came upon the yellow girl, who had been tomahawked, scalped, and left for dead; but who, on hearing the well-known voice of General Logan, sprang to her feet, and afterwards recovered.

The Indians, as was known to be their habit when expecting to be pursued, had a spy in the rear, who was discovered by Logan's party at the same instant he got his eyes upon them, and a rapid march ensued. In a few minutes they came in sight of the savages, when Logan ordered a charge, which was made with a shout, and the Indians fled with great precipitancy, leaving their wounded companion, who was

quickly dispatched. A daughter of Mrs. Russell, about twelve years of age, upon hearing Logan's voice, exclaimed in ecstacy, 'There's uncle Ben,' when the savage who had her in charge, struck her dead with his tomahawk. The remainder of the prisoners were recaptured without injury. As the force of the Indians was about equal to that of the whites, General Logan, now encumbered with the re-captured women and children, wisely determined to return immediately; and reached the cabins in safety before dark on the same day.

The particulars of the foregoing narrative have been received from the Montgomery family—but principally from Mrs. Jane Casey, who was an actor in the drama."

In October of this year Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. This event was received in Kentucky, as in other parts of the country, with great joy. The power of Britain was supposed to be broken, or at least so much crippled, that they would not be in a condition to assist their Indian allies, as they had previously done. The winter passed away quietly enough, and the people were once more lulled into security, from which they were again to be rudely awakened. Early in the spring the parties of the enemy recommenced their forays. Yet there was nothing in these to excite unusual apprehensions. At first they were scarcely equal in magnitude to those of the previous year. Cattle were killed, and horses stolen, and individuals or small parties were attacked. But in May an affair occurred possessing more interest, in a military point of view, than any other in the history of Indian wars.

"In the month of May, a party of about twenty-five Wyandots invested Estill's station, on the south of the Kentucky River, killed one white man, took a negro prisoner, and after destroying the cattle, retreated. Soon after the Indians disappeared, Captain Estill raised a company of twenty-five men; with these he pursued the Indians, and on Hinkston's Fork of Licking, two miles below the Little Mountain, came within

INDIANS STEALING CATTLE AND HORSES.

gunshot of them. They had just crossed the creek, which in that part is small, and were ascending one side as Estill's party descended the other, of two approaching hills of moderate elevation. The water course which lay between, had produced an opening in the timber and brush, conducing to mutual discovery; while both hills were well set with trees, interspersed with saplings and bushes. Instantly after discovering the Indians, some of Captain Estill's men fired at them; at first they seemed alarmed, and made a movement like flight; but their chief, although wounded, gave them orders to stand and fight—on which they promptly prepared for battle by each man taking a tree and facing his enemy, as nearly in a line as practicable. In this position they returned the fire and entered into the battle, which they considered as inevitable, with all the fortitude and animation of individual and concerted bravery, so remarkable in this particular tribe.

In the mean time, Captain Estill, with due attention to what was passing on the opposite side, checked the progress of his men at about sixty yards distance from the foe, and

gave orders to extend their lines in front of the Indians, to cover themselves by means of the trees, and to fire as the object should be seen—with a sure aim. This order, perfectly adapted to the occasion, was executed with alacrity, as far as circumstances would admit, and the desultory mode of Indian fighting was thought to require. So that both sides were preparing and ready at the same time for the bloody conflict which ensued, and which proved to be singularly obstinate.

The numbers were equal; some have said, exactly twenty-five on each side Others have mentioned that Captain Estill, upon seeing the Indians form for battle, dispatched one or or two of his men upon the back trail to hasten forward a small reinforcement, which he expected was following him; and if so, it gave the Indians the superiority of numbers without producing the desired assistance, for the reinforcement never arrived.

Now were the hostile lines within rifle shot, and the action became warm and general to their extent. Never was battle more like single combat since the use of fire-arms; each man sought his man, and fired only when he saw his mark; wounds and death were inflicted on either side—neither advancing nor retreating. The firing was deliberate—with caution they looked, but look they would, for the foe, although life itself was often the forfeit. And thus both sides firmly stood, or bravely fell—for more than an hour; upwards of one-fourth of the combatants had fallen, never more to rise, on either side, and several others were wounded. Never, probably, was the native bravery or collected fortitude of men put to a test more severe. In the clangor of an ardent battle, when death is forgotten—it is nothing for the brave to die—when even cowards die like brave men—but in the cool and lingering expectation of death, none but the man of true courage can stand. Such were those engaged in this conflict. Never was manœuvering more necessary or less

practicable. Captain Estill had not a man to spare from his line, and deemed unsafe any movement in front with a view to force the enemy from their ground, because in such a movement he must expose his men, and some of them would inevitably fall before they could reach the adversary. This would increase the relative superiority of the enemy, while they would receive the survivors with tomahawk in hand, in the use of which they were practiced and expert. He clearly perceived that no advantage was to be gained over the Indians while the action was continued in their own mode of warfare. For although his men were probably the best *shooters*, the Indians were undoubtedly the most expert *hiders;*—that victory itself, could it have been purchased with the loss of his last man, would afford but a melancholy consolation for the loss of friends and comrades; but even of victory, without some manœuvre, he could not assure himself. His situation was critical; his fate seemed suspended upon the events of the minute; the most prompt expedient was demanded. He cast his eyes over the scene; the creek was before him, and seemed to oppose a charge on the enemy—retreat, he could not. On the one hand he observed a valley running from the creek toward the rear of the enemy's line, and immediately combining this circumstance with the urgency of his situation, rendered the more apparently hazardous by an attempt of the Indians to extend their line and take his in flank, he determined to detach six of his men by this valley, to gain the flank or rear of the enemy; while himself with the residue, maintained his position in front.

The detachment was accordingly made under the command of Lieutenant Miller, to whom the route was shown and the order given, conformably to the above mentioned determination; unfortunately, however, it was not executed. The lieutenant, either mistaking his way, or intentionally betraying his duty, his honor, and his captain, did not proceed with the requisite despatch—and the Indians, attentive to occurrences,

finding out the weakened condition of their adversaries, rushed upon them and compelled a retreat, after Captain Estill and eight of his men were killed. Four others were badly wounded, who, notwithstanding, made their escape; so that only nine fell into the hands of the savages, who scalped and stripped them, of course.

It was believed by the survivors of this action, that one half of the Indians were killed; and this idea was corroborated by reports from their towns.

There is also a tradition that Miller, with his detachment, crossed the creek, fell in with the enemy—lost one or two of his men—and had a third or fourth wounded, before he retreated."

The battle lasted two hours, and the Indian chief was himself killed immediately after he had slain Captain Estill; at least it is so stated in one account we have seen. This action had a very depressing effect upon the spirits of the Kentuckians. Yet its results to the victors were enough to make them say, with Pyrrhus, "A few more such victories, and we shall be undone." It is very certain that the Indians would not have been willing to gain many such victories, even to accomplish their darling object—the expulsion of the whites from Kentucky.

The grand army, destined to accomplish the conquest of Kentucky, assembled at Chillicothe. A detachment from Detroit reinforced them, and before setting out, Simon Girty made a speech to them, enlarging on the ingratitude of the Long-knives in rebelling against their Great Father across the water. He described in glowing terms the fertility of Kentucky, exhorting them to recover it from the grasp of the Long-knife before he should be too strong for them. This speech met with the cordial approbation of the company; the army soon after took up its march for the settlements. Six hundred warriors, the flower of all the north-western tribes, were on their way to make what they knew must be

their last effort to drive the intruders from their favorite hunting-ground.

Various parties preceded the main body, and these appearing in different places, created much confusion in the minds of the inhabitants, in regard to the place where the blow was to fall. An attack was made upon the garrison at Hoy's station, and two boys were taken prisoners. The Indians, twenty in number, were pursued by Captain Holden, with seventeen men. He overtook them near the Blue Licks, (that fatal spot for the settlers,) and after a sharp conflict was obliged to retreat with the loss of four men.

News of this disaster arrived at Bryant's station, (a post on the Elkhorn, near the road from Lexington to Maysville,) on the fourteenth of August, and the garrison prepared to march to the assistance of Hoy's station. But in the night the main body of the enemy arrived before the fort, it having been selected as the point for the first blow.

The water for the use of the garrison was drawn from a spring at a considerable distance from the fort, on the north-western side. Near this spring the greater part of the enemy stationed themselves in ambush. On the other side of the fort, a body was posted with orders to make a feint of attacking, in order to draw the attention of the garrison to that point, and give an opportunity for the main attack. At daylight, the garrison, consisting of forty or fifty men, were preparing to march out, when they were startled by a heavy discharge of rifles, with an accompaniment of such yells as come only from an Indian's throat.

"All ran hastily to the picketing," says McClung, "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

AN INDIAN IN AMBUSH.

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 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, with-

out 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 why 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."

After this repulse, the Indians commenced the attack in regular form; that is, regular Indian form, for they had no cannon, which was a great oversight, and one which we would not have expected them to make, after witnessing the terror with which they had inspired the Kentuckians in Byrd's invasion.

Two men had left the garrison immediately upon discovering the Indians, to carry the news to Lexington and demand succor. On arriving at that place they found the men had

mostly gone to Hoy's station. The couriers pursued, and overtaking them, quickly brought them back. Sixteen horsemen, and forty or fifty on foot, started to the relief of Bryant's station, and arrived before that place at two o'clock in the afternoon.

"To the left of the long and narrow lane, where the Maysville and Lexington road now runs, there were more than one hundred acres of green standing corn. The usual road from Lexington to Bryant's, ran parallel to the fence of this field, and only a few feet distant from it. On the opposite side of the road was a thick wood. Here, more than three hundred Indians lay in ambush, within pistol shot of the road, awaiting the approach of the party. The horsemen came in view at a time when the firing had ceased, and everything was quiet. Seeing no enemy, and hearing no noise, they entered the lane at a gallop, and were instantly saluted with a shower of rifle balls, from each side, at the distance of ten paces.

At the first shot, the whole party set spurs to their horses, and rode at full speed through a rolling fire from either side, which continued for several hundred yards, but owing partly to the furious rate at which they rode, partly to the clouds of dust raised by the horses' feet, they all entered the fort unhurt. The men on foot were less fortunate. They were advancing through the corn-field, 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 Indians' guns had just been discharged, and they had not yet had leisure to re-load. 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 corn-field, 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 unwilling, having no time to re-load it,) and Girty fell.

It happened, however, that a piece of thick sole-leather was in his shot-pouch at the time, which received the ball, and preserved his life, although the force of the blow felled him to the ground. The savages halted upon his fall, and the young man escaped. Although the skirmish and the race lasted for more than an hour, during which the corn-field 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."*

The day was nearly over, and the Indians were discouraged. They had made no perceptible impression upon the fort, but had sustained a severe loss; the country was aroused, and they feared to find themselves outnumbered in their turn. Girty determined to attempt to frighten them into

* McClung.

a capitulation. For this purpose he cautiously approached the works, and suddenly showed himself, on a large stump, from which he addressed the garrison. After extolling their valor, he assured them that their resistance was useless, as he expected his artillery shortly, when their fort would be crushed without difficulty. He promised them perfect security for their lives, if they surrendered, and menaced them with the usual inflictions of Indian rage if they refused. He concluded by asking if they knew him. The garrison of course gave no credit to the promises of good treatment contained in this speech. They were too well acquainted with the facility with which such pledges were given and violated; but the mention of cannon was rather alarming, as the expedition of Colonel Byrd was fresh in the minds of all. None of the leaders made any answer to Girty, but a young man by the name of Reynolds, took upon himself to reply to it. In regard to the question of Girty, "Whether the garrison knew him?" he said:

"'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 d——d; 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; that if Girty and his gang of murderers remained twenty-four hours longer before the fort, their scalps would be found drying in the sun upon the roofs of their cabins.'"*

Girty affected much sorrow for the inevitable destruction which he assured the garrison awaited them, in consequence

* McClung.

of their obstinacy. All idea of continuing the siege was now abandoned. The besiegers evacuated their camp that very night; and with so much precipitation, that meat was left roasting before the fires. Though we cannot wonder at this relinquishing of a long cherished scheme when we consider the character of the Indians, yet it would be impossible to account for the appearance of precipitancy, and even terror, with which their retreat was accompanied, did we not perceive it to be the first of a series of similar artifices, designed to draw on their enemies to their own destruction. There was nothing in the circumstances to excite great apprehensions. To be sure, they had been repulsed in their attempt on the fort with some loss, yet this loss (thirty men) would by no means have deterred a European force of similar numbers, from prosecuting the enterprise.

Reinforcements began to come in soon after the departure of the besiegers. Boone arrived from Boonesborough, Trigg from Harrodsburgh, and Todd collected the militia around Lexington. It is said that nearly one-third of the whole force assembled at Bryant's station, which amounted to one hundred and sixty-seven men, were commissioned officers, many of whom had hurried to the relief of their countrymen. This superior activity is to be accounted for, by the fact, that the officers were generally selected from the most active and skillful of the pioneers.

A consultation was held in a tumultuous manner, and it was determined to pursue the enemy at once. The Indians had retreated by way of the lower Blue Licks. The pursuit was commenced without waiting for the junction of Colonel Logan, who was known to be coming up with a strong reinforcement. The trail of the enemy exhibited a degree of carelessness very unusual in an Indian retreat. Various articles were strewn along the path, as if in terror they had been abandoned. These symptoms, while they increased the ardor of the young men, excited the apprehensions of the

more experienced borderers, and Boone in particular. He noticed that, amid all the signs of disorder so lavishly displayed, the Indians seemed to take even unusual care to conceal their numbers, by contracting their camp. It would seem that the Indians had rather overdone their stratagem. It was very natural to those not much experienced in Indian warfare, to suppose that the articles found strewn along the road, had been abandoned in the hurry of flight. But when they found that the utmost pains had been taken to point out the way to them by chopping the trees, one would have thought that the rawest among them, who had only spent a few months on the border, could have seen through so transparent an artifice. But all these indications were disregarded in the eager desire felt to punish the Indians for their invasion.

Nothing was seen of the enemy till the Kentuckians reached the Licks. Here, just as they arrived at Licking River, a few Indians were seen on the other side, retreating without any appearance of alarm. The troops now made a halt, and the officers held a consultation to determine on the course to be pursued. Boone, on being appealed to as the most experienced person present, gave his opinion as follows.

"'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 undoubt-

BATTLE OF THE BLUE LICKS.

edly 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.' "*

McClung, in his "Western Adventure," doubts whether the plan of operation proposed by Boone, would have been more successful than that actually adopted; suggesting that the enemy would have cut them off in detail, as at Estill's defeat.

But before the officers could come to any conclusion, Major McGary, dashed into the river on horseback, calling on all who were not cowards to follow. The next moment the whole of the party were advancing to the attack with the greatest ardor, but without any order whatever. Horse and foot struggled through the river together, and without waiting to form, rushed up the ascent from the shore.

"Suddenly," says McClung, "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 returned the fire, but under great disadvantage. They were upon a bare and open ridge; the Indians in a bushy ravine. The center 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 suf-

* McClung.

fered 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. Colonel 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 harassed and miserable footmen to cross in safety. The check, however, was but momentary. Indians were seen crossing in great numbers above and below, and the flight again became general. Most of the foot left the great buffalo track, and plunging into the thickets, escaped by a circuitous route to Bryant's station."

The pursuit was kept up for twenty miles, though with but little success. In the flight from the scene of action to the river, young Reynolds, (the same who replied to Girty's summons at Bryant's station,) on horseback, overtook Captain Patterson on foot. This officer had not recovered from the effects of wounds received on a former occasion, and was altogether unable to keep up with the rest of the fugitives.

Reynolds immediately dismounted, and gave the captain his horse. Continuing his flight on foot, he swam the river, but was made prisoner by a party of Indians. He was left in charge of a single Indian, whom he soon knocked down, and so escaped. For the assistance he so gallantly rendered him, Captain Patterson rewarded Reynolds with a present of two hundred acres of land.

Sixty of the whites were killed in this battle, and seven made prisoners. Boone, in his Autobiography, says that he was informed that the Indian loss in killed, was four more than that of the Kentuckians, and that the former put four of the prisoners to death, to make the numbers equal. But this account does not seem worthy of credit, when we consider the vastly superior numbers of the Indians, their advantage of position, and the disorderly manner in which the Kentuckians advanced. If this account is true, the loss of the Indians in the actual battle must have been much greater than that of their opponents, many of the latter having been killed in the pursuit.

As the loss of the Kentuckians on this occasion, the heaviest they had ever sustained, was undoubtedly caused by rashness, it becomes our duty, according to the established usage of historians, to attempt to show where the fault lies. The conduct of McGary, which brought on the action, appears to be the most culpable. He never denied the part which is generally attributed to him, but justified himself by saying that while at Bryant's station, he had advised waiting for Logan, but was met with the charge of cowardice. He believed that Todd and Trigg were jealous of Logan, who was the senior colonel, and would have taken the command had he come up. This statement he made to a gentleman several years after the battle took place. He said also to the same person, that when he found them hesitating in the presence of the enemy, he "burst into a passion," called them cowards, and dashed into the river as before narrated. If this account be true, it may somewhat palliate, but certainly not justify the action.

Before the fugitives reached Bryant's station, they met Logan advancing with his detachment. The exaggerated accounts he received of the slaughter, induced him to return to the above mentioned place. On the next morning all who had escaped from the battle were assembled, when Logan

found himself at the head of four hundred and fifty men. With this force he set out for the scene of the action, hoping that the enemy, encouraged by their success, would await his arrival. But when he reached the field, he found it deserted. The bodies of the slain Kentuckians, frightfully mangled, were strewed over the ground. After collecting and interring these, Logan, finding he could do nothing more, returned to Bryant's station, where he disbanded the troops.

CHAPTER IV.

CLARK'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE INDIANS. ATTACKS AND ADVENTURES.

Most of the Indians who had taken part in the battle of the Blue Licks, according to their custom, returned home to boast of their victory, thus abandoning all the advantages which might have resulted to them from following up their success. Some of them, however, attacked the settlements in Jefferson county, but they were prevented from doing much mischief by the vigilance of the inhabitants. They succeeded however in breaking up a small settlement on Simpson's Creek. This they attacked in the night, while the men, wearied by a scout of several days, were asleep. The enemy entered the houses before their occupants were fully roused. Notwithstanding this, several of the men defended themselves with great courage. Thomas Randolph killed several Indians before his wife and infant were struck down at his side, when he escaped with his remaining child through the roof. On reaching the ground he was assailed by two of the savages, but he beat them both off, and escaped. Several women escaped to the woods, and two were secreted under the floor of a cabin, where they remained undiscovered. Still the Indians captured quite a number of women and children,

some of whom they put to death on the road home. The rest were liberated the next year upon the conclusion of peace with the English.

General Clark proposed a retaliatory expedition into the Indian country, and to carry out the plan, called a council of the superior officers. The council agreed to his plan, and preparations were made to raise the requisite number of troops by drafting, if there should be any deficiency of volunteers. But it was not found necessary to resort to compulsory measures, both men and supplies for the expedition were raised without difficulty. The troops to the number of one thousand, all mounted, assembled at Bryant's station, and the falls of Ohio, from whence the two detachments marched under Logan and Floyd to the mouth of the Licking, where General Clark assumed the command. The history of this expedition, like most others of the same nature, possesses but little interest. The army with all the expedition they could make, and for which the species of force was peculiarly favorable, failed to surprise the Indians. These latter opposed no resistance of importance to the advance of the army. Occasionally, a straggling party would fire upon the Kentuckians, but never waited to receive a similar compliment in return. Seven Indians were taken prisoners, and three or four killed; one of them an old chief, too infirm to fly, was killed by Major McGary. The towns of the Indians were burnt, and their fields devastated. The expedition returned to Kentucky with the loss of four men, two of whom were accidently killed by their own comrades.

This invasion, though apparently so barren of result, is supposed to have produced a beneficial effect, by impressing the Indians with the numbers and courage of the Kentuckians. They appear from this time to have given up the expectation of reconquering the country, and confined their hostilities to the rapid incursions of small bands.

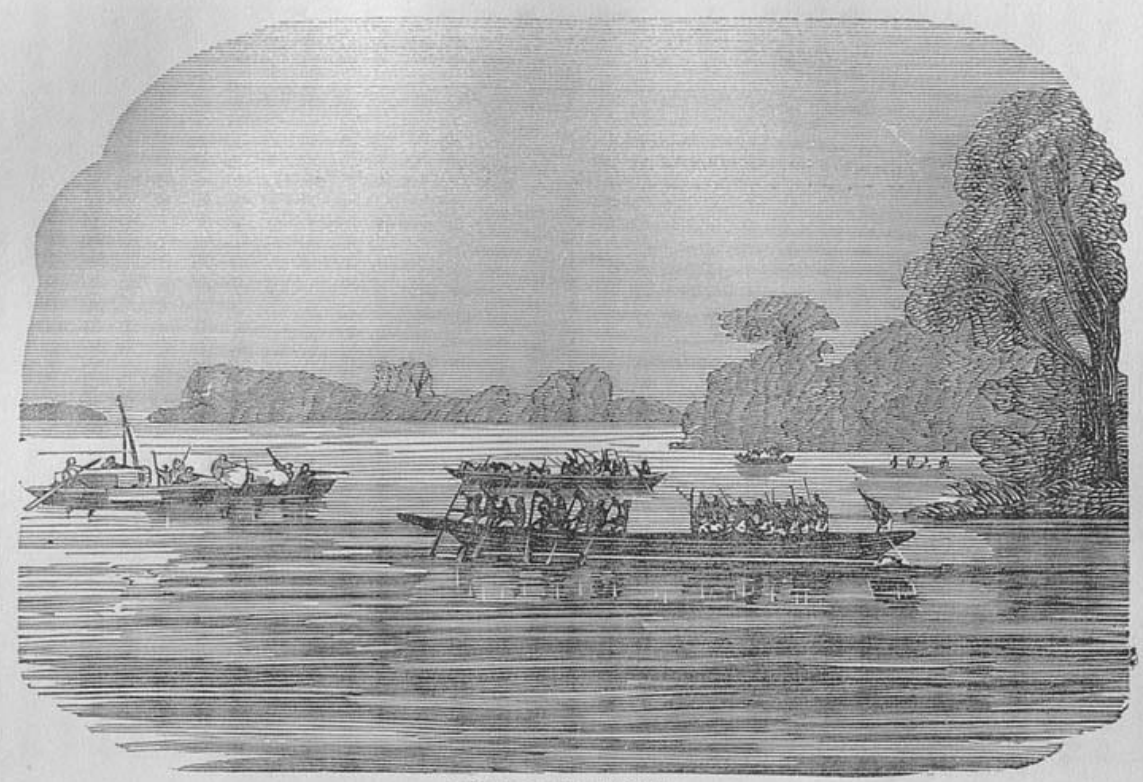
During the expedition of Clark, a party of Indians penetrated to the Crab Orchard settlement. They made an attack

upon a single house, containing only a woman, a negro man, and two or three children. One of the Indians, who had been sent in advance to reconnoitre, seeing the weakness of the garrison, thought to get all the glory of the achievement to himself.

He boldly entered the house and seized the negro, who proving strongest, threw him on the floor, when the woman despatched him with an axe. The other Indians coming up, attempted to force open the door which had been closed by the children during the scuffle. There was no gun in the house, but the woman seized an old barrel of one, and thrust the muzzle through the logs, at which the Indians retreated.

The year 1783 passed away without any disturbance from the Indians, who were restrained by the desertion of their allies the British. In 1784, the southern frontier of Kentucky was alarmed by the rumor of an intended invasion by the Cherokees, and some preparations were made for an expedition against them, which fell through, however, because there was no authority to carry it on. The report of the hostility of the Cherokees proved to be untrue.

Meanwhile difficulties arose in the performance of the terms of the treaty between England and the United States. They appear to have originated in a dispute in regard to an article contained in the treaty, providing that the British army should not carry away with them any negroes or other property belonging to the American inhabitants. In consequence of what they deemed an infraction of this article, the Virginians refused to comply with another, which stipulated for the repeal of acts prohibiting the collection of debts due to British subjects. The British on the other hand refused to evacuate the western posts, till this article was complied with. It was natural that the intercourse which had originated between the Indians and the garrisons of these posts, during the period they had acted as allies, should continue, and it did.



PURSUIT OF FLAT BOATS.

In the spring of 1784, a number of families started down the Ohio from Louisville in two flat boats. They were pursued by Indians in canoes, but awed by the determined aspect of the Whites, they drew off, without so much as a gun being fired on either side.

This same spring a party of southern Indians stole some horses from Lincoln county. Three young men, Davis, Caffree and McClure, pursued them, but failing to overtake them, concluded to make reprisals on the nearest Indian settlement. Not far from the Tennessee river, they fell in with an equal number of Indians. The two parties saluted each other in a very friendly manner, and agreed to journey in company. The Whites however were by no means convinced of the sincerity of their companions, and, seeing them talking together very earnestly, became assured of their hostile intentions. It being determined to anticipate the Indians' attack; Caffree undertook to capture one of them, while his companions shot the other two. Accordingly he sprang upon the nearest Indian, and bore him to the ground; Davis' gun missed fire but McClure shot his man dead. The remaining Indian sprung to a tree, from which shelter he shot Caffree, who was still struggling with the Indian he had grappled. He in his turn was immediately shot by McClure. The Indian whom Caffree had attacked, extricated himself from the grasp of his dying antagonist, and seizing his rifle, presented it at Davis, who was coming to the assistance of his friend. Davis took to flight, his rifle not being in good order, and was pursued by the Indian into the wood. McClure, loading his gun, followed them, but lost sight of both. Davis was never heard of afterwards.

McClure now concluded to retreat, but he had not proceeded far, before he met an Indian on horseback, attended by a boy on foot. The warrior dismounted, and seating himself upon a log, offered his pipe to McClure. Soon other Indians were seen advancing in the distance, when McClure's sociable friend,

informed him that when his companions came up, they would take him (McClure) and put him on a horse, tying his feet under its belly. In order to convey to his white brother an adequate idea of the honor intended him, the Indian got astride of the log and locked his feet together. McClure took this opportunity of shooting his amiable but rather eccentric companion, and then ran off into the woods and escaped.

This affair the reader will bear in mind, was with southern Indians, not with those of the north-western tribes, from whom the Kentuckians had suffered most. The only demonstration of hostility made by these, this year, appears to have been the pursuit of the boats mentioned before. In March, 1785, a man of the name of Elliot, who had emigrated to the country near the mouth of the Kentucky river, was killed by Indians, and his house destroyed and family dispersed

As Colonel Thomas Marshall from Virginia was descending the Ohio, in a flat boat, he was hailed from the northern shore by a man, who announced himself as James Girty, and said that he had been placed by his brother Simon, to warn all boats of the danger of being attacked by the Indians. He told them that efforts would be made to decoy them ashore by means of renegade white men, who would represent themselves as in great distress. He exhorted them to steel their hearts against all such appeals, and to keep the middle of the river. He said that his brother regretted the injuries he had inflicted upon the whites, and would gladly repair them as much as possible, to be re-admitted to their society, having lost all his influence among the Indians. (This repentance on the part of Girty, seems to have been of short duration, as he remained among the Indians till his death, which according to some took place at the battle of the Thames, though others deny it.)

However sincere or lasting Girty's repentance had been, he could never have lived in safety among the Whites; he had been too active, and if common accounts are to be credited, too savage in his hostility to them, to admit of forgiveness; and it

is probable that a knowledge of this prevented him from abandoning the Indians.

"About the same time," says McClung, "Captain James Ward, at present a highly respectable citizen of Mason county, Kentucky, was descending the Ohio, under cirumstances 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 oars 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 posterior 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 losing all patience, raised his head above the gunnel, and in a tone of querulous remonstrance, called out, 'Oh now! quit tat tamned nonsence, tere, will you!' Not a shot was fired from the boat. At one time, after they had partly regained the current, Captain 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

ATTACK ON WARD'S BOAT.

been fastened to the gunnel, and behind which he sat while rowing."*

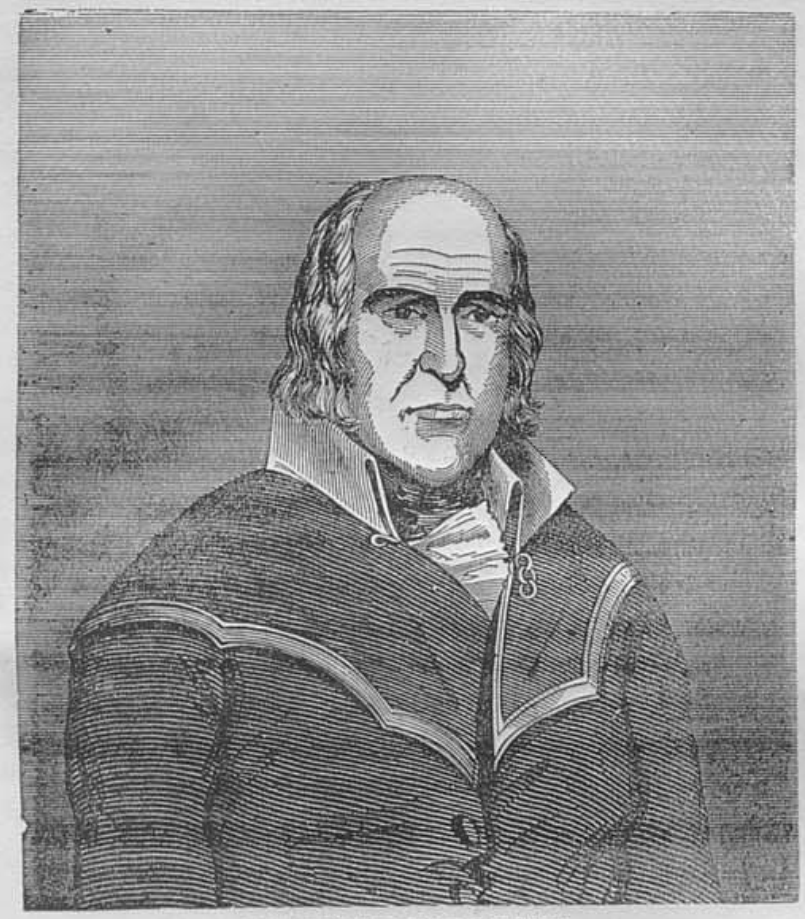
In October, a party of emigrants were attacked near Scagg's Creek, and six killed. Mrs. McClure, with four children, ran into the woods, where she might have remained concealed, if it had not been for the cries of her infant, whom she could not make up her mind to abandon. The Indians guided to her hiding place by these cries, cruely tomahawked the three oldest children, but made her prisoner with her remaining child. Captain Whitley, with twenty-one men, intercepted the party on its return, and dispersed them, killing two, and wounding the same number. The prisoners were rescued. A few days after, another party of emigrants were attacked, and nine of them killed. Captain Whitley again pursued the Indians. On coming up with them, they took to flight. Three were killed in the course of the pursuit; two by the gallant Captain himself. Some other depredations were committed this year but none of as much importance as those we have mentioned.

A number of Indians in April, 1786, stole some horses from the Bear Grass settlement, with which they crossed the Ohio. Colonel Christian pursued them into the Indian country, and coming up with them, destroyed the whole party. How many there were, is not stated. The whites lost two men, one of whom was the Colonel himself, whose death was a severe loss to Kentucky. The following affair, which took place the same year, is given in the language of one who participated in it.

"After the battle of the Blue Licks, and in 1786, our family removed to Higgins' block-house on Licking river, one and a half miles above Cynthiana. Between those periods my father had been shot by the Indians, and my mother married Samuel Van Hook, who had been one of the party engaged in the defence at Ruddell's station in 1780, and on its surrender, was carried with the rest of the prisoners to Detroit.

* M'Clung.

Higgins' fort, or block house, had been built at the bank of the Licking, on precipitous rocks, at least thirty feet high, which served to protect us on every side but one. On the morning of the 12th of June, at daylight, the fort, which consisted of six or seven houses, was attacked by a party of Indians, fifteen or twenty in number. There was a cabin outside, below the fort, where William McCombs resided, although absent at that time. His son Andrew, and a man hired in the family, named Joseph McFall, on making their appearance at the door to wash themselves, were both shot down—M'Combs through the knee, and McFall in the pit of the stomach. McFall ran to the block-house, and M'Combs fell, unable to support himself longer, just after opening the door of his cabin, and was dragged in by his sisters, who barricaded the door instantly. On the level and only accessible side, there was a corn-field, and the season being favorable, and the soil rich as well as new, the corn was more than breast high. Here the main body of the Indians lay concealed, while three or four who made the attack, attempted thereby to decoy the whites ouside of the defences. Failing in this, they set fire to an old fence and corn-crib, and two stables, both long enough built to be thoroughly combustible. These had previously protected their approach in that direction. Captain Asa Reese was in command of our little fort. 'Boys,' said he, 'some of you must run over to Hinkston's or Harrison's.' These were one and a half and two miles off, but in different directions. Every man declined. I objected, alleging as my reason, that he would give up the fort before I could bring relief; but on his assurance that he would hold out, I agreed to go. I jumped off the bank through the thicket of trees, which broke my fall, while they scratched my face and limbs. I got to the ground with a limb clenched in my hands, which I had grasped unawares in getting through. I recovered from the jar in less than a minute, crossed the Licking, and ran up a cow-path on the opposite



GEN. GEORGE RODGERS CLARKE.

side, which the cows from one of those forts had beat down in their visits for water. As soon as I had gained the bank, I shouted, to assure my friends of my safety, and to discourage the enemy. In less than an hour, I was back, with a relief of ten horsemen, well armed, and driving in full chase after the Indians. But they had decamped immediately, upon hearing my signal, well knowing what it meant, and it was deemed imprudent to pursue them with so weak a party—the whole force in Higgins' block-house hardly sufficing to guard the women and children there. McFall, from whom the bullet could not be extracted, lingered two days and nights in great pain, when he died, as did M'Combs, on the ninth day, mortification then taking place."

While these depredations were going on, most of the northwestern tribes were ostensibly at peace with the country, treaties having recently been made. But the Kentuckians, exasperated by the repeated outrages, determined to have resort to their favorite expedient of invading the Indian country. How far they were justified in holding the tribes responsible for the actions of these roving plunderers, the reader must judge for himself. We may remark, however, that it does not seem distinctly proved that the Indians engaged in these attacks, belonged to any of the tribes against whom the attack was to be made. But the backwoodsmen were never very scrupulous in such matters. They generally regarded the Indian race as a unit: an offence committed by one warrior might be lawfully punished on another. We often, in reading the history of the West, read of persons who, having lost relations by Indians of one tribe, made a practice of killing all whom they met, whether in peace or war. It is evident, as Marshal says, that no authority but that of Congress could render an expedition of this kind lawful. The Governor of Virginia had given instructions to the commanders of the counties, to take the necessary means for defence; and the Kentuckians giving a free interpretation to these instructions,

decided that the expedition was necessary and resolved to undertake it.

General Clark was selected to command it, and to the standard of this favorite officer, volunteers eagerly thronged. A thousand men were collected at the falls of the Ohio, from whence the troops marched by land to St. Vincennes, while the provisions and other supplies were conveyed by water. The troops soon became discouraged. When the provisions reached Vincennes, after a delay of several days on account of the low water, it was found that a large proportion of them were spoiled. In consequence of this, the men were placed upon short allowance, with which of course they were not well pleased. In the delay in waiting for the boats much of the enthusiasm of the men had evaporated; and it is said by some, that General Clark despatched a messenger to the towns, in advance of the troops, to offer them the choice of peace or war, which greatly lessened the chances of the success of the expedition. Though this measure would be only complying with the requirements of good faith, it is very doubtful if it was adopted, so utterly at variance would it be with the usual manner of conducting these expeditions.

At any rate, when the army arrived within two days march of the Indian towns, no less than three hundred of the men refused to proceed, nor could all the appeals of Clark induce them to alter their determination. They marched off in a body; and so discouraged were the others by this desertion, and the unfavorable circumstances in which they were placed, that a council held the evening after their departure concluded to relinquish the undertaking.

The whole of the troops returned to Kentucky in a very disorderly manner. Thus did this expedition, begun under the most favorable auspices, for the commander's reputation was greater than any other in the West, and the men were the elite of Kentucky, altogether fail of its object, the men not having even seen the enemy. Marshal, in accounting for this

unexpected termination, says that Clark was no longer the man he had been; that he had injured his intellect by the use of spirituous liquors. Colonel Logan had at first accompanied Clark, but he soon returned to Kentucky to organize another expedition; that might, while the attention of the Indians was altogether engrossed by the advance of Clark, fall upon some unguarded point. He raised the requisite number of troops without difficulty, and by a rapid march completely surprised one of the Shawanee towns, which he destroyed, killing several of the warriors, and bringing away a number of prisoners. In regard to the results of the measures adopted by the Kentuckians, we quote from Marshal.

"In October of this year, a large number of families travelling by land to Kentucky, known by the name of McKnitt's company, were surprised in camp, at night, by a party of Indians, between Big and Little Laurel river, and totally defeated, with the loss of twenty-one persons killed, and the rest dispersed, or taken prisoners.

About the same time, Captain Hardin, from the south-western part of the district, with a party of men, made an excursion into the Indian country, surrounding the Saline; he fell in with a camp of Indians, whom he attacked and defeated, killing four of them, without loss on his part.

Some time in December, Hargrove and others were defeated at the mouth of Buck creek, on the Cumberland river. The Indians attacked in the night, killed one man, and wounded Hargrove; who directly became engaged in a rencontre with an Indian, armed with his tomahawk; of this he was disarmed, but escaped, leaving the weapon with Hargrove, who bore it off, glad to extricate himself. In this year also, Benjamin Price was killed near the Three Forks of Kentucky.

Thus ended, in a full renewal of the war, the year whose beginning had happily witnessed the completion of the treaties of peace.

By this time, one thing must have been obvious to those

who had attended to the course of events—and that was, that if the Indians came into the country, whether for peace or war, hostilities were inevitable.

If the white people went into their country, the same consequences followed. The parties were yet highly exasperated against each other; they had not cooled since the peace, if peace it could be called; and meet where they would, bloodshed was the result.

Whether the Indians to the north and west had ascertained, or not, that the two expeditions of this year were with or without the consent of Congress, they could but think the treaties, vain things; and either made by those who had no right, to make them, or no power to enforce them. With Kentuckians, it was known, that the latter was the fact. To the Indians, the consequence was the same. They knew to a certainty, that the British had not surrendered the posts on the lakes—that it was from them, they received their supplies; that they had been deceived, as to the United States getting the posts; and they were easily persuaded to believe, that these posts would not be transferred; and that in truth, the British, not the United States, had been the conquerors in the late war.

Such were the reflections which the state of facts would have justified; and at the same time have disposed them for war. The invasion of their country, by two formidable armies from Kentucky, could leave no doubt of a disposition equally hostile on her part. Congress, utterly destitute of the means for enforcing the treaties, either on the one side or the other, stood aloof, ruminating on the inexhaustible abundance of her own want of resources—and the abuse of herself, for not possessing them."

After this year, we hear of but few independent expeditions from Kentucky. Their militia were often called out to operate with the United States troops, and in Wayne's campaign were of much service; but this will be attended to in the history

of that campaign. All that we have to relate of Kentucky now, is a series of predatory attacks by the Indians, varied occasionally by a spirited reprisal by a small party of whites. It is estimated that fifteen hundred persons were either killed or made prisoners in Kentucky after the year 1783.

"On the night of the 11th of April, 1787," says McClung, "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 country, 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 Kentuckian. 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 seized 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 loop hole, compelled them to shift the attack to some less exposed point; and, unfortunately, they discovered the door of the other cabin, containing 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 sally out to her assistance, when their mother threw herself before 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 stile 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 tomahawks of his enemies, and was found at daylight, scalped 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 Colonel 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 waive 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."

From this time Simon Kenton's name became very prominent as a leader. This year, at the head of forty-six men, he pursued a body of Indians, but did not succeed in overtaking them, which he afterwards regarded as a fortunate circumstance, as he ascertained that they were at least double the number of his own party. A man by the name of Scott, having been carried off by the Indians, Kenton followed them over the Ohio, and released him.

As early as January, 1788, the Indians entered Kentucky, two of them were captured near Crab Orchard by Captain Whitley. The same month, a party stole a number of horses, from the Elkhorn settlements; they were pursued and surprised in their camp. Their leader extricated his band, by a singular stratagem. Springing up before the whites could fire, he went through a series of the most extraordinary antics, leaping and yelling as if frantic. This conduct absorbing the attention of the whites, his followers took advantage of the opportunity to escape. As soon as they had all disappeared, the wily chief plunged into the woods and was seen no more. The attacks were continued in March. Several parties and families suffered severely. Lieutenant McClure, following the trail of a maurauding party of Indians, fell in with

another body, and in the skirmish that ensued was mortally wounded.

In 1789 a conference was held at the mouth of the Muskingum, with most of the North-western tribes, the result of which was the conclusion of another treaty. The Shawanees were not included in this pacification. This tribe was the most constant in its enmity to the whites, of all the Western Indians. There was but little use in making peace with the Indians unless all were included; for as long as one tribe was at war, restless spirits among the others were found to take part with them, and the whites, on the other hand, were not particular to distinguish between hostile and friendly Indians.

Though the depredations continued this year, no affair of unusual interest occurred; small parties of the Indians infested the settlements, murdering and plundering the inhabitants. They were generally pursued, but mostly without success. Major McMillan was attacked by six or seven Indians, but escaped unhurt after killing two of his assailants.

A boat on the Ohio was fired upon, five men killed, and a woman made prisoner. In their attacks upon boats, the Indians employed the stratagem of which the whites had been warned by Girty. White men would appear upon the shore, begging the crew to rescue them from the Indians, who were pursuing them. Some of these were renegades, and others prisoners compelled to act this part, under threats of death in its most dreadful form if they refused.

The warning of Girty is supposed to have saved many persons from this artifice; but too often unable to resist the many appeals, emigrants became victims to the finest feelings of our nature.

Thus in March, 1790, a boat descending the river, was decoyed ashore, and no sooner had it reached the bank, than it was captured by fifty Indians, who killed a man and a woman, and made the rest prisoners. An expedition was made against the Indians on the Sciota, by General Harmer

of the United States army, and General Scott of the Kentucky militia, but nothing of consequence was achieved. In May, a number of people returning from Divine service, on Bear Grass creek, were attacked, and one man killed, and a woman made prisoner, who was afterwards tomahawked. Three days after, a boat containing six men and several families, was captured by sixteen Indians without loss. The whites were all carried off by the Indians, who intended, it is said, to make them slaves; one of the men escaped and brought the news to the settlements.

In the fall, Harmer made a second expedition, which was attended with great disasters. A full account of this, as well as those of St. Clair and Wayne, will be found in the history of the Ohio border.

The following is an account of a singular escape.

"In the year 1790, Mr. Frederick Bough arrived in Kentucky, and being, on the 13th of October in that year, in company with a young man of his acquaintance, near Jacob Vanmeter's fort, in Hardin county, fell in with a party of Indians. As they approached, he observed to his companion that he thought he saw an Indian; but the young man ridiculed the idea, and coolly replying, "You are a fool for having such thoughts," kept on his way. They soon discovered a party of Indians within ten yards of them. The young man, exclaiming, "Good God! there they are!" fled with the utmost precipitation, but taking the direction *from* the fort, was soon caught by one of the savages, and barbarously killed. Mr. Bough, in running towards the fort, was fired at by the whole party in pursuit, which consisted of four, and was hit by three of them. One ball struck him in the left arm, another on the right thigh, and the third, passing through his waistcoat and shirt, grazed the skin of his left side. He was still, however, able to run, but, in attempting to cross a creek on his way to the fort, he stuck in the mud, when one of the Indians caught him, pulled him out, and felt of his arm to see if it was

broken. Finding it was not, he pulled out a strap with a loop at the end, for the purpose of confining Mr. Bough; but he, suddenly jerking away his hand, gave the savage a blow on the side of the head, which knocked him down. By this time two other Indians came up, the fourth having gone in pursuit of the horses. Mr. Bough kicked at the one he had knocked down, but missed him. Just at that moment one of the other Indians aimed a blow at his head with a tomahawk, but in his eagerness struck too far over, and hit only with the handle, which, however, nearly felled Mr. Bough to the ground; but he, instantly recovering himself, struck at the tomahawk and knocked it out of his antagonist's hand. They both grasped at it, but the Indian being quickest, picked it up, and entered into conversation with his companion. The latter then struck Mr. Bough with a stick, and as he stepped forward to return the blow, they all retreated, (probably fearing an attack by a party from the fort), and suddenly went off, leaving one of their blankets and a kettle, which Mr. Bough took with him to the fort. [The foregoing particulars were communicated to the editor of the Western Review, in 1821, by Mr. Bough himself, then residing in Bath county.]"

The campaign of 1791, was opened by a spirited contest between the boat of Captain Hubbel, and a large body of Indians. Captain Hubbel, had emigrated to Kentucky, from Vermont previous to this year, and was now returning from a visit to the east. His party consisted of nine men, three women, and eight children. On the twenty-third of March, they overtook six boats, descending the river in company, and at first determined to remain with them, but the crews were very careless, occupying themselves in dancing, so that they changed their minds, and parting from them pushed on as fast as their oars could carry them. One of the boats, commanded by Captain Greathouse, for a short time tried the same plan, but soon became weary and resigned themselves to the current. During the night, Captain Hubbel's party made preparations

for defence, a canoe being dimly seen floating in the river, which was supposed to contain Indians. The rest of the account we quote from the Western Review.

"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 eyebrows;' 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 the 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 almost 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,

GENERAL WILKINSON.

"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 bodies of Captain Greathouse and several of his crew were found on the shore near the scene of their capture, bound to trees, with the appearance of having been whipped to death.

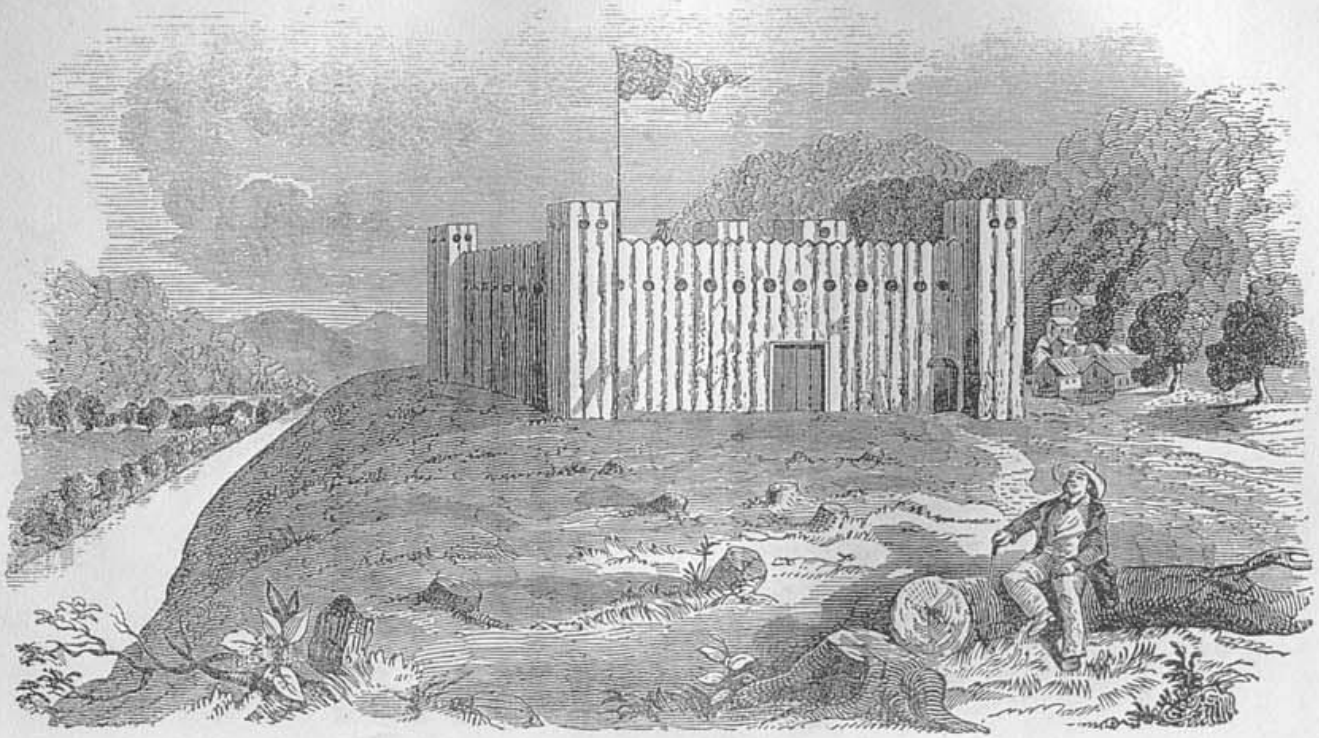
In April, a skirmish took place between five rangers, and seven Indians, in which the latter were put to flight with two of their number wounded. Another party of Indians who crossed the Ohio and penetrated the country, were waylaid on their return, by a party of hunters who discovered their canoes. Five of the Indians were killed without any loss on the part of the whites.

In May, General Charles Scott, with General Wilkinson, as second in command, led eight hundred men into the enemy's country.

"On the 23d of the month," says Marshal, "orders were given to march; and after penetrating the wilderness, one hundred and fifty miles, without molestation, and almost without discovery —on the 1st day of June some huts were seen, and a village announced at a few miles distance. At this point, Colonel John Hardin, was detached to attack the first cabin—Captain William Price, to take the second—and Colonel Com'dt. Wilkinson pushed forward to the main village; which might consist of three or four such buildings. Colonel Hardin killed six men, and took fifty women and children. Captain Price killed two men; but made no prisoners. The Colonel Commandmant, arriving opposite a Kickapoo village on the bank of the Wabash, found several canoes full of Indians; which, says the bulletin, he forthwith emptied—but whether by killing, or scaring them into the river, as so many terapins, does not appear.

Thus ended the achievements of the first day. The next morning was assigned to the Colonel Commandant, for a command of five hundred men, to move on Kethepecannank, at the mouth of Eel river, eighteen miles distant. Such, however, had been the exertions and fatigues of the preceding days, that only three hundred and fifty men could be paraded for the service.

Formidable as was the name of the town, to be assailed—the Colonel Commandant, without the least hesitation, put his diminished command in motion. The march was rapid, the town approached, assailed, and conquered. It is true, there was no resistance. In twelve hours, the party returned to camp, without the loss of man or horse. Some few prisoners were taken, and treated kindly. It is a fact worthy of notice, the few Indians who were killed on this expedition, were not scalped. At which, it is said, the prisoners were much astonished."



A BORDER BLOCK HOUSE.

The Kentuckians sustained no loss in this enterprise, thirty of the Indians were killed, and fifty made prisoners, these latter were probably women and children. So well pleased were the Kentuckians with the success of this expedition, that they planned another directly after. This was led by Wilkinson, and consisted of five hundred mounted riflemen. The results of this expedition were much like the former. The Indian village L'Anguille was attacked and destroyed, six warriors killed, and a few prisoners made, who were well treated. Marshal says that the Kentuckians returned unhurt, but Butler states that they suffered a loss of two killed and one wounded. From this time the opinion began to prevail in the West, that mounted riflemen were the only troops suitable for an Indian campaign. Certain it is they were by no means so liable to surprise, from the fact that they travelled so rapidly.

Such was the feeling in Kentucky against the employment of regular infantry against Indians, that when General St. Clair called for militia from that State, they were obliged to draft them, as none were willing to serve with the United States troops. In the defeat sustained by the army under St. Clair, the militia suffered but little. Many of them indeed deserted before the action: and to this may be attributed, in a considerable measure, the catastrophe—the army having been weakened by the detachment of six hundred men of the regular troops, who were sent to bring the militia back.

"A few weeks after this defeat," says Butler, "General Scott having raised a volunteer corps of mounted men, is said to have despatched some scouts to reconnoiter the enemy, who, when they had arrived within a few miles of the battle ground, discovered a large party of Indians diverting and enjoying themselves with the plunder they had taken; riding the bullocks and to all appearances generally drunk. This condition of things was quickly reported to their commander; a forced march was ordered, and the corps being divided into three parties, fell

upon the enemy by surprise and routed them with a slaughter of two hundred killed on the spot; all the cannon and stores in their possession were retaken, and the remainder of the savage body put to flight. General Scott in this pretended retaliation upon the Indians, is represented to have lost six men; to give greater plausibility to this tale, he is said to have given the following affecting description of the fatal field of St. Clair's defeat. In the space of three hundred and fifty yards lay five hundred skull bones; and from the battle ground for five miles, the roads and woods were strewed with skeletons and muskets. This would indeed have been a retaliation almost merited by the bloody field of St. Clair; but an attentive reader must have been astounded at the greatness of the alleged carnage. Two hundred Indians killed would have been a more memorable destruction of the savages, than had ever been ascertained, (it is believed, in any one contest) during the wars of more than two centuries with the European race. But this whole account is utterly fabulous: the Kentucky troops did not go beyond the Eagle creek hills in their own State, and did not cross the Ohio. An actor in the party itself has assured the author, that the whole expedition to the field of battle is a fiction: the panic of the western country was too great to admit of so remarkable an enterprise to a scene, which had filled the country with dismay and with mourning."

In 1792 hostilities were begun in the usual manner, by the inroads of numerous small parties into Kentucky. Passing over some of the less important of these, we come to an adventure in which Kenton was engaged. In April, a party of the enemy entered Mason county, and stole some horses belonging to Captain Luther Calvin. Thirty-seven men under Calvin and Kenton started in pursuit, when they were a few miles the other side of the Ohio, fifteen of the men declined going any further, but the rest, undismayed by this defection, pressed on. About noon of the second day they shot an Indian who was advancing towards them on horseback. It was deter-

INDIAN CAMP.

mined to follow his trail to see if any more of the enemy were about, and a few scouts were sent in advance, while the others moved slowly on. The scouts returned in an hour and reported the discovery of a large body of Indians encamped at a short distance. This news had such an effect upon the nerves of the party, that they at once took to flight and fled several miles before they halted or consulted about what measures it would be proper to take. It was then proposed to erect a breastwork and await the enemy, but as they heard nothing of his approach, they grew bolder, and resolved to attack him in his camp. Accordingly at dark, they returned, and, reaching the neighborhood of the camp, divided into two companies, one led by Kenton and the other by Calvin. Calvin's party was first engaged; as they moved to the attack, they were discovered by a dog, who immediately gave the alarm. An Indian who approached the party cautiously, was shot by Calvin, and a general volley followed from his men, as the Indians, alarmed, sprang suddenly up. The fire was returned from the camp, and kept up for some time on both sides, but without much effect. In the meanwhile, Kenton's division advancing had one man killed, upon which the remainder made a precipitate retreat, and no sooner was this known to Calvin's men, than they followed their example. The Indians pursued, and overtaking one of the party, tomahawked him. The rest escaped. The loss of the Indians is not known. It is said they were commanded by Tecumseh; and to his presence of mind, the result of the attack is attributed. Major Brown, of Nelson county, pursued a party of Indians, and overtaking, dispersed them, killing four, and losing one man killed, and having two others wounded. Toward the end of the year Kentucky sustained a loss in the death of Colonel Hardin, who having been sent on a mission to the Indians, was murdered by a party of them.

In 1793, Wayne assumed the command at the West, a requisition was again made upon the authorities of Kentucky for

militia, and was complied with, after some delay. Early in the spring the Indians renewed their depredations in Kentucky. An emigrant party was attacked, several men killed, and the women and children captured. Morgan's station was taken, two men killed, and nineteen of the people made prisoners. The Indians were pursued, but murdered their prisoners, and escaped. Other depredations were committed, but as we cannot notice every affair of this kind, we pass on to 1794. General Wayne's preparations were not completed in time to commence active operations in 1793; the year was spent in drilling the troops. It is said that the conduct of the general went far to eradicate the prejudice in the minds of the Kentuckians against the regular troops, so that when he called for volunteers in 1794, sixteen hundred joined him. The Indian inroads do not appear to have been numerous this year, probably because they were preparing for the contest with General Wayne. Several persons were killed on the rolling fork of Salt river, and a number of other small affairs took place in various portions of the country, but these possess no unusual interest. After Wayne's successful campaign, a treaty with the Indians gave security to Kentucky.

BORDER WARS OF OHIO, INDIANA AND ILLINOIS.

CHAPTER I.

EXPLORATIONS OF THE FRENCH—EXPEDITIONS OF GEN. CLARKE, COL. WILLIAMSON, AND COL. CRAWFORD.

THE vast tract of territory north of the Ohio river, and now included in the States Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, was first visited by Europeans in December, 1679. M. La Salle, a Frenchman, of a bold and enterprising genius, commanded a party of his countrymen, who left their forts in Canada to explore the country south of the great lakes; and, under his direction, they descended the Illinois river, discovered Peoria lake, and traded with the Indians. Not far from Peoria, La Salle erected a trading fort, and then fitted out an expedition to explore the Upper Mississippi. The command of this expe-

dition was entrusted to Louis Hennepin. La Salle returned to Fort Frontenac for supplies, intending to undertake an expedition in person to the mouth of the Mississippi. But it was not until November, 1681, that he was enabled to set out. With the details of this expedition we have no concern. It is sufficient for us to say here that La Salle maintained a most friendly and mutually advantageous intercourse with the Indians. After the death of La Salle, the French Jesuits established several missions among the red men, and traversed the country on the Wabash and Illinois. These missionaries laid the foundation of that attachment to the French interest which the Indians of the northwest territory so long evinced. The country on the Ohio was little known to the English until 1740, when traders from Pennsylvania and Virginia visited the tribes who inhabited it.

Gordon, in his History of Pennsylvania, states that in the year 1745, Peter Chartier, an influential Indian interpreter, joined the French Indians on the Ohio, to the injury of Pennsylvania interests. Chartier's motives for this course are unknown. As it is further recorded that he headed a party of Shawanese in an attack upon, and robbery of some English traders, we may conjecture that they were criminal.

On the year following the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, the French began to take formal possession of the country on the Ohio, which they claimed by right of discovery. Captain Celeron de Brienville erected a wooden cross at the mouths of the rivers, buried leaden plates, containing the French claim, at their feet, and notified the Governor of Pennsylvania to forbid English traders from visiting the country. Nevertheless, English traders did visit the country, and much bickering and a few rencontres ensued.

During Pontiac's War, the events of which have been detailed in the border history of Pennsylvania, few of the English traders dared to venture further west than Fort Pitt. But the expedition of Colonel Boquet broke up the Indian

confederacy, and compelled the tribes composing it to enter into a treaty of peace and restitution; and then the country on the Monongahela and on the Ohio began to be settled. In the vicinity of some of the Jesuit missions, villages sprang up, and gradually increased in importance. Of these, Kaskaskia was the first and most noted. It contained about one hundred families in 1763. There were several other villages in the vicinity, one at Peoria lake, and another at Fort Chartres, on the Mississippi. The whole European population then in the Northwest territory did not exceed three thousand souls. By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle this territory was ceded to the English.

At the commencement of the revolutionary war, the population of the Northwest territory was about the same as when ceded to England. A small English garrison was stationed at Kaskaskia, another at Cahokia, and another at St. Vincent's, or Vincennes, in the territory now included in Indiana. The English, by promises and presents, succeeded not only in pacifying these savages, but in making them their allies in the war. For this conduct there can be no apology. That a government, professing to be enlightened and humane, should stimulate the savages to vent their fury and cruelty upon unprotected women and children, was monstrous. Yet, years before, the same government had loudly complained of the same policy, pursued by the French.

In the fall of 1777, Colonel George Rogers Clarke, who makes so conspicuous a figure in the history of Kentucky, conceived the idea of attacking the British posts in Illinois, and thus checking the Indian depredations at their source. He knew that such an expedition would take the enemy by surprise, and upon this chiefly he relied for success. Impressed with the importance of the scheme, he sent two spies to Kaskaskia, to reconnoitre. These spies returned and reported that the savages were encouraged in their cruel warfare by the British agents and the inhabitants generally; but

that a small portion of the French settlers felt a strong affection for the Americans, and would aid an expedition against the British posts.

Colonel Clarke now matured his plans, and hastened to lay them before the Governor of Virginia, Patrick Henry. The Governor listened to his confident representations, and becoming satisfied of the practicability of the expedition, submitted the subject to the Council, who decided to furnish the necessary troops and supplies. Two sets of instructions were given to Colonel Clarke. One authorized him to enlist seven companies, to be subject to his orders and to serve three months after their arrival in Kentucky; the other set was secret, and drawn as follows:

VIRGINIA: SCT. IN COUNCIL,
Williamsburgh, Jan. 2d, 1778.

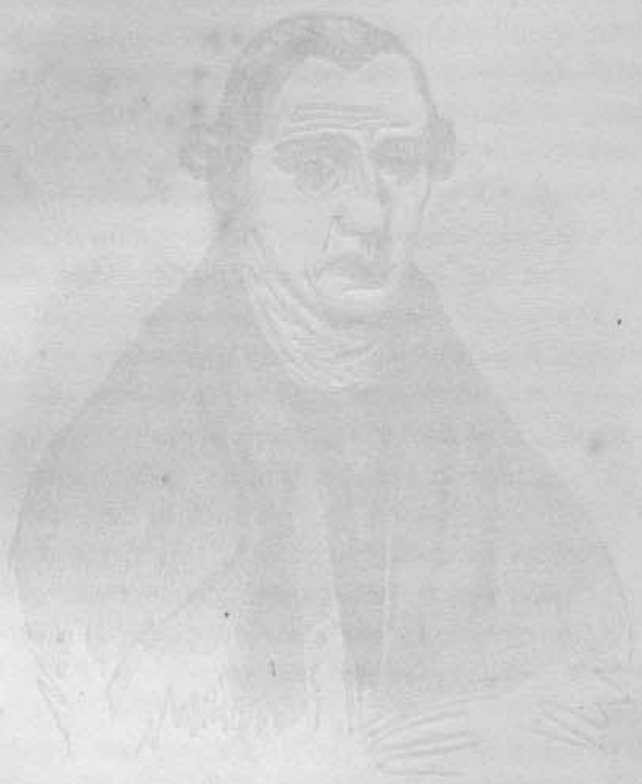
LIEUTENANT COLONEL GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE:

You are to proceed, with all convenient speed, to raise seven companies of soldiers, to consist of fifty men each, officered in the usual manner, and armed most properly for the enterprise; and with this force attack the British post at Kaskaskia.

It is conjectured that there are many pieces of cannon, and military stores to considerable amount, at that place; the taking and preservation of which would be a valuable acquisition to the State. If you are so fortunate, therefore, as to succeed in your expedition, you will take every possible measure to secure the artillery and stores, and whatever may advantage the State.

For the transportation of the troops, provisions, &c., down the Ohio, you are to apply to the commanding officer at Fort Pitt, for boats; and during the whole transaction you are to take especial care to keep the true destination of your force secret: its success depends upon this. Orders are therefore given to Captain Smith to secure the two men from Kaskaskia. Similar conduct will be proper in similar cases.

PATRICK HENRY.



It is earnestly desired that you show humanity to such British subjects and other persons as fall in your hands. If the white inhabitants at that post and the neighborhood, will give undoubted evidence of their attachment to this State, (for it is certain they live within its limits,) by taking the test prescribed by law, and by every other way and means in their power, let them be treated as fellow-citizens, and their persons and property duly secured. Assistance and protection against all enemies whatever, shall be afforded them; and the Commonwealth of Virginia is pledged to accomplish it. But if these people will not accede to these reasonable demands, they must feel the miseries of war, under the direction of that humanity that has hitherto distinguished Americans, and which it is expected you will ever consider as the rule of your conduct, and from which you are in no instance to depart.

The corps you are to command are to receive the pay and allowance of militia, and to act under the laws and regulations of this State, now in force, as militia. The inhabitants at this post will be informed by you, that in case they accede to the offers of becoming citizens of this Commonwealth, a proper garrison will be maintained among them, and every attention bestowed to render their commerce beneficial; the fairest prospects being opened to the dominions of both France and Spain.

It is in contemplation to establish a post near the mouth of the Ohio. Cannon will be wanted to fortify it. Part of those at Kaskaskia will be easily brought thither, or otherwise secured, as circumstances will make necessary.

You are to apply to General Hand, at Pittsburgh, for powder and lead necessary for this expedition. If he cannot supply it, the person who has that which Captain Lynn brought from Orleans can. Lead was sent to Hamphshire by my orders, and that may be delivered you. Wishing you success, I am, Sir, your humble servant,* P. HENRY.

* See Butler's History of Kentucky, pp. 489.

With these humane and judicious instructions, and 1200 pounds in the depreciated currency of the time, Colonel Clarke went to Pittsburgh, to enlist men. There, however, he encountered much opposition. The neighborhood was exposed to the inroads of the savages, and the inhabitants were opposed to sending their defenders to Kentucky. The troops destined for the expedition rendezvoused at Corn Island, opposite the spot now occupied by Louisville. There Clarke announced to them their destination, and selecting four companies as the invading force, proceeded down the river on the 24th of June. Landing on an island at the mouth of the Tennessee river, he met a party of hunters, from whom he gained important intelligence concerning the state of things at Kaskaskia. He learned that the garrison was commanded by a Mr. Rocheblave, that spies were on the look-out for invaders, and that the fort which commanded the town, was kept merely as a place of retreat, without a regular garrison. The hunters offered their services as guides, and they were accepted.

The boats were dropped down to a point on the Illinois shore, a little above the place where fort Massac was afterwards built, and there concealed; and the little army took up its line of march through the wilderness. Their commander marched at their head, sharing in all respects the condition of his men. On the evening of the 4th of July, 1778, the expedition arrived in the neighborhood of the town, where it lay until dark, when the march was continued. That night the town and fort were surprised and captured without the effusion of a drop of blood. M. Rocheblave, the British governor, was taken in his chamber; but very few of his public papers were secured, as they were secreted or destroyed by his wife, whom the Kentuckians were too polite to molest. In the course of a few days, Clarke had, by his wise and prudent policy, entirely dissipated the alarm, and gained the affections of the French inhabitants, and his conquest was

thus confirmed, and the ascendency of the Virginia government firmly rooted in the feelings of the people. Having effected this most desirable revolution in the sentiments of the inhabitants, he next turned his attention to the small French village of Cahokia, situated about sixty miles higher up the Mississippi. He accordingly despatched Major Bowman, with his own and part of another company, to effect the reduction of this small post, at that time a place of considerable trade, and a depot for the distribution of arms and ammunition to the Indians, a considerable body of whom were encamped in the neighborhood when the Americans approached. The expedition was accompanied by several Kaskaskia gentlemen, who volunteered their services to assist in the reduction of the place. The expedition reached the town without being discovered. The surprise and alarm of the inhabitants was great; but when the Kaskaskia gentlemen narrated what had occurred at their own village, the general consternation was converted into hurras for freedom and the Americans. The people took the oath of allegiance, and in a few days the utmost harmony prevailed.

The expedition thus far had met with full success, but Vincennes still remained in the possession of the British, and until it should share the fate of Kaskaskia, Clarke felt that there was no safety for his new conquest. His uneasiness was great. His situation was critical. His force was too small to garrison Kaskaskia and Cahokia, and leave him a sufficient power to attempt the reduction of Vincennes by open assault. At length he communicated his perplexity to a Catholic priest, M. Gibault, who agreed to attempt to bring the inhabitants over whom he had pastoral charge, into the views of the American commander. This, through the agency and influence of the priest, was effected with little difficulty. The inhabitants threw off their allegiance to the British, the garrison was overpowered and expelled, and the American flag displayed from the ramparts of the fort.

Having thus succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations, in his designs against the power of the British in the West, Clarke next turned his attention to conciliate the various Indian tribes inhabiting this region. This great purpose, after a long and tedious series of negotiations, in which the character of the American commander unfolded itself under its most powerful aspect, was finally accomplished; the hostility of many of the tribes pacified, and their prejudices disarmed. Success in this politic intercourse with the untutored savage of the wilderness, depends far more on the personal qualities of the negotiator, than on the justice of the cause or the plausibility of his reasoning. The American Indian has an unbounded admiration for all those high and heroic virtues which enter into the character of the successful warrior, and the terror of Clarke's name had spread far and wide. To these advantages he added that of a thorough knowledge of the Indian character, in all its peculiarities, its strength, and its weakness. He knew when to be mild and conciliating—when to be stern and uncompromising. The tact and promptitude with which he adapted his conduct to the exigency of the occasion has become proverbial. His address was wonderful, the fertility of his resources inexhaustible, and his influence among those wild and unsophisticated children of the woods grew so predominant, that they gave whatever he asked.*

While the negotiations were pending, a couple of incidents occurred, which are worthy of mention, as illustrating the character of Clarke. We quote from Perkins' Annals of the West.

"A party of Indians, known as Meadow Indians, had come to attend the council with their neighbors. These, by some means, were induced to attempt the murder of the invaders, and tried to obtain an opportunity to commit the crime pro-

* Collins' Kentucky.

posed, by surprising Clarke and his officers in their quarters. In this plan they failed, and their purpose was discovered by the sagacity of the French in attendance; when this was done, Clarke gave them to the French to deal with as they pleased, but with a hint that some of the leaders would be as well in irons. Thus fettered and foiled, the chiefs were brought daily to the council-house, where he whom they proposed to kill, was engaged daily in forming friendly relations with their red brethren. At length, when by these means the futility of their project had been sufficiently impressed upon them, the American commander ordered their irons to be struck off, and in his quiet way, full of scorn, said, 'Every body thinks you ought to die for your treachery upon my life, amidst the sacred deliberations of a council. I had determined to inflict death upon you for your base attempt, and you yourselves must be sensible that you have justly forfeited your lives; but on considering the meanness of watching a bear and catching him asleep, I have found out that you are not warriors, only old women, and too mean to be killed by the Big Knife. But,' continued he, 'as you ought to be punished for putting on breech cloths like men, they shall be taken away from you, plenty of provisions shall be given for your journey home, as women don't know how to hunt, and during your stay you shall be treated in every respect as squaws.' These few cutting words concluded, the Colonel turned away to converse with others. The children of the prairie, who had looked for anger, not contempt—punishment, not freedom—were unaccountably stirred by this treatment. They took counsel together, and presently a chief came forward with a belt and pipe of peace, which, with proper words, he laid upon the table. The interpreter stood ready to translate the words of friendship, but, with curling lip, the American said he did not wish to hear them, and lifting a sword which lay before him, he shattered the offered pipe, with the cutting expression that 'he did not treat with

women.' The bewildered, overwhelmed Meadow Indians, next asked the intercession of other red men already admitted to friendship, but the only reply was, "The Big Knife has made no war upon these people; they are of a kind that we shoot like wolves when we meet them in the woods, lest they eat the deer.' All this wrought more and more upon the offending tribe; again they took counsel, and then two young men came forward, and covering their heads with their blankets, sat down before the impenetrable commander; then two chiefs arose, and stating that these young warriors offered their lives as an atonement for the misdoings of their relatives, again they presented the pipe of peace. Silence reigned in the assembly, while the fate of the proffered victims hung in suspense: all watched the countenance of the American leader, who could scarce master the emotion which the incident excited. Still, all sat noiseless, nothing heard but the deep breathing of those whose lives thus hung by a thread. Presently, he upon whom all depended arose, and approaching the young men, he bade them be uncovered and stand up. They sprang to their feet. 'I am glad to find,' said Clarke, warmly, 'that there are men among all nations. With you, who alone are fit to be chiefs of your tribe, I am willing to treat; through you I am ready to grant peace to your brothers; I take you by the hand as chiefs, worthy of being such.'"

In this affair, we may see the deep insight of Clarke into the nature of the red man, and the fearless generosity which he loved to display. The tribe of Meadow Indians were, from that time, the firm allies of the "Big Knives."

The same qualities were exercised upon another occasion. While Colonel Clarke was gaining the favor of the majority of the savages, a famous warrior, named Big Gate, remained friendly to the British interest, and even had the courage to come to the councils at Cahokia, with the English war wampum and medals upon his person. During the transaction of the public business, Clarke took no notice of the hostile

chief. But when the treaties were concluded, he invited him to dine with him, adding that "with us, however we may be enemies, it is usual to show respect to those who are brave." This bold appeal to the red man's sympathies astonished him. He hesitated but a moment; and then stepping into the midst of the assembly, threw down the emblems of friendship for Britain, and proclaimed himself an ally of the Big Knives.

On the arrival of Governor Hamilton with a considerable force, Captain Helm was in command. He, and one soldier by the name of Henry, constituted at that time the whole of its garrison. As soon as Governor Hamilton had arrived within speaking distance of the fort, the American commander, in a loud voice, cried out, "Halt." Captain Helm had a cannon, well charged, then placed in the open gateway, and stood at the time with a lighted match, by its side. Governor Hamilton, seeing the cannon in the gateway, and hearing the word "halt," stopped immediately, and demanded its surrender. "No man," exclaimed Helm, with an oath, "enters here until I know the terms." Hamilton replied immediately, "You shall have the honors of war." Helm then surrendered the fort, and with the private, marched out with the honors of war.*

In the meantime, Clarke, having learned that Governor Hamilton had only eighty men in garrison at Vincennes, and but few pieces of cannon, resolved promptly to make a home-thrust while in his power. As he said, "he had to take, or be taken." Fitting out a galley, and putting on board two four-pounders and four swivels which he had taken from the enemy, he despatched Captain Rodgers, with forty-six men aboard of it, to descend the Mississippi, ascend the Ohio, and force a way up the Wabash as far as White river, where he was to remain until he received further orders. Clarke then raised two companies of men in Kaskaskia and Cahokia, which

* History of Illinois.

increased his force to 170 men. On the 7th of February, 1779, this little army, headed by its indomitable commander, commenced its toilsome march over the swamp-lands of the Wabash, for Vincennes.

To divert the men from their dreary toil, Colonel Clarke encouraged hunting parties and feasts on game. After a march of seven days, the troops arrived at the Little Wabash.

"But now the worst part of the expedition was still before them. At this point the forks of the stream are three miles apart, and the opposite heights of land five miles distant even in the ordinary state of the water. When the expedition arrived, the intervening valley was covered with water three feet in depth. Through this dreadful country the expedition was compelled to make its way until the 18th, when they arrived so near Vincennes that they could hear the morning and evening guns at the fort. On the evening of the same day they encamped within nine miles of the town, below the mouth of the Embarrass river. Here they were detained until the 20th, having no means of crossing the river; but on the 20th, the guard brought to and captured a boat, in which the men and arms were safely transported to the other shore. There was still, however, an extensive sheet of water to be passed, which on sounding proved to be up to the arm-pits. When this discovery was made, the whole detachment began to manifest signs of alarm and despair, which Colonel Clarke observing, took a little powder in his hand, mixed some water with it, and having blackened his face, raised an Indian war whoop, and marched into the water. The effect of the example was electrical, and the men followed without a murmur. In this manner, and singing in chorus, the troops made their way through the water, almost constantly waist deep, until they arrived within sight of the town. The immense exertion required to effect this march may not be described. The difficulty was greatly heightened by there being no timber to afford support to the wearied soldiers, who were compelled to

force their way through the stagnant waters, with no aid but their own strength. When they reached the dry land, the men were so exhausted, that many of them fell, leaving their bodies half immersed in the water. Having captured a man who was shooting ducks in the neighborhood of the town, by him Clarke sent a letter to the inhabitants, informing them that he should take possession of the town that night. So much did this letter take the town by surprise, that the expedition was thought to be from Kentucky; in the condition of the waters they did not dream that it could be from Illinois. The inhabitants could not have been more astonished if the invaders had arisen out of the earth."*

On the evening of the 23d, Clarke set out to take possession of the town. To give the garrison an exaggerated idea of the number of his troops, he marched and countermarched, and displayed several sets of colors. Then taking a position on a height back of the town, he opened a spirited fire upon the garrison. Many of the men would lay within thirty yards of the fort, untouched by its guns; and no sooner was a port-hole opened, than a dozen rifles were directed at it, doing swift destruction. The garrison became dispirited; and on the evening of the next day, the commander sent a flag, asking a truce of three days. Of course, this was refused, and the commander was compelled to surrender immediately, but on honorable terms. On the 25th of February, the stars and stripes floated from the fort, and the success of the expedition was complete. Soon afterwards, the galley hove in sight, and the crew were much mortified to find their services useless, though they shared in the rejoicing for the victory achieved by their gallant comrades. Detroit was now in full view, but Clarke's force was inadequate to the attempt, and he soon after returned to Kaskaskia, leaving Captain Helm in command at Vincennes.

* Collins' Kentucky.

In the plan and conduct of this expedition we may trace the highest qualities of military genius. To Colonel George Rogers Clarke belongs the whole honor of its conception and execution. It was he, who saw the practicability of the expedition. It was he who worked incessantly until he had obtained the men and supplies; and it was he whose activity, prudence, and skill, won success after a march worthy of the great Hannibal. Few men our country has produced have surpassed Clarke in the requisites of a commander.

We come now to an expedition which must forever cast a stain upon the character of those who projected and executed it. Previous to the Revolutionary war, several Moravian missionaries, of whom Post and Heckwelder were the most noted, penetrated the wilderness north of the Ohio, and succeeded in gaining the friendship of the Indians. They had three stations on the river Tuscarawas, viz: Shoenbrun, Gnadenhutten, and Salem.

"The Moravian villages were situated about midway between the white settlements near the Ohio, and some warlike tribes of Wyandots and Delawares on the Sandusky. These latter were chiefly in the service of England, or at least opposed to the colonists, with whom she was then at war. There was a British station at Detroit, and an American one at Fort Pitt, (Pittsburgh,) which were regarded as the nucleus of western operations by each of the contending parties. The Moravian villages of friendly Indians on the Tuscarawas were situated, as the saying is, between two fires. As Christian converts and friends of peace, both policy and inclination led them to adopt neutral grounds. With much difficulty they sustained this position, partially unmolested, until the autumn of 1781. In the month of August, in that year, an English officer named Elliott, from Detroit, attended by two Delaware chiefs, Pimoacan and Pipe, with three hundred warriors, visited Gnadenhutten. They urged the necessity of the speedy removal of the Christian Indians further west, as a measure of

safety. Seeing the latter were not inclined to take their advice, they resorted to threats, and in some instances to violence. They at last succeeded in their object. The Christian Indians were forced to leave their crops of corn, potatoes and garden vegetables, and remove, with their unwelcome visiters, to the country bordering on the Sandusky. The missionaries were taken prisoners to Detroit. After suffering severely from hunger and cold during the winter, a portion of the Indians were permitted to return to their settlements on the Tuscarawas, for the purpose of gathering in the corn left on the stalk the preceding fall.

"About one hundred and fifty Moravian Indians, including women and children, arrived on the Tuscarawas in the latter part of February, and divided into three parties, so as to work at the three towns in the corn-fields. Satisfied that they had escaped from the thraldom of their less civilized brethren west, they little expected that a storm was gathering among the white settlers east, which was to burst over their peaceful habitations with such direful consequences.

"Several depredations had been committed by hostile Indians about this time, on the frontier inhabitants of western Pennsylvania and Virginia, who determined to retaliate. A company of one hundred men was raised, and placed under the command of Col. Williamson, as a corps of volunteer militia. They set out for the Moravian towns on the Tuscarawas, and arrived within a mile of Gnadenhutten on the night of the 5th of March. On the morning of the 6th, finding the Indians were employed in their corn-field, on the west side of the river, sixteen of Williamson's men crossed, two at a time, in a large sap-trough, or vessel used for retaining sugar-water, taking their rifles with them. The remainder went into the village, where they found a man and a woman, both of whom they killed. The sixteen on the west side, on approaching the Indians in the field, found them more numerous than they expected. They had their arms with them, which were usual

on such occasions, both for purposes of protection and for killing game. The whites accosted them kindly, told them they had come to take them to a place where they would be in future protected, and advised them to quit work, and return with them to the neighborhood of Fort Pitt. Some of the Indians had been taken to that place in the preceding year, had been well treated by the American governor of the fort, and been dismissed with tokens of warm friendship. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the unsuspecting Moravian Indians readily surrendered their arms, and at once consented to be controlled by the advice of Colonel Williamson and his men. An Indian messenger was despatched to Salem, to apprize the brethren there of the new arrangement, and both companies then returned to Gnadenhutten. On reaching the village, a number of mounted militia started for the Salem settlement, but before they reached it, found that the Moravian Indians at that place had already left their corn-fields, by the advice of the messenger, and were on the road to join their brethren at Gnadenhutten. Measures had been adopted by the militia to secure the Indians whom they had at first decoyed into their power. They were bound, confined in two houses, and well guarded. On the arrival of the Indians from Salem, (their arms having been previously secured without suspicion of any hostile intention,) they were also fettered, and divided between the two prison-houses, the males in one, the females in the other. The number thus confined in both, including men, women and children, have been estimated from ninety to ninety-six.

"A council was then held to determine how the Moravian Indians should be disposed of. This self-constituted military court embraced both officers and privates. The late Dr. Doddridge, in his published notes on Indian wars, &c., says, 'Colonel Williamson put the question, whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Fort Pitt, or *put to death?*' requesting those who were in favor of saving their

lives, to step out and form a second rank. Only eighteen out of the whole number stepped forth as advocates of mercy. In these, the feelings of humanity were not extinct. In the majority, which was large, no sympathy was manifested. They resolved to *murder* the whole of the Christian Indians in their custody. Among these were several who had contributed to aid the missionaries in the work of conversion and civilization—two of whom emigrated from New Jersey after the death of their spiritual pastor, the Rev. David Brainard. One woman, who could speak good English, knelt before the commander, and begged his protection. Her supplication was unavailing. They were ordered to prepare for death. But the warning had been anticipated. Their firm belief in their new creed was shown forth in the sad hour of their tribulation, by religious exercises of preparation. The orisons of these devoted people were already ascending the throne of the Most High !—the sound of the Christian's hymn and the Christian's prayer, found an echo in the surrounding woods, but no responsive feeling in the bosoms of their executioners. With gun, tomahawk, and scalping-knife, the work of death progressed in these slaughter-houses, till not a sigh or moan was heard to proclaim the existence of human life within—all, save two—two Indian boys escaped, as if by a miracle, to be witnesses in after times of the savage cruelty of the white man towards their unfortunate race."*

In this cold-blooded manner, were the poor confiding redmen slaughtered by those whom they had never injured, and who had promised to protect them. Surely, the murderers merited the worst vengeance of the Indians. After the cruel work was complete, Williamson set fire to the houses containing the dead, and then marched towards Shoenbrun. But the news of the massacre had reached that place, and the inhabitants had all fled. The great body of the people of

* Ohio Historical Collections.

the United States regarded the conduct of Williamson and his men, as an outrage upon humanity, and much sympathy was excited for the Moravians who had escaped. It may be just to mention here, that the Colonel Williamson who commanded in this atrocious expedition was not the Williamson so celebrated in Western Pennsylvania for activity and bravery. The name of the commander was John Williamson; that of the braver and more humane warrior was Daniel Williamson.

No sooner had the perpetrators of the Indian massacre returned home, than preparations for another campaign commenced. Many murders had been committed by the hostile Indians, and depredations upon the frontier of Pennsylvania and Virginia had so exasperated the inhabitants, that they were determined to spare no red man who should fall into their hands. One object of the new campaign was the completion of the murder and plunder of the Christian Indians who had taken refuge at Sandusky; and another was the destruction of the Wyandotte towns.

On the 25th of May, 480 men, finding their own horses and equipments, assembled at the old Mingo towns, on the western side of the Ohio river. There an election for commander in chief took place, and Colonel Crawford was the successful candidate. It is said, that when notified of it, he accepted it with apparent reluctance. Colonel John Williamson was one of the officers of the expedition.

"The army marched along 'Williamson's trail,' as it was then called, until they arrived at the ruins of the upper Moravian towns, on the fourth day of their march, in the fields belonging to which, there was still an abundance of corn on the stalks, with which their horses were plentifully fed during the night.

Shortly after the army halted at this place, two Indians were discovered, by some men who had walked out of the camp. Three shots were fired at one of them, but without

hurting him. As soon as the news of the discovery of Indians reached the camp, more than one-half of the men rushed out, without command, and in the most tumultuous manner, to see what had happened.* From that time Colonel Crawford felt a presentiment of the defeat which followed.

The Indians were observing the motions of the troops. 'From the time the Christian Indians were murdered on the Muskingum, the savages had kept spies out, to guard against being again surprised. There was not a public place on the Ohio, from Pittsburg to Grave Creek, below Wheeling, left unobserved. Thus, when in May, two months after the destruction of the Moravian towns, the white settlers were seen in agitation, as if preparing for some enterprise, the news was brought to the Indians, and so from day to day, until Crawford's men had crossed the Ohio river, and even then their first encampment was reconnoitred. They knew the number of troops and their destination, visited every encampment immediately on their leaving it, when on their march, and saw from their writings on the trees, and scraps of paper, that 'no quarter was to be given to any Indian, whether man, woman or child.'

Nothing of consequence happened during their march, until the sixth of June, when their guides conducted them to the site of the Moravian villages, on one of the upper branches of the Sandusky river. From this retreat, the Christian Indians had lately been driven away by the Wyandotts to the Scioto.

In this dilemma, what was to be done? The officers held a council, in which it was determined to march one day longer in the direction of Upper Sandusky, and if they should not reach the town in the course of the day to make a retreat with all speed.

The march was commenced on the following morning through the plains of Sandusky, and continued until two o'clock, when

* McClung says that a few of the volunteers at this time returned home.

the advance guard was attacked and driven in by the Indians, who were discovered in large numbers in the high grass with which the place was covered. The Indian army was at that moment about entering a piece of woods, almost entirely surrounded by plains; but in this they were partially prevented by a rapid movement of the whites. The battle then commenced by a heavy fire from both sides. From a partial possession of the woods which they had gained at the outset of the battle, the Indians were soon dislodged. They then attempted to gain a small skirt of wood on the right flank of Col. Crawford, but were prevented from so doing by the vigilance and bravery of Maj. Leet, who commanded the right wing at the time. The firing was heavy and incessant until dark, when it ceased, and both armies lay on their arms during the night. Both adopted the policy of kindling large fires along the line of battle, and then retiring some distance in the rear of them, to prevent being surprised by a night attack. During the conflict of the afternoon, three of Col. Crawford's men were killed and several wounded.

On the next morning, the army occupied the battle ground of the preceeding day. The Indians made no attack during the day, until late in the evening, but were seen in large bodies traversing the plains in various directions. Some of them appeared to be carrying off their dead and wounded.

In the morning of this day a council of officers was held, and a retreat was resolved on, as the only means of saving the army; the Indians appearing to increase every hour.

During this day, preparations were made for a retreat by burying the dead, burning fires over their graves to prevent discovery, and preparing means for carrying off the wounded. The retreat was to commence in the course of the night. The Indians, however, became apprized of this intended retreat, and about sundown attacked the army with great force and fury, in every direction, excepting that of Sandusky.

When the line of march was formed by the commander-in-

chief, and the retreat commenced, the guides prudently took the direction of Sandusky, which afforded the only opening in the Indian lines, and the only chance of concealment. After marching about a mile in this direction, the army wheeled about to the left, and by a circuitous route gained, before day, the trail by which they came. They continued their march the whole of the next day, without annoyance, except the firing of a few distant shots, by the Indians at the rear guard, which slightly wounded two or three men. At night they built fires, took their suppers, secured the horses, and resigned themselves to repose, without placing a single sentinel or vidette for safety. In this careless situation they might have been surprised and cut off by the Indians, who, however, did not disturb them during the night, nor afterwards, during the whole of their retreat. The number that retreated in the main body is supposed to be about three hundred.

At the commencement of the retreat, Col. Crawford placed himself at the head of the army, and continued there until they had gone about a quarter of a mile, when missing his son, John Crawford, his son-in-law, Major Harrison, and his nephews Major Rose and William Crawford, he halted and called for them, as the line passed, but without finding them.* After the army had passed him, he was unable to overtake it, owing to the weariness of his horse. Falling in company with Dr. Knight, and two others, they travelled all night, first north, and then to the east to avoid the pursuit of the Indians. They directed their courses by the north star.

On the next day, they fell in with Capt. John Biggs and Lieut. Ashley, the latter of whom was wounded. Two others were in company with Biggs and Ashley. On the next day, Capt. Biggs and Dr. Knight, insisted upon continuing their course through the woods, and avoiding all paths, but Crawford overruled, assuring them that the Indians would not urge the pursuit beyond the plains, which were already far

* They were captured and burned by the Indians.

behind, and abandoning their due eastern course, the party pursued the beaten track travelled over by the army a few days before. Crawford and Knight moved one hundred and fifty yards in front, Capt. Biggs and his wounded friend, Lieut. Ashley, were in the centre, both on horseback, and the two men on foot brought up the rear.

Scarcely had they proceeded a mile, when several Indians sprang up before Crawford and Knight, and presenting their guns, ordered them in good English to stop. Knight sprang behind a tree and leveled his gun. Crawford ordered him not to fire, Knight reluctantly obeyed, and the Indians ran up to Col. Crawford in a friendly manner, shook him by the hand cordially, and asked him how he did. Biggs and Ashley halted, while the two men in the rear prudently took to their heels and escaped. Col. Crawford ordered Capt. Biggs to come up and surrender, but the Captain took aim at one of the Indians, fired, and then with Ashley put spurs to their horses and for the time escaped. They were both overtaken and killed the next day.

On the morning of the tenth of June, Colonel Crawford and Dr. Knight, together with nine more prisoners, were conducted by seventeen Indians to the old Sandusky town, about thirty-three miles distant. The nine prisoners were marched ahead of Crawford and Knight, who were conducted, by Pipe and Wingemund, two Delaware chiefs. All the prisoners, including Colonel Crawford and Dr. Knight, had been previously painted black by Pipe. Four of the prisoners were tomahawked and scalped on the way at different places; and when the other five arrived at the town, the boys and squaws fell upon them and tomahawked them in a moment."

Col. Crawford and Dr. Knight were reserved by the Indians for a dreadful death. They were taken to the main village of the Delawares, about eight miles from the mouth of Tymochtee creek. There a council was held, and it was resolved to burn the prisoners. The account of the burning of Col.

BURNING OF COL. CRAWFORD.

Crawford, we give in the words of Dr. Knight, his companion, and an eye-witness of the dreadful scene.

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

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

The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the colonel was tied; it was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite through in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians by turns would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood, and apply it to his naked body, already burnt black with the powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him with the burning faggots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards, upon which they would carry a quantity of burning coals and hot embers, and throw on him, so that in a short time he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon.

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

Girty then came up to me and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, I was not to die at that place, but to be burnt at the Shawanese towns. He swore an oath I need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its extremities.....

Colonel Crawford, at this period of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three-quarters, or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last, being almost exhausted, he lay down on his belly; they then scalped him, and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me, "that was my great captain." An old squaw (whose appearance every way answered the ideas people entertain of the devil) got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head, after he had been scalped; he then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk round the post; they next put a burning stick to him, as usual, but he seemed more insensible of pain than before.

The Indian fellow who had me in charge, now took me away to Captain Pipe's house, about three-quarters of a mile from the place of the colonel's execution. I was bound all night, and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June 12th, the Indian untied me, painted me black, and we set off for the Shawanese town, which he told me was somewhat less than forty miles distant from that place. We soon came to the spot where the colonel had been burnt, as it was partly in our way; I saw his bones lying among the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes; I

suppose, after he was dead, they laid his body on the fire. The Indian told me that was my big captain, and gave the scalp halloo."

Dr. Knight proceeded twenty-five miles, under the guard of the Indian, on the first day, and then encamped for the night. The next morning, the gnats being very troublesome, the doctor requested the Indian to untie him, that he might help to make a fire to keep them off. The Indian complied, and then got down on his hands and knees to blow the fire. The doctor siezed the lucky moment, caught up a piece of tent-pole and struck the Indian on the head, knocking him forward into the fire. The stick broke, however, and the Indian though severely hurt, sprang up. The doctor seized his gun, and attempted to fire it, but the lock broke. The Indian then ran away, yelling hideously. Doctor Knight started for home, which he reached after wandering twenty-one days, and suffering for want of food.

Most of the other prisoners taken by the savages in this disastrous campaign were murdered. John Slover, who had been the pilot of the army, was captured and taken to the Shawanese towns to be burned. He was painted and tied to the stake, when a heavy thunder storm commenced, and the fire was extinguished. The burning was postponed until the next day, and Slover was tied and placed in the council-house, under guard. During the night, he contrived to get loose, and ran off through the woods. After enduring many hardships, he reached Wheeling, almost exhausted. The main body of the army had reached that post before his arrival.

CHAPTER II.

SETTLEMENTS OF THE OHIO COMPANY. HARMER'S EXPEDITION.

In 1786, a company was formed in Boston, Mass., the object of which was to make a settlement in the territory of Ohio. A large number of respectable gentlemen joined the association. Gen. Rufus Putnam was elected president, and was decidedly the most influential member. By the advice of Thomas Hutchins, Esq., geographer of the United States, the company purchased from the Continental Congress a large and fertile tract of country in the vicinity of the Ohio and

Muskingum rivers, and immediately prepared to found a town at the mouth of the Muskingum.

It was not, however, until the 7th of April, 1788, that the first band of settlers, under the superintendence of General Putnam, arrived at the site of the proposed town. When they landed, Captain Pipe, the famous Delaware chief, with about seventy of his tribe, was encamped at the mouth of the river. They had come in to trade with the settlers in the vicinity of Fort Harmer. They welcomed the new-comers in a very cordial manner. Peace then existed between the red men and the people of the frontiers, though it was destined to be short-lived.

By the 1st of July, the new town was laid out, and the principal portion of the share-holders had arrived. On the 2d, a meeting was held, at which it was resolved to name the town Marietta, in honor of Marie Antoinette, the firm friend of America; and the new garrison, with block-houses at the corners, Campus Martius. A few days after, Governor St. Clair, escorted by a detachment of troops under Major Doughty, arrived at Fort Harmer. He had been commisioned by Congress, governor of the territory northwest of the Ohio, and commander-in-chief of the militia therein.

In the meantime, some difficulties occurred with the Indians. Of these, Hildreth, in his "Pioneer History," gives the following account:

"The latter part of June, a party of thirty men, under the command of Lieutenant McDowel, of Fort Harmer, was sent up by water, with provisions and presents of goods to the falls of Muskingum, in preparation for the approaching treaty, which was expected to be held with the Indians on the arrival of Governor St. Clair. The place chosen for this transaction is about sixty miles from the mouth, on the right bank of the river, where the town of Taylorsville now stands. They were ordered up by Colonel Harmer, to erect a council-house, and build huts for the comfort of the men, and the security

of the goods against the weather. This remote spot was selected by the Indians, in preference to Fort Harmer, as being nearer their own homes, a well known and favorite locality, and not under the influence of a military post. They had commenced assembling from the different tribes, especially in large numbers from the Delawares. Among them was a band of Chippewa, and other Indians, outcasts from different tribes, amounting to about twenty. On the night of the 12th of July, these desperadoes crept slily around the tent containing the goods, and fired on the sentries, ten in number, with the intention of plundering them. By this discharge two men were killed, and one or two wounded. The sentries returned the fire, and the rest of the guard running to their assistance, the Indians retired without accomplishing their object. One of the assailants was killed, and one wounded. The same night they killed and scalped a mulatto man, servant to Major Duncan, a trader who was waiting for the assembly of the tribes, with goods to barter for their skins and peltries.

The next day, on examining the dead Indian, the Delawares pronounced him to be a Chippewa, and that they had no knowledge of, or concern in, the attack. As a test of their innocence, the Delawares came fearlessly into the camp, bringing with them their women and children. In addition, they seized upon six of the offending band, tied them with thongs, and handed them over to the commandant of the troops, to be dealt with as they may deserve. They were brought down to Fort Harmer by the reinforcement which went up the next day, and kept in irons for some time, but were finally allowed to escape, either by design, or the carelessness of their guards. The large boat belonging to the Ohio company was sent up, and the goods, stores and troops transported to Fort Harmer.

This untoward event postponed the treaty for several months. The Indians, however, still continued to linger in the vicinity of the garrison, hunting and destroying all the deer and wild

game within fifteen or twenty miles of Marietta; stripping off the skins, and leaving the meat to rot and decay on the ground, or be eaten by the wolves, with the exception of the small quantity needed for their own use. When questioned on their object in this destruction of the game, they answered, "To keep it from the white hunter." They considered all the wild animals as their own property, to which the new comers had no right. They often visited the inhabitants, to trade their peltries for goods, tobacco, and whisky. Captain Pipe, a noted chief of the Delawares, with several of their leading men, dined a number of times with General Putnam, and expressed great friendship for their new neighbors. They, however, were not pleased with their building houses, clearing lands, and preparing for a permanent residence, until after the expected treaty was made and signed. In answer, they were told that it was necessary to plant some corn for the support of their women and children, and that the lands they occupied were ceded to the United States, several years before, as they well knew, at the treaty of Fort McIntosh.

At a council held among the tribes, after the affair at Duncan's Falls, the Ottawas and Chippewas were opposed to making any treaty; but were for war, unless the whites would confine themselves to the south side of the Ohio river. The Delawares, and Indians of the Six Nations, told them that they should then fight their own battles in their conflict with the whites, for they would not assist them. Finally, on the 2d of August, thirteen of their chief men came into the garrison on horseback, in procession, bearing the flag of the United States, and pretending to be friendly; but it was only pretence."

There can be no doubt, that the Indians were determined to regard the settlers as intruders, in spite of their treaties, and the blaze of war was merely smothered till it could burst forth with a more terrible effect. In the meantime, arrangements were made for holding a grand council at Fort Harmer. A son of the famous Brant, with two hundred warriors, appeared

at the falls of the Muskingum in November, and requested St. Clair to hold the council at that place. But the Governor returned a decided refusal, and the Indians retired to their towns, confirmed in their hostile intentions.

On the 13th of December, about two hundred Indians, belonging to different tribes, arrived at the garrison. They were received with a salute of cannon and musketry, which they answered with their rifles. The next day, the council fire was kindled outside of the fort. But it was not until the 9th of January, that the articles of the treaty were agreed upon, and signed by the principal chiefs. By this treaty, the Indians relinquished all claim to the territory now forming the western part of Pennsylvania, in consideration of receiving three thousand dollars in goods. This was a mere renewal of the treaty made at Fort Stanwix, in 1784. On the same day, Governor St. Clair concluded a treaty with the Wyandottes, Delawares, Chippewas, Pottewatemies, and Six Nations, by which, in consideration of receiving six thousand dollars, they agreed to relinquish all claim to the land between the Tuscarawas and the Great Miami, the Cuyahoga and Big Miami rivers—in fact, to the greater portion of the territory which now forms the State of Ohio.

There is plenty of evidence that the majority of the Indians resident in Ohio were entirely opposed to the treaty, and that those who represented the several tribes were unauthorized to do so. The Shawanese, the most powerful and warlike tribe in the territory, had no representatives in the council. In fact, the great body of that tribe could never regard the whites as friends after the atrocious murder of their noble chief, Cornstalk; much less could they agree to surrender their lands to them. How could the whites expect such a treaty to be faithfully observed by the red men?

After the conclusion of the negotiations, a great feast was held at Campus Martius, to which the principal chiefs were invited. The noted chief Cornplanter there made a speech,

in which he thanked the Great Spirit for being allowed to smoke the pipe of friendship and love; and hoped that peace and plenty would bless both parties. The next day, the Indians returned home.

The depredations of the Indians upon the settlements of Western Virginia and Pennsylvania continued, notwithstanding the treaty at Fort Harmer. The settlements of the Ohio company remained unmolested; but one of their men was killed at Belpre.

Surveyors always excited the indignation of the savages, and they did not discriminate between the employer and the employee. In August, they made an attack upon a party of surveyors, who were engaged in running the western line of the purchase of the Ohio company. The party consisted of Mr. John Mathews, Mr. James Backus, Mr. Patchen, and seven soldiers. Mr. Backus separated from the party the day before the attack, to run another portion of the line. The account of the attack we quote from Hildreth, who obtained his information from the manuscript notes of Mr. Mathews, and may therefore be credited.

"On the 6th of August, Mr. Mathews commenced work early in the morning, taking three of the seven soldiers who accompanied him as a guard, and leaving the corporal and other three soldiers, with the pack horseman, to bring on the baggage. In the forenoon he crossed a creek, running from the northwest, on which he discovered the tracks of three horses, travelling up the creek; and as they had passed since the rain of yesterday, he knew it was within a few hours. At noon the party at the camp had not joined him; and while he was wondering at their delay, one of the soldiers came up and reported that one of the horses was missing and could not be found. He at once concluded that the Indians had taken him; but decided on sending Mr. Patchen, his assistant, who was a very active young man and a good woodsman, to make further search, while he directed one of the soldiers to

carry the chain in his place. After running three miles on the line he returned to the camp he left in the morning, not very well satisfied with his day's work. A little after sunset Mr. Patchen came in, and reported that he had discovered the trail of a man and horse, passing over one of the valleys in which they had encamped, and followed it to where it united with those they had seen in the fore-part of the day, and continued on the trail up the creek, until there appeared to be eight or ten horses, and that on his way back he had discovered moccasin tracks in several places.

From these circumstances, he concluded that a small plundering party had been over to the old settlements on the Big Kenawha, or to a new one on Sandy river, and on their return, had discovered the surveying party, and stolen the missing horse, but would make off as fast as they could to elude pursuit. Not knowing what might be the result, before lying down at night, he directed the corporal of the guard to keep a carful watch. Regular sentries were set, and at day-break, the whole turned out under arms. About sunrise, thinking the danger past, if there was any, as the Indians usually made their attacks at early day-light, the soldiers came into camp, and a part of them were lying down, or sitting on their blankets, with their arms near them, while others were kindling a fire to cook their morning meal. Mr. Mathews had awakened early, and despatched two of his men in quest of a horse that had strayed from the camp in the night, and was sitting on his blanket undressed, about twenty yards from the soldiers, with Mr. Patchen and one other man by his side. Two guns were first discharged, nearly together, by an unseen enemy. Patchen was shot through the breast, and exclaimed, "Oh, God, I am killed!" As Mr. Mathews turned his head toward him, he saw the bullet-hole in his breast. At this instant, a whole volley was fired at the soldiers as they rose from their sitting posture, followed by one of the most appalling Indian yells. This fire killed all the soldiers but the

corporal, who happened to be sitting with his back against a friendly tree between him and the savages. As they rushed in upon their victims on one side of the camp, Mr. Mathews and the three remaining men fled out on the other. A part of their murderers followed them about forty rods, when they quit the pursuit, and returned to share with their comrades in the plunder of the camp. After running a quarter of a mile or more, and seeing that the Indians were not pursuing him, he slackened his pace, and was directly joined by a man by the name of Russel, who was sitting near him when Patchen was killed.

He had escaped with nothing on him but his hat and shirt, having thrown away his overcoat, which was lying on his arm, and had been used for a covering in the night, to facilitate his flight, while his companion happened to be more fully dressed. The brush and briers had torn his skin severely, when his comrade offered him his coat, into the sleeves of which he contrived to slip his legs, at this time very thin, from his previous privations. It was now that he discovered a hole in his shirt made by a bullet, which had just grazed the skin without hurting him.

They directed their course for the river, intending to fall in with the boat and exploring party, whom they judged by this time to be forty miles below Big Kenawha. About nine o'clock they struck the Ohio, at the thirty mile post, lately set by Colonel Meigs. This was about seven or eight miles from their camp, as they had traveled. After following down the Ohio a few miles further, the naked feet of Mr. Mathews became so much blistered and swollen that he walked in great pain. Under these circumstances, they concluded to construct a raft, of old logs, fastened together with grape vines. When it was about half finished, two Kentucky boats came in sight, and took them on board, where they were much gratified to find two of their men, who had struck the river higher up.

About four miles below they found the company boat, with Colonel Meigs, the committee having left for Marietta, a part of them being sick a few days before.

The corporal came in the same day, and related that as he was hurrying away from the camp, he stumbled and fell over a log, behind which he lay concealed until the Indians gave up the pursuit. From this covert he could see the movements of the Indians, while plundering the camp. They were greatly amused and amazed at the vibrations of the needle in the compass, which shifted its position like a thing of life as they turned it from side to side. They laughed and whooped as they witnessed its movements, in great glee, no doubt thinking it 'a great medicine.' After scalping and stripping the soldiers of their clothing, they broke up their muskets against a tree as of no use to them. As soon as they were gone, the corporal hastened away after his companions."

A few days afterwards, Mr. Mathews and a party of armed men visited the scene of the attack. They found the dead soldiers lying near where they fell. The flesh was eaten from their bones by the wolves. The remains of Mr. Patchen could not be found. Mr. Mathews lost all his camp equipage, surveying apparatus, field notes, and clothing. The loss of his notes was most severely felt, as without them, he could make no return of his survey, and therefore claim nothing for his labor.

During the year 1789, the settlements of Belpre, Waterford, and Marietta made rapid progress. Land was cleared and grain sown, which yielded a good harvest. But indications of the growing hostility of the Indians kept the settlers in a constant state of alarm, and prevented them from enjoying that comfort their labor merited.

General Harmer, with three hundred and forty regulars, had arrived on the Ohio late in 1789, and built Fort Washington, on the spot where Cincinnati now stands. The presence of this force was thought necessary for the security of the

settlements. Washington, having desired that great pains should be taken to learn the real state of feeling among the northwestern Indians, the Governor instructed Major Hamtramck, commanding at Vincennes, to send some competent person to the Miamis and their confederates, for that purpose. Anthony Gamelin was chosen, and on the 5th of April, 1791, he proceeded on his mission. After several interviews with the chiefs of the Shawanese and Miamis, and many speeches on both sides, Gamelin learned that the Indians were dissatisfied with the Fort Harmer treaty; that they were generally under the influence of the British at Detroit, and meditated hostilities. On the 8th of May, Gamelin returned to Fort Knox at Vincennes; and on the 11th merchants arrived from the Upper Wabash, with intelligence that parties from the north had joined the Wabash Indians; that they had already gone to war upon the settlers, and had burned a captive. Upon this, St. Clair hastened to Fort Washington to concert with General Harmer a campaign into the country of the hostile tribes. Authorized by acts of Congress, the Governor called upon Virginia for 1000, and upon Pennsylvania for 500 militia.

The militia from Kentucky began to come in at Fort Washington, about the middle of September. Major Ferguson, in his evidence, gives the following account of their fitness for service:—

"They were very ill equipped, being almost destitute of camp kettles and axes; nor could a supply of these essential articles be procured. Their arms were, generally, very bad, and unfit for service; as I was the commanding officer of artillery, they came under my inspection, in making what repairs the time would permit; and as a specimen of their badness, I would inform the court, that a rifle was brought to be repaired without a lock, and another without a stock. I often asked the owners what induced them to think that those guns could be repaired at that time? And they gave me for answer, that

they were told in Kentucky that all repairs would be made at Fort Washington. Many of the officers told me, that they had no idea of there being half the number of bad arms in the whole district of Kentucky, as was then in the hands of their men. As soon as the principal part of the Kentucky militia arrived, the General began to organize them; in this he had many difficulties to encounter. Colonel Trotter aspired to the command, although Colonel Hardin was the eldest officer, and in this he was encouraged both by men and officers, who openly declared, unless Colonel Trotter commanded them, they would return home. After two or three days the business was settled, and they (i. e. the Kentucky men) were formed into three battalions under the command of Colonel Trotter, and Colonel Hardin had the command of all the militia, (both Pennsylvania and Virginia.) As soon as they were arranged, they were mustered; crossed the Ohio, and, on the 26th, marched, and encamped about ten miles from Fort Washington. The last of the Pennsylvania militia arrived on the 25th September. They were equipped nearly as the Kentucky, militia, but were worse armed; several were without arms. The General ordered all the arms in store to be delivered to those who had none, and those whose guns could not be repaired. Amongst the militia were a great many hardly able to bear arms, such as old, infirm men, and young boys; they were not such as might be expected from a frontier country, viz. the smart active woodsman, well accustomed to arms, eager and alert to revenge the injuries done them and their connexions. No, there were a great number of them substitutes, who probably had never fired a gun. Major Paul, of Pennsylvania, told me that many of his men were so awkward, that they could not take their gun-locks off to oil them, and put them on again, nor could they put in their flints so as to be useful; and even of such materials, the numbers came far short of what was ordered, as may be seen by the returns."*

* American State Papers, xii. 20.

The whole number of men under General Harmer's orders, when he marched from Fort Washington, on the 30th of September, was 1453. As was proven before the Court of Inquiry held in 1791, every step which judgment and experience could suggest for the success of the expedition was taken by the commanding general. On the 13th of October, the army being within thirty or thirty-five miles of the Miama villages, it was determined, in consequence of information received from a captive Indian, to send Colonel Hardin, with 600 militia and one company of regulars, to surprise the enemy and keep them in their forts until the main body should come up. This detachment reached the villages on the 15th, and found them deserted. On the 17th the main army arrived, and the work of desolation commenced. By the 21st, six towns and more than 20,000 bushels of corn had been destroyed.

General Harmer now thought of pushing forward to attack the villages on the Wabash; but found that in consequence of the negligence of the owners of the pack and cavalry horses, the Indians had contrived to run off with them. Forced to give up this idea, the general sent Colonel Trotter, with three-hundred men, to scour the woods in search of an enemy. Under both Trotter, and Hardin, who succeeded him in this service, the most extraordinary and the most unpardonable want of discipline prevailed. To this, we have the testimony of Captain Armstrong.

"After we had proceeded about a mile, says Armstrong, the cavalry gave chase to an Indian, who was mounted; him they overtook and killed. Before they returned to the column a second appeared, on which the four field officers left their commands and pursued, leaving the troops near half an hour without any directions whatever. The cavalry came across the second Indian, and, after he had wounded one of their party, killed him also. When the infantry came up to this place they immediately fell into confusion, upon which I gained permission to leave them some distance on the road, where I

formed an ambuscade. After I had been some time at my station, a fellow on horseback came to me who had lost the party in pursuit of the first Indian; he was much frightened, and said he had been pursued by fifty mounted Indians. On my telling this story to Colonel Trotter, notwithstanding my observations to him, he changed his route, and marched in various directions until night, when he returned to camp.

On our arrival in camp, General Harmer sent for me, and after asking me many questions, ordered one subaltern and twenty militia to join my command. With these I reached the river St. Joseph about ten at night, and with a guide proceeded to an Indian town, about two miles distant, where I continued with my party until the morning of the nineteenth. About nine o'clock I joined the remainder of the detachment under Colonel Hardin. We marched on the route Colonel Trotter had pursued the day before, and after passing a morass about five miles distant, we came to where the enemy had encamped the day before. Here we made a short halt, and the commanding officer disposed of the parties at a distance from each other; after a halt of half an hour, we were ordered to move on, and Captain Faulkner's company was left on the ground; the Colonel having neglected giving him orders to move on. After we had proceeded about three miles, we fell in with two Indians on foot, who threw off their packs, and the brush being thick, made their escape. I then asked Colonel Hardin where Captain Faulkner was? He said he was lost, and then sent Major Fontaine, with part of the cavalry, in search of him, and moved on with the remainder of the troops. Some time after, I informed Colonel Hardin a gun had fired in our front, which might be considered as an alarm gun, and that I saw where a horse had come down the road, and returned again; but the Colonel still moved on, giving no orders, nor making any arrangements for an attack. Some time after, I discovered the enemy's fires at a distance, and informed the Colonel, who replied, that they would not

fight, and rode in front of the advance, until fired on from behind the fires; when he, the Colonel, retreated, and with him all the militia except nine, who continued with me, and were instantly killed, with twenty-four of the federal troops; seeing my last man fall, and being surrounded by the savages, I threw myself into a thicket, and remained there three hours in daylight;* during that time I had an opportunity of seeing the enemy pass and re-pass, and conceived their numbers did not amount to one hundred men; some were mounted, others armed with rifles, and the advance with tomahawks only. I am of opinion that had Colonel Trotter proceeded, on the 18th, agreeably to his orders, having killed the enemy's sentinels, he would have surprised their camp, and with ease defeated them; or had Colonel Hardin arranged his troops, or made any military disposition, on the 19th, that he would have gained a victory. Our defeat I therefore ascribed to two causes; the unofficer-like conduct of Colonel Hardin, (who I believe was a brave man,) and the cowardly behaviour of the militia; many of them threw down their arms loaded, and I believe that none, except the party under my command, fired a gun."†

The statements of Captain Armstrong are confirmed by the testimony of others, and may therefore be relied on as truth. We may observe that there existed between the regular troops and the militia a dislike, which prevented them from acting in concert with effect. This, however, does not excuse the cowardice of the militia, nor the neglect of Trotter and Hardin. General Harmer, satisfied with the destruction he

* Various accounts in addition to this statement by Armstrong, say that he was in a swamp or pond, up to his neck; (Butler, 192.—Cist, in his Cincinnati Miscellany, i. 183.) Other accounts say he was merely concealed in the swamp, or up to his waist in water, (McClung's Sketches, 241. Cincinnati Miscellany, i. 39.) Our readers must take their choice among the different statements as to the Lieutenant's position.

† American State Papers, xii. p. 96.

had committed, commenced his return on the 21st of October. But Colonel Hardin, uneasy on account of his defeat, requested and obtained permission, to lead four hundred men, of whom sixty were regulars, back to the desolated country, supposing the Indians had already returned. Captain Ashton, in his evidence before the Court of Inquiry, gives the best account of the conduct and success of this detachment; he says:—

"The detachment marched in three columns, the federal troops in the centre, at the head of which I was posted, with Major Wyllys and Colonel Hardin in my front; the militia formed the columns to the right and left. From delays, occasioned by the militia's halting, we did not reach the banks of the Omee (Maumee) till some time after sun-rise. The spies then discovered the enemy, and reported to Major Wyllys, who halted the federal troops, and moved the militia on some distance in front, where he gave his orders and plan of attack to the several commanding officers of corps. Those orders were not communicated to me. Major Wyllys reserved the command of the federal troops to himself. Major Hall with his battalion, was directed to take a circuitous route round the bend of the Omee River, cross the Pickaway Fork, (or St. Mary's) which brought him directly in the rear of the enemy, and there wait until the attack should commence with Major M'Mullen's battalion, Major Fontaine's cavalry, and Major Wyllys with the federal troops, who all crossed the Omee at, and near, the common fording place. After the attack commenced, the troops were by no means to separate, but were to embody, or the battalions to support each other, as circumstances required. From this disposition it appeared evident, that it was the intention of Major Wyllys to surround the enemy, and that if Colonel Hall, who had gained his ground undiscovered, had not wantonly disobeyed his orders, by firing on a single Indian, the surprise must have been complete. The Indians then fled with precipitation, the battalions of militia pursuing in different directions. Major Fontaine made a charge upon a small

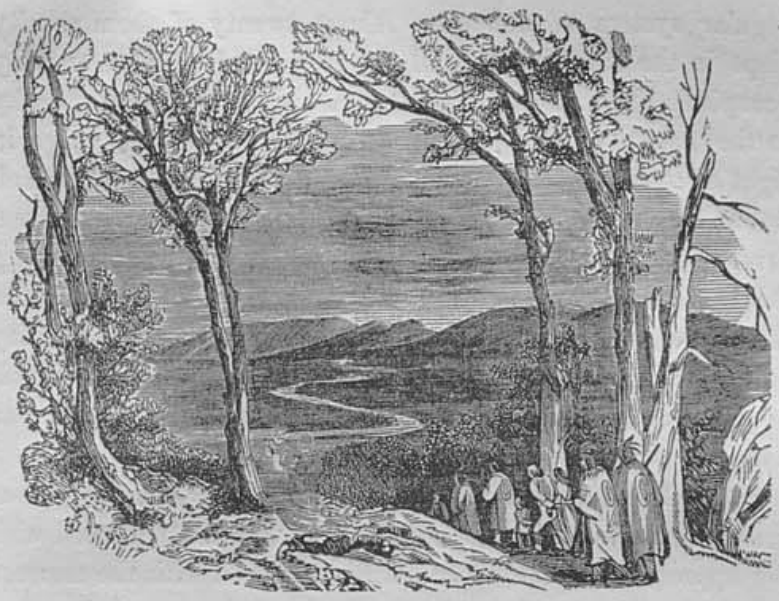
party of savages—he fell the first fire, and his troops dispersed. The federal troops, who were then left unsupported, became an easy sacrifice to much the largest party of Indians that had been seen that day. It is my opinion that the misfortunes of that day were owing to the separation of troops, and disobedience of orders. After the federal troops were defeated, and the firing in all quarters nearly ceased, Colonel Hall and Major McMullen, with their battalions, met in the town, and after discharging, cleaning, and fresh loading their arms, which took up about half an hour, proceeded to join the army unmolested. I am convinced that the detachment, if it had been kept embodied, was sufficient to have answered the fullest expectations of the General, and needed no support; but I was informed a battalion under Major Ray was ordered out for that purpose."*

After Colonel Hardin's return to the main body, he wished General Harmer to return with the whole force; but the General, thinking the Indians had received a very good scourging, pursued his march homeward. Before reaching Fort Washington, some difficulty occurred between the commanding general and the militia officers, which the firmness of Harmer speedily settled. He was deterred from disgracing the militia officers, only by the fear of exciting discontent among the frontier inhabitants.

In the view of General St. Clair and General Harmer, this expedition was successful. But the Indians regarded it otherwise. They said truly, that the whites had been defeated in two battles, and had lost many men, while they had lost very few. Harmer lost in all seventy-three men. If the object of the expedition was the infliction of such a blow upon the

* American State papers, xii. 28.—See account in Cist's Cincinnati Miscellany, i. 183;—also, McClung's (Sketches of Western Adventure, p. 241,) and others. We prefer that of an eye-witness. We have verbally changed Asheton's statement, which is given in the third person. See also Hardin's deposition, American State Papers, xii. 34.

Indians as would make them anxious for peace, then it was surely a failure. The Indians said the whites had been defeated, and in consequence, were very active in their hostility to the settlements. In the conduct of the expedition, General Harmer displayed little energy and less talent. It is apparent, that the Indians might have been brought to an action after their return to their towns, and, under advantageous circumstances such as Colonel Hardin found, entirely defeated.



CHAPTER III.

ATTACKS UPON THE OHIO SETTLERS. PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

THE war broke out very unexpectedly to the settlers north of the Ohio. Few of them had any considerable store of provisions, or support for their families, while they guarded them, and they were poorly prepared for such a struggle. They had acted from the first in a pacific manner towards the Indians, and they expected them to abide by the treaty of Fort Harmer. But the inhabitants of the frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania had provoked the revenge of the red man, and he was indiscriminate.

The first blow struck at the settlements was a heavy one. It fell upon the settlement at Big Bottom, situated on the Muskingum river, about thirty miles from its mouth. This settlement had been made in the fall of 1790, by a company of thirty-six men. A large block-house had been erected, but was not inclosed with palisades. The settlers adopted no

regular system of defence. About twenty of them usually slept in the block-house, and the remainder of the company occupied other cabins. The Indian war path from Sandusky to the mouth of the Muskingum passed along the ridge in sight of the river. For some time previous to the attack, which was made on the 2d of January 1791, the weather had been severe and the river was frozen over. It is a custom among the Indians not to go to war in winter, the reasons being the the privations they would have to endure, and the impossibility of concealing their trail in case of a retreat. But they had, in this case, sufficient reason to induce them to go on a war party.

"The Indians, who had been hunting and loitering about the settlements during the summer, were well acquainted with the approaches to the white settlements, and with the manner in which they lived, each family in their own cabin, not apprehensive of danger. With the knowledge of these circumstances, they planned and fitted out a war party for the destruction of the Waterford settlement. It is supposed they were not aware of there being a station at Big Bottom, until they came in sight of it from the high ground on the west side of the river, in the afternoon of the 2d of January. From the ridge they had a view of all that part of the Bottom, and could see how the men were occupied, and the defenceless condition of the block house. After completing their reconnoisance, and holding a council as to the mode of attack, they crossed the river on the ice a little above, and divided their warriors into two divisions; the larger one to assault the block-house, and the smaller one to make prisoners of the men in the upper cabin without alarming those below. The plan was skilfully arranged and promptly executed. Cautiously approaching the cabin, they found the inmates at supper; a portion of them entered the door, while others stood without, and spoke to the men in a friendly manner. Suspecting no harm, they offered them food, of which they partook. The

CLEARING AT BIG BOTTOM.

Indians seeing some leather thongs in a corner of the room, took the whites by the arms, making signs that they were prisoners, and bound them. Finding it useless to resist against superior numbers, they submitted to their fate. While this was transacting at Choate's cabin, the other party had reached the block-house unobserved; even the dogs gave no notice of their approach by barking, as they usually do; the reason of which probably was, that they were also within by the fire, instead of being on the watch for their masters' safety. The door was thrown open by a large, resolute Indian, who stepped in and stood by its side to keep it unclosed, while his comrades without shot down the white men around the fire. Zebulon Throop, from Massachusetts, who had just returned from the mills with a bag of meal, was frying meat, and fell dead into the fire; several others fell at this discharge. The Indians now rushed in and killed all that were left, with the tomahawk. No effectual resistance seems to have been offered, so sudden and unexpected was the attack, by any of the men; but a stout, resolute, backwoods Virginia woman, the wife of Isaac Meeks, who was employed as their hunter, seized an axe and made a blow at the head of the Indian who opened the door; a slight turn of the head saved his skull, and the axe passed down through his cheek into the shoulder, leaving a huge gash that severed nearly half his face. She was instantly killed with the tomahawk of one of the other Indians, before she could repeat the blow. This was the only injury received by the savages, as the men were all killed before they had time to seize their arms, which were standing in the corners of the room. While the slaughter was going on, John Stacey, a young man in the prime of life, the son of Colonel William Stacey, sprang up the ladder into the upper story, and from thence on to the roof of the house, hoping to escape that way, while his brother Philip, a lad of sixteen years, secreted himself under some bedding in one corner of the room. The Indians on the outside, watching that none escaped, soon discovered John on

the roof and shot him, while he was in the act of begging them "for God's sake to spare his life, as he was the only one left." His appeal to the Indians was heard by the two Bullards, who alarmed by the firing at the block-house had run out of their cabin to learn the cause. Discovering the Indians around the house, they sprung back to the hut, seized their rifles and put out into the woods, in a direction to be hid by the cabin from the sight of the Indians. They had barely escaped when they heard their door burst open by the savages. They did not pursue them, although they knew they had just fled, as there was a brisk fire in the chimney, and their food for supper smoking hot on the table.

After the slaughter was over, and the scalps secured, one of the most important acts in the warfare of the American Indians, they proceeded to collect the plunder. In removing the bedding the lad Philip Stacey was discovered. Their tomahawks were instantly raised for his destruction, when he threw himself at the feet of one of their leading warriors, begging him to protect him. The savage either took compassion on his youth, or else his revenge being satisfied with the slaughter already made, interposed his authority and saved his life. After removing every thing they thought valuable, they tore up the floor, piled it over the dead bodies, and set it on fire, thinking to consume the block-house with the carcasses of their enemies. The structure being made of green beech logs, would not readily burn, and the fire only destroyed the floors and roof, leaving the walls still standing."*

Twelve persons were killed in this attack. Its success was owing to the skilful plan of the Indians and the entire want of caution on the part of the settlers. The fate of this settlement gave a useful lesson to the people of the others, who now submitted to the direction of military men, and exercised the strictest caution.

The two Bullards, who had escaped the massacre, travelled

* Hildreth.

down the river, met Captain Joseph Rogers, a well-known hunter and ranger, and Dick Layton, a Mohican Indian, with whom they immediately hurried to Wolf Creek Mills, to alarm the settlers. They reached that place about ten o'clock the same night, and their intelligence created great consternation among the women and children. No block-house had been erected, and several of the leading men were at Marietta. In this state of affairs, Captain Rogers assumed command, collected the inhabitants, amounting to about thirty souls, in the largest and strongest cabin, ordered all the tubs, kettles, and pails to be filled with water, and taken into the cabin to extinguish fire if necessary, barred the doors and windows, placed a sentry outside and seven men in the loft, where port-holes were made to fire upon the foe. One man was sent to alarm Waterford, and two to Marietta for succor, as well as to notify the settlers. Just before daylight, the sentry gave notice of the approach of the savages, several being seen near the sawmill. Finding the people awake and prepared for an attack, they retreated, joined their friends at Big Bottom, and commenced their homeward march. Thus, by the providential escape of the two Bullards, several settlements were saved from destruction. The Indians had boasted that they would not leave the smoke of a white man's cabin north of the Ohio, and their boast would have been made good if they had succeeded in killing or capturing the whole body of settlers at Big Bottom.

During the retreat of the Indians, while the recovery of their wounded comrade was very doubtful, they cast lots to settle which of the prisoners, should be sacrificed to revenge his death. The lot fell on Isaac Choate. He was stripped of his clothing, habited in that of the wounded Indian, which was clotted with blood, and compelled to carry part of the plunder. Fortunately, the Indian recovered, and Isaac's life was spared. He was taken, with the rest of the prisoners, to Detroit.

The settlers at Wolf Creek Mills concluded to abandon that

station soon after the massacre at Big Bottom. Many of them went to Waterford, the rest to Marietta. By the latter part of February a triangular fort was erected at Waterford, and named Fort Frye. This was considered sufficient for the safety of the people of that settlement.

While this measure was in execution, the Delaware and Wyandotte warriors were planning another expedition against the settlements. Their approach was made known to the garrison at Waterford in the following singular manner. John Miller, a civilized descendant of King Philip's tribe, and an expert hunter, had been engaged in hunting for the settlers during the summer. In the fall, he entered the service of George White-Eyes, the young Delaware who had been educated by the United States in gratitude for his father's services. With White-Eyes, Miller proceeded as far as Sandusky, and there induced the Indians to allow him to accompany them on their war-path. He looked upon the settlers as his friends, and he wished to save them. When about forty miles above Waterford, Miller managed to effect his escape from the Indians, constructed a raft, descended the Muskingum, and reached the garrison. The settlers entertained different opinions of John's integrity, but deemed it best to prepare for defence as if he spoke the truth. The Indians first proceeded to Duck Creek, but found the houses there deserted and the cattle driven away. This roused their rage, and caused them to hurry towards Waterford. They reached the vicinity of the Garrison on the evening of the 10th of March, and were still unconscious that the garrison was prepared for defence. Early the next morning, warriors were posted along the margin of the plain, while four or five went to the deserted houses expecting their enemies out to milk or feed the cattle. Wilbur Sprague, a young man, had gone out to milk a cow, had finished his task, and had commenced to return, when the Indians fired at him, and rushed forward in pursuit. A ball struck him in the hip, but he ran to within

a few rods of the fort, and then fell behind a stump. His two brothers rushed out amid a shower of bullets and brought him in without their being harmed. McCullough, one of the rangers belonging to the garrison, hurried out to ascertain the cause of the firing. Seeing several Indians who were dressed like the white hunters, he was going towards them to aid them in entering the fort, when he was warned of his error by one of the garrison. At that instant his dog was shot, and he ran towards the fort in a zig-zag manner, as is the custom of the Indians when trying to escape fire. He escaped unharmed. Two young men, thinking there was no danger of an attack from the savages, had gone about half a mile down the river in a canoe, when hearing the firing and the yells, they guessed the truth, steered their canoe beneath the shelter of the bank, and succeeded in entering the water-gate of the fort unobserved.

The garrison now opened and maintained a steady fire upon the Indians, who finding themselves so manfully opposed, commenced shooting the cattle, and ceased to attempt the capture of the fort. Twenty-five head of cattle were destroyed, and two yoke of oxen and several cows driven away to Sandusky, as was afterwards ascertained. The Indians soon left the vicinity of Waterford, but lurked around and harassed the other settlements, killing Captain Rogers at Marietta, and firing at Waldo Putnam, of Belpre.

In the meantime, the government of the United States pursued a singular course. Almost at the same time, General Charles Scott was commissioned to make war on the Miamis, Colonel Thomas Proctor to endeavor to treat with them, Governor St. Clair to invade and take possession of their lands, and Colonel Pickering to hold a council with their brethren for burying the hatchet. Pickering succeeded in securing the friendship of the Iroquois; but Proctor could not obtain a hearing. The latter, however, ascertained that Brant had gone among the western tribes to strive to form an Indian confederacy.

The inhabitants of Kentucky having, soon after Harmer's

defeat, petitioned Congress to be allowed to fight the Indians in their own way, orders were issued to brigadier-general Charles Scott, authorizing him, in conjunction with Harry Innis, John Brown, Benjamin Logan, and Isaac Shelby, to organize an expedition of mounted volunteers against the nations on the Wabash, to start upon May 10th, 1791, unless countermanded. The troops were not ready to march before the 23d of May, at which time the expedition started. Colonel John Hardin, who was eager to retrieve his reputation, led the advance. On the 1st of June, the towns of the enemy were discovered. Of the movements and events which followed, General Scott himself gives the following account.

I immediately detached Colonel John Hardin, says he, with sixty mounted infantry, and a troop of light-horse under Captain McCoy, to attack the villages to the left, and moved on briskly with my main body in order of battle, towards the town, the smoke of which was discernible. My guides were deceived with respect to the situation of the town; for, instead of standing at the edge of the plain through which I marched, I found it on the low ground bordering on the Wabash; on turning the point of woods, one house presented in my front. Captain Price was ordered to assault that with forty men. He executed the command with great gallantry, and killed two warriors.

When I gained the summit of the eminence which overlooks the villages on the banks of the Wabash, I discovered the enemy in great confusion, endeavoring to make their escape over the river in canoes. I instantly ordered Lieutenant Colonel-commandant Wilkinson to rush forward with the first battalion. The order was executed with promptitude, and this detachment gained the bank of the river just as the rear of the enemy had embarked; and, regardless of a brisk fire kept up from a Kickapoo town on the opposite bank, they, in a few minutes, by a well directed fire from their rifles destroyed all the savages with which five canoes were crowded

To my great mortification the Wabash was many feet beyond fording at this place; I therefore detached Colonel Wilkinson to a ford two miles above, which my guides informed me was more practicable. Wilkinson moved the first battalion up to the fording place, found the river impassable, and returned to Ouiatenon.

The enemy still kept possession of the Kickapoo town, I determined to dislodge them; and for that purpose ordered Captain King's and Logsdon's companies to march down the river below the town, and cross, under the conduct of Major Barboe. Several of the men swam the river, and others passed in a small canoe. This movement was unobserved; and my men had taken post on the bank before they were discovered by the enemy, who immediately abandoned the village. About this time word was brought to me that Colonel Hardin was encumbered with prisoners, and had discovered a stronger village further to my left than those I had observed, which he was proceeding to attack. I immediately detatched Captain Brown with his company, to suppport the Colonel; but the distance being six miles, before the Captain arrived the business was done, and Colonel Hardin joined me a little before sunset, having killed six warriors, and taken fifty-two prisoners. Captain Bull, the warrior who discovered me in the morning, had gained the main town, and given the alarm, a short time before me; but the villages to my left were uninformed of my approach, and had no retreat.

The next morning I determined to detach my Lieutenant Colonel-commandant, with five hundred men, to destroy the important town of Keth-tip-e-ca-nunk, eighteen miles from my camp, on the west side of the Wabash; but, on examination, I discovered my men and horses to be so crippled and worn down by a long laborious march, and the active exertions of the preceeding day, that three hundred and sixty men only could be found in a capacity to undertake the enterprise, and they prepared to march on foot. Colonel

Wilkinson marched with this detachment at half after five in the evening, and returned to my camp the next day at one o'clock, having marched thirty-six miles in twelve hours, and destroyed the most important settlement of the enemy in that quarter of the federal territory.

Many of the inhabitants of the village (Ouiatenon) were French, and lived in a state of civilization. By the books, letters, and other documents, found there, it is evident that place was in close connection with, and dependent on, Detroit. A large quantity of corn, a variety of household goods, peltry, and other articles were burned with this villlage, which consisted of about seventy houses, many of them well finished.*

As the expedition under Scott, although successful, had not reached the higher towns upon the Wabash, Governor St. Clair thought it best to send another, (the Secretary of War having authorized such a step,) against the villages on Eel river; and Wilkinson was appointed to command. He marched from near Fort Washington, upon the first of August, and on the 7th reached the Wabash just above the mouth of the river he was in search of. While reconnoitering, however, in the hope of surprising the natives, word was brought him that they were alarmed and flying; a general charge was instantly ordered.

The men, says Wilkinson, forcing their way over every obstacle, plunged through the river with vast intrepidity. The enemy was unable to make the smallest resistance. Six warriors, and (in the hurry and confusion of the charge) two squaws and a child, were killed, thirty-four prisoners were taken, and an unfortunate captive released, with the loss of two men killed and one wounded.

"I found this town scattered along Eel River for full three miles, on an uneven, scrubby oak barren, intersected alternately by bogs almost impassable, and impervious thickets of plum, hazle, and black-jacks. Notwithstanding these difficulties, if

* American State Papers, v. 131.

I may credit the report of the prisoners, very few who were in town escaped. Expecting a second expedition, their goods were generally packed up and buried. Sixty warriors had crossed the Wabash to watch the paths leading from the Ohio. The head chief, with all the prisoners, and a number of families, were out digging a root which they substitute in the place of the potato; and about one hour before my arrival, all the warriors, except eight, had mounted their horses, and rode up the river to a French store to purchase ammunition. This ammunition had arrived from the Miami village that very day, and the squaws informed me was stored about two miles from the town. I detached Major Caldwell in quest of it; but he failed to make any discovery, although he scoured the country for seven or eight miles up the river.

I encamped in the town that night, and the next morning I cut up the corn—scarcely in the milk—burnt the cabins, mounted the young warriors, squaws, and children, in the best manner in my power, and leaving two infirm squaws and a child, with a short talk, I commenced my march for the Kickapoo town in the prairie."*

The Kickapoo town in the prairie was not reached, on account of the sore condition of the horses, and the difficult character of the route. But another town was burned, several cornfields destroyed, and the General returned. Neither of these expeditions was decisive. Scott struck the more serious blow, yet the powerful confederacy of Indians scarcely halted in their plans on account of it. The destruction of the villages was a small object, as Indian wigwams are quickly renewed, and hunting would easily supply the provisions refused by desolated cornfields. Yet the energy and perseverance of General Scott and his troops deserve much commendation.

* American State Papers, v. 134.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. CLAIR'S EXPEDITION. DEPREDATIONS OF THE INDIANS.

WHILE the expeditions of Scott and Wilkinson were in progress, preparations were on foot for the great expedition of St. Clair, the object of which was the establishment of a strong post at the head of the Maumee, which would give the United States government complete control of the country of the hostile tribes. This object is clearly stated in the report of the Secretary of War, General Knox. In the instructions of the Secretary to the General, which are characterized by wisdom and sound policy, we find the following:—

"You will observe, in the instructions to Brigadier General Scott, which are to serve as a basis for the instructions of the commanders who may succeed him, that all captives are to be treated with great humanity. It will be sound policy to attract the Indians by kindness, after demonstrating to them our power to punish them on all occasions. While you are making such use of desultory operations as in your judgment the occasion may require, you will proceed vigorously, in every operation in your power, for the purpose of the main

expedition; and having assembled your force, and all things being in readiness, if no decisive indications of peace should have been produced, either by the messengers or by the desultory operations, you will commence your march for the Miami village, in order to establish a strong and permanent military post at that place. In your advance, you will establish such posts of communications with Fort Washington, on the Ohio, as you may judge proper. The post at the Miama village is intended for the purpose of aweing and curbing the Indians in that quarter, and as the only preventive of future hostilities. It ought, therefore, to be rendered secure, against all attempts and insults of the Indians. The garrison which should be stationed there ought not only to be sufficient for the defence of the place, but always to afford a detachment of five or six-hundred men, either to chastise any of the Wabash, or other hostile Indians, or to secure any convoy of provisions. The establishment of such a post is considered as an important object of the campaign, and is to take place in all events. In case of a previous treaty, the Indians are to be conciliated upon this point, if possible; and it is presumed good arguments may be offered, to induce their acquiescence. The situation, nature, and construction of the works you may direct, will depend upon your own judgment. Major Ferguson, of the artillery, will be fully capable of the execution. He will be furnished with three five and a half inch howitzers, three six-pounders, and three three-pounders, all brass, with a sufficient quantity of shot and shells, for the purpose of the expedition. The appropriation of these pieces will depend upon your orders.

Having commenced your march, upon the main expedition, and the Indians continuing hostile, you will use every possible exertion to make them feel the effects of your superiority; and after having arrived at the Miami village, and put your works in a defensible state, you will seek the enemy with the whole of your remaining force, and endeavour, by all possible means,

to strike them with great severity. It will be left to your discretion whether to employ, if attainable, any Indians of the Six Nations, and the Chickasaws or other southern Nations. Most probably the employment of about fifty of each, under the direction of some discreet and able chief, would be advantageous, but these ought not to be assembled before the line of march is taken up, because they are soon tired and will not be detained. The force contemplated for the garrisons of the Miami village, and the communications, has been from a thousand to twelve hundred non-commissioned officers and privates. This is mentioned as a general idea, to which you will adhere, or from which you will deviate, as circumstances may require. The garrison stationed at the Miami village, and its communications, must have in store, at least six months good salted meat, and flour in proportion."

Under these instructions, General St. Clair proceeded to organize his army, and hasten preparations. On the 15th of May, 1791, the general had reached Fort Washington, and by the 15th of July, the number of regular troops under his command had increased to 563 men. In the quartermaster's department, everything proceeded slowly and badly. Baggage and supplies were deficient in quantity and quality; arms were out of repair, and powder wanting. As the troops gathered at Fort Washington, difficulties occured in regard to discipline, which compelled the commander to remove the greater portion of them to Ludlow's station, six miles from the fort, by which expenses were more than doubled.

On the 17th of September, the army, numbering more than two thousand men, exclusive of militia, moved forward to a point upon the Great Miami, where Fort Hamilton was built. When this was completed, the troops moved on about forty miles, and on the 12th of October, commenced building Fort Jefferson. On the 24th of the same month, the toilsome march through the wilderness began. The state of things upon this march was deplorable. The commander, who had exerted

himself greatly during the summer, was sick; provision was scarce—the roads bad—the troops marched about seven miles a day—and the militia deserted, sixty at a time. On the 3d of November, the army, reduced to about 1400 men by sickness, desertion, and troops being sent to arrest deserters, reached a branch of the Wabash, and encamped on its banks, in two lines. The right flank was covered by the creek; the left was covered by a steep bank, some cavalry, and their picquets. The militia were thrown over the creek, and encamped about a quarter of a mile from it. A few Indians who had appeared on the opposite side of the creek fled upon the advance of the militia. At this place, General St. Clair had determined to throw up a small work in which to deposit the unnecessary equipments of the troops. But the enemy did not permit the work to be executed.

"On the 4th, says St. Clair, in his despatch to the Secretary of War, about half an hour before sunrise, and when the men had just been dismissed from 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. Those gave way in a very little time and rushed into camp through Major Butler's battalion, (which, together with a part of Clarke's, they threw into considerable disorder, and which, notwithstanding the exertions of both those officers, was never altogether remedied,) the Indians following close at their heels. The fire, however, of the front line checked them; but almost instantly 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 our fire, and confusion beginning to spread from the great number of men who were falling in all quarters, it became necessary to try what could be done by the bayonet. Lieutenant Colonel Darke was accordingly ordered to make a

charge with part of the second line, and to turn the left flank of the enemy. This was executed with great spirit. 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 pushed back the troops that were posted there. Another charge was made here by the second regiment, Butler's 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 so 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, Mr. Greaton, was shot through the body.

Our artillery being now silenced, and all the officers killed except Captain Ford, who was very badly wounded, and 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 remainder 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 to turn their right flank, but in fact, to gain the road. This was effected, and as soon as it was open, the militia took along it, followed by the troops; Major Clarke, with his battalion, covering the rear.

The retreat, in those circumstances, was, you may be sure, a very 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 to prevent the men from parting with their arms, were unattended to. The rout continued quite to Fort Jefferson, twenty-nine miles, which was reached a little after sun-setting. The action began about half an hour before sunrise, and the retreat was attempted at half an hour after nine o'clock."*

From the best evidence which can be obtained, it is fair to conclude that the number of Indians engaged in this battle was about 1000, and that they were led by the great Miami chief, Little Turtle, or Mishekinakwa. Their loss is not known. The defeated army's loss amounted to 894 men killed or wounded, of whom sixty-one were officers. Major General Butler and several other valuable officers were among the slain.

An inquiry into the causes of this disastrous defeat should be made, as it was not at the time, with the full intention of doing justice to all parties. The conduct of Gen. St. Clair, from the time of commencing preparation for the expedition, has been and must be approved by those who know how to estimate exertion, prudence and bravery. His exertions were not remitted under sickness, quieted by the undisciplined and inexperienced character of his troops, nor the constant difficulties of a march over bad roads and late in the season. He appeared on the field of battle in a litter, and gave judicious orders while his person was constantly exposed; and his dispositions for the retreat, when it became necessary, were as wise and effective as the circumstances would permit. It has been urged that if his disposition had been sufficiently prudent, he would not have been surprised. But it appears

* Perkins' Western Annals.

that Captain Oldham, who commanded the advance party of militia was ordered to have the woods thoroughly examined by scouts and patrols. During the night Captain Slough, who was a mile beyond the militia, found so large a body of savages gathering around him, that he fell back and reported his observations to General Butler. Captain Oldham also reported to that General. But he neither conveyed the information to the commander-in-chief, nor made any dispositions in consequence of its possession. With Butler then lies the fault. For St. Clair stated, that if he had possessed the information he would have attacked the enemy, instead of waiting to be attacked. Let justice be rendered to the memory of a brave man and a good, but unfortunate General! It has been said that the troops engaged in this battle were unworthy; but we may remark that such troops would not fight from six o'clock till half-past nine, as St. Clair's did. Posting the militia in advance has been regarded as an error upon St. Clair's part. It was, but it was in accordance with the military practice of the day.

During the retreat many incidents occurred, which display generosity, courage, and also savage cruelty. The noble spirit displayed by some of the officers and troops is worthy of the highest commendation. In a communication of Mr. Van Cleve to the American Pioneer of April, 1843, we find the following interesting account of his own conduct:

"Daniel Bonham, a young man raised by my uncle and brought up with me, and whom I regarded as a brother, had by this time received a shot through his hips, and was unable to walk. I procured a horse and got him on. My uncle had received a ball near his wrist that lodged near his elbow. The ground was literally covered with dead and dying men, and the commander gave orders to take the way—perhaps they had been given more explicitly. Happening to see my uncle, he told me that a retreat was ordered, and that I must do the best I could, and take care of myself. Bonham insisted that

he had a better chance of escaping than I had, and urged me to look to my own safety alone. I found the troops pressing like a drove of bullocks to the right. I saw an officer, whom I took to be Lieut. Morgan, an aid to General Butler, with six or eight men, start on a run a little to the left of where I was. I immediately ran and fell in with them. In a short distance we were so suddenly among the Indians, who were not apprised of our object, that they opened to us, and ran to the right and left without firing. I think about two hundred of our men passed through them before they fired, except a chance shot. When we had proceeded about two miles, most of those mounted had passed me. A boy had been thrown or fell off a horse, and begged my assistance. I ran, pulling him along, about two miles further, until I had become nearly exhausted. Of the last two horses in the rear, one carried two men, and the other three. I made an exertion and threw him on behind the two men. The Indians followed but about half a mile further. The boy was thrown off some time afterwards, but escaped and got in safely. My friend Bonham I did not see on the retreat, but understood he was thrown off about this place, and lay on the left of the trace, where he was found in the winter and was buried. I took the cramp violently in my thighs, and could scarcely walk, until I got within a hundred yards of the rear, where the Indians were tomahawking the old and wounded men; and I stopped here to tie my pocket handkerchief around a man's wounded knee. I saw the Indians close in pursuit at this time, and for a moment my spirits sunk, and I felt in despair for my safety. I considered whether I should leave the road, or whether I was capable of any further exertion. If I left the road, the Indians were in plain sight and could easily overtake me. I threw the shoes off my feet, and the coolness of the ground seemed to revive me. I again began a trot, and recollect that, when a bend in the road offered, and I got before half a dozen persons, I thought it would occupy some time for the

enemy to massacre them, before my turn would come. By the time I had got to Stillwater, about eleven miles, I had gained the centre of the flying troops, and like them, came to a walk. I fell in with lieutenant Shaumburg, who, I think, was the only officer of artillery that got away unhurt, with corporal Mott, and a woman who was called red-headed Nance. The latter two were both crying. Mott was lamenting the loss of his wife, and Nance that of an infant child. Shaumburg was nearly exhausted, and hung on Mott's arm. I carried his fusee and accoutrements, and led Nance; and in this sociable way we arrived at Fort Jefferson, a little after sunset."

A Mr. McDowel, who was among those who defended the rear in the retreat, saw a female, carrying her infant which was about a year old. She was so tired that she was about to fall by the wayside, when he took the child and carried it some distance. Afterwards, to save her own life, the woman threw the child in the snow, and left it. The Indians took it up, carried it to the Sandusky towns, and raised it. Soon after this, McDowel overtook a youth, about eighteen years old, wounded in the leg, hobbling along and dispirited. He gave him a drink of spirits, and a little bread, which refreshed and encouraged him. A poney then came dashing along; McDowel mounted the youth upon it, and thus saved his life. Many years after, this youth, grown to manhood and in possession of wealth, had an opportunity of thanking, and relieving the necessities of McDowel.

McClung, in his Sketches of Western Adventure, relates the following, as illustrative of the heroism of one who participated in the defeat of St. Clair.

"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 opportu-

nities 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 sprang 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 sprang 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 everything 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 used 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 inquired 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."

The consequences of the defeat of St. Clair were as disastrous to the settlers of Ohio as an exultant and powerful enemy could make them. Individuals and parties were cut off at various places, and scalping parties of savages prowled near the settlements, watching for the favorable moment of attack with the keen eyes of determined and sleepless hatred. At Marietta, Waterford, Belpre, and other places, the garrisons

HAMILTON KERR AND TWO INDIANS.

were kept under the strictest discipline, by order of the commanding general.

In July, two Indians were killed at Duck Creek Mills. The people had hurried out to assist Major Ezra Putnam in erecting a barn, when the Indians appeared, frightened the workmen away, and shot some cattle. The next day, about twenty men started from the garrison in pursuit of the savages, who were soon ascertained to be twelve in number. Two spies, Hamilton and George Kerr, cautiously got near to the enemy and fired upon them, killing one Indian and mortally wounding another. Just below the mills the creek makes a bend, forming a neck of land, with a ripple. Across this bend the Indians retreated, and passed the creek a quarter of a mile lower down. They then flanked out to the right and left, and defended the passage so bravely that it was thought imprudent to cross at that place, but at the ripple above. By the time the whites had countermarched and got over the creek the Indians had disappeared, and had borne off their wounded companion beyond the reach of pursuit. That afternoon, the party went out with a horse and brought in the body of the dead Indian. It was given to the surgeons of Marietta, who hired an old soldier to boil the flesh from the bones in a kettle on the banks of the Muskingum, to make a skeleton. This disposition of the dead body came to the knowledge of the Indians, who were much vexed and astonished thereat, exclaiming in broken English, "What! white man boil Indian." It is certain that the deed made a deep impression upon the superstitious minds of the savages, and made them very cautious in their visits to the vicinity of the forts.

Wrapped up in the blanket of the dead Indian was found a wild halter for recovering any horse that might fall in his way, and a new case-knife and fork, which he had plundered from some frontier family. The halter was all in one piece, cut out very ingeniously from a buffalo skin, and was

owned for many years afterwards by Col. Sproat. The Indian had very original inventions to supply the place of the articles in use among civilized nations.

The brave defence of the wounded Indian by his comrades awakens admiration. On many occasions, they displayed the same feeling and spirit, not only on behalf of red men, but of those white men who had fought for them. This is but another manifestation of the Indian characteristic—willingness to do anything in their power to benefit a friend or injure an enemy.

In September, a ranger named Peter Niemonger, discovered indications of the vicinity of Indians at his farm, near the mouth of Duck Creek. Hastening to Marietta, he communicated his suspicions. A party was soon formed. It consisted of six rangers, ten volunteer citizens, and twelve soldiers from the garrison. The party went in canoes to the mouth of Duck Creek. Here the rangers found the Indian trail, and, followed by the rest of the party, traced it across the bottoms of the Little Muskingum. In a hollow, about a mile east of the creek, they discovered the Indians, and prepared to attack. Two flanking parties were formed by the rangers and volunteers, the soldiers forming the centre. The Indians discovered the whites just as they came within range. Some of them fled up the run, while two of them ascended a hill near. Both parties then fired and treed. One of the Indians who had ascended the hill was wounded, and the other, in trying to save him, killed. The wounded man got off, but died soon after. The other Indians, five in number, after firing a few times, made a circuit to the right, and come up in the rear of the soldiers, who were regaling themselves at the fire. The Indians fired, and created much uproar among the soldiers, one of whom, receiving a skin-deep wound in the seat of the trowsers, tumbled into the creek, crying, "I'm killed! I'm killed!" The dead Indian was scalped. The other Indians retreated, after frightening the soldiers, whose conduct prevented the rangers from pursuing with any chance of success.

JOSHUA FLEEHART.

In October of this year (1791) an affair occurred which is remarkable as being one of the first displays of the cunning and bravery of Tecumseh, so renowned in subsequent history. The United States troops at the posts in the Ohio settlements drew the greater portion of their meat from the inhabitants of the country about the western branches of the Monongahela. Clarksburg was the depot for this provision. Among those engaged in driving cattle to the settlements was Nicholas Carpenter, a worthy man, who had lived many years on the frontiers. In the latter part of September, he, accompanied by his little son and five men, Hughes, Leggit, Paul, Barnes, and Ellis, left Clarksburgh, with a drove of cattle. On the evening of the 3d of October, this party encamped on a run, about six miles from Marietta, and half a mile from the Ohio. The cattle were suffered to range in the vicinity, the horses were hoppled, the party lay down to repose, and no guard was set. A safe progress had lulled suspicion. But the savage enemy were on their trail. Tecumseh, with five Shawanese warriors, had been over in Virginia, plundering and murdering. Returning, he fell upon Carpenter's trail, followed it rapidly, and came near the camp just before daylight. Previous to the attack, Tecumseh secured a black boy whom he had taken prisoner, by tieing him to a sapling on an adjacent ridge. He then posted his men behind the trunk of a fallen tree a few yards from the camp. At day dawn, Mr. Carpenter called up his men and commenced his customary acts of devotion. The men had commenced a hymn, and were ranged around the fire, when Tecumseh's party rose, fired, and rushed in with an appalling yell. Ellis was killed at the first fire, and John Paul wounded in the hand. Hughes, in his haste, seized two rifles—Carpenter's and his own—and pushed into the woods, followed by two Indians. He fired one rifle and threw the other away. At the time of the attack he was only partly dressed, and his leggings, dangling between his legs, impeded his flight. Stopping a moment, he tore them loose

from his belt. This delay was nearly fatal; for a tomahawk grazed his head. But springing up, this noted woodsman soon left his foes behind. John Paul escaped by his swiftness of foot. Barnes was overtaken, and, after a manful struggle, slain. Legit was pursued nearly two miles, overtaken, and killed. Mr. Carpenter, without weapons and lame, sought to conceal himself in the run. He was there found, and with his son, killed. In the meantime, the black boy had managed to get loose and escape. After collecting the plunder of the camp, Tecumseh and his men rapidly retreated, fearful of pursuit from the rangers of Marietta. The want of proper caution was the cause of this surprise; and we are astonished that it was not more fatal. Why the Indians did not attack while the party were buried in slumber, is not apparent; except we consider the fatigue of their night's march, and the fear of a desperate struggle with fresh men, in case of their being aroused. Mr. Carpenter and his son were most probably killed in a moment of exasperation, caused by the struggle with Barnes, and the escape of Hughes and Paul.

When the first settlers of the Ohio company arrived upon the purchase, every man found in the region was a woodsman, a hunter of game and of Indians. The Yankees placed themselves under the tuition of these men, and being apt scholars, they soon became able to compete with their masters. General Putnam, the superintendent, early adopted the plan of employing rangers for securing the settlements from Indian surprises. The savages, finding themselves so closely watched by men who were their compeers in their arts of warfare, as well better marksmen, turned attention to quarters where enterprises would pay better and offer less risk. Several of the rangers employed by the Ohio company were renowned for their daring, strength and activity. Joshua Fleehart, William McCullough, Benoni Hurlburt, and Hamilton Kerr, were men who were never excelled in the possession of those qualities. During the war, Fleehart occasionally ventured

GENERAL WAYNE.

alone within twenty miles of the Shanawese towns, hunted and trapped for several weeks, and returned unharmed. That being done in the winter season, when the Indians seldom went far from their towns, accounts for his escape.

After the attack on Waterford, early in 1791, the Indians made no more attempts to break up the Ohio settlements, as they had threatened. Without the aid of artillery, they could not expect to be successful in attacks upon well garrisoned posts; and that they could not command. Small parties, sent out to watch and harass the settlers, killed the cattle and kept the garrisons constantly alarmed. After the defeat of St. Clair, the victorious tribes, confident in their strength, hoped to drive their enemies beyond the Ohio. But the vigorous efforts of the general government, and of the people of Kentucky, soon convinced them that they would be compelled to look to the defence of their own houses.

CHAPTER V.

VIGOROUS MEASURES ADOPTED. WAYNE'S EXPEDITION AND VICTORY. ADVENTURES, EXPLOITS AND INCIDENTS.

UNMITIGATED abuse and persecution are ever the rewards of the unsuccessful general, whether his failure is the result of causes within or beyond his control. St. Clair experienced the truth of what all history evinces. He requested a court of inquiry to examine into the causes of his defeat, and expressed a wish to surrender his post as commander, as soon as the examination had taken place. But Washington informed him that, under the existing system, no court of inquiry could be constituted, and it would be impossible to allow him to maintain his position. Public opinion was strongly against the general, and the national executive was even censured for his appointment. St. Clair having withdrawn, Washington selected General Anthony Wayne to succeed him. This officer had been distinguished, during the revolutionary war,

for his indomitable bravery, sleepless energy, and partisan skill. A better selection could scarcely have been made.

In June, 1792, General Wayne reached Pittsburgh, and proceeded to organize and discipline his army. For success in Indian warfare, it was essential that the men should be good marksmen, and, accordingly, powder and lead were not spared in practising. During the summer, the training went on, and the collection of supplies at the different posts in the northwest territory evinced the exertions of the government.

In the meantime, Colonel Wilkinson had succeeded to the command of Fort Washington; and had sent an expedition to examine the field of the late disaster. Captain Buntin, in his despatch to St. Clair, gives the following account of what he found:

"In my opinion, those unfortunate men who fell in the enemy's hands, with life, were used with the greatest torture—having their limbs torn off; and the women have been treated with the most indecent cruelty, having stakes as thick as a person's arm drove through their bodies. The first, I observed when burying the dead; and the latter was discovered by Colonel Sargent and Doctor Brown. We found three whole carriages; the other five were so much damaged that they were rendered useless. By the General's orders, pits were dug in different places, and all the dead bodies that were exposed to view, or could be conveniently found (the snow being very deep) were buried. During this time, there was sundry parties detached, some for our safety, and others in examining the course of the creek; and some distance in advance of the ground occupied by the militia, they found a large camp, not less than three-quarters of a mile long, which was supposed to be that of the Indians the night before the action. We remained on the field that night, and next morning fixed geared horses to the carriages and moved for Fort Jefferson. * * * As there is little reason to believe that the enemy have carried off the cannon, it is the received

opinion that they are either buried or thrown into the creek, and I think the latter the most probable; but as it was frozen over with a thick ice, and that covered with a deep snow, it was impossible to make a search with any prospect of success. In a former part of this letter I have mentioned the camp occupied by the enemy the night before the action. Had Colonel Oldham been able to have complied with your orders on that evening, things at this day might have worn a different aspect."*

The government of the United States, while making vigorous preparation for the ultimate argument of force, pressed its peace overtures with commendable perseverance. The Iroquois chiefs who came to Philadelphia were induced to act as peace-makers. Colonel Trueman was despatched to the Miami villages to offer reasonable terms. Captain Hendricks, of the Stockbridge Indians, was afterwards sent to urge the views of Washington at the approching council of the northwestern confederacy; and then General Rufus Putnam and John Heckwelder were instructed to go into the Indian country and make an effort to secure a permanent treaty of peace. These peaceful overtures were defeated by the obstinate cruelty of the savages, and the exertions of British agents. Trueman, Freeman, and Colonel Hardin were murdered, with the olive branch in their hands. Hendricks gave his message to Col. McKee, and kept away from the grand council. Putnam alone succeeded in meeting and treating with a few of the minor tribes. His mission ended in nothing of importance. Nor were the Iroquois messengers more successful. The Indian confederacy maintained that lofty tone which victory gives to the unwise, and refused to treat unless the whites would

* Dillon, i. 308. See also, Cist's Cincinnati Miscellany, ii. 30. Several writers have given an account of an expedition by General Scott to St. Clair's battle ground, soon after the contest: the whole story seems to be a fable or "myth:" no such expedition was ever made. (Butler's History of Kentucky, 206.)

PUTNAM'S COUNCIL WITH THE INDIANS.

retire south of the Ohio. Force alone remained to our exasperated government.

In December, 1792, General Wayne's forces, recruited and trained, were gathered at a point at Legionville, on the Ohio, twenty-two miles below Pittsburg. The army itself having been christened the Legion of the United States, was divided into four sub-legions, and provided with legionary officers. It remained at Legionville during the winter. In April, 1793, Wayne moved down the river to Fort Washington, near which his army was encamped until October. The time was spent in drilling and preparation. President Washington had sent commissioners to make a last and greater effort to induce the enemy to arrange a peace, and he ordered that there should be no advance into the Indian country until the result of the embassy was known. This delay was productive of no good. It was apparent that the savages were determined not to compromise, until a heavy and sudden blow should have been inflicted to make them feel the power of the government.

Besides their own strength, the Indians calculated upon the prompt assistance of both the British and Spaniards, whose agents were busy among them.

In September, 1793, General Wayne received intelligence from the commissioners that their efforts had proved abortive. Encamped at "Hobson's Choice," the General was contending against the unwillingness of the Kentuckians to serve with regular troops, and against fever and desertion. On the 5th of October, he wrote that he could not hope to have more than 2600 regular troops, 360 mounted volunteers, and thirty-six guides and spies to go with him beyond Fort Jefferson.

On the 7th of the same month, the army left Cincinnati, and on the 13th reached a strong position six miles in front of Fort Jefferson. There, on the 24th, Wayne was joined by General Scott, with 1000 mounted volunteers. The General had so far encountered but little opposition. But one attack had been made upon the troops previous to the 23d of October.

* At that period, when the strife between the two parties, named Federalists and Republicans, was at its greatest height, many of the federalists contended that there was no reason for believing that British agents were stimulating the Indians to hostilities. Partiality for Britain here clouded the judgment of numerous able men. There is a mass of evidence to prove the truth of what was then asserted. Letters are extant from Sinea, the British agent in Canada, to subordinates, showing clearly that it was the wish of the government of Great Britain, not only to gain the friendship of the Indians, but to prepare them for a renewal of hostilities. On several occasions arms and medals of British manufacture was plentifully discovered among the red men. But all doubts were set at rest after the battle of the Fallen Timbers, when Gen. Wayne pursued the savages to the shelter of a British fort.

The employment of Indians in war, against the United States by the British, was by no means a new practice of that cruel and blood-stained government. It formed one of the heaviest of their offences against humanity in the Revolutionary war, and drew forth an indignant reproach against the ministry from the most renowned of their parliamentary orators, the eloquent Earl of Chatham. The affair of Miss McRea, so well known as an episode in Burgoyne's invasion, awakened a feeling of resentment in the Americans, which lasted to the close of the war.

A SHAWANEE WARRIOR.

This occurred on the 17th. A body of two commissioned, and ninety non-commisioned officers and soldiers, conveying twenty wagons of supplies, was attacked seven miles beyond Fort St. Clair, and Lieut. Lowry, Ensign Boyd, and 13 men killed.

General Wayne determined to stay at his strong position during the winter, and proceeded to fortify himself, giving the name of Fort Greenville to the post. On the 23d of December, a detachment was sent forward to take possession of the field of St. Clair's defeat. One who accompanied this detachment, says, it arrived at the fatal spot on Christmas day; that six hundred skulls were gathered and buried; and that when the men lay down at night they had to scrape the

bones together and carry them out, to make their beds. Here was built Fort Recovery, which was properly garrisoned and placed under the command of Captain Alexander Gibson. The winter months of 1794, were well employed by Wayne in preparing to strike an effective blow when the time came, and in learning the movements and plans of the savages.

On the 30th of June, Fort Recovery was assailed by the brave and skilful Little Turtle, at the head of about 1200 warriors. The attack continued during that day, and a part of the following. The garrison made a manful and vigorous defence, and at last, succeeded in giving the enemy a final repulse. On the 26th of July, General Scott, who had, with the Kentuckians, gone home during the winter, reached Wayne with 1600 mounted men; and on the 28th, the army moved forward. After a march of eleven days, it reached Grand Glaize, near the junction of the Anglaize and Maumee, at which latter place, Fort Defiance was erected.

Wayne's aim was to reach the head-quarters of the savages undiscovered; and in order to do this, he had ordered two roads to be cut, while he pressed forward between the two. This stratagem would have been successful; but a deserter informed the Indians of it, and they hastily abandoned their towns. Wayne, having now received full and accurate accounts of the strength of the enemy, and become acquainted with his ground, determined to press forward and strike at once. But first, in compliance with the spirit of Washington's humane instructions, he sent Christopher Miller, who had been naturalized among the Shawanese, and who had been captured by the whites, to offer terms of friendship.

On the 15th, Wayne moved forward, and on the 16th met Miller returning with the message that if the Americans would wait ten days at Grand Glaize, the Indians would decide for peace or war. Wayne, tired of delay, and expecting nothing to result from it which would bring about peace, marched on. On the 18th of August, the legion had advanced forty-one miles

GENERAL WAYNE DEFEATING THE INDIANS.

from Grand Glaize, and being near the long-looked-for foe, began to throw up some light works, called Fort Deposit, where the heavy baggage was to be placed during the battle. On the same day, five of Wayne's spies rode into the very camp of the foe, and in endeavoring to retreat, one of them named May, fell, and was captured. The next day, he was tied to a tree and shot at as a target.

On the 20th, at 7 o'clock, the army, disencumbered of all its heavy baggage, moved down the north bank of the Maumee. The right flank of the legion was covered by the Maumee; the left by one brigade of mounted volunteers, the other brigade being in the rear. A select battalion of mounted volunteers, commanded by Major Price, moved in front of the legion so far as to give timely notice of attack. The account of the battle, we give in the words of General Wayne:—

"After advancing about five miles, Major Price's corps received so severe a fire from the enemy, who were secreted in the woods and high grass, as to compel them to retreat. The legion was immediately formed in two lines, principally

in a close thick wood, which extended for miles on our left, and for a very considerable distance in front; the ground being covered with old fallen timber, probably occasioned by a tornado, which rendered it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect, and afforded the enemy the most favorable covert for their mode of warfare. The savages were formed in three lines, within supporting distance of each other, and extending for near two miles at right angles with the river. I soon discovered, from the weight of the fire and extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favorite ground, and endeavoring to turn our left flank. I therefore gave orders for the second line to advance and support the first; and directed Major General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages, with the whole of the mounted volunteers, by a circuitous route; at the same time I ordered the front line to advance and charge with trailed arms, and rouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet, and when up, to deliver a close and well directed fire on their backs, followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give them time to load again.

I also ordered Captain Mis Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy next the river, and which afforded a favorable field for that corps to act in. All these orders were obeyed with spirit and promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the charge by the first line of infantry, that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers, were drove from all their coverts in so short a time, that although every possible exertion was used by the officers of the second line of the legion, and by Generals Scott, Todd, and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, but part of each could get up in season to participate in the action; the enemy being drove, in the course of one hour, more than two miles, through the thick woods already mentioned, by less than one half their numbers. From every account the enemy amounted to two thousand combatants.

The troops actually engaged against them were short of nine hundred. This horde of savages, with their allies, abandoned themselves to flight, and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving our victorious army in full and quiet possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the guns of the British garrison, as you will observe by the enclosed correspondence between Major Campbell, the commandant, and myself, upon the occasion."*

The legion had twenty-six killed, five of whom were officers, and eighty-seven wounded, thirteen of whom were officers. The Kentucky volunteers had seven privates killed, and ten privates and three officers wounded. Total—killed and wounded, 133 men.

It is supposed that there were about five hundred Canadians in the battle, and that the number of Indians was nearly 1500. The principal chiefs were Little Turtle, Blue Jacket, and Buchongahelas. The first of these is said to have opposed the project of fighting with Wayne's army, believing that the Indians would be defeated. In this he evinced the wisdom which always distinguished him. The loss of the enemy is not known, but is supposed to have been considerable.

The vigor, caution and skill displayed by Wayne from the commencement of the march deserves, and has received the highest commendation. From his conduct in the revolutionary war, it had been expected that he would exhibit energy, and rapidity of movement; but his cautious and wise manœuvres astonished even his admirers.

Soon after the victory had been won, a spirited correspondence occurred between General Wayne and Major Campbell, the British commander of Fort Miami, in which Wayne gave the Major to understand that the guns of that fort would not have stopped the progress of his victorious troops if the enemy had taken shelter beneath them, and demanded that the

* Perkins' Western Annals.

British should retire from the fort. The British commander resisted. As Wayne had been instructed not to precipitate a war between the two nations, he made no attempt to enforce his demand.

During the preparation for Wayne's expedition, and while it was in progress, many incidents occurred and many exploits were performed, an account of which must form an interesting part of border history, illustrating, as they do, the character of the frontier men, and the nature of Indian warfare.

In the heat of the battle, a soldier, who had got detached from the army, met a single Indian in the woods. They attacked each other, one using his bayonet, the other his tomahawk. Two days after, both were found dead, the soldier with his bayonet in the body of the Indian, and the Indian, with his tomahawk in the head of the soldier.

When Captain Campbell was striving to turn the enemy's left, three Indians hemmed in by the cavalry and infantry, plunged into the river to swim to the opposite shore. Two negroes belonging to the army concealed themselves behind a log on the opposite bank to intercept them. As the Indians came within range, a negro fired and shot the foremost through the head. The other two took hold of him to drag him to the shore, when the other negro fired and shot a second Indian dead. The remaining Indian, being then in shoal water, took hold of both bodies, and strove to tow them to the bank. In the meantime, one of the negroes, having reloaded, fired and mortally wounded him. They then rushed upon him, tomahawked him, and scalping the three bodies, let them float down the stream. From their striking resemblance, the Indians were supposed to be brothers. A nobler example of generous devotion cannot be found!

To secure himself from surprise, General Wayne had engaged the services of some of the best rangers and spies the frontier could produce. The most efficient division of the rangers was commanded by Captain William Wells, the adopted

MEETING OF WELLS AND HIS INDIAN FATHER.

son of Little Turtle. This man, having been reared among the Indians, was thoroughly acquainted with their haunts and habits. He fought against the whites during Harmer's and St. Clair's expeditions, and was considered by the Indians a most valuable leader. After St. Clair's defeat, he foresaw the turn affairs would take, and joined the army of Wayne, resolved to do his utmost to contribute to the success of the expedition and the conclusion of a treaty favorable to the whites.

Attached to Wells' corps were Robert McLellen, celebrated for his great swiftness of foot; Henry Miller, who had been a captive among the Indians, and whose brother was still among them; Hickman, May, and Thorpe, all noted for daring, strength, and activity. The following account of some of the deeds of these men is given by McDonald in his Sketches of the Border:—

"In June, 1794, while the head-quarters of the army was at Greenville, Wayne despatched Wells, with his corps, with orders to bring an Indian into the camp as prisoner. Accordingly he proceeded cautiously with his party through the Indian country. They crossed the St. Mary's, and thence to the Auglaize, without meeting with any straggling party of Indians. In passing up the latter, they discovered a smoke, dismounted, tied their horses and cautiously reconnoitered. They found three Indians encamped on a high, open piece of ground, clear of brush or any undergrowth, rendering it difficult to approach them without being discovered. While reconnoitering, they saw not very distant from the camp, a fallen tree. They returned and went round, so as to get it between them and the Indians. The tree top being full of leaves would serve to screen them from observation. They crept forward on their hands and knees with the caution of the cat, until they reached it, when they were within 70 or 80 yards of the camp. The Indians were sitting or standing about the fire, roasting their venison, laughing and making merry antics,

little dreaming that death was about stealing a march upon them. Arrived at the fallen tree, their plans were settled. M'Clellan, who was almost as swift of foot as a deer, was to catch the centre Indian, while Wells and Miller were to kill the other two, one shooting to the right and the other to the left. Resting the muzzles of their rifles on a log of the fallen tree, they aimed for the Indians' hearts. Whiz went the balls, and both Indians fell. Before the smoke had risen two feet, M'Clellan was running with uplifted tomahawk for the remaining Indian, who bounded down the river, but finding himself likely to be headed if he continued in that direction, he turned and made for the river, which at that place had a bluff bank about 20 feet high. On reaching it, he sprang off into the stream and sunk to his middle in the soft mud at its bottom. M'Clellan came after and instantly sprang upon him, as he was wallowing and endeavoring to extricate himself from the mire. The Indian drew his knife; the other raised his tomahawk and bade him throw down his knife or he would kill him instantly. He did so, and surrendered without farther opposition.

By this time, Wells and his companion came to the bank, and discovered the two quietly sticking in the mud. Their prisoner being secure, they selected a place where the bank was less precipitous, went down, dragged the captive out and tied him. He was sulky, and refused to speak either Indian or English. Some of the party went back for their horses, while the others washed the mud and paint from the prisoner. When cleaned, he turned out to be a white man, but still refused to speak, or give any account of himself. The party scalped the two Indians whom they had shot, and then set off for head-quarters. Henry Miller having some suspicions that their prisoner might possibly be his brother Christopher, whom he had left with the Indians, years previous, rode up along side of him, and called him by his Indian name. At the sound, he started, stared around, and eagerly inquired how he came to know his name? The mystery was soon explained.

Their prisoner was indeed Christopher Miller! A mysterious providence appeared to have placed him in a situation in the camp, by which his life was preserved. Had he been standing either to the right or to the left, he would inevitably have been killed, and an even chance too, if not by his own brother. But that fate which appears to have doomed the Indian race to extinction, permitted the white man to live.

When they arrived at Greenville, their prisoner was placed in the guard-house. Wayne often interrogated him as to what he knew of the future intentions of the Indians. Capt. Wells and his brother Henry, were almost constantly with him, urging him to abandon the idea of ever again joining the Indians, and to unite with the whites. For some time he was reserved and sulky, but at length became more cheerful, and agreed that if they would release him from his confinement, he would remain among them. Capt. Wells and Henry Miller urged Wayne to release him, who did so, with the observation, that should he deceive them and return to the enemy, they would be one the stronger. He appeared pleased with his change of situation, and was mounted on a fine horse, and otherwise equipped for war. He joined the company of Wells, and continued through the war a brave and intrepid soldier.

As soon as Wells and his company had rested themselves, they were anxious for another bout with the red men. Time without action was irksome to such stirring spirits. Accordingly in July, they left Greenville, their number strengthened by the addition of Christopher Miller, with orders to bring in prisoners. When on these excursions, they were always mounted on elegant horses and dressed and painted in Indian style. They arrived in the country near the Auglaize, when they met a single Indian, and called upon him to surrender. Notwithstanding there were six against him, he refused, levelled his rifle, and as they approached him on horseback, fired, missed his mark, and then ran. The thick underbrush

enabling him to gain upon them, Christopher Miller and M'Clellan dismounted and pursued, and the latter soon overtook him. Upon this he turned and made a blow at M'Clellan with his rifle, which was parried. As it was M'Clellan's intention not to kill him, he kept him at bay until Christopher came up, when they closed in, and made him prisoner without receiving injury. They then turned about and arrived with him at Greenville. He was reported to be a Pottawatamie chief of scarcely equalled courage and prowess. As Christopher Miller had performed his part on this occasion, to the entire satisfaction of the brave spirits with whom he acted, he had, as he merited, their entire confidence.

On one of Captain Well's peregrinations through the Indian country, as he came to the bank of the St. Mary's he discovered a family of Indians coming up the river in a canoe. He dismounted from his horse and concealed his men, while he went to the bank of the river, in open view, and called to the Indians to come over. As he was dressed in Indian costume and spoke in that language, they crossed to him, unsuspicious of danger. The moment the canoe struck the shore, Wells heard the nicking of the cocks of his comrades' rifles, as they prepared to shoot the Indians; but who should be in the canoe but his Indian father and mother, with their children! The others were now coming forward with their rifles cocked and ready to pour in a deadly fire upon this family. Wells shouted to them to desist, informing them who the Indians were, solemnly declaring that the first man who attempted to injure one of them should receive a ball in his head. "That family," said he to his men, "had fed him when hungry, clothed him when naked, and nursed him when sick, and had treated him as affectionately as their own children." This short speech moved the sympathetic hearts of his leather-hunting-shirt comrades, who entered at once into his feelings and approved of his lenity. Dropping their tomahawks and rifles, they went to the canoe and shook hands with the trembling Indians in

the most friendly manner. Wells assured them they had nothing to fear; and after talking with them some time to dispel their anxiety, he told them "that General Wayne was approaching with an overwhelming force; that the best thing the Indians could do was to make peace, and that the whites did not wish to continue the war. He urged his Indian father to keep for the future out of danger:" he then bade them farewell. They appeared grateful for his clemency, pushed off their canoe, and paddled with their utmost rapidity down stream. Capt. Wells and his comrades, though perfect desperadoes in fight, upon this occasion proved that they largely possessed that gratitude and benevolence which does honor to human kind.

While Wayne's army lay at the Indian village at the confluence of the Auglaize and Maumee, building Fort Defiance, the General, wishing to be informed of the intentions of the enemy, despatched Capt. Wells's party to bring in another prisoner. They consisted of Wells, M'Clellan, the Millers, May, and Mahaffy. They proceeded cautiously down the Maumee until opposite the site of Fort Meigs, where was an Indian village. This was on the 11th of August, nine days before the battle. Wells and his party boldly rode into this town, as if they had come from the British fort, and occasionally stopped and talked with the Indians in their language. The savages believed them to be Indians from a distance, who had come to take a part in the expected battle. After passing through the village, they met, some distance from it, an Indian man and woman on horseback, who were returning to town from hunting. They made them captives without resistance, and set off for Defiance.

A little after dark, they came near a large encampment of Indians, merrily amusing themselves around their camp fires. Ordering their prisoners to be silent, under pain of instant death, they went around the camp until they got about half a mile above it. They then held a consultation, tied and gagged

their prisoners, and rode into the Indian camp with their rifles lying across the pummels of their saddles. They inquired when they had heard last of Gen. Wayne and the movements of his army, and how soon and where the expected battle would be fought? The Indians standing about Wells and his party were very communicative, and answered the questions without any suspicions of deceit in their visiters. At length an Indian, who was sitting at some distance, said in an undertone, in another tongue, to some who were near him, that he suspected these strangers had some mischief in their heads. Wells overheard it, gave the preconcerted signal, and each fired his rifle into the body of an Indian, at not more than six feet distance. The moment the Indian had made the remark, he and his companions rose up with their rifles in hand, but not before each of the others had shot their man. The moment after Wells and party had fired, they put spurs to their horses, lying with their breasts on their animals' necks, so as to lessen the mark to fire at, and before they had got out of the light of the camp fires, the Indians had fired upon them. As M'Lellan lay in this position, a ball entered beneath his shoulder blade and came out at the top of his shoulder; Wells' arm was broken by a ball, and his rifle dropped to the ground; May was chased to the smooth rock in the Maumee, where, his horse falling, he was taken prisoner.

The rest of the party escaped without injury, and rode full speed to where their prisoners were confined, and mounting them upon horses continued their route. Wells and M'Lellan being severely wounded, and their march slow and painful to Defiance, a distance of about thirty miles, ere they could receive surgical aid, a messenger was despatched to hasten to that post for a surgeon and a guard. As soon as he arrived with the tidings of the wounds and perilous situation of these heroic and faithful spies, very great sympathy was manifesed. Wayne's feeling for the suffering soldier was at all times quick and sensitive. We can, then, imagine the intensity of his

solicitude when informed of the sufferings and perils of his confidential and chosen band. He instantly despatched a surgeon and a company of the swiftest dragoons to meet, assist and guard these brave fellows to head-quarters, where they arrived safe, and the wounds in due time recovered.

May, who was taken prisoner, having formerly lived and ran away from the Indians, was recognized. They told him, the second day before the battle, "We know you—you speak Indian language—you not content to live with us: to-morrow we take you to that tree—pointing to a very large burr oak at the edge of the clearing near the British fort—we will tie you up and make a mark on your breast, and we will try what Indian can shoot nearest it." Accordingly, the next day he was tied to that tree, a mark made on his breast, and his body riddled with at least fifty bullets. Thus ended poor May!

This little band of spies, during the campaign, performed more real service than any other corps of equal number belonging to the army. They brought in, at different times, not less than twenty prisoners, and killed more than an equal number. As they had no rivals in the army, they aimed in each excursion to outdo their former exploits. What confidence! what self-possession was displayed by these men in their terrific encounters! To ride boldly into the enemy's camp, in full view of of their blazing camp-fires, and enter into conversation with them without betraying the least appearance of trepidation or confusion, and openly commence the work of death, proves how well their souls were steeled against fear. They had come off unscathed in so many desperate conflicts, that they became callous to danger.

During the progress of Wayne's preparations and expedition the settlements of the Ohio company suffered from the depredations of the Indians. The greatest and principal danger to the settlers arose from their exposure to attack while engaged during the spring and summer months in working in their fields. The clearings of some of the inhabitants were about

three miles from the garrison, while others were within rifle shot of the garrison. While at work in the fields, sentries were kept on the edge of the adjacent forest; and when marching through the woods between the upper and lower settlements, flanking parties examined the ground.

In the early spring of 1792, some murders were committed at Newbury, a small settlement about six miles below Belpre, where a stockade fort had been erected for the security of the settlers. On the 15th of March, a man named Brown went out to set some fruit trees. His wife, with five children, followed him, at some distance. When they arrived within a short space of Mr. Brown, two Indians sprang out from their concealment; one of whom seized Mrs. Brown by the arm, and sunk his tomahawk in her head. As she fell, he aimed a blow at her infant, which cut a large gash in the side of the forehead, and nearly severed one ear. He next dashed his hatchet into the head of the child she was leading, and with his knife tore off their scalps. The other Indian fell upon the remaining child, sinking his tomahawk into their heads, and tearing off their scalps with the remorseless fury of a demon.

The men in the garrison, hearing their screams, rushed out to their rescue; but only saved the little fellow who loitered behind, and commenced firing at the Indians. Brown, whom they had not discovered before, now came in sight, but, being without arms, could render no assistance. The Indians immediately gave chase to him, but he escaped and reached the garrison. As the men were not familiar with Indian warfare, no effective pursuit was made; whereas, had there been several backwoodsmen among them, they would doubtless have been followed and killed.

When the bodies of the slain were removed to the garrison, the poor little infant was found in a state of insensibility, lying by the side of its dead mother. It finally revived, and was nursed with great tenderness by the females of "Farmers'

JOHN MAGEE.

Castle," where the child was soon after brought, whose deepest sympathies were awakened by its motherless condition, pallid features, and ghastly wound, which had nearly deprived it of all its blood. By great care it was again restored to health, and the father, with his two remaining children, returned to his relations. The 1st of April the settlement at Newbury was evacuated, and not repossessed until the close of the war.*

On the 1st of March, 1793, the settlers of Belpre met with the most serious loss they had yet endured from the Indians.

On that day, Major Goodale, "the life and soul of the pioneer community," was at work, on his farm, about forty or fifty rods from the garrison. An Irishman, named John Magee, was at work in the bottom just below and out of sight of the Major.

The Indians made so little noise in their assault, that John did not hear them. The first notice of the disaster was the view of the oxen seen from the garrison, standing quietly in the field with no one near them. After an hour or more, they were observed still in the same place, when suspicion arose that some disaster had happened to Mr. Goodale. One of the men was called, and sent up to learn what had happened.

John was still busy at his work, unconscious of any alarm. In the edge of the woods there was a thin layer of snow, on which he soon saw moccasin tracks. It was now evident that Indians had been there, and had taken him prisoner, as no blood was seen on the ground. They followed the trail some distance but soon lost it. The next day a party of rangers went out, but returned after a fruitless search. The river at this time was nearly at full bank, and less danger was apprehended on that account; it was also early in the season for Indians to approach the settlements. The uncertainty of his condition left room for the imagination to fancy every thing horrible in his fate; more terrible to bear than the actual knowledge of his death.*

* Pioneer History.

The fate of the Major was not ascertained until 1799, when Col. Meeker, his friend, being at Detroit, learned from the Indians that they had intended taking their captive to Detroit to get a large ransom, but that he fell sick, and died at Sandusky.*

The attack upon the family of John Armstrong, and the captivity of some of its members, which are so often detailed by border historians, occurred in 1794. The following is the most correct account of this affair which we have been able to obtain:—

John Armstrong was a native of Pennsylvania. He removed to Ohio in the fall of 1793, and passed the winter with his family a little above the head of Blennerhasset's island, in the block-house of Isaac Barker. Armstrong, Peter Mixner, and another man, being interested in a floating mill moored near the head of the island, on the Virginia shore, and finding it inconvenient to cross the river so often, built cabins a short distance above the mill, and moved their families into them. Many of the inhabitants thought this a hazardous movement. But the bold frontier men were not detered by the dread of Indians. Mixner, for unknown reasons, built himself another cabin about ninety yards above his first one, in the midst of the trees, and moved his family into it a few days before the attack.

Towards morning on the 24th of April, Mr Armstrong was aroused by the barking of his faithful watchdog. An old she bear had attempted to carry off his pigs a night or two before, and he now thought she had returned.

Without putting on his clothes, he seized his rifle, unbarred the door, and rushed out to the aid of his dog, which was barking violently at some object which he could not distinctly see. As he approached nearer, he caught the glimpse of three or four Indians, whose presence had roused the ire of his dog. He instantly fired at them, and halloed, "Indians! Indians!"

* Hildreth.

MURDER OF MRS. ARMSTRONG.

and retreated into the house, fastened the door, and went up into the loft, where three of the larger children slept; while the two smaller ones, with the infant, lodged below, with himself and wife. By the time he had reached the loft, the Indians, with the aid of a heavy rail and their tomahawks, had burst open the door and taken possession of the house. Finding he could make no effectual resistance for the defence of his family, he pushed apart the lose shingling of the roof, jumped down to the ground, and, unseen by the Indians, retreated to the mill, where two of his eldest boys, who aided in tending it, were sleeping. When the savages entered the house, Mrs. Armstong, with the infant in her arms, attempted to escape, by getting out at the top of the low, unfinished chimney, which was made of logs; but her foot slipped and she fell back again, breaking her leg in the fall. The Indians then tomahawked and scalped her, with the two younger children. On visiting the loft, they found Jeremiah, about eight years old; John, ten; and Elizabeth, of fourteen years. These they did not kill, but took as prisoners.

In the meantime, Mixner, hearing the gun and the noise at Armstrong's cabin, came out to learn the cause. Listening carefully, in the stillness of the night, he heard the Indians in busy conversation. Calling up his wife, who was incredulous as to the cause, he bade her hearken to the voices, which he could hear distinctly, but could not understand. Mrs. Mixner, who had been a prisoner with the Wyandottes, and understood their language, learned that they were seeking and inquiring of each other for the family that lived in the other cabin, but was now empty. He lost no time in hurrying his family into his canoe, and paddled out into the middle of the river, letting the boat float slowly and silently by the cabin of his neighbor. Hearing the low moaning and stifled sobs of Elizabeth, at the murder of her mother and the children, he hailed, and asked, "what was the matter, and what had happened?" One of the Indians, who spoke English, bid her say, "that nothing had

happened," or he would kill her. In the bitterness of her anguish she was obliged to comply, and answered as she was directed. Having landed his family on the island, Mixner gave the alarm about the same time that Armstrong did.*

In the morning, a party of men crossed from the island to the scene of the massacre. The Indians had gone. The faithful dog was found in the house, with his lower jaw nearly severed by the stroke of a tomahawk. The dead bodies were taken over to the island and buried. The same day, a party of twenty men went in pursuit of the murderers. It was ascertained that they were Wyandottes, twenty in number, and that they had crossed the Ohio, went up the Big Hock-hocking for several miles, and then travelled by land. By the print of the children's feet in the mud, the prisoners were known to be still alive, and it was feared that if the pursuit was continued they might be put to death. The party of whites therefore returned. The young prisoners were adopted into different families, and appear to have been used well. John and Jerry were restored to the whites at the close of the war. Elizabeth went to Canada, and settled near Malden.

In October, 1793, while a detachment of Wayne's troops were at Fort Recovery, John Shaw, a serjeant in the company of Captain Hasker, narrowly escaped being killed or taken by the Indians. Contrary to orders, he ventured into the forest near the fort to gather hickory-nuts, and had set his musket against a tree. While busily engaged, with his head near the ground, he heard a slight rustling of the leaves close to him. Rising suddenly from his stooping posture, he saw an Indian within a few yards, his tomahawk ready for a throw, while at the same, he called out, in broken English, "prisoner! prisoner!" Shaw had no particular liking for captivity. So he sprang to his gun, cocked it, and faced around, just as the Indian hurled his hatchet at his head. It missed its aim, but made a deep wound in the muscles of the loins. Shaw now

* Pioneer History.

gained an erect position, and fired his gun when the Indian was within a few feet of him. The savage fell dead upon the spot. Before Shaw could reload, another Indian rushed towards him, and he was obliged to fly. As he ran in the direction of the fort, another Indian started up before him, and he was forced to take to the woods. Shaw was a very active man and a swift runner; and, by leaping logs and other obstructions, which they were compelled to go round, he soon gained upon his pursuers. After a hot pursuit of fifteen or twenty minutes, he reached the neighborhood of the fort, and met a party of men coming out to his rescue. These men had heard the report of his gun, and as no firing was allowed near the fort except at the enemy or in self-defence, they guessed the cause. The Indians made no attempt to shoot Shaw. They wanted a prisoner from whom they could gain knowledge of Wayne's movements, and they felt almost sure of taking him by pursuit, and the brandishing of the tomahawk.

In February, 1795, occurred one of the longest and most hazardous pursuits known in the history of the border. Towards the last of that month a young man, named Jonas Davis, was shot by a party of savages at the mouth of Crooked Creek, three miles above Stone's garrison. The body was scalped, stripped of its clothing, and left by the side of a skiff, where it was found next day by a party of men from the garrison. The death of Davis was severely felt at the garrison, as he was about to be married to the daughter of Isaac Barker, and was highly esteemed.

The same day on which the body of Davis was found, John James, one of the most daring and active men on the frontier, with four other men proceeded in a canoe down the Ohio in pursuit of the murderers. It was ascertained that a party of Indians were hunting at the head of Symmes' Creek, and it was conjectured that the war party belonged to them. The daring borderers hastened to the mouth of the Big

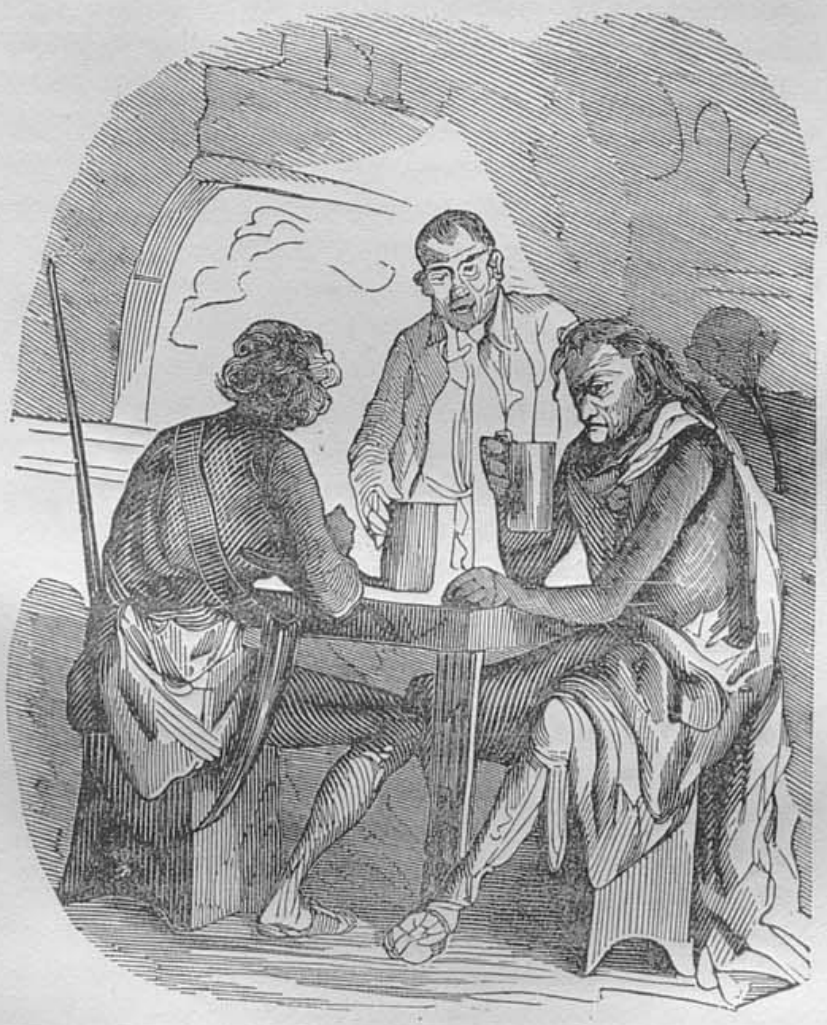
Kenawha, where they expected to be joined by some volunteers from the garrison. But none complied with their request. They then proceeded to Gallipolis, where they were joined by four men. The party now proceeded to Raccoon Creek, and ranged up that stream one day without meeting any Indians. Here, one of the men fell sick and was sent back in charge of another, leaving only six to continue the pursuit.

The next day the party reached the head of Symmes' Creek, and soon met with Indian signs, finding they were encamped near their beaver traps.

As it was near sunset, the party secreted themselves behind a large fallen tree, waiting for night, when they intended to attack the Indians in their camp, make one fire, and rush on with their tomahawks, not thinking the hunting party could number more than eight or ten men, but they subsequently found they amounted to near forty, divided into two camps, one on each side of the pond. They had lain concealed but a short time, when an Indian, who had been out hunting came in sight, and was closely examining the trail made by the whites, knowing it was that of strangers. When he came within forty or fifty yards, one of the party, Joseph Miller, fired, and the Indian fell. As Mr. James rushed up with his tomahawk, he raised the war cry, and was instantly answered by his comrades from their camp, distant not more than two or three hundred yards, for they directly came rushing up in force, before James could accomplish his purpose, and, with his party, was obliged rapidly to retreat, as the Indians far outnumbered them.*

It soon became so dark that the Indians could only follow the trail by the barking of their dogs, which they had sent in pursuit. In consequence of the heavy rains of the previous two days, the east fork of the creek was too high for fording. The party instantly made a raft of dry logs; but it became

* Pioneer History.



BLUE JACKET.

entangled in the bushes, so that they were forced to abandon it, and travel up the creek until they could find a ford. They crossed it just before day-break, and then waited a couple of hours concealed in the bushes, expecting the Indians to come up, and intending to fire upon them while they were in the water. But the pursuers did not come to that place. The borderers then proceeded to Raccoon Creek, which they crossed on a raft, and by the evening of the next day reached Gallipolis. After an excursion so full of toil and excitement they were very nearly exhausted. A ranger afterwards ascertained that the Indians had pursued the party almost to the town of Gallipolis. The ford at the head of Symmes' Creek is about one hundred miles from Belpre, from which we judge of the great length of this pursuit, which was the last warfare with the savages in this part of the territory.*

General Wayne remained at Fort Defiance until the 14th of September, when he marched for the Miami villages, at the junction of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph's rivers. Opposite these villages he began to erect a fortress, which was completed on the 22d of October, and named by its commander, Colonel Hamtranck, Fort Wayne. During this time the troops suffered much from sickness, and the want of several essentials of provision. On the 28th of October, the Legion began its return march to Greenville, the volunteers having been despatched to that post for dismissal some time before.

From undoubted sources, Wayne learned that the Indians were anxious for peace, and that the British agents, Simcoe and McKee, were striving to persuade them from it. But the red men had seen enough to convince them that hostility would draw ruin upon them, and were determined to secure themselves good terms while it was possible. On the 28th and 29th of December, the chiefs of the Chippewas, Ottowas, Sacs, Pottowotamies, and Miamis came to Fort Wayne with peace messages; and on the 24th of January, 1795, at Green-

* Hildreth.

ville, joined the Delawares, Wyandottes, and Shawanese, in their assent to the preliminary articles of a treaty.

During the winter, the various tribes exchanged prisoners with the whites, and prepared to meet Wayne at Greenville, in June, to form a definite treaty of peace and friendship. Early in that month the representatives of the north-western tribes began to gather at Greenville; and the conferences commenced. Buchongahelas, Little Turtle, Tarke, Blue Jacket, and Massos, successively arrived, with bands of their tribes. After several conferences, on the 30th of July, the treaty was agreed to. By the 7th of August it was engrossed, and the presents from the United States distributed. By the articles of this treaty, all hostilities were to cease; all prisoners were to be restored; the greater part of the territory of Ohio was ceded to the United States; the United States were to possess the land in the vicinity of the chain of posts established by St. Clair and Wayne, and to have free passage to and from them; twenty thousand dollars worth of goods was to be distributed immediately among the tribes; and they were to receive a yearly supply of the value of nine thousand five hundred dollars. The Indians were allowed upon the ceded lands. The date of the treaty was the 3d of August. It was ratified by the Senate on the 22d of December, and thus closed that long period of strife, suffering and horror endured by the pioneer settlers of the west. They could now hope to pursue their daily occupations in security, and reckon surely upon peace and plenty throwing sunshine upon their exertions.

CHAPTER VI.

HOSTILE MOVEMENTS OE TECUMSEH AND THE PROPHET. FRONTIER EVENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

FROM the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, until about 1806, the people of the north-western territory were free from all apprehension of attack by the Indians. The population of Ohio had rapidly increased. The territory now forming the states of Indiana and Illinois had been separated from Ohio in 1802, and William Henry Harrison appointed its Governor. That

active and prudent officer watched every indication of discontent among the Indians, searched for its causes, and endeavored to remedy them. By this course of action he doubtless averted hostilities on several occasions. Through his efforts, the claims of various tribes to the fine lands upon the Wabash and its tributaries were extinguished.

But a mighty spirit had arisen among the children of the forest—a spirit filled with a giant purpose, and equal to the task of working it out. This was Tecumseh, or the Crouching Panther. This great chief was the son of a Shawanee warrior, and a Creek woman. He had been bred among the Shawanees, at that period the Spartans of the West, and the most unrelenting foes to the white settlements. At a very early age Tecumseh had given indications of courage, fortitude, wisdom, and a commanding temper, and as he grew in years, he gained in influence among his friends, and in his tribe. In all athletic exercises he was unrivalled. He was the most successful of hunters, the swiftest of runners, and the quickest and strongest of wrestlers. But he had a mind whose strength was beyond that of muscles and sinews, a mind at once piercing and comprehensive, lofty and profound. His speech in the council was as wise and forcible as his arm was terrible in the field. On all occasions he evinced a determined enmity to the whites. The steady and tightening grasp upon the land of his fathers roused his indignation, and he resolved to devote his life to the freedom of his people. In the gradual encroachments of the whites, whether by force or treaty, Tecumseh saw the ruin of his race; and conceived that by forming a vast confederacy of all the tribes in the west, northwest and southwest, he might build a dam against the mighty waters which threatened to overwhelm the red men. How long he labored in this great cause is unknown. His lofty and enthusiastic eloquence, his iron will, and superior knowledge of human-nature were exerted to forward the grand work he had in view.

GENERAL HARRISON.

of the tribes from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, he might retard this ruin, or avert it altegether. It was apparent that this would be an Herculean task—but patriotism and confidence in his own genius determined him to attempt it.

A great mind is quick to bend every thing to its purpose. Tecumseh knew the superstitious nature of his race, and made use of superstition as his principal engine. His brother, a cunning and ready subject, was persuaded to assume the character of a prophet—to go about from tribe to tribe, fortelling the restoration of the Indians to their ancient supremacy, and exhorting them to quit their intercourse with the whites. Tecumseh also visited the different tribes, and by his dignified bearing, eloquence and diplomacy, succeeded in winning many to favor his scheme.

Throughout the year 1809, Tecumseh and the Prophet were very active. Governor Harrison suspected their intentions were hostile, and prepared to meet an emergency whenever it should occur. The Indians upon the Upper Mississippi had several times excited his apprehensions by their movements, and he thought Tecumseh and his brother were in league with them. The British agents, anticipating war between the United States and their country, exerted themselves to attach the Indians to their interests, while Harrison strove to counteract their intrigues. In the course of 1809, treaties were concluded at Fort Wayne with the Delawares, Pottowatamies, Miamis, and Eel river Indians, which Tecumseh asserted were null, because not entered into by the entire nation.

In August, 1810, Tecumseh visited the Governor at Vincennes, where the real feelings and designs of the chieftain were disclosed. Drake, in his life of this famous man, gives the following account of this council.

"Governor Harrison had made arrangements for holding the council on the portico of his own house, which had been fitted up with seats for the occasion. Here, on the morning

of the fifteenth, he awaited the arrival of the chief, being attended by the judges of the Supreme Court, some officers of the army, a sergeant and twelve men, from Fort Knox, and a large number of citizens. At the appointed hour, Tecumseh, supported by forty of his principal warriors, made his appearance, the remainder of his followers being encamped in the village and its environs. When the chief had approached within thirty or forty yards of the house, he suddenly stopped, as if awaiting some advances from the Governor. An interpreter was sent requesting him and his followers to take seats on the portico. To this Tecumseh objected—he did not think the place a suitable one for holding the conference, but preferred that it should take place in a grove of trees—to which he pointed—standing a short distance from the house. The Governor said he had no objection to the grove, except that there were no seats in it for their accommodation. Tecumseh replied, that constituted no objection to the grove, the earth being the most suitable place for the Indians, who loved to repose upon the bosom of their mother. The Governor yielded the point, and the benches and chairs having been removed to the spot, the conference was begun, the Indians being seated on the grass.

Tecumseh opened the meeting by stating, at length, his objections to the treaty of Fort Wayne, made by Governor Harrison in the previous year; and in the course of his speech, boldly avowed the principle of his party to be, that of resistance to every cession of land, unless made by all the tribes, who, he contended, formed but one nation. He admitted that he had threatened to kill the chiefs who signed the treaty of Fort Wayne; and that it was his fixed determination not to permit the village chiefs, in future, to manage their affairs, but to place the power with which they had been heretofore invested, in the hands of the war chiefs. The Americans, he said, had driven the Indians from the sea-coast, and would soon push them into the lakes; and, while he disclaimed all

intention of making war upon the United States, he declared it to be his unalterable resolution to take a stand, and resolutely oppose the further intrusion of the whites upon the Indian lands. He concluded by making a brief but impassioned recital of the various wrongs and aggressions inflicted by the white men upon the Indians, from the commencement of the revolutionary war down to the period of that council; all of which was calculated to arouse and inflame the minds of such of his followers as were present.*

To him the Governor replied, and having taken his seat, the interpreter commenced explaining the speech to Tecumseh, who, after listening to it a portion of it, sprung to his feet and began to speak with great vehemence of manner.

The Governor was surprised at his violent gestures, but as he did not understand him, thought he was making some explanation, and suffered his attention to be drawn towards Winnemac, a friendly Indian lying on the grass before him,

* Marshall, in his history of Kentucky, espouses the cause of Tecumseh, and contends that justice and reason were upon the side of the great chief, at the council of Vincennes. The arguments of the historian are generally sound. Tecumseh and the Prophet had devoted the full force of their genius to the formation of an Indian confederacy, the object of which was to check the progress of the whites, and to preserve a country for the red men. It was one of the regulations of this confederacy, that no land should be sold without the consent of all the tribes. Instead of respecting this organization, the whites induced the warriors of a few tribes to consent to a sale of land. Against this transaction the indomitable and patriotic Shawanee chief protested. General Harrison spoke of an equivalent for a country; Tecumseh could not conceive of such a thing, and rather than yield a foot of the land he resolved to fight. It should, however, be remembered, that Harrison believed the object of the confederacy to be war, and that duty prompted him to anticipate the measures of the chief. Whatever sympathy, therefore, we may feel with the lofty patriotism of Tecumseh, we cannot withhold our admiration of the inflexible sense of duty, the promptness, energy, decision, and courage of General Harrison in this remarkable council at Vincennes. It is justly considered one of the most brilliant passages in the life of the glorious old Hero of Tippecanoe.

who was renewing the priming of his pistol, which he had kept concealed from the other Indians, but in full view of the Governor. His attention, however, was again directed towards Tecumseh, by hearing General Gibson, who was intimately acquainted with the Shawanese language, say to Lieutenant Jennings, "those fellows intend mischief; you had better bring up the guard." At that moment, the followers of Tecumseh seized their tomahawks and war clubs, and sprung upon their feet, their eyes turned upon the Governor. As soon as he could disengage himself from the arm-chair in which he sat, he rose, drew a small sword which he had by his side, and stood on the defensive. Captain G. R. Floyd, of the army, who stood near him, drew a dirk, and the chief Winnemac cocked his pistol. The citizens present were more numerous than the Indians, but were unarmed; some of them procured clubs and brick-bats, and also stood on the defensive, The Rev. Mr. Winans, of the Methodist church, ran to the Governor's house, got a gun, and posted himself at the door to defend the family. During this singular scene, no one spoke, until the guard came running up, and appearing to be in the act of firing, the Governor ordered them not to do so. He then demanded of the interpreter, an explanation of what had happened, who replied that Tecumseh had interrupted him, declaring that all the Governor had said was false; and that he and the Seventeen Fires had cheated and imposed on the Indians.*

The Governor then told Tecumseh that he was a bad man, and that he would hold no further communication with him; that as he had come to Vincennes under the protection of a council-fire, he might return in safety, but that he must immediately leave the village. Here the council terminated.†

The now undoubted purposes of the brothers being of a character necessarily leading to war, Governor Harrison proceeded to strengthen himself for the contest by preparing the

* Dawson's Historical Narrative. † Drake's Life of Tecumseh, 125.

militia, and posting the regular troops that were with him, under Captains Posey and Cross, at Vincennes.*

After this conference, Governor Harrison could not doubt the purposes of the Shawanese brothers. In June, 1811, he sent the Shawanese a message bidding them beware of hostilities. Tecumseh replied; and in July, came to visit the Governor, accompanied by 300 warriors. Nothing of importance resulted from this meeting, and Tecumseh soon after went south to persuade the great tribe of Creeks to support his cause.† Governor Harrison immediately resolved to warn the Indians to observe the treaty of Greenville, and, if necessary, to break up the Prophet's town on the Tippecanoe. Having received considerable reinforcements, he marched to a point on the Wabash about sixty miles above Vincennes, where he built Fort Harrison. Here, one of his sentinels was fired upon, and the hostile purposes of the Prophet were clear.

* Perkins' Western Annals.

† Every thing relating to the labours of Tecumseh must be interesting. A strange story is told of his visit to the Creeks. On being admitted to their council, he used all his eloquence and knowledge of the Indian character to bend them to his purpose. To the old men and the cool-headed chiefs, he showed the propriety and even absolute necessity there existed for putting check to the progress of the whites. To the young he pictured the glorious achievements they might find opportunity for, in supporting the confederacy of the red men. A large party among the Creeks favoured his scheme. But Big Warrior, a man of note and extensive influence opposed it, as hopeless and ruinous. Tecumseh, seeing that nothing short of a miracle could win his favour, promised to show the greatness of his mission by causing an earthquake in the south, immediately on arriving at home. Tecumseh was enabled to keep his word, and the Big Warrior and the Creeks were compelled to own that the Great Spirit aided the Shawanee. The famous Creek War was not long delayed.

Tecumseh has been compared with the great orators of antiquity; and the bold style of his eloquence, and the similarity of the topics on which he harangued his red brethren, with those of the ancient champions of liberty and nationality, give colour and consistency to the comparison. It is greatly to be regretted that we have no authentic reports of his finest bursts of eloquence.

On the 31st of October, Harrison reached the mouth of the Vermillion Creek, where he built a block-house for a depot for his heavy baggage, and the protection of his boats. He then advanced to the vicinity of the Prophet's town, where he met some ambassadors from the Indians. These were told that the Governor had no hostile intentions, if the Indians were true to their treaties. A chief showed the Governor a place for an encampment, and it was agreed that a council should be held the next morning.

Harrison did not like the site of his camp; it offered too great facilities for the approach of savages. It was a piece of dry oak land rising about ten feet above a marshy prairie in front, and nearly twice that height above a prairie in the rear, through which ran a small creek. For an account of the order of encampment and the battle, we quote Harrison's despatch to the government:—

"For a night attack the order of encampment was the order of battle, and each man slept immediately opposite to his post in the line. In the formation of my troops I used a single rank, or what is called Indian file—because in Indian warfare, where there is no shock to resist, one rank is nearly as good as two, and in that kind of warfare the extension of line is of the first importance. Raw troops also manœuvre with much more facility, in single than in double ranks. It was my constant custom to assemble all the field officers at my tent every evening by signal, to give them the watchword and their instructions for the night—those given for the night of the 6th were, that each corps which formed a part of the exterior line of the encampment, should hold its own ground until relieved. The dragoons were directed to parade dismounted in case of a night attack, with their pistols in their belts, and to act as a corps of reserve. The camp was defended by two captains' guards, consisting each of four non-commissioned officers and forty-two privates; and two subalterns' guards of twenty non-commissioned officers and privates. The whole under the command

of a field officer of the day. The troops were regularly called up an hour before day, and made to continue under arms until it was quite light. On the morning of the 7th, I had risen at a quarter after four o'clock, and the signal for calling out the men would have been given in two minutes, when the attack commenced. It began on our left flank—but a single gun was fired by the sentinels or by the guards in that direction, which made not the least resistance, but abandoned their officer and fled into the camp, and the first notice which the troops of that flank had of the danger, was from the yells of the savages within a short distance of the line—but even under those circumstances the men were not wanting to themselves or to the occasion. Such of them as were awake, or were easily awakened, seized their arms and took their stations; others, who were more tardy, had to contend with the enemy in the doors of their tents. The storm first fell upon Captain Barton's company of the 4th United States regiment, and Captain Geiger's company of mounted riflemen, which formed the left angle of the rear line. The fire upon these was exceedingly severe, and they suffered considerably before relief could be brought to them. Some few Indians passed into the encampment near the angle, and one or two penetrated to some distance before they were killed. I believe all the other companies were under arms and tolerably formed before they were fired on. The morning was dark and cloudy; our fires afforded a partial light, which if it gave us some opportunity of taking our positions, was still more advantageous to the enemy, affording them the means of taking a surer aim; they were therefore extinguished as soon as possible. Under all these discouraging circumstances the troops (19-20ths of whom had never been in action before) behaved in a manner that can never be too much applauded. They took their places without noise and with less confusion than could have been expected from veterans placed in a similar situation. As soon as I could mount my horse, I rode to the angle that

was attacked—I found that Barton's company had suffered severely, and the left of Geiger's entirely broken. I immediately ordered Cook's company and the late Captain Wentworth's, under Lieutenant Peters, to be brought up from the centre of the rear line, where the ground was much more defensible, and formed across the angle in support of Barton's and Geiger's. My attention was then engaged by a heavy firing upon the left of the front line, where were stationed the small company of United States riflemen (then, however, armed with muskets) and the companies of Baen, Snelling, and Prescott of the 4th regiment. I found Major Davies forming the dragoons in the rear of those companies, and understanding that the heaviest part of the enemy's fire proceeded from some trees about fifteen or twenty paces in front of those companies, I directed the major to dislodge them with a part of the dragoons. Unfortunately the Major's gallantry determined him to execute the order with a smaller force than was sufficient, which enabled the enemy to avoid him in front, and attack his flanks. The major was mortally wounded, and his party driven back. The Indians were however immediately and gallantly dislodged from their advantageous position, by Captain Snelling, at the head of his company. In the course of a few minutes after the commencement of the attack, the fire extended along the left flank, the whole of the front, the right flank, and part of the rear line. Upon Spencer's mounted riflemen, and the right of Warwick's company, which was posted on the right of the rear line, it was excessively severe: Captain Spencer, and his first and second lieutenants, were killed, and Captain Warwick was mortally wounded—those companies however still bravely maintained their posts, but Spencer had suffered so severely, and having originally too much ground to occupy, I reinforced them with Robb's company of riflemen, which had been driven, or by mistake ordered from their position on the left flank, towards the centre of the camp, and filled the

BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

vacancy that had been occupied by Robb with Prescott's company of the 4th United States regiment. My great object was to keep the lines entire, to prevent the enemy from breaking into the camp until daylight, which should enable me to make a general and effectual charge. With this view, I had reinforced every part of the line that had suffered much; and as soon as the approach of morning discovered itself, I withdrew from the front line, Snelling's, Posey's, (under Lieutenant Albright,) and Scott's, and from the rear line, Wilson's companies, and drew them up upon the left flank, and at the same time I ordered Cook's and Baen's companies, the former from the rear, and the latter from the front line, to reinforce the right flank; foreseeing that at these points the enemy would make their last efforts. Major Wells, who commanded on the left flank, not knowing my intentions precisely, had taken the command of these companies, had charged the

enemy before I had formed the body of dragoons with which I meant to support the infantry; a small detachment of these were, however, ready, and proved amply sufficient for the purpose. The Indians were driven by the infantry, at the point of the bayonet, and the dragoons pursued and forced them into a marsh, where they could not be followed. Captain Cook, and Lieutenant Larabee had, agreeably to my order, marched their companies to the right flank, had formed them under the fire of the enemy, and being then joined by the riflemen of that flank, had charged the Indians, killed a number, and put the rest to a precipitate flight. A favorable opportunity was here offered to pursue the enemy with dragoons, but being engaged at that time on the other flank, I did not observe it until it was too late.

I have thus, sir, given you the particulars of an action, which was certainly maintained with the greatest obstinacy and perseverance, by both parties. The Indians manifested a ferocity uncommon, even with them—to their savage fury our troops opposed that cool and deliberate valor which is characteristic of the Christian soldier.*

The battle of Tippecanoe was fought upon the 8th of November, and upon the 4th of the following month Harrison writes that the frontiers never enjoyed more perfect repose; though it seems to be clear that the disposition to do mischief was by no means extinguished among the savages.†

The number of Americans engaged in this battle was about 700. Their loss was 37 killed on the field, 26 mortally wounded, and 126 wounded. The number of Indians engaged was between 800 and 1000. They had 40 killed upon the field; the number of their wounded is not known. The prudent dispositions of General Harrison alone prevented a disastrous defeat to his army. The Indians fought with a courage and perseverance rarely displayed by them. The

* American State Papers, v. 777.

† Perkins' Western Annals.

TECUMSEH AND THE PROPHET.

Prophet was not in the battle; but sat on a height out of danger, singing his songs, and performing his absurd ceremonies. He had assured his followers the American bullets would not harm them, and that they would gain a glorious victory. This was the cause of their fighting so obstinately. Their defeat was the disgrace of the Prophet. His influence was almost entirely destroyed. The victory of Tippecanoe was gained upon the 7th of November, and on the 4th of the following month, Harrison writes that the frontier never enjoyed more perfect tranquillity.

Tecumseh's plans were entirely disarranged by the battle of Tippecanoe, and it is stated that he gave his brother violent indications of his anger for rendering his labors almost fruitless by risking a battle at that time. Before he could mature his new schemes, an event happened which forced him to become an ally, when he had aimed to be a principal. This was the declaration of war against Great Britain by the United States.

The war had been expected for several years, yet the government had made but small preparation to meet it. The principal force on the northern frontier amounted to about twenty-five hundred men, and was commanded by General William Hull. The force under the orders of Governor Harrison was inadequate to the defence of the north-western territory. Tecumseh, with a large body of warriors from different tribes, immediately resolved to join the British forces, commanded by General Brock. The Wyandottes, the Delawares, a portion of the Shawanese, and a few small tribes, remained neutral. It is not our purpose to give a complete account of the manœuvres and engagements of the British and American armies upon the north-western frontier during this war. The scope of our work admits only those movements and those actions in which the Indians bore a conspicuous share, and in which the frontier settlers were immediately interested.

On the 9th of August, 1812, an engagement occurred, which was highly honorable to the American arms, and which

stood in bright contrast with the disasters and disgraces which followed. General Hull, wishing to open a communication between Detroit and Ohio, despatched Colonel Miller with 300 regulars and 200 Ohio militia for that service. Colonel Miller proceeded with great caution towards the River Raisin. But in spite of his caution he drew near an ambuscade before he was aware of it. Captain Snelling, with the advance guard, was suddenly and furiously attacked; but maintained his position until the main body came up. Then the Indians under Tecumseh, and a body of British regulars under Major Muir, sprang to the front of a breast-work, and opened a rapid fire. Colonel Miller quickly drew up his men, delivered his fire with coolness, and then advanced to the charge. The British gave way. But the Indians, taking to the woods, maintained a desperate contest. The British thereupon returned to the field, and the battle raged for about two hours, at the end of which time, the British were driven at the point of the bayonet as far as Brownston, where they embarked in boats prepared for them. Their loss was 15 killed, and 40 wounded. Nearly a hundred Indians were left on the field. The loss of the gallant victors was 15 killed, and about 60 wounded. The conduct of Colonel Miller and men cannot be too highly praised. Suddenly attacked by a greatly superior force, commanded by able officers, a victory could only have been won by stern resolution and skill.

While Detroit was invested by the British and Indians, tragical events were happening at Chicago, in Illinois. A fort had been erected at that place, in 1804, and a garrison of about fifty United States troops placed in it. In addition to the garrison, a few families had moved thither, and a little isolated community was thus established. When war was declared, the garrison was commanded by Capt. Heald. From its situation, Chicago was not a post worth maintaining by the government, and its garrison should have been withdrawn. But it was neither withdrawn in time, nor strengthened; and

POTAWATOMIE INDIANS.

it stood a fair object of attack among thousands of enemies.

On the 7th of August, Winnemeg, a friendly Indian of the Pottawatomie tribe, brought Capt. Heald despatches from Gen. Hull. By these, the captain was informed of the declaration of war and ordered to evacuate the fort if practicable, distribute all the property contained in the fort and factory among the Indians, and retire to Fort Wayne. Winnemeg was a sagacious chief. He advised the captain to remain in the fort, or if he concluded to evacuate it, to do so before the Indians could collect a force to oppose his progress through their country. Captain Heald rejected this counsel, and also that of his junior officers, and ordered preparations for the evacuation of the fort, intending to assemble the Indians and demand an escort of them.

His confidence in the friendship of those whose movements indicated their hostility, was culpable. On the 12th of August, the Pottawatomies from the neighboring villages having arrived, Captain Heald met them in council. The other officers refused to attend, believing the Indians intended a massacre. No hostility was, however, attempted. The captain informed the Indians that he would distribute the goods among them the next day, and they agreed to meet him then. But reflection convinced Heald that it would be wisest to destroy the arms, ammunition and liquor, in the factory; and accordingly the next evening after the distribution of the other goods, he ordered the guns and ammunition to be thrown into a well, and the liquor to be emptied into the river.

On the 14th Captain William Wells, the famous ranger, with fifteen friendly Miamis, arrived at the fort. Wells had heard of the hostile movements of the Pottawatomies, and he resolved to make an effort to save the garrison from destruction. His arrival cheered the men in their preparation for departure. About nine o'clock on the morning of the 15th, the troops left the fort with martial music. Captain Wells and his

Miamis led the van; the garrison, with loaded arms, followed; and the wagons with the baggage, the sick and the women and children brought up the rear. About five hundred Pottawatomies, who had promised to escort them to Fort Wayne, marched some distance behind.

The party in advance took the beach road. They had no sooner arrived at the sand-hills which separate the prairie from the beach, about a mile and a half from the fort, when the Pottawatomies, instead of continuing in rear of the Americans, left the beach and took to the prairie. The sand-hills of course intervened, and presented a barrier between the Pottawatomies and the American and Miami line of march. This divergence had scarcely been effected, when Captain Wells, who, with the Miamis, was considerably in advance, rode back, and exclaimed: "They are about to attack us; form instantly and charge upon them." The word had scarcely been uttered, before a volley of musketry from behind the sand-hills was poured in upon them. The troops were brought immediately into a line, and charged up the bank. One man, a veteran of seventy, fell as they ascended. The battle at once became general. The Miamis fled in the outset; their chief rode up to the Pottawatomies, charged them with duplicity, and brandishing his tomahawk, said, "he would be the first to head a party of Americans, and return to punish them for their treachery." He then turned his horse and galloped off in pursuit of his companions, who were then scouring across the prairie, and nothing was seen or heard of them more.*

The American troops fought like men who knew their time had come and were resolved to die like heroes. When about two-thirds of their number were slain, the remainder surrendered, being exhausted by the struggle. They stipulated for the safety of the women and children, but forgot to mention the wounded, whom the savages therefore regarded as excluded.

After the surrender a single savage attacked a baggage

* Brown.

COLONEL MILLER.

wagon, and massacred twelve children. Captain Wells saw from a distance this murderous scene. He had been taken prisoner, and was surrounded by Pottawatomies. But he exclaimed, "If this be your game, I will kill too!"—and rode off towards the Indian camp. The savages followed, and fired their rifles at him. One shot wounded him severely, and he was soon retaken. Several friendly Indians then endeavoured to save him; but a young savage came up and stabbed him in the back, when he fell dead in their arms.

The wounded prisoners were massacred, with the exception of Mrs. Heald, Mrs. Helm. Captain Heald, and Lieutenant

CAPTAIN TAYLOR.

Helm, who were saved by some friendly Indians. The other prisoners were distributed among the different chiefs, and carried in different directions in the country of the Pottawatomies. Captain Heald, and his heroic wife, who endured wounds and scenes of horror with wondrous fortitude, after many adventures and hair-breadth escapes, arrived safely at Detroit. By the middle of August, 1812, the whole northwest, with the exception of Fort Wayne, and Fort Harrison, was in the hands of the British and their savage allies. Early in September, both these posts were attacked. Fort Wayne was easily defended. But had not Fort Harrison been defended with the greatest vigor and skill, it would have fallen. The number of men in the fort fit for duty at the time of the attack was less than twenty. The commander, Captain Zachary Taylor, was suffering from fever. On the 4th of September, the chief, Joseph Lenar, with about forty Indians, approached the fort with a flag of truce, and solicited a conference. It was agreed that this should be held the next

morning.* Meantime, Captain Taylor prepared the little garrison for an attack, anticipating treachery. The following description of the assault and defence is given by the gallant captain in his despatch to Governor Harrison.†

"About 11 o'clock I was awakened by the firing of one of the sentinels; I sprang up, ran out, and ordered the men to their posts; when my orderly sergeant, who had charge of the upper block-house, called out that the Indians had fired the lower block-house, (which contained the property of the contractor, which was deposited in the lower part, the upper having been assigned to a corporal and ten privates as an alarm post. The guns had begun to fire pretty smartly from both sides. I directed the buckets to be got ready and water brought from the well, and the fire extinguished immediately, as it was perceivable at that time; but from debility or some other cause, the men were very slow in executing my orders —the word fire appeared to throw the whole of them into confusion; and by the time they had got the water, and broken open the door, the fire had unfortunately communicated

* This was a very common stratagem of the Indians. At Tippecanoe, it nearly proved fatal to the forces under Harrison. The object was too base to allow the gallant young Taylor to be deceived. With Tippecanoe fresh in his memory, his prudence at once suggested preparations for a night attack.

† We advise those persons who have questioned the authorship of the official despatches sent to the War Department, while in Mexico, to read attentively and critically this, his first official communication. At that time he could not have had a Major Bliss at his elbow. The despatch will be found to possess those merits which have made Taylor despatches from Mexico models, viz.: clearness of statement—conciseness of narration—modesty and dignity. The defence of Fort Harrison was not a better evidence of Taylor's indomitable spirit than this despatch was of his ability in composition. The General would have stood higher in the public estimation, if he had not been exposed to the misrepresentation of partisans. He was one of the noblest of our American heroes. The sentiment of patriotism and the principle of duty shone in every public act of his life. His reference to the feeling of duty which had actuated him, forms the most touching incident of his dying hour.

to a quantity of whiskey (the stock having licked several holes through the lower part of the building, after the salt that was stored there, through which they had introduced the fire without being discovered, as the night was very dark) and in spite of every exertion we could make use of, in less than a moment it ascended to the roof and baffled every effort we could make to extinguish it. As that block-house adjoined the barracks that make part of the fortifications, most of the men immediately gave themselves up for lost, and I had the greatest difficulty in getting my orders executed—and, sir, what from the raging of the fire—the yelling and howling of several hundred Indians—the cries of nine women and children (a part soldiers' and a part citizens' wives, who had taken shelter in the fort) and the desponding of so many of the men, which was worse than all—I can assure you that my feelings were unpleasant—and indeed there were not more than ten or fifteen men able to do a great deal, the others being sick or convalescent—and to add to our misfortunes, two of the strongest men in the fort, and that I had every confidence in, jumped the picket and left us. But my presence of mind did not for a moment forsake me. I saw, by throwing off a part of the roof that joined the block-house that was on fire, and keeping the end perfectly wet, the whole row of buildings might be saved, and leave only an entrance of eighteen or twenty feet for the entrance of the Indians after the house was consumed; and that a temporary breast-work might be executed to prevent their even entering there—I convinced the men that this might be accomplished, and it appeared to inspire them with new life, and never did men act with more firmness and desperation. Those that were able (while the others kept up a constant fire from the other block-house and the two bastions) mounted the roofs of the houses, with Dr. Clark at their head, who acted with the greatest firmness and presence of mind the whole time the attack lasted, which was seven hours, under a shower of bullets, and in less than a

moment threw off as much of the roof as was necessary. This was done only with the loss of one man and two wounded, and I am in hopes neither of them dangerously; the man that was killed was a little deranged, and did not get off the house as soon as directed, or he would not have been hurt—and although the barracks were several times in a blaze, and an immense quantity of fire against them, the men used such exertions that they kept it under, and before day raised a temporary breast-work as high as a man's head, although the Indians continued to pour in a heavy fire of ball and an innumerable quantity of arrows during the whole time the attack lasted, in every part of the facade. I had but one other man killed nor any other wounded inside the fort, and he lost his life by being too anxious—he got into one of the *gallies* in the bastions, and fired over the pickets, and called out to his comrades that he had killed an Indian, and neglecting to stoop down, in an instant he was shot dead. One of the men that jumped the pickets, returned an hour before day, and running up towards the gate, begged for God's sake for it to be opened. I suspected it to be a stratagem of the Indians to get in, as I did not recollect the voice. I directed the men in the bastion, where I happened to be, to shoot him let him be who he would, and one of them fired at him, but fortunately he ran up to the other bastion, where they knew his voice, and Dr. Clarke directed him to lie down close to the pickets behind an empty barrel that happened to be there, and at day-light I had him let in. His arm was broke in a most shocking manner; which he says was done by the Indians and which, I suppose, was the cause of his returning—I think it probable that he will not recover. The other they caught about 130 yards from the garrison, and cut him all to pieces. After keeping up a constant fire until about six o'clock the next morning, which we began to return with some effect after day-light, they removed out of the reach of our guns. A party of them drove up the horses that belonged to the citizens

here, and as they could not catch them very readily, shot the whole of them in our sight, as well as a number of their hogs. They drove off the whole of the cattle, which amounted to sixty-five head, as well as the public oxen."

In this affair the Indians are supposed to have lost a considerable number of men. That they displayed both courage, skill, and perseverance must be admitted; and, it is probable that if the garrison had possessed a less competent commander it would have been compelled to surrender. The conduct of Captain Taylor displays the same merits which in later years have raised his fame as a general and a soldier to so great a height.

After the surrender of General Hull, at Detroit, the spirit of the people of the west was awakened, and a large and efficient army of volunteers soon hurried to the field. William Henry Harrison, the favourite commander in the west, was appointed general-in-chief of the forces of the west and north-west. As soon as he received his appointments, he formed the plan of operations. He first proposed to take possession of the rapids of the Maumee, and there to concentrate his army and stores. But in consequence of the insubordination of the troops, and the incapacity of some of the officers, the plan of concentration failed.

In the meantime several small expeditions proceeded into the Indian country on the Wabash, and destroyed the villages and cornfields. At the head of Peoria Lake, twenty Indians were killed by Governor Edwards, with a body of troops. In December, General Harrison despatched 600 men, under the command of Colonel Campbell, against the Miami villages on the Mississineway. This detachment destroyed several villages and defeated the Indians in a severe battle. The severity of the weather, the burden of 48 wounded men, and the fear of being attacked by a large body of savages under Tecumseh, induced Colonel Campbell to return without destroying the principal town of the enemy.

ROUNDHEAD.

On the 10th of January, one division of the army, under the command of General Winchester, reached the Rapids. The other divisions were at upper Sandusky and Fort McArthur. Between the 13th and 16th, messengers arrived from Frenchtown on the Raisin, representing the exposure of that place, and imploring protection for the inhabitants. Against the judgment of the commander-in-chief, and also of General Winchester, Col. Lewis, with 550 men, was despatched to that town. Col. Alden, with 110 men, followed soon after. This movement was entirely foreign to the plan of the campaign, but the sensibilities of the Kentuckians being excited, the Generals were forced to let them have their way.

On the 18th of January, Col. Lewis reached the village, attacked the enemy, who were posted in it, and after a severe contest, defeated them. He then wrote for reinforcements, as he was only eighteen miles from Malden, where the whole British and Indian force was collected. Winchester, with 250 men, marched to the aid of Col. Lewis, reaching Frenchtown on the evening of the 20th. Instead of placing his men in a secure position, and taking measures to guard against surprise, the General suffered his troops to remain on the open ground.

In consequence of this neglect, on the night of the 21st, about 1500 British and Indians, commanded by Col. Proctor and Roundhead, a noted chief, approached and erected a battery within three hundred yards of the American camp before they were discovered. A terrible fire was then opened upon the Americans, and the troops under Winchester's immediate orders, were compelled to break their ranks and fly. Unfortunately the gallant Lewis and Winchester were made prisoners. But the small but valiant band which had been under the command of the former, stationed behind some garden pickets, fought like heroes, and no impression could be made upon them. At length, Winchester sent their officers orders to surrender. This they refused to do, until the British com-

MASSACRE AT THE RIVER RAISIN.

mander promised them and their wounded protection from the savages. How that promise was kept, let the horrors of the succeeding night and day reply. They have covered the name of Proctor with infamy.

About 450 men became prisoners of war. In the battle, about 300 Americans were killed, wounded or missing, and the enemy lost about the same number. Soon after the surrender the bloody work commenced, and proceeded under the eyes of the British officers. The dead were scalped and stripped, and then left unburied. The wounded were tomahawked. A portion of them were given to the Indians to be marched in the rear of the army towards Malden. Their fate was certain. A few reached the British garrison. The rest were plundered, tortured and killed. About sixty of the wounded, including some distinguished officers, were permitted to seek shelter among the inhabitants. No guard was set over them; and the Indians plundered them, tomahawked a considerable number, and then set fire to the houses; thus consuming the dead and the dying. The inhabitants were

forbidden to perform the rights of sepulture under pain of death.* There the bleaching bones remained till victory enabled the Americans to bury them.

This awful massacre will ever remain as a deep, dark spot upon the name of Proctor. It is in vain to plead in his behalf that the Indians were too numerous and savage to be restrained. He made no attempt to check their enormities. So far from such humane conduct was he, that he coolly delivered the prisoners into the hands of the merciless red men, knowing that the tomahawk and scalping-knife would drink their blood. The employment of the Indians by the British was, from the first, totally unworthy of a civilized nation. Those who administered the British government knew how the untutored savages carried on their warfare. They knew that as many women and babes fell beneath the tomahawk as men. Yet the barbarians were hired by this Christian nation—this nation which is so extremely pious as to have a union of church and state—and let loose, like so many blood-hounds, upon the settlements. Tecumseh, Little Turtle, and other Indian chiefs, were humane men, in comparison with the man at the head of the British forces. The first proved his superiority at the siege of Fort Meigs.

Soon after the massacre of so many brave men at the River Raisin, General Harrison built a fort at the rapids of the Maumee, which he named Fort Meigs. In April, 1813, General Proctor, with a powerful army of British and Indians, laid siege to this fort. General Harrison had then 1200 men in garrison, while General Clay, of Kentucky, was marching to his relief.

Until the 5th of May, nothing was effected by the besiegers or besieged. On that day, General Clay with his troops came down the Maumee in flat-boats, and, in accordance with orders received from Harrison, detached 800 men, under Col. Dudley, to attack the batteries upon the left bank of the river, while, with the remainder of his forces, he landed on

* Brown's Illinois.

MAJOR CROGHAN.

the southern shore, and fought his way into camp. Colonel Dudley succeeded in capturing the batteries, but instead of spiking the cannon and retreating to the boats, he suffered his men to skirmish with the Indians until Proctor was able to cut off their chance of retreat. Attacked while in disorder, the detachment fell an easy prey. Only 150 men escaped death or captivity. Among the slain was the brave, but indiscreet Dudley. A sortie, led by Colonel Miller, somewhat diminished the effects of this disaster. The batteries south of the Maumee were captured and rendered useless without any loss to the detachment. The Indians being discouraged by the obstinacy of the besieged, and the British cannon being of little value, General Proctor determined to retreat, and on the 9th of May returned to Malden.

On the 31st of July, Proctor and Tecumseh, with a force estimated at 3300 men, with six light pieces of artillery, appeared before Fort Stephenson on Lower Sandusky, and demanded its surrender. The fort was a mere stockade. The garrison numbered but 150 men, and was commtnded by Major George Croghan, an officer just past his 21st year. There was but one piece of artillery—a six pounder—in the fort. Harrison, knowing its weakness, and judging its possession a matter of little importance, had ordered it to be evacuated. But the approach of the enemy prevented the obedience of Croghan.* In reply to the summons to surrender, the young commander informed Proctor that he and his men were determined to defend the post while left alive. The enemy then opened their fire upon the north-west corner of the fort, to make a breach. Croghan strengthened that part with bags of sand and flour, and loading his single cannon, masked it, and awaited the assault. This was made on the evening of the 2d of August. A column of 350 men advanced

* A little difficulty occurred in regard to Croghan's course of action. On receiving the orders of Gen. Harrison, the major, enthusiastic and eager for glory, sent a reply which contained these expressions: "We can defend the fort, and, by heavens, we will." Harrison immediately sent an officer to supersede him, and to conduct the garrison to the main body. On arriving at Harrison's quarters, the Major made an explanation which was deemed satisfactory, and he was restored to his command. The arrival of the British and Indians, directly afterwards prevented the garrison from leaving the fort, and gave the young Croghan an opportunity to win an immortal name. All the circumstances considered, the subsequent achievement of the defence of Fort Stephenson was a most brilliant and heroic affair, fully sufficient to excuse any words, written in the excitement of an approaching contest. If the leaders of the American armies before that period had preserved Croghan's spirit, they would not have attached defeats to their names. Major Croghan possessed great firmness and military sagacity. He never had a fair field to display those qualities, which were so glorious in their bud. At Fort Stephenson he flashed brightly, and then passed out of public notice. He accompanied the United States forces to Mexico, in 1846, and was at the siege of Monterey, but he had no opportunity to distinguish himself in active service. He died after the close of the war, in 1849.

HARRISON'S ARMY CROSSING LAKE ERIE.

to within twenty paces of the stockade unseen. Then a heavy fire of musketry was opened upon them. They rushed forward and gained the ditch. Then the six-pounder, so placed as to sweep the ditch, was unmasked and discharged. The effect was decisive. Twenty-seven men were killed, many wounded, and the column driven back. The next morning the enemy retreated, leaving their artillery and stores. The garrison lost but one man. A more brilliant exploit than the defence of this fort is not to be found in the history of American wars.

It was duly appreciated by the government of the United States, and a brevet for his services in this action testified the President's approbation of the gallant conduct of Croghan.

His breach of discipline, in holding the fort after being ordered to abandon it, was, of course, passed over without censure.

The victory gained by Commodore Perry, on Lake Erie, gave many advantages to the army of General Harrison. The pursuit of the enemy was instantly resolved upon. On the 27th September, the army crossed the lake. Malden was found wasted and deserted by Proctor, who had retreated by the valley of the Thames towards the heart of Canada. On the 2d of October, Harrison started in pursuit of the enemy, and on the 5th, overtook them. Proctor's position

was strong. The Indians, under Tecumseh, were upon the left, between the river and a small marsh; the British regulars between two marshes on the right. Harrison's order of battle had been determined when he became aware that the British regulars were drawn up in open order, which made them liable to a fatal attack by cavalry. He instantly resolved upon a novel manœuvre.

Col. James Johnson, with one battalion of mounted men, was ordered to charge and break the line of regulars, and then form in their rear. This was executed with precision. The British were broken, and the whole body, panic-stricken by the unexpected character of the attack, surrendered at once. Tecumseh and his Indians fought more obstinately. The Kentuckians commanded by Col. Richard M. Johnson, were forced to dismount in the contest. But the fall of the valiant Tecumseh, the soul of his people, led to the complete overthrow of the Indians. Within a half an hour the battle was won, and a detachment was in pursuit of Gen. Proctor, who had fled at the onset. Though 5000 men were engaged in this battle, only about forty were killed, most of whom were Indians. This was a splendid and decisive victory. The British army was nearly all captured, and the Indians never recovered from the blow.

The death of Tecumseh was virtually the death of the confederacy he had created and maintained. We have spoken of the great and heroic soul which he possessed, and which appeared in all his actions. In person, he was about five feet ten inches high, with a form perfectly proportioned. His carriage was erect and lofty, his motions quick and decided, his visage stern; his eyes, black, quick, and piercing. He was generally grave and dignified in his manner, and this gave the greater influence to his words and actions. No man ever lived with more of the nobility of nature in his appearance and character.

Many of the tribes who had been called to the field by

Tecumseh, were anxious to make peace after his death. Soon after the return of Harrison to Detroit, the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Miamas, and Kickapoos, proposed a suspension of hostilities, and agreed to take hold of the same tomahawk with the Americans, and to strike all who were or might be enemies of the United States. They offered their women and children,as hostages. Walk-in-the-water, a distinguished chief, who had taken a conspicuous part in the late battles, waited upon the General in person to beg for peace. The white flag which he bore in his hand attracted a great crowd, who were struck with admiration at the firmness with which the distinguished warrior passed through the ranks of the troops he had so gallantly opposed. Almost all the other chiefs had been killed or had surrendered themselves, and he had not the means of living or continuing the contest. At the treaty which was then concluded, many white prisoners were restored to their friends.

During the war, the inhabitants of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois had displayed great spirit, sending large bodies of brave troops into the field, when their frontier settlements were constantly exposed to the depredations of small parties of savages. Block-houses and small garrisons were the only defences of many settlements in the vicinity of the hostile tribes, and constant watchfulness was the only security from surprise. A numerous and daring body of rangers scoured the woods in the vicinity of most of the important posts, and their services were almost invaluable. Many of their deeds, however, were characterized by a ferocious spirit of revenge. The following is recorded in the Historical Collections of Ohio:—

"At the commencement of hostilities, there was a settlement of friendly Indians, of the Delaware tribe, at a place called Greentown, about twelve miles south-east of Mansfield, within the present township of Green. It was a village consisting of some sixty cabins, with a council-house about sixty feet long, twenty-five wide, one story in height, and built of posts and

clapboarded. The village contained several hundred persons. As a measure of safety, they were collected, in August, 1812, and sent to some place in the western part of the state, under protection of the government. They were first brought to Mansfield, and placed under guard, near where the tan-yard now is, on the run. While there, a young Indian and squaw came up to the block house, with a request to the chaplain, Rev. James Smith, of Mount Vernon, to marry them after the manner of the whites. In the absence of the guard, who had come to witness the ceremony, an old Indian and his daughter, aged about twelve years, who were from Indiana, took advantage of the circumstance and escaped. Two spies from Coshocton, named Morrison and M'Culloch, met them near the run, about a mile north-west of Mansfield, on what is now the farm of E. P. Sturges. As the commanding officer, Colonel Kratzer, had given orders to shoot all Indians found out of the bounds of the place, under an impression that all such must be hostile, Morrison, on discovering them, shot the father, through the breast. He fell mortally wounded, then springing up, ran about two hundred yards, and fell to rise no more. The girl escaped. The men returned and gave the information. A party of twelve men were ordered out, half of whom were under Sergeant John C. Gillkison, now of Mansfield. The men flanked on each side of the run. As Gilkison came up, he found the fallen Indian on the north side of the run, and at every breath he drew, blood flowed through the bullet hole in his breast. Morrison next came up, and called to M'Culloch to come and take revenge. Gilkison then asked the Indian who he was: he replied, "a friend." M'Culloch, who by this time had joined them, exclaimed as he drew his tomahawk, "I warrant! I'll make a friend of you!" and aimed a blow at his head; but it glanced, and was not mortal. At this he placed one foot on the neck of the prostrate Indian, and drawing out his toma-

hawk, with another blow buried it in his brains. The poor fellow gave one quiver, and then all was over.

Gilkison had in vain endeavoured to prevent this inhuman deed, and now requested M'Culloch to bury the Indian. "Hang him! no!" was the answer; "they killed two or three brothers of mine, and never buried them." The second day following, the Indian was buried, but it was so slightly done that his ribs were seen projecting above the ground for two or three years after.

This M'Culloch continued an Indian fighter until his death. He made it a rule to kill every Indian he met, whether friend or foe. Mr. Gilkison saw him some time after, on his way to Sandusky, dressed as an Indian. To his question, "where are you going?" he replied, "to get more revenge."

A detail of attacks upon families, and massacres of individuals would be too monstrously horrible to be interesting. Suffice it to say, that the frontier inhabitants experienced all the miseries incident to Indian warfare, of which our work must already have given a full idea. The Indians, in consequence, suffered a terrible revenge when they came within the reach of those whose friends or relations they had injured. The bloodiest spirit was excited, and it seemed insatiable.

Among the many desperate encounters which the history of that period furnishes, the following stands boldly out. The facts are well established. Several accounts of the affair have appeared, and they agree in asserting the leading circumstances.

A little fort, or rather block-house, having been erected about twenty miles from Vandalia, late the capital of Illinois, and about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, to protect the frontier settlements from the Indians, Lieutenant Journay and twelve men were assigned for its garrison. Of the latter, Thomas Higgins was one.

On the 30th of August, 1814, strong indications that savages were in the neighbourhood became apparent; and at

M'CULLOCH SWEARING REVENGE.

night, a party of Indians was seen prowling about the fort.

On the morning of the 31st, before daylight, Lieutenant Journay, with the whole force under his command, sallied forth in pursuit of them. They had not proceeded far before a large party of savages—seventy or eighty in number—rose from their ambush, and at the first fire the Lieutenant and three of his men were killed, and another wounded. Six returned in safety to the fort, Thomas Higgins lingered behind in order to have "one more pull at the enemy."

By aid of a cloud of smoke the companions of Higgins escaped to the fort. Higgins' horse, having been shot in the neck, fell upon his knees; he rose, however, in a moment. Higgins, in the meantime, supposing him to be mortally wounded, had dismounted, and was about to leave him. Perceiving soon thereafter his error, and that the wound was not dangerous, he determined to make good his retreat; but resolved first to avenge the death of his companions.

He sought therefore, a tree, from behind which he could shoot with safety. A small elm, scarcely sufficient to protect his body was near. It was the only one in sight; and, before he could reach it, the smoke partly arose and discovered to him a number of Indians. One of them was loading his gun. Higgins, having taken deliberate aim, fired at the foremost savage, and he fell. Concealed still by the smoke, Higgins reloaded, mounted his horse, and turned to fly when a voice, apparently from the grass, hailed him with "Tom, you won't leave me, will you?"

Higgins turned immediately around, and seeing a fellow-soldier by the name of Burgess lying on the ground, wounded and gasping for breath, replied: "No, I'll not leave you—come along."

"I can't come," said Burgess; "my leg is all smashed to pieces."

Higgins dismounted, and taking up his friend, whose ankle

had been broken, was about to lift him on his horse, when the horse taking fright, darted off in an instant, and left Higgins and his friend behind.

"This is too bad," said Higgins; "but don't fear; you hop off on your three legs, and I'll stay behind between you and the Indians, and keep them off. Get into the tallest grass, and crawl as near the ground as possible." Burgess did so, and escaped.

The smoke, which had hitherto concealed Higgins, now cleared away, and he resolved, if possible, to retreat. To follow the track of Burgess was most expedient. It would, however, endanger his friend.

He determined, therefore, to venture boldly forward, and, if discovered, to secure his own safety by the rapidity of his flight. On leaving a small thicket, in which he had sought refuge, he discovered a tall, portly savage near by, and two others in a direction between him and the fort. He paused for a moment, and thought if he could separate, and fight them singly, his case was not so desperate.

He started, therefore, for a little run of water which was near, but found one of his limbs failing him—it having been struck by a ball in the first encounter, of which, till now, he was scarcely conscious.

The largest Indian pressed close upon him, and Higgins turned round two or three times in order to fire. The Indian halted and danced about to prevent his taking aim. Higgins saw it was unsafe to fire at random, and perceiving two others approaching, knew he must be overpowered in a moment, unless he could dispose of the forward Indian first. He resolved, therefore, to halt and receive his fire. The Indian raised his rifle; and Higgins, watching his eye, turned suddenly, as his finger pressed the trigger, and received the ball in his thigh.

Higgins fell, but rose immediately, and ran. The foremost Indian, now certain of his prey, loaded again, and with the

other two, pressed on. They overtook him—Higgins fell again, and as he rose, the whole three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose again; and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced upon him with spears and knives. As he presented his gun at one or the other, each fell back. At last, the largest Indian, supposing Higgins' gun to be empty, from his fire having been thus reserved, advanced boldly to the charge. Higgins fired, and the savage fell.

He had now four bullets in his body—an empty gun in his hand—two Indians unharmed, as yet, before him—and a whole tribe but a few yards distant. Any other man but Higgins would have despaired. But he had no notion of surrendering yet. He had slain the most dangerous of the three; and having little to fear from the others, began to load his rifle. They raised a savage whoop, and rushed to the encounter; keeping at a respectful distance when Higgins' rifle was loaded, but when they knew it was empty, they were "better soldiers."

A bloody conflict now ensued. The Indians stabbed him in several places. Their spears, however, were but thin poles, hastily prepared for the occasion, and bent whenever they struck a rib or a muscle. The wounds they made were not therefore deep, though numerous, as his scars sufficiently testified.

At last one them threw his tomahawk. It struck him upon the cheek, passed through his ear, which it severed, laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him upon the prairie. The Indians again rushed on: but Higgins recovering his self-possession, kept them off with his feet and hands. Grasping at length one of their spears, the Indian, in attempting to pull it from him, raised Higgins up; who, taking his rifle, smote the nearest savage, and dashed out his brains. In doing so, however, his rifle broke—the barrel only remaining in his hand.

The other Indian, who had hitherto fought with caution, came now manfully into the battle. His character as a warrior was in jeopardy. To have fled from a man thus wounded and disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his fame forever.

Uttering a terrific yell, he rushed on, and attempted to stab the exhausted ranger; but the latter warded off his blow with one hand, and brandished his rifle-barrel with the other.

The Indian was as yet unharmed, and under existing circumstances, by far the most powerful man. Higgins' courage, however, was unexhausted, and inexhaustible. The savage, at last, began to retreat from the glare of his untamed eye, to the spot where he dropped his rifle. Higgins knew that if he recovered that, his own case was desperate; throwing, therefore, his rifle-barrel aside, and drawing his hunting-knife, he rushed upon his foe. A desperate strife ensued—deep gashes were inflicted on both sides. Higgins, fatigued, and exhausted by the loss of blood, was no longer a match for the savage. The latter succeeded in throwing his adversary from him, and went immediately in pursuit of his rifle. Higgins, at the same time, rose and sought for the gun of the other Indian. Both, therefore, bleeding and out of breath, were in search of arms to renew the combat. A party of Indians were in sight.

The little garrison had witnessed the whole combat. It consisted of but six men and one woman; that woman, however, was a host—a Mrs. Pursley. When she saw Higgins contending, single-handed, with a whole tribe of savages, she urged the rangers to attempt his rescue. The rangers objected, as the Indians were ten to one. Mrs. Pursley, therefore, snatched a rifle from her husband's hand, and declaring that "so fine a fellow as Tom Higgins should not be lost for want of help," mounted a horse, and sallied forth to his rescue. The men, unwilling to be outdone by a woman, followed at full gallop—reached the spot where Higgins fainted and fell,

before the Indians came up; and while the savage with whom he had been engaged was looking for his rifle, his friends lifted the wounded ranger up, and throwing him across a horse before one of the party, reached the fort in safety.*

Indian incursions and depredations upon the northwestern frontier ceased, in a great measure, in the spring of 1814. Treaties were then concluded with the most formidable tribes, the war-parties were called in, the tomahawk buried, and the white and red men smoked the pipe of peace. Occasional encounters between those who had sworn eternal enmity to each other could not be prevented. But the commanders on both sides endeavored to do their duty, and frequently punished them.

* Brown's Illinois.

NASHVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

BORDER WARS OF TENNESSEE.

THE territory now forming the state of Tennessee began to be settled by the whites in 1757. The settlers came from Virginia and North Carolina. Most of the territory was then occupied or claimed by the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Shawanees, and the settlers were, for many years, greatly annoyed by them. The building of Fort Loudon, in East Tennessee, in 1757, commenced the real colonization of the country—a colonization made in blood. In 1759, a war with the Cherokees broke out, and in the ensuing year, fort Loudon was captured, and the garrison and inhabitants massacred. In 1761, Colonel Grant forced the Indians to ask for peace, and settlers gradually entered Upper Tennessee. No real peace with the savages could be maintained. They were unceasing in their efforts to prevent the whites from spreading

over their hunting-ground. West Tennessee began to be settled about the same period as East Tennessee. Here, also, the Indians made formidable resistance to the encroachments of the whites, and much suffering and cruelty were the consequences. The settlers of Tennessee were not relieved from the constant apprehension of attack and massacre, until after the battle of King's Mountain, in the revolutionary war. The victory gained over the British at that place by the hardy volunteers of Tennessee and Kentucky, made such an impression on the Indians, that they were glad to obtain a peace.

After the conclusion of the revolutionary war, the population of Tennessee steadily increased. Its fertile soil and genial climate were great attractions to settlers. In June, 1796, Tennessee was admitted into the Union as a State.

Just before the war of 1812, the number of Creek, Chickasaw, Choctaw, and Cherokee Indians, occupying the territory south of Tennessee was estimated at about 60,000. These tribes were in a semi-civilized state, approaching much nearer, in their customs and mode of living, to the whites, than any other Indian nation.

The American government early turned their attention to these people, and established an agency among them, for the purpose of furnishing them with the implements of husbandry, domestic manufacture, and other necessaries, and instructing them in the arts of civilized life. Under the judicious superintendence of Colonel Hawkins, they had long been kept in peace, and induced to turn their attention from hunting, to the cultivation of the soil. Many of them were regular farmers, and possessed stocks of cattle, horses, and swine. Their women were taught to spin and weave; intermarriages with the whites were frequent, from which had sprung a race of half-breeds, which had established an important and useful chain of connexion between the white and red inhabitants of the territory. The direct communication between Louisiana, and the Atlantic states was through this country, and the mails between the

city of Washington and New Orleans, were regularly established on this route. Surrounded on three sides by the white population of the United States, and numerous white settlements in the heart of their country, their safety, and even existence, depended on the preservation of peace. Sensible of this, they were ready, when any of their people had committed depredations or murders on the border inhabitants, to give them up to be punished; and whenever they suffered by trespasses from the whites, instead of revenging themselves, they presented their complaints to the American authorities, who readily listened to, and redressed their injuries. At the trading-houses established at various posts in their territory, under the direction of Colonel Hawkins, they were enabled to exchange at a fair price, their peltry, for articles suited to their wants. From this peaceful and happy state, they were most unfortunately seduced to take a part in the war. The British authorities early perceived that a war with the southern Indians, would cause a powerful diversion of the forces destined to the northern frontier, interrupt the chain of communication between Louisiana and the eastern states, and cause such a desolation on the southern frontier, as in their view, would greatly promote the objects of the war. By means of runners, a constant intercourse was kept up between the Indians of the south and the north-west. This species of intercourse is common to all the Indian nations, and among many of them is as regular as the mails of the United States. The runner goes with incredible swiftness, carries, and delivers his messages laconically but correctly, receives the answers, and returns with the same speed. They are every where well received and entertained; the news they carry always compensating their entertainers. In time of war, the privileges of a flag are considered as attached to the runners. So regular and uninterrupted was this species of communication, that the Indians of the south were much earlier, and more correctly informed of the events of the campaign of 1812, on the

WEATHERFORD.

north-western frontier, than their neighboring white inhabitants.

Early in 1812, Tecumseh, the great Shawanee warrior and statesman, appeared among the Indians of the south, attended their councils, and used all his knowledge of their character and his eloquence to induce them to join the Indian confederacy of the north, and its British allies. It appears that his efforts were at first unsuccessful. But the successes of the British in the north, and the awful aid of superstition, effected Tecumseh's purpose. Through the channel of Florida, the British supplied the Indians with implements of war and presents of goods highly valued by the red men.

A large majority of the Creeks, by far the most powerful of the southern tribes, were induced to begin hostilities against the United States. Murders and robberies were committed, and the criminals were not delivered up on demand. The inhabitants of the frontier were filled with alarm and conster-

nation. The people of the Tensaw district on the Alabama, fled for safety to Fort Mimms. This post was garrisoned by one hundred and fifty volunteers, under command of Major Beasly. In the forenoon of the 30th of August, 1812, Weatherford, a Creek chief of great talents, with about six hundred warriors, surprised the fort, set fire to the buildings it contained, and massacred all within it except seventeen persons, who contrived to escape. Nearly four hundred men, women and children were put to death, with circumstances of the utmost horror.

This terrible event spread consternation through the neighboring settlements. The inhabitants fled towards the other forts, leaving their dwellings and fields to be destroyed or wasted by the savages. The spirit of the people of Tennessee and Georgia was aroused, and prompt exertions were made to punish the perpetrators of the massacre. The Legislature of Tennessee, ordered a force of 3500 men to be raised and placed under the command of Generals Jackson and Cocke. Eighteen hundred volunteers were raised in Georgia, and placed under the command of General Floyd.

Every exertion was now made to hasten the preparations for a vigorous campaign. Orders were given to the quartermaster to furnish the necessary munitions, with the proper transportation; and to the contractors, to provide ample supplies of provisions. The day of their rendezvous being arrived, and the General not being sufficiently recovered to attend in person, forwarded, by his aid-de-camp, Major Reid, an address, to be read to the troops, accompanied by an order for the establishment of the police of the camp. In this address he pointed to the unprovoked injuries that had been so long inflicted by this horde of merciless and cruel savages, and entreated his soldiers to evince that zeal in the defence of their country which the importance of the moment so much required. We are about to furnish these savages a lesson of admonition; we are about to teach them that our

MASSACRE AT FORT MIMS.

long forbearance has not proceeded from an insensibility to wrongs, or an inability to redress them. They stand in need of such warning. In proportion as we have borne with their insults and submitted to their outrages, they have multiplied in number and increased in atrocity. But the measure of their offences is at length filled. The blood of our women and children, recently spilt at Fort Mimms, calls for our vengeance; it must not call in vain. Our borders must no longer be disturbed by the war-whoop of these savages, and the cries of their suffering victims. The torch that has been lighted up must be made to blaze in the heart of their own country. It is time they should be made to feel the weight of a power which, because it was merciful, they believed to be impotent. But how shall a war so long forborne, and so loudly called for by retributive justice, be waged? Shall we imitate the example of our enemies, in the disorder of their movements, and the savageness of their dispositions? Is it worthy the character of American soldiers, who take up arms to redress the wrongs of an injured country, to assume no better model than that furnished them by barbarians? No, fellow-soldiers; great as are the grievances that have called us from our homes, we must not permit disorderly passions to tarnish the reputation we shall carry along with us; we must and will be victorious; but we must conquer as men who owe nothing to chance, and who, in the midst of victory, can still be mindful of what is due to humanity!

"We will commence the campaign by an inviolable attention to discipline and subordination. Without a strict observance of these, victory must ever be uncertain, and ought hardly to be exulted in even when gained. To what but the entire disregard of order and subordination are we to ascribe the disasters which have attended our arms in the north during the present war? How glorious will it be to remove the blots which have tarnished the fair character bequeathed us by the fathers of our revolution! The bosom of your General is full of hope. He knows the ardour which ani

mates you, and already exults in the triumph which your strict observance of discipline and good order will render certain."

For the police of his camp, he announced the following order:

"The chain of sentinels will be marked, and the sentries posted, precisely at ten o'clock to-day.

"No sutler will be suffered to sell spirituous liquors to any soldier, without permission in writing from a commissioned officer, under the penalties prescribed by the rules and articles of war.

"No citizen will be permitted to pass the chain of sentinels, after retreat-beat in the evening, until reveille in the morning. Drunkenness, the bane of all orderly encampments, is positively forbidden, both in officers and privates: officers, under the penalty of immediate arrest; and privates, of being placed under guard, there to remain until liberated by a court-martial.

"At reveille-beat, all officers and soldiers are to appear on parade, with their arms and accoutrements in proper order.

"On parade, silence, the duty of a soldier, is positively commanded."

"No officer or soldier is to sleep out of camp, but by permission obtained."

These rules to those who had scarcely yet passed the line that separates the citizen from the soldier, and who had not yet laid aside the notions of self-sovereignty, had the appearance of too much rigour; but the General well knew that the expedition on which they were embarked involved much hazard, and that, although such lively feelings were manifested now, yet when hardships pressed, these might cease. He considered it much safer, therefore, to lay before them, at once, the rules of conduct to which they must conform; believing that it would be more difficult to drive licentiousness from his camp than to prevent its entrance.

Impatient to join his division, although his health was far from being restored, his arm only beginning to heal, the

general, in a few days afterward, set out for the encampment, and reached it on the 7th of October, 1813. Finding, on his arrival, that the requisition was not complete, either in the number of men or the necessary equipments, measures were instantly taken to remedy the deficiency. Orders were directed to the several brigadiers in his division to hasten immediately their respective quotas, fully equipped for active operations.

Circumstances did not permit him to remain at this place long enough to have the delinquencies complained of remedied, and the ranks of his army filled. Colonel Coffee had proceeded with his mounted volunteers to cover Huntsville, and give security to the frontiers, where alarm greatly prevailed. On the night of the 8th, a letter was received from him, dated two days before, advising that two Indians, belonging to the peace party, had just arrived at the Tennessee river, from Chinnaby's fort, on the Coosa, with information that the war party had despatched eight hundred or a thousand of their warriors to attack the frontiers of Georgia; and, with the remainder of their forces, were marching against Huntsville, or Fort Hampton. In consequence of this intelligence, exertions were made to hasten a movement. Late on the following night another express arrived, confirming the former statement, and representing the enemy, in great force, to be rapidly approaching the Tennessee. Orders were now given for preparing the line of march, and by nine o'clock the next day the whole division was in motion. They had not proceeded many miles, when they were met with intelligence that Colonel Gibson, who had been sent out by Coffee to reconnoitre the movements of the enemy, had been killed by their advance. A strong desire had been manifested to be led forward; that desire was now strengthened by the information just received; and it was with difficulty their emotions could be restrained. They accelerated their pace, and before eight o'clock at night arrived at Huntsville, a distance of thirty-two miles. Learning here that the information was erroneous which had occasioned so hasty a

movement, the General encamped his troops; having intended to march them that night to the Tennessee river, had it been confirmed. The next day the line of march was resumed. The influence of the late excitement was now visible in the lassitude which followed its removal. Proceeding slowly, they crossed the Tennessee, at Ditto's landing, and united in the evening with Colonel Coffee's regiment, which had previously occupied a commanding bluff on the south bank of the river. From this place, a few days afterward, Jackson detached Colonel Coffee, with seven hundred men, to scour the Black Warrior, a stream running from the north-east, and emptying into the Tombigbee; on which were supposed to be settled several populous villages of the enemy. He himself remained at this encampment a week, using the utmost pains in training his troops for service, and laboring incessantly to procure the necessary supplies for a campaign, which he had determined to carry directly into the heart of the enemy's country. Towards the latter object his industry had been employed, and his attention invariably directed, from the time the expedition was projected.

With General Cocke, who commanded the division of East Tennessee militia, an arrangement had been made the preceding month, in which he had engaged to furnish large quantities of breadstuff at Ditto's landing. The facility of procuring it in that quarter, and the convenient transportation afforded by the river, left no doubt on the mind of Jackson but that the engagement would be punctually complied with. To provide, however, against the bare possibility of a failure, and to be guarded against all contingencies that might happen, he had addressed his applications to various other sources. He had, on the same subject, written in the most pressing manner to the governor of Georgia, with whose forces it was proposed to act in concert; to Colonel Meigs, agent to the Cherokee nation of Indians; and to General White, who commanded the advance of the East Tennessee troops. Previously to his arrival

at Huntsville, he had received assurances from the two latter that a considerable supply of flour, for the use of his army, had been procured, and was then at Hiwassee, where boats were ready to transport it. From General Cocke himself, about the same time, a letter was received, stating that a hundred and fifty barrels of flour were then on the way to his encampment; and expressing a belief that he should be able to procure, and forward on immediately, a thousand barrels more. With pressing importunity, he had addressed himself to the contractors, and they had given him assurances, that on his crossing the Tennessee, they would be prepared with twenty days' rations for his whole command; but finding, on his arrival at Ditto's, that their preparations were not in such forwardness as he had been led to expect, he was compelled for a time to suspend any active and general operations. Calculating, however, with great confidence, on exertions which he had been promised should be unremitting, and on the speedy arrival of those supplies, descending the river, which had been already unaccountably delayed, he hoped, in a few days, to be placed in a situation to act efficiently. While he was encouraged by these expectations, and only waiting their fulfilment, that he might advance, Shelocta, the son of Chinnaby, a principal chief among the friendly Creeks, arrived at his camp, to solicit his speedy movement for the relief of his father's fort, which was then threatened by a considerable body of the war party, who had advanced to the neighborhood of the Ten Islands, on the Coosa. Influenced by his representations, and anxious to extend relief, Jackson, on the 18th, gave orders for taking up the line of march on the following day, and notified the contractors of this arrangement, that they might be prepared to issue, immediately, such supplies as they had on hand: but to his great astonishment, he then, for the first time, was apprized of their entire inability to supply him while on his march. Having drawn what they had in their power to furnish, amounting to only a few days

rations, they were deposed from office, and others appointed, on whose industry and performance he believed he might more safely rely. The scarcity of his provisions, however, at a moment like the present, when there was every appearance that the enemy might be met, and a blow stricken to advantage, was not sufficient to wave his determination already taken. The route he would have to take to gain the fort lay for a considerable distance up the river: might not the boats, long expected from Hiwassee, and which he felt strongly assured must be near at hand, be met with on the way? He determined to proceed; and having passed his army and baggage-wagons over several mountains of stupendous size, and such as were thought almost impassible by foot-passengers, he arrived, on the 22d of October, at Thompson's creek, which empties into the Tennessee, twenty-four miles above Ditto's. At this place he proposed the establishment of a permanent depot, for the reception of supplies to be sent either up or down the river. Disappointed in the hopes with which he had ventured on his march, he remained here several days, in expectation of the boats that were coming to his relief. Thus harassed at the first onset, by difficulties wholly unexpected, and which, from the numerous and strong assurances received, he could by no means have calculated on; fearing, too, that the same disregard of duty might induce a continuance, he lost no time in opening every avenue to expedient, that the chances of future failure might be diminished. To General Flournoy, who commanded at Mobile, he applied, urging him to procure bread-stuff, and have it forwarded up the Alabama by the time he should arrive on that river. The agent of the Choctaws, Colonel M'Kee, who was then on the Tombigbee, was addressed in the same style of entreaty. Expresses were despatched to General White, who, with the advance of the East Tennessee division, had arrived at the Look-out mountain, in the Cherokee nation, urging him, by all means, to hasten on the supplies. The assistance of the Governor of Tennessee was also earnestly

PATH-KILLER.

besought. To facilitate exertion, and to assure success, every thing within his reach was attempted: several persons of wealth and patriotism, in Madison county, were solicited to afford the contractors all the aid in their power; and to induce them more readily to extend it, their deep interest immediately at stake was pointed to, and their deplorable and dangerous situation, should necessity compel him to withdraw his army, and leave them exposed to the mercy of the savages.

While these measures were taking, two runners, from Turkey-town, an Indian village, despatched by Path-killler, a chief of the Cherokees, arrived at the camp. They brought information that the enemy from nine of the hostile towns, were assembling in great force near the Ten Islands; and solicited that immediate assistance should be afforded the friendly Creeks and Cherokees in their neighborhood, who were exposed to such imminent danger. His want of provisions was not yet remedied; but distributing the partial supply that was on hand, he resolved to proceed, in expectation that the relief he had so earnestly looked for would in a little while arrive, and be forwarded to him. To prepare his troops for an engagement, which he foresaw was soon to take place, he thus addressed them:

"You have, fellow-soldiers, at length penetrated the country of your enemies. It is not to be believed that they will abandon the soil that imbosoms the bones of their forefathers, without furnishing you an opportunity of signalizing your valour. Wise men do not expect, brave men will not desire it. It was not to travel unmolested through a barren wilderness that you quitted your families and homes, and submitted to so many privations; it was to avenge the cruelties committed upon our defenceless frontiers by the inhuman Creeks, instigated by their no less inhuman allies; you shall not be disappointed. If the enemy flee before us, we will overtake and chastise him; we will teach him how dreadful, when once aroused, is the resentment of freemen. But it is not by

boasting that punishment is to be inflicted, or victory obtained. The same resolution that prompted us to take up arms must inspire us in battle. Men thus animated, and thus resolved, barbarians can never conquer; and it is an enemy barbarous in the extreme that we have now to face. Their reliance will be on the damage they can do you while you are asleep, and unprepared for action: their hopes shall fail them in the hour of experiment. Soldiers who know their duty, and are ambitious to perform it, are not to be taken by surprise. Our sentinels will never sleep, nor our soldiers be unprepared for action; yet, while it is enjoined upon the sentinels vigilantly to watch the approach of the foe, they are at the same time commanded not to fire at shadows. Imaginary danger must not deprive them of entire self-possession. Our soldiers will lie with their arms in their hands; and the moment an alarm is given, they will move to their respective positions without noise and without confusion; they will be thus enabled to hear the orders of their officers, and to obey them with promptitude.

"Great reliance will be placed by the enemy on the consternation they may be able to spread through our ranks by the hideous yells with which they commence their battles; but brave men will laugh at such efforts to alarm them. It is not by bellowings and screams that the wounds of death are inflicted. You will teach these noisy assailants how weak are their weapons of warfare, by opposing them with the bayonet; what Indian ever withstood its charge? what army, of any nation, ever withstood it long?

"Yes, soldiers, the order for a charge will be the signal for victory. In that moment, your enemy will be seen fleeing in every direction before you. But in the moment of action, coolness and deliberation must be regarded; your fires made with precision and aim; and when ordered to charge with the bayonet, you must proceed to the assault with a quick and firm step; without trepidation or alarm. Then shall you

behold the completion of your hopes in the discomfiture of your enemy. Your General, whose duty, as well as inclination, is to watch over your safety, will not, to gratify any wishes of his own, rush you unnecessarily into danger. He knows, however, that it is not in assailing an enemy that men are destroyed; it is when retreating and in confusion. Aware of this, he will be prompted as much by a regard for your lives as your honour. He laments that he has been compelled, even incidentally, to hint at a retreat when speaking to freemen and to soldiers. Never, until you forget all that is due to yourselves and to your country, will you have any practical understanding of that word. Shall an enemy wholly unacquainted with military evolutions, and who rely more for victory on their grim visages and hideous yells than upon their bravery or their weapons—shall such an enemy ever drive before them the well-trained youths of our country, whose bosoms pant for glory, and a desire to avenge the wrongs they have received? Your General will not live to behold such a spectacle; rather would he rush into the thickest of the enemy, and submit himself to their scalping-knives: but he has no fears of such a result. He knows the valour of the men he commands, and how certainly that valour, regulated as it will be, will lead to victory. With his soldiers he will face all dangers, and with them participate in the glory of conquest."

Having thus prepared the minds of his men, and brought to their view the kind of foe with whom they were shortly to contend, and having also, by his expresses, instructed General White to form a junction with him, and to hasten on all the supplies in his power to command, with about six days' rations of meat, and less than two of meal, he again put his army in motion to meet the enemy. Although there was some hazard in advancing into a country where relief was not to be expected, with such limited preparation, yet, believing that his contractors, lately installed, would exert themselves to the utmost

to forward supplies, and that amid the variety of arrangements made all could not fail; and well aware that his delaying longer might be productive of many disadvantages, his determination was taken to set out immediately in quest of the enemy. He replied to the Path-killer, by his runners, that he should proceed directly for the Coosa, and solicited him to be diligent in making discoveries of the situation and collected forces of the savages, and give him, as early as possible, the result of his inquiries.

"The hostile Creeks," he remarked to him, "will not attack you until they have had a brush with me; and that, I think, will put them out of the notion of fighting for some time."

He requested, if he had, or could any how procure, provisions for his army, that he would send them, or advise where they might be had: "You shall be well paid, and have my thanks into the bargain. I shall stand most in need of cornmeal, but shall be thankful for any kind of provisions, and indeed for whatever will support life.

The army had advanced but a short distance when unexpected embarrassments were again presented. Information was received, by which it was clearly ascertained that the present contractors who had been so much and so certainly relied on, could not, with all their exertions, procure the necessary supplies. Major Rose, in the quarter-master's department, who had been sent into Madison county to aid them in their endeavours, having satisfied himself, as well from their own admissions as from evidence derived from other sources, that their want of funds, and consequent want of credit, rendered them a very unsafe dependence, had returned, and disclosed the facts to the General. He stated that there were there persons of fortune and industry who might be confided in, and who would be willing to contract for the army if it were necessary. Jackson lost no time in embracing this plan, and gave the contract to Mr. Pope, upon whose means and exertions,

he hoped, every reliance might be safely reposed. To the other contractors he wrote, informing them of the change that had been made, and the reasons which had induced it.

"I am advised," said he, "that you have candidly acknowledged you have it not in your power to execute the contract in which you have engaged. Do not think I mean to cast any reflection—very far from it. I am exceedingly pleased with the exertions you have made, and feel myself under many obligations of gratitude for them. The critical situation of affairs when you entered into the contract being considered, you have done all that individuals in your circumstances could have performed. But you must be well convinced that any approbation which may be felt by the commander of an army for past services ought not to become, through kindness to you, the occasion of that army's destruction. From the admissions you have been candid enough to make, the scarcity which already begins to appear in camp, and the difficulties you are likely to encounter in effecting your engagements, I am apprehensive I should be doing injustice to the army I command were I to rely for support on your exertions—great as I know them to be. Whatever concerns myself I may manage with any generosity or indulgence I please; but in acting for my country I have no such discretion. I have therefore felt myself compelled to give the contract in which you are concerned to another, who is abundantly able to execute it; on condition he indemnifies you for the trouble you have been at."

This arrangement being made, the army continued its march, and having arrived within a few miles of the Ten Islands, was met by old Chinnaby, a leading chief of the Creek nation, and sternly opposed to the war party. He brought with him, and surrendered up, two of the hostile Creeks who had lately been made prisoners by his party. At this place it was represented that they were within sixteen miles of the enemy, who were collected to the number of a

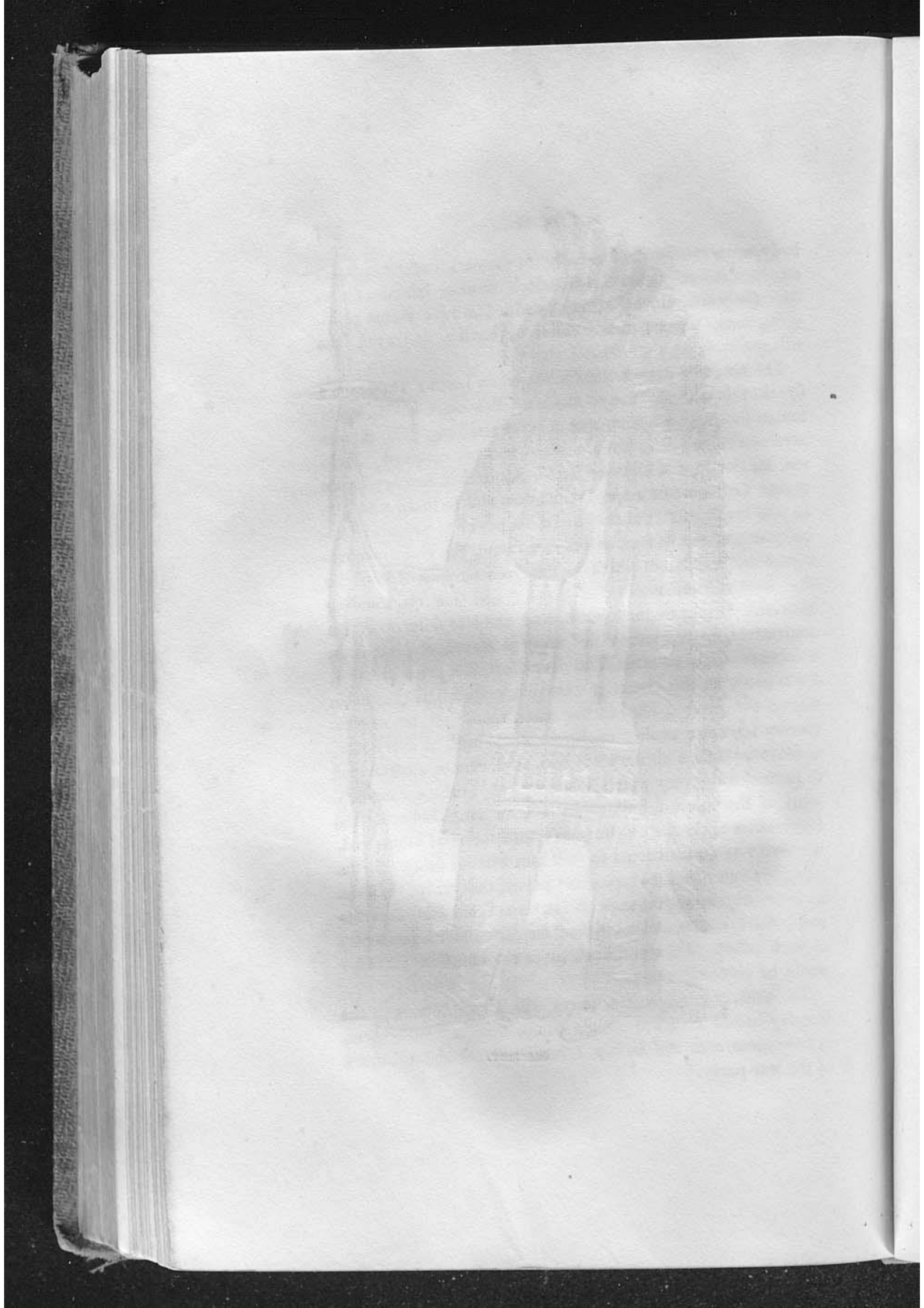
thousand to oppose their passage. This information was little relied on, and afterward proved untrue. Jackson continued his route, and in a few days reached the islands of the Coosa, having been detained a day on the way for the purpose of obtaining small supplies of corn from the neighbouring Indians. This acquisition to the scanty stock on hand, while it afforded subsistence for the present, encouraged his hopes for the future, as a means of temporary resort should his other resources fail.

In a letter to Governor Blount from this place, speaking of the difficulties with which he was assailed, he observes;—"Indeed, sir, we have been very wretchedly supplied—scarcely two rations in succession have been regularly drawn; yet we are not despondent. While we can procure an ear of corn apiece, or any thing that will answer as a substitute for it, we shall continue our exertions to accomplish the object for which we were sent. The cheerfulness with which my men submit to privations, and are ready to encounter danger, does honour to them and to the government whose rights they are defending.

"Every means within my power for procuring the requisite supplies for my army I have taken, and am continuing to take. East, west, north, and south have been applied to with the most pressing solicitation. The governor of Georgia, in a letter received from him this evening, informs me that a sufficiency can be had in his State; but does not signify that he is about to take any measures to procure it. My former contractor has been superseded: no exertions were spared by him to fulfil his engagements; yet the inconveniences under which he laboured were such as to render his best exertions unavailing. The contract has been offered to one who will be able to execute it: if he accepts it, my apprehensions will be greatly diminished."

On the 28th of October, 1813, Colonel Dyer, who, on the march to the Ten Islands, had been detached from the main

CHINNABY.



body, with two hundred cavalry, to attack Littafutchee-town, on the head of Canoe creek, which empties into the Coosa from the west, returned, bringing with him twenty-nine prisoners, men, women, and children, having destroyed the village.

The sanguine expectations indulged on leaving Thompson's Creek. that the advance of the East Tennessee militia would hasten to unite with him, was not yet realized. The express heretofore directed to General White had not returned. Jackson, on the 31st of October, 1813, despatched another, again urging him to effect a speedy junction, and to bring with him all the bread-stuff it should be in his power to procure; feelingly suggesting to him, at the same time, the great inconvenience and hazard to which he had been already exposed for the want of punctuality in himself and his commanding general. Owing to that cause, and the late failures of his contractors, he represented his army as placed, at present, in a very precarious situation, and dependent, in a great measure, for support on the exertions which they might be pleased to make; but assured him, at the same time, that, let circumstances transpire as they might, he would still, at every risk, endeavour to effect his purpose; and, at all events, was resolved to hasten, with every practicable despatch, to the accomplishment of the object for which he had set out. Believing the cooperation of the East Tennessee troops essential to this end, they were again instructed to join him without delay; for he could not conceive it to be correct policy, that troops from the same State, pursuing the same object, should constitute separate and distinct armies, and act without concert, and independently of each other. He entertained no doubt but that his order would be promptly obeyed.

The next evening, a detachment which had been sent out the day before returned to the camp, bringing with them, besides some corn and beeves, several negroes and prisoners of the war party.

Learning now that a considerable body of the enemy had posted themselves at Tallushatchee, on the south side of the Coosa, about thirteen miles distant, General Coffee was detached with nine hundred men (the mounted troops having been previously organized into a brigade, and placed under his command) to attack and disperse them. With this force he was enabled, through the direction of an Indian pilot, to ford the Coosa at the Fish-dams, about four miles above the islands, and having encamped beyond it, very early the next morning proceeded to the execution of his order. Having arrived within a mile and a half, he formed his detachment into two divisions, and directed them to march so as to encircle the town, by uniting their fronts beyond it. The enemy, hearing of his approach, began to prepare for action, which was announced by the beating of drums, mingled with their savage yells and war-whoops. An hour after sunrise, the action was commenced by Captain Hammond's and Lieutenant Patterson's companies of spies, who had gone within the circle of alignement for the purpose of drawing the Indians from their buildings. No sooner had these companies exhibited their front in view of the town, and given a few scattering shot, than the enemy formed, and made a violent charge. Being compelled to give way, the advance-guard were pursued until they reached the main body of the army, which immediately opened a general fire, and charged in their turn. The Indians retreated, firing, until they got around and in their buildings, where an obstinate conflict ensued, and where those who maintained their ground persisted in fighting as long as they could stand or sit, without manifesting fear or soliciting quarter. Their loss was a hundred and eighty-six killed; among whom were, unfortunately, and through accident, a few women and children. Eighty-four women and children were taken prisoners, towards whom the utmost humanity was shown. Of the Americans, five were killed and forty-one wounded. Two were killed with arrows, which on this occa-

sion formed a principal part of the arms of the Indians; each one having a bow and quiver, which he used after the first fire of his gun, until an opportunity occurred for reloading.

Having buried his dead, and provided for his wounded, General Coffee, late in the evening of the same day, united with the main army, bringing with him about forty prisoners. Of the residue, a part were too badly wounded to be removed, and were therefore left with a sufficient number to take care of them. Those which he brought in, received every comfort and assistance their situation demanded, and, for safety, were immediately sent into the settlements.

From the manner in which the enemy fought, the killing and wounding others than their warriors was not to be avoided. On their retreat to their village, after the commencement of the battle, they resorted to their block-houses and strong log-dwellings, whence they kept up resistance, and resolutely maintained the fight. Thus mingled with their women and children, it was impossible they should not be exposed to the general danger; and thus many were injured, notwithstanding every possible precaution was taken to prevent it. In fact, many of the women united with their warriors, and contended in the battle with fearless bravery.

Measures were now taken to establish a permanent depot on the north bank of the river, at the Ten Islands, to be protected by strong picketing and block-houses; after which, it was the intention of Jackson to proceed along the Coosa to its junction with the Tallapoosa, near which it was expected the main force of the enemy was collected. Well knowing that it would detach much of the strength of his army to occupy, in his advance, the different points necessary to the safety of his rear, it was desirable to unite, as soon as possible, with the troops from the east of Tennessee; to effect this, he again, on the 4th, despatched an express to General White, who had previously, with his command, arrived at Turkey-town, a Cherokee village about twenty-five miles above, on

the same river, urging him to unite with him as soon as possible, and again entreating him on the subject of provisions; to bring with him such as he had on hand, or could procure; and, if possible, to form some certain arrangement that might ensure a supply in future.*

Anxious to proceed, and to have his army actively and serviceably employed, which he believed would be practicable as soon as a junction could be effected, he again, on the morning of the 7th of November, 1813, renewed his application to General White, who still remained at Turkey-town.

As yet no certain intelligence was received of any collection of the enemy. The army was busily engaged in fortifying and strengthening the site fixed on for a depot, to which the name of Fort Strother had been given. Late, however, on the evening of the 7th of November, a runner arrived from Talladega, a fort of the friendly Indians, distant about thirty miles below, with information that the enemy had that morning encamped before it in great numbers, and would certainly destroy it unless immediate assistance could be afforded.

* One great evidence of General Jackson's qualification for command was the fact that he never allowed such matters as a want of supplies, a mutiny, or any of those usual drawbacks in wilderness warfare, to deter him from pursuing the object of the contest. He set out with the determination to conquer the Indians or perish in the attempt. Difficulties of every kind were to be surmounted. But, keeping the object of the war steadily in view, Jackson trampled under foot all inferior considerations. The troops might starve or mutiny. He hoped they would not, and exerted himself to prevent such occurrences. But whether they suffered for want of proper food, or objected to their length of service, Jackson knew that they had set out to defend their homes against a savage foe; that it was their duty to fight, and he determined that they should fight. Ordinary generals alone are checked by rules, forms, small wants and complaints.

It is worthy of remark, that although Gen. Jackson, by his stern determination, forced his men to proceed in the campaign, and although they were much irritated at the time, that they generally looked up to him with veneration and affection. This is the best testimony to the justice of his course of action. Men may love one who compels them to adopt a right path, in spite of their bad disposition and murmurings

Jackson, confiding in the statement, determined to lose no time in extending the relief which was solicited. Understanding that General White, agreeably to his order, was on his way to join him, he despatched a messenger to meet him, directing him to reach his encampment in the course of the ensuing night, and to protect it in his absence. He now gave orders for taking up the line of march, with twelve hundred infantry and eight hundred cavalry and mounted gun-men; leaving behind the sick, the wounded, and all his baggage, with a force which was deemed sufficient for their protection, until the reinforcement from Turkey-town should arrive.

The friendly Indians, who had taken refuge in this besieged fort, had involved themselves in their present perilous situation from a disposition to preserve their amicable relations with the United States. To suffer them to fall a sacrifice from any tardiness of movement would have been unpardonable; and unless relief were immediately extended, it might arrive too late. Acting under these impressions, the General concluded to move instantly forward to their assistance. By twelve o'clock at night, every thing was in readiness; and in an hour afterward the army commenced crossing the river, about a mile above the camp, each of the mounted men carrying one of the infantry behind him. The river at this place was six hundred yards wide, and it being necessary to send back the horses for the remainder of the infantry, several hours were consumed before a passage of all the troops could be effected. Nevertheless, though greatly fatigued and deprived of sleep, they continued the march with animation, and by evening had arrived within six miles of the enemy. In this march Jackson used the utmost precaution to prevent surprise: marching his army, as was his constant custom, in three columns, so that, by a speedy manœuvre, they might be thrown into such a situation as to be capable of resisting an attack from any quarter. Having judiciously encamped his men on an eligible piece of ground, he sent forward two of the friendly

Indians and a white man, who had for many years been detained a captive in the nation, and was now acting as interpreter, to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. About eleven o'clock at night they returned, with information that the savages were posted within a quarter of a mile of the fort, and appeared to be in great force; but that they had not been able to approach near enough to ascertain either their numbers or precise situation. Within an hour after this, a runner arrived from Turkey-town, with a letter from General White, stating, that after having taken up the line of march, to unite at Fort Strother, he had received orders for General Cocke to change his course and proceed to the mouth of Chatauga creek. It was most distressing intelligence: the sick and wounded had been left with no other calculation for their safety and defence than that this detachment of the army, agreeably to his request, would, by advancing upon Fort Strother, serve the double purpose of protecting his rear and enable him to advance still farther into the enemy's country. The information which was now received proved that all those salutary anticipations were at an end, and that evils of the worst kind might be the consequence. Intelligence so disagreeable, and withal so unexpected, filled the mind of Jackson with apprehension of a serious and alarming character; and dreading lest the enemy, by taking a different route, should attack his encampment in his absence, he determined to lose no time in bringing him to battle. Orders were accordingly given to the adjutant-general to prepare the line, and by four o'clock in the morning the army was again in motion. The infantry proceeded in three columns; the cavalry in the same order, in the rear, with flankers on each wing. The advance, consisting of a company of artillerists with muskets, two companies of riflemen, and one of spies, marched about four hundred yards in front, under the command of Colonel Carrol, inspector-general, with orders, after commencing the action, to fall back on the centre, so as to draw the enemy after them.

At seven o'clock, having arrived within a mile of the position they occupied, the columns were displayed in order of battle. Two hundred and fifty of the cavalry, under Lieutenant-colonel Dyer, were placed in the rear of the centre, as a corps-de-reserve. The remainder of the mounted troops were directed to advance on the right and left, and, after encircling the enemy, by uniting the fronts of their columns, and keeping their rear rested on the infantry, to face and press towards the centre, so as to leave them no possibility of escape. The remaining part of the army was ordered to move up by heads of companies; General Hall's brigade occupying the right, and General Roberts' the left.

About eight o'clock, the advance, having arrived within eighty yards of the enemy, who were concealed in a thick shrubbery that covered the margin of a small rivulet, received a heavy fire, which they instantly returned with much spirit. Falling in with the enemy, agreeably to their instructions, they retired toward the centre, but not before they had dislodged them from their position. The Indians, now screaming and yelling hideously, rushed forward in the direction of General Roberts' brigade, a few companies of which, alarmed by their numbers and yells, gave way at the first fire. Jackson, to fill the chasm which was thus created, directed the regiment commanded by Colonel Bradley to be moved up, which, from some unaccountable cause, had failed to advance in a line with the others, and now occupied a position in rear of the centre: Bradley, however, to whom this order was given by one of the staff, omitted to execute it in time, alleging he was determined to remain on the eminence which he then possessed until he should be approached and attacked by the enemy. Owing to this failure in the volunteer regiment, it became necessary to dismount the reserve, which, with great firmness met the approach of the enemy, who were rapidly moving in this direction. The retreating militia, somewhat mortified at seeing their places so promptly supplied, rallied,

and, recovering their former position in the line, aided in checking the advance of the savages. The action now became general along the line, and in fifteen minutes the Indians were seen flying in every direction. On the left they were met and repulsed by the mounted riflemen; but on the right, owing to the halt of Bradley's regiment, which was intended to occupy the extreme right, and to the circumstance of Colonel Allcorn, who commanded one of the wings of the cavalry, having taken too large a circuit, a considerable space was left between the infantry and the cavalry, through which numbers escaped. The fight was maintained with great spirit and effect on both sides, as well before as after the retreat commenced; nor did the pursuit and slaughter terminate until the mountains were reached, at the distance of three miles.

Jackson, in his report of this action, bestows high commendation on the officers and soldiers. "Too much praise," he observes in the close of it, "cannot be bestowed on the advance, led by Colonel Carroll, for the spirited manner in which they commenced and sustained the attack; nor upon the reserve, commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Dyer, for the gallantry with which they met and repulsed the enemy. In a word, officers of every grade, as well as privates, realized the high expectations I had formed of them, and merit the gratitude of their country."

In this battle, the force of the enemy was one thousand and eighty, of whom two hundred and ninety-nine were left dead on the ground; and it is believed that many was killed in the flight, who were not found when the estimate was made. Probably few escaped unhurt. Their loss on this occasion, as stated since by themselves, was not less than six hundred: that of the Americans was fifteen killed, and eighty wounded, several of whom afterward died. Jackson, after collecting his dead and wounded, advanced his army beyond the fort, and encamped for the night. The Indians, who had been for several days shut up by the besiegers, thus fortunately liberated from

the most dreadful apprehensions and severest privations, having for some time been entirely without water, received the army with all the demonstrations of gratitude that savages could give. Their manifestations of joy for their deliverance presented an interesting and affecting spectacle. Their fears had been already greatly excited, for it was the very day when they were to have been assaulted, and when every soul within the fort must have perished. All the provisions they could spare from their scanty stock they sold to the General, who, purchasing with his own money, distributed them among the soldiers, who were almost destitute.

It was with great regret that Jackson now found he was without the means of availing himself fully of the advantages of his victory; but the condition of his posts in the rear, and the want of provisions (having left his encampment at Fort Strother with little more than one day's rations,) compelled him to return; thus giving the enemy time to recover from the consternation of their first defeat, and to re-assemble their forces.

The cause which prevented General White from acting in obedience to his order, and arriving at the Ten Islands at a moment when it was so important, and when it was so confidently expected, was as yet unknown; the only certainty upon the subject was, that for the present it wholly thwarted his views, and laid him under the necessity of returning. This mystery, hitherto inexplicable, was some time after explained, by a view of the order of General Cocke, under which White, being a brigadier in his division, chose to act, rather than under Jackson's. General Cocke stated to him, he had understood Jackson had crossed the Coosa, and had an engagement with the Indians. "I have formed a council of officers here, and proposed these questions:—Shall we follow him? or cross the river, and proceed to the Creek settlements on the Tallapoosa?—Both were decided unanimously that he should not be followed, but that we should proceed in the way proposed."

He remarked, that the decision had met his entire approbation; and directed White forthwith to unite with him at his encampment, where he should wait, fortifying it strongly for a depot until he should arrive. "If," said he, "we follow General Jackson and his army, we must suffer for supplies; nor can we expect to gain a victory. Let us then take a direction in which we can share some of the dangers and glories of the field. You will employ pilots, and advise me which side of the river you will move up." In this, as in every other measure, it seemed to be the studied aim of Cocke to thwart the views and arrest the successes of Jackson; and perhaps jealousy, in no inconsiderable degree, was the moving spring to his conduct. Both were major-generals, from the State of Tennessee, sent on the same important errand, to check an insolent foe, who had practised the most cruel and unprovoked outrages. Which of them should share the "dangers and glories of the field," or obtain its laurels, was not so important to the country as by acting in concert and harmony, endeavouring to accomplish the grand object of terminating the war, and restoring tranquillity to the frontiers. National, and not individual, advancement was the object in carrying an army into the field; and the best and most effectual means of securing this, every officer, acting on liberal principles should have constantly held in view: the interest and repose of the country, not their individual advancement, was the end to be attained.

Having buried his dead with all due honor, and provided litters for the wounded, he reluctantly commenced his return march on the morning succeeding the battle. He confidently hoped, from the previous assurances of the contractors, that by the time of his return to Fort Strother, sufficient supplies would have arrived there; but, to his inexpressible uneasiness, he found that not a particle had been forwarded there since his departure, and that what had been left was already consumed. Even his private stores, brought on at his own expense, and upon which he and his staff had hitherto wholly subsisted,

had been in his absence distributed among the sick by the hospital surgeon, who had been previously instructed to do so if their wants should require it. A few dozen biscuits, which remained on his return, were given to hungry applicants, without being tasted by himself or family, who were probably not less hungry than those who were thus relieved. A scanty supply of indifferent beef, taken from the enemy or purchased of the Cherokees, was now the only support afforded. Thus left destitute, Jackson, with the utmost cheerfulness of temper, repaired to the bullock-pen, and of the offal there thrown away, provided for himself and staff what he was pleased to call, and seemed really to think, a very comfortable repast. Tripes, however, hastily provided in a camp, without bread or seasoning, can only be palatable to an appetite very high whetted; yet this constituted for several days the only diet at head-quarters, during which time the General seemed entirely satisfied with his fare. Neither this nor the liberal donations by which he disfurnished himself to relieve the suffering soldier, deserves to be ascribed to ostentation or design: the one flowed from benevolence, the other from necessity, and a desire to place before his men an example of patience and suffering, which he felt might be necessary, and hoped might be serviceable. Of these two imputations no human being, invested with rank and power, was ever more deservedly free. Charity in him is a warm and active propensity of the heart, urging him, by an instantaneous impulse, to relieve the wants of the distressed, without regarding, or even thinking of the consequences. Many of those to whom it was extended had no conception of the source that supplied them, and believed the comforts they received were, indeed, drawn from stores provided for the hospital department.

On this campaign, a soldier one morning, with a wo-begone countenance, approached the General, stating that he was nearly starved, that he had nothing to eat, and could not imagine what he should do. He was the more encouraged to

GENERAL JACKSON AND THE SOLDIER.

complain, from perceiving that the General, who had seated himself at the root of a tree, waiting the coming up of the rear of the army, was busily engaged in eating something. The poor fellow was impressed with the belief, from what he saw, that want only attached to the soldiers; and that the officers, particularly the General, were liberally and well supplied. He accordingly approached him with great confidence of being relieved; Jackson told him that it had always been a rule with him never to turn away a hungry man when it was in his power to relieve him. "I will most cheerfully," said he, "divide with you what I have;" and putting his hand to his pocket, drew forth a few acorns, from which he had been feasting, adding, it was the best and only fare he had. The soldier seemed much surprised, and forwith circulated among his comrades that their General was actually subsisting upon acorns, and that they ought hence no more to complain. From this circumstance was derived the story heretofore published to the world, that Jackson, about the period of his

greatest suffering, and with a view to inspirit them, had invited his officers to dine with him, and presented for their repast water and a tray of acorns.

But while General Jackson remained wholly unmoved by his own privations, he was filled with solicitude and concern for his army. His utmost exertions, unceasingly applied, were insufficient to remove the sufferings to which he saw them exposed; and although they were by no means so great as were represented, yet were they undoubtedly such as to be sensibly and severely felt. Discontents, and a desire to return home, arose, and presently spread through the camp; and these were still further embittered and augmented by the arts of a few designing officers, who believing that the campaign would now break up, hoped to make themselves popular on the return, by encouraging and taking part in the complaints of the soldiery. It is a singular fact, that those officers who pretended on this occasion to feel most sensibly for the wants of the army, and who contrived most effectually to instigate it to revolt, had never themselves been without provisions; and were, at that very moment, enjoying in abundance what would have relieved the distresses of many, had it been as generously and freely distributed as were their words of advice and condolence.

During this period of scarcity and discontent, small quantities of supplies were occasionally forwarded by the contractors, but not a sufficiency for present want, and still less to remove the apprehensions that were entertained for the future. At length, revolt began to show itself openly. The officers and soldiers of the militia, collecting in their tents and talking over their grievances, determined to yield up their patriotism and to abandon the camp. To this measure there were good evidences for believing that several of the officers of the old volunteer corps exerted themselves clandestinely, and with great industry, to instigate them; looking upon themselves somewhat in the light of veterans, from the discipline they had acquired in the expedition to the lower country, they were un-

willing to be seen foremost in setting an example of mutiny, and wished to make the defection of others a pretext for their own.

Jackson, apprized of their determination to abandon him, resolved to oppose it, and at all hazard to prevent a departure. In the morning, when they were to carry their intentions into execution, he drew up the volunteers in front of them, with positive commands to prevent their progress, and compel them to return to their former position in the camp. The militia, seeing this, and fearing the consequences of persisting in their purpose, at once abandoned it, and returned to their quarters without further murmuring, extolling in the highest terms, the unalterable firmness of the General.

The next day, however, presented a singular scene. The volunteers, who the day before had been the instruments for compelling the militia to return to their duty, seeing the destruction of those hopes on which they had lately built, in turn began themselves to mutiny. Their opposition to the departure of the militia, was but a mere pretence to escape suspicion, for they silently wished them success. They now determined to move off in a body, believing, from the known disaffection in the camp, that the General could find no means to prevent it. What was their surprise, however, when, on attempting to effectuate their resolves, they found the same men whom they had so lately opposed occupying the very position which they had done the day previous for a similar purpose, and manifesting a fixed determination to obey the orders of their General! All they ventured to do was to take the example through; and, like them, move back in peace and quietness to their quarters. This was a curious change of circumstances, when we consider in how short a time it happened; but the conduct of the militia, on this occasion, must be ascribed to the ingenuity and management of the General, and to the gratification they felt in being able to defeat the views of those who had so lately thwarted their

own. To this may be also added the consciousness all must have entertained, that the privations of which they complained were far less grievous than they had represented them; by no means sufficient to justify revolt, and not greater than patriots might be expected to bear without a murmur, when objects of such high consideration were before them. But, anxious to return to their families and kindred, wearied of their difficulties and sufferings, and desirous to recount the brilliant exploits of their first battle, they seized with eagerness every pretext for exoneration, and listened with too much docility to the representations of those who were influenced by less honourable feelings. Having many domestic considerations to attend to,—the first ebullition of resentment being cooled, and the first impulse of curiosity gratified, there were no motives to retain them in the field but a remaining sense of honour, and a fear of disgrace and punishment should they abandon their post without a cause. But although these motives were sufficient for the present, those who were governed by them did not cease to wish that a more plausible apology might offer for dispensing with their operation. The militia continued to show a much more obedient and patriotic disposition than the volunteers; who, having adopted a course which they discovered must finally involve them in dishonor, if it should fail, were exceedingly anxious for its success, and that it might have the appearance of being founded on justice. On this subject the pretensions of the cavalry were certainly much better established; as they were entirely without forage, and without the prospect of speedily obtaining any. They petitioned, therefore, to be permitted to return into the settled parts of the country, pledging themselves, by their platoon and field-officers, that if sufficient time were allowed to recruit the exhausted state of their horses, and to procure their winter clothing, they would return to the performance of their duty whenever called on. The General, unable from many causes to prosecute the campaign, and confiding in the

assurance given, granted the prayer of their petition, and they immediately set out on their return.

About this time, General Jackson's prospect of being able to maintain the conquests he had made began to be cheered by letters just received from the contractors and principal wagon-master, stating that sufficient supplies for the army were then on the road, and would shortly arrive; but discontents, to an alarming degree, still prevailed in his camp. To allay them, if possible, he hastened to lay before the division the information and letters he had received; and, at the same time, invited the field and platoon officers to his quarters, to consult on the measures proper to be pursued. Having assembled them, and well knowing that the flame of discontent which had so lately shown itself was only for the present smothered, and might yet burst forth in serious injury, he addressed them in an animated speech, in which he extolled their patriotism and achievements; lamented the privations to which they had been exposed, and endeavoured to reanimate them by the prospect of speedy relief, which he expected with confidence on the following day. He spoke of the immense importance of the conquests they had already made, and of the dreadful consequences that must result, should they be now abandoned. "What," continued he, "is the present situation of our camp? A number of our fellow-soldiers are wounded, and unable to help themselves. Shall it be said that we are so lost to humanity as to leave them in this condition? Can any one, under these circumstances and under these prospects, consent to an abandonment of the camp?—of all that we have acquired in the midst of so many difficulties, privations, and dangers? of what it will cost us so much to regain? of what we never can regain,—our brave wounded companions, who will be murdered by our unthinking, unfeeling inhumanity? Surely there can be none such! No: we will take with us, when we go, our wounded and sick. They must not—shall not perish by our cold-blooded indifference.

But why should you despond? I do not, and yet your wants are not greater than mine. To be sure we do not live sumptuously: but no one has died of hunger, or is likely to die; and then how animating are our prospects! Large supplies are at Deposit, and already are officers despatched to hasten them on. Wagons are on the way; a large number of beeves are in the neighborhood; and detachments are out to bring them in. All these resources surely cannot fail. I have no wish to starve you—none to deceive you. Stay contentedly; and if supplies do not arrive within two days, we will all march back together, and throw the blame of our failure where it should properly lie; until then we certainly have the means of subsisting; and if we are compelled to bear privations, let us remember that they are borne for our country, and are not greater than many—perhaps most armies have been compelled to endure. I have called you together to tell you my feelings and my wishes; this evening think on them seriously, and let me know yours in the morning."

Having retired to their tents, and deliberated on the measures most proper to be adopted in this emergency, the officers of the volunteer brigade came to the conclusion that "nothing short of marching the army immediately back to the settlements could prevent those difficulties and that disgrace which must attend a forcible desertion of the camp by his soldiers." The officers of the militia determined differently, and reported a willingness to maintain the post a few days longer, that it might be ascertained whether or not a sufficiency of provisions could really be had. "If it can, let us proceed with the campaign; if not, let us be marched back to where it can be procured." The General, who greatly preferred the latter opinion, nevertheless, to allay excitement, was disposed to gratify those who appeared unwilling to submit to further hardships; and with this view ordered General Hall to march his brigade to Fort Deposit; and, after satisfying their wants, to return, and act as an escort to the provisions. The second regiment,

however, unwilling to be outdone by the militia, consented to remain; and the first proceeded alone. On this occasion he could not forbear to remark, that men for whom he had ever cherished so warm an affection, and for whom he would at all times have made any sacrifice, desiring to abandon him at a moment when their presence was so particularly necessary, filled him with emotions which the strongest language was too feeble to express. "I was prepared," he continued, "to endure every evil but disgrace; and this, as I never can submit to myself, I can give no encouragement to in others."

Two days had elapsed since the departure of the volunteers, and supplies had not arrived. The militia, with great earnestness, now demanded a performance of the pledge that had been given—that they should be marched back to the settlements. Jackson, on giving them an assurance that they should return if relief did not reach them in two days, had indulged a confidence that it would certainly arrive by that time; and now, from the information he had received, felt more than ever certain that it could not be far distant. Having, however, pledged himself, he could use no arguments or entreaties to detain them any longer, and immediately took measures for complying with their wishes and the promise he had made them. This was to him a moment of the deepest dejection. He foresaw how difficult it would be ever to accomplish the object upon which his heart was so devoutly fixed, should he lose the men who were now with him; or even to regain the conquests he had made, if his present posts should fall into the hands of the enemy. While thus pondering on the gloomy prospect, he lifted up his hands and exclaimed, with a look and manner which showed how much he felt, "If only two men will remain with me, I will never abandon this post." Captain Gordon, of the spies, facetiously replied, "You have one, General, let us look if we can't find another;" and immediately, with a zeal suited to the occasion, undertook, with some of the General's staff, to raise volunteers; and in a little

while succeeded in procuring one hundred and nine, who declared a determination to remain and protect the post. The General, greatly rejoiced that he would not be compelled to an entire abandonment of his position, now set out towards Deposit with the remainder of the army, who were given distinctly to understand, that on meeting supplies, they were to return and prosecute the campaign. This was an event which, as it had been expected and foretold, soon took place. They had not proceeded more than ten or twelve miles, when they met a hundred and fifty beeves; but a sight which gave to Jackson so much satisfaction was to them the most disagreeable and unwelcome. Their faces being now turned towards home, no spectacle could be more hateful than one which was to change their destination. They were halted; and, having satisfied their hungry appetites, the troops, with the exception of such as were necessary to proceed with the sick and wounded, were ordered to return to the encampment—he himself intending to see the contractors, and establish more effectual arrangements for the future. So great was their aversion to returning that they preferred a violation of their duty and their pledged honor. Low murmurings ran along the lines, and presently broke out into open mutiny. In spite of the order they had received, they began to revolt, and one company was already moving off in a direction towards home. They had proceeded some distance before information of their departure was had by Jackson. Irritated at their conduct, in attempting to violate the promise they had given, and knowing that the success of future operations depended on the result, the General pursued, until he came near a part of his staff and a few soldiers who with General Coffee had halted about a quarter of a mile ahead. He ordered them to form immediately across the road, and to fire on the mutineers if they attempted to proceed. Snatching up their arms, these faithful adherents presented a front which threw the deserters into affright, and caused them to retreat precipitately to the main body. Here it was

hoped the matter would end, and that no further opposition would be made to returning. This expectation was not realized; a mutinous temper began presently to display itself throughout the whole brigade. Jackson, having left his aid-de-camp, Major Reid, engaged in making up some despatches, had gone out alone among his troops, who were at some distance; on his arrival he found a much more extensive mutiny than that which had just been quelled. Almost the whole brigade had put itself into an attitude for moving forcibly off. A crisis had arrived; and, feeling its importance, he determined to take no middle ground, but to triumph or perish. He was still without the use of his left arm, but, seizing a musket, and resting it on the neck of his horse, he thew himself in front of the column, and threatened to shoot the first man who should attempt to advance. In this situation he was found by Major Reid and General Coffee; who, fearing, from the length of his absence, that some disturbance had arisen, hastened where he was, and, placing themselves by his side, awaited the result in anxious expectation. For many minutes the column preserved a sullen, yet hesitating attitude, fearing to proceed in their purpose, and disliking to abandon it. In the meantime, those who remained faithful to their duty, amounting to about two companies, were collected and formed at a short distance in advance of the troops and in rear of the General, with positive directions to imitate his example in firing if they attempted to proceed. At length, finding no one bold enough to advance, and overtaken by those fears which in the hour of peril always beset persons engaged in what they know to be a bad cause, they abandoned their purpose, and turning quietly round, agreed to return to their posts. It is very certain, that but for the firmness of the General at this critical moment, the campaign would have been broken up, and most probably not commenced again.

Shortly after the battle of Talladega, the Hillabee tribes, who had been the principal sufferers on that occasion, applied

to General Jackson for peace; declaring their willingness to receive it on such terms as he might be pleased to dictate. His decision had been already returned, stating to them that his government had taken up arms to bring to a proper sense of duty a people to whom she had ever shown the utmost kindness, but who, nevertheless, had committed against her citizens the most unprovoked depredations; and that she would lay them down only when certain that this object was attained. "Upon those," he continued, "who are friendly, I neither wish nor intend to make war; but they must afford evidences of the sincerity of their professions; the prisoners and property they have taken from us, and the friendly Creeks, must be restored; the instigators of the war, and the murderers of our citizens, must be surrendered; the latter must and will be made to feel the force of our resentment. Long shall they remember Fort Mimms, in bitterness and tears."

Having stated to General Cocke, whose division was acting in this section of the nation, the propositions that had been made by the Hillabee clans, with the answer he returned, and urged him to detach to Fort Strother six hundred of his men, to aid in the defence of that place during his absence, and in the operations he intended to resume on his return, he proceeded to Deposit and Ditto's Landing, where the most effectual means in his power were taken with the contractors for obtaining regular supplies in future. They were required to furnish immediately thirty days' rations at Fort Strother, forty at Talladega, and as many at the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa; two hundred packhorses and forty wagons were put in requisition to facilitate their transportation. Understanding now that the whole detachment from Tennessee had by the President been received into the service of the United States, he persuaded himself that the difficulties he had heretofore encountered would not recur, and that the want of supplies would not again be a cause of impeding his operations. He now looked forward, with sanguine

expectations, to the speedy accomplishment of the objects of the expedition.

The volunteers who were at Deposit began to manifest the same unwillingness to return to their duty that the militia had done, and were about to break out into the same spirit of mutiny and revolt; but were restrained by an animated address of the General, who, having assembled them together, painted in the most glowing colors all the consequences that were to be apprehended, if, from any defalcation of theirs, the campaign should be abandoned or ineffectually prosecuted. By this means he succeeded once more in restoring quietness to his troops.

He now set out on his return to Fort Strother, and was delighted to find, by the progress of the works, the industry that had been used in his absence. But the satisfaction he felt, and the hopes he began to cherish, were of short continuance. Although he had succeeded in stilling the tumult of the volunteers, and in prevailing on them to return to their posts, it was soon discovered he had not eradicated their deep-rooted aversion to a further prosecution of the war. Nothing is more difficult than to reanimate men who have once lost their spirits, or inspire with new ardour those in whom it has lately become extinct. Even where the evils which produced the change are removed, apologies will be sought, and pretexts seized, for justifying and preserving the present tone of mind. The volunteers, who had so lately clamored about bread, now, when they were no longer hungry, began to clamour, with equal earnestness, about their term of service. Having lately made an effort to forsake the drudgery of the field, and failed, they were disposed to avail themselves of any pretexts, seemingly plausible, to obtain success. They insisted that the period for which they had undertaken to act would end on the 10th of December, that being the termination of a year from the day they had first entered into service; and although they had been a great part of the time disengaged, and unemployed,

that recess was nevertheless to be taken into the computation. Jackson replied that the law of congress under which they had been tendered and accepted, requiring one year's service out of two, could contemplate nothing less than an actual service of three hundred and sixty-five days; and until that were performed, he could not, unless specially authorized, undertake to discharge them. But as this was a question not likely to be settled by argument, and as the consequences were easily to be foreseen if they should persist in their demands, the General began to think of providing other means for a continuance of the campaign, that, even in the worst extreme, he might not be unprepared to act. Ordering General Roberts to return, and fill up the deficiencies in his brigade, he now despatched Colonel Carroll and Major Searcy, one of his aids-de-camp, into Tennessee, to raise volunteers for six months, or during the campaign; writing, at the same time, to many respectable characters, he exhorted them to contribute all their assistance to the accomplishment of this object. To a letter just received from the Reverend Gideon Blackburn, assuring him that volunteers from Tennessee would eagerly hasten to his relief, if they knew their services were wanted, he replied, "Reverend Sir,—Your letter has been just received: I thank you for it; I thank you most sincerely. It arrived at a moment when my spirits needed such a support.

"I left Tennessee with an army, brave, I believe, as any General ever commanded. I have seen them in battle, and my opinion of their bravery is not changed. But their fortitude—on this too I relied—has been too severely tested. Perhaps I was wrong in believing that nothing but death could conquer the spirits of brave men. I am sure I was; for my men, I know, are brave; yet privations have rendered them discontented: that is enough. The expedition must nevertheless be prosecuted to a successful termination. New volunteers must be raised, to conclude what has been so auspiciously begun by the old ones. Gladly would I save these

men from themselves, and ensure them a harvest which they have sown; but if they will abandon it to others, it must be so.

"You are good enough to say, if I need your assistance, it will be cheerfully afforded: I do need it greatly. The influence you possess over the minds of men is great and well-founded, and can never be better applied than in summoning volunteers to the defence of their country, their liberty, and their religion. While we fight the savage, who makes war only because he delights in blood, and who has gotten his booty when he has scalped his victim, we are, through him, contending against an enemy of more inveterate character and deeper design—who would demolish a fabric cemented by the blood of our fathers, and endeared to us by all the happiness we enjoy. So far as my exertions can contribute, the purposes both of the savage and his instigator shall be defeated; and so far as yours can, I hope—I know they will be employed. I have said enough.—I want men, and want them immediately."

Anxious to prosecute the campaign as soon as possible, that by employing his troops actively he might dispel from their minds those discontents so frequently manifested, he wrote to General Cocke, desiring and urging him to unite with him immediately at the Ten Islands, with fifteen hundred men. He assured him that the mounted men, who had returned to the settlements for subsistence, and to recruit their horses, would arrive by the 12th of the month. He wished to commence his operations directly, "knowing they would be prepared for it, and well knowing they would require it. I am astonished," he continued, "to hear that your supplies continue deficient. In the name of God, what are the contractors doing, and about what are they engaged? Every letter I receive from Governor Blount assures me I am to receive plentiful supplies from them, and seems to take for granted, notwithstanding all I have said to the contrary, that they have been hitherto regularly furnished. Considering the generous loan the State has made for this purpose, and the

facility of procuring bread-stuffs in East Tennessee, and the transporting them by water to Fort Deposit, it is to me wholly unaccountable that not a pound has ever arrived at that place. This evil must continue no longer—it must be remedied. I expect, therefore, and through you must require, that in twenty days they furnish at Deposit every necessary supply."

While these measures were taking, the volunteers, through several of their officers, were pressing on the consideration of the General the expiration of their service, and claiming to be discharged on the 10th of the month. From the colonel who commanded the second regiment he received a letter, dated the 4th of December, 1813, in which was attempted to be detailed their whole ground of complaint. He began by stating, that painful as it was, he nevertheless felt himself bound to disclose an important and unpleasant truth; that, on the 10th, the service would be deprived of the regiment he commanded. He seemed to deplore, with great sensibility, the scene that would be exhibited on that day should opposition be made to their departure; and still more sensibly, the consequences that would result from a disorderly abandonment of the camp. He stated they had all considered themselves finally discharged on the 20th of April, 1813, and never knew to the contrary until they saw his order of the 24th of September, 1813, requiring them to rendezvous at Fayetteville on the 4th of October, 1813; for the first time, they then learned that they owed further services, their discharge to the contrary notwithstanding. "Thus situated, there was considerable opposition to the order; on which the officers generally, as I am advised, and I know myself in particular, gave it as an unequivocal opinion that their term of service would terminate on the 10th of December, 1813.

"They therefore look to their General, who has their confidence, for an honorable discharge on that day; and that, in every respect, he will see that justice be done them. They

regret that their particular situations and circumstances require them to leave their General at a time when their services are important to the common cause. It would be desirable," he continued, "that those men who have served with honor should be honorably discharged, and that they should return to their families and friends without even the semblance of disgrace; with their General they leave it to place them in that situation. They have received him as an affectionate father, while they have honored, revered, and obeyed him; but, having devoted a considerable portion of their time to the service of their country, by which their domestic concerns are greatly deranged, they wish to return, and attend to their own affairs."

Although this communication announced the determination of only a part of the volunteer brigade, he had already abundant evidence that the defection was but too general. The difficulties which the General had heretofore been compelled to encounter, from the discontents of his troops, might well induce him to regret that a spirit of insubordination should again threaten to appear in his camp. That he might, if possible, prevent it, he hastened to lay before them the error and impropriety of their views, and the consequences involved, should they persist in their purpose.

"I know not," he observed, "what scenes will be exhibited on the 10th instant, nor what consequences are to flow from them here or elsewhere; but as I shall have the consciousness that they are not imputable to any misconduct of mine, I trust I shall have the firmness not to shrink from a discharge of my duty. It will be well, however, for those who intend to become actors in those scenes, and who are about to hazard so much on the correctness of their opinions, to examine beforehand, with great caution and deliberation, the grounds on which their pretensions rest. Are they founded on any false assurances of mine, or upon any deception that has been practised towards them? Was not the act of congress under which they are engaged directed, by my general order, to be

read, and expounded to them before they enrolled themselves? That order will testify, and so will the recollection of every general officer of my division. It is not pretended, that those who now claim to be discharged were not legally and fairly enrolled under the act of congress of the 6th of February, 1812. Have they performed the service required of them by that act, and which they then solemnly undertook to perform? That required one year's service out of two, to be computed from the day of rendezvous, unless they should be sooner discharged. Has one year's service been performed? This cannot be seriously pretended. Have they then been discharged? It is said they have, and by me. To account for so extraordinary a belief, it may be necessary to take a review of past circumstances.

"More than twelve months have elapsed since we were called upon to avenge the injured rights of our country. We obeyed the call! In the midst of hardships, which none but those to whom liberty is dear could have borne without a murmur, we descended the Mississippi. It was believed our services were wanted in the prosecution of the just war in which our country was engaged, and we were prepared to render them. But though we were disappointed in our expectations, we established for Tennessee a name which will long do her honor. At length, we received a letter from the secretary of war directing our dismission. You well recollect the circumstances of wretchedness in which this order was calculated to place us. By it we were deprived of every article of public property; no provision was made for the payment of our troops, or their subsistence on their return march; while many of our sick, unable to help themselves, must have perished. Against the opinion of many, I marched them back to their homes before I dismissed them. Your regiment, at its own request, was dismissed at Columbia. This was accompanied with a certificate to each man, expressing the acts under which he had been enrolled, and the length of the tour he had per-

formed. This it is which is now attempted to be construed 'a final discharge;' but surely it cannot be forgotten by any officer or soldier, how sacredly they pledged themselves, before they were dismissed or received that certificate, cheerfully to obey the voice of their country if it should re-summon them into service; neither can it be forgotten, I dare hope, for what purpose that certificate was given; it was to secure, it possible, to those brave men who had shown such readiness to serve their country, certain extra emoluments, specified in the seventh section of the act under which they had engaged, in the event they were not recalled into service for the residue of their term.

"Is it true then, that my solicitude for the interest of the volunteers is to be made by them a pretext for disgracing a name which they have rendered illustrious? Is a certificate designed solely for their benefit, to become the rallying word for mutiny?—strange perversion of feeling and of reasoning! Have I really any power to discharge men whose term of service has not expired? If I were weak or wicked enough to attempt the exercise of such a power, does any one believe the soldier would be thereby exonerated from the obligation he has voluntarily taken upon himself to his government? I should become a traitor to the important concern which has been intrusted to my management, while the soldier, who had been deceived by a false hope of liberation, would be still liable to redeem his pledge; I should disgrace myself, without benefiting you.

"I can only deplore the situation of those officers who have undertaken to persuade their men that their term of service will expire on the 10th. In giving their opinions to this effect, they have acted indiscreetly, and without sufficient authority. It would be the most pleasing act of my life to restore them with honor to their families. Nothing would pain me more than that any other sentiments should be felt towards them than those of gratitude and esteem. On all

occasions, it has been my highest happiness to promote their interest, and even to gratify their wishes, where, with propriety, it could be done. When in the lower country, believing that, in order for their dismissal, they had been improperly treated, I even solicited the government to discharge them, finally, from the obligations into which they had entered. You know the answer of the secretary of war,—that neither he nor the president, as he believed, had the power to discharge them. How, then, can it be required of me to do so?

"The moment it is signified to me by any competent authority, even by the Governor of Tennessee, to whom I have written on the subject, or by General Pinkney, who is now appointed to the command, that the volunteers may be exonerated from further service, that moment I will pronounce it, with the greatest satisfaction. I have only the power of pronouncing a discharge,—not of giving it in any case: a distinction which I would wish should be borne in mind. Already have I sent to raise volunteers, on my responsibility, to complete a campaign which has been so happily begun, and thus far so fortunately prosecuted. The moment they arrive, and I am assured that, fired by our exploits, they will hasten in crowds, on the first intimation that we need their services, they will be substituted in the place of those who are discontented here; the latter will then be permitted to return to their homes, with all the honor which, under such circumstances, they can carry along with them. But I still cherish the hope, that their dissatisfaction and complaints have been greatly exaggerated. I cannot, must not believe that the 'volunteers of Tennessee,' a name ever dear to fame, will disgrace themselves, and a country which they have honored, by abandoning her standard, as mutineers and deserters; but should I be disappointed, and compelled to resign this pleasing hope, one thing I will not resign—my duty. Mutiny and sedition, so long as I possess the power of quelling them, shall be put down; and even when left

destitute of this, I will still be found, in the last extremity, endeavoring to discharge the duty I owe my country and myself."

To the platoon officers, who addressed him on the same subject, he replied with nearly the same spirited feeling; but discontent was too deeply fastened, and by designing men had been too artfully fomented, to be removed by any thing like argument or entreaty. At length, on the evening of the 9th of December, 1813, General Hall hastened to the tent of Jackson, with information that his whole brigade was in a state of mutiny, and making preparations for moving forcibly off. This was a measure which every consideration of policy, duty, and honor required Jackson to oppose; and to this purpose he instantly applied all the means he possessed. He immediately issued the following general order:—"The commanding general being informed that an actual mutiny exists in his camp, all officers and soldiers are commanded to put it down. The officers and soldiers of the first brigade will, without delay, parade on the west side of the fort, and await further orders." The artillery company, with two small field-pieces, being posted in the front and rear, and the militia, under the command of Colonel Wynne, on the eminences in advance, were ordered to prevent any forcible departure of the volunteers.

The General rode along the line, which had been previously formed agreeably to his orders, and addressed them, by companies, in a strain of impassioned eloquence. He feelingly expatiated on their former good conduct, and the esteem and applause it had secured them; and pointed to the disgrace which they must heap upon themselves, their families, and country, by persisting, even if they could succeed, in their present mutiny. He told them, however, they should not succeed but by passing over his body; that even in opposing their mutinous spirit, he should perish honorably—by perishing at his post, and in the discharge of his duty. "Reinforce-

ments," he continued, "are preparing to hasten to my assistance; it cannot be long before they will arrive. I am, too, in daily expectation of receiving information whether you may be discharged or not—until then, you must not, and shall not retire. I have done with entreaty, it has been used long enough. I will attempt it no more. You must now determine whether you will go or peaceably remain; if you still persist in your determination to move forcibly off, the point between us shall soon be decided." At first they hesitated: he demanded an explicit and positive answer. They still hesitated, and he commanded the artillerist to prepare the match; he himself remaining in front of the volunteers, and within the line of fire, which he intended soon to order. Alarmed at his apparent determination, and dreading the consequences involved in such a contest, "Let us return," was presently lisped along the line, and soon after determined upon. The officers now came forward and pledged themselves for their men, who either nodded an assent or openly expressed a willingness to retire to their quarters, and remain without further tumult, until information were had or the expected aid should arrive. Thus passed away a moment of the greatest peril, and pregnant with important consequences.

This singular and ever memorable scene, the reader will observe, took place on the 10th of December, 1813; the volunteers having formed their first rendezvous, as he will recollect, on the 10th of December, 1812. *One year* had certainly expired; but there had not been a year's *service;* for they had not been in service from the 1st of May to the 10th of October, 1813; so that there remained five months of the year's service to come. The General was right in his construction of the bargain; but, besides this, to have forsaken the campaign in such a manner would have been ruinous in the extreme: the savage enemy, not yet subdued, but exasperated to the last degree, would have assailed the unpro-

tected frontiers, and have drenched in the blood of the defenceless citizens.

This difficulty got over was by no means the last which he had to encounter: discontents were everlastingly rising up in his army; the Governor of Tennessee recommended him to abandon his enterprise; he had to reject this advice with scorn. One general retired with his brigade; opposition after opposition he met with from different officers, yet he proceeded on to assault the blood-thirsty enemy, in spite ot every impediment, though he had to imprison officers, hang a militia soldier, and to do things which it appears to us few could have been found to dare or accomplsih. The final struggle of the war took place at the Horse Shoe Bend of the Talapoosa, on the 28th of March 1814.

At this place the disconsolate tribes of the south had made a last great stand, and had a tolerably regular fortified camp. It was said that they were 1000 strong. They had constructed their works with such ingenuity, that little could be effected against them but by storm. "Determined to exterminate them," says Gen. Jackson, "I detached Gen. Coffee with the mounted, and nearly the whole of the Indian force, early on the morning of yesterday, to cross the river about two miles below their encampment, and to surround the bend, in such a manner, as that none of them should escape by attempting to cross the river. Bean's company of spies, who had accompanied Gen. Coffee, crossed over in canoes to the extremity of the bend, and set fire to a few of the buildings which were there situated; they then advanced with great gallantry towards the breast-work, and commenced a spirited fire upon the enemy behind it. This force not being able to effect their object, many others of the army showed geeat ardor to participate in the assault. The spirit which animated them was a sure augury of the success which was to follow. The regulars, led on by their intrepid and skilful commander, Col. Williams,

and by the gallant Maj. Montgomery, soon gained possession of the works in the midst of a most tremendous fire from behind them, and the militia of the venerable Gen. Doherty's brigade accompanied them in the charge with a vivacity and firmness which would have done honor to regulars. The enemy was completely routed. Five hundred and fifty-seven were left dead on the peninsula, and a great number were killed by the horsemen in attempting to cross the river. It is believed that not more than twenty have escaped.

"The fighting continued with some severity about five hours; but we continued to destroy many of them, who had concealed themselves under the banks of the river, until we were prevented by the night. This morning we killed 16 who had been concealed. We took about 250 prisoners, all women and children, except two or three. Our loss is 106 wounded and 25 killed. Major M'Intosh, the Cowetau, who joined my army with a part of his tribe, greatly distinguished himself."

*The destruction of so large a number of Indians may excite some curiosity in regard to the manner in which the battle was conducted, and may cause the commander to be wrongfully aspersed. It must be understood that the Creeks asked no quarter and gave none. The battle was a struggle for victory and annihilation. If the red men had conquered no mercy would have been shown to the whites. Their prophets had inspired them with the confidence of victory, and, to the last, they believed in the triumph of their cause. They died striking at the foe. The whites could not spare under such circumstances. On many occasions Gen. Jackson displayed a love of mercy and benevolence. His hands were never wantonly stained with blood; and we should be slow to presume that his usual humanity deserted him in this battle. To shrink from even the slaughter of men when duty demands their death, evinces a weakness, which was never found in the character of Jackson. The whole conduct of the Tennessee commander in this battle displayed great military skill, as well as an indomitable spirit. But the same remark would apply to his conduct throughout this bloodiest of Indian wars. Never had the red men reason to dread an enemy as they dreaded Jackson. His penetration and vigilance equalled his determination to conquer. When Jackson was a youth, the red men called him the "Pointed Arrow." Before this terrible contest was concluded, they had reason to believe that his surname could not have been more appropriate.

This was the decisive stroke of the campaign. The enemy never afterwards dared to make a stand. In their stronghold, their prophets had assured them they would be invincible, and they fought desperately. Few escaped. Many were killed in striving to cross the river, and 557 bodies were found upon the field. Only four men were among the prisoners. The loss of Jackson's army, was fifty-five killed and 146 wounded. The General sunk his dead in the river to secure them from the Indians. After the necessary arrangements had been made for carrying off the wounded, the army returned to Fort Williams.

Soon after this great battle, the chiefs of the Hickory Ground tribes came in with professions of friendship and sued for peace. The General replied that those who were anxious for peace must manifest it by retiring to the rear of the army, and settling to the north of Fort Williams. The army then marched for the Hickory Ground, where it was expected the Indians would make another stand. But the hostile chiefs came in daily and submitted.

In the meantime, the friendly Indians were pursuing and destroying their fugitive countrymen, with remorseless cruelty, and Weatherford would have fallen if he had not been protected by the American troops. Detachments of troops scoured the Indian country in search of hostile bands, but found none. All who were still opposed to submission, had sought the protection of the Spaniards on the coast. By the establishment of a line of posts from Tennessee and Georgia to the Alabama, the command of the country was secured and the Creeks were barred from communicating with the Spaniards.

On the 21st of March, the troops from Tennessee were ordered to be marched home and discharged. After such a career of victory their reflections must have been cheering. They had fought bravely and had relieved the frontier inhabitants from their constant dread of savages. But if credit is due the troops, what is due to the General? It was he alone

who never despaired; but for him the campaign would not have been prosecuted at all. By his energy, determination, activity and resources, it was made complete and decisive. Honor to a man who achieves such a brilliant triumph over such manifold obstacles!

In repulsing the veterans of the Peninsula at New Orleans, Gen. Jackson won more reputation at home and abroad than he obtained by his achievements during the Creek war. But we question whether he displayed more energy and ability in the former than in the latter. He not only chastised the savages for their murderous outrages, but entirely relieved the frontier from all dread, by annihilating the power of the enemy.

WISCONSIN.

CHAPTER I.

BORDER WAR IN WISCONSIN.

THE contest known as "Black Hawk's War," next caused alarm and terror upon the north-western frontier. In 1823, the United States' agent held a council at Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, which was attended by representatives from the Sacs, Foxes, Winnebagoes, Chippeways, Sioux, and other tribes. The chief object was to secure peace between the several tribes, and this was effected by setting bounds to the possessions of each. About the same time, the Galena lead mines attracted much attention, and avarice drove several thousand miners beyond the territory of the United States, into the country of the Winnebagoes. This was a decided infraction of well-known treaties, and it is supposed to have caused the murder of a family, living near Prairie du Chien, by a party of Winnebagoes, two of whom were afterwards imprisoned in the jail of Crawford county.

An article in the treaty of 1823 provided that any of the

five nations concerned visiting the United States, should be protected from all insults by the garrison. Notwithstanding this, in the summer of 1827, a party of twenty-four Chippeways, on a visit to Fort Snelling, were attacked by a band of Sioux, who killed and wounded eight of them. The commandant of the fort captured four of the Sioux, and delivered them into the hands of the Chippeways, who immediately shot them. Red Bird, the Sioux chief, repaired to Prairie du Chien with three companions, desperate as himself, about the first of July, and there killed two persons, wounded a third, and without taking plunder, retired to Bad-axe river. Here, soon after, he waylaid two keel-boats that had been conveying some Missionaries to Fort Snelling, in one of which, two persons were killed, the others escaped with little injury.

Not long after, General Atkinson marched into the Winnebago country, and captured some hostile Winnebagoes and Red Bird, who died soon after in prison. The Indians, who were imprisoned for the murder at Prairie du Chien, were discharged, and Black Hawk and two others who had been imprisoned for the attack on the boats, before mentioned, were also discharged.

The foregoing account shows that Black Hawk was imprisoned on suspicion, perhaps justly; but this was not his sole cause of complaint. His friend, Red Bird, had died in prison. Indians were executed for murdering whites, but it did not follow whites were treated in like manner for murdering Indians. These causes had long been producing a feeling of disaffection among the northern and western tribes. Hence, it is not singular that the whites of the frontier of Illinois believed the Indians, from Canada to Mexico, more hostile than at any period since the war of 1812.

The Sacs, who had served Great Britain against the Americans, were the most conspicuous in their enmity. This band of Sacs rendevouzed at their chief village on the Mississippi, where they had collected such of their neighbors as

wished to engage in the war. General Gaines marched to, and possessed himself of this village, on the 26th of June. This he did without opposition, for when the Indians discovered the army, they fled across the river, and displayed a flag for parley. Meantime, their associates had abandoned them, and the Sacs were left to manage affairs in the best manner they could. They, therefore, made peace with all due submission, and General Gaines was of opinion, they were as completely humbled as if they had been chastised in battle, and were less disposed to disturb the frontier than if that event had taken place. Previous to this, he had declared his belief that whatever might be their hostile feelings, they would abstain from the use of tomahawks and fire-arms, except in self-defence.

About the same time, a difficulty seems to have arisen between the Sacs and Menominies, in which twenty-eight of the latter had been murdered. Agreeably to an article of the treaty before mentioned, the United States obliged themselves to interpose between these and other western tribes in cases of trouble. But these murders were not all the Sacs had done. They had re-crossed the Mississippi, and occupied the country on its east bank, which they had the year before ceded to the United States.

Black Hawk was the alleged leader in both cases. Therefore, General Atkinson set out on an expedition, hoping to make prisoner of Black-Hawk, who was said to be the sole fomentor of all these disturbances. It was also alleged he had little respect for treaties, and that he had in former negotiations, so far overreached the commissioners, as to make peace on his own terms. This is the first acknowledgment of this chief's talents in matters of diplomacy.

General Atkinson was at a place on Rock river, called Dixon's Ferry, May 15th, when he received news, that a force which had marched to Sycamore Creek, thirty miles in advance of him, had met with a total defeat. This force had marched

to Sycamore Creek on account of the great number of murders which had been committed there. Among the sufferers in that neighborhood, were the family of a Mr. Hall, whose fate had created much sympathy. His two daughters, one eighteen, and the other sixteen, had been carried into captivity, after having seen their mother tomahawked and scalped, and twenty others murdered in the same way at Indian Creek. These young women were humanely treated during their captivity, and afterwards restored to their friends.

The force that marched to Sycamore Creek, was about two hundred and seventy-five strong, under the command of Major Stillman. When the news of this massacre at Indian Creek arrived, they obtained leave of General Whitesides, to march to the scene of murder. On Monday, the 14th of May, they came upon a few Indians—whether enemies or not, it is not probable they inquired—for theirs was the march of death; therefore two of them were shot, and two more captured. The same day, at evening, when the army had arrived at a convenient place to encamp, and were making some preparations for that purpose, a small band of Indians was discovered bearing a white flag. One company of men went out to meet them, but soon discovered they were only a decoy. How they ascertained this fact, we are not informed. This company of discoverers, therefore, fell back upon the main body, which by this time had remounted, and as strange as it is true, this misguided band rushed forward, regardless of all order, for several miles, till they crossed Sycamore Creek, and were completely in the power of the Indians. What follows, equals a similar affair at Pawtucket. The troops had crossed the creek, man by man, as they came to it, and all the Indians had to do, was to wait till a goodly number had come within their grasp. It was moonlight when the fight began, and after a few struggles, the whites fled in greater disorder, if possible, than they came. The Indians, after making the onset with their guns, fell on them with knives and tomahawks,

and had not the night, and situation of the country, favored their flight, nearly all the army must have been cut off.

The Indians were supposed to be nearly two thousand strong, and it is said twelve of them were killed. Of the whites, only thirteen are reported killed. Their flight equalled that of General St. Clair's army. Fourteen hundred men, immediately after, marched to the scene of action to bury the dead, and their account of the barbarities committed on the bodies of the slain, quite equals any thing before recounted.

The following July, the cholera raged among the troops opposed to the Indians, so severely that several companies were entirely broken up, and many among them perished, in a manner too revolting to be described. Of one corps of two hundred and eight men, but nine were left alive. General Dodge surprised a party of twelve Indians at Galena, and cut them off to a man; the whites scalped the slain, that they might not be outdone in these, or any other barbarities, by their foes. Black Hawk assembled his forces, at a point between Rock and Wisconsin rivers, where he expected to meet the whites in a general battle. His warriors amounted to a thousand or more. General Atkinson had nearly double that number of men, and resolved to meet him as soon as possible. Great hopes were entertained, that in such an event, a finishing blow would be put to the war. But Black Hawk was too wary, to thus expose himself to utter and irretrievable ruin, and accordingly, made good his retreat into an interminable wilderness.

General Atkinson made his way to Cashkonong, through woods, swamps and defiles, almost impassable, and constantly exposed to the danger of an ambuscade. On his arrival at this place, he was, apparently, no nearer his enemy, than at the commencement of this perilous march. Indeed, fair open battle, seemed to be a most unlikely thing to invite Black Hawk, as his numbers were greatly inferior to the pursuing

army. Therefore, no hope of bringing him to terms, seemed left, unless effected by stratagem.

While General Atkinson was making this fruitless march, General Dodge was about forty miles from Fort Winnebago, following the trail of Indians, who proved to be a flying, and nearly starved band, capable of offering little or no resistance. But, as they were attacked in the evening after, sixteen were butchered; the rest escaped. To form some idea of the situation of these poor Indians, we have only to read the accounts given by the United States commander to the War Department, in which he states, that they found many dead, as they marched along, very much emaciated, having died, evidently, of starvation.

It became a matter of question to the two commanders, where they should seek their enemy. From the supposition that they might have descended the Wisconsin, and so escaped across the Mississippi that way, General Dodge recommended a cannon should be placed on the river to cut them off; and General Atkinson marched for the Blue Mounds, with an army, consisting of regular troops and mounted men, to the number of sixteen hundred.

Meanwhile Black Hawk, seeing the necessity of escape, and that it could not be effected with his whole company, crossed the country, and came to the Mississippi, some way above the mouth of the Wisconsin. Here, the better to ensure the escape of his warriors, he allowed the women and children to descend the river in boats, many of whom were captured by the whites. Some of the boats, however, were upset, and the poor creatures drowned. Those who lived to arrive at Prairie du Chien were in a most pitiable condition, many of the children being so nearly famished, it was almost impossible to revive them. And the report goes on to say, they were *generally* received, and treated humanely."

The steamboat Warrior, was soon after sent up the Mississippi, with a small force on board, in hopes they might

somewhere discover the savages. Upon the arrival of the boat at Prairie du Chien, the last of July, she was despatched to Wapashaws village, one hundred and twenty miles higher on the river, to inform the inhabitants of the approach of the Sacs, and to order all the friendly Indians down to Prairie du Chien. On the return of the steamboat, they met one of the Sioux bands, who told them, their enemies were encamped on Bad-axe river, to the number of four hundred. The Warrior here stopped to take in some wood and prepare for action. They discovered the enemy about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of August 1st, who, as they approached, raised a white flag, which being looked upon as a decoy, no attention was paid to it. They declined sending a boat on board when ordered.

After giving them a few minutes to remove their women and children, (a piece of courtesy somewhat rare in our border wars,) the boat fired a six-pounder, loaded with canister, and followed by a severe fire of musketry. The battle continued for about an hour, when she weighed anchor and proceeded to Prairie du Chien. Twenty-three Indians were killed and many wounded. The whites lost none. Before the steamboat could return to the battle-field, next morning, General Atkinson and his army had engaged the Indians. The Warrior joined the contest; the whites this day lost eight or nine killed, and seventeen wounded, whom the Warrior took to Prairie du Chien at night, and also, captives to the number of thirty-six, women and children. The spot where this battle took place was about forty miles above Prairie du Chien, on the north side of the Mississippi, opposite the mouth of the Iowa. It was very fortunate for the whites, that they were able to co-operate, on land and water, at the same time.

General Atkinson having formed a junction with General Dodge, the army crossed the Wisconsin on the 28th of July, and soon after discovered the route of the Indians, who were flying from the scene of action. The country through which the army had to march, was a continual series of mountains,

covered entirely with a thick growth of heavy timber, and much underwood. The valleys were so deep as to make them almost as difficult to cross; but nothing could damp the ardor of the Americans as they pressed on to overtake Black Hawk, before he should be able to escape across the Mississippi.

The place where the Indians were overtaken, was very favorable for them, as may be judged by their being able to maintain a battle of more than three hours, in the wretched and nearly famished condition they were in, and when their whole force only amounted to three hundred warriors. They were discovered in a deep ravine at the foot of a precipice, over which the army had to pass. Notwithstanding the misery of their condition, nothing but the bayonet's point routed them. Old logs, high grass, and large trees, covered them until the charge was made, and as they were driven from one covert, they readily found another, and thus protracted the contest. At length, General Atkinson disposed his force so as to come upon them from above, below, and in the centre. No chance now remained to the Indians, but to swim the Mississippi, or elude the vigilance of their enemy by land, who had nearly encompassed them. Many therefore, adventured to cross the river; but as the slaughter was greatest there, few escaped. However, a considerable number succeeded in escaping by land. One hundred and fifty of them were supposed to have been killed in this battle.

Black Hawk was among those who escaped, but in such haste as to leave even his papers behind him, one of which was a certificate from British officers, that he had served faithfully and fought valiantly for them, in the late war against the United States. The prisoners taken at this battle, stated that at the one which occurred at Wisconsin, between their army and General Dodge's, they lost sixty-eight, besides many wounded.

It was now believed the Sacs would be glad to make peace on any terms. Accordingly, General Atkinson determined

GENERAL GAINES.

to order Keokuk to demand a surrender of the remaining principal men of the hostile party. From the battle ground, the commanders went down the river to Prairie du Chien, (Fort Crawford) in the Warrior, and the army followed by land. On their way they killed and captured a few Sacs.

The desperate fortunes of the hostile Indians, induced many of their countrymen to volunteer to hunt them down. One hundred Sioux obtained permission to seek them, and were followed by a small band of the same nation; they overtook the enemy, and killed about one hundred and twenty. About this time, Keokuk, the friendly Sac chief, above mentioned,

found a nephew of his had been accused of the murder of a man named Martin; he gave him up to be dealt with according to the proof brought of his crime, which took place in Warren county, Illinois.

Among those who fought under Black Hawk, were the several chiefs of the different tribes, who acted as his counsellors and subalterns. At the last great battle of that chief on the Mississippi, Neopop, Black Hawk's second in command, was captured.

General Scott questioned him about the murders which had recently been committed, of which, and his own history, he gave the following account. "I always belonged to Black Hawk's band. Last summer, I went to Malden; when I came back, I found by the treaty with General Gaines, the Sacs had moved across the Mississippi. I remained during the winter with the Prophet, on Rock river, thirty-five miles from its mouth. During the winter, the Prophet sent me across the river to Black Hawk with a message, to tell him and his band to cross back to his old village and make corn; that if the Americans came and told them to move again, they should shake hands with them. If the Americans had come and told us to move, we should have shaken hands and moved peaceably. We encamped on Syracuse Creek. We met some Pottowatamies, and I made a feast for them. At that time, I heard there were some Americans, (the force under Major Stillman,) near us. I prepared a white flag to go and see them, and sent two or three young men, on a hill, to see what they were doing. Before the feast was finished, I heard my young men were killed. This was at sunset. Some of my young men ran out, two were killed, and the Americans were seen rushing on to our camp. My young men fired a few guns and the Americans ran off, and my young men chased them about six miles."

Neopop farther said, his guests, the Pottowatamies of the village, immediately left them, and no Kickapoos joined them,

but those who were originally with Black Hawk; but the Winnebagoes joined with them, and frequently brought in scalps; that at last, when they found Black Hawk would be beaten, they joined the Americans.

It was also stated by some of the warriors, who were examined at the same time, that Black Hawk said, when the steamboat Warrior approached them, that he pitied the women and children, and began to make preparations to surrender, and for that purpose sent out a white flag to meet the boat, which immediately fired upon them; then said he, "I fired too." The truth of this will not be questioned, inasmuch as the facts agree entirely with the account given by the captain of the Warrior. But for a spirit of revenge, it is clear much blood might have been saved.

Black Hawk, hunted like the wild deer of the forest, after many wanderings and much suffering, was at last captured, and delivered up to General Street at Prairie du Chien. His companion in his flight and captivity was, the Prophet. They showed a proper sense of self-respect by appearing before the commander in full dress, which consisted of tanned white deer-skin. One of the Winnebagoes who captured them, delivered a speech on the occasion to General Street, desiring the fulfilment of the promises made to those who should capture and bring alive, these men into the hands of the whites.

To this speech, the General replied, that he wished the captors and the prisoners to go to Rock Island, where the President had desired General Scott, and the Governor of Illinois to hold a council. Both the Indians, who had taken these prisoners, seemed desirous that rewards for the deed, should be given to their tribe, rather than to them personally. Eleven chiefs of the Sacs and Foxes, besides Black Hawk and the Prophet, were sent to Jefferson Barracks, and there put in irons. In September, a treaty was made by the United States, with the Winnebagoes, and also with the Sacs and Foxes. The Winnebagoes ceded all their lands south of the Wiscon-

sion, and east of the Mississippi, amounting to one million, six hundred thousand acres of valuable land. The treaty with the Sacs and Foxes gave to the government six hundred thousand acres more, of a quality not inferior to any between the same parallels of latitude, and abounding with lead ore.

For these lands the United States agreed to the following conditions: to pay an annuity of twenty thousand dollars for thirty years, to support a gun-smith and blacksmith, besides some already employed, to pay the debts of the tribes, and to supply provisions. As a reward for the fidelity of Keokuk and the friendly band, to allow a reservation to be made for

* The negotiations at Rock Island were conducted by Gen. Winfield Scott, at the request of Gov. Reynolds, of Illinois. During their continuance many scenes were presented. The Indians always came to the council, riding at full speed, and with loud shouts and the beating of rude drums. When near the council house they halted, dismounted, and marched with firm steps but mournful visages, through files of soldiers to the place appropriated for them. Gen. Scott's speeches were brief, but comprehensive; and while they gave the Indians to understand what the government of the United States could, in its power and justice, do without negotiation, they conveyed an impression that mercy was intended. The red men readily assented to the terms proposed by Gen. Scott. The speeches of the different parties were recorded and interpreted by Captain Bache, an accomplished officer of the United States army. Before and after the negotiations, the Indians gave interesting specimens of their skill in pantomimic dancing. Keokuk especially distinguished himself in a war dance. The soldiers concluded the amusements with a number of cotillions, the band of the regiment supplying the music. Gen. Scott persuaded the Indians to choose the firm, honest and sagacious Keokuk, for their chief. This man was the steady friend of the whites; and the General knew, that as long as he retained his rank and influence peace would be certain. Keokuk was a sort of treasurer for his nation. His people relied upon his integrity. To his care they committed all their copies of treaties, and all those things which the tribes held in common. The supremacy of Keokuk was the degradation of Black Hawk, his rival. Although Black Hawk was a sincere and noble-hearted man, his loss of power and influence was a decided benefit to the people of the northwestern frontier. He always had a high respect and friendship for Gen. Scott, although the General had exerted his influence for Keokuk. When Black Hawk was taken through the United States he saw Scott, and took occasion to express his high regard for him.

them, of forty square miles on the Iowa river, to include Keokuk's principal village.

By this same treaty, Black Hawk, his two sons, the Prophet, Neopop, and five other principal warriors of the hostile band were to remain in the hands of the whites, as hostages, during the President's pleasure.

Black Hawk and his son were carried to Washington to visit the President. At different places on his route, he received many valuable presents, and was looked upon with great curiosity and interest. They returned by way of Detroit, and arrived at Fort Armstrong in August, 1833.

The Indians were at first taciturn and gloomy on entering their own forests, and on arriving at Rock Island, were much disappointed in not finding some of their friends, from whom they might obtain intelligence of their families. A band of Foxes, however, arrived the next day, who gave the desired intelligence.

Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, in Illinois, was selected as the most appropriate place for the liberation of Black Hawk and his party. It being the most central point from the surrounding villages, a great number of Indians could be assembled there at short notice.

With most of the party it was delightful to return to old habits and pleasures. But to Black Hawk it was painful. He was bereft of his greatness, an isolated man, dependent on the kindness and hospitality of those whom he once commanded, and to be ranked as a Sac only, with Keokuk as his chieftain.

The latter was absent on a buffalo hunt when Black Hawk arrived, but about noon the following day, the din and shouting of the Indians announced his approach. He was seated in one of two large canoes lashed side by side, and followed by a train of twenty more, each carrying eight of his companions, who made the woods re-echo their wild songs. They

proceeded up the river, and encamped on the opposite side from Black Hawk's camp.

After arranging their toilets, they again commenced their songs while crossing the river. Keokuk, highly decorated, was the first to land, and proceeded to Black Hawk and his party; the old chief was leaning upon his cane, apparently lost in reflection. They shook hands, and Keokuk welcomed his fallen chief with cordiality. Their pipes seemed to make the interchange of good feeling general. After smoking, Keokuk retired, saying he should be at the council the next day.

Accordingly, the next morning, Keokuk arrived at the room in the garrison appointed for the council, followed by his train. Here he was to be invested with the power of the brave old chief with whom he had been for many years struggling for supremacy. Black Hawk and his son felt all the humiliation thus publicly heaped upon them; however, they came into the council and took their seats. Major Garland then told them that he wished all present to understand that the President looked upon Keokuk as the chief of their nation, and wished Black Hawk to *listen* and *conform* to his discourse. Black Hawk became completely infuriated at this. He rose to speak, but could hardly articulate.

He said, "I am an old man; I will not conform to the counsel of any one. I will act for myself; no one shall govern me. I am old, my hair is gray. I once gave counsels to my young men. Am I to conform to others? I shall soon go to the Great Spirit, where I shall rest. What I said to our great father in Washington, I say again; I will always listen to him. I am done." It was the last effort of expiring independence. It was explained to him that the President *requested* him to listen to Keokuk. He made no reply, but sat completely absorbed in his own feelings, when Keokuk, in a suppressed tone, said to him, "Why do you speak so before the white men? You trembled; you did not mean it." He

MAJOR GARLAND.

assented, and Keokuk apologized for him, saying he was old, "and they would not remember what he had said." After some of the officers had addressed the chiefs, the council broke up.

In the evening, Major Garland invited the principal chiefs, with Black Hawk, to his quarters, to ascertain more particularly their feelings towards their fallen foe.

After the other chiefs had made speeches, Black Hawk said in a very calm and dejected manner, "I feel that I am an old man; once I could speak, but now I have little to say.

GENERAL CASS.

To-day we met many of our brothers; we were glad to see them. I have listened to what my brothers have said; their hearts are good; they have been like Sacs since I left them; they have taken care of my wife and children, who had no wigwam. I thank them for it, the Great Spirit knows I thank them. Before the sun gets behind the hills to-morrow I shall see them; I want to see them; when I left them I expected soon to return. I told our great father, when in Washington, I would listen to his counsels; I say so to you. I will listen to the counsel of Keokuk. I shall soon be far away; I shall have no village, no band; I shall live alone. What I said in counsel to-day, I wish forgotten. If it has been put upon paper I wish a mark to be drawn over it. I did not mean it. Now we are alone let us say we will forget it. Say to our

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great father and Governor Cass, that I will listen to them. Many years ago I met Governor Cass in councils, far across the prairies to the rising sun. His counsels were good. My ears were closed. I listened to the great father across the great waters. My father listened to him whose band was large. My band was once large, now I have no band. I and my son, and all our party thank our great father for what he has done. He is old, I am old, we shall soon go to the Great Spirit, where we shall rest. He sent us through his great villages. We saw many of the white men, who treated us with kindness. We thank them, we say to them we thank them. We thank you and Mr. Sprague for coming with us. Your road was long and crooked. We never saw so many white men before. When you was with us we felt as though we had some friends among them. We felt safe. You knew them all. When you come upon the Mississippi again, you shall come to my wigwam. I have none now. On your road home you pass where my village once was. No one lives there now; all are gone. I give you my hand, we may never meet again. I shall long remember you. The Great Spirit will be with you, and your wives and children. Before the sun rises I shall go to my family. My son will be here to see you before you go. I will shake hands with my brothers now, then I am done." The party here separated, in a cordial and friendly manner, and peace was to be restored on a firm basis, on the north-western border.

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