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THE AGED PIONEER.

"Some fine summer's evening, he may be seen seated in the porch of his dwelling, his frank, open countenance beaming with delight as he relates the tale of his early adventures to his little grandchildren, who, clustering about his knees, drink in every word with intense interest."—PAGE 282.

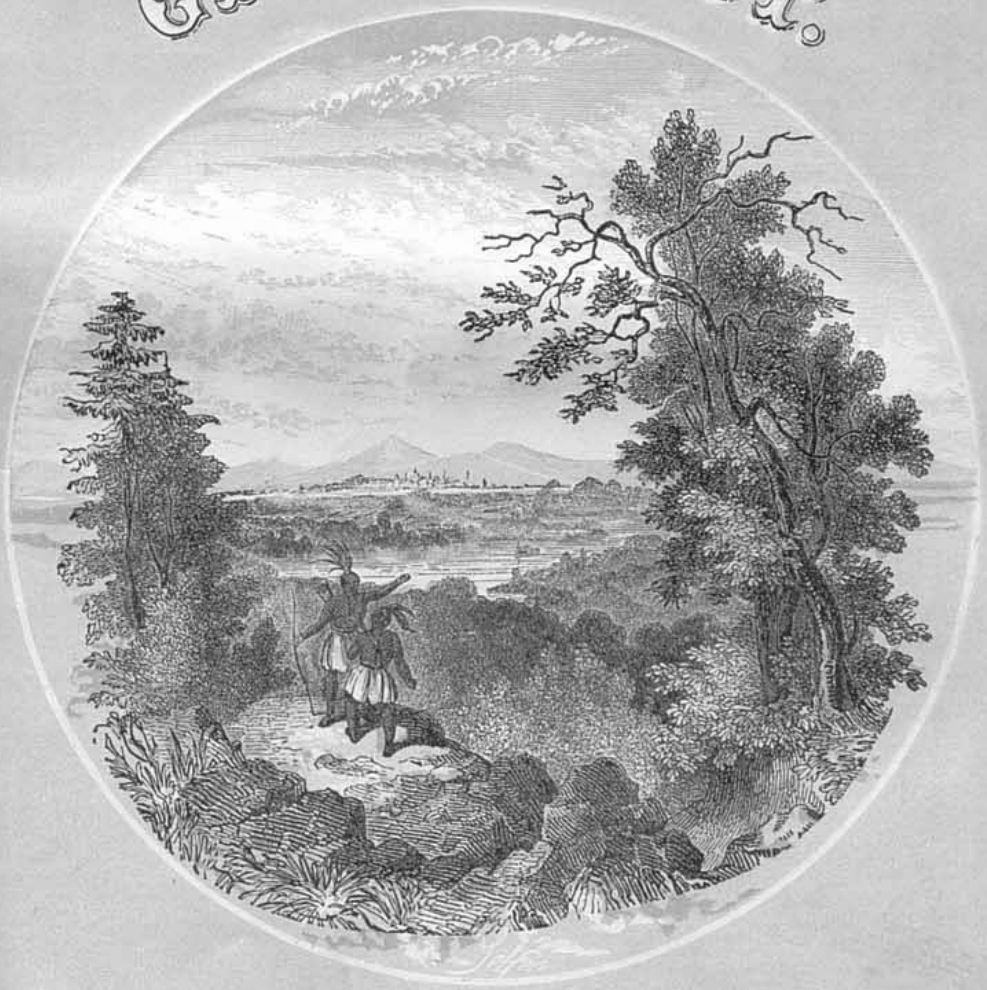
THE

GREAT WEST.



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THE GREAT WEST.



"THE VAST, ILLIMITABLE, CHANGING WEST!"

FORTIETH THOUSAND.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

OF THE

GREAT WEST:

CONTAINING

NARRATIVES OF THE MOST IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING EVENTS IN WESTERN HISTORY—REMARKABLE INDIVIDUAL ADVENTURES—SKETCHES OF FRONTIER LIFE—DESCRIPTIONS OF NATURAL CURIOSITIES:

TO WHICH IS APPENDED

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES OF OREGON, NEW MEXICO, TEXAS, MINNESOTA, UTAH AND CALIFORNIA.

BY HENRY HOWE,
AUTHOR OF HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF VIRGINIA; HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF OHIO.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

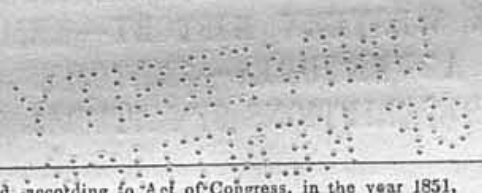
VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

WRITTEN history is generally too scholastic to interest the mass. Dignified and formal, it deals mainly in great events, and of those imperfectly, because not pausing to present clear impressions by the associations of individual life. It is these that lend to written fiction its greatest charm, and attract the multitude by appearing more like truth. Although untrue in the particular combinations, scenes and plots delineated, yet well written Fiction is drawn from Nature, from experience, and these facts in life, as with chessmen, are only arranged in new, but natural positions.

History includes everything in Nature, Character, Customs and Incidents, both general and individual, that contributes to originate what is peculiar in a People, or what causes either their advancement or decline. So broad its scope, that nothing is too mighty for its grasp—so searching, scarce any thing too minute. Were written history a clear transcript of the valuable in history, it would be more enticing than the most fascinating fiction. But as History is written more like Fiction, and Fiction more like History, the latter has an hundred fold its readers.

Herein are narrated not only the great events in the History of the West, but the smaller matters of individual experience, as important to its illustration. Interspersed are descriptions of some of those more striking objects of Nature, that elicit wonder, or gratify the love of the grand or the beautiful. Additional, are prominent facts in relation to a distant Land which is lashed by the surf of a far western Ocean —a young Empire, rising in golden splendor under the rays of a far western Sun.

For this work no originality can be claimed. Like all compilations, it is the production, not of one mind, but of a multitude—the offspring, not of one father, but of many. Hence, a *superiority* over an original work. The production of a single mind, however masterly, is pervaded by one style, and occasionally sinks into common place. But a skillful compilation gives a variety, and selecting only the best things, places them where they will best appear in comparison or combination. The fashion has been to prefer original works, and so it will continue until the public forget to regard the fields of literature as one grand Coliseum, and the actors thereon as merely mental Gladiators.

Compilers are but an humble class—mere Camp followers of the great army of Authors who combat alone for Fame. When they are credited with selecting judiciously, abridging carefully, and combining adroitly, their Lilliputian cups are to the brim. Above this plane of a lower level they have no wings to soar. But on this is a broad field for *utility*. Such has been our object; and if we beguile the hours and brighten the memory of other days in the mind of the aged Pioneer—if we amuse and instruct the young Farmer, at his evening's fireside, after a hard day's toil—then *our* measure is filled.

A few solitary white sails, far out on the blue water, are seen with mysterious awe by the Indian from the Atlantic shore, appearing like huge monsters from a spirit world.

They move toward the land!

From out their sides pour forth a new, unheard-of race, with faces pale, speech unknown, and garments of singular texture and brilliant in colors.

The ring of the ax for the first time echoes through the wood. The habitations of the new race rise from the green earth. On the ocean border, hundreds of leagues apart, they cluster in detached collections; but far inland do not yet penetrate. There the red man roams through the vast solitudes, unconscious of the dark cloud rising in the East to overwhelm and sweep him from the land.

A stranger being suddenly appears before him. A long robe envelopes his form. Pale and sad is his countenance, and in his hand he elevates an unknown symbol. It is the Missionary of the Cross! Alone, in peril, in suffering, he has penetrated through the wilderness to teach him the mystery of redemption, of a more than human love. He remains, perchance, to die by the hand of him he came to save; but amid horrible torture, with the flame winding around him as a coffin sheet, he blesses his lot and yields up life with joy.

The settlements of the pale faces rapidly advance. They reach the ocean-ward slope of the mountains. They pass over their summits. The smokes of their cabins curl up in the western valleys. The red man vanishes before them. Civilization is his conqueror, and now the footsteps of millions of the new race press his grave and press the graves of his fathers.

To contemplate these mighty events—more wondrous than Romance—is instructive to Virtue!—to act well in the Present, its aim!—to anticipate more glorious changes in the Future, its brightest Hope!

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HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

W E S T.

TWENTY years after the great event occurred, which has immortalized the name of Christopher Columbus, Florida was discovered by Juan Ponce de Leon, ex-governor of Porto Rico. Sailing from that island in March, 1512, he discovered an unknown country, which he named Florida, from the abundance of its flowers, the trees being covered with blossoms, and its first being seen on Easter Sunday, a day called by the Spaniards, *Pascua Florida;* the name imports the country of flowers. Other explorers soon visited the same coast. In May, 1539, Ferdinand de Soto, the Governor of Cuba, landed at Tampa Bay, with six hundred followers. He marched into the interior; and on the 1st of May, 1641, discovered the Mississippi; being the first European who had ever beheld that mighty river.

Spain for many years claimed the whole of the country—bounded by the Atlantic to the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the north, all of which bore the name of Florida. About twenty years after the discovery of the Mississippi, some Catholic missionaries attempted to form settlements at St. Augustine, and its vicinity; and a few years later a colony of French Calvinists had been established on the St. Mary's, near the coast. In 1565, this settlement was annihilated by an expedition from Spain, under Pedro Melendez de Aviles; and, about nine hundred French, men, women, and children, cruelly massacred. The bodies of many of the slain were hung from trees, with the inscription, "*Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics.*" Having accomplished his bloody errand, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town by half a century of any now in the Union. Four years after, Dominic de Gourges, burning to avenge his countrymen, fitted out an expedition at his own expense, and surprised the Spanish colonists, on the St. Mary's; destroying the ports, burning the houses, and ravaging the settlements with fire and sword; finishing the work by also suspending some of the corpses of his enemies from trees, with the inscription—"*Not as Spaniards, but as murderers.*" Unable to hold possession of the country, De Gourges retired to his fleet. Florida, excepting for a few years, remained under the Spanish crown, suffering much in its early history, from the vicissitudes of war, and piratical incursions, until 1819, when, vastly diminished from its original boundaries, it was ceded to the United States, and in 1845 became a state.

In 1535, James Cartier, a distinguished French mariner, sailed with an exploring expedition up the St. Lawrence, and taking possession of the country in the name of his king, called it "New France." In 1608, the energetic Champlain created a nucleus for the settlement of Canada, by

founding Quebec. This was the same year with the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia; and twelve years previous to that on which the Puritans first stepped upon the rocks of Plymouth.

To strengthen the establishment of French dominion, the genius of Champlain saw that it was essential to establish missions among the Indians. Up to this period "the far west" had been untrod by the foot of the white man. In 1616, a French Franciscan, named Le Caron, passed through the Iroquois and Wyandot nations—to streams running into Lake Huron; and in 1634, two Jesuits founded the first mission in that region. But just a century elapsed from the discovery of the Mississippi, ere the first Canadian envoys met the savage nations of the north-west, at the falls of St. Mary's, below the outlet of Lake Superior. It was not until 1659, that any of the adventurous fur-traders wintered on the shores of this vast lake, nor until 1660, that Rene Mesnard founded the first missionary station upon its rocky and inhospitable coast. Perishing soon after in the forest, it was left to Father Claude Allouez, five years subsequent, to build the first permanent habitation of white men among the North-Western Indians. In 1668, the mission was founded at the falls of St. Mary's, by Dablon and Marquette; in 1670, Nicholas Perrot, agent for the intendant of Canada, explored Lake Michigan to near its southern termination. Formal possession was taken of the north-west, by the French, in 1671, and Marquette established a missionary station at Point St. Ignace, on the mainland north of Mackinac, which was the first settlement in Michigan.

Until late in this century, owing to the enmity of the Indians bordering the lakes Ontario and Erie, the adventurous missionaries, on their route west, on pain of death, were compelled to pass far to the north through "a region horrible with forests," by the Ottawa and French Rivers of Canada.

As yet no Frenchman had advanced beyond Fox River, of Winnebago Lake, in Wisconsin; but in May, 1673, the missionary Marquette, with a few companions, left Mackinac in canoes; passed up Green Bay, entered Fox River, crossed the country to the Wisconsin, and, following its current, passed into and discovered the Mississippi; down which they sailed several hundred miles, and returned in the Autumn. The discovery of this great river gave great joy in New France, it being "a pet idea" of that age that some of its western tributaries would afford a direct route to the South Sea, and thence to China. Monsieur La Salle, a man of indefatigable enterprise, having been several years engaged in the preparation, in 1682, explored the Mississippi to the sea, and took formal possession of the country in the name of the King of France, in honor of whom he called it Louisiana. In 1685, he also took formal possession of Texas, and founded a colony on the Colorado; but La Salle was assassinated, and the colony dispersed.

The descriptions of the beauty and magnificence of the Valley of the Mississippi, given by these explorers, led many adventurers from the cold climate of Canada, to follow the same route, and commence settlements. About the year 1680, Kaskaskia and Cahokia, the oldest towns in the Mississippi Valley, were founded. Kaskaskia became the capital of the Illinois country, and in 1721, a Jesuit college and monastery were founded there.

A peace with the Iroquois, Hurons and Ottawas, in 1700, gave the French facilities for settling the western part of Canada. In June, 1701, De la Motte Cadillac, with a Jesuit missionary and a hundred men, laid the foundation of Detroit. All of the extensive region south of the lakes was now claimed by the French, under the name of Canada, or New France. This excited the jealousy of the English, and the New York legislature passed a law for hanging every Popish priest that should come voluntarily into the province.

The French, chiefly through the mild and conciliating course of their missionaries, had gained so much influence over the western Indians, that, when a war broke out with England, in 1711, the most powerful of the tribes became their allies; and the latter unsuccessfully attempted to restrict their claims to the country south of the lakes. The Fox nation, allies of the English, in 1713 made an attack upon Detroit; but were defeated by the French and their Indian allies. The treaty of Utrecht, this year, ended the war.

By the year 1720, a profitable trade had arisen in furs and agricultural products—between the French of Louisiana, and those of Illinois; and settlements had been made on the Mississippi, below the junction of the Illinois. To confine the English to the Atlantic coast, the French adopted the plan of forming a line of military posts, to extend from the great northern lakes to the Mexican Gulf; and as one of the links of the chain, Fort Chartres was built on the Mississippi, near Kaskaskia; and in its vicinity soon flourished the villages of Cahokia, and Prairie du Rocher.

The Ohio at this time was but little known to the French, and on their early maps was but an insignificant stream. Early in this century their missionaries had penetrated to the sources of the Alleghany. In 1721, Joncaire, a French agent and trader, established himself among the Senecas at Lewistown, and Fort Niagara was erected, near the falls, five years subsequent. In 1735, according to some authorities, Post St. Vincent was erected on the Wabash. Almost coeval with this, was the military post of Presque Isle, on the site of Erie, Penn., and from thence a cordon of posts extended on the Alleghany to Pittsburgh; and from thence, down the Ohio to the Wabash.*

In 1749 the French regularly explored the Ohio, and formed alliances with the Indians in Western New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. The English, who claimed the whole west to the Pacific, but whose settlements were confined to the comparatively narrow strip east of the mountains, were jealous of the rapidly increasing power of the French in the west. Not content with exciting the savages to hostilities against them, they stimulated private enterprise, by granting six hundred thousand acres of choice land on the Ohio, to the "Ohio Company."

By the year 1751, there were in the Illinois country, the settlements of Cahokia, five miles below the site of St. Louis; St. Philip's, forty-five miles farther down the river; St. Genevieve, a little lower still, and on the east side of the Mississippi, Fort Chartres, Kaskaskia, and Prairie du Rocher. The largest of these was Kaskaskia, which at one time contained nearly three thousand souls.

In 1748, the Ohio Company, composed mainly of wealthy Virginians, dispatched Christopher Gist to explore the country, gain the good-will of the Indians, and ascertain the plans of the French. Crossing over land to the Ohio, he proceeded down it to the Great Miami, up which he passed to the towns of the Miamies, about fifty miles north of the site of Dayton. The next year the company established a trading post in that vicinity, on Loramies Creek, the first point of English settlement in the western country; it was soon after broken up by the French.

*A map published at London in 1755, gives the following list of French posts, as then existing in the west. Two on French Creek, in the vicinity of Erie, Penn.; Duquesne, on the site of Pittsburgh; Miamis, on the Maumee, near the site of Toledo; Sandusky, on Sandusky Bay; St. Joseph's, on St. Joseph's River, Michigan; Ponchartrain, site of Detroit; Massillimacinac; one on Fox River, Green Bay; Crevecœur, on the Illinois; Rockfort, or Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois; Vincennes; Cahokia; Kaskaskia, and one at each of the mouths of the Wabash, Ohio, and Missouri. Other posts not named were built about that time. On the Ohio, just below Portsmouth, are ruins, supposed to be those of a French fort; as they had a post there during Braddock's war.

In the year 1753, Dinwiddie, governor of Virginia, sent George Washington, then twenty-one years of age, as commissioner, to remonstrate with the French commandant who was at Fort le Bœuf, near the site of Erie, Penn., against encroachments of the French. The English claimed the country by virtue of her first royal charters; the French, by the stronger title of discovery, and possession. The result of the mission proving unsatisfactory, the English, although it was a time of peace, raised a force to expel the invaders from the Ohio and its tributaries. A detachment under Lieut. Ward erected a fort on the site of Pittsburgh; but it was surrendered shortly after, in April, 1754, to a superior force of French and Indians under Contrecœur, and its garrison peaceably permitted to retire to the frontier post of Cumberland. Contrecœur then erected a strong fortification at "the fork," under the name of Fort Duquesne.

Measures were now taken by both nations for the struggle that was to ensue. On the 28th of May, a strong detachment of Virginia troops, under Washington, surprized a small body of French from Fort Duquesne, killed its commander M. Jumonville, and ten men, and took nearly all the rest prisoners. He then fell back and erected Fort Necessity, near the site of Uniontown. In July he was attacked by a large body of French and Indians, commanded by M. Villiers, and after a gallant resistance, compelled to capitulate, with permission to retire unmolested; and under the express stipulation that farther settlements or forts, should not be founded by the English, west of the mountains, for one year.

On the 9th of July, 1755, Gen. Braddock* was defeated within ten miles of Fort Duquesne. His army, composed mainly of veteran English troops, passed into an ambuscade, formed by a far inferior body of French and Indians, who, lying concealed in two deep ravines, each side of his line of march, poured in upon the compact body of their enemy, vollies of musketry, with almost perfect safety to themselves. The Virginia provincials, under Washington, by their knowledge of border warfare, and cool bravery, alone saved the army from complete ruin. Braddock was himself mortally wounded by a provincial named Fausett. A brother of the latter had disobeyed the silly orders of the General, that the troops should not take positions behind the trees, when Braddock rode up and struck him down. Fausett, who saw the whole transaction, immediatety drew up his rifle and shot him through the lungs; partly from revenge, and partly as a measure of salvation to the army, which was being sacrificed to his headstrong obstinacy and inexperience.

The result of this battle gave the French and Indians a complete ascendancy on the Ohio, and put a check to the operations of the English, west of the mountains, for two or three years. In July, 1758, Gen. Forbes, with seven thousand men, left Carlisle, Penn., for the west. A corps in advance, pincipally of Highland Scotch, under Major Grant, were on the 13th of September defeated in the vicinity of Fort Duquesne, on the site of Pittsburgh. A short time after, the French and Indians made an unsuccessful attack upon the advanced guard, under Col. Boquet.

* Braddock was totally unfit to head an important military expedition. Vain, rash, arrogant, and without military capacity; a broken down debauchee and gambler, he was hated and despised the moment he assumed the command. "We have a general," wrote the brave and accomplished William Shirley, from the camp at Cumberland, to his friend Governeur Morris, at Philadelphia, "most judiciously disqualified for the service he is employed in, in almost every respect. I am greatly disgusted in seeing an expedition—as it is called—so ill-concerted in England, so ill-appointed, and so improperly conducted since in America. I shall be very happy to retract hereafter, what I have said, and submit to be censured as moody and apprehensive. I hope, my dear Morris, to spend a tolerable winter with you at Philadelphia." Poor Shirley never saw that winter. He was shot through the brain at the beginning of the battle.

In November, the commandant of Fort Duquesne, unable to cope with the superior force approaching under Forbes, abandoned the fortress, and descended to New Orleans. On his route, he erected Fort Massac, so called in honor of M. Massac, who superintended its construction. It was upon the Ohio, within forty miles of its mouth—and within the limits of Illinois. Forbes repaired Fort Duquesne, and changed its name to Fort Pitt, in honor of the English Prime Minister.

The English were now for the first time in possession of the upper Ohio. In the spring, they established several posts in that region, prominent among which was Fort Burd, or Redstone Old Fort, on the site of Brownsville.

Owing to the treachery of Gov. Lyttleton, in 1760, by which, twenty-two Cherokee chiefs on an embassy of peace were made prisoners at Fort George, on the Savannah, that nation flew to arms, and for a while desolated the frontiers of Virginia, and the Carolinas. Fort Loudon, in East Tennessee, having been besieged by the Indians, the garrison capitulated on the 7th of August, and on the day afterward, while on the route to Fort George, were attacked, and the greater part massacred. In the summer of 1761, Col. Grant invaded their country, and compelled them to sue for peace. On the north the most brilliant success had attended the British arms. Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Fort Niagara, and Quebec were taken in 1759, and the next year Montreal fell, and with it all of Canada.

By the treaty of Paris, in 1763, France gave up her claim to New France, and Canada; embracing all the country east of the Mississippi, from its source to the Bayou Iberville. The remainder of her Mississippi possessions, embracing Louisiana west of the Mississippi, and the Island of Orleans, she soon after secretly ceded to Spain, which terminated the dominion of France on this continent, and her vast plans for empire.

At this period Lower Louisiana had become of considerable importance. The explorations of La Salle in the Lower Mississippi country, were renewed in 1697, by Lemoine D' Iberville, a brave French naval officer. Sailing with two vessels, he entered the Mississippi in March 1698, by the Bayou Iberville. He built forts on the Bay of Biloxi, and at Mobile, both of which were deserted for the Island of Dauphine, which for years was the head-quarters of the colony. He also erected Fort Balise, at the mouth of the river, and fixed on the site of Fort Rosalie; which latter became the scene of a bloody Indian war.

After his death, in 1706, Louisiana was but little more than a wilderness, and a vain search for gold, and trading in furs, rather than the substantial pursuits of agriculture, allured the colonists; and much time was lost in journeys of discovery, and in collecting furs among distant tribes. Of the occupied lands, Biloxi was a barren sand, and the soil of the Isle of Dauphine poor. Bienville, the brother and successor of D' Iberville, was at the fort on the Delta of the Mississippi, where he and his soldiers were liable to inundations, and held joint possession with mosquitoes, frogs, snakes and alligators.

In 1712, Antoine de Crozat, an East India merchant, of vast wealth, purchased a grant of the entire country, with the exclusive right of commerce for sixteen years. But in 1717, the speculation having resulted in his ruin, and to the injury of the colonists, he surrendered his privileges. Soon after, a number of other adventurers, under the name of the Mississippi Company, obtained from the French government a charter, which gave them all the rights of sovereignty, except the bare title, including a complete monopoly of the trade, and the mines. Their expectations were chiefly from the mines;

and on the strength of a former traveler, Nicolas Perrot, having discovered a copper mine in the valley of St. Peters, the directors of the company assigned to the soil of Louisiana, silver and gold; and to the mud of the Mississippi, diamonds and pearls. The notorious Law, who then resided at Paris, was the secret agent of the company. To form its capital, its shares were sold at five hundred livres each; and such was the speculating mania of the times, that in a short time more than a hundred millions were realized. Although this proved ruinous to individuals, yet the colony was greatly benefited by the consequent emigration, and agriculture and commerce flourished.

In 1719, *Renault*, an agent of the Mississippi Company, left France with about two hundred miners and emigrants, to carry out the mining schemes of the company. He bought five hundred slaves at St. Domingo, to work the mines, which he conveyed to Illinois in 1720. He established himself a few miles above Kaskaskia, and founded there the village of St. Philips. Extravagant expectations existed in France, of his probable success in obtaining gold and silver. He sent out exploring parties in various sections of Illinois and Missouri. His explorations extended to the banks of the Ohio and Kentucky rivers, and even to the Cumberland valley in Tennessee, where at "French Lick," on the site of Nashville, the French established a trading post. Although Renault was woefully disappointed in not discovering extensive mines of gold or silver, yet he made various discoveries of lead; among which were the mines north of Potosi, and those on the St. Francois. He eventually turned his whole attention to the smelting of lead, of which he made considerable quantities, and shipped to France. He remained in the country until 1744. Nothing of consequence was again done in mining, until after the American revolution.

In 1718, Bienville laid out the town of New Orleans, on the plan of Rochefort, France. Some four years after, the bankruptcy of Law threw the colony into the greatest confusion, and occasioned wide spread ruin in France, where speculation had been carried to an extreme unknown before.

The expenditures for Louisiana, were consequently stopped, but the colony had now gained strength to struggle for herself. Louisiana was then divided into nine cantons, of which Arkansas and Illinois formed each one.

About this time, the colony had considerable difficulty with the Indian tribes, and were involved in wars with the Chickasaws, and the Natchez. This latter named tribe were finally completely conquered. The remnant of them dispersed among other Indians, so that, that once powerful people, as a distinct race, was entirely lost. Their name alone survives, as that of a flourishing city. Tradition related singular stories of the Natchez. It was believed that they emigrated from Mexico, and were kindred to the Incas of Peru. The Natchez alone, of all the Indian tribes, had a consecrated temple, where a perpetual fire was maintained by appointed guardians. Near the temple, on an artificial mound, stood the dwelling of their chief—called the Great Sun; who was supposed to be descended from that luminary, and all around were grouped the dwellings of the tribe. His power was absolute; the dignity was hereditary, and transmitted exclusively through the female line; and the race of nobles was so distinct, that usage had molded language into the forms of reverence.

In 1732, the Mississippi Company relinquished their charter to the king, after holding possession fourteen years. At this period, Louisiana had five thousand whites, and twenty-five hundred blacks. Agriculture was improving in all the nine cantons, particularly in Illinois, which was considered

the granary of the colony. Louisiana continued to advance until the war broke out with England in 1755, which resulted in the overthrow of French dominion.

Immediately after the peace of 1763, all the old French forts in the west, as far as Green Bay were repaired and garrisoned with British troops. Agents and surveyers too, were making examinations of the finest lands east and north-east of the Ohio. Judging from the past, the Indians were satisfied that the British intended to possess the whole country. The celebrated Ottowa chief, Pontiac, burning with hatred against the English, in that year formed a general league with the western tribes, and by the middle of May, all the western posts had fallen—or were closely besieged by the Indians, and the whole frontier, for almost a thousand miles, suffered from the merciless fury of savage warfare. Treaties of peace were made with the different tribes of Indians, in the year following, at Niagara, by Sir William Johnson; at Detroit or vicinity by Gen. Bradstreet, and, in what is now Coshocton county, Ohio, by Col. Boquet; at the German Flats, on the Mohawk, with the Six Nations and their confederates. By these treaties, extensive tracts were ceded by the Indians, in New York and Pennsylvania, and south of Lake Erie.

Peace having been concluded, the excitable frontier population began to cross the mountains. Small settlements were formed on the main routes, extending north toward Fort Pitt, and south to the head waters of the Holston and Clinch, in the vicinity of South-western Virginia. In 1766, a town was laid out in the vicinity of Fort Pitt. Military land-warrants had been issued in great numbers, and a perfect mania for western land, had taken possession of the people of the middle colonies. The treaty made by Sir William Johnson, at Fort Stanwix, on the site of Utica, New York, in October, 1768, with the Six Nations and their confederates, and those of Hard Labor and Lochaber, made with the Cherokees, afforded a pretext under which the settlements were advanced. It was now falsely claimed that the Indian title was extinguished east and south of the Ohio, to an indefinite extent, and the spirit of emigration and speculation in land, greatly increased. Among the land companies formed at this time, was the "Mississippi Company," of which George Washington was an active member.

Up to this period, very little was known by the English of the country south of the Ohio. In 1754, James M. Bride, with some others, had passed down the Ohio, in canoes; and landing at the mouth of the Kentucky River, marked the initials of their names, and the date on the barks of trees. On their return, they were the first to give a particular account of the beauty and richness of the country, to the inhabitants of the British settlements. No farther notice seems to have been taken of Kentucky, until the year 1767, when John Finlay, an Indian trader, with others, passed through a part of the rich lands of Kentucky—then called by the Indians "*the Dark and Bloody Ground.*" Finlay, returning to North Carolina, fired the curiosity of his neighbors by the reports of the discoveries he had made. In consequence of this information, Col. Daniel Boone, in company with Finlay, Stewart, Holden, Monay and Cool, set out from their residence on the Zadkin, in North Carolina, May 1st, 1769; and after a long and fatiguing march, over a moutainous and pathless wilderness, arrived on the Red River. Here, from the top of an eminence, Boone and his companions first beheld a distant view of the beautiful lands of Kentucky. The plains and forests abounded with wild beasts of every kind; deer and elk were common; the buffalo were seen in herds, and the plains covered with the richest verdure. The glowing descriptions of these adventurers inflamed the imaginations of the borderers, and their

own sterile hills and mountains beyond, lost their charms, when compared to the fertile plains of this newly-discovered Paradise in the West.

In 1770, Ebenezer Silas and Jonathan Zane settled Wheeling. In 1771, such was the rush of emigration to Western Pennsylvania, and Western Virginia, in the region of the Upper Ohio, that every kind of breadstuff became so scarce, that for several months, a great part of the population were obliged to subsist entirely on meats, roots, vegetables and milk, to the entire exclusion of all breadstuffs; and hence that period was long after known, as "*the starving year.*" Settlers, enticed by the beauty of the Cherokee country, emigrated to East Tennessee, and hundreds of families also, moved farther south, to the mild climate of West Florida, which at this period extended to the Mississippi. In the summer of 1773, Frankfort and Louisville, Kentucky, were laid out. The next year was signalized by "Dunmore's war," which temporarily checked the settlements.

In the summer of 1774, several other parties of surveyors and hunters entered Kentucky, and James Harrod erected a dwelling—the first erected by whites in the country, on or near the site of Harrodsburg, around which afterward arose "Harrod Station." In the year 1775, Col. Richard Henderson, a native of North Carolina, in behalf of himself and his associates, purchased of the Cherokees all the country lying between the Cumberland River and Cumberland mountains and Kentucky river, and south of the Ohio, which now comprises more than half of the State of Kentucky. The new country he named *Transylvania.* The first legislature sat at Boonsborough, and formed an independent government, on liberal and rational principles. Henderson was very active in granting lands to new settlers. The legislature of Virginia subsequently crushed his schemes; they claimed the sole right to purchase lands from the Indians, and declared his purchase null and void. But as some compensation for the services rendered in opening the wilderness, the legislature granted to the proprietors a tract of land, twelve miles square, on the Ohio, below the mouth of Green River.

In 1775, Daniel Boone, in the employment of Henderson, laid out the town and fort afterward called Boonsborough. From this time, Boonsborough and Harrodsburg became the nucleus and support of emigration and settlement in Kentucky. In May, another fort was also built, which was under the command of Col. Benjamin Logan, and named Logan's Fort. It stood on the site of Stanford, in Lincoln county, and became an important post.

In 1776, the jurisdiction of Virginia was formally extended over the colony of Transylvania, which was organized into a county named Kentucky, and the first court was held at Harrodsburg in the spring of 1787. At this time the war of the Revolution was in full progress, and the early settlers of Kentucky were particularly exposed to the incursions of the Indian allies of Great Britain; a detailed account of which is elsewhere given in this volume. The early French settlements in the Illinois country now being in possession of that power, formed important points around which the British assembled the Indians and instigated them to murderous incursions against the pioneer population.

The year 1779 was marked, in Kentucky, by the passage of the Virginia Land Laws. At this time, there existed claims, of various kinds, to the western lands. Commissioners were appointed to examine and give judgment upon these various claims as they might be presented. These having been provided for, the residue of the rich lands of Kentucky were in the market. As a consequence of the passage of these laws, a vast number of emigrants crossed the mountains into Kentucky to locate land warrants: and in the years 1779–'80 and '81, the great and absorbing topic in Kentucky was to



BOONE'S FIRST VIEW OF KENTUCKY

"Here from the top of an eminence, Boone and his companions first beheld a distant view of the beautiful lands of Kentucky. The plains and forests abounded with wild beasts of every kind; deer and elk were common; the buffalo were seen in herds, and the plains covered with the richest verdure."

"Fair was the scene that lay
Before the little band,
Which paused upon its toilsome way,
To view this new found land.

Field, stream and valley spread,
Far as the eye could gaze,
With summer's beauty o'er them shed,
And sunlight's brightest rays.

Flowers of the fairest dyes,
Trees clothed in richest green;
And brightly smiled the deep blue skies
O'er this enchanting scene.

Such was Kentucky then,
With wild luxuriance blest;
Where no invading hand had been,
The garden of the West."

enter survey and obtain patents for the richest lands, and this, too, in the face of all the horrors and dangers of an Indian war.

Although the main features of the Virginia land laws were just and liberal, yet a great defect existed in their not providing for a general survey of the country by the parent state, and its subdivision into sections and parts of sections. Each warrant-holder being required to make his own survey, and having the privilege of locating according to his pleasure, interminable confusion arose from want of precision in the boundaries. In unskillful hands, entries, surveys and patents were piled upon each other, overlapping and crossing in inextricable confusion; hence, when the country became densely populated, arose vexatious law-suits and perplexities. Such men as Kenton and Boone, who had done so much for the welfare of Kentucky in its early days of trial, found their indefinite entries declared null and void, and were dispossessed, in their old age, of any claim upon that soil for which they had periled their all.

The close of the revolutionary war, for a time only, suspended Indian hostilities, when the Indian war was again carried on with renewed energy. This arose from the failure of both countries from fully executing the terms of the treaty. By it, England was obligated to surrender the northwestern posts within the boundaries of the Union, and to return slaves taken during the war. The United States, on their part, had agreed to offer no legal obstacles to the collection of debts due from her citizens to those of Great Britain. Virginia, indignant at the removal of her slaves by the British fleet, by law, prohibited the collection of British debts, while England, in consequence, refused to deliver up the posts, so that they were held by her more than ten years, until Jay's treaty was concluded.

Settlements rapidly advanced. Simon Kenton having, in 1784, erected a block-house on the site of Maysville,—then called Limestone—that became the point from whence the stream of emigration, from down its way on the Ohio, turned into the interior.

In the spring of 1783, the first court in Kentucky was held at Harrodsburg. At this period, the establishment of a government, independent of Virginia, appeared to be of paramount necessity, in consequence of troubles with the Indians. For this object, the first convention in Kentucky was held at Danville, in December, 1784; but it was not consummated until eight separate conventions had been held, running through a term of six years. The last was assembled in July, 1790; on the 4th of February, 1791, Congress passed the act admitting Kentucky into the Union, and in the April following, she adopted a State Constitution.

Prior to this, unfavorable impressions prevailed in Kentucky against the Union, in consequence of the inability of Congress to compel a surrender of the northwest posts, and the apparent disposition of the northern States to yield to Spain, for twenty years, the sole right to navigate the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, the exclusive right to which was claimed by that power as being within her dominions. Kentucky was suffering under the horrors of Indian warfare, and having no government of her own, saw that that beyond the mountains was unable to afford them protection. When in the year 1786, several States in Congress showed a disposition to yield the right of navigating the Mississippi to Spain for certain commercial advantages, which would inure to their benefit, but not in the least to that of Kentucky, there arose an universal voice of dissatisfaction; and many were in favor of declaring the independence of Kentucky and erecting an independent government west of the mountains.

Spain was then an immense land-holder in the west. She claimed all east

of the Mississippi lying south of the 31st degree of north latitude, and all west of that river to the ocean.

In May, 1787, a convention was assembled at Danville to remonstrate with Congress against the proposition of ceding the navigation of the Mississippi to Spain; but it having been ascertained that Congress, through the influence of Virginia and the other southern States, would not permit this, the convention had no occasion to act upon the subject.

In the year 1787, quite a sensation arose in Kentucky in consequence of a profitable trade having been opened with New Orleans by Gen. Wilkinson, who descended thither in June, with a boat load of tobacco and other productions of Kentucky. Previously, all those who ventured down the river within the Spanish settlements, had their property seized. The lure was then held out by the Spanish Minister, that if Kentucky would declare her independence of the United States, the navigation of the Mississippi should be opened to her; but that, never would this privilege be extended while she was a part of the Union, in consequence of existing commercial treaties between Spain and other European powers.

In the winter of 1788–9, the notorious Dr. Connolly, a secret British agent from Canada, arrived in Kentucky. His object appeared to be to sound the temper of her people, and ascertain if they were willing to unite with British troops from Canada, and seize upon and hold New Orleans and the Spanish settlements on the Mississippi. He dwelt upon the advantages which it must be to the people of the west to hold and possess the right of navigating the Mississippi; but his overtures were not accepted.

At this time, settlements had been commenced within the present limits of Ohio. Before giving a sketch of these, we glance at the western land claims.

The claim of the English monarch to the Northwestern Territory was ceded to the United States by the treaty of peace, signed at Paris, September 3d, 1783. During the pendency of this negotiation, Mr. Oswald, the British commissioner, proposed the river Ohio as the western boundary of the United States, and but for the indomitable persevering opposition of John Adams, one of the American commissioners, who insisted upon the Mississippi as the boundary, this proposition would have probably been acceded to.

The States who owned western unappropriated lands under their original charters from British monarchs, with a single exception, ceded them to the United States. In March, 1784, Virginia ceded the soil and jurisdiction of her lands northwest of the Ohio. In September, 1786, Connecticut ceded her claim to the soil and jurisdiction of her western lands, excepting that part of Ohio known as the "Western Reserve," and to that she ceded her jurisdictional claims in 1800. Massachusetts and New York ceded all their claims. Beside these were the Indian claims asserted by the right of possession. These have been extinguished by various treaties, from time to time, as the inroads of emigration rendered necessary.

The Indian title to a large part of the territory of Ohio having become extinguished, Congress, before settlements were commenced, found it necessary to pass ordinances for the survey and sale of the lands in the Northwest Territory. In October, 1787, Manasseh Cutler and Winthrop Sargeant, agents of the New England Ohio Company, made a large purchase of land, bounded south by the Ohio, and west by the Scioto river. Its settlement was commenced at Marietta in the spring of 1788, which was the first made by the Americans within Ohio. A settlement had been attempted within the limits of Ohio, on the site of Portsmouth, in April, 1785, by four families from Redstone, Pennsylvania, but difficulties with the Indians compelled its abandonment.

About the time of the settlement of Marietta, Congress appointed General Arthur St. Clair, Governor; Winthrop Sargeant, Secretary; and Samuel Holden Parsons, James M. Varnum and John Cleves Symmes, Judges in and over the Territory. They organized its government and passed laws, and the governor erected the county of Washington, embracing nearly the whole of the eastern half of the present limits of Ohio.

In November, 1788, the second settlement within the limits of Ohio was commenced at Columbia, on the Ohio, five miles above the site of Cincinnati, and within the purchase and under the auspices of John Cleves Symmes and associates. Shortly after, settlements were commenced at Cincinnati and at North Bend, sixteen miles below, both within Symmes's purchase. In 1790, another settlement was made at Galliopolis by a colony from France—the name signifying city of the French.

On the 9th of January, 1789, a treaty was concluded at Fort Harmer, at the mouth of the Muskingum, opposite Marietta, by Governor St. Clair, in which the treaty, which had been made four years previous, at Fort M'Intosh, on the site of Beaver, Pennsylvania, was renewed and confirmed. It did not, however, produce the favorable results anticipated. The Indians, the same year, committed numerous murders, which occasioned the alarmed settlers to erect block-houses in each of the new settlements. In June, Major Doughty, with one hundred and forty men, commenced the erection of Fort Washington, on the site of Cincinnati. In the course of the summer, Gen. Harmer arrived at the Fort with three hundred men.

Negotiations with the Indians proving unfavorable, Gen. Harmer marched, in September, 1790, from Cincinnati with thirteen hundred men, less than one-fourth of whom were regulars, to attack their towns on the Maumee. He succeeded in burning their towns; but in an engagement with the Indians, part of his troops met with a severe loss. The next year, a larger army was assembled at Cincinnati, under Gen. St. Clair, composed of about three thousand men. With this force, he commenced his march toward the Indian towns on the Maumee. Early in the morning of the 4th of November, 1791, his army, while in camp on what is now the line of Darke and Mercer counties, within three miles of the Indiana line, and about seventy north from Cincinnati, were surprised by a large body of Indians, and defeated with terrible slaughter. A third army, under Gen. Anthony Wayne, was organized. On the 20th of August, 1794, they met and completely defeated the Indians, on the Maumee river, about twelve miles south of the site of Toledo. The Indians, at length, becoming convinced of their inability to resist the American arms, sued for peace. On the 3d of August, 1795, Gen. Wayne concluded a treaty at Greenville, sixty miles north of Cincinnati, with eleven of the most powerful northwestern tribes, in grand council. This gave peace to the West, of several years' duration, during which, the settlements progressed with great rapidity. Jay's Treaty, concluded November 19th, 1794, was a most important event to the prosperity of the West. It provided for the withdrawal of all the British troops from the northwestern posts. In 1796, the Northwestern Territory was divided into five counties. Marietta was the seat of justice of Hamilton and Washington counties; Vincennes, of Knox county; Kaskaskia, of St. Clair county; and Detroit, of Wayne county. The settlers, out of the limits of Ohio, were Canadian or Creole French. The head-quarters of the northwest army were removed to Detroit, at which point a fort had been built by De la Motte Cadillac, as early as 1701.

Originally Virginia claimed jurisdiction over a large part of Western Pennsylvania as being within her dominions, yet it was not until after the close of the Revolution that the boundary line was permanently established.

Then this tract was divided into two counties. The one, Westmoreland, extended from the mountains west of the Alleghany River, including Pittsburgh and all the country between the Kishkeminitas and the Youghiogeny. The other, Washington, comprised all south and west of Pittsburgh, inclusive of all the country east and west of the Monongahela River. At this period Fort Pitt was a frontier post, around which had sprung up the village of Pittsburgh, which was not regularly laid out into a town until 1784. The settlement on the Monongahela at "Redstone Old Fort," or "Fort Burd," as it originally was called, having become an important point of embarkation for western emigrants, was the next year laid off into a town under the name of Brownsville. Regular forwarding houses were soon established here, by whose lines goods were systematically wagoned over the mountains, thus superseding the slow and tedious mode of transportation by pack-horses, to which the emigrants had previously been obliged to resort.

In July, 1786, "The Pittsburgh Gazette," the first newspaper issued in the west, was published; the second being the "Kentucky Gazette," established at Lexington, in August of the next year. As late as 1791 the Alleghany river was the frontier limit of the settlements of Pennsylvania, the Indians holding possession of the region around its northwestern tributaries, with the exception of a few scattering settlements, which were all simultaneously broken up and exterminated in one night in February of this year, by a band of one hundred and fifty Indians. During the campaigns of Harmer, St. Clair, and Wayne, Pittsburgh was the great depot for the armies.

By this time agriculture and manufactures had begun to flourish in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, and an extensive trade was carried on with the settlements on the Ohio and on the lower Mississippi, with New Orleans and the rich Spanish settlements in its vicinity. Monongahela whisky, horses, cattle, and agricultural and mechanical implements of iron were the principal articles of export. The Spanish government soon after much embarrassed this trade by imposing heavy duties.

The first settlements in Tennessee were made in the vicinity of Fort Loudon, on the Little Tennessee, in what is now Monroe county, East Tennessee, about the year 1758. Forts Loudon and Chissel were built at that time by Colonel Byrd, who marched into the Cherokee country with a regiment from Virginia. The next year war broke out with the Cherokees. In 1760 the Cherokees besieged Fort Loudon, into which the settlers had gathered their families, numbering nearly three hundred persons. The latter were obliged to surrender for want of provisions, but agreeably to the terms of capitulation were to retreat unmolested beyond the Blue Ridge. When they had proceeded about twenty miles on their route, the savages fell upon them and massacred all but nine, not even sparing the women and children.

The only settlements were thus broken up by this war. The next year the celebrated Daniel Boone made an excursion from North Carolina to the waters of the Holstein. In 1766 Colonel James Smith, with five others, traversed a great portion of Middle and West Tennessee. At the mouth of the Tennessee Smith's companions left him to make farther explorations in Illinois, while he, in company with a negro lad, returned home through the wilderness, after an absence of eleven months, during which he saw "neither bread, money, women, nor spirituous liquors."

Other explorations soon succeeded, and permanent settlements first made in 1768 and '69, by emigrants from Virginia and North Carolina, who were scattered along the branches of the Holstein, French Broad, and Watauga. The jurisdiction of North Carolina was in 1777 extended over the Western

District, which was organized as the county of Washington, and extending nominally westward to the Mississippi. Soon after, some of the more daring pioneers made a settlement at Bledsoe's station, in Middle Tennessee, in the heart of the Chickasaw nation, and separated several hundred miles, by the usual traveled route, from their kinsmen on the Holstein. A number of French traders had previously established a trading post and erected a few cabins at the "Bluff" near the site of Nashville. To the same vicinity Colonel James Robertson, in the fall of 1780, emigrated with forty families from North Carolina, who were driven from their homes by the marauding incursions of Tarleton's cavalry, and established "Robertson's Station," which formed the nucleus around which gathered the settlements on the Cumberland. The Cherokees having commenced hostilities upon the frontier inhabitants about the commencement of the year 1781, Colonel Campbell, of Virginia, with seven hundred mounted riflemen, invaded their country and defeated them. At the close of the Revolution, settlers moved in in large numbers from Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia. Nashville was laid out in the summer of 1784, and named from General Francis Nash, who fell at Brandywine.

The people of this district, in common with those of Kentucky, and on the upper Ohio, were deeply interested in the navigation of the Mississippi, and under the tempting offers of the Spanish governor of Louisiana, many were lured to emigrate to West Florida and become subjects of the Spanish king.

North Carolina having ceded her claims to her western lands, Congress, in May, 1790, erected this into a territory under the name of the "South-Western Territory," according to the provisions of the ordinance of 1787, excepting the article prohibiting slavery.

The territorial government was organized with a legislature, a legislative council, with William Blount as their first governor. Knoxville was made the seat of government. A fort was erected to intimidate the Indians, by the United States, in the Indian country, on the site of Kingston. From this period until the final overthrow of the north-western Indians by Wayne, this territory suffered from the hostilities of the Creeks and Cherokees, who were secretly supplied with arms and ammunition by the Spanish agents, with the hope that they would exterminate the Cumberland settlements. In 1795 the territory contained a population of seventy-seven thousand two hundred and sixty two, of whom about ten thousand were slaves. On the first of June, 1796, it was admitted into the Union as the State of Tennessee.

By the treaty of October 27th, 1795, with Spain, the old sore, the right of navigating the Mississippi, was closed, that power ceding to the United States the right of free navigation.

The Territory of Mississippi was organized in 1798, and Winthrop Sargeant appointed Governor. By the ordinance of 1787, the people of the Northwest Territory were entitled to elect Representatives to a Territorial Legislature whenever it contained 5000 males of full age. Before the close of the year 1798, the Territory had this number, and members to a Territorial Legislature were soon after chosen. In the year 1799, Wm. H. Harrison was chosen the first delegate to Congress from the Northwest Territory. In 1800, the Territory of Indiana was formed, and the next year, William H. Harrison appointed Governor. This Territory comprised the present States of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, which vast country then had less than 6000 whites, and those mainly of French origin. On the 30th of April, 1802, Congress passed an act authorizing a convention, to form a constitution for Ohio. This convention met at Chillicothe in the succeeding

November, and, on the 29th of that month, a constitution of State Government was ratified and signed, by which act Ohio became one of the States of the Federal Union. In October, 1802, the whole western country was thrown into a ferment by the suspension of the American right of depositing goods and produce at New Orleans, guaranteed by the treaty of 1795, with Spain. The whole commerce of the west was struck at in a vital point, and the treaty evidently violated. On the 25th of February, 1803, the port was opened to provisions, on paying a duty, and in April following, by orders of the King of Spain, the right of deposit was restored.

After the treaty of 1763, Louisiana remained in possession of Spain until 1803, when it was again restored to France by the terms of a secret article in the treaty of St. Ildefonso concluded with Spain in 1800. France held but brief possession; on the 30th of April, she sold her claim to the United States for the consideration of fifteen millions of dollars. On the 20th of the succeeding December, Gen. Wilkinson and Claiborne took possession of the country for the United States, and entered New Orleans at the head of the American troops.

On the 11th of January, 1805, Congress established the Territory of Michigan, and appointed Wm. Hull, Governor. This same year, Detroit was destroyed by fire. The town occupied only about two acres, completely covered with buildings and combustible materials, excepting the narrow intervals of fourteen or fifteen feet used as streets or lanes, and the whole was environed with a very strong and secure defense of tall and solid pickets.

At this period, the conspiracy of Aaron Burr began to agitate the western country. In December, 1806, a fleet of boats, with arms, provisions and ammunition, belonging to the confederates of Burr, were seized, upon the Muskingum, by agents of the United States, which proved a fatal blow to the project. In 1809, the Territory of Illinois was formed from the western part of the Indiana Territory, and named from the powerful tribe which once had occupied its soil.

The Indians, who, since the treaty of Greenville, had been at peace, about the year 1810, began to commit aggressions upon the inhabitants of the west, under the leadership of Tecumseh. The next year, they were defeated by Gen. Harrison, at the battle of Tippecanoe, in Indiana. This year was also distinguished by the voyage, from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, of the steamboat "New Orleans," the first steamer ever launched upon the western waters.

In June, 1812, the United States declared war against Great Britain. Of this war, the west was the principal theater. Its opening scenes were as gloomy and disastrous to the American arms as its close was brilliant and triumphant.

At the close of the war, the population of the Territories of Indiana, Illinois and Michigan was less than 50,000. But, from that time onward, the tide of emigration again went forward with unprecedented rapidity. On the 19th of April, 1816, Indiana was admitted into the Union, and Illinois, on the 3d of December, 1818. The remainder of the Northwest Territory, as then organized, was included in the Territory of Michigan, of which, that section west of Lake Michigan, bore the name of the Huron District. This part of the west increased so slowly that, by the census of 1830, the Territory of Michigan contained, exclusive of the Huron District, but 28,000 souls, while that had only a population of 3,640. Emigration began to set in more strongly to the Territory of Michigan in consequence of steam navigation having been successfully introduced upon the great lakes of the west. The first steamboat upon these immense inland seas was the "Walk-in-the-Water," which, in 1819, went as far as Mackinaw; yet, it was not until 1826 that a

steamer rode the waters of Lake Michigan, and six years more had elapsed ere one had penetrated as far as Chicago.

The year 1832 was signalized by three important events in the history of the west, viz:—The first appearance of the Asiatic Cholera, the Great Flood in the Ohio, and the war with Black Hawk.

The west has suffered serious drawbacks, in its progress, from inefficient systems of banking. One bank frequently was made the basis of another, and that of a third, and so on throughout the country. Some three or four shrewd agents or directors, in establishing a bank, would collect a few thousands in specie, that had been honestly paid in, and then make up the remainder of the capital with the bills or stock from some neighboring bank. Thus, so intimate was the connection of each bank with others, that, when one or two gave way, they all went down together in one common ruin.

In 1804, the year preceding the purchase of Louisiana, Congress formed, from part of it, the "Territory of Orleans," which was admitted into the Union in 1812, as the State of Louisiana. In 1805, after the Territory of Orleans was erected, the remaining part of the purchase from the French was formed into the Territory of Louisiana, of which the old French town of St. Louis was the capital. This town, the oldest in the Territory, had been founded in 1764, by M. Laclede, agent for a trading association, to whom had been given, by the French government of Louisiana, a monopoly of the commerce in furs and peltries with the Indian tribes of the Missouri and Upper Mississippi. The population of the Territory, in 1805, was trifling, and consisted mainly of French Creoles and traders, who were scattered along the banks of the Mississippi and the Arkansas. Upon the admission of Louisiana as a State, the name of the Territory of Louisiana was changed to that of Missouri. From the southern part of this, in 1819, was erected the Territory of Arkansas, which then contained but a few thousand inhabitants, who were mainly in detached settlements on the Mississippi and on the Arkansas, in the vicinity of the "Post of Arkansas." The first settlement in Arkansas was made on the Arkansas river, about the year 1723, upon the grant of the notorious John Law; but, being unsuccessful, was soon after abandoned. In 1820, Missouri was admitted into the Union, and Arkansas in 1836.

Michigan was admitted as a State in 1837. The Huron District was organized as the Wisconsin Territory, in 1836, and was admitted into the Union, as a State, in 1848. The first settlement in Wisconsin was made in 1665, when Father Claude Allouez established a mission at La Pointe, at the western end of Lake Superior. Four years after, a mission was permanently established at Green Bay: and, eventually, the French also established themselves at Prairie du Chien. In 1819, an expedition, under Governor Cass, explored the territory, and found it to be little more than the abode of a few Indian traders, scattered here and there. About this time, the Government established military posts at Green Bay and Prairie du Chien. About the year 1825, some farmers settled in the vicinity of Galena, which had then become a noted mineral region. Immediately after the war with Black Hawk, emigrants flowed in from New York, Ohio, and Michigan, and the flourishing towns of Milwaukie, Sheboygan, Racine, and Southport were laid out on the borders of Lake Michigan. At the conclusion of the same war, the lands west of the Mississippi were thrown open to emigrants, who commenced settlements in the vicinity of Fort Madison and Burlington, in 1833. Dubuque had long before been a trading post, and was the first settlement in Iowa. It derived its name from Julien Dubuque, an enterprising French Canadian, who, in 1788, obtained a grant of one hundred and forty thousand acres from the Indians, upon which he resided

until his death, in 1810, when he had accumulated immense wealth by lead mining and trading. In June, 1838, Iowa was erected into a Territory, and in 1846, became a State.

In 1849, Minnesota Territory was organized; it then contained a little less than five thousand souls. The first American establishment in the Territory was Fort Snelling, at the mouth of St. Peters, or Minnesota river, which was founded in 1819. The French, and afterward the English, occupied this country with their fur-trading forts. Pembina, on the northern boundary, is the oldest village, having been established in 1812 by Lord Selkirk, a Scottish nobleman, under a grant from the Hudson's Bay Company.

But here the adventurous spirit of emigration does not pause. The blue waters of the far distant Pacific is the present barrier of the never ceasing human tide. The rich valleys of Oregon and the golden sands of California are now the lures to attract thousands from the comforts of home, civilization, and refinement, in search of fortune and independence in distant wilds.

HISTORICAL EVENTS;

REMARKABLE INDIVIDUAL ADVENTURES;

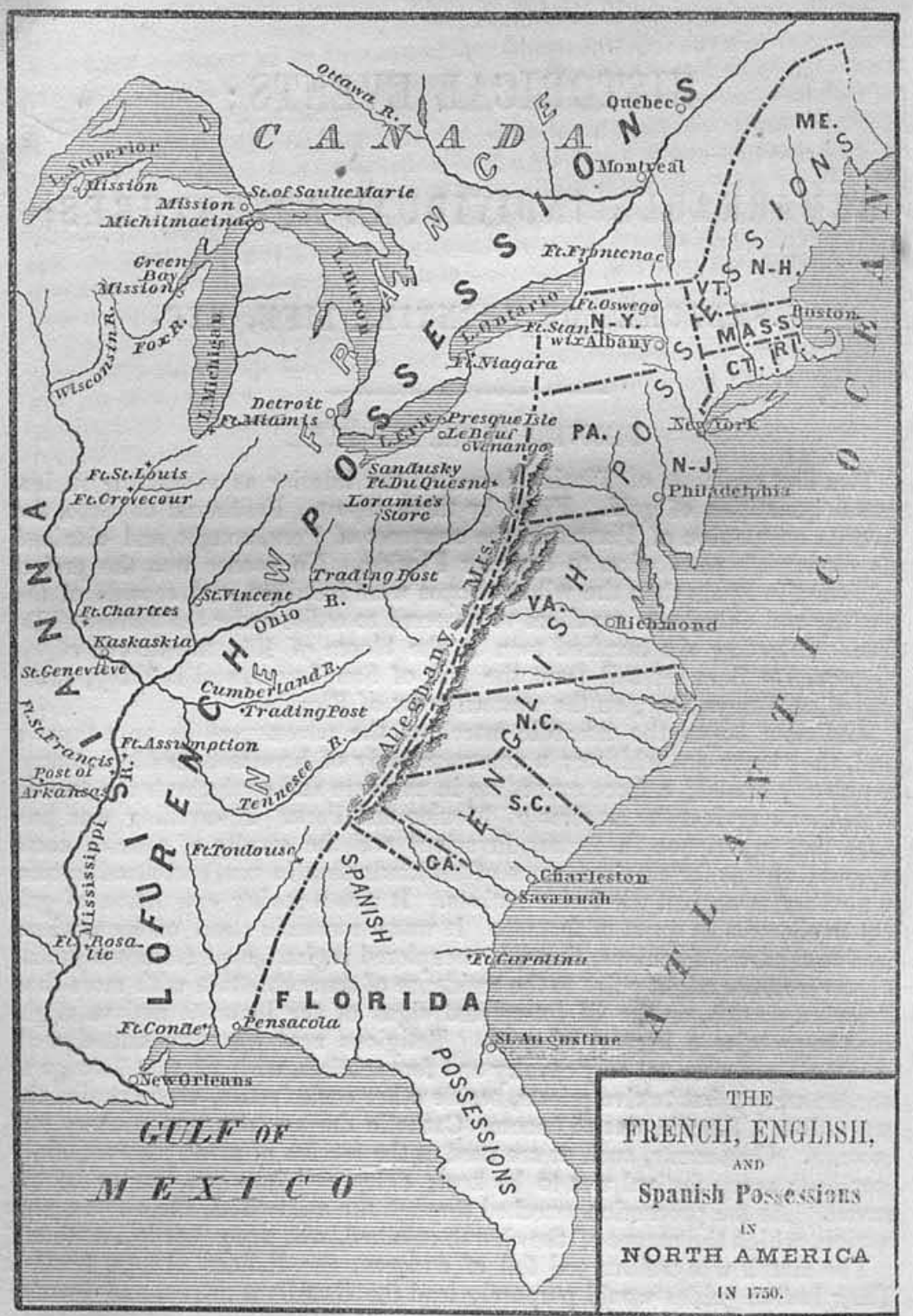
SKETCHES OF FRONTIER LIFE, ETC.

DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The first explorers of Florida described the interior as abounding in immense quantities of gold. Fired by these reports, Ferdinand de Soto, the favorite companion of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, sought and obtained his monarch's permission to conquer Florida. No sooner was the project published in Spain than the wildest hopes were indulged, and crowds of the wealthy and chivalrous cavaliers volunteered to enlist under the banner of De Soto. Selecting six hundred men in the bloom of life, the flower of his country, De Soto set sail from the port of San Lucar, and in May, 1539, landed at Tampa Bay, on the western coast of Florida.

And now began the nomadic march of the adventurers in an unknown land, they knew not whither; a numerous body of horsemen, beside infantry, completely armed; a force exceeding in numbers and equipments the famous expeditions against the empires of Mexico and Peru. Everything was provided that experience in former invasions and the cruelty of avarice could suggest; chains for captives, arms of all kinds then in use, and bloodhounds, as auxiliaries against the feeble natives. It was a roving expedition of gallant freebooters in quest of fortune. It was a romantic stroll of men whom avarice rendered ferocious, through unexplored regions, over unknown paths; wherever rumor might point to the residence of some chieftain with more than Peruvian wealth, or the ill interpreted signs of the ignorant natives might seem to promise a harvest of gold. Religious zeal was also united with avarice; there were not only cavalry and foot soldiers, with all that belongs to warlike array; but twelve priests, beside other ecclesiastics, accompanied the expedition. Florida was to become Catholic during scenes of robbery and carnage. Ornaments, such as are used at the service of mass, were carefully provided; every festival was to be kept; every religious practice to be observed. As the procession marched through the wilderness, the solemn procession, which the usages of the church enjoined, was scrupulously instituted.

The march was tedious and full of dangers: the Indians always hostile. Their Indian guides would purposely lead the Castilians astray, and involve them in morasses; even though death under the fangs of the bloodhounds was the certain punishment. Captives whom they took were questioned as to the locality of gold, and, on giving unsatisfactory answers, were punished; one was burnt alive for his supposed falsehood. Others, taken prisoners, were tortured, some to death; others enslaved. These were led in chains with



THE
FRENCH, ENGLISH,
AND
Spanish Possessions
IN
NORTH AMERICA
IN 1750.

iron collars about their necks; their service was to grind the maize and to carry the baggage. One of their battles with the Indians at their town on the site of Mobile was among the bloodiest Indian fights ever known. The terrors of their cavalry gave the victory to the Spaniards. The town was set on fire, and two thousand five hundred of the natives are said to have been slain, suffocated or burned. They had fought with desperate courage; and but for the flame which consumed their light and dense settlements, would have effectually repulsed the invaders. "Of the Christians, eighteen died;" one hundred and fifty were wounded with arrows; twelve horses were slain and seventy hurt. The baggage of the Spaniards, which was within the town, was entirely consumed. Amid these discouragements the soldiers desired to return home. De Soto was "a stern man, and of few words." He was inflexible, and his followers "condescending to his will," continued to march onward through wild solitudes, suffering for want of food, their once gay apparel changed for skins of wild beasts and mats of ivy.

After devious wanderings, great hardships, and the loss of many of his men, from disease and the arrows and war-clubs of the savages, De Soto, on the first of May, 1641, arrived on the banks of the Mississippi, near the site of Memphis. Soto was the first of Europeans to behold that magnificent river,* which rolled its immense mass of waters through the splendid vegetation of a wide alluvial soil. The lapse of three centuries has not changed the character of the stream. It was then described as more than a mile broad; flowing with a strong current, and by the weight of its waters forcing a channel of great depth. The water was always muddy. Trees and timber were continually floating down stream.

Crossing the river, he marched in a north-west direction, more than two hundred miles, to near the highlands of White River, in the vicinity of the boundary line betweeen Arkansas and Missouri. Neither gold nor gems did the mountains offer, and the disappointed adventurers turned southward, passing their third winter upon the Washita, a branch of the Red River of Louisiana. Increased misfortunes, repeated disappointments, and wasting melancholy so bore upon the health of Soto, that he fell a prey to a malignant fever in the spring following. His soldiers mourned his loss; the priest chanted over his remains the first requiems ever heard on the Mississippi, while the body of its discoverer, wrapt in a mantle in the gloom of midnight, was sunk beneath its turbid waters. Thus perished the gallant de Soto, who had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial-place.

His dispirited followers, now reduced to near half of their original numbers, first attempted to cross the country to Mexico; but being compelled to again turn eastward, they constructed barks, sailed down the Mississippi, and following the coast of the Mexican Gulf, reached the Spanish settlements near the site of Tampico, in Mexico, in September, 1543. Thus terminated an expedition of more than four years, extraordinary in duration, and distinguished as being the first visit of Europeans to "the great father of waters." It was an expedition, wild and romantic in its conception; in fit keeping with that age of chivalrous adventure and visionary impulse.

* The name is derived from the Indian word *Mesasippi*, signifying "Great River." The French, from the time of Louis XIV., called it St. Louis river, in honor of that monarch.

SCENERY OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

Lake Superior is to be figured to the mind as a vast basin scooped out of the plateau extending from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi Valley. This huge basin is filled with pure icy water of a greenish cast. The average temperature about 40 deg. Fahrenheit. It is the largest body of fresh water on the globe, being about fifteen hundred miles in circumference, and in some parts over a thousand feet in depth. It embraces in its midst many islands, the largest of which, Isle Royal, contains near four thousand square miles. Its waters are remarkably pure, transparent, and abound with fish, particularly trout, sturgeon, and white fish, which are caught in large quantities, and are becoming a considerable article of commerce.

The country along the lake is one of the most dreary imaginable. Everywhere its surface is rocky, broken, and unproductive, even in the natural growth of trees, common to rugged regions. Its climate is cold and inhospitable; the means of subsistence are so circumscribed that man finds no possibility of residing upon it in a savage state. Game is extremely scarce, and few if any esculent plants grow spontaneously. But from its very wildness and dreariness this coast derives a charm which we would vainly hope to find in more favored regions. The high hills, the rugged precipices, the rocky shores, with their spare vegetation, are relieved by the transparency and purity of the waters that wash their base; these are often so clear that the pebbles can be distinctly seen at the depth of near thirty feet. The canoe of *the voyager* frequently appears as if suspended in air, so transparent is the liquid upon which it floats; the spectator who keeps his eyes too long intent upon gazing at the bottom, feels his head grow giddy, as though he were looking down a deep abyss. When lashed in fury by a storm, the lake is a most sublime and awe-inspiring object, the waves rolling ocean high and dashing wildly against a stern, rocky coast.

The Pictured Rocks and the Doric Arch on the south shore near the east end, are great curiosities, and are thus described by a traveler:

On going three leagues we reached the commencement of the Pictured Rocks, *La Portaille, of the French voyageurs*—a series of lofty bluffs, which continue for twelve miles, along the shore, and present some of the most sublime and commanding views in nature. We had been told by our Canadian guide of the variety in the color and form of these rocks, but were wholly unprepared to encounter the surprising groups of overhanging precipices, towering walls, caverns, water-falls, and prostrate ruins which are here mingled in the most wonderful disorder, and burst upon the view in ever varying and pleasing succession. In order to convey any just idea of their magnificence, it is necessary to premise that this part of the shore consists of a sandstone rock of a light gray color, externally, and deposited stratum above stratum to the height of three hundred feet, rising in a perpendicular wall from the water, and extending from four to five leagues in length. This stupendous wall of rock, exposed to the fury of the waves, which are driven up at every north wind across the whole width of Lake Superior, has been partially prostrated at several points, and worn out into numerous bays and irregular indentations. All these point upon the Lake, in a line of aspiring promontories, which, at a distance present the terrible array of dilapidated battlements and desolate towers:

"Their rocky summits split and rent,
Formed turret, dome or battlement,



NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR

"When lashed in fury by a storm, the Lake is a most sublime and awe-inspiring object the waves rolling ocean high, and dashing wildly against a stern, rocky coast

Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern minaret."

In some places the waves have lashed down the lower strata, while the upper ones hang in a threatening posture over the lake; in others, extensive caverns have been worn into the rock, and in this way rocky bluffs, nearly severed from the mainland, are left standing upon rude and massy pillars, between which barges and canoes might safely sail. All that we read of the natural physiognomy of the Hebrides of Staffa, the Dorehelm, and the romantic isles of the Sicilian coast, is probably recalled in viewing this scene, and it may be doubted whether in the whole range of American scenery there is to be found such an interesting assemblage of grand, picturesque, and pleasing objects. Among many striking features two attracted particular admiration—the Cascade, La Portaille, and the Doric Arch. The Cascade is situated about four miles beyond the commencement of the range of bluffs, and in the center of the most commanding part of it. It consists of a handsome stream, which is precipitated about seventy feet from the bluff, at one leap into the lake. Its form is that of a rainbow rising from the lake to the top of the precipice. The Doric Rock is an isolated mass of sandstone, consisting of four natural pillars, supporting a stratum or entablature of the same material, and presenting the appearance of a work of art. On the top of this entablature rests a stratum of alluvial soil, covered with a handsome growth of pine and spruce trees, some of which appear to be fifty or sixty feet in height. To add to the appearance of the scene, that part of the entablature included between the pillars, is excavated in the form of a common arch, giving it very much the appearance of a vaulted passage into the court-yard of some massy pile of antiquated buildings.

Although the Lake Superior country affords few or no inducements to the agriculturist, yet the success of the companies who have recently commenced working for copper, together with the quality and quantity of the mineral existing there, will render it a most important mining country. Strong evidence is furnished that these mines were once worked by the same mysterious race who, anterior to the Indians, built the mounds and ancient works of the west. In the latter have been found various copper trinkets bespangled with silver scales, a peculiar feature of the Lake Superior copper, while on the shores of the Lake itself, abandoned mines, filled by the accumulation of ages, have recently been re-opened, the existence of which was unknown, even to the traditions of the present race of Indians.*

EXPLORATIONS OF MARQUETTE AND LA SALLE.

James Marquette was one of the most zealous of that extraordinary class of men, the Jesuit Missionaries. In 1668, he repaired to St. Mary's, the outlet of Lake Superior, where he was employed in his holy calling. In his various excursions, he was exposed to the inclemencies of nature and to the savage; he took his life in his hand and bade them defiance; waded through water and through snows, without the comfort of a fire; subsisted on pounded maize; was frequently without any other food than the unwholesome moss gathered from the rocks; traveled far and wide, but never without peril. Still

* These mines, consisting of horizontal trenches, were worked from the surface downward, and present evidence that *fire* was the principal agent used in excavating.

said he, life in the wilderness had its charms—his heart swelled with rapture as he moved over the waters, transparent as the most limpid fountain.

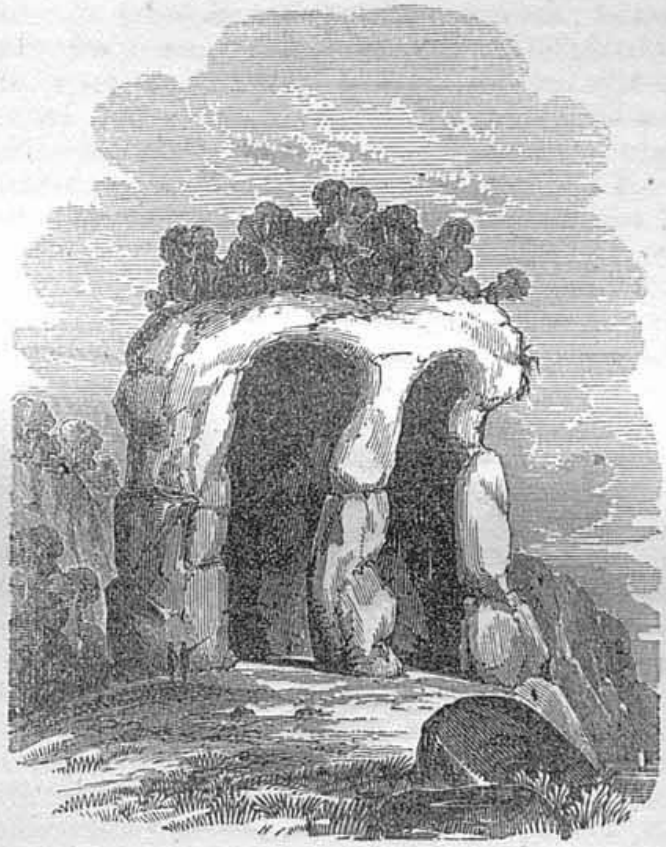
While residing at St. Mary's, he resolved to explore the Mississippi, of whose magnificence many tales had been told. The project was favored by Talon, the Intendant or Governor of New France, who wished to ascertain whether the Mississippi poured its mighty floods into the Pacific Ocean, or into the Gulf of Mexico. On the 10th of June, 1673, he left an Indian village, on Fox river, of Green Bay, beyond which the foot of a white man had never penetrated. His companions were Joliet, a French gentleman, five French voyageurs and two Indian guides. They transported their two bark canoes on their shoulders, across the portage of Fox River, launched them on the Wisconsin, and passing down that stream, reached, on the 7th of July, the great "*Father of Waters*," which they entered with "a joy that could not be expressed," and raising their sails to new skies, and to unknown breezes, floated down this mighty river, between broad plains, garlanded with majestic forests and chequered with illimitable prairies and island groves. They descended about one hundred and eighty miles, when Marquette and Joliet landed, and followed an Indian trail about six miles, to a village. They were met by four old men, bearing the pipe of peace and "brilliant with many colored plumes." An aged chief received them at his cabin, and, with uplifted hands, exclaimed: "How beautiful is the sun, Frenchmen, when thou comest to visit us!—our whole village awaits thee—in peace thou shalt enter all our dwellings." Previous to their departure, an Indian chief selected a peace pipe from among his warriors', embellished with gorgeous plumage, which he hung around the neck of Marquette, "the mysterious arbiter of peace and war—the sacred calumet—the white man's protection among savages."

On reaching their boats, the little group proceeded onward. "I did not," says Marquette, "fear death; I should have esteemed it the greatest happiness to have died for the glory of God." They passed the mouth of the Missouri, and the humble missionary resolved in his mind, one day, to ascend its mighty current, and ascertain its source; and descending from thence toward the west, publish the gospel to a people of whom he had never heard.

Passing onward, they floated by the Ohio, then, and for a brief time after, called the Wabash, and continued their explorations as far south as the mouth of the Arkansas, where they were escorted to the Indian village of Arkansea.

Being now satisfied that the Mississippi entered the Gulf of Mexico, west of Florida, and east of California; and having spoken to the Indians of God and the mysteries of the Catholic faith, Marquette and Joliet prepared to ascend the stream. They returned by the route of the Illinois River to Green Bay, where they arrived in August. Marquette remained to preach the gospel to the Miamies, near Chicago. Joliet, in person, conveyed the glad tidings of their discoveries to Quebec. They were received with enthusiastic delight. The bells were rung during the whole day, and all the clergy and dignitaries of the place went, in procession, to the Cathedral, where Te Deum was sung and high mass celebrated.

Expedition of La Salle.—Notwithstanding the great excitement produced by this event, it did not lead immediately to any farther undertakings. The good Father Marquette dying soon after, and Joliet being otherwise occupied, the great river remained unnoticed in the wilderness, and its discovery seemed almost forgotten, when attention to it was suddenly revived by another enterprising and enthusiastic Frenchman, Robert Cavalier de La Salle, who had belonged to the order of Jesuits. Courageous, enterprising and persevering, he was precisely the man to complete the undertaking commenced



THE DORIC ARCH, LAKE SUPERIOR.

"Is excavated in the form of a common arch, giving it very much the appearance of a vaulted passage into the court-yard of some massy pile of antiquated buildings."

by Marquette. By the advice of Frontenac, Governor of New France, he returned to France and obtained from Louis XIV, the needed assistance to explore the Mississippi to its mouth. A ship, well armed and supplied, was equipped, and Tonti, a brave Italian officer, having joined him in the enterprise, they set sail from Rochelle, June 14th, 1678. La Salle had received from the king, the command of Fort Frontenac and a monopoly of the fur trade in all the countries he should discover. He was the first person who proposed the union of New France with the Mississippi, and suggested their close connection by a line of military posts.

Soon after his arrival, he repaired Fort Frontenac, and built another fort in its vicinity, and had constructed a vessel on Lake Erie, named the "Griffin," the first vessel that ever spread its sails on those waters. In September, 1769, he embarked with forty men, among whom was Father Hennepin. At Mackinaw, La Salle erected a military and trading post, sold his goods at an immense profit, to the natives, and purchased a rich cargo of furs, which were immediately sent, in the Griffin, to Niagara for disposal, while he and his companions embarked, in bark canoes, for the river St. Joseph, where he erected "the Fort of the Miamies." There they were met by Tonti, who had come by a different route. Passing over to the Illinois together, and descending with the current, they reached the Mississippi.

La Salle first resolved to ascend that stream, hoping thereby to discover the supposed passage to China, and deeming it also advisable to attempt finding an easier line of communication between Canada and this important river. Accordingly, Father Hennepin, with two other Frenchmen, ascended the river to beyond the falls, which they named St. Anthony, and were taken prisoners by the Sioux: they were well treated—remained about three months, and then returned to Canada. In the meantime, La Salle remained among the Illinois. He heard no tidings of the Griffin, which was lost. All his fortune was embarked in her. He commenced building a fort a little above Peoria, and thwarted as it were by destiny, and writhing in agony, he named it Crevecœur—that is, broken hearted. Additional resources now being required to prosecute his voyage, La Salle left his men in winter quarters, at the fort, and with but three companions, penetrated through the wilderness, on foot, amid the snows of winter, to Fort Frontenac, distant 1500 miles. In his absence, Tonti commenced fortifying Rock Fort, but was compelled by the invading Iroquois Indians, to seek shelter among the friendly tribes in the vicinity of Chicago. La Salle having returned with men and materials for building a bark, left Chicago on the 4th of January, 1682, and after constructing a spacious barge on the Illinois, in the early part of the year, he descended "the Mississippi to the sea."

This was the first descent of that river yet achieved. La Salle saw at once the resources of the mighty valley; his heart dilated with joy, and after planting the arms of France in the Gulf of Mexico, and claiming the whole country for France, he named it in honor of his king, *Louisiana*. Elated by his discovery, he hastened to Quebec and immediately sailed for France. In 1784, he left France with two hundred and eighty persons, intending to plant a colony on the lower Mississippi. By mistake, the vessels passed by the mouth of the Mississippi without discovering it, and La Salle was compelled by circumstances, to land on the Bay of St. Bernard, where he erected Fort St. Louis, and took possession of Texas in the name of his king. He spent four months in a vain search for the Mississippi. Shortly after his return, the colony was threatened with famine. La Salle, selecting a few men, started with the desperate resolution of finding Canada or perishing in the attempt, but was murdered by one of his companions when a short distance

on the journey. The colonists left behind, soon after, were all massacred by the Indians, excepting a few children. The death of La Salle put an end, for a time, to all prospects of colonization. The peace of Ryswick, in 1697, gave France leisure to attend to her western possessions, and Iberville laid the foundation for permanent settlements at the mouth of the Mississippi.

SUFFERINGS OF THE EARLY FRENCH MISSIONARIES IN THE WEST.

Upon the founding of Quebec in 1608, by Champlain, that energetic man saw, that to strengthen the dominion of the French in the west, it was essential to establish missions among the Indians; influenced also by religious zeal, he esteemed "the salvation of a soul worth more than the conquest of an empire." Up to this period, the "Far West" had been untrod by the foot of a white man. In 1616, four years previous to the landing of the Pilgrims on the rocks of Plymouth, Le Caron, a French Franciscan monk, had passed through the Iroquois and Wyandot nations to streams running into Lake Huron. Bound by his views to the life of a beggar, he traveled on foot or paddled a bark canoe, and pursued his lonely way, taking alms of the savages. The final establishment of missions was intrusted solely to "the Society of Jesus." The Jesuits in Canada had been disciplined by the severity of a Canadian life in the wilderness, and resisted its horrors by an invincible passive courage and a deep internal tranquillity. Away from the amenities of life, away from the opportunities of vain glory, they became dead to the world, while the few who long survived the toils of their protracted missions, kindled with the power of apostolic zeal. Not a town of note was founded, not a river explored in French America, but a Jesuit led the way.

In 1634, the Jesuits, Brebeuf and Daniel, founded the mission of St. Joseph, the first on Lake Huron. Until late in the century, such was the enmity of the Iroquois Indians, excited by the English colonies, that the country south of the Lakes Ontario and Erie was unknown to the French, and the adventurous missionaries, in fear of death, were compelled to pass far to the north, through a region "horrible with forests," by the Ottawa and French rivers of Canada West, suffering innumerable hardships, compelled to toil all day long at the oar, or drag their canoes around the waterfalls, their feet pierced with sharp stones, their garments torn; often having but scanty food, and their couch, the earth or rocks. At St. Joseph, Brebeuf and Daniel erected their little chapel, and soon after, two new missions, St. Louis and St. Ignatius, bloomed among the Huron forests. There, the Huron hunter, as he returned from his wide roamings, was taught to hope for eternal rest, and dusky warriors, in pious veneration, joining in the mystic rites of the Catholic church, uttered prayers and vows in the Huron tongue.

Within thirteen years, this remote wilderness was visited by sixty missionaries; chosen men, ready to shed their blood for their faith. In 1641, Raymbault and Jogues visited the Indians at the falls of St. Mary's, at the outlet of Lake Superior; this was five years before the New England Elliot had addressed the Indians that dwelt within six miles of Boston harbor. Ere the close of the century, missionary stations had multiplied greatly upon the water courses and lakes of the west. The missionaries themselves possessed the weakness and the virtues of their orders. For fifteen years enduring the infinite labors and perils of the Huron mission, and exhibiting, as it was said, "an absolute pattern of every religious virtue," Jean de Brebeuf, respecting even the nod of his distant superiors, lowered his mind and judgment in obedience. Beside the assiduous fatigues of his office, each day,



BURNING OF FRENCH MISSIONARIES.

"The assured countenance and confiding eye of Brebeuf still bore witness to his firmness. The voice of Lallemand was choked by the thick smoke; but the fire having snapped his bands, he lifted his hands to Heaven, imploring the aid of Him who is an aid to the weak."



and sometimes twice in the day, he applied himself to the lash; beneath a bristling hair shirt, he wore an iron girdle, armed on all sides with projecting points; his fasts were frequent; almost always his pious vigils continued deep in the night. In vain for him did Nature assume its forms of beauty; his eye rested benignantly on divine things. Once, imparadised in a trance, he beheld the mother of him whose cross he bore, surrounded by a crowd of virgins, in the beatitudes of Heaven. Once, as he himself has recorded, while engaged in penance, he saw Christ unfold his arms to embrace him with the utmost love, promising oblivion for his sins. Once, late at night, while praying in silence, he had a vision of an infinite number of crosses, and with mighty heart, he strove again and again to grasp them all. Often he saw the shapes of foul fiends, now appearing as madmen, now as raging beasts; and often he beheld the image of *Death*, a bloodless form, by the side of the stake, struggling with bonds, and at last, falling as a harmless specter at his feet. Having vowed to seek out suffering for the greater glory of God, he renewed that vow every day, at the moment of tasting the sacred water; and as his cupidity for martyrdom grew into a passion, he exclaimed, "What shall I render to thee, Jesus, my Lord, for all thy benefits? I will accept thy cup and invoke thy name;" and in sight of the Eternal Father and the Holy Spirit, of the Virgin Mary, most holy mother of Christ, before angels, saints, apostles and martyrs, he made a vow never to decline the opportunity of martyrdom, and never to receive the death-blow but with joy.

The Jesuit missionaries suffered terribly from the Iroquois Indians, the hereditary enemies of the Hurons. Isaac Jogues, on his way to St. Mary's, was taken prisoner by the Mohawks, on the St. Lawrence. He might have escaped, but there were with him converts that had not yet been baptized,—and when did a Jesuit missionary seek to save his own life at what he believed the risk of a soul? In several villages he was compelled to run the gauntlet, and was tortured with hunger and thirst. Similar was the fate of Father Bressani. Taken prisoner while on his way to the Hurons; beaten, mangled, mutilated, driven bare-footed over rough paths, through briers and thickets; scourged by a whole village; burned, tortured, wounded and scarred,—he was eye-witness to the fate of one of his companions, who was boiled and eaten. Yet some mysterious awe protected his life, and he, as well as Jogues, was humanely rescued by the Dutch. The devoted missionaries encountered danger and suffering in every form; from the perils of nature as well as the inhumanity of savages. Some were drowned on their way to their missions; some starved to death; others, losing their way among pathless snows, perished by intense cold.

Eventually each solitary mission among the Hurons became a special point of attraction to the invading Iroquois, and liable to the horrors of an Indian massacre. Such was the fate of the village of St. Joseph. On the morning of July 4th, 1648, when the warriors were absent on a chase, the village was attacked by the Mohawks. A group of women and children flew to the missionary, Father Anthony Daniel, to escape the tomahawk, as if his lips, uttering messages of love, could pronounce a spell that would curb the madness of destruction. Those who had formerly scoffed at his mission, implored the benefit of baptism. He bade them ask forgiveness of God, and dipping his handkerchief in water, baptized the crowd of suppliants. Just then the palisades were forced. But instead of flying, he ran to the wigwams to baptize the sick, give absolution, and then, when the wigwams were set on fire and the Mohawks approached his chapel, he serenely advanced to resign his life as a sacrifice to his vows. As they drew near, they discharged at him a flight of arrows. All gashed and rent with wounds, he addressed to

them, with surprising energy, the affectionate messages of Divine mercy and grace. The fatal blow was given—the name of Jesus died on his lips—the wilderness gave him a grave, and the Huron nation were his mourners.

The next year, the villages of St. Ignatius and St. Louis were destroyed by the Iroquois. In this last, were Brebeuf and Lallemand. They might both have escaped; but they remained to bend over the dying converts and give them baptism. They were taken prisoners. Brebeuf was set apart on a scaffold, and in the midst of every outrage. rebuked his persecutors and encouraged his Huron converts. They cut off his lower lip and nose; applied burning torches to his body; burned his gums and thrust hot iron down his throat. Deprived of his voice, his assured countenance and confiding eye still bore witness to his firmness. The delicate Lallemand was stripped naked, and enveloped from head to foot with bark full of rosin. Brought into the presence of Brebeuf, he exclaimed, "We are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels and to men." The fine bark was set on fire, and when it was in a blaze, boiling water was poured on the heads of both the missionaries. The voice of Lallemand was choked by the thick smoke; but the fire having snapped his bonds, he lifted his hands to Heaven, imploring the aid of Him who is an aid to the weak. Brebeuf was scalped while yet alive, and died after a torture of three hours; the sufferings of Lallemand were protracted for seventeen hours. The lives of both had been a continual heroism; their deaths were the astonishment of their executioners.

These massacres quenched not enthusiasm; the Jesuits never receded one foot; but, as in a brave army, new troops press forward to fill the places of the fallen, there were never wanting heroism and enterprise in behalf of the cross and French dominion.

CURIOSITIES AT MICHILIMACKINAC.

Nothing can present a more picturesque and refreshing spectacle to the traveler, wearied with the lifeless monotony of a voyage through Lake Huron, than the first sight of the island of Michilimackinac, which rises from the watery horizon in lofty bluffs, imprinting a rugged outline along the sky, and capped with a fortress on which the American flag is seen waving against the blue heavens. The name is a compound of the word *missi* or *missil*, signifying "great," and mackinac, the Indian word for "turtle," from a fancied resemblance of the island to a great turtle lying upon the water.

It is a spot of much interest, aside from its romantic beauty, in consequence of its historical associations and natural curiosities. It is nine miles in circumference, and its extreme elevation above the Lake over three hundred feet. The town is pleasantly situated around a small bay at the southern extremity of the island, and contains a few hundred souls, which are sometimes swelled to one or two thousand by the influx of voyageurs, traders, and Indians. On these occasions, its beautiful harbor is seen checkered with American vessels at anchor, and Indian canoes rapidly shooting across the water in every direction. It was formerly the seat of an extensive fur trade; at present it is noted for the great amount of trout and white fish annually exported. Fort Mackinac stands on a rocky bluff overlooking the town. The ruins of Fort Holmes are on the apex of the Island. It was built by the British in the war of 1812, under the name of Fort George, and changed to its present appellation after the surrender to the Americans, in compliment to the memory of Major Holmes, who fell in the attack upon the island.

The *old* town of Michilimackinac stood on the extreme point of the Penin-



THE ARCHED ROCK, AT MACKINAW.

"It is about ninety feet in height, and is crowned with an arch of near sixty feet sweep. From its great elevation, the view through the arch, upon the wide expanse of water is of singular beauty and grandeur."

sula of Michigan, nine miles south of the island. Eight years before La Salle's expedition, Father Marquette, the French missionary, visited this spot with a party of Hurons, upon whom he prevailed to locate themselves. A fort was soon constructed, and it became an important post. It continued to be the seat of the fur trade, and the undisturbed rendezvous of the Indian tribes during the whole period that the crown of France exercised jurisdiction over the Canadas.

The island of Michilimackinac, or Mackinaw, contains three objects of natural curiosity. The *Arched Rock* is a natural arch projecting from the precipice on the north-eastern side of the island, about a mile from the town, and elevated one hundred and forty feet above the water. Its abutments are the calcareous rock common to the island, and have been created by the falling down of enormous masses of the rock, leaving the chasm. It is about ninety feet in height, and is crowned with an arch of near sixty feet sweep. From its great elevation, the view through the arch upon the wide expanse of water, is of singular beauty and grandeur. The *Natural Pyramid* is a lone standing rock, upon the top of the bluff, of probably thirty feet in width at the base, by eighty or ninety in height, of a rugged appearance, and supporting in its crevices a few stunted cedars. It pleases chiefly by its novelty, so unlike anything to be found in other parts of the world; and in first approaching it, gives the idea of a work of art. The *Skull Rock* is chiefly noted for a cavern, which appears to have been an ancient receptacle of human bones. The entrance is low and narrow. It is here that Alexander Henry was secreted by a friendly Indian, after the horrid massacre of the British garrison at *old* Michilimackinac, in 1763.

LIFE AMONG THE PRAIRIE DOGS.

The prairie dog, like the buffalo, retreats before the advance of civilization, and is now to be found only on the vast plains between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. A recent traveler gives the annexed description of these singular animals and their cities, which, unknown to map makers, dot the immense prairies of the far west.

These little fellows select for their towns a level piece of prairie, with a sandy or gravelly soil, out of which they can excavate their dwellings with great facility. Being of a very sociable disposition, they choose to live in a large community, where laws exist for the public good; and there is less danger to be apprehended from the attacks of their numerous and crafty enemies. Their towns equal in extent and population the largest cities of Europe; some extending many miles in length, with considerable regularity in their streets, and their houses of a uniform style of architecture. Although their form of government may be styled republican, yet great respect is paid to their chief magistrate, who, generally a dog of large dimensions, and imposing appearance, resides in a dwelling conspicuous for size, in the center of the town, where he may always be seen on his house top, regarding with dignified complacency the various occupations of the busy population—some industriously bearing to the granaries the winter supply of roots, others building or repairing their houses; while many, their work being over, sit chatting on their house tops, watching the gambols of the juveniles as they play around them.

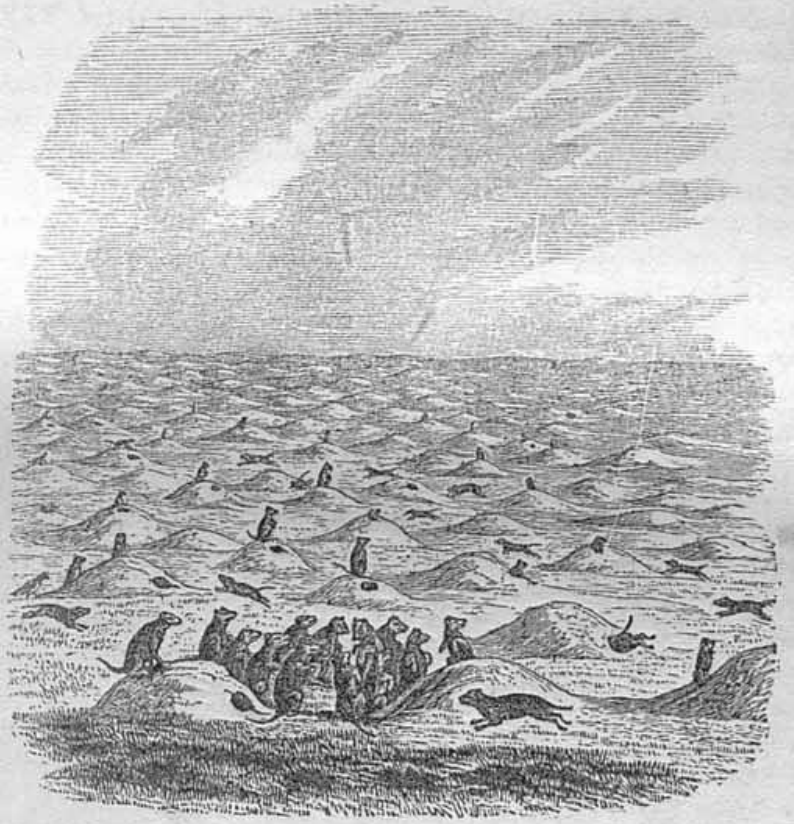
Their hospitality to strangers is unbounded. The owl, who on the bare prairie is unable to find a tree or rock on which to build her nest, is provided with a comfortable lodging, where she may in security rear her round eyed

progeny; and the rattlesnake, in spite of his bad character, is likewise entertained with similar hospitality; yet it is sometimes grossly abused; for many a childless dog may, perhaps, justly attribute his bereavement to the partiality of the epicurean snake for the tender meat of the delicate prairie pup.

The prairie dog, a species of Marmot, is somewhat longer than a Guinea pig, of a light brown or sandy color, and with a head somewhat resembling that of a young terrier pup. It is also furnished with a little stumpy tail, which, when its owner is excited, is in a perpetual jerk and flutter. Frequently, while hunting, have I, lying concealed beneath one of their conical houses, amused myself for hours in watching their frolicksome motions. Their dwellings are raised two or three feet above the ground, and at the top is a hole three feet in perpendicular depth, and then descending obliquely into the interior. Of course, on the approach of such a monster as man, all the dogs which have been scattered over the town, scamper to their holes as fast as their little legs will admit, and concealing all but their heads and tails, bark lustily their displeasure at the intrusion. When they have sufficiently exhibited their daring, every dog dives into his burrow, but two or three, who remain as sentinels, chattering in high dudgeon, until the enemy is within a few paces of them, when they take the usual somerset, and the town is silent and deserted. Lying perfectly still for several minutes, I could observe an old fellow raise his head cautiously above his hole and reconnoiter and if satisfied that the coast was clear, he would commence a short bark. This bark, by the way, from its resemblance to that of a dog, has given that name to the little animal, but it is more like that of a wooden toy dog, which is made to bark by raising and depressing the bellows under the fissure. When this warning has been given, others are soon seen to emerge from their houses, and, assured of their security, play and frisk about. After a longer delay, rattlesnakes issue from their holes, and coil themselves on the sunny side of the hillock, erecting their treacherous heads, and rattling an angry note of warning if, in its play, a thoughtless pup approaches too near; and lastly a sober owl appears, and if the sun be low, hops through the town, picking up the lizards and chameleons which everywhere abound.

At the first intimation of danger given by the sentinels, all the stragglers hasten to their holes, tumbling over owls and rattlesnakes, who hiss and rattle angrily at being disturbed. Every one scrambles off to his own domicil, and if in his hurry he should mistake his dwelling, he is quickly made sensible of his error, and without ceremony ejected. Then, every house occupied, commences such a volley of barking, and such a twinkling of little heads and tails, which alone appear above the holes, as to defy description. The lazy snakes, regardless of danger, remain coiled up, and only evince their consciousness by an occasional rattle; while the owls, in the hurry and confusion, betake themselves with sluggish wing, to wherever a bush of sage or greasewood affords them temporary concealment.

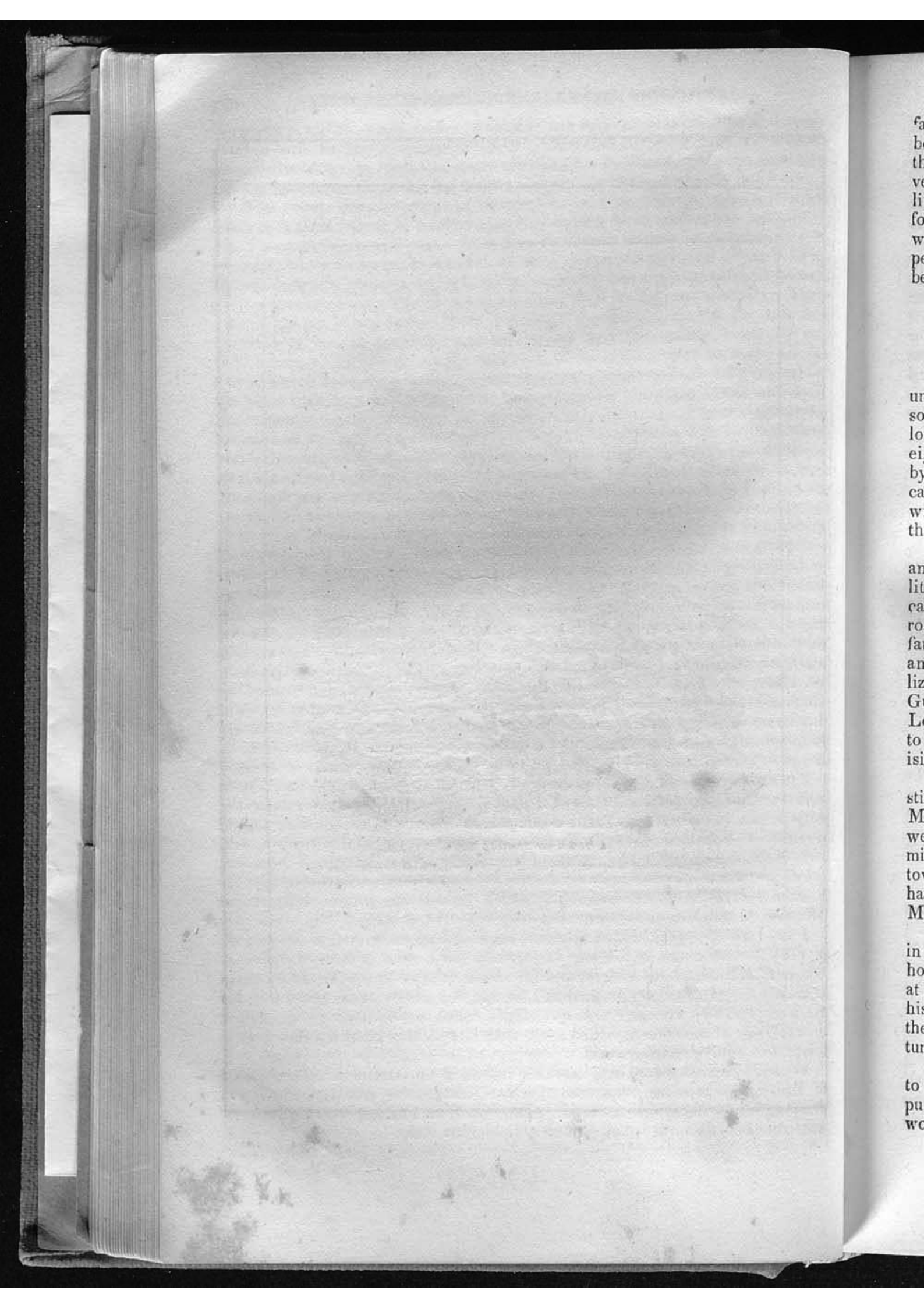
The prairie dog leads a life of constant alarm, and numerous enemies are ever on the watch to surprise him. The hawk and the eagle, hovering high in air, watch their towns, and pounce suddenly upon them, never failing to carry off in their talons some unhappy member of the community. The coyote, too, a hereditary foe, lurks behind a hillock, watching patiently for hours, until an unlucky straggler approaches within reach of his murderous spring. In the winter, when the prairie dog, snug in his subterranean abode, and with granaries well filled, never cares to expose his little nose to the icy blasts which sweep across the plains, but between eating and sleeping, passes merrily the long frozen winter, he is often roused from his warm bed, and almost congealed with terror while hearing the snorting yelp of the half-



A TOWN OF PRAIRIE DOGS.

"Their towns equal in extent and population the largest cities of Europe; some extending many miles in length, with considerable regularity in their streets, and their houses of a uniform style of architecture."--PAGE 65.

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famished wolf, who, mad with hunger, assaults with tooth and claw, the frost-bound roof of his house, and with almost superlupine strength, hurls down the well cemented walls, tears up the passages, plunges his cold nose into the very chambers, snorts into them with ravenous anxiety, and drives the poor little trembling inmate into the most remote corners, too often to be dragged forth and unhesitatingly devoured. The rattlesnake, too, I fear, is not the welcome guest he reports himself to be; for I have often slain the wily serpent with a belly too much protuberant to be either healthy or natural, and bearing in its outline a very strong resemblance to the figure of a prairie dog.

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.

Louis XIV having, by his extravagance, and by frequent expensive and unprofitable wars, created a debt of three thousand millions of livres, and by so doing, laid a foundation broad and deep, for the wide-spread ruin that followed, died at Versailles, on the first of September, 1715, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and the seventy-third of his reign. He was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XV, then a child five years old, of a feeble and delicate constitution; and the Duke of Orleans, a nephew of the late king, notwithstanding his dissolute morals, and his proximity to the throne, against the will of the great monarch, became Regent of France.

The valley of the Mississippi, including Illinois, was at that time held and occupied by Crozat, under a grant made by Louis XIV, in 1712. The little barter between the inhabitants of Louisiana and the natives, insignificant as it was, and the petty trade between the French and the other European settlements in their vicinity, was rendered almost profitless by the fatal monopoly of the Parisian merchant. The Indians were too numerous and too powerful to be controlled by his factors. The English had monopolized already a portion of the Indian trade. Every Spanish harbor on the Gulf of Mexico had been closed against his vessels, and every Frenchman in Louisiana was not only hostile to his interest, but was aiding and assisting to foment difficulties in the colony. Crozat's retrocession, therefore, of Louisiana to the crown, in 1717, was the result of necessity, as well as choice.

The misfortunes of La Salle, the ill success of Iberville and Crozat, were still remembered, and the bones of deceased emigrants, who had sought the Mississippi as their homes, still whitened its valley; yet visions of untold wealth, existing somewhere on its tributary waters, were again revived; and mines of silver and gold, plantations of indefinite extent and surpassing beauty, towns and cities, commerce and the arts, again invoked to replenish an exhausted treasury, and preserve, if possible, a sinking empire. Hence the Mississippi scheme, or Bubble, as it sometimes is termed.

John Law, the projector of this scheme, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1761. At the age of fourteen, he was received into his father's counting-house, in Edinburgh, as a clerk, and for about three years labored assiduously at his desk. His father's occupation was that of a goldsmith and banker. By his death, in 1688, a considerable fortune descended to this, his only son, who, at the early age of seventeen, sallied forth, without rudder or compass, into a wide tumultuous, and deceitful world.

Young, vain, good-looking, tolerably rich, and unrestrained, he proceeded to London, where he frequented the most fashionable gaming-houses, and pursuing on all occasions a certain plan, based on abstruse calculations, he won considerable money, and gamblers envied his luck.

In gallantry he was equally fortunate, and ladies of exalted rank smiled graciously upon the handsome Scotchman.

Success, however, soon paved the way for reverses, and as the love of play increased in violence, it diminished in prudence. Great losses could only be repaired by greater ventures, and notwithstanding his long experience, at the close of an unlucky day, he lost everything he had. Goods, chattels, credit, money, and character, even the patrimony now his by a father's bounty.

His gallantry, at the same time, led him into serious difficulty, and a love affair, a slight flirtation with a Miss Villars, afterward the Countess of Orkney, exposed him to the resentment of a Mr. Wilson, by whom he was challenged to fight a duel. He accepted the challenge, killed his antagonist on the spot, was arrested the same day, and soon thereafter was indicted for murder, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. This sentence was afterward commuted for a fine, upon the ground that the offense amounted only to manslaughter. An appeal was entered by the brother of the deceased, and the prisoner detained in jail, from whence he escaped and fled to the Continent.

For about three years he traversed the Continent, devoting his mornings to the study of finance and the principles of trade, and his evenings to the gaming-house, and returned to Edinburgh in 1700, where he issued proposals for establishing a council of trade—they excited, however, but little attention.

Having failed in every project he attempted in Scotland, and his efforts to procure a pardon for the murder of Wilson, having proved abortive, he withdrew to the Continent to resume his occupation as a gambler, and to become the friend and the companion of princes. For fourteen years he roamed about Flanders, Holland, Germany, Hungary, Italy and France, supporting himself by successful play. During that period he studied the European character, became acquainted with the trade and resources of those nations through which he wandered, and was daily more and more convinced, that no country could prosper without a paper currency. At every gambling-house of note, in almost every capital in Europe, he was more known and appreciated in the doctrines of chance than any other. Having been expelled first from France, and afterward from Genoa, by the magistrates, who thought him a dangerous visitor, he repaired to Paris, where he became obnoxious to the police, and was ordered to quit the capital. He had made, however, the acquaintance of the gay Duke of Orleans, who promised to become his patron. Louis XIV then occupied the throne. Law proposed his scheme of finance to the comptroller of the public funds, who was asked by the king if the projector was a Catholic, and being answered in the negative, Louis XIV declined his services.

His scheme was next proposed to the reigning Duke of Savoy, who at once told the projector that his dominions were too limited for the execution of so great a project, and that he was too poor a potentate to be ruined; that he had no doubt, however, but the French people, if he knew anything of their character, would be delighted with a plan so new and so plausible, and advised him to go to France. Louis XIV being now in his grave, and an infant on the throne, the Duke of Orleans, a friend and patron of Law, assumed the reins of government as regent of France.

The extravagances of the former monarch had thrown the national finances into the utmost disorder, and France was on the brink of ruin, when John Law presented himself at court, and was cordially received. He insisted, that all the evils which had befallen France were owing, not to the improvidence, extravagance, or the malversation of those who had been, or were then

in power, but to an insufficient currency. That the specie of France, unaided by paper money, was inadequate to its wants, and cited England and Holland as examples. He thereupon proposed to set up a bank, which should have the management of the royal revenues, and issue notes on that and landed security. That it should be administered in the king's name, and be subject to the control of commissioners, to be appointed by the States General.

On the 5th of May, 1716, a royal edict was published, by which Law and his brother were authorized to establish a bank, with a capital of six millions of livres, the notes of which should be received in the payment of taxes. They were issued, payable at sight, and in the coin current at *the time they were issued*. This last was a master stroke of policy, and immediately rendered his notes more valuable than the precious metals. The capital consisted of one-fourth specie, and three-fourths State securities. The stock was, of course, immediately subscribed. A thousand livres of silver might be worth their nominal value one day, and one-fifth less the next; but a note of Law's bank retained its original value. Law, in the meantime, publicly declared, that a banker deserved death who made issues without the means for their redemption. The consequence was, that the note shortly commanded a premium of "fifteen per cent," while the notes issued by government, as security for debts contracted by the extravagance of Louis XIV, were at seventy-eight and a half per cent. discount.

The contrast was so great, that Law's credit rapidly extended itself, and branches of his bank were at the same time established in Lyons, Rochelle, Tours, Amiens, and Orleans. The regent became astonished at its success; and paper money, which could thus aid metallic currency, it was thought, could supersede it altogether. On this fundamental error, both the regent and the French people, simultaneously acted.

Law, whose influence was now irresistible, next proposed his famous Mississippi scheme. This became afterward a connecting link between his history and ours, and rendered his name immortal.

Letters patent were issued in 1717, to establish a trading company to the Mississippi, known at first as the Western Company, to be divided into two hundred thousand shares, of five hundred livres each. Its capital to be composed of State securities at par; a hundred millions of the most depreciated stocks were thus absorbed, and the Government became indebted to a company, of its own creation, instead of individuals, for that amount. Through a bank previously established by Law, the interest in this portion of the public debt was punctually paid, in consequence whereof, an immediate rise in its value took place, from a depreciation of seventy-eight and a half per cent. to par. The person, therefore, who had purchased a hundred livres of State debts, which he could have done at any time for twenty-one and a half livres, and invested it in stocks of the Western Company, was now enabled to realize in cash, one hundred livres for his investment. Large fortunes were thus speedily acquired. Although the union of the bank with the risks and responsibilities of a commercial company, was ominous of its future destiny; the interest of its capital for one year, having been paid—not from its profits, for none had yet accrued, but from other sources, all of them fictitious—public credit was apparently restored, as if by a miracle.

Crozat having resigned the commerce of Louisiana, it was transferred immediately to the Western Company, and the valley of the Mississippi inflamed at once the public mind. The whole of France saw, in prospect, its future glory, and beheld the opulence of coming ages already in their grasp.

On the 25th of August, 1717, eight hundred emigrants arrived in three

vessels, and cast anchor near Dauphin Island, instead of ascending the Mississippi. They there disembarked; some perished for want of enterprise, some for want of food, some from the climate, and some prospered exceedingly. Hardy emigrants from Canada resorted thither, and these, by their enterprise, were more successful than any other colonists. The city of New Orleans was immediately founded among cane-brakes, and named after the dissolute regent, who "denied God, and trembled at a star."

Law's bank, in the meantime, had wrought such wonders in France, that new privileges were conferred upon it daily. It monopolized the tobacco trade; it monopolized, also, the slave trade; for the French colonies, it enjoyed the right of refining gold and silver; and was finally, in January, 1717, erected into the royal bank of France. The Western or Mississippi Company, was also merged into the "Company of the Indies," and new shares of its stocks were created, and sold at an enormous profit.

The Company of the Indies being now connected with the royal bank of France, its first attempts at colonization were conducted with careless prodigality. To entice emigrants thither, the richest prairies, the most inviting fields in the whole valley of the Mississippi, were conceded to companies, or individuals who sought principalities in America. An extensive prairie in Arkansas, bounded on all sides by the sky, was conceded to Law himself, where he designed to plant a city, and actually expended a million and a half of livres for that purpose. He also purchased and sent to Louisiana, three hundred slaves. Mechanics from France, and emigrants from Germany were, at his expense, transported thither, and gifts of great value were lavished by his agents upon those savage tribes with whom they had smoked the calumet. Notwithstanding, however, his efforts and his expenditures, that industry, that economy and perseverance so essential to the prosperity of a new settlement, was not there; and when a Jesuit priest, in 1729, visited the colony, thirty miserable Frenchmen alone remained, and those had been abandoned by their employers.

During this paroxysm, when every stockholder in the Western Company supposed that his coffers were already filled, and his happiness complete, Fort Chartres, near Kaskaskia, in Illinois, was projected. It was built by the company in 1720, to protect themselves against the Spaniards, with whom France was then at war, and was located near the center of the French settlements in Illinois. Eighty thousand shares were added to the stock of the royal India company, at one time. For these new shares, three hundred thousand applications were made, and Law's house was beset from morning until night, with eager applicants; and as it was some time before the list of fortunate stockholders could be completed, the public impatience rose to a pitch of frenzy.

Dukes, marquises, and counts, with their wives and daughters, waited for hours in the streets, before his door, to know the result; and to avoid being jostled by the plebeian crowd, took apartments in the adjacent houses, the rents of which rose from a thousand livres, to twelve, and in some instances, sixteen thousand livres per annum. The demand for shares was so great, induced by so many golden dreams, that it was thought advisable to increase them three hundred thousand more, at five hundred livres each; and such was the eagerness of the nation to become subscribers, that three times the amount, if the Government had ordered it, would at once have been taken.

Law was now in the zenith of his glory, and the people in the zenith of their infatuation. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, were at once filled with the visions of boundless wealth; and people of every age and sex, rank and condition, were engaged in buying and selling stock. A cobbler, who had a stall near Mr. Law's, gained two hundred livres a day by letting

it out, and finding materials to brokers and other clients. A hump-backed man, who stood in the street, as the story goes, gained considerable sums by lending his back, as a writing-desk, to the eager spectators. Law, finding his residence inconvenient, removed to the Place Vendome, whither the crowd followed him; and the spacious square had the appearace of a public market, and a lease was also taken of the Hotel de Soissons.

Peers, judges, and bishops, thronged the Hotel de Soissons; officers of the army and navy, ladies of title and fashion, were seen waiting in the ante-chamber of Mr. Law, to beg for a portion of his India stock. He was unable to see one-tenth part of the applicants, and every species of ingenuity was employed to gain an audience. Peers, whose dignity would have been outraged if the regent had made them wait half an hour for an interview, were content to wait six hours, for the purpose of seeing this wily adventurer.

Enormous fees were paid to his servants, merely to announce their names; and ladies of rank employed the blandishments of all their smiles. One lady in particular, who had striven many days in vain to see him, ordered her coachman to keep strict watch, and when he saw him coming, to drive against a post and upset her. At last she espied Mr. Law, and pulling the string, called out to the coachman: "Upset us now." The coachman drove against a post, the lady screamed, the coach was overturned, and Mr. Law, who had seen the accident, came to her assistance. She was led to his house, and as soon as she thought it advisable, recovered from her fright, apologized for her intrusion, and confessed the stratagem. Law, who was a gallant man, could no longer resist, and entered her name in his books as a purchaser of a quantity of India stock. A Madame de Bouche, knowing that Mr. Law was at dinner at a certain house, proceeded thither in her carriage, and gave the alarm of fire; and while everybody was scampering away, she made haste toward him, and he, suspecting the trick, ran off in another direction.

A celebrated physician in Paris had bought stock at an unlucky period and was anxious to sell out. While it was rapidly falling, and his mind was filled with the subject, he was called upon to attend a lady who thought herself unwell. Being shown up stairs, he felt of the lady's pulse, and more intent upon his stock than his patient, exclaimed: "It falls, it falls! good God, it falls continually!" The lady, alarmed, started up, and ringing the bell for assistance, "Oh, doctor!" said she, "I am dying—I am dying, it falls!" "What falls?" inquired the doctor in amazement. "My pulse—my pulse!" said the lady; "I am dying!" "Calm your apprehensions, my dear madam," said the doctor, "I was speaking of the stocks. I have been so great a loser, and my mind is so disturbed, that I hardly know what I was saying." The effect of all this upon the public mind and the public manners, was overwhelming; the laxity of public morals, conspicuous enough before, became more so; and the pernicious love of gambling diffused itself through society, and bore all public and nearly all private virtue before it.

While this confidence lasted, an impetus was given to trade, which it had never known. Strangers flocked to the capital from every part of the globe, and its population was temporarily increased three hundred and five thousand souls. Housekeepers were obliged to make up beds in garrets, kitchens, and even stables, for the accommodation of lodgers. The looms of the country worked with uncommon activity. Provisions shared the general advance; wages rose in the same proportion. The artisan who had gained his fifteen sous a day, now gained sixty. An illusory prosperity everywhere prevailed, and so dazzled the eyes of the victim, that no one could perceive on the horizon a dark cloud, which announced the approaching storm.

Law, at this time, was by far the most influential person in the State; his wife and daughters were courted by the highest nobility, and their alliance sought by ducal and princely houses.

In 1720, an alarm was created. Some specie was demanded; Law became alarmed—the precious metals had left the kingdom. Coin, for more than five hundred livres, was declared an illegal tender. A council of state was held, and it was ascertained that two thousand six hundred millions of livres were in circulation; and on the 27th of May, the bank stopped payment. The people assailed Law's carriage with stones as he was entering his own door, and but for the dexterity of his coachman, he would have been torn in pieces. On the following day, his wife and daughters were attacked by the mob, as they were returning in their carriage from the races. The regent being informed of these occurrences, sent him a guard for his protection. Finding his own house, even with this guard, insecure, he repaired to the palace, and took apartments with the regent. He afterward left the kingdom; his estates and library were confiscated, and he died at Venice, in extreme poverty, in 1729.

Such was the fate of John Law, who had caused several millions of livres to be expended in Illinois, and, for several years, had used the Mississippi valley as the means, or the instrument, of his ambition. Stock-jobbers and speculators had used it also for a similar purpose; and New-Orleans was more famous in Paris when covered with cane-brakes, than it has been since.

Law held, that the currency of a country was the mere "representative of its moving wealth;" that it need not, therefore, of itself, possess intrinsic value; that the wealth of a nation may be "indefinitely increased by an arbitrary infusion of paper;" that credit consisted in the "excess of circulation over immediate resources; and, that the "advantage of credit is in the direct ratio of that excess." Hence the whimsical project of collecting the gold and silver of a kingdom into one bank, and supplying its place by an exclusive paper currency.

THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR, IN THE WEST.

By the middle of the last century, the power of France had been extended over a great part of North America. The first efforts toward the settlement of the Mississippi valley were made by that power at several of its remotest points on the great Lakes; on the Wabash; at Kaskaskia, on the Mississippi; whence their settlements extended across the Mississippi to St. Genevieve, and St. Louis; on the Mexican Gulf, at Biloxi and Mobile, and on the Lower Mississippi, at New Orleans.

In pursuance of their great plan of occupying the whole valley and connecting their settlements from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, by a line of posts, with water communications, like the chord of an immense semicircle, stretching along the whole rear of the English settlements, they gradually extended their fortifications to the south side of Lake Erie; erecting one at Presque Isle, on the site of Erie, and another at Le Bœuf, on the French Creek, between that point and the Ohio, and a third on Duquesne, at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, on the site of Pittsburgh. The advantages of that admirable position did not escape the eyes of a people remarkably acute to discern the advantages of military posts. By it they proposed to command the trade, and awe the obedience of the Indians of the Ohio and the Lakes, and connect the southern Canadian posts, by the long and unrivaled communication of the Ohio with the settlements of the Wabash, Illinois and lower Mississippi.

It was not to be supposed that the English could regard these proceedings of their rivals without alarm, or that they could see them monopolizing the vast and fertile country of Upper Louisiana without desiring to share its advantages, especially as they considered themselves possessing an equal claim to them. In consequence of the discovery of the Cabots, they asserted the right of extending their settlements as far as the Pacific. The French, on the other hand, maintained their claim to the valley of the Mississippi, on the ground of having been the first to explore and colonize it, and insisted that the English should confine themselves to the country east of the Alleghany Mountains. Amid these conflicting pretensions, neither party seems to have imagined that there might be prior rights, which equally barred the claims of both. An Indian chief remarked, on the occasion of this dispute, "The French claim all the country to the west, and the English all to the east and west; where, then, is the country of the Indians?" This was an embarrassing question, and has never yet been satisfactorily answered.

At this time, however, the Indians did not seem to think of asserting their own rights, but took part in the quarrels of the two nations, which were both equally regardless of them: a very fortunate circumstance for the French, as Canada then contained only 45,000 inhabitants, and the whole of Louisiana no more than 7000 whites, while the English colonies had a population of 1,051,000.

The rival nations now only waited an occasion of commencing the contest and it soon arrived. Shortly after the conclusion of the last war, several individuals in Virginia and England associated together under the name of the Ohio Company, and obtained a grant from the crown of six hundred thousand acres of land, lying in the country claimed by either nation. The objects of this company being commercial as well as territorial, measures were taken for securing all the advantages which could be derived from their charter, by establishing trading-houses and employing persons to survey the country.

The governor of Canada, on receiving information of what he considered an encroachment on the French dominions, wrote to the governors of New-York and Pennsylvania, stating that the English traders had trespassed upon the French territory, and that, if they were not made to desist, he should be under the necessity of seizing them. Finding his threats disregarded, he proceeded to put them in execution; and, arresting the company's servants, had them conveyed as prisoners to Presque Isle, on Lake Erie, where he was engaged in erecting a strong fort. About the same time a communication was opened from Presque Isle, along French Creek and the Alleghany River, to the Ohio, called by the French La Belle Riviere. This communication was kept up by detachments of troops posted at proper distances, in works capable of protecting them against an attack made with small arms alone.

This military line passing through the territory granted to the Ohio Company as a part of Virginia, the lieutenant-governor of that province laid the matter before the Assembly, and dispatched Washington, then a young officer only twenty-one years old, with a letter to Monsieur de St. Pierre, commander of the French forces on the Ohio, requiring him to withdraw from the dominions of his Britannic majesty. M. de St. Pierre replied with politeness, but in decided terms, that he had taken possession of the country by order of his superior officer, Governor Duquesne, to whom he would transmit the letter, but the summons to retire he could not comply with.

In 1754 preparations were immediately made in Virginia to assert the rights of the British crown, and a regiment was sent to the defense of the frontier. Advancing with a small detachment, Washington fell in with a party of French and Indians, who approached with every appearance of hos-

tile intentions. A skirmish ensued, in which the commander of the party, M. de Jumonville, and ten of his men, were killed.

The object of the American officer had been to anticipate the French in occupying the post at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, where a party of militia and a body of workmen had been sent by the Ohio Company; but finding they had already driven the latter away, and erected a strong fort on the spot, and foreseeing that, on hearing of the affair of Jumonville, they would at once send a detachment against him, he hastily completed a small stockade he had commenced at a place called Great Meadows, near the site of Uniontown, Pa., and gave to it the name of Fort Necessity. Here he was soon attacked, and, after a gallant defense, capitulated on honorable terms.

This action being considered by the British government as the commencement of hostilities by the French, troops were immediately sent from England to prosecute the war. Among the different expeditions planned was one under Gen. Braddock against Fort Duquesne, on the site of Pittsburgh.

The Battle of the Monongahela.—Major Gen. Edward Braddock arrived in this country early in the year 1755, with two regiments of veteran English troops. He was joined at Fort Cumberland by a large number of provincial troops to aid in the contemplated reduction of Fort Duquesne. Dividing his force, he pushed onward with about 1200 chosen men through dark forests, and over pathless mountains.

Col. George Washington, who was a volunteer aid of Braddock, but had been left behind on account of illness, overtook the General on the evening of the 8th of July, at the mouth of the Youghiogheny River, fifteen miles from Duquesne, the day before the battle.

The officers and soldiers were now in the highest spirits, and firm in the conviction that they should within a few hours victoriously enter within the walls of Fort Duquesne. Early on the morning of the 9th, the army passed through the river a little below the mouth of the Youghiogheny, and proceeded in perfect order along the southern margin of the Monongahela. Washington was often heard to say, during his lifetime, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld was the display of the British troops on this eventful morning. Every man was neatly dressed in full uniform, the soldiers were arranged in columns, and marched in exact order, the sun gleamed from their burnished arms, the river flowed tranquilly on their right, and the deep forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on their left. Officers and men were equally inspirited with cheering hopes, and confident anticipations.

In this manner they marched forward until about noon, when they arrived at the second crossing-place, ten miles from Fort Duquesne. They halted but a little time, and then began to ford the river, and regain its northern bank. As soon as they had crossed they came upon a level plain, elevated only a few feet above the surface of the river, and extending northward nearly half a mile from its margin. They commenced a gradual ascent on an angle of about three degrees, which terminated in hills of a considerable hight at no great distance beyond. The road, from the fording-place to Fort Duquesne, led across the plain and up this ascent, and thence proceeded through an uneven country, at that time covered with wood.

By the order of march, 300 men under Col. Gage made the advanced party, which was immediately followed by another of 200. Next came the General with the columns of artillery, the main body of the army and the baggage. About one o'clock the whole had crossed the river, and almost at this moment, a sharp firing was heard upon the advanced parties, who were now ascending the hill, and had proceeded about a hundred yards from the termination of the

plain. A heavy discharge of musketry was poured in upon their front, which was the first intelligence they had of an enemy; and this was suddenly followed by another upon their right flank. They were filled with the greatest consternation, as no enemy was in sight, and the firing seemed to come from an invisible foe. They fired in turn, however, but quite at random, and obviously without effect.

The General hastened forward to the relief of the advanced parties; but before he could reach the spot which they occupied, they gave way and fell back upon the artillery and the other columns of the army, causing extreme confusion, and striking the whole mass with such a panic, that no order could afterward be restored. The general and the officers behaved with the utmost courage, and used every effort to rally the men, and bring them to order, but all in vain. In this state they continued nearly three hours, huddling together in confused bodies, firing irregularly, shooting down their own officers and men, and doing no perceptible harm to the enemy. The Virginia provincials were the only troops who seemed to retain their senses, and they behaved with a bravery and resolution worthy of a better fate. They adopted the Indian mode, and fought, each man for himself, behind a tree. This was prohibited by the general, who endeavored to form his men into platoons and columns, as if they had been maneuvering on the plains of Flanders. Meantime, the French and Indians, concealed in the ravines and behind trees, kept up a deadly and unceasing discharge of rifles, singling out their objects, taking deliberate aim, and producing a carnage almost unparalleled in the annals of modern warfare. More than half the whole army, which had crossed the river in so proud an array only three hours before, were either killed or wounded. The general himself received a mortal wound, and many of his best officers fell by his side.

During the whole of the action, Col. George Washington,* then twenty-three years of age, behaved with the greatest courage and resolution. The other two aids-de-camp were wounded, and on him alone devolved the duty of distributing the orders of the general. He rode in every direction, and was a conspicuous object for the enemy's sharp shooters. He had four bullets through his coat, and had two horses shot under him, and yet escaped unhurt. So bloody a contest has rarely been witnessed. Out of twelve hundred men, seven hundred and fourteen were either killed or wounded; of eighty-six officers, more than two thirds were among the killed or wounded. Braddock was mortally wounded by a provincial named Fausett. (See page 36.) The enemy lost only about forty men. They fought in deep ravines, and the balls of the English passed over their heads.

The remnant of Braddock's army, panic stricken, fled in great disorder to Fort Cumberland. The enemy did not pursue them. Satiated with carnage and plunder, the Indians could not be tempted from the battle-field.

The army of Braddock had been carefully watched, by some Indian spies, from the time they left Fort Cumberland. There was no force in Fort Duquesne that could cope with the English, and the French commandant had expressed the necessity of either retreat or surrender. By accident, four hundred or five hundred Indians happened to be at the fort of the French garrison. One officer of inferior rank, Capt. Beaujeau, strenuously urged that,

*When Washington went to the Ohio, in 1770, to explore the wild lands near the mouth of the Kanawha, he met an aged Indian chief, who told him, through an interpreter, that, at the battle of Braddock's Field, he had singled him out as a conspicuous object, fired his rifle at him many times, and directed his young men to do the same, but none of their balls took effect. He was then persuaded that the young hero was under the especial guardianship of the Great Spirit, and ceased firing at him. He had now come a great way to pay homage to the man who was the particular favorite of Heaven, and who could never die in battle.

for the honor of the French arms, some resistance should be made. Beaujeau consulted the Indians, who volunteered to the number of about four hundred. With much difficulty, the young hero obtained from his commander permission to lead out to a certain limit, such French soldiers as chose to join in the desperate enterprise. Of the number, only about *thirty* volunteered, and with these four hundred and thirty men, the gallant Frenchman marched out to attack more than threefold their number.

In the meantime, Braddock rejected every remonstrance from Washington and other colonial officers with insult, and advanced into the snare just as far as the enemy desired, when destruction to the greater part of the army was almost the certain result. (See note, page 36.)

When the victory was reported to the commandant at Fort Duquesne, his transports were unbounded. He received Beaujeau with open arms, loaded him with the most extravagant honors, and, in a few days, sent to report the victory to the Governor of Canada. But behold! when the dispatches were opened, they consisted of criminal charges against Beaujeau in his office of paymaster, and other charges equally culpable. Under these accusations, this injured man was tried, broke and ruined. So matters rested until, in the revolutionary war, the subject of Braddock's defeat happened to come into conversation between Washington and Lafayette, when the real facts were stated to the latter. He heard them with unqualified astonishment; but with his powerful sense of justice, determining to do all in his ability to repair what he considered a national act of cruelty and injustice, he took and preserved careful notes, and on his return to Europe, had inquiries made for Beaujeau. He was found in a state of poverty and wretchedness, broken down by advancing years and unmerited obloquy. The affair was brought before the government of France, and as the real events were made manifest, the officer was restored to his rank and honors.

To the foregoing account of the incidents of Braddock's defeat, we annex a few paragraphs from the narrative of Col. James Smith, then a prisoner at Fort Duquesne.

Some time after I was there, I was visited by the Delaware Indian who was at the taking of me, and could speak some English. I asked him what news from Braddock's army? He said, the Indians spied them every day, and he showed me by making marks on the ground with a stick, that Braddock's army was advancing in very close order, and that the Indians would surround them, take trees, and (as he expressed it), *shoot um down all one pigeon.*

Shortly after this, on the 9th day of July, 1755, in the morning, I heard a great stir in the fort. As I could then walk with a staff in my hand, I went out of the door, which was just by the wall of the fort, and stood upon the wall and viewed the Indians in a huddle before the gate, where were barrels of powder, bullets, flints, &c., and every one taking what suited; I saw the Indians also march off in rank entire—likewise the French Canadians, and some regulars. After viewing the Indians and French in different positions, I computed them to be about four hundred, and wondered that they attempted to go out against Braddock with so small a party. I was then in high hopes that I would soon see them fly before the British troops, and that General Braddock would soon take the fort and rescue me.

I remained anxious to know the event of this day; and, in the afternoon, I again observed a great noise and commotion in the fort, and though at that time I could not understand French, yet I found that it was the voice of joy and triumph, and feared that they had received what I called bad news.

I had observed some of the old country soldiers speak Dutch; as I spoke

Dutch, I went to one of them, and asked him what was the news? He tolo me that a runner had just arrived, who said that Braddock would certainly be defeated; that the Indians and French had surrounded him, and were concealed behind trees and in gullies, and kept a constant fire upon the English, and that they saw the English falling in heaps, and if they did not take the river, which was the only gap, and make their escape, there would not be one man left alive before sundown. Some time after this, I heard a number of scalp halloos, and saw a company of Indians and French coming in. I observed they had a great many bloody scalps, grenadiers' caps, British canteens, bayonets, &c., with them. They brought the news that Braddock was defeated. After that, another company came in, which appeared to be about one hundred, and chiefly Indians, and it seemed to me that almost every one of this company was carrying scalps; after this, came another company with a number of wagon horses, and also a great many scalps. Those that were coming in, and those that had arrived, kept a constant firing of small arms, and also the great guns in the fort, which were accompanied with the most hideous shouts and yells from all quarters; so it appeared to me as if the infernal regions had broke loose.

About sundown, I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners, stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces and part of their bodies blackened—these prisoners they burned to death on the bank of the Alleghany River, opposite to the fort. I stood on the fort wall until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men: they had him tied to a stake, and kept touching him with fire-brands, red-hot irons, &c., and he screaming in the most doleful manner,—the Indians, in the meantime, yelling like infernal spirits. As this scene appeared too shocking for me to behold, I returned to my lodgings both sorry and sore.

When I came into my lodgings, I saw Russel's Seven Sermons, which they had brought from the field of battle, which a Frenchman made a present of to me. From the best information I could receive, there were only seven Indians and four French killed in this battle, and five hundred British lay dead in the field, beside what were killed in the river on their retreat.

The morning after the battle, I saw Braddock's artillery brought into the fort; the same day, I also saw several Indians in British officer's dress, with sash, half moons, laced hats, &c., which the British then wore.

The result of this battle gave the French and Indians a complete ascendancy on the Ohio, and put a check to the British operations, west of the mountains, for two or three years. In 1757, the Shawanees, Cherokees and Iroquois, in alliance with the French, penetrated even to the east side of the mountains, desolating the frontier settlements in blood. In the same autumn, the English built Fort Loudon, in what is now named Monroe County, East Tennessee: in the suceeeding year, Col. Burd erected another fort on the Holston, one hundred miles north. Settlements arose around each of these posts.

Grant's Defeat.—In the year 1758, great preparations were made by the English for the reduction of the French posts. In July, an army of seven thousand men, under Gen. Forbes, left Carlisle, Pennsylvania, destined for the reduction of Fort Duquesne. About the middle of September, the advanced guard, under Col. Boquet, having reached Loyal Hanna, in what is now Westmoreland county, that officer dispatched Major Grant to reconnoiter, with eight hundred Highland Scotch and two hundred Virginians, under Major Andrew Lewis, who subsequently commanded at the sanguinary battle of Point Pleasant.

As they drew near the fort undiscovered, Grant thought he could surprise the garrison, and thus disappoint his general of the honor of the conquest.

Lewis, in vain, remonstrated against the folly of the attempt; but Grant, desirous of monopolizing all the honor, ordered Lewis with his provincials to remain behind with the baggage. Early in the morning, Grant, with his Scotch Highlanders, advanced to the attack by beating drums upon Grant's Hill, as it was afterward called, within the site of Pittsburgh. This incautious bravado aroused the Indians, who, to the number of fifteen hundred, were lying on the opposite side of the river, and soon Grant was surrounded by an overwhelming number, when the work of death went on rapidly, and in a manner quite novel to the Scotch Highlanders, who, in all their European wars, had never before seen men's heads skinned. Major Lewis soon perceiving, by the retreating fire, that Grant was overmatched, came to the rescue with his provincials, and falling on the rear of the Indians, made way for Grant and some of his men to retreat; but his own party was overwhelmed by numbers. This action proved disastrous to the English, more than one-third of the whole force being killed. Grant and Lewis were both taken prisoners,* and the remnant of the detachment was saved mainly through the bravery and skill of Capt. Bullet, of the Virginia provincials, the only officer who escaped unhurt.

Boquet, while remaining at Loyal Hanna with the advance, was, shortly after, twice attacked by the French and Indians with great vigor; but he successfully repulsed them, with a loss on his part of only sixty-seven in killed and wounded. The intrenchment he threw up at that place, was afterward called Fort Ligonier.

In November, the commandant of Fort Duquesne, unable to cope with the overwhelming force approaching under Forbes, destroyed the fortress, and descended the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. On his route, he erected Fort Massac, on the Ohio, about forty miles from its mouth, in the Illinois country. Gen. Forbes repaired Fort Duquesne and changed its name to Fort Pitt; on this spot now stands the flourishing city of Pittsburgh.

The English were now, for the first time, in possession of the whole Upper Ohio region. In the spring of 1759, they established posts on the eastern side of the Ohio, prominent among which, was Fort Burd, on the site of Brownstown, Pa., later called Redstone Old Fort. They also soon had possession of Presque Isle, Detroit, and other French posts in that region.

While these events had been transpiring in the west, most brilliant successes had attended the English arms on the north. Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Fort Niagara and Quebec, were taken in 1759; the next year, Montreal fell, and with it, the whole of Canada. By the treaty of Paris, in 1763, France relinquished all her claims to Canada, and the western country, east of the Mississippi, to Great Britain; to Spain. she ceded that west of the Mississippi.

THE CHEROKEE WAR OF 1760.

An important episode in the French and Indian war, which resulted in the loss of Canada and the West, to that power, was the Cherokee war. Most of the prominent incidents of which occurred on or near the eastern and south-eastern line of Tennessee.

The Cherokees occupied a beautiful and broad extent of country—one of

* The Indians would have killed Lewis had it not been for the interference of a French officer. When he was advancing to the relief of Grant, he met a Scotch Highlander, under speedy flight; and inquiring of him how the battle went, he replied, that they were "a' beaten, and he had seen Donald M'Donald up to his hunkers in mud, and a' the skeen aff his heed."

fertile valleys, green meadows, sunny slopes, immense forests, girt about by mountains of giant grandeur, that alike served as natural fortresses, and to exclude them from the outer world. They were a highly intellectual people, compared to most of the aborigines. They possessed fine fruit, and corn fields, and their towns were generally fenced in. Beside the great natural strength of their position, their numerical force was large, for they had no less than sixty-four towns and villages, and were able, in an emergency, to send six thousand warriors into the field.

In 1756, the English sent deputies among the Cherokees, to secure their aid against the French. A council was convened, and likely to terminate favorably, when tidings suddenly came that a party of their nation, who had visited the French on the Ohio, were massacred by some Virginians, on their return home. Immediately the council was in an uproar, and it was not without the greatest exertions on the part of their renowned chief, Attakulla, that the deputies were saved from immediate death.

Great excitement succeeded this provocation. The older part of the nation remained calm, and Attakulla and Oconostota, or the Great Warrior, were both against instant war; but the French emissaries instigated the younger warriors to take the field; parties of whom involved the frontiers in horrid devastation and massacre. Governor Lyttleton, of South Carolina, summoned the militia to meet at the Congarees, to commence active hostilities. No sooner did the Cherokees hear of this movement, than they sent thirty-two of their chiefs, among whom was Great Warrior, to settle all differences at Charleston. A conference ensued, and the Governor made a long speech of accusation, which he concluded by saying, the chiefs must follow his troops, or he would not be answerable for their safety. Oconostota gravely rose to reply, but the Governor forbade him to proceed: "he would hear no talk in vindication of the orator's countrymen, nor any proposals with regard to peace, but was determined to proceed with his expedition.

The Great Warrior and his brother deputies were indignant; with hearts open for peace, they were grossly insulted. Nay, more, they were forcibly obliged to accompany the Governor to the Congarees, where were collected one thousand four hundred men; and when the expedition started on its march, a guard was placed over them to prevent their escape. On reaching Fort George, which stood on the Isundiga River, about three hundred miles from Charleston, on the borders of the Cherokee country, the chiefs were placed in close confinement.

As his troops were becoming discontented and mutinous, the Governor dared not advance any farther, and sent for Attakulla, the steady friend of the English, and the wisest man of the nation. He obeyed the summons, and a conference took place on the 17th of December, 1759. The Governor declared his readiness for peace, but on the condition that twenty-four of the Cherokees should be delivered up to be put to death, or otherwise disposed of at option, as an atonement for that number of Carolinians massacred in the late foray of the savages. These terms were accepted; but as soon as they were known, the mass of the Cherokees fled to the mountains, and the number of hostages could only be secured by detaining twenty-two of the chiefs already in custody.

No sooner had the Governor disbanded his forces than the Cherokees determined to violate a treaty so unjustly extorted, sounded the war-whoop, and killed fourteen whites within a mile of Fort George. This was followed up by a stratagem by which Oconostota, who had been released, aimed to take possession of the fort. Pretending to have something of importance to communicate to the commander, he dispatched a woman who had usually ob-

tained access to the station to solicit an interview with the commandant on the bank of the river. Cotymore imprudently assented, and accompanied by two officers, walked down to the river; from the opposite side of which Oconostota addressed him. While they spoke, the Indian waved a bridle over his head as a signal to his ambushed warriors. They fired; Cotymore fell dead, and his companions were wounded. But the Cherokees failed to get possession of the fort. Suspecting a concerted movement among the hostages, by which they would co-operate with the assailing foe without, the officers in the fort gave orders to secure them with irons. The Indians resisted with arms, and stabbing three of the soldiers, so exasperated the rest, already excited by the murder of their captain, that they fell upon the miserable captives, and butchered them to a man.

There were but few men in the Cherokee nation that did not lose a friend or a relation in this massacre. All, with one voice, cried for war: "the spirits of their murdered brothers were hovering around them, and calling out for vengeance on their enemies." Large parties rushed down upon the defenseless frontiers of Carolina, and men, women, and children fell a prey to their merciless fury. Some, who escaped the scalping-knife, starved to death in the forests; others, borne into captivity, suffered incredible hardships. Every day brought fresh accounts of their ravages and murders.

Great alarm prevailed throughout the Carolinas, and troops were raised for the protection of the frontiers, and with the others, General Amherst sent twelve companies of British regulars to the theater of hostilities. In May, 1760, the campaign commenced with a rapid invasion of the Cherokee territory; considerable ravages were speedily made; Estatoe and Keowee, the latter containing two hundred houses, were burnt; the army then marched to the relief of Fort George.

And now the war grew fervid. Saloueh and Fiftoe had sworn vengeance over the ashes of their homes, and the soul of the Great Warrior was hot within him. The invaders were suffered to pursue their hazardous and difficult march, through dark thickets and deep defiles, and over mountains, rivers, and swamps, until within five miles of Etchoe. Here was a low valley covered so thick with bushes, that the soldiers could scarcely see three yards before them. The army was obliged to pass through it, and that in such a manner as to permit but a few troops to act together. An officer was ordered to advance and scour the thicket with a company of rangers. A sudden discharge of fire-arms laid him dead with several of his soldiers. The grenadiers and light infantry now charged the enemy, a heavy fire commenced on both sides, and the woods rang with the warriors' whoop, the ring of musketry, the shouts of the soldiery, and the groans of the dying. The action lasted more than an hour; the English losing in killed and wounded almost a hundred men, when the Indians slowly retreated and disappeared, carrying off the bodies of their slain. Upon viewing the ground, all were astonished at the judgment shown in its selection; the most experienced officer could scarce have fixed upon a more advantageous spot for attacking an enemy. Orders were immediately given for an expeditious retreat.

Thus Oconostota succeeded in the field. But his heart still thirsted for blood. Fort Loudon, in what is now Monroe county, Tennessee, was besieged, with its garrison of two hundred men. They were reduced to the horrors of famine, being obliged to consume their horses and dogs for food. It was not until then that the commandant agreed to capitulate upon condition that the garrison should be permitted to march out with their arms to the nearest white settlements. On the 7th of August, the fort was surrendered, and the

troops had proceeded one day's march up the Tellico, about fifteen miles on the way to Fort George. Here, on the banks of the river, at day-break next morning, they were surrounded and attacked by nearly five hundred warriors; with the most horrid yells, they rushed, tomahawk in hand, upon the feeble and emaciated troops. At the first fire, the commandant and thirty of his men fell, and the greater portion of the remainder massacred on the spot. The residue either fled or were captured, and the latter pinioned and sent back to Fort Loudon. Among the latter, was a Captain Stuart, who before the war had been a friend of Attakulla. This chief had taken no part in the war. He came forward and claimed him as his prisoner, and at the first opportunity magnanimously assisted him to escape.

The spring of 1761 opened with new efforts, upon the part of the English, so that by the 27th of May, 2600 men mustered at Fort George, with whom were numbers of Chickasaws and Catawbas.

Latinac, a French officer, was at this time among the Cherokees, inciting them to war. He persuaded them that the English would be satisfied with nothing else than to exterminate them, man, woman and child from the face of the earth. He gave them arms too, and urged them to war. At a grand meeting of the nation, he brandished his hatchet, and striking it furiously into a log of wood, cried out: "Who is the man that will take this up for the King of France! Where is he! Let him come forth!" Saloueh, the young warrior of Estatoe, instantly leaped forward, laid hold of it, and cried out: "I will take it up. I am for war. The spirits of the slain call upon us; I will avenge them, and who will not? he is no better than a woman who refuses to follow me." Fierce looks and uplifted tomahawks answered this appeal, and again the war torrent rushed down upon the frontiers.

The English commenced their march into the interior on the 7th of June, and advanced unmolested as far as the well-remembered battle-ground of the year previous; but there the Indian scouts in front observed a large body of Cherokees posted upon a hill on the right flank of the army. Immediately the savages, rushing down, began to fire upon the advanced guard, which being supported, repulsed them; but they recovered the heights. Col. Grant ordered a party to march up the hills, and drive the enemy from them. The engagement became general, and was fought on both sides with great bravery. The situation of the troops, in several respects, was deplorable—fatigued by a tedious march in rainy weather—surrounded by woods so that they could not discern the enemy—baulked by the scattering fire of the savages, who when pressed always fell back, but rallied again. No sooner was any advantage gained over them in any one quarter, than they appeared in another. While the attention of the Commander was occupied in driving the enemy from their lurking-place on the river's side, his rear was attacked, and so vigorous an effort made for his cattle and flour, that he was obliged to order a party back to the relief of the rear-guard. From eight o,clock in the morning until eleven, the savages continued to keep up an incessant fire, sometimes from one place, sometimes from another, while the woods resounded with hideous war-hoops. At length the Cherokees gave way and were pursued. The English loss was about sixty in killed and wounded; that of the Cherokees was unknown.

Now commenced a scene of devastation scarcely paralleled in the annals of the continent. For thirty days the army employed themselves in burning and ravaging the country and settlements of the now broken-spirited Cherokees No less than fourteen of their towns shared the fate of Etchoe. Their granaries were yielded to the flames, their cornfields ravaged, while the miserable fugitives, flying from the sword, took refuge with their almost starving fami-

lies among the mountains—their only sustenance for most of the time being horseflesh.

The celebrated Francis Marion, then a subordinate officer in this campaign, in writing to a friend, gives the following touching and picturesque account: We arrived at the Indian towns in the month of July. As the lands were rich and the season had been favorable, the corn was bending under the double weight of lusty roasting ears and pods and clustering beans. The furrows seemed to rejoice under their precious loads—the fields stood thick with bread. We encamped the first night in the woods, near the fields, where the whole army feasted on the young corn, which, with fat venison, made a most delicious treat. The next morning, we proceeded, by order of Col. Grant, to burn down the Indian cabins. Some of our men seemed to enjoy this cruel work, laughing very heartily at the curling flames, as they mounted, loud crackling, over the tops of the huts. But, to me, it appeared a shocking sight. 'Poor creatures!' thought I, 'we surely need not grudge you such miserable habitations.' But when we came, according to orders, to cut down the fields of corn, I could scarcely refrain from tears. For who could see the stalks, that stood so stately, with broad, green leaves, and gaily tasselled shocks, filled with sweet, milky fluid, and flour, the staff of life—who, I say, without grief, could see these sacred plants sinking under our sword, with all their precious load, to wither, and rot untasted in the morning fields!

I saw everywhere around, the footsteps of little Indian children, where they had lately played under the shelter of the rustling corn. No doubt, they had often looked up with joy, to the swelling shocks, and gladdened when they thought of their abundant cakes for the coming winter. When we are gone, thought I, they will return, and, peeping through the weeds with tearful eyes, will mark the ghastly ruin poured over their homes, and the happy fields where they had so often played.

The result of these measures was decisive. No sooner had the army reached Fort George, than a deputation of chiefs visited the camp, to sue for peace. Among them, was Attakulla, who thus addressed Col. Grant:

> You live at the water side, and are in light. We are in darkness; but hope all will be clear. I have been constantly going about doing good; and though I am tired, yet I am come to see what can be done for my people, who are in great distress. As to what has happened, I believe it has been ordered by our Father above. We are of a different color from the white people. They are superior to us. But one God is Father of us all, and we hope what is past will be forgotten. God Almighty made all people. There is not a day, but that some are coming into, and others going out of the world. The Great King told me the path should never be crooked, but open for every one to pass and repass. As we all live in one land, I hope that we shall all live as one people.

Peace was formaliy ratified, and both expressed the hope that it might last as long as the sun would shine and the rivers run.

THE PONTIAC WAR.

In the year 1760, the French yielded to the English power in Canada, and on the western waters. Three days after the fall of Montreal, Major Rogers was dispatched with forces to take possession of the French posts along the southern shore of Lake Erie, and at Detroit.

At this period, there sprung upon the stage, the most remarkable Indian in the annals of history. It was Pontiac, the chief of the Ottawa tribe, and the principal sachem of the Algonquin Confederacy. He was distinguished for his noble form, commanding address, and proud demeanor. To these qualities, he united a lofty courage and a pointed and vigorous eloquence, that won the confidence of all the lake Indians, and made him a marked example of that

grandeur and sublimity of character sometimes found among the savages of the American forests. He had jealously watched the progress of the English arms, and their rapid encroachments upon the lands of his people.

When Pontiac first heard of the approach of Rogers with a detachment of English troops, he roused like a lion from his den, and dispatched a messenger, who met Rogers on the 7th of November, at the mouth of Chogage River, with a request to halt until Pontiac, the king of the country, should come up. At the first salutation, Pontiac demanded of Rogers, the business on which he came, and asked him how he dared to enter his country without his permission. He was informed by Rogers, that he had no design against the Indians; his only object being to remove the French out of the country, who had been an obstacle in the way of mutual peace and commerce between the Indians and English. The next morning, Pontiac and the English commander, by turns, smoked the calumet, and Pontiac informed Rogers that he should protect his party against the attacks of the Indians who were collected to oppose his progress, at the mouth of Detroit River.

Rogers having obtained peaceable possession of Detroit, made peace with the neighboring tribes, and leaving Capt. Campbell in charge of the fort, departed on the 21st of December, for Pittsburgh.

The Indians in this region, at first, regarded the English as intruders, and the smile which played upon the countenance of Pontiac when he first met the detachment of Rogers on the shore of Lake Erie, only tended to conceal a settled hatred—as the setting sunbeam bedazzles the distant thundercloud. He had made professions of friendship to the English as a matter of policy, until he could have time to plot their destruction.

The plan of operations adopted by Pontiac for effecting the extinction of the English power, evinced extraordinary genius, courage and energy of the highest order. It was a sudden and cotemporaneous attack upon all the British posts upon the Lakes—at St. Joseph, Ouiatenon, Green Bay, Michilimackinac, Detroit, the Maumee and the Sandusky—and also upon the forts at Niagara, Presque Isle, Le Bœuf, Venango and Pittsburgh; the last four of which were in Western Pennsylvania. If the surprise could be simultaneous, so that every English banner which waved upon a line of thousands of miles, should be prostrated at the same moment, the garrisons would be unable to exchange assistance; while on the other hand, the failure of one Indian detachment would have no effect to discourage the other. Probably, the war might begin and terminate with the same single blow; and then Pontiac would again be the Lord and King of the broad land of his ancestors.

He first called together the Ottawas, and the plan was disclosed and enforced with all the cunning and eloquence he could master. He appealed to their fears, their hopes, their ambition, their patriotism, their hatred of the English, and their love for the French. Having warmly engaged them to the cause, he assembled a grand council of the neighboring tribes, at the River Aux Ecorces. With a profound knowledge of the Indian character, aware of the great powers of superstition over their minds, he related, among other things, a dream, in which he said the Great Spirit had secretly disclosed to a Delaware Indian, the conduct he expected his red children to pursue. This dream was strikingly coincident with the plans and projects of the chieftain himself. "And why," concluded the orator, "why, said the Great Spirit indignantly to the Delaware, do you suffer those dogs in red clothing to enter your country, and take the land I have given you? Drive them from it! Drive them! When you are in distress, I will help you."

The effect of this speech was indescribable. The name of Pontiac alone

was a hest; but the Great Spirit was for them—it was impossible to fail. A plan of campaign was concerted on the spot, and for a thousand miles, on the lake frontiers, and even down to the borders of North Carolina, the tribes joined in the grand conspiracy.

Meanwhile, peace reigned on the frontiers. The unsuspecting traders journeyed from village to village; the soldiers in the forts shrunk from the sun of early summer, and dozed away the day; the frontier settler singing in fancied security, sowed his crop, or watching the sun set through the girdled trees, mused upon one more peaceful harvest, and told his children of the horrors of the long war, now—thank God!—over. From the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, the trees had leaved, and all was calm life, and joy. But even then, through the gloomy forests, journeyed bands of sullen red men—like the gathering of dark clouds for a horrid tempest.

Surprise of the English Forts.—The Maumee post, Presque Isle, Niagara, Pitt, Ligonier, and every English fort, was hemmed in by mingled tribes. At last, the day came. The traders everywhere were seized with their goods, and more than one hundred put to death. Nine British forts yielded instantly, and the savages drank, "scooped up in the hollow of joined hands," the blood of many a Briton. More than twenty thousand people were driven from their homes, and horrible, unparalleled devastations committed on the frontiers of Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York. Most, if not all of the forts which fell, were taken by stratagem—preconcerted by the master mind of Pontiac. Generally, the commanders were first secured by parties admitted into the forts under the pretense of business or friendship. At Maumee, the officer was betrayed by a squaw, who, by piteous entreaties, persuaded him to go some two hundred yards with her to the succor, as she stated, of a wounded man who was dying; the Indians waylaid and shot him.

In some few of the forts, individuals escaped; but too generally all were massacred. At Presque Isle, three Indians appeared in holiday dress, and persuaded the commander and clerk to accompany them to the canoes of their hunting party, as they said, about a mile distant, to examine and purchase a lot of peltries. In their absence, about one hundred and fifty Indians advanced toward the fort, each with a bundle of furs on his back, which they stated the commandant had bought and ordered them to bring in. The stratagem succeeded. When they were all within the fort, the work of an instant threw off the packs and the short cloaks which covered their tomahawks, scalping-knives and rifles, the last having been sawed off short for concealment. Resistance was useless, and the work of death and torture rapidly proceeded, until all, except two of the inmates of the garrison, had passed to the eternal world.

The forts of Bedford, Ligonier, Pitt and Detroit, were saved with great difficulty. The Indians invested Fort Pitt with a strong force; information of which having been conveyed to Lord Amherst, he dispatched Col. Boquet to its relief with two regiments of regulars. He was fiercely attacked at Bushy Run, by the Indians, and lost over one hundred men in killed and wounded; but he defeated the savages, though with great difficulty, and succeeded in saving the fort. Fort Ligonier was bravely defended by Lieut. Blane and his little garrison.

Massacre at Michilimackinac.—The particulars of the taking of Michilimackinac are more fully known. That fort, standing on the south side of the strait connecting Lakes Huron and Michigan, was one of the most important post on the frontier. It was the great place of deposit and departure between the upper and lower countries, the great assembling point of the Indian traders, on their voyages to and from Montreal. There were about

thirty houses and families within the enclosure of the stockade and the garrison, under the command of Major Etherington, numbered between ninety and one hundred men.

The capture of this important station was intrusted to the Chippewas, assisted by the Sacs. The *King's birth-day*, the 3d of June, having arrived, a game of *baggatiway* was proposed by the Indians. This is played with a bat and ball; the former being about four feet long, curved, and terminating in a sort of racket. Two posts are placed in the ground, half a mile or a mile apart. Each party has its post, and the game consists in throwing up to the adversary's post, the ball which at the beginning is placed in the middle of the course.

The policy of this expedient for surprising the garrison will appear clearly, when it is understood that the game is necessarily attended with much violence and noise, and in the ardor and heat of the contest would be diverted in any direction that the successful party should choose. The design of the Indians in this case was to throw the ball over the pickets, and in the excitement of the game, it was but natural that all the Indians should rush after it. The Indians had persuaded as many as possible of the garrison and settlers to come voluntarily without the pickets for the purpose of witnessing the game which was said to be played for a high wager. Among these was Major Etherington, the commandant, who laid a wager on the side of the Chippewas. Not fewer than four hundred Indians were engaged on both sides, and consequently, when possession of the fort was once gained, the situation of the English must be desperate indeed. The match commenced without the fort with great animation. Henry, an Indian trader, who gives the account, had been occupied within the fort about half an hour writing, when he suddenly heard a loud Indian war-cry, and a noise of general confusion. Going instantly to his window, he saw a crowd of Indians within the fort, furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found: and he could plainly witness the last struggles of some of his particular acquaintances.

He had in the room a fowling-piece loaded with swan shot. This he immediately seized and held it for a few minutes, expecting to hear the fort drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval, he saw several of his countrymen fall; and more than one struggling between the knees of the savages, who, holding them in this manner, scalped them while yet alive. At length, disappointed in the hope of seeing any resistance made on the part of the garrison, and sensible that no effort of his single arm could avail against four hundred Indians, he turned his attention to his own safety. Seeing several of the Canadian villagers looking out composedly upon the scene of blood—neither opposing the Indians, nor molested by them—he conceived the hope of finding security in one of their houses. He immediately climbed over a low fence, separating his door yard and that of his next neighbor, Monsieur Langlade. Entering his house precipitately, he found the whole family gazing upon the horrible spectacle before them. He begged M. Langlade to put him in some place of safety until the heat of the affair should be over, an act of charity which might preserve him from the general massacre. Langlade looked at him for a moment while he spoke, and then turned again to the window, shrugging his shoulders, and intimating that he could do nothing for him.

Henry was now ready to despair; but at this moment, a Pani woman, a slave of M. Langlade, beckoned him to follow her. She guided him to a door which she opened, desiring him to enter, and telling him that it led to the garret, where he must go and conceal himself. Scarcely yet lodged in

this shelter, such as it was, Henry felt an eager desire to know what was passing without. His desire was more than satisfied by his finding an aperture in the loose board walls of the house, which afforded him a full view of the area of the fort. Here he beheld with horror, in shapes the foulest and most terrible, the ferocious triumphs of the savages. The dead were scalped and mangled; the dying were writhing and shrieking under the unsatiated knife and the reeking tomahawk; and from the bodies of some ripped open, their butchers were drinking the blood, scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts of rage and victory. In a few minutes, which seemed to Henry scarcely one, every victim, who could be found, being destroyed, there was a general cry of "*all is finished;*" and at this moment, Henry heard some of the savages enter Langlade's house. He trembled and grew faint with fear.

As the floor consisted only of a single layer of boards, he overheard everything that passed. The Indians inquired, on entering, if there were any Englishmen about. M. Langlade replied, that he could not say—he did not know of any—as in fact he did not—"they could search for themselves, and be satisfied." The state of Henry's mind may be imagined, when immediately upon this reply, the Indians were brought to the garret door. Luckily some delay was occasioned—through the management of the Pani woman—she had locked the door, and perhaps it was by the absence of the key. Henry had sufficient presence of mind to improve these few moments in looking for a hiding-place. This he found in the corner of the garret, among a heap of such birch bark vessels as are used in making maple sugar; and he had not completely concealed himself when the door opened, and four Indians entered, all armed with tomahawks, and all besmeared with blood from head to foot.

The die appeared to be cast. Henry could scarcely breathe, and he thought that the throbbing of his heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray him. The Indians walked about the garret in every direction; and one of them approached him so closely, that at one moment, had he put forth his hand, he must have touched him. Favored, however, by the dark color of his clothes, and the want of light in the room, which had no window, he still remained unseen. The Indians took several turns about the room—entertaining M. Langlade all the while with a minute account of the proceedings of the day; and at last returned down stairs. There was at the time a mat in the room, and Henry fell asleep; and he was finally awakened by the wife of Langlade, who had gone up to stop a hole in the roof. She was surprised to see him there—remarked that the Indians had killed most of the English, but that he might hope to escape. He lay there during the night.

At length the wife of Langlade informed the Indians of Henry's concealment, fearing, as she subsequently alleged, that if they should find him secreted in her house, they would destroy her and her children. Unlocking the door, she was followed by half a dozen savages, naked down to their waist, and intoxicated. On entering, their chief, *Wenniway*, a ferocious savage, of gigantic stature, advanced with lips compressed, seized Henry by one hand, and with the other held a large carving-knife, as if to plunge it into his heart, while his eyes were steadfastly fixed on his. Gazing for a moment, he dropped his arm and said, "I won't kill you." He then at once adopted him in the place of a brother whom he had lost in the wars with the English, and Henry was eventually ransomed.

Seventy of the troops were massacred, and of these the bodies of several were boiled and eaten. The remainder, together with those taken at the fall of forts, St. Joseph, and Green Bay, were restored after the war.

Siege of Detroit.—Detroit was a more important situation even than Michilimackinac. Beside, an immense quantity of valuable goods, to the amount, it is stated, of over two millions of dollars, was known to be stored there. If captured, it would unite the hitherto separate lines of operation, pursued by the Indian tribes, above and below. Under these circumstances, its reduction was undertaken by Pontiac in person. The garrison numbered one hundred and thirty, including officers, beside whom there were something like forty individuals in the village engaged in the fur trade.

Such was the situation of Detroit when the Ottawa chieftain, having completed his arrangements on the 8th of May, presented himself at the gates of the town with a force of about three hundred Indians, chiefly Ottawas and Chippewas, and requested a council with Major Gladwyn, the commandant. He expected, under this pretext, to gain admittance for himself and a considerable number of attendants, who accordingly were provided with rifles, sawed off so short as to be concealed under their blankets. At a given signal, which was to be the presentation of a wampum belt, in a particular manner, by Pontiac, to the commandant, during the conference, the armed Indians were to massacre all the officers, then open the gates to admit the main body of the warriors, who were to be waiting without for the completion of the slaughter and destruction of the fort.

An Indian woman betrayed the secret. She had been employed by the commandant to make him a pair of moccasins out of elk skin, and brought them into the fort finished, on the evening of the day on which Pontiac made his appearance and application for a council. The Major paid her generously, requested her to make more from the residue of the skin, and then dismissed her. She went to the outer door, but there stopped and loitered about, as if her errand was still unperformed. A servant asked her what she wanted, but she made no answer. The Major himself observed her, and ordered her to be called in, when, after some hesitation, she replied to his inquiries, that as he had always treated her kindly, she did not like to take away the elk skin which he valued so highly—she could *never bring it back*. The commandant's curiosity was, of course, excited, and he pressed the examination until the woman at length disclosed everything which had come to her knowledge.

Her information was not received with implicit credulity, but the Major thought it prudent to employ the night in taking active measures for defense. A strict guard was kept upon the ramparts during the night, it being apprehended that the Indians might anticipate the preparations now known to have been made for the next day. Nothing, however, was heard after dark, except the sound of singing and dancing in the Indian camp, which they always indulged in upon the eve of any great enterprise.

In the morning, Pontiac and his warriors sang their war song, and danced their war dance, and then repaired to the fort. They were admitted without hesitation, and conducted to the council house, where Major Gladwyn and his officers were prepared to receive them. They perceived at the gate, and as they passed through the streets, an unusual activity and movement among the troops. The garrison was under arms, the guards were doubled, and the officers were armed with swords and pistols. Pontiac inquired of the British commander, what was the cause of this unusual appearance. He answered that it was proper to keep the young men to their duty, lest they should become idle and ignorant. The business of the council then commenced, and Pontiac proceeded to address Major Gladwyn. His speech was bold and menacing, and his manner and gesticulations vehement, and they became still more so, as he approached the critical moment. When he was upon the

point of presenting the belt to Major Gladwyn, and all was breathless expectation, the drums at the door of the council house suddenly rolled the charge, the guards leveled their pieces, and the officers drew their swords from their scabbards. Pontiac, whose eagle eye had never quailed in battle, turned pale and trembled. This unexpected and decisive proof that his treachery was discovered, entirely disconcerted him. He delivered the belt in the usual manner, and thus failed to give his party the concerted signal of attack; while his warriors stood looking at each other in astonishment, Major Gladwyn immediately approached Pontiac, and drawing aside his blanket, discovered the shortened rifle, and then, after stating his knowledge of his plan, advised him to leave the fort before his young men should discover their design and massacre them. He assured him, as he had promised him safety, that his person should be held unharmed until he had advanced beyond the pickets. The Indians immediately retired, and as soon as they had passed the gate, they gave the yell and fired upon the garrison. Several persons living without the fort, were then murdered, and hostilities commenced.

The cannibalism of the savages at this time, may be learned from the fact, that a respectable Frenchman was invited to their camp to partake of some soup. Having finished his repast, he was told that he had eaten a part of an English woman, a Mrs. Turnbell, who had been among the victims; a knowledge that, probably, did not improve his digestion.

The savages soon stationed themselves behind the buildings, outside the pickets, and kept a constant, though ineffectual fire upon the garrison. All the means which the savage mind could suggest, were employed by Pontiac to demolish the settlement of Detroit. During the siege, which lasted more than two months, the savages endeavored to make a breach in the pickets, and aided by Gladwyn, who, as a stratagem, had ordered his men to cut also on the inside; this was soon accomplished, and the breach immediately filled with Indians. At this instant, a cannon was discharged upon the advancing savages, which made destructive havoc. After that period, the fort was merely invested; supplies were cut off, and the English were reduced to great distress from the diminution of their rations, and the constant watchfulness required to prevent surprise.

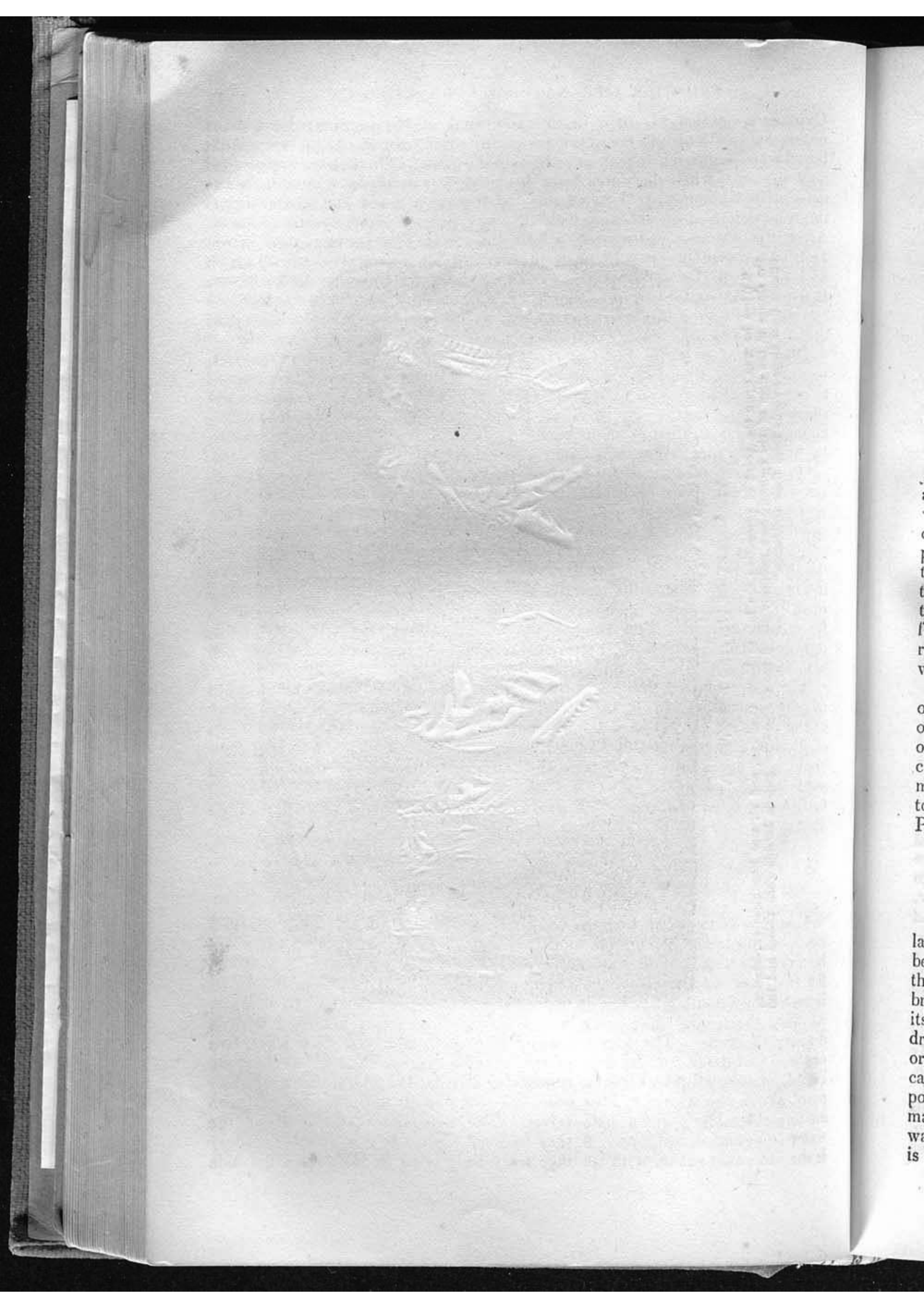
While the siege was in progress, twenty batteaux, with ninety-seven troops and stores, on their way from Niagara to Detroit, arrived at Point Pelee, on Lake Erie, about fifty miles easterly from Detroit. Apprehending no danger, the troops landed and encamped. The Indians, who had watched their movements, attacked them about dawn of day, and massacred or took prisoners all, except thirty, who succeeded in escaping, in a barge, across the lake to Sandusky Bay. The Indians placed their prisoners in the batteaux, and compelled them to navigate them on the Canadian side of the lake and river, toward Detroit. As the fleet of boats was discovered coming around the point of the Huron church, the English assembled on the ramparts to witness the arrival of their friends; but they were only greeted by the death song of the savages, which announced their fate. The light of hope flickered on their countenances only to be clouded with the thick darkness of despair. It was their barges; but they were in possession of the savages, and filled with the scalps and prisoners of the detachment. The prisoners, with the exception of a few who escaped when opposite the town, were taken to Hog Island, above Detroit, massacred and scalped.

A few weeks after, a vessel from Niagara with sixty troops, provisions and arms, entered Detroit River. For the purpose of boarding her as she ascended, the Indians repaired to Fighting Island, just below the city, which she soon reached, and then, for want of wind, was obliged to anchor. The



TREACHERY OF PONTIAC DISCOVERED.

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Captain concealed his men in the hold, and in the evening, the Indians proceeded in silence, to board the vessel from their canoes, while the men on board were required to take their stations at the guns. The Indians approached near the side, when the signal for a discharge was given by a blow upon the mast with a hammer. Many of the Indians were killed and wounded, and the remainder, panic stricken, paddled away in their canoes with all speed. After this, Pontiac endeavored to burn the vessels that lay anchored before Detroit, for which object, he made an immense raft from several barns, which he pulled down for that purpose, and filled it with pitch and other combustibles. It was then towed up river and set on fire, under the supposition that the current would float the blazing mass against the vessels. The English foiled this attempt by anchoring boats, connected by chains, above their vessels.

During the siege, the body of the French people around and in Detroit, were neutral. Pontiac, in a speech of great eloquence and power, endeavored to persuade them to join his cause. But his solicitations did not prevail, and shortly after, on the 3d of June, the French had a double reason for maintaining neutrality in the news which they received of the treaty of peace, by which France ceded their country to England.

On the 29th of July, three hundred regular troops, under Captain Dalyell, arrived, in gun-boats, from Canada. On the night of the 30th, Capt. Dalyell, with over two hundred men, attempted to surprise Pontiac's camp. That chieftain having, by some means, been apprised of the contemplated attack, was prepared, and lay in ambush with his Indians, concealed behind high grass, at the Bloody Bridge, one and a half miles above Detroit. As the English reached the bridge, a sudden and destructive fire was poured upon them. This threw them into the utmost confusion. The attack in the darkness, from an invisible force, was critical. The English fought desperately, but were obliged to retreat, with the loss of their commander, and over sixty in killed and wounded.

The operations of Pontiac in this quarter, soon called for the efficient aid of government, and during the season, General Bradstreet arrived to the relief of the posts on the lakes, with an army of three thousand men. The tribes of Pontiac, excepting the Delawares and the Shawanese, finding that they could not successfully compete with such a force, laid down their arms and made peace. Pontiac, however, took no part in the negotiation, and retired to Illinois, where he was, a few years after assassinated by an Indian of the Peoria tribe.

THE CYPRESS SWAMPS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Immense swamps of Cypress constitute a vast portion of the inundated lands of the lower Mississippi and its tributaries. No prospect on earth can be more gloomy. Well may the cypress be esteemed a funeral tree. When the tree has shed its leaves, a cypress swamp, with its countless interlaced branches of a hoary gray, has an aspect of desolation and death. In summer, its fine, short, and deep-green leaves invest these hoary branches with a drapery of crape. The water in which they grow is a vast deep level, two or three feet deep, still leaving the innumerable cypress "knees," as they are called, or very elliptical trunks, resembling circular bee-hives, throwing their point above the waters. This water is covered with a thick coat of green matter, resembling green buff velvet. The musquitoes swarm above the water in countless millions. A very frequent adjunct to this horrible scenery is the moccasin snake, with its huge scaly body lying in folds upon the side

of a cypress knee; and if you approach too near, lazy and reckless as he is, he throws the upper jaw of his huge mouth almost back to his neck, giving you ample warning of his ability and will to defend himself. I traveled (says Flint, from whom this sketch is derived) forty miles along a cypress swamp, and a considerable part of the way on the edge of it, in which the horse sunk at every step half way up to his knees. I was enveloped for the whole distance with a cloud of musquitoes. Like the ancient Avernus, I do not remember to have seen a single bird in the whole distance, except the blue-jay. Nothing interrupted the deathlike silence but the hum of musquitoes.

There cannot be well imagined another feature to the gloom of these vast and dismal forests, to finish this kind of landscape, more in keeping with the rest, than the long moss, or Spanish beard, and this funeral drapery attaches itself to the cypress in preference to any other tree. There is not, that I know, an object in nature which produces such a number of sepulchral images as the view of the cypress forests; all shagged, dark, and enveloped in the festoons of moss. If you would inspire an inhabitant of New England, possessed of the customary portion of feeling, with the degree of home-sickness that would strike to the heart, transfer him instantly from the hill and dale, the bracing air and varied scenery of the north to the cypress swamps of the south.

TYRANNY OF O'REILLY, THE FIRST SPANISH GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.

In the latter part of the French War, Spain joined with France against Great Britain, through alarm at the increasing power of Britain in America. The consequences of this step were very serious to her, as by it she lost Havana, the key to the Gulf of Mexico. The treaty of Paris, concluded in 1763, restored Havana to Spain, though to regain it she was obliged to cede Florida to England.

By a secret article of this treaty, as a compensation for the loss of Florida, Louis XV engaged to relinquish to Spain his remaining Louisiana possessions. For awhile this was kept secret from the people of the colony; but when it was known, such was their attachment to the mother country, that they were thrown into utter despair. Several years elapsed ere Spain took formal possession. In the meantime, the colonists in vain sent commissioners to the court of France to have the obnoxious feature of the treaty annulled.

In 1766 Don Ulloa, who had been appointed governor by Spain, arrived at New Orleans, with two companies of infantry, to take possession in the name of his king; but actuated by an incomprehensible obstinacy, he refused to show to the Superior Council the proofs of his mission. At last that body, conforming to the wishes of the people, as expressed by public meetings and petitions, insisted that Ulloa should either produce his credentials from the Spanish king, that they might be duly registered and promulgated through the province, or leave it within a month. The citizens took up arms, to enforce the demand, and Ulloa embarked his troops on board of a Spanish vessel and left the country.

In July 1769, the hopes that the colonists still entertained that France would retain Louisiana, were crushed by the tidings that Captain-General O'Reilly was at the mouth of the Mississippi with a fleet, having on board 4900 Spanish troops.

The colonists seeing that there was no alternative but submission, made choice of three representatives, Lafreniere, Grandmaison, and Marent, to signify to the Spanish commander the submission of the colony; accompanied

by a request, however, that those who wished to leave the country should be allowed two years to dispose of their property. O'Reilly received the deputies with affability; assured them that he should cheerfully comply with all reasonable demands; that those who were willing to remain should enjoy a mild and paternal government; and, in regard to past offenses, the perfidious commander added that he was disposed to forget them, and had come, not to punish, but to pardon.

This declaration somewhat calmed the excitement of the people, and they prepared to receive the Spanish general with decent respect.

The next day he landed at the head of his troops, and they marched in battle array to the parade-ground, where Aubry, with the French garrison, was waiting to receive them. The white flag of France, which was waving on a high pole, was now slowly lowered, and that of Spain hoisted in its place, while the troops of both nations kept up an irregular discharge of small arms. Thus ended the dominion of the French on the shores of the Mississippi, where they had ruled for seventy years; and Louisiana became a dependency of Spain.

The new Spanish governor was by birth an Irishman, who, going to Spain with a body of Irish troops, had been so successful in gaining the king's favor that he loaded him with honors and benefits. He was a small man, and as mean in disposition as in stature: thin and lame, but with something striking, though disagreeable, in his appearance. He was vindictive in his character, and his ambition knew no bounds. For some unknown reason, he entertained a violent hatred against the French, which led him to acts of unexampled barbarity. He came to Louisiana with the title of governor, and captain-general; and being clothed with unlimited power, he abused his short-lived authority in every possible manner. He took upon him the state of a sovereign; had his throne, his levees, his guards, who constantly attended him; and he did not want for courtiers.

His first public act was to take the census of the city. This was soon done as the town contained only 3190 inhabitants. He next ordered the arrest of Foucault, intendant of the colony, Lafreniere, the attorney-general, Noyant, his son-in-law, and Boisblanc, both members of the Superior Council. They were attending the levee of the tyrant, when requesting them to step into an adjoining apartment, he delivered them over to a party of soldiers, who immediately put them in irons. A few days after, Marquis, Doucet, Petit, Marent, Caresse, Poupet, and the two Milhets, were added to the number of prisoners.

Villere was now the only victim wanting; and he was the most important one, as he had been at the head of all the most violent measures. It was no easy matter for O'Reilly to get him into his power, as, on hearing of the submission of New-Orleans, he had retired to his plantation in the parish of St. Charles, in the midst of friends who detested the Spaniards no less cordially than he did himself. He was, however, on the point of taking refuge with the English at Manchac, lest he might implicate his neighbors, when he received a letter from Aubry, assuring him that he might return to New-Orleans without danger, and that he would be security for his safety.

On the faith of this promise he came to New-Orleans, and fearlessly presented himself before the governor. But he had no sooner entered the house and begun to mount the stairs, than the guards stationed there descended each one step as he ascended one, with the design of closing in after him. He stopped for a moment on the second step: he was a man of uncommon strength and there were as yet but two soldiers behind him. It was but for a moment he hesitated; with a disdainful smile he surveyed the living chain forming around him, and came into the presence of the governor with the air rather of a su

perior than of a culprit. O'Reilly, hardened as he was in cruelty, seemed to feel some compunction at the thought of murdering such a man.

Villere was accompanied by a friend who was willing to share his danger. This was an old Swedish officer who had fought under Charles XII, and at the battle of Pultowa had received eleven wounds, all in facing the enemy. At the sight of this venerable old man, whose gray hairs seemed to give a sanction to the rebellion, O'Reilly flew into a violent passion, and exclaimed, "I ought to hang you also on the highest gibbet that can be found." "Do so," replied the old soldier; "the rope cannot disgrace this neck;" and, baring his bosom, he exhibited the scars of his wounds, when the tyrant shrunk from the sight, and the old man was released.

Villere was sent a prisoner on board of a vessel at anchor in the Mississippi. He had been there but a short time, and was in the cabin quietly conversing with the captain, when a boat passed with a female in it: she was in tears, and he recognized her as his wife. She had heard of his danger, and was then hastening to join him at New-Orleans. His first impulse was to make himself known, and the sympathizing captain offered to hail the boat; but Villere, recollecting himself, prevented him. "No," said he; "the sudden shock of seeing me in this situation would kill her;" and he remained calmly watching the boat as it bore her from his sight. But the effort to repress his feelings had been more than he could bear; the blood rushed to his brain; and, seized with sudden frenzy, he flew to the deck and attacked the Spanish guards. The captain followed in haste, and called to the guards not to injure him; but it was too late: he had already received their bayonets in his body, and only recovered his senses to know that he was dying.

The captain, finding all assistance useless, could only offer to fulfill his last commands. "Promise me, then," said Villere, "that you will give these blood-stained garments to my children; and tell them it is my last command that they never bear arms for Spain or against France." The captain did as he was requested, and the children of Villere faithfully obeyed the dying injunction of their father.

The other prisoners were immediately brought to trial. The charge against them was founded on a law of Alphonso XI, punishing with death and confiscation of property all persons guilty of rebellion against the king or the State; or, in other words, all who should take up arms for their rights and liberties; and accomplices were subject to the same penalties.

Foucault and Brault maintained that they owed no account of their conduct but to the King of France, whose subjects they never ceased to be. The first was sent to Paris, the second acquitted.

The other prisoners also pleaded, but to no purpose, the incompetency of the tribunal before which they had been brought. In vain did they allege that they could not be declared rebels against Spain for anything they might have done while the French flag yet waved over the colony; that they owed no submission to Spain until her representative had exhibited his credentials; and that the prince who did not yet protect had no right to punish them.

Six victims had been chosen by O'Reilly to serve as an example to the province; but Villere having been assassinated, he contented himself with condemning five to death. The testimony of two witnesses against each of the accused was necessary to give a color of legality to their condemnation; and these were easily found. Lafreniere, Noyant, Marquis, Joseph Milhet, and Caresse were sentenced to be hung, and their property confiscated. The unfortunate Louisianians vainly implored of the inexorable O'Reilly a delay that would enable them to have recourse to the royal clemency. The only favor he could be prevailed on to grant was the substitution of shooting for hanging.

On the 28th of September, the day appointed for the execution, all the troops were drawn up under arms on the levee and in the public square; the gates were closed, the posts all re-enforced, and a strong patrol paraded through the deserted streets; the inhabitants having all retired to their houses the evening before, that they might not witness the death of their friends. The five victims were led out into the small square in front of the barracks, where they met their fate with the utmost courage and resignation.

It was attempted to blindfold them, when Marquis, a Swiss captain in the service of France, indignantly opposed it. "I have," said he, "risked my life many a time in the service of my adopted country, and have never feared to face my enemies." And then, addressing his companions, "Let us," he exclaimed, "die like brave men: we need not fear death." Coolly taking a pinch of snuff, and turning to the Spaniards, he said, "Take notice, Spaniards, that we die because we will not cease to be French. As for myself, though a foreigner by birth, my heart belongs to France. For thirty years I have fought for Louis *le bien-aime*, and I glory in a death that proves my attachment to him. Fire, executioners!"

The other six prisoners, Boisblanc, Doucet, Marent, Jean Milhet, Petit, and Poupet, were sentenced, the first to imprisonment for life, and the others for a term of years. They were sent to Havana, and confined in the dungeons of the Moro Castle.

DUNMORE'S WAR.

The war usually called Dunmore's, all the events of which were comprised within a few months of the year 1774, arose in consequence of cold-blooded murders committed upon inoffensive Indians by the Virginians, in the region of the Upper Ohio. Among those murdered by Cresap and Greathouse, at Captina and Yellow creek, in the vicinity of Wheeling, was included the whole family of the noble, generous, and unfortunate Logan. He had been the steadfast friend of the whites and the advocate of peace; but upon this, he seized the hatchet and sought revenge. The Shawanee, on the Scioto, was the principal tribe in the war, those north and west being in alliance with it. As soon as these murders were known, their revenge and fury knew no bounds, and all manner of savage barbarities were committed upon the frontier settlements. Their operations were mainly directed against the Virginians, as the authorities of Pennsylvania had taken the precaution to dispatch messengers to them, stating that these outrages had been committed by Virginians; and that, therefore, the settlers on the frontiers of Pennsylvania were not the proper objects of revenge.

Upon the first outbreak of hostilities, consternation spread throughout the frontiers: some families fled to the mountains, others sought safety in forts and stations.

The Colonial legislature of Virginia, then in session, promptly made provisions for the emergency. While a larger force was collecting in eastern Virginia, four hundred volunteers from the Monongahela and Youghiogheny, rendezvoused at Wheeling, in June, under Colonel Angus McDonald. He invaded the Indian country on the Muskingum, and destroyed the Wappatomica towns on that river, a few miles above the site of Zanesville. This expedition only served to further exasperate the Indians.

By September, Lord Dunmore, the Royal Governor of Virginia, had collected a force of about three thousand men, destined for the reduction of the Shawanee towns on the Scioto. This force was in two divisions. The

southern, comprising about eleven hundred men, under Colonel Andrew Lewis, collected in the Greenbrier country. They were ordered to march down the Great Kanawha to the Ohio, and there to join the northern division, while the latter, under command of Dunmore, in person, was to pass the mountains at Cumberland, strike the Ohio at Wheeling, and descend in boats to the mouth of the Kanawha, the point in junction.

On the 6th of October, Lewis arrived with his division at the mouth of the Kanawha, on the site of the village of Point Pleasant, and encamped, awaiting orders. On the 9th, messengers arrived in camp from Dunmore, the commander-in-chief, stating that his lordship had arrived with his division at Wheeling, and had so far changed his plan of operations as to descend only to the mouth of the Hocking, twenty-eight miles above Point Pleasant, from which point he was to march across the country to the Indian towns on the Scioto, where Lewis was ordered to join him. Preparations were immediately made for the transportation of the troops across the Ohio.

The Battle of Point Pleasant.—Early on the succeeding morning, the 10th of October, 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 upon a large body of Indians, who, discovering them, fired and killed one, while the other made his escape to camp with the intelligence. The main part of the army was ordered out, and when they had marched in two lines, under the command of Colonels Charles Lewis and Wm. Fleming, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, they were met and charged by the Indians. At the first onset, Lewis fell, and Fleming was wounded, upon which both lines gave way and were retreating, when they were reinforced by Col. Field, and rallied. The engagement then became general, and was sustained with obstinate fury on both sides. The Indians formed in a line across the point from the Ohio to the Kanawha, and were protected in front by logs and fallen timber. In this situation they maintained the contest with unabated vigor, from sunrise until near sunset, bravely resisting successive charges, which were made with great impetuosity by the Virginians.

The Indians were under the command of that distinguished and consummate chieftain, Cornstalk. His plan of alternate retreat and attack was well conceived, and occasioned the principal loss of 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!" A warrior near him showed trepidation and reluctance to charge, fearing the influence of his pernicious example, he cleft his skull open with his tomahawk.

Gen. Lewis, seeing it impossible to dislodge the Indians by the most vigorous attacks, and aware of the great danger that must arise to his army if the contest was not decided before night, detached three companies, who followed up under the bank of the Kanawha under the covert of the weeds and brush beyond the upper end of the Indian line, and from thence gained the rear of the savages, and made an attack. The enemy, suddenly finding themselves encompassed on both sides, and supposing that in their rear was an expected reinforcement under Col. Christian, soon gave way, and about sundown, precipitately crossed the Ohio and made their way to their towns on the Scioto. The victory was dearly bought to the Virginians, two hundred and fifteen being killed and wounded, among whom were many valuable officers. The number of the enemy or their loss was never ascertained. They probably numbered about one thousand warriors, the flower of the Shawanee, Delaware, Mingo, and Wyandot tribes.

This battle was the most bloody ever fought with the Indians within the limits of Virginia. Its sanguinary nature made it long remembered among

the borderers, and its history is given in a rude song, which is even heard to the present day among the mountain cabins of that region:

Let us mind the tenth day of October,
Seventy-four, which caused woe,
The Indian savages they did cover
The pleasant banks of the Ohio.

The battle beginning in the morning,
Throughout the day it lashed sore,
Till the evening shades were returning down
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Judgment precedes to execution,
Let fame throughout all dangers go,
Our heroes fought with resolution,
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Seven score lay dead and wounded
Of champions that did face their foe,
By which the heathen were confounded,
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Col. Lewis and some noble captains
Did down to death like Uriah go,
Alas! their heads wound up in napkins,
Upon the banks of the Ohio

Kings lamented their mighty fallen
Upon the mountains of Gilboa,
And now we mourn for brave Hugh Allen,
Far from the banks of the Ohio.

O bless the mighty King of Heaven
For all his wondrous works below,
Who hath to us the victory given,
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Meanwhile Dunmore had descended the Ohio to the mouth of the Hocking, where he erected Fort Gower. From thence he marched toward the Indian towns on the Scioto, about four miles south of the site of Circleville, and thirty from that of Columbus. Lewis with his army pushed forward to the same point, maddened by the loss of so many brave men, and anxious to avenge their fate by the annihilation of the Shawanee villages. But before reaching the Scioto, the Indians, seeing the uselessnes of attempting to oppose the army, sent messengers to Dunmore, asking peace. He listened to their request, appointed a place for the conference, and sent orders to Lewis to arrest his march. Lewis refused to obey; nor was it until Dunmore in person visited his camp, on Congo creek, just south of the Indian towns, that he felt himself bound, though unwillingly, to give up his hostile designs.

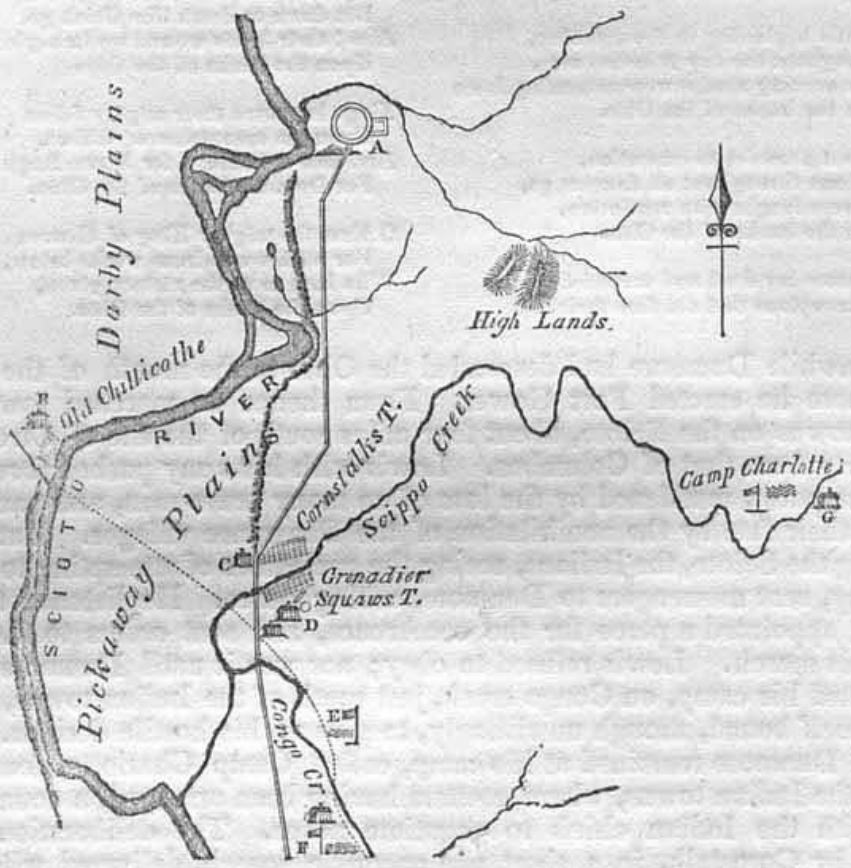
Lord Dunmore remained at his camp, called Camp Charlotte, four miles east of the Indian towns, where, matters having been arranged, a council was held with the Indian chiefs to negotiate peace. The deliberations were opened by Cornstalk, in a short and energetic speech, delivered with great dignity, and in a tone so powerful as to be heard all over the camp:

He recited the former power of the Indians, the number of their tribes, compared with their present wretched condition and their diminished numbers: he referred to the treaty of Fort Stanwix, and the cessions of territory then made by them to the whites: to the lawless encroachments of the whites upon their lands, contrary to all treaty stipulations: to the patient forbearance of the Indians for years, under wrongs exercised toward them by the frontier people. He said the Indians knew their weakness in a contest with the whites, and they *desired only justice;* that the war *was not sought by the Indians,* but *was forced upon them;* for it was commenced by the whites, without previous notice; that under the circumstances, they would have merited the contempt of the whites for cowardice, if they had failed to retaliate the unprovoked and treacherous murders of Captina and Yellow Creek: that the war was the work of the whites, for the Indians desired peace.

The compact or treaty was at length concluded, and *four* hostages put in possession of Dunmore, to be taken to Virginia. The Indians agreed to make the Ohio their boundary, and the whites stipulated not to pass beyond the west side of that River. Thus was the Ohio, for the first time, *acknowledged by the Indians,* as the boundary between the territory of the whites and the hunting-ground of the Indians.

Great excitement, amounting almost to mutiny, prevailed among the troops, at not being allowed to fight the Indians. They were highly dissatisfied with the Governor and the treaty. The conduct of Dunmore could not be satisfactorily explained by them except by supposing that he had received orders from the royal government to terminate the war speedily with the hos-

tne tribes, and to make such terms with them as *might secure their alliance in favor of England* against the colonies, in case the growing difficulties with them should terminate in open war. Such, too, were said to have been the opinions of General Washington and Chief Justice Marshall.



Map of the Ancient Shawanese Towns on the Pickaway Plain.

[EXPLANATIONS.—A. Ancient works, on which Circleville now stands. B. Logan's Cabin at Old Chillicothe, now Westfall, four miles below Circleville: from this place a trail led through Grenadier Squaw Town, from thence up the Congo Valley, and crossed to the opposite side of the creek, about 1½ miles from its mouth. C. Black Mountain, a short distance west of the old Barr mansion. D. Council house, a short distance N. E. of the residence of Wm. Renick, jr. The two parallel lines at this point represent the gauntlet through which prisoners were forced to run, and O. the stake at which they were burnt, which last is on a commanding elevation. F. the camp of Col. Lewis, just south of the residence of George Wolf. E. the point where Lord Dunmore met with and stopped the army of Lewis, when on their way to attack the Indians: it is opposite the mansion of Major John Boggs. G. the residence of Judge Gills, near which is shown the position of Camp Charlotte.]

Logan, the Mingo chief, still indignant at the murder of his family, refused to attend the council, or to be seen a suppliant among the other chiefs. Yet to Gen. Gibson, who was sent as an envoy to the Shawanese towns, on a private interview, after weeping as if his very heart would burst, he told the pathetic story of his wrongs in the following words:

I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing?

During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his tent an advocate for peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cool blood, and unpre-

voked, cut off all the relatives of Logan; not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet, do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

This brief effusion of mingled pride, courage, and sorrow, elevated the character of the native American throughout the intelligent world; and the place where it was delivered can never be forgotten so long as touching eloquence is admired by men.

The last years of Logan were truly melancholy. He wandered about from tribe to tribe, a solitary and lonely man; dejected and broken-hearted, by the loss of his friends and the decay of his tribe, he resorted to the stimulus of strong drink to drown his sorrow. He was at last murdered in Michigan, near Detroit. He was, at the time, sitting with his blanket over his head before a camp-fire, his elbows resting on his knees, and his head upon his hands, buried in profound reflection, when an Indian, who had taken some offense, stole behind him and buried his tomahawk in his brains. Thus perished the immortal Logan, the last of his race.

The chief, Cornstalk, whose town is shown on the map, was also a man of true nobility of soul, and a brave warrior. When he returned to the Pickaway towns, after the battle of Point Pleasant, he called a council of the nation to consult what should be done, and upbraided them in not suffering him to make peace, as he desired, on the evening before the battle. "What," said he, "will you do now? The Big Knife is coming on us, and we shall all be killed. Now you must fight or we are undone." But no one answering, he said, "then let us kill all our women and children, and go and fight until we die." But no answer was made, when, rising, he struck his tomahawk into a post of the council house, and exclaimed, "Ill go and make peace," to which all the warriors grunted, "ough! ough!" and runners were instantly dispatched to Dunmore to solicit peace.

In the summer of 1777, he was atrociously murdered at Point Pleasant. As his murderers were approaching, his son, Elinipsico, trembled violently. His father encouraged him not to be afraid, for that the *Great Man* above had sent him there to be killed and die with him. As the men advanced to the door, Cornstalk rose up and met them: they fired, and seven or eight bullets went through him. So fell the great Cornstalk warrior, whose name was bestowed upon him by the consent of the nation, as their great strength and support. Had he lived, it is believed that he would have been friendly with the Americans, as he had come over to visit the garrison at Point Pleasant, to communicate the design of the Indians of uniting with the British. His grave is to be seen at Point Pleasant to the present day.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF THE EARLY FRENCH SETTLERS OF THE WEST.

Previous to the year 1760, the French emigrants upon the Lakes of the north, were principally from Picardy and Normandy, in France. They were mainly at the posts which had been founded for the purpose of extending the dominion and religion of France, and prosecuting the fur trade into the Indian country; from which source the courts of Europe derived their richest and most gorgeous furs. The most marked features of these posts were the fort and the chapel, surrounded with patches of cultivated land, and the wigwams of the Indians. Their population was composed of a commandant, Jesuits,

soldiers, traders, half-breeds and savages, all of whom belonged to a system of machinery in religion and trade.

Beside the commandants, the most prominent individuals at the trading-posts, were the French merchants. The old French merchant, at his post, was the head man of the settlement. Careful, frugal, without much enterprise, judgment or rigid virtue, he was employed in procuring skins from the Indians or traders in exchange for manufactured goods. He kept on good terms with the Indians and frequently fostered a large number of half-breed children, the offspring of his licentiousness.

The "Coureurs des Bois," or rangers of the woods, were either French or half-breeds, a hardy race, accustomed to labor and deprivation, and conversant with the character and habits of the Indians, from whom they procured their cargoes of furs. They were equally skilled in propelling a canoe, fishing, hunting, trapping, or sending a ball from their rifles "to the right eye" of the buffalo. If of mixed blood, they generally spoke the language of their parents, the French and Indian; and knew just enough of their religion to be regardless of both. Employed by the aristocratic French fur companies as voyageurs or guides, their forms were developed to the fullest vigor, by pro pelling the canoe through the lakes and streams, and by carrying large packs of goods across the portages of the interior by straps suspended from their foreheads or shoulders. These voyageurs knew every rock and island, bay and shoal, of the western waters. The ordinary dress of the white portion of the Canadian French traders was a cloth passed about the middle, a loose shirt, a "molton" or blanket coat, and a red milled or worsted cap. The half-breeds were demi-savage in their dress, as well as their character and appearance. They sometimes wore a surtout of coarse blue cloth, reaching down to the mid leg, elk-skin trowsers, with the seams adorned with fringes, a scarlet woolen sash tied around the waist, in which was stuck a broad knife, to be used in dissecting the carcasses of animals taken in hunting; buck-skin moccasins, and a cap made of the same materials with the surtout.

The "Coureurs des Bois," the pilots of the lakes, were the active agents of the fur trade. Sweeping up in their canoes through the upper lakes, encamping with the Indians in the solitude of the forests, they returned to the posts which stood like light-houses of civilization, upon the borders of the wilderness, like sailors from the ocean, to whom they were similar in character. They were lavish of their money in dress and licentiousness. They ate, drank and played all away, so long as their goods held out, and when these were gone, they sold their embroidery, their laces and clothes, and were then forced to go on another voyage for subsistence.

The gay, licentious and reckless character of these forest mariners may be inferred from their boat songs, which they timed with their paddles upon the waters. Among the most popular are the two following, which are even now heard upon the north-west lakes.

SONGS OF THE FRENCH VOYAGEURS.

SONG FIRST.	TRANSLATION.
Tout les printemps	Every spring
Tant de nouvelles	Something new;
Tout les amants	Every lover
Changent de maitresses	Changes his mistress;
Jamais le bon vin ne endort	Good wine never makes one sleepy;
L'amour me réveille	Love awakens me.
Tout les amants	Every lover
Changent de maitresses	Changes his mistress;
Qu'ils changent qui voudront	Let those change who wish,

Pour moi je garde la mienne.....For my part, I'll keep mine,
Le bon vin ni endort.....Good wine never makes one sleepy;
L'amour me réveille.....Love awakens me.

SONG SECOND.	TRANSLATION.
Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré.....	On my way, I met
Trois cavaliers bien montés.....	Three horsemen well mounted,
Lon lon laridon daine.....	Hey down, derry down, dey,
Lon lon laridon dai.....	Hey down, &c.
Trois cavaliers bien montés.....	Three horsemen well mounted;
L'un à chevel et l'autre à pied.....	One on horse, the other on foot,
Lon lon laridon daine.....	Hey down, derry down, dey;
Lon lon laridon dai.....	Hey down, &c.

The peasantry, or that portion of the French population who devoted themselves to agriculture, maintained the habits which were brought from the provinces whence they emigrated; and these are retained to the present time. While the gentlemen preserved the garb of the age of Louis XIV, the peasants wore a long surtout, sash, red cap, and deer-skin moccasins. This singular mixture of character was made more strange by the Indians who loitered around the posts, the French soldiers, with blue coats turned up with white facings, and short clothes, and by the number of priests and Jesuits who had their stations around the forts. Agriculture was but little encouraged, either by the policy of the fur trade or the industry of the inhabitants. It was limited to a few patches of corn and wheat, which were cultivated in profound ignorance of the principles of good husbandry. Their grain was ground in windmills. The enterprise of the French women was directed to the making up of coarse cotton and woolen clothes for the Indian trade. Their amusements were confined to dancing to the sound of the violin, in simple and unaffected assemblies at each other's houses; or in attending the festivals of their church, hunting in the forests, or paddling their canoes across the silent streams. The wilderness gave them abundance of game; and the lake-herring, the bass, the pike, the gar, the mosquenonge, and sturgeon, swarmed in the waters. The Mackinaw trout, sometimes weighing fifty pounds, pampered their taste; and the white-fish, of which, says Charlevoix, "nothing of the fish kind can excel it," flashed its silver scales in the sun.

The administration of the law was such as might properly be expected, where no civil courts were organized and all was elemental. The military arm was the only effective power to command what was right and to prohibit what was wrong. The commandant of the fort, under the cognizance of the Governor-general of Canada, was the legislator, the judge, and the executive.

The volatile and migratory disposition natural to the French people, increased by the roving habits of the fur trade, was under the rigid surveillance of the Catholic clergy. The Jesuits and the priests exercised an inquisitorial power over every class of the little commonwealth upon the lakes, and the community became thus subjected thoroughly to their influence, which was artful, though mild and beneficent. The utmost satisfaction was experienced by the French colonists in attending the ordinances of the church, and kneeling upon the floor of the rude chapel before the altar, counting their beads, or making the sign of the cross upon their foreheads with holy water from the baptismal font. The Jesuits and priests, with their long gowns and black bands, were, however, not so successful with the savages. By them the clergy were deemed "medicine men" and jugglers, on whom the destinies of life and death depended. If a silver crucifix, the painting of a Madonna, a carved saint, an ancient book, or the satin vestments of the priests, embroidered with flowers of purple and gold, sometimes came before their eyes, it was believed

that they were but implements of incantation, by which the souls of those on earth were to be spirited away to heaven. It was naturally thought that this was the peculiar province of the missionaries; and there is evidence of an Iroquois warrior, who threatened the life of a Catholic priest who ministered beside the mat of an aged savage on the verge of death, unless he should rescue the dying Indian from the grave.

The fur trade was the principal subject of mercantile traffic upon the coast of Michigan, and its central point was the shores of the north-western lakes. Large canoes, laden with packs of European merchandise, advanced periodically through the upper lakes, for the purpose of trading for peltries with the Indians; and these made their principal depots at Michilimackinac and Detroit. In order to advance the interests of the trade, licenses were granted by the French king, and unlicensed persons were prohibited from trading with the Indians in their own territory under the penalty of death.

The progress of the country under the French government was obstructed by the fact that this region was long under the monopoly of exclusive companies chartered by the French crown. The design of these companies, especially the governors and intendants, was to enrich themselves by the fur trade; and accordingly they had little motive to encourage agriculture or general settlement. By that policy the intendants accumulated large fortunes by the trade, while they averted from the observation of the French crown the actual condition of the colonies in Canada. They much preferred that the French inhabitants should undergo the labor of procuring furs, while they might reap the profits, rather than that these tenants should become the free husbandmen of a fertile soil. It was reverence for rank, ignorance of the true principles of republican freedom, and, in some measure perhaps, a virtuous loyalty which they felt toward their monarch, that induced them to yield their allegiance to the colonial administration.

The early French in the Illinois country, as well as those elsewhere, were remarkable for their talent of ingratiating themselves with the warlike tribes around them, and for their easy amalgamation in manners, and customs, and blood. Unlike most other European emigrants, who commonly preferred to settle in sparse settlements, remote from each other, the French manifested in a high degree, at the same time, habits both social and vagrant. They settled in compact villages, although isolated, in the midst of a wilderness a thousand miles remote from the dense settlements of Canada. On the margin of a prairie, or on the bank of some gentle stream, their villages sprung up in long, narrow streets, with each family homestead so contiguous that the merry and sociable villagers could carry on their voluble conversation, each from his own door or balcony. The young men and voyageurs, proud of their influence among the remote tribes of Indians, delighted in the long and merry voyages, and sought adventures in the distant travels of the fur-trade. After months of absence upon the sources of the longest rivers and tributaries among their savage friends, they returned to their village with stores of furs and peltries, prepared to narrate their hardy adventures and the thrilling incidents of their perilous voyage. Their return was greeted with smiling faces, and signalized by balls and dances, at which the whole village assembled, to see the great travelers, and hear the fertile rehearsal of wonderful adventures and strange sights in remote countries.

Such were the scenes at "Old Kaskaskia," at Cahokia, Prairie du Rocher. and a few other points on the Upper Mississippi, from the year 1720 to th year 1765; and, in later times, at the villages of Fort Chartres, St. Genevieve, St. Louis, and St. Charles; and at St. Vincent on the Wabash, as well as many other points on the Lower Mississippi; at the Post of Natchitoches on



FESTIVITIES OF THE EARLY FRENCH OF ILLINOIS.

"In the light, fantastic dance, the young and the gay were active participants, while the serene and smiling countenance of the aged Patriarch and his companion in years, and even of the 'Reverend Father,' lent a sanction and a blessing."

Red River, and the Post of Washita on the Washita River; as well as upon the La Fourche, Faussee Riviere, and the coast above New Orleans.

Their settlements were usually in the form of small, compact patriarchal villages, like one great family assembled around their old men and patriarchs. Their houses were simple, plain and uniform. Each homestead was surrounded by its own separate inclosure of a rude picket fence, adjoining or contiguous to others on the right and left. The houses were generally one story high, surrounded by sheds, or galleries; the walls were constructed of a rude framework, having upright corner-posts and studs, connected horizontally by means of numerous cross-ties, not unlike the rounds in a ladder. These served to hold the "cat and clay" with which the interstices were filled, and with which the walls were made, and rudely plastered with the hand.

These abodes of happiness were generally situated on the margin of a beautiful prairie, and beside some clear stream of running water, or on the bank of a river or bayou, near some rich, alluvial bottom, which supplied the grounds for the "common field" and "commons."

The "common field" consisted of a large contiguous inclosure, reserved for the common use of the village, inclosed by one common fence for the benefit of all. In this field, which sometimes consisted of several hundred acres, each villager and head of a family had assigned to him a certain portion of ground, for the use of himself and family, as a field and garden. Near the village, and around the common field, was an extensive open scope of lands reserved for "commons," or a common pasture-ground. This consisted of several hundreds, and often of thousands, of acres uninclosed, and free for the use of all as a common pasture, as well as for the supply of fuel and timber.

Care was a stranger in the villages, and was rarely entertained many days as a guest. Amusements, festivals, and holydays were frequent, and served to dispel dull care, when an unwelcome visitor. In the light fantastic dance, the young and the gay were active participants, while the serene and smiling countenance of the aged patriarch, and his companion in years, and even of the "reverend father," lent a sanction and a blessing upon the innocent amusement and useful recreation. The amusements past, all could cheerfully unite in offering up to God the simple gratitude of the heart for his unbounded mercies.

Nor were these festive enjoyments confined to any sex or condition. In the dance all participated, from the youngest to the oldest, the bond and the free; even the black slave was equally interested in the general enjoyment, and was happy because he saw his master happy; and the master, in turn, was pleased to witness the enjoyment of the slave. The mutual dependence of each upon the other, in their respective spheres, contributed to produce a state of mutual harmony and attachment. It has been almost a proverb, that the world did not exhibit an example of a more contented and happy race than the negro slaves of the early French in the Illinois country.

The common people, in their ordinary deportment, were often characterized by a calm, thoughtful gravity, and the saturnine severity of the Spaniard, rather than the levity characteristic of the French; yet, in their amusements and fetes, they exhibited all the gayety of the natives of France. Their saturnine gravity was probably a habit, adopted from the Indian tribes with whom they daily held intercourse, and in whose sense of propriety levity of deportment on ordinary occasions is esteemed not only unbecoming, but unmanly. The calm, quiet tenor of their lives, remote from the active bustle of civilized life and business, imparted to their character, to their feelings, to their general manners, and even to their very language, a languid softness which contrasted strongly with the anxious and restless activity of the Anglo-

Saxon race, which is fast succeeding to the occupancy of their happy abodes. With them hospitality was hardly esteemed a virtue, because it was a *duty* which all cheerfully performed. Taverns were unknown, and every house supplied the deficiency. The statute-book, the judiciary, and courts of law, with their prisons and instruments of punishment, were unknown; as were also the crimes for which they are erected among the civilized nations of Europe. On politics and the affairs of the nation, they never suffered their minds to feel a moment's anxiety, believing implicitly that France ruled the world, and all must be right. Worldly honors and distinctions were bubbles unworthy of a moment's consideration or a moment's anxiety. Without commerce, they knew not, nor desired to know, the luxuries and the refinements of civilized communities. Thus day after day passed by in contentment and peaceful indolence. The distinction of wealth or rank was almost unknown; all were upon a natural equality, all dressed alike, and all met as equals at their fetes and in their ball-rooms.

The virtues of their primitive simplicity were many. Punctuality and honesty in their dealings, politeness and hospitality to strangers, were habitual; friendship and cordiality toward neighbors was general; and all seemed as members of one great family, connected by the strong ties of consanguinity. Wives were kind and affectionate; in all respects, they were equal to their husbands, and held an influence superior to the females in most civilized countries. They had entire control in all domestic concerns, and were the chief and supreme umpires in all doubtful cases. Did a case of casuistry arise, who so well able to divine the truth, or so well qualified to enforce the decision, as the better half? Mechanic trades, as a means of livelihood, were almost unknown; the great business of all was agriculture, and the care of their herds and flocks, their cattle, their horses, their sheep, and their swine, and each man was his own mechanic.

The peculiar manners and customs of these French settlements, isolated a thousand miles from any other civilized community, became characteristic and hereditary with their descendants even to the present time. In 1765, when the English dominion was extended over the Illinois country, many of them, rather than submit to the hated dominion of England, emigrated to the west side of the Mississippi, within the present limits of Missouri, which, in 1763, had been ceded to Spain. The French settlements there increased, while those in Illinois began to decline.

THE WESTERN WILDERNESS.

To a person who has witnessed all the changes which have taken place in the western country, since its first settlement, its former appearance is like a dream, or romance. He will find it difficult to realize the features of that wilderness which was the abode of his infant days. The little cabin of his father no longer exists; the little field, and truck patch which gave him a scanty supply of coarse bread, and vegetables, have been swallowed up in the extended meadow, orchard or grain field. The rude fort, in which his people had resided so many painful summers, has vanished, and "Like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind."

Everywhere surrounded by the busy hum of men, and the splendor, arts, refinements and comforts of civilized life, his former state and that of his country have vanished from his memory; or if sometimes he bestows a reflection on its original aspect, the mind seems to be carried back to a period of time much more remote than it really is. The immense changes which

have taken place in the physical, and moral state of the country, have been gradual, and therefore scarcely perceived from year to year; but the view from one extreme to the other, is like the prospect of the opposite shore over a vast expanse of water, whose hills, valleys, mountains and forests, present a confused and romantic scenery, which loses itself in the distant horizon.

One advantage at least results from having lived in a state of society, ever on the change, and always for the better, it doubles the retrospect of life. With me at any rate, it has had that effect. Did not the definite number of my years teach me the contrary, I should think myself at least one hundred years old instead of fifty. The case is said to be widely different with those who have passed their lives in cities, or ancient settlements, where, from year to year, the same unchanging aspect of things presents itself. There life passes away as an illusion, or dream, having been presented with no striking events, or great and important changes, to mark its different periods, and give them an imaginary distance from each other, and it ends with a bitter complaint of its shortness.

One prominent feature of a wilderness is its solitude. Those who plunged into the bosom of this forest, left behind them, not only the busy hum of men, but domesticated animal life generally. The parting rays of the setting sun did not receive the requiem of the feathered songsters of the grove, nor was the blushing aurora ushered in by the shrill clarion of the domestic fowls. The solitude of the night was interrupted only by the howl of the wolf, the melancholy moan of the ill-boding owl, or the shriek of the frightful panther. Even the faithful dog, the only steadfast companion of man among the brute creation, partook of the silence of the desert; the discipline of his master forbade him to bark, or move, but in obedience to his command, and his native sagacity soon taught him the propriety of obedience to this severe government.

The day was, if possible, more solitary than the night. The noise of the wild turkey, the croaking of the raven or "The woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree," did not much enliven the dreary scene.

The various tribes of singing birds are not inhabitants of the desert; they are not carniverous, and therefore must be fed from the labors of man. At any rate they did not exist in this country at its first settlement.

Let the imagination of the reader pursue the track of the adventurer into this solitary wilderness. Bending his course toward the setting sun, over undulating hills, under the shade of large forest trees and wading through the rank weeds, and grass which then covered the earth. Now viewing from the top of a hill, the winding course of the creek whose stream he wishes to explore. Doubtful of its course, and of his own, he ascertains the cardinal points of north and south, by the thickness of the moss, and bark on the north side of the ancient trees. Now descending into a valley and presaging his approach to a river, by seeing large ash, bass-wood and sugar trees, beautifully festooned with wild grape-vines. Watchful as Argus, his restless eye catches everything around him. In an unknown region, and surrounded with dangers, he is the sentinel of his own safety, and relies on himself alone for protection. The toilsome march of the day being ended, at the fall of night, he seeks for safety, some narrow sequestered hollow, and by the side of a large log, builds a fire, and after eating his coarse, and scanty meal, wraps himself up in his blanket, and lays him down on his bed of leaves, with his feet to the little fire for repose, hoping for favorable dreams, ominous of future good luck, while his faithful dog and gun repose by his side.

But let not the reader suppose that the pilgrim of the wilderness could feast his imagination with the romantic beauties of nature, without any drawback

from conflicting passions. His situation did not afford him much time for contemplation. He was an exile from the warm clothing and plentiful mansions of society. His homely woodman's dress, soon became old and ragged; the cravings of hunger compelled him to sustain from day to day the fatigues of the chase. Often had he to eat his venison, bear meat, or wild turkey, without bread or salt. Nor was this all; at every step, the strong passions of hope and fear, were in full exercise. Eager in pursuit of his game, his too much excited imagination sometimes presented him with the phantom of the object of his chase, in a bush, a log, or mossy bank, and occasioned him to waste a load of his ammunition, more precious than gold, on a creature of his own brain, and he repaid himself the expense by making a joke of his mistake. His situation was not without its dangers. He did not know at what tread his foot might be stung by a serpent, at what moment he might meet with the formidable bear,* or, if in the evening, he knew not on what limb of a tree, over his head, the murderous panther might be perched, in a squatting attitude, to drop down upon, and tear him to pieces in a moment. When watching a deer lick from his blind at night, the formidable panther was often his rival in the same business, and if, by his growl, or otherwise, the man discovered the presence of his rival, the lord of the world always retired as speedily and secretly as possible, leaving him the undisturbed possession of the chance of game for the night.

The wilderness was a region of superstition. The adventurous hunter sought for ominous presages of his future good or bad luck, in everything around him. Much of his success depended on the state of the weather; snow and rain were favorable, because in the former he could track his game, and the latter prevented them from hearing the rustling of the leaves beneath his feet. The appearance of the sky, morning and evening, gave him the signs of the times, with regard to the weather. So far he was a philosopher. Perhaps he was aided in his prognostics on this subject, by some old rheumatic pain, which he called his "weather clock." Say what you please about this, doctors, the first settlers of this country were seldom mistaken in this latter indication of the weather. The croaking of a raven, the howling of a dog, and the screech of an owl, were as prophetic of future misfortunes among the first adventurers into this country, as they were among the ancient pagans; but above all, their dreams were regarded as ominous of good or ill success. Often when a boy, I heard them relate their dreams, and the events which fulfilled their indications. With some of the woodsmen there were two girls of their acquaintance, who were regarded as the goddesses of their good or bad luck. If they dreamed of the one, they were sure of good fortune; if of the other, they were equally sure of bad. How much love or aversion might have had to do in this case, I cannot say, but such was the fact.

The passion of fear excited by danger, the parent of superstition, operated powerfully on the first adventurers into this country. Exiled from society, and the comforts of life, their situation was perilous in the extreme. The bite of a serpent, a broken limb, a wound of any kind, or a fit of sickness in

* It is said, that for some time after Braddock's defeat, the bears having feasted on the slain, thought that they had a right to kill and eat every human being with whom they met. An uncle of mine of the name of Peter, had like to have lost his life by one of them. It was in the summer time, when bears were poor, and not worth killing: being in the woods, he saw an old male bear winding along after him: with a view to have the sport of seeing the bear run, he hid himself behind a tree: when the bear approached him, he sprang out and hallooed at him; but cuffee, instead of running off, as he expected, jumped at him with mouth wide open; my uncle stopped him by applying the muzzle of his gun to his neck, and firing it off; this killed him in an instant. If his gun had snapped, the hunter would have been torn to pieces on the spot. After this, he says, he never undertook to play with a bear.

the wilderness, without those accommodations which wounds and sickness require, was a dreadful calamity. The bed of sickness, without medical aid, and above all, to be destitute of the kind attention of a mother, sister, wife or other female friends, those ministering angels in the wants and afflictions of man, was a situation which could not be anticipated by the tenant of the forest, with other sentiments than those of the deepest horror.

Many circumstances concurred to awaken in the mind of the early adventurer into this country, the most serious and even melancholy reflections. He saw everywhere around him indubitable evidences of the former existence of a large population of barbarians, which had long ago perished from the earth. Their arrow-heads furnished him with gun-flints; stone hatchets, pipes, and fragments of earthernware, were found in every place. The remains of their rude fortifications were met with in many places, and some of them of considerable extent and magnitude. Seated on the summit of some sepulchral mound, containing the ashes of tens of thousands of the dead, he said to himself, "This is the grave, and this, no doubt, the temple of worship of a long succession of generations, long since moldered into dust; these surrounding valleys were once animated by their labors, hunting and wars, their songs and dances; but oblivion has drawn her impenetrable vail over their whole history; no lettered page, no sculptured monument informs who they were, from whence they came, the period of their existence, or by what dreadful catastrophe the iron hand of death has given them so complete an overthrow, and made the whole of this country an immense Golgotha.

Such, reader, was the aspect of this country at its first discovery, and such the poor and hazardous lot of the first adventurers into the bosoms of its forests. How widely different is the aspect of things now, and how changed for the better, the condition of its inhabitants! If such important changes have taken place in so few years, and with such slender means, what immense improvements may we not reasonably anticipate for the future.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION IN THE WEST.

The war of the Revolution was peculiarly severe to the scattered settlements of the west, and it is surprising that its hardy population were enabled to sustain themselves against the numerous hordes of savages that, strengthened by the aid of Britain, assailed them on all quarters.

Invasion of the Cherokee Country.—Beside the Indian nations of the north, the Cherokees, instigated by British agents, once more took up the hatchet and broke up the settlements on the frontiers of the Carolinas, and in Southwestern Virginia, in the region of Abingdon. In the fall of 1776, their country was invaded by three separate divisions, respectively from South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia. These expeditions were successful, their fields were destroyed, their towns given to the flames, and they were compelled to sue for peace. At this time, the Virginia division, under Col. Christian, erected Fort Henry in the heart of the Cherokee nation, on the South Fork of the Holston, about one hundred and fifty miles above the mouth of French Broad.

In the spring of 1777, the Shawanese, having combined with the other tribes of the north, commenced an invasion of the infant settlements of the west, and, before the close of summer, had made furious, but unsuccessful attacks upon the Kentucky posts of Harrod's Station, Logan's Fort* and Boonesborough.

* Some circumstances connected with the siege of Logan's Fort, reflected the highest credit upon Benjamin Logan, after whom the station was named. On the morning of the 20th of May, the In-

During the summer, the settlements in Northwestern Virginia, upon the Monongahela and Ohio Rivers, were harassed by scalping parties, who committed many murders.

Siege of Fort Henry.—In September, 1777, Fort Henry, at Wheeling, originally called Fort Fincastle, was besieged by about four hundred Indians, led on by the notorious renegade, Simon Girty. The fort was a parallelogram, with a block-house at each of the four corners connected by lines of pickets, and inclosing about three quarters of an acre. The principal gate was on the east side of the fort, next to the few straggling log-huts, comprising the then village of Wheeling. The garrison numbered only forty-two fighting men, including old men and boys, and they were sadly deficient in ammunition.

On the 27th inst., the settlers in the vicinity became alarmed, and sought shelter, with their families, within the fort. The next morning, a man, sent out by Col. Shepherd, the commandant, on an errand, was killed, and a negro, with him, escaped back to the fort, with the intelligence that they had been waylaid by a party of Indians in a cornfield. Upon this, Capt. Mason, with fourteen men, went out to dislodge the Indians, when they were attacked on all sides by the whole of Girty's force. They made a desperate resistance; but overwhelmed by numbers, all but two, beside the Captain, were slain. Captain Ogle, with twelve others, sallying out to cover their retreat, were also attacked, and defeated with like slaughter. The enemy then advanced toward the fort in two extended lines, making the air resound with the war-whoop.

This salute was answered by a few rifle-shots from the lower block-houses. The garrison was now reduced to twelve men and boys; but they were undismayed by their losses or the overwhelming force opposed to them, and, on that day, performed prodigies of valor. Girty, having disposed of his force in the deserted houses, and under cover of fences, appeared with a white flag at the window of a cabin. He read the proclamation of Governor Hamilton, of Detroit, and promised them protection if they would lay down their arms and swear allegiance to his Britannic Majesty. He warned them to submit peacefully, and told them that he could not restrain the savages if the fort fell by assault. Col. Shepherd replied that he could only obtain possession of the fort when there remained no longer an American soldier to defend it. Girty renewed his proposition, but a youth put an end to the conference by firing a gun at him, and the siege again opened.

It was yet early in the morning of a day of surpassing beauty. The Indians, for the space of six hours, kept up a brisk fire, but very much at random, and with little or no effect. The little garrison was composed of sharp-shooters, and fired with great coolness and precision. Occasionally, the most reckless of the savages would rush up close to the block-houses to fire through the logs, but shots from the well directed rifles, drove them back. About

dians commenced the siege by firing upon a small party who were just outside the fort, by which one man was killed and two wounded. The whole party, including one of the wounded men, instantly ran into the fort. A man named Harrison, still lay near the spot where he had fallen, in full view of both the garrison and the enemy. His wife and family were in deep distress at his situation. Logan, failing to raise a party to rush out and save the man, made the attempt alone, and succeeded in bringing him in, unhurt, through a tremendous shower of rifle balls, which was poured upon him from every spot around capable of covering an Indian.

During the siege, the women were all employed in molding bullets, while the men were constantly at their posts. At length, their ammunition grew scarce, and none could be obtained short of Holston, in Southwestern Virginia. So, one dark night, Logan crawled through the Indian camp, and alone, took his course for the Holston, by bye-paths, which no white man had ever trod, through cane-brakes and thickets, over tremendous cliffs and precipices, where the deer could scarcely obtain a footing, and arrived in safety. He returned, by the same route, to the fort, which he found still besieged and reduced to the last extremity. His safe return with ammunition, inspired them with fresh courage, and a few days after, Col Bowman arriving with one hundred men from Virginia, compelled the Indians to retire

one o'clock, the Indians discontinued their fire, and fell back to the base of the hill.

The stock of gunpowder in the fort being exhausted, it was determined to seize this opportunity to send for a keg, in a house, distant about sixty yards from the fort. The Colonel being unwilling to order any one upon such a desperate errand, asked for a volunteer. Several young men promptly stepped forward. The Colonel informed them that in the weak state of the garrison, that only one man could be spared, and that they must decide who that should be. The eagerness of each to go, prevented them from deciding, and so much time was consumed in the contention, that fears began to arise that the Indians would renew the attack before the powder could be procured. At this crisis a young lady, Miss Elizabeth Zane, came forward, and to the astonishment of all, expressed a desire that she might be permitted to go. This proposition seemed so extravagant that it met with a peremptory refusal; but no remonstrances of her friends or the Colonel, could dissuade her from her heroic purpose. She stated that the great danger was the very reason that she should go; that the loss of her life would be unfelt, while that of a soldier, in the weak state of the garrison, would be of serious injury. Her petition was ultimately granted, and as she went out of the gate, the Indians in the vicinity looked at her with astonishment; but for some incomprehensible reason did not molest her. When she re-appeared with the powder, the Indians suspected her errand and discharged a volley at her, as she swiftly glided toward the gate, amid a shower of balls, and entered it unharmed with her prize. It was a noble exploit, one rarely equaled in self devotion and moral intrepidity.

After an intermission of about two hours, the Indians renewed the attack with great energy. Toward evening, the rifles of the garrison had become so much heated by continued firing that they were obliged to have recourse to a supply of muskets. After dark, the Indians brought up a hollow maple log, which they had converted into a field-piece. They bound it around with iron chains, to give it additional strength, and loaded it to the muzzle with slugs of iron, and then pointed it against the main gate. Upon being discharged, its contents did no harm to the garrison; but as it burst into many fragments a number of Indians were killed and wounded. A loud yell announced their disappointment, and the crowd gathered around, dispersed.

About four o'clock next morning, Col. Swearingen succeeded in entering the fort with fourteen men from Cross Creek, and shortly after, forty mounted men from Short Creek, under Major McCulloch, though closely beset by the Indians, made their way into the gate, which opened to receive them. But McCulloch, like a brave officer, was the last man, and he was cut off from his men, and nearly surrounded by the Indians. He wheeled and galloped toward a lofty hill in the rear of the fort, beset the whole way by Indians, who might have killed him, but knowing him as one of the bravest and most successful of Indian fighters on the frontier, wished to take him alive and gratify their full revenge by subjecting him to the severest tortures. He intended to ride along the ridge, and thus make his way to Short Creek; but on gaining the top, he found himself headed by a hundred savages, while the main body were in keen pursuit, in his rear. He was hemmed in on all sides but the east, where the precipice was almost perpendicular and the bed of the Creek lay like a gulf, near two hundred feet below him. This, too, would have been protected by the cautious enemy, but the jutting crags forbade his climbing or even descending it on foot, and to attempt it on horseback seemed inevitable death to both rider and steed. But with McCulloch it was but a chance of death and a narrow chance of life. He chose like a

brave man. Setting himself back in his saddle and his feet firmly braced in the stirrups, with his rifle in his left hand and the reins adjusted in his right, he cast one look upon the approaching savages, pushed his spurs into his horse's flanks, and made the decisive leap. In a few moments the Indians saw their mortal foe, whose daring act they beheld with astonishment, emerging from the valley below, still safely seated on his noble steed, and shouting defiance to his pursuers.

After the escape of McCulloch the Indians set fire to the cabins and fences outside of the fort, and then raised the siege. The defense had been admirably conducted by the garrison in the face of an enemy thirty times their numbers. In the hottest of the fight even the females showed great intrepidity, employing themselves in running bullets, preparing rifle-patches, and infusing new life into the soldiers by words of encouragement. Inside of the fort not a man was killed, and only one wounded, while the loss of the enemy was from sixty to one hundred.

Just previous to the siege of Fort Henry, a party of forty-five men under Capt. Foreman, fell into an ambuscade on the banks of the Ohio, eight miles below the fort. Twenty-one, including their commander and his two sons, were slain, and several of the others wounded. A simple monument marks the spot of this fatal tragedy, with the inscription:

"This humble stone is erected to the memory of Capt. Foreman and twenty-one of his men, who were slain by a band of ruthless savages—the *allies* of a *civilized* nation of Europe, on the 25th of Sept. 1777."

"So sleep the brave who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest."

Conquest of Illinois.—British authority was extended over the Illinois country shortly after the peace of 1763. The commandant was always some officer of His Majesty's army, who generally exercised despotic authority over the people. The population was composed entirely of a few thousand French who dwelt isolated in their settlements in the depths of a vast wilderness. Their principal settlements were Kaskaskia, Vincennes, and Cahokia, at each of which forts were erected, and garrisoned by British troops. These posts, and that of Detroit, were the points where were planned the hostile incursions of savages that desolated the frontiers of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the new settlements of Kentucky. The whole of the Illinois country being, at that time, within the chartered limits of Virginia, Col. George Rogers Clark, an officer of extraordinary genius, who had recently emigrated to Kentucky, with slight aid from the mother state, projected and carried out a secret expedition for the reduction of these posts, the great fountains of Indian massacre.

About the middle of June (1778), Clarke, by extraordinary exertions, assembled at the Falls of the Ohio six incomplete companies. From these he selected about 150 frontier men and descended the Ohio in keel-boats *en route* for Kaskaskia; on their way down they learned, by a messenger, of the alliance of France with the United States. About forty miles from the mouth of the Ohio, having first concealed their boats by sinking them in the river, they commenced their march toward Kaskaskia. Their route was through a pathless wilderness interspersed with morasses, and almost impassable to any except backwoodsmen. After several days of great fatigue and hardships, they arrived unperceived, in the evening of the 4th of July, in the vicinity of the town. In the dead of night Clarke divided his little force into two divisions. One division took possession of the town while the inhabitants were asleep; with the other Clarke in person crossed to the opposite side of the Kaskaskia river and secured possession of Fort Gage. So little apprehensive was he of danger that the commandant, Rocheblave, had not

even posted a solitary sentinel, and that officer was awakened by the side of his wife to find himself a prisoner of war.

The town, containing about 250 dwellings, was completely surrounded and all avenues of escape carefully guarded. The British had cunningly impressed the French with a horror of Virginians, representing them as bloodthirsty and cruel in the extreme. Clarke took measures, for ultimate good, to increase this feeling. During the night the troops filled the air with war-whoops; every house was entered and the inhabitants disarmed; all intercourse between them was prohibited; the people were ordered not to appear in the streets under penalty of instant death. The whole town was filled with terror, and the minds of the poor Frenchmen were agitated by the most horrid apprehensions. At last, when hope had nearly vanished, a deputation, headed by Father Gibault, the village priest, obtained permission to wait upon Col. Clarke. Surprised as they had been, by the sudden capture of their town, and by such an enemy as their imagination had painted, they were still more so when admitted to his presence. Their clothes were dirty and torn by the briers, and their whole aspect frightful and savage. The priest, in a trembling, subdued tone, said to Clarke:

"That the inhabitants expected to be separated, never to meet again on earth, and they begged for permission, through him, to assemble once more in the church, to take a final leave of each other." Clarke, aware that they suspected him of hostility to their religion, carelessly told them, that he had nothing to say against their church; that religion was a matter which the Americans left every one for himself to settle with his God; that the people might assemble in the church, if they wished, but they must not leave the town. Some further conversation was attempted; but Clarke, in order that the alarm might be raised to its utmost height, repelled it with sternness, and told them at once that he had not leisure for further intercourse. The whole town immediately assembled at the church; the old and the young, the women and the children, and the houses were all deserted. The people remained in church for a long time—after which the priest, accompanied by several gentlemen, waited upon Colonel Clarke, and expressed, in the name of the village, "their thanks for the indulgence they had received." The deputation then desired, at the request of the inhabitants, to address their conqueror on a subject which was dearer to them than any other. "They were sensible," they said, "that their present situation was the fate of war; and they could submit to the loss of property, but solicited that they might not be separated from their wives and children, and that some clothes and provisions might be allowed for their future support." They assured Colonel Clarke, that their conduct had been influenced by the British commandants, whom they supposed they were bound to obey—that they were not certain that they understood the nature of the contest between Great Britain and the colonies—that their remote situation was unfavorable to accurate information—that some of their number had expressed themselves in favor of the Americans, and others would have done so had they durst. Clarke, having wound up their terror to the highest pitch, resolved now to try the effect of that lenity, which he had all along intended to grant. He therefore abruptly addressed them: "Do you," said he, "mistake us for savages? I am almost certain you do from your language. Do you think that Americans intend to strip women and children, or take the bread out of their mouths? My countrymen disdain to make war upon helpless innocence. It was to prevent the horrors of Indian butchery upon our own wives and children, that we have taken up arms, and penetrated into this stronghold of British and Indian barbarity, and not the despicable prospect of plunder. That since the King of France had united

his arms with those of America, the war, in all probability, would shortly cease. That the inhabitants of Kaskaskia, however, were at liberty to take which side they pleased, without danger to themselves, their property, or their families. That all religions were regarded by the Americans with equal respect; and that insult offered to theirs, would be immediately punished. And now," continued he, "to prove my sincerity, you will please inform your fellow-citizens, that they are at liberty to go wherever they please, without any apprehension. That he was now convinced they had been misinformed, and prejudiced against the Americans, by British officers; and that their friends in confinement should immediately be released." The joy of the villagers, on hearing the speech of Colonel Clarke, may be imagined. The contrast of feeling among the people, on learning these generous and magnanimous intentions of Colonel Clarke, verified his anticipations. The gloom which had overspread the town was immediately dispersed. The bells rung a merry peal; the church was at once filled, and thanks offered up to God for deliverance from the terrors they had feared. Freedom to come and go, as they pleased, was immediately given; knowing that their reports would advance the success and glory of his arms.

So great an effect had this leniency of Clarke upon them, that, on the evening of the same day, a detachment, under Captain Bowman, was dispatched to surprise Cahokia; the Kaskaskians offered to go with it, and secure the submission of their neighbors. This having been accomplished, the two chief posts in Illinois had passed, without bloodshed, from the possession of England into that of Virginia.

But St. Vincennes, upon the Wabash, the most important post in the west, except Detroit, still remained in possession of the enemy. Clarke thereupon accepted the offer of Father Gibault, who, in company with another Kaskaskian, proceeded on a mission of peace to St. Vincennes, and by the 1st of August, returned with the intelligence that the inhabitants of that post had taken the oath of allegiance to the American cause.

Clarke next established courts, garrisoned three conquered towns, commenced a fort which proved the foundation of the flourishing city of Louisville, and sent the ill-natured Rocheblave a prisoner to Virginia. In October, Virginia extended her jurisdiction over the settlements of the Upper Mississippi and the Wabash, by the organization of the county of Illinois, the largest county, at that time, in the world. Had it not been for the conquest of the Illinois country, by Clarke, it would have remained in the possession of England at the close of the revolution, and continued, like Canada, to the present day, an English province.

Toward the latter part of September, Clarke commenced negotiating with the Indian tribes of the Illinois and Upper Mississippi. No man ever better understood Indian character; he had seen much service in Indian wars, and believed it the best policy to maintain toward them a stern and dignified reserve—and not to invite them to peace, but to fight them fiercely until they were compelled to sue for it. His stern, decided manner, while conducting his negotiations, impressed them with a terror before unknown. His sleepless vigilance, the celerity of his movements, and his lofty courage struck such a panic into the hearts of the Northwestern Indians, as not only occasioned for a time, a cessation of Indian hostilities on the frontier, but induced some of the tribes to offer their services against the English, which Clarke, from motives of humanity, rejected.

The following anecdote is illustrative of Clarke's manner in his interviews with the Indians. While in camp at Cahokia, the Meadow Indians had been offered a large reward in case they should murder Clarke. Accordingly, they

resorted to a stratagem to assassinate him when asleep. Luckily they were frustrated in their designs, and their chiefs imprisoned and sent to the guard-house.

They were put in irons, and brought the next day into the council, without being suffered to speak until all the other business was transacted. Colonel Clarke then ordered their irons to be taken off, and told them "that they ought to die for their treacherous attempt upon his life; that he had determined to put them to death, and they must be sensible they had forfeited their lives; but reflecting on the meanness of watching a bear, and catching him asleep, he had concluded that they were not warriors, but old women, and too mean, therefore, to be killed by the Big Knife—but as they had put on breech-clothes, pretending to be men when they were women, he should order their breech-clothes to be taken off; and as women know nothing about hunting, a plenty of provisions should be given them for their journey home, and during their stay they should be treated in every respect *like squaws*." He then turned, and renewed a conversation with his friends in attendance.

This treatment appeared to agitate the offending Indians exceedingly. One of their chiefs soon afterward arose, and offered a pipe and belt of peace to Clarke, and made a speech. Clarke, however, would not allow it even to be interpreted; and a sword lying on the table, he took it up and broke the pipe, declaring, at the same time, that Big Knife never treated with women. Several chiefs belonging to the other tribes in attendance, immediately rose to intercede in their behalf, and desired Colonel Clarke to pity their families. Clarke, however, alive to the vulnerable features of the Indian character, told them "that the Big Knife had never made war upon the Indians, and that when Americans came across such people in the woods, they commonly shot them as they did wolves, to prevent their eating the deer." This mediation having failed, a consultation took place among themselves, and two of their young men, advancing into the middle of the floor, sat down, and flung their blankets over their heads, to the astonishment of the whole assembly. Two of their most venerable chiefs then arose, and with a pipe of peace, stood by these self-devoted victims, and offered their lives as an atonement for the conduct of their tribe. "This sacrifice," said they, "we hope will appease the Big Knife:" and they again offered the pipe.

This affecting and romantic incident, embarrassed even the ready mind of Clarke. The assembly was silent. Anxiety to know the fate of the victims, was depicted on every countenance. Such magnanimity—such self-devotion, as these rude children of the forest exhibited, Colonel Clarke had never witnessed before; and, as he says in his journal, from which the above is extracted, "he never felt so powerful a gust of emotion in his life." Retaining, however, his self-possession as well as he could, he ordered them to rise and uncover themselves, and said, "he rejoiced to find that there were men in all nations; that such alone were fit to be chiefs, and with such he liked to treat; that through them he granted peace to their tribes;" and taking them by the hand, he introduced them to the American officers, as well as to the French and Spanish gentlemen who were present, and afterward to the other Indian chiefs. They were saluted by all as chiefs of the tribe. A council was immediately held, with great ceremony; peace was at once restored; presents were distributed, and neither party had occasion to repent of their doings. Clarke was afterward informed, that these young men were held in high estimation among their people; and that the incident above related, was much talked of among the natives.

Early in the winter, the whole regular force at Kaskaskia and Cahokia, had been reduced to less than one hundred men, while that at Vincennes, under Capt. Helm, comprised but a few individuals.

Hamilton, the British Governor at Detroit, mortified at the loss of Illinois, determined to retrieve these disasters to the British cause by re-conquering it from the Virginians. About the middle of December, he suddenly appeared before Fort St. Vincent with a formidable body of regulars, militia and Indians, amounting in all to about seven hundred men. As he advanced to carry the fort by assault, Captain Helm, with a confident air, as if supported by an ample force, sprang upon a bastion beside a cannon, and waving a lighted match in the air, called out, "Halt! or I'll blow you to atoms!" Ignorant of the numbers of the defenders, Hamilton was surprised, and fearing a desperate resistance, ordered a halt. A parley ensued, and to the demand for the surrender of the fort, Helm exclaimed, with an oath, "No man enters here until I know the terms; I will surrender only with the *full honors of war;* otherwise, I will resist so long as a man lives to shoulder a rifle." His terms were granted, when lo! the whole garrison, comprising only one private, with his dauntless commander, marched out and laid down their arms.

The winter now setting in, with rain and snow, Col. Hamilton was obliged to defer further operations until spring. He then made arrangements to enlist for the coming campaign, all the southern and western Indians, and there is reason to believe that in that case he would not only have succeeded in sweeping the west from the Mississippi to the mountains, but, perhaps, have changed the whole tide of the revolution.

Clarke soon put an end to these projects. No sooner did he learn of Helm's surrender, than he promptly took measures to anticipate his rival, and regain Vincennes; in seven days thereafter, he started with a force of one hundred and thirty men, on a dreary march of one hundred and fifty miles northeasterly, toward Vincennes. At the same time, he dispatched an armed galley with forty-six men, under Capt. John Rodgers, to penetrate and take up a position on the Wabash, near the mouth of White River, and wait orders.. The route of Clarke was an Indian trace through forests and prairies. The weather being uncommonly rainy, all the large streams were over their banks. For near one hundred miles, these hardy woodsmen, weighed down with their arms and provisions, pressed along on foot, through forests, marshes, ponds, broad rivers, and overflown lowlands, until they reached the crossings of the little Wabash, nine miles from Vincennes, where the bottoms were overflowed for the width of three miles, to a depth of from two to near five feet. There the troops sprang into the water, which, in some places, came up to their armpits, and commenced wading across.

A favorite song was sung, and the whole detachment joined in the chorus. When they had got to the deepest part, from whence it was intended to transport the troops in two canoes which they had obtained, one of the men said he felt a path, quite perceptible to the touch of naked feet; and supposing it must pass over the highest ground, the march was continued to a place called the Sugar Camp, where they found about half an acre of land above the water. Here they rested a moment. Another expanse of water was now to be crossed, and what heightened the difficulty, was the entire absence of wood or timber, to support the famishing and exhausted party in wading. The object, however, of their toils, was now in sight. Clarke, thereupon, addressed his troops in a spirited manner, and led the way into the water as before, up to his middle—as soon as the third man had stepped off, Clarke ordered Captain Bowman to fall back with twenty-five men, and shoot every man who refused to march; resolved, as he said, that "no coward should disgrace this company of brave men." The order was received with a shout and huzza, and every man followed his commander, cheered as they sometimes were by the advance guard, with a purposed deception that the water was growing shallower, and

sometimes with the favorite cry of seamen, "land! land!" When they reached the woods that skirted the river, the water was still up to their shoulders; the support of the trees and floating logs were found of essential use, and aided them exceedingly in their perilous march. On approaching the bank, or high-ground, so completely were they exhausted, that many fell on their faces, leaving their bodies half in the water, unable any longer to continue their efforts.

They here found an Indian canoe, with a small amount of provisions, which proved of inestimable value to the men in their exhausted condition—for such had been their hardships and sufferings, from hunger and exposure to water, that the comparative mildness of the winter alone saved them from perishing.

On the evening of the 23d of February, 1779, the attack was made—the sharp crack of the rifle being the first intimation Hamilton had of the presence of an enemy. The riflemen, securely sheltered in a ditch, poured in continuous vollies of balls into the port-holes of the fort, and with such unerring aim that every gunner who presented himself, was immediately killed, and the garrison, panic stricken, abandoned the guns. The next day, Hamilton surrendered the fort, with valuable military stores, and its garrison of seventy-nine men. Hamilton and his principal officers were sent prisoners to Virginia. The Executive Council consigned him and his associates to imprisonment in irons.

This treatment of the British governor was perfectly proper. While in command at Detroit, he was notorious for his cruelty toward prisoners, and as further inducements to the Indians to murder their captives, he gave standing rewards for *scalps, but offered none for prisoners.* Hence, the Indians were accustomed to compel their captives to carry their baggage into the vicinity of Detroit; there they put them to death, and as they entered the fort with the scalps of their murdered victims, were welcomed, by Hamilton, with discharges of cannon. He also gave orders to the volunteer scalping parties of whites and Indians, to *spare neither men, women nor children.*

At Vincennes, Col. Clarke planned a campaign for the capture of Detroit, but its great distance, and want of sufficient means, compelled him to abandon the enterprise. Beside, the taking of Hamilton and his principal officers, at Vincennes, accomplished the main benefits that would, in other circumstances, have arisen from its capture.

While these events were transpiring in the Illinois country, the Cherokees, under their chief, Dragging Canoe, instigated by the agents of Hamilton, committed depredations upon the frontiers from Pennsylvania to Georgia. In April, 1779, about 2000 men, under Col. Evan Shelby and Col. John Montgomery, rendezvoused near the site of Rogersville, Tennessee, invaded the country of the hostile Indians, and destroyed eleven of their towns. This event for some time gave peace to Tennessee, and opened a communication with the settlements in Kentucky.

During the greater part of the year 1778, the border settlements on the Monongahela and the upper Ohio, suffered but little from Indian incursions. In Kentucky, their principal object appeared to be the reduction of the fort at Boonesborough.

Siege of Boonesborough.—On the 7th of February, while at the Lower Blue Licks, on Licking River, making salt for the settlements, Capt. Daniel Boone and twenty-seven men were surprised by a party of over 100 Indians. They were well treated by the Indians, and carried to their towns on the Miami. At old Chillicothe, near the site of Xenia, Ohio, Boone was adopted as a son by a principal chief. About the middle of June Boone was agonized by the assembling at old Chillicothe of 450 warriors, armed, painted and

equipped in the most frightful manner, for an expedition against Boonesborough. His captivity now gave him pleasure, as it would be the means of his saving his friends from destruction. Before sunrise the next morning he departed, as if for a hunt, and rapidly making his way toward Boonesborough, arrived there four days after, a distance of 160 miles, during which he had but a single meal. His escape occasioned the Indians to delay their expedition for several weeks. About the first of August, with nineteen men, Boone proceeded on an expedition to surprise Paint Creek town, on the Scioto, which they found deserted. Near it, they encountered and had a skirmish with a party of about thirty Indians, on their march toward Boonesborough; and, on the 7th, discovered the trail of the main Indian army, under Captain Duquesne, within a day's march of their destination.

On the 8th, the enemy appeared in great force. There were nearly five hundred Indian warriors, armed and painted in the usual manner, and what was still more formidable, they were conducted by Canadian officers, well skilled in the usages of modern warfare. As soon as they were arrayed in front of the fort, the British colors were displayed, and an officer, with a flag, was sent to demand the surrender of the fort, with a promise of quarter and good treatment in case of compliance, and threatening "*the hatchet*," in case of a storm. Boone requested two days for consideration, which, in defiance of all experience and common sense, was granted. This interval, as usual, was employed in preparation for an obstinate resistance. The cattle were brought into the fort, the horses secured, and all things made ready against the commencement of hostilities.

Boone then appeared at the gate of the fortress, and communicated to Capt. Duquesne the resolution of his men to defend the fort to the last extremity. Disappointment and chagrin were strongly painted upon the face of the Canadian at his 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 and treat with them, they would instantly depart without farther hostility.

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; upon which, Duquesne 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.

The attack instantly commenced by a heavy fire against the picketing, and was returned with fatal accuracy by the garrison. The Indians quickly sheltered themselves, and the action became more cautious and deliberate. Finding but little effect from the fire of his men, Duquesne next resorted to a more formidable mode of attack. The fort stood on the south bank of the river, within sixty yards of the water. Commencing under the bank, where their operations were concealed from the garrison, they attempted to push a

mine into the fort. Their object, however, was fortunately discovered by the quantity of fresh earth which they were compelled to throw into the river, and by which the water became muddy for some distance below. Boone, who had regained his usual sagacity, instantly cut a trench within the fort in such a manner as to intersect the line of their approach, and thus frustrated their design.

The enemy exhausted all the ordinary artifices of Indian warfare, but were steadily repulsed in every effort. Finding their numbers daily thinned by the deliberate but fatal fire of the garrison, and seeing no prospect of final success, they broke up on the ninth day of the siege, and returned home. The loss of the garrison was two men killed and four wounded. On the part of the savages, thirty-seven were killed and many wounded, who, as usual, were all carried off.

Late in the fall succeeding, Gen. M'Intosh marched from the vicinity of Pittsburgh, with one thousand men, on an expedition against the Sandusky towns; winter setting in, he relinquished his main design, and erected Fort Laurens, on the site of Bolivar, Ohio. Having garrisoned this fort with one hundred and fifty men, under Col. John Gibson, he returned. Early in the succeeding year, 1779, Fort Laurens sustained a harassing siege of several weeks' duration, the savages numbering over eight hundred warriors.

In the ensuing summer the Indians kept the settlements of Kentucky in a continual alarm by their small scalping parties, which penetrated the country in every direction. To protect the settlements, Col. Bowman, in July, with a body of 160 mounted Kentuckians, proceeded on an unsuccessful expedition against old Chillicothe.

Rodgers' Defeat.—The most unfortunate event of the year was Rodgers' defeat and massacre at the mouth of the Licking, opposite the site of Cincinnati. Col. David Rodgers and Capt. Benham, with 100 men, were in two large keel boats, on their way from New Orleans, with supplies of ammunition and provisions for the western posts. In October, when near the mouth of the Licking, a few Indians were seen, and supposing himself to be superior in numbers, Rodgers landed to attack them, and was led into an ambuscade of 400 Indians. The whites fought with desperation, but in a furious onset with tomahawk and scalping-knife, the commander, with about ninety of his men, were soon dispatched. The escape of Capt. Benham was almost miraculous. A shot passed through both legs, shattering the bones. With great pain he dragged himself into the top of a fallen tree, where he lay concealed from the search of the Indians after the battle was over. He remained there until the evening of the next day, when being in danger of famishing, he shot a raccoon which he perceived descending a tree near where he lay. Just at that moment he heard a human cry, apparently within a few rods. Supposing it to be an enemy, he loaded his gun and remained silent. A second, and then a third halloo was given, accompanied by the exclamation, "Whoever you are, for God's sake answer me?" This time Benham replied, and soon found the unknown to be a fellow soldier, with both arms broken! Thus each was enabled to supply the deficiency of the other. Benham could load and shoot game, while his companion could kick it to Benham to cook. In this way they supported themselves for several weeks, until their wounds healed sufficiently to enable them to move down to the mouth of the Licking River, where they remained until the 27th of November, when a flat-boat appeared moving by on the river. They hailed the boat, but the crew fearing it to be an Indian decoy, at first refused to come to their aid, but eventually were prevailed upon to take them on board. Both of them recovered. Benham served through the Indian wars down to the victory of Wayne, and

subsequently resided near Lebanon, Ohio, until his death, about the year 1808.

The success of Col. Clarke in conquering the Illinois country, together with the capture of the British governor, Hamilton, the great instigator of Indian invasion in the spring of 1779, revived the spirit of emigration to the west. This rapid increase of population so exhausted the supplies of food in the country, as in the succeeding winter (1779 '80) to produce great distress and alarm.

Byrd's Invasion of Kentucky.—In the spring of 1780, the British commandant at Detroit prepared for the reduction of Ruddle's and Martin's stations on the Licking River. On the 22d of June, Col. Byrd, of the British service, appeared before Ruddle's station with 600 Indians and Canadians, and several pieces of artillery. Resistance was hopeless; the fort gates were thrown open, and the garrison surrendered at discretion. The same scene was acted at Martin's station. Then the whole force commenced a precipitate retreat; and many of the women and children, loaded with plunder by the Indians, being unable to keep up, were tomahawked and scalped. At this time there were not over 300 fighting men north of Kentucky River, and these were scattered in stations many miles apart; the enemy, therefore, could easily have depopulated the country in a week or two, but for some unknown reason failed to prosecute the campaign any farther.

Just previous to the invasion by Byrd, Col. George Rogers Clark built Fort Jefferson on the Mississippi, in the country of the Chickasaws, a few miles below the mouth of the Ohio. In May, 1780, about fourteen hundred Indians, with one hundred and forty British troops, from Mackinaw, made an unsuccessful attack upon St. Louis, then a town of less than one thousand inhabitants, and within the dominions of Spain, that power being then at war with England. After killing and scalping about twenty persons, who happened to be in the fields adjacent, the Indians, from some unknown reason, refused to co-operate any longer with the British troops.

In the summer, eight hundred men, under Col. Brodhead, assembled at Wheeling, and marched against the Indian villages in the forks of the Muskingum, on the site of Coshocton, Ohio. They destroyed one or two villages, and took a number of prisoners; among whom were sixteen warriors, who, by decision of a council of war, were led out and, in cool blood, tomahawked and scalped. A noble looking chief came into camp on a mission of peace the next morning, under a promise of safety. While conversing with the commander Whetzel, an Indian fighter came up behind, and with a blow of his tomahawk, cleft open his skull. On the retreat, the remaining prisoners, except a few women and children, were massacred.

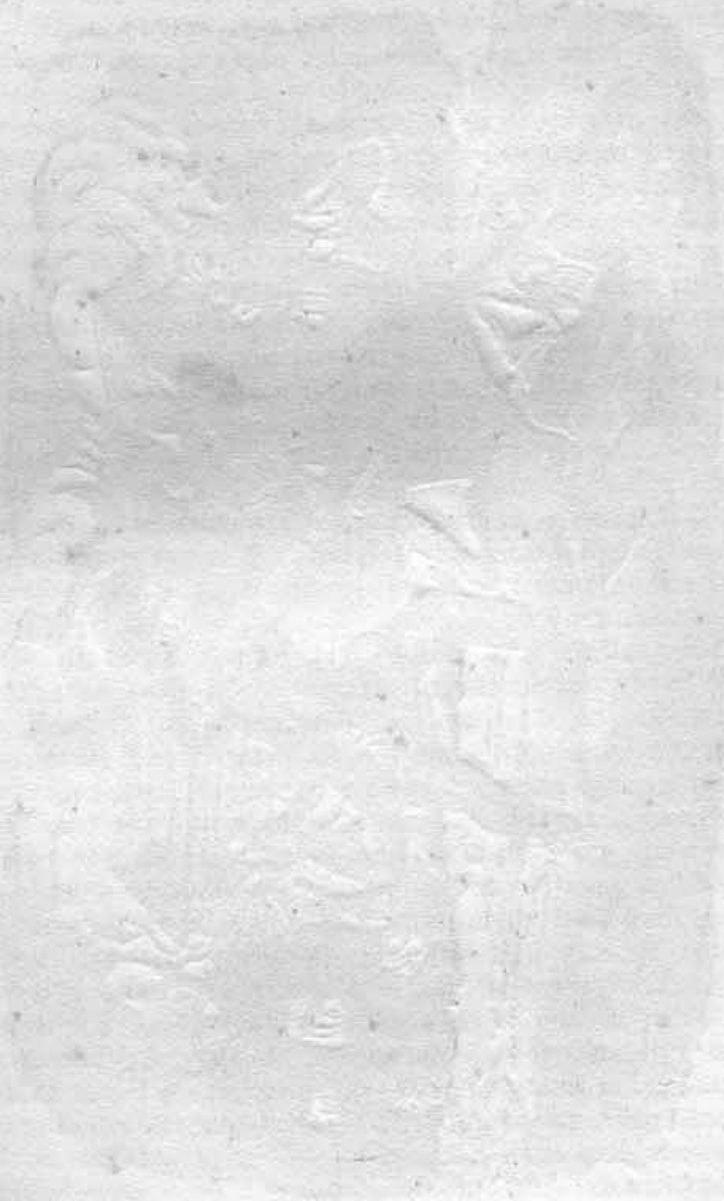
On Clarke's return from Fort Jefferson, he organized a force of one thousand men, and in July, rapidly and secretly marched into the Miami country, and destroyed the Piqua towns on Mad River, and Chillicothe on the Little Miami. In the year following, 1781, the Chickasaws, indignant at the erection of Fort Jefferson upon their soil, led on by Colbert, a half-breed, besieged it with much vigor. Gen. Clarke marched from Kaskaskia with a reinforcement, and relieved the fort from its perilous situation. Shortly after, Clarke dismantled the fort, and the Chickasaws ceased their hostility.

In the ensuing spring, 1782, the Indians again infested the frontiers. In March, twenty-five Wyandots invested Estill's station; on their retiring, Capt. Estill pursued with precisely the same number of men. As they met the opposing parties tree'd—and never was battle more like single combat—each man sought his man, and fired only when he saw his mark. The firing was deliberate, and each cautiously looked for his foe at the peril of his life. For



MASSACRE OF THE CHRISTIAN INDIANS.

"Of the number thus cruelly murdered by the backwoodsmen of the upper Ohio, between fifty and sixty were women and children — some of them innocent babes."



two hours this desperate contest was kept up, until about half of each party were slain, when Lieut. Miller and six men fled; this gave the Indians the ascendancy, and the battle was soon finished. Estill, in a deadly struggle with a powerful warrior, received the knife of his antagonist in his heart; just after, his arm gave way at a former fracture, and that instant, the Indian received his death from the unerring rifle of one of the whites.

A melancholy disaster, about the same time, befell a body of one hundred and seven United States troops, under Capt. Laherty, on their way down the Ohio to Fort Steuben, at the Falls of the Ohio. They were attacked by an overwhelming force of Indians, near the mouth of the Great Miami, and, although making a brave resistance, were compelled to retreat, with the loss of about fifty slain.

Massacre of the Moravian or Christian Indians.—As early as the year 1762, the Moravian missionaries, Post and Heckewelder, established a mission among the Indians on the Tuscarawas. Before the close of the war of the revolution, they had three flourishing stations or villages, viz: Shoenbrun, Gnadenhutten and Salem. These were respectively about five miles apart, and stood near fifty miles west of the site of Steubenville, Ohio. In the war, their position was eminently dangerous. They were midway between the hostile towns on the Sandusky and the frontier settlements, and being on the direct route of war parties of either, were compelled occasionally to give sustenance and shelter to both. This excited the jealousy of the contending races, although they preserved a strict neutrality, and looked with horror upon the shedding of blood.

In February, 1782, many murders were committed upon the upper Ohio and the Monongahela, by the hostile Indians. The settlers believing that the Moravians were either concerned in these murders, or had harbored those who were, determined to destroy their towns, the existence of which, they deemed dangerous to their safety. Accordingly, in March, about ninety volunteers assembled under the command of Col. David Williamson, in the Mingo Bottom, just below the site of Steubenville. Arriving in the vicinity of Gnadenhutten, they, on the morning of the 8th, surrounded and entered the town, where they found a large party of Indians in a field, gathering corn. They informed the Indians that they had come on an errand of peace and friendship—that they were going to take them to Fort Pitt for protection. The unsuspecting Indians, pleased at the prospect of their removal, delivered up their arms which they used for hunting, and commenced preparing breakfast for themselves and guests. An Indian messenger was dispatched to Salem, to apprise 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 ere 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. Dodridge, 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* (for no other word can express the act) 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, and spear, and tomahawk, and scalping-knife, the work of death progressed in these slaughter-houses, until 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 toward their unfortunate race.

Of the number thus cruelly murdered by the backwoodsmen of the upper Ohio, between fifty and sixty were women and children—some of them innocent babes. No resistance was made; one only attempted to escape. The whites finished the tragedy by setting fire to the town, including the slaughter-houses with the bodies in them, all of which were consumed. A detachment was sent to the upper town, Shoenbrun, but the people having received information of what was transpiring below, had deserted it.

Those engaged in the campaign, were generally men of standing, at home. When the expedition was formed, it was given out to the public that its sole object was to remove the Moravians to Pittsburgh, and by destroying the villages, deprive the hostile savages of a shelter. In their towns, various articles plundered from the whites, were discovered. One man is said to have found the bloody clothes of his wife and children, who had recently been murdered. These articles, doubtless, had been purchased of the hostile Indians. The sight of these, it is said, bringing to mind the forms of murdered relations, wrought them up to an uncontrollable pitch of frenzy which nothing but blood could satisfy.

In the year 1799, when the remnant of the Moravian Indians were recalled by the United States to reside on the same spot, an old Indian, in company with a young man by the name of Carr, walked over the desolate scene, and showed to the white man an excavation, which had formerly been a cellar, and in which were still some moldering bones of the victims, though seventeen years had passed since their tragic death—the tears, in the meantime, falling down the wrinkled face of this aged child of the Tuscarawas.

Crawford's Defeat.—At the time of the massacre, less than half of the Moravian Indians were at their towns, on the Tuscarawas, the remainder having been carried off, by the hostile Indians, to Sandusky, had settled these in their vicinity. Immediately after the return of Williamson's men, what may be called a second Moravian campaign, was projected; the object being first to finish the destruction of the christian Indians, at their new establishment, on the Sandusky, and then destroy the Wyandot towns on the same

river. The long continuance of the Indian war, the many murders and barbarities committed upon the frontiers, had so wrought upon the inhabitants, as to create an indiscriminate thirst for revenge. Having had a taste of blood and plunder, in their recent expedition, without loss or danger on their part, it was now determined not to spare the lives of any Indians who might fall into their hands, whether friends or foes.

On the 25th of May, 1782, four hundred and eighty men, principally from the upper Ohio, assembled at the Old Mingo towns, near the site of Steubenville. At this place, they chose Col. Wm. Crawford commander, his competitor being Col. Williamson. Crawford* accepted the office with great reluctance. Soon after, his men exhibited such an utter disregard to military order, that he was depressed with a presentiment of evil.

Notwithstanding the secrecy and dispatch of the enterprise, the Indian spies discovered their rendezvous, on the Mingo Bottom, knew their number and destination. They visited every encampment on their leaving it, and saw written on the barks of trees and scraps of paper, that "*no quarter* was to be given to any Indian, whether *man, woman or child.*"

Their route was by the "Williamson trail," through the burnt Moravian towns. On the 6th of June, they arrived at the site of the Moravian villages, on a branch of the Sandusky. Here, instead of meeting with Indians and plunder, they found nothing but vestiges of desolation. A few huts, surrounded by high grass, alone remained; their intended victims having, some time before, moved to the Scioto, some eighteen miles south. A council then decided to march on north one day longer, and if then, no Indian towns were reached, to retreat. About 2 o'clock, the next day, while on their march through the Sandusky plains, the advanced guard were driven in by Indians concealed in great numbers in the high grass. The action then became general, and the firing was incessant and heavy until dark.† In this battle, the whites had the advantage, and lost but a few men. The Indians were driven from the woods and prevented from gaining a strong position on the right flank, by the vigilance and bravery of Major Leet. During the night, both armies lay upon their arms behind a line of fires, to prevent surprise. The next day, the Indians were seen in large bodies traversing the plains, while others were busy carrying off their dead and wounded. At a council of officers, Col. Williamson proposed marching, with one hundred and fifty volunteers, to upper Sandusky; but the commander opposed it, stating that the Indians, whose numbers were hourly increasing, would attack and conquer their divided forces in detail. The dead were buried, and preparations made for a retreat after dark. The Indians perceiving their intention, about sunset, attacked them with great fury in all directions, except that of Sandusky. In the course of the night, the army commenced their retreat, regained their old trail by a circuitous route, and continued on with but slight annoyance from the enemy. Unfortunately, when the retreat commenced, a large number erroneously judging that the Indians would follow the main body, broke off into small parties and made their way toward their homes, in different directions. These the Indians, for days, pursued in detachments, with such activity that but very few escaped, some being killed almost within sight of the Ohio River.

Soon after the retreat began, Col. Crawford having missed his son and

* Col. Wm. Crawford was a native of Virginia, but at this time was residing near Brownsville, Pa. He was a captain in the old French war, and in the revolution, raised a regiment of continentals by his own exertions. He was an intimate friend of Washington—a man of character, and of noted bravery. At this time, he was about fifty years of age.

† The battle was fought three miles north of upper Sandusky. The large tree on the right of the engraving (Eng. p. 110) and others in the vicinity, even to the present day, show marks of the bullets.

several of his connections, halted and unsuccessfully searched the line for them as it passed on, and then, owing to the weariness of his horse, was unable to overtake the retreating army. Falling in company with Dr. Knight and others, they kept on until the third day, when they were attacked, and Crawford and Knight captured. They were taken to an Indian encampment in the vicinity, where they found nine other prisoners, and all, the next morning, were conducted toward the Tyemochte, by Pipe and Wingenund, Delaware chiefs, except four of them, who were killed and scalped on the way.

At a Delaware town on the Tyemochte, a few miles northwesterly from the site of upper Sandusky, preparations were made for the burning of Col. Crawford. In the vicinity, the remaining five of the nine prisoners were tomahawked and scalped by squaws and boys. Crawford's son and son-in-law were executed at a Shawanese town.

The account of the burning of Crawford is thus given by Dr. Knight, his companion, who subsequently escaped. 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, and sixty or seventy squaws and boys.

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

The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the colonel was tied; it was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite through in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians, by turns, would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood, and apply it to his naked body, already burnt black with the powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him with the burning fagots 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.

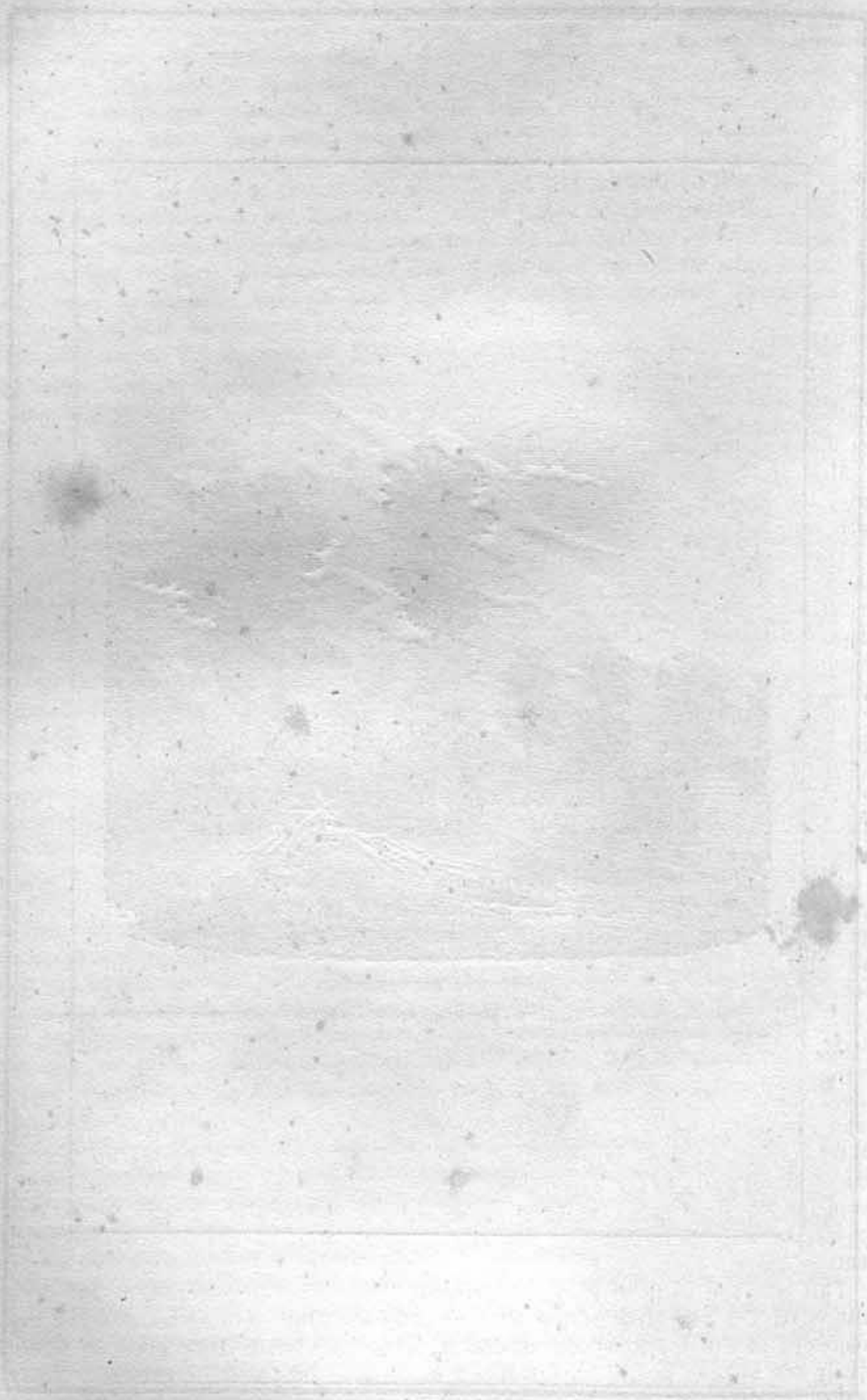
Girty then came up to me and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, I was not to die at that place, but to be burnt at the Shawanese towns. He swore by G—d I need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its extremities.

Col. 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



CRAWFORD'S BATTLE-FIELD.

"The large tree on the right of the engraving, and others in the vicinity, even to the present day, show marks of the bullets."



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.

Most of the prisoners taken in this campaign, were burned to death, with cruel tortures, in retaliation for the massacre of the Moravian Indians, who were principally Delawares.

This invasion was the last made from the region of the upper Ohio during the war. But the Indians, encouraged by their successes, overran these settlements with scalping parties. In September, three hundred Indians, for three days, unsuccessfully invested the fort at Wheeling. A detachment of one hundred of these, made an attack upon Rice's Fort, twelve miles north. Although defended by only six men, they were obliged to retire with loss.

Siege of Bryant's Station.—Shortly after the defeat of Crawford, about six hundred Indians, under the influence of the British at Detroit, assembled at old Chillicothe to proceed on an expedition intended to exterminate the "Long Knife" from Kentucky. On the night of the 14th of August, 1782, this body gathered around Bryant's station, a fort on the Elkhorn, about five miles from Lexington.

The fort itself contained about forty cabins, placed in parallel lines, connected by strong palisades, and garrisoned by forty or fifty men. It was a parallelogram of thirty rods in length by twenty in breadth, forming an enclosure of nearly four acres, which was protected by digging a trench four or five feet deep, in which strong and heavy pickets were planted by ramming the earth well down against them. These were twelve feet out of the ground, being formed of hard, durable timber, at least a foot in diameter. Such a wall, it must be obvious, defied climbing or leaping, and indeed any means of attack, cannon excepted. At the angles were small squares or block-houses, which projected beyond the palisades, and served to impart additional strength at the corners, as well as permitted the besieged to pour a raking fire across the advanced party of the assailants. Two folding gates were in front and rear, swinging on prodigious wooden hinges, sufficient for the passage in and out of men or wagons in times of security. These were of course provided with suitable bars.

This was the state of things, as respects the means of defense, at Bryant's station on the morning of the 15th of August, 1782, while the savages lay concealed in the thick weeds around it, which in those days grew so abundantly and tall, as would have sufficed to conceal mounted horsemen. They waited for daylight, and the opening of the gates for the garrison to get water

for the day's supply from an adjacent spring, before they should commence the work of carnage.

It seems that the garrison here were rather taken off their guard. Some of the palisade work had not been secured as permanently as possible, and the original party which built the fort had been tempted, in the hurry of constructing and their fewness of hands, to restrict its extent, so as not to include a spring of water within its limits. Great as were these disadvantages, they were on the eve of exposure to a still greater one, for had the attack been delayed a few hours, the garrison would have been found disabled by sending off a reinforcement to a neighboring station—Holder's settlement—on an unfounded alarm that it was attacked by a party of savages. As it was, no sooner had a few of the men made their appearance outside of the gate than they were fired on, and compelled to regain the inside.

According to custom, the Indians resorted to stratagem for success. A detachment of one hundred warriors attacked the south-east angle of the station, calculating to draw the entire body of the besieged to that quarter to repel the attack, and thus enable the residue of the assailants, five hundred strong, who were on the opposite side in ambush near the spring, to take advantage of its unprotected situation, when the whole force of the defense should be drawn off to resist the assault at the south-east. Their purpose, however, was comprehended inside, and instead of returning the fire at the smaller party, they secretly dispatched an express to Lexington for assistance, and began to repair the palisades, and otherwise to put themselves in the best possible posture of defense.

The more experienced of the garrison felt satisfied that a powerful party was in ambuscade near the spring, but at the same time, they supposed that the Indians would not unmask themselves until the firing upon the opposite side of the fort was returned with such warmth as to induce the belief that the feint had succeeded. Acting upon this impression, and yielding to the urgent necessity of the case, they summoned all the women without exception, and explaining to them the circumstances in which they were placed, and the improbability that any injury would be offered them until the firing had been returned from the opposite side of the fort, they urged them to go in a body to the spring and each to bring up a bucket full of water. Some of the ladies 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 the 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 upon 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 five hundred Indian warriors! Some of the girls could not help betraying symptoms of terror, but the married women, in general, moved with a steadiness and composure which completely deceived the Indians. Not a shot was fired. The party were permitted to fill their buckets one after another, without interruption, and although their steps became quicker and quicker on their

return, and when near the fort degenerated into a rather unmilitary celerity, attended with some little crowding at the gate, yet not more than one-fifth of the water was spilled.

When an ample supply of water had been thus obtained, and the neglected defenses completed, a party of thirteen men sallied out in the direction in which the assault had been made.—They were fired on by the savages, and driven again within the palisades, but without sustaining any loss of life. Immediately the five hundred on the opposite side rushed to the assault of what they deemed the unprotected side of the fort, without entertaining any doubts of their success. A well directed fire, however, put them promptly to flight. Some of the more daring and desperate approached near enough with burning arrows to fire the houses, one or two of which were burned, but a favorable wind drove the flames away from the mass of the buildings, and the station escaped the danger threatened from this source. A second assault from the great body of the Indians, was repelled with the same vigor and success with the first.

Disappointed of their object thus far, the assailants retreated, and concealed themselves under the bank of the creek to await and intercept the arrival of the assistance which they were well aware was on its way from Lexington. The express from Bryant's station reached that town without difficulty, but found its male inhabitants had left there, to aid in the defense of Holder's station, which was reported to be attacked. Following their route, he overtook them at Boonesborough, and sixteen mounted men, with thirty on foot, immediately retraced their steps for the relief of the besieged at Bryant's. When this reinforcement approached the fort, the firing had entirely ceased, no enemy was visible, and the party advanced in reckless confidence, that it was either a false alarm, or that the Indians had abandoned the siege. Their avenue to the garrison was a lane between two cornfields, which growing rank and thick formed an effectual hiding-place to the Indians even at the distance of a few yards. The line of ambush extended on both sides nearly six hundred yards. Providentially it was in the heat of midsummer, and dry accordingly, and the approach of the horsemen raised a cloud of dust so thick as to compel the enemy to fire at random, and the whites happily escaped without losing a man. The footmen, on hearing the firing in front, dispersed amidst the corn, in hopes of reaching the garrison unobserved. Here they were intercepted by the savages, who threw themselves between them and the fort, and but for the luxuriant growth of corn they must all have been shot down. As it was, two men were killed and four wounded of the party on foot, before it succeeded in making its way into the fort.

Thus reinforced, the garrison felt assured of safety, while in the same measure the assailing party began to despair of success.

One expedient remained, which was resorted to for the purpose of intimidating the brave spirits who were gathered for the defense of their wives and little ones. As the shades of evening approached, Girty, who commanded the party, addressed the inmates of the fort. Mounting a stump from which he could be distinctly heard, with a demand for the surrender of the place, he assured the garrison that a reinforcement with cannon would arrive that night, that the station must fall, that he could assure them of protection if they surrendered, but could not restrain the Indians if they carried the fort by storm; adding, he supposed they knew who it was that thus addressed them. A young man, named Reynolds, fearing the effect which the threat of cannon might have on the minds of the defending party, with the fate of Martin's and Ruddle's stations fresh in their memories, left no opportunity for conference, by replying instantly, that he knew him well, and held him in such contempt that

he had called a good for nothing dog he had by the name of Simon Girty "Know you!" added he, "we all know you, for a renegade cowardly villain, that delights in murdering women and children? Wait until morning, and you will find on what side the reinforcements are. We expect to leave not one of your cowardly souls alive, and if *you* are caught our women shall whip you to death with hickory switches. Clear out, you cut-throat villain." Some of the Kentuckians shouted out, "Shoot the d——d rascal!" and Girty was glad to retreat out of the range of their rifles lest some one of the garrison might be tempted to adopt the advice.

The night passed away in uninterrupted tranquillity, and at daylight in the morning the Indian camp was found deserted. Fires were still burning brightly, and several pieces of meat were left upon their roasting sticks, from which it was inferred that they had retreated just before daybreak.

Battle of the Blue Licks.—Early in the day reinforcements began to drop in, and by noon 167 men were assembled at Bryant's station, among whom were Cols. Boone, Todd, and Trigg; and Majors Harland, McBride, M'Gary, and Levy Todd; and Captains Bulzer and Gordon; of the last six named, except Todd and M'Gary, all fell in the subsequent battle. A tumultuous conversation ensued, and it was unanimously resolved to pursue the enemy forthwith, notwithstanding that they were three to one in numbers. The Indians, contrary to their usual custom, left a broad and obvious trail, and manifested a willingness to be pursued. Notwithstanding, such was the impetuosity of the Kentuckians that they overlooked these considerations, and hastened on with fatal resolution, most of them being mounted.

The next day about noon they came, for the first time, in view of the enemy at the Lower Blue Licks. A number of Indians were seen ascending the rocky ridge on the opposite side of the Licking. They halted upon the appearance of the Kentuckians, gazed at them a few moments, and then calmly and leisurely disappeared over the top of the hill. An immediate halt ensued. A dozen or twenty officers met in front of the ranks, and entered into consultation. The wild and lonely aspect of the country around them, their distance from any point of support, with the certainty of their being in the presence of a superior enemy, seems to have inspired a portion of seriousness, bordering upon awe. All eyes were now turned upon Boone, and Col. Todd asked his opinion as to what should be done. The veteran woodsman, with his usual unmoved gravity, replied:

That their situation was critical and delicate; that the force opposed to them was undoubtedly numerous and ready for battle, as might readily be seen from the leisurely retreat of the few Indians who had appeared on the crest of the hill; that he was well acquainted with the ground in the neighborhood of the Lick, and was apprehensive that an ambuscade was formed at the distance of a mile in advance, where two ravines, one upon each side of the ridge, ran in such a manner that a concealed enemy might assail them at once both in front and flank, before they were apprised of the danger.

It would be proper, therefore, to do one of two things. Either to await the arrival of Logan, who was now undoubtedly on his march to join them, with a strong force from Lincoln, 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.

Boone was heard in silence and with deep attention. Some wished to adopt the first plan; others preferred the second; and the discussion threat-

ened to be drawn out to some length, when the boiling ardor of M'Gary, who could never endure the presence of an enemy without instant battle, stimulated him to an act, which had nearly proved destructive to his country. He suddenly interrupted the consultation with a loud whoop, resembling the war-cry of the Indians, spurred his horse into the stream, waved his hat over his head, and shouted aloud: "Let all who are not cowards follow me!" The words and the action together, produced an electrical effect. The mounted men dashed tumultuously into the river, each striving to be foremost. The footmen were mingled with them in one rolling and irregular mass.

No order was given, and none observed. They struggled through a deep ford as well as they could, M'Gary still leading the van, closely followed by Majors Harland and McBride. With the same rapidity they ascended the ridge, which, by the trampling of Buffalo foragers, had been stripped bare of all vegetation, with the exception of a few dwarfish cedars, and which was rendered still more desolate in appearance, by the multitude of rocks, blackened by the sun, which was spread over its surface.

Suddenly the van halted. They had reached the spot mentioned by Boone, where the two ravines head, on each side of the ridge. Here a body of Indians presented themselves, and attacked the van. M'Gary'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 suffered dreadfully. Todd and Trigg, in the rear; Harland, McBride, and young Boone, in front, were already killed.

The Indians gradually extended their line, to turn the right of the Kentuckians, and cut off their retreat. This was quickly perceived by the weight of the fire from that quarter, and the rear instantly fell back in disorder, and attempted to rush through their only opening to the river. The motion quickly communicated itself to the van, and a hurried retreat became general. The Indians instantly sprung forward in pursuit, and falling upon them with their tomahawks, made a cruel slaughter. From the battle-ground to the river, the spectacle was terrible. The horsemen generally escaped, but the foot, particularly the van, which had advanced farthest within the wings of the net, were almost totally destroyed. Col. Boone, after witnessing the death of his son and many of his dearest friends, found himself almost entirely surrounded at the very commencement of the retreat.

Several hundred Indians were between him and the ford, to which the great mass of the fugitives were bending their flight, and to which the attention of the savages was principally directed. Being intimately acquainted with the ground, he, together with a few friends, dashed into the ravine which the Indians had occupied, but which most of them had now left to join in the pursuit. After sustaining one or two heavy fires, and baffling one or two small parties, who pursued him for a short distance, he crossed the river below the ford, by swimming, and entering the wood at a point where there was no pursuit, returned by a circuitous route to Bryant's station. In the meantime, the great mass of the victors and vanquished crowded the bank of the ford.

The slaughter was great in the river. The ford was crowded with horsemen and foot and Indians, all mingled together. Some were compelled to

seek a passage above by swimming; some, who could not swim, were overtaken and killed at the edge of the water. A man by the name of Netherland, who had formerly been strongly suspected of cowardice, here displayed a coolness and presence of mind, equally noble and unexpected.

Being among the first in gaining the opposite bank, he then 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.

But little loss was sustained after crossing the river, although the pursuit was urged keenly for twenty miles. From the battle-ground to the ford, the loss was very heavy; and at that stage of the retreat, there occurred a rare and striking instance of magnanimity, which it would be criminal to omit. The reader could not have forgotten young Reynolds, who replied with such rough but ready humor to the pompous summons of Girty, at the siege of Bryant's. This young man, after bearing his share in the action with distinguished gallantry, was galloping with several other horsemen in order to reach the ford. The great body of fugitives had preceded them, and their situation was in the highest degree critical and dangerous.

About half way between the battle-ground and the river, the party overtook Capt. Patterson, on foot, exhausted by the rapidity of the flight, and in consequence of former wounds received from the Indians, so infirm as to be unable to keep up with the main body of the men on foot. The Indians were close behind him, and his fate seemed inevitable. Reynolds, upon coming up with this brave officer, instantly sprung from his horse, aided Patterson to mount into the saddle, and continued his own flight on foot. Being remarkably active and vigorous, he contrived to elude his pursuers, and turning off from the main road, plunged into the river near the spot where Boone had crossed, and swam in safety to the opposite side. Unfortunately, he wore a pair of buckskin breeches, which had become so heavy and full of water as to prevent his exerting himself with his usual activity, and while sitting down for the purpose of pulling them off, he was overtaken by a party of Indians, and made prisoner.

A prisoner is rarely put to death by the Indians, unless wounded or infirm, until they return to their own country; and then his fate is decided in solemn council. Young Reynolds, therefore, was treated kindly, and compelled to accompany his captors in the pursuit. A small party of Kentuckians soon attracted their attention; and he was left in charge of three Indians, who, eager in pursuit, in turn committed him to the charge of one of their number, while they followed their companions. Reynolds and his guard jogged along very leisurely; the former totally unarmed; the latter, with a tomahawk and rifle in his hands. At length the Indian stopped to tie his moccasin, when Reynolds instantly sprung upon him, knocked him down with his fist, and quickly disappeared in the thicket which surrounded them. For this act of generosity, Capt. Patterson afterward made him a present of two hundred acres of first-rate land.

The melancholy intelligence rapidly spread throughout the country, and the whole land was covered with mourning, for it was the severest loss that Kentucky had ever experienced in Indian warfare. Sixty Kentuckians were slain



THE NATURAL TUNNEL.

"To give an adequate idea of this remarkable curiosity, the reader has but to imagine a creek passing through a deep, narrow rock-bound valley, encountering, in its course, a mountain of some 300 feet in height, and winding through it by a huge subterranean cavern."

and a number taken prisoners. The loss of the Indians, while the battle lasted, was also considerable, though far inferior to that of the whites.

On the very day of the battle, Col. Logan arrived at Bryant's station with four hundred and fifty men. Fearful of some disaster, he marched on with the utmost diligence, and soon met the foremost of the fugitives. Learning from them the sad tidings, he continued on, hoping to come up with the enemy at the field of battle, which he reached on the second day. The enemy were gone, but the bodies of the Kentuckians still lay unburied on the spot where they had fallen. Immense flocks of buzzards were soaring over the battle-ground, and the bodies of the dead had become so much swollen and disfigured, that it was impossible to recognize the features of the most particular friends. Many corpses were floating near the shore of the northern bank, already putrid from the action of the sun, and partially eaten by fishes. The whole were carefully collected by Col. Logan, and interred as decently as the nature of the soil would permit.

As soon as intelligence of this disastrous battle reached Col. George Rogers Clark, who then resided at Louisville, he set on foot an expedition against the Shawanese. In the latter part of September, 1000 Kentuckians rendezvoused at the mouth of the Licking, and marching northward a distance of near one hundred miles, destroyed the Indian towns near the site of Piqua, Ohio. From that time forward, the Indians never again, as a body, invaded the country south of the Ohio, and a few months later hostilities ceased between the United States and Britain.

THE NATURAL TUNNEL

The Natural Tunnel is in Scott county, in Southwestern Virginia, near the Tennessee line, and being in a wild, unfrequented part of the country, is comparatively unknown. To give an adequate idea of this remarkable curiosity of nature, the reader has but to imagine a creek passing through a deep, narrow rock-bound valley, encountering in its course a mountain of some three hundred feet in height, and winding through it by a huge, subterraneous cavern, the roof of which rises, in places, to an altitude of from seventy to eighty feet. (See Engraving, page 130.)

The width of the tunnel is about one hundred feet, and its course curving, like the letter S. Its extent is about four hundred and fifty feet, in which distance the stream falls about ten feet, emitting in its passage over a rocky bed an agreeable murmur, which is rendered more grateful by its echoes upon the roof and sides of the grotto. The discharge of a musket produces a crash-like report, succeeded by a roar which has a deafening effect upon the ear. The mountain in which is this singular passage, leads from east to west, across the line of the creek, and has a stage-road on its summit.

The upper entrance to the tunnel is imposing and picturesque; but on the lower side the scene is sublime. There the valley, for some distance, is a deep narrow gorge, bounded on each side by a perpendicular, and in places, overhanging wall of rock, of more than three hundred feet in elevation; and by which the entrance on that side is almost environed by an amphitheater of rude and frightful precipices.

About two-thirds up the precipice, on the right side of the gorge below the lower mouth of the tunnel, the eye catches a slight cave-like fissure. Many years since, an adventurous person, named Dotson, determined to explore it. He was accordingly lowered from the top, by a rope running over a log, and held at the upper end by several of his neighbors. The rope not being suf-

ficiently long, the last length, which was tied around his waist, was made of the bark of leatherwood. When down to the required level, he was still horizontally distant twelve or fourteen feet, being so thrown by the overhanging of the rock above.

With a long pole, to which was attached a hook, he attempted to pull himself to the fissure, and had nearly succeeded, when the hook slipped, and he swung out toward the center of the gorge, pendulum-like, on a rope of over a hundred feet in length. Returning on his fearful vibration, he but managed to ward himself off with his pole from being dashed against the rock, when away he swung again.

One of his companions, stationed on the opposite side of the ravine to give directions, instinctively drew back, for it appeared as if he was slung at him across the abyss. At length the vibrations ceased, when Dotson heard a cracking sound just above his head; he hastily glanced up, and oh horror! he saw the strands of the bark rope breaking. Grasping with both hands immediately above the spot, he cried out hastily, "Pull! for —— sake pull!" On reaching the top he fainted. Subsequently the bark rope was replaced by one of hemp, and he again descended and explored the cave. His only reward was the gratification of his curiosity. The hole extended but a few feet.

THE HARD WINTER OF 1780.

The winter of 1779 '80, was a marked era in the history of the West. It proved to be uncommonly severe, insomuch that it was distinguished as the Hard Winter. The rivers, creeks, and branches, were covered with ice of great thickness, where the water was sufficient; while the latter were generally converted into solid crystal. The snow, by repeated falls, increased to an unusual depth, and continued for an extraordinary length of time: so that men, and beasts, could with much difficulty travel; and suffered greatly in obtaining food, or died of want and the cold, combined.

Many families traveling to Kentucky, in this season, were overtaken in the wilderness, and their progress arrested by the severity of the weather. Compelled to encamp and abide the storm, the pains of both hunger and frost were inflicted on them, in many instances, in a most excruciating degree. For when their traveling stock of provisions was exhausted, as was soon the case with many, and some of these without a hunter or live stock; they were left without resource, but in begging at other camps. And even where there were hunters, they found it extremely difficult to traverse the hills for game, or to find it when sought; while in a short time, the poor beasts, oppressed by cold and want of food, soon became lean, and even unfit for use, or unwholesome, if eaten. Such also became the case with the tame cattle of the emigrants—many of them died for want of nourishment, or were drowned by floods, as they happened to be on the hills where there was no cane, or on the bottoms which overflowed, on the breaking up of the ice. And it is a fact, that part of those dead carcasses became the sole food of some of the unfortunate and helpless travelers. Their arrival in Kentucky, when effected, offered them a supply of wholesome meat, but corn was scarce, and bread, at first obtained with difficulty, soon disappeared, and could not be procured.

The very great number who had moved into the country, from the interior, in the year 1779, compared with the crop of that year, had nearly exhausted all that kind of supply before the end of the winter, and long before the next crop was even in the roasting-ear state, in which it was eaten as a substitute

for bread, there being of that article none to be had, until the new crop became hard. And while the corn was growing to maturity, for use, wild meat, the game of the forest, was the only solid food of the multitude; and this, without bread, with milk and butter, was the daily diet of men, women and children, for some months. Delicate or robust, well or ill, rich or poor, black or white, one common fare supplied, and the same common fate attended all. The advance of the vernal season brought out the Indians, as usual; and danger of life and limb, was added, to whatever else was disagreeable, or embarrassing in the condition of the people.

DANIEL BOONE, THE PIONEER OF KENTUCKY.

The celebrated Daniel Boone was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in February, 1735—three years after the birth of Washington. When Daniel was a small boy, his family removed to the vicinity of Reading, in Berks County. This was then on the frontiers, and it was here that he received those impressions of character that were so strikingly displayed in his subsequent life. From childhood, he delighted to range the woods, watch the wild animals, and contemplate the beauties of nature. He early showed a passion for hunting. No Indian could aim his rifle, find his way through the pathless forest, or search out the retreat of game, more readily than Boone. When he was about eighteen years old, his family made a second removal to the Yadkin, a mountain stream in the northwestern part of North Carolina. There, he married and followed the joint occupation of farmer and hunter. Accustomed, when hunting, to be much alone, he acquired the habit of contemplation and of self-possession. His mind was not of the most ardent nature; nor does he ever seem to have sought knowledge through the medium of books.

It was on the 1st of May, 1769, that Boone, then the father of a family, made a temporary resignation of his domestic happiness, to wander through the rough and savage wilderness, bordering on the Cumberland mountain, in quest of the far-famed, but little known, country of Kentucky. In this tour he was accompanied by John Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, William Coole, and James Monay. On the 7th of June following, after a journey of five hundred miles, and nearly the half of it destitute of a path, they arrived on Red River, where Finley had formerly been, as an Indian trader. Here the party determined to take repose after their fatigue; and made themselves a shelter of bark, to cover their heads from the showers of the day, and the cold dews of night. It was in an excursion from this camp, that Daniel Boone first saw, with wonder, the beauties, and inhaled with delight, the odors of a Kentucky summer, on the plains of Licking, Elkhorn, &c. It was also in one of his peregrinations from a second camp, that Boone and Stewart, rising the top of a hill, encountered a band of savages. They made prisoners of both, and plundered them of what supplies they had. Seven days were they detained, compelled to march by day, and closely watched by night; when, as a consequence of their well dissembled contentment, the Indians resigned themselves to sleep, without a guard on their captives, and they made their escape. Boone and his companion, once more at large, returned to their former camp, which had been plundered, and was deserted by the rest of the company, who, alarmed by the appearance of the enemy, had fled home, to North Carolina. About this time, Squire Boone, the brother of Daniel, following from Carolina, came up with him, and furnished a few necessaries; especially some powder and lead, indispensable to their existence.

Soon after this period, John Stewart was killed by the Indians, and the two Boones remained the only white men in the forests of Kentucky. They continued, during the succeeding winter, the only tenants of a cabin, which they, with tomahawks, erected of poles and bark, to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the season.

The death of John Stewart being the first perpetrated by the Indians on the white adventurers in Kentucky, deserves to be particularly commemorated. Upon this subject, a few facts only have been preserved by tradition. It was in 1769, after Squire Boone had joined his brother and Stewart, who had recently been prisoners with the Indians, that the Indians becoming more hostile, had recourse to death instead of bondage, as the surer method of getting rid of their new rivals in the art of hunting. As Boone and his companions were traversing the forest, just disrobed of its foliage, they were suddenly met on the side of a cane-brake, and immediately fired on by a superior party of Indians. John Stewart received a mortal wound, and fell; while his comrades, incapable of assisting him, immediately fled. An Indian rushed upon the fallen victim, and winding one hand in the hair on the crown of his head, with a large knife in the other hand, took off the scalp, which left bare his skull.

In May, 1770, Squire Boone returned to North Carolina, leaving Daniel without bread or salt, or even a dog to keep his camp.

Never was a man in greater need of fortitude to sustain his reflections; nor ever reflections more natural, or without crime, more poignant, than were those of Boone. He cast his eyes toward the residence of a family always dear to him—he felt the pang which absence gave—he heaved the sigh which affection prompted—his mind was beset with apprehensions of various dangers—despondence stood ready to seize on his soul; when, grasping his gun, and turning from the place, he reflected as he proceeded, that Providence had never yet forsaken him; nor, thought he, will I ever doubt its superintending beneficence. No man have I injured, why should I fear injury from any? I shall again see my family, for whom I am now seeking a future home; and happiness, the joy of the meeting, will repay me for all this pain. By this time, he had advanced some distance into the extended wood, and progressing, gained an eminence, whence, looking around with astonishment, on the one hand he beheld the ample plain and beauteous fields; on the other, the river Ohio, which rolled in silent dignity, marking the northwestern boundary of Kentucky, with equal precision and grandeur. The chirping of the birds, solaced his cares with music; the numerous deer and buffalo, which passed him in review, gave dumb assurance that he was in the midst of plenty—and cheerfulness once more possessed his mind.

Thus, in a second paradise, was a second Adam—if the figure is not too strong—giving names to springs, rivers and places, before unknown to civilized white men.

Squire Boone returned in the month of July, and the brothers met at the old camp, as it had been concerted between them. The two, in this year, traversed the country to the Cumberland River, and in 1771, returned to their families, determined to remove them to Kentucky. But this was not immediately practicable.

About the month of September, 1773, Daniel Boone sold his farm, on the Yadkin, bade farewell to his less adventurous neighbors, and commenced his removal to Kentucky, with his own and five other families. In Powell's Valley he was joined by forty men, willing to risk themselves under his guidance. The party were proceeding in fine spirits, when, on the 10th of October, the rear of the company was attacked by a strong ambuscade of Indians, who killed six of the men; and among them, the eldest son of Boone.

The Indians were repulsed, and fled; but in the meantime, the cattle belonging to the sojourners were dispersed, the relatives of the deceased greatly affected, and the survivors, generally, so disheartened by present feelings and future prospects, that it was thought best to retreat to the settlement on Clinch River, distant about forty miles, which was done in good order, without further molestation. This being accomplished, Boone remained on the frontier with his family, a hunter still, until June, 1774. By this time, he was made known to the governor of Virginia, and solicited by him, to repair to the rapids of the Ohio, to conduct from thence a party of surveyors, whose longer stay was rendered peculiarly dangerous by the increasing hostility of the northward Indians.

This service was undertaken by Boone, who, with Michael Stoner as his only companion, traveled the pathless region between—reached the place of destination with great celerity, considering the difficulty of traveling without a path, found the surveyors, and piloted them safely home, through the woods —after an absence of two months.

This year, there were open hostilities with the Shawanese and other northward Indians; and Boone being still in Virginia, received an order from Governor Dunmore to take the command of three contiguous forts on the frontier, with the commission of captain.

The campaign of that year, after the battle at Point Pleasant, terminated in a peace. Captain Boone being now at leisure, and Colonel Henderson and company having matured their project of purchasing from the southern Indians the lands on the south of the Kentucky River, he was solicited by them to attend the treaty to be held for that purpose. Their messenger delivering to him full instructions and authority on the subject, Boone accordingly attended at Watauga, in March, 1775; met the Indians, and made the purchase. It having been also resolved to settle the purchased territory, Boone was looked to as the most proper person to conduct the enterprise. A way was first to be explored and opened; at the request of the company, this was undertaken and executed by him, from Holston to the Kentucky River. The greater part of the route was extremely difficult, being much encumbered with hills, brush, and cane, and infested by hostile Indians, who repeatedly fired on the party, with such effect, that four were killed, and five wounded. They had, however, a determined leader, who, being well supported, conducted them to their object. Being arrived on the bank of the river, in April, 1775, Boone, with the survivors of his followers, began to erect a fort at a salt spring or lick, where Boonesborough now stands. While building this fort, which employed the party, rendered feeble by its losses, until the ensuing June, one man was killed by the savages, who continued to harass them during the progress of the work. A fort, in those days, consisted of a blockhouse and contiguous cabins, enclosed with pickets. This being done, Boone left a part of his men in the fort; with the rest, he returned to Holston. Thence he proceeded to Clinch, and soon after, moved his family to the first garrison in the country—as his wife and daughter were the first white women ever known in Kentucky.

Captain Boone having given to the new population of Kentucky a permanent establishment, and placed his own family in Boonesborough, felt all the solicitude of one in his situation, to ensure its defense and promote its prosperity.

He continued one of the most useful and active men among the settlers, and throughout the war with the Indians, was greatly distinguished. In January, 1778, he, with twenty-seven others, while making salt at the Blue Licks for the different stations, were taken prisoners by the Indians.

They all were kindly treated and conducted to Old Chillicothe, on the

Pi ay Plain, where they remained until March. Boone, with ten others, through the influence of Hamilton, the British governor, was taken to Detroit.

The governor took an especial fancy to Boone, and offered £100 for his ransom, but to no purpose, for the Indians also had taken their fancy, and so great was it that they took him back to Old Chillicothe, adopted him into a family, and fondly caressed him. He mingled with their sports, shot, fished, hunted and swam with them, and had become deeply ingratiated in their favor, when on the 1st of June, they took him to assist them in making salt in the Scioto valley, at the old salt wells, near, or at, we believe, the present town of Jackson, Jackson county. They remained a few days, and when returned to Old Chillicothe, his heart was agonized by the sight of four hundred and fifty warriors, armed, painted and equipped in all the paraphernalia of savage splendor, ready to start on an expedition against Boonesborough. To avert the cruel blow that was about to fall upon his friends, he alone, on the morning of the 16th of June, escaped from his Indian companions, and arrived in time to foil the plans of the enemy, and not only saved the borough, which he himself had founded, but probably all the frontier parts of Kentucky, from devastation.

Some time during Boone's captivity, the Indians got out of food, and after having killed and eaten their dogs, were ten days without any other sustenance than that of a decoction made from the oozings of the inner bark of white oak, while after drinking, all were able to travel. At length, the Indians shot a deer, and boiled its entrails to a jelly, of which they all drank, and it soon acted freely on their bowels. They gave some to Boone, but his stomach refused it. After repeated efforts, they compelled him to swallow about half a pint, which he accomplished with wry faces and disagreeable retchings, much to the amusement of the simple savages, who laughed heartily. After this medicine had well operated, they told Boone he might eat; but that if he had done so before, it would have killed him. All then fell to and made amends for their long fast.

At the close of the war, Boone settled down quietly upon his farm. But he was not long permitted to remain unmolested. His title, owing to the imperfect nature of the land-laws of Kentucky, was legally decided to be defective, and Boone was deprived of all claim to the soil which he had explored, settled, and so bravely defended. In 1795, disgusted with civilized society, he sought a new home in the wilds of the far west, on the banks of the Missouri, then within the dominion of Spain. He was treated there with kindness and attention, by the public authorities, and he found the simple manners of that frontier people exactly suited to his peculiar habits and temper. With them, he spent the residue of his days, and was gathered to his fathers, September 26th, 1820, in the 86th year of his age. He was buried in a coffin which he had had made for years, and placed under his bed, ready to receive him whenever he should be called from these earthly scenes. In the summer of 1845, his remains were removed to Frankfort, Kentucky, and a monument erected by public spirited citizens of the place. In person, Boone was five feet ten inches in height, and of robust and powerful proportions. He was ordinarily attired as a hunter, wearing a hunting shirt and moccasins. His biographer, who saw him at his residence, on the Missouri River, but a short time before his death, says, that on his introduction to Col. Boone, the impressions were those of surprise, admiration and delight. In boyhood, he had read of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, the celebrated hunter and Indian fighter; and imagination had portrayed a rough, fierce-looking, uncouth specimen of humanity, and of course, at this period of

life, a fretful and unattractive old man. But in every respect the reverse appeared. His high, bold forehead was slightly bald, and his silvered locks were combed smooth; his countenance was ruddy and fair, and exhibited the simplicity of a child. His voice was soft and melodious; a smile frequently played over his features in conversation; his clothing was the coarse, plain manufacture of the family; but everything about him denoted that kind of comfort which was congenial to his habits and feelings, and evinced a happy old age. His room was part of a range of log cabins, kept in order by his affectionate daughter and grand-daughters, and every member of the household appeared to delight in administering to the comforts of "grandfather Boone," as he was familiarly called.

When age had enfeebled his once athletic frame, he would make an excursion, twice a year, to some remote hunting-ground, employing a companion, whom he bound by a writen contract to take care of him; and should he die in the wilderness, to bring his body to the cemetery which he had selected as a final resting-place.

Boone was a fair specimen of the better class of western pioneers; honest, kind-hearted, and liberal—in short, one of nature's noblemen. He abhorred a mean action, and delighted in honesty and truth. While he acknowledged that he used guile with the Indians, he excused it as necessary to counteract their duplicity, but despised in them this trait of character. He never delighted in shedding human blood, even of his enemies in war, and avoided it whenever he could. His most remarkable quality was an enduring and invincible fortitude.

HUNTING AMONG THE EARLY PIONEERS.

Hunting was an important part of the employment of the first settlers of the West. For some years the woods supplied them with the greater part of their subsistence, and with regard to some families, at certain times, the whole of it; for it was no uncommon thing for families to live for months without a mouthful of bread. It frequently happened that there was no breakfast until it was obtained from the woods. Fur and peltry were the people's money. They had nothing else to give in exchange for rifles, salt, and iron, on the other side of the mountains.

The fall and early part of the year was the season for hunting the deer, and the whole of the winter, including part of the spring, for bears and fur-skinned animals. It was a customary saying, that fur was good during every month in the name of which the letter R occurs. As soon as the leaves were pretty well down, and the weather became rainy, accompanied with light snows, the settlers, after acting the part of husbandmen, so far as the state of warfare permitted them so to do, soon began to feel that they were hunters. They became uneasy at home. Everything about them grew disagreeable. The house was too warm; the feather-bed too soft, and even the good wife was not thought, for the time being, a suitable companion. The mind of the hunter was wholly occupied with the camp and the chase.

They would often be seen to get up early in the morning at this season, walk out hastily and look anxiously to the woods, and snuff the autumnal winds with the highest rapture, then return into the house and cast a quick and attentive look at the rifle, which was always suspended to a joist by a couple of buckhorns, or little forks. His hunting-dog understanding the intentions of his master, would wag his tail, and by every blandishment in his power express his readiness to accompany him to the woods. A day was soon ap-

pointed for the march of the little cavalcade to the camp. Two or three horses, furnished with pack-saddles, were loaded with flour, Indian-meal, blankets, and everything else requisite for the use of the hunter.

A hunting-camp, or what is called a half-faced cabin, was of the following form: the back part of it was sometimes a large log; at the distance of eight or ten feet from this, two stakes were set in the ground, a few inches apart, and at the distance of eight or ten feet from these, two more, to receive the ends of the poles for the sides of the camp. The whole slope of the roof was from the front to the back: the covering was made of slabs, skins or blankets; or, if in the spring of the year, the bark of hickory or ash trees. The front was left entirely open; the fire was built directly before this opening; the cracks between the logs were filled with moss; dry leaves served for a bed, and the whole was finished in a few hours. A little more pains would have made the hunting-camp a complete defense against the Indians; but careless in that respect, the hunters were often surprised and killed in their camps. The site for the camp was selected with all the sagacity of the backwoodsman, so as to have it sheltered by the surrounding hills from every wind, but more especially from those of the north and west.

Hunting was not a mere ramble in pursuit of game, in which there was nothing of skill and calculation; on the contrary, when the hunter set out in the morning, he was informed by the weather in what situation he might reasonably expect to meet with game; whether on the bottoms, sides, or tops of the hills. In stormy weather, the deer always seek the most sheltered places, and the leeward sides of the hills. In rainy weather, in which there is not much wind, they keep in the open woods, on the highest ground. In every situation it was requisite for the hunter to ascertain the course of the wind, so as to get leeward of the game. This he effected by putting his finger in his mouth, and holding it there until it became warm, and then raising it above his head, the side which first becomes cold, shows which way the wind blows.

As it was requisite for the hunter, too, to know the cardinal points, he had only to observe the trees, to ascertain them. The bark of an aged tree is thicker and much rougher on the north than on the south side. The same thing may be said of the moss on the trees.

The whole business of the hunter consists of a series of intrigues. From morning until night he was on the alert to gain the *wind* of his game, and approach them without being discovered. If he succeeded in killing a deer, he skinned it and hung it up out of the reach of the wolves, and immediately resumed the chase until the close of the evening, when he bent his way to his camp, kindled up his fire, and, together with his fellow-hunter, cooked supper. The supper finished, the adventures of the day furnished the tales for the evening. The spike buck, the two and three-pronged buck, the doe and barren-doe, figured through their anecdotes with great advantage. It should seem, that after hunting awhile on the same ground, the hunters became acquainted with nearly all the gangs of deer within their range, so as to know each flock of them when they saw them. Often some old buck, by means of his superior sagacity and watchfulness, saved his little gang from the hunter's skill, by giving timely notice of his approach. The cunning of the hunter and that of the old buck, were staked against each other, and it frequently happened, at the conclusion of the hunting season, the old fellow was left the free, uninjured tenant of the forest; but if his rival succeeded in bringing him down, the victory was followed by no small amount of boasting on the part of the conqueror.

When the weather was not suitable for hunting, the skins and carcasses of

the game were brought in and disposed of. Many of the hunters rested from their labors on the Sabbath day; some from motives of piety—others said that when they hunted on Sunday, they were sure to have bad luck the rest of the week.

ADVENTURES OF KENTON.

Simon Kenton, one of the most noted pioneers of the West, was born in Virginia, in 1755. He was of humble parentage, and of mixed Scotch and Irish origin. In the spring of 1771, three years before Dunmore's war, when he was just sixteen years of age, he had a serious quarrel with a young man, a neighbor, by the name of Veach. Simon became desperately enamored with a young lady, who soon after married young Veach. Stung to frenzy by this disappointment, and imagining himself exquisitely injured, he, in the heat of passion, attended the wedding uninvited. As soon as he entered the room, he went forward and intruded himself between the groom and his bride. The result was, that young Veach, as soon as his back was turned, knocked him down, gave him a severe beating, and he was expelled from the house with black eyes and sore bones.

A few days after, he met Veach alone, and anxious to repair his wounded honor, had a pitched battle with him. Victory for some time hung on a doubtful balance. Simon at length threw his antagonist to the ground, and as quick as thought drawing his queue of long hair around a small sapling, kicked him in his breast and stomach until all resistance ceased. Veach attempted to rise, but immediately sunk and began to vomit blood. As Simon had not intended to kill him, he now raised him up and spoke kindly to him, but he made no answer, and sunk to the ground apparently lifeless. Erroneously supposing he had murdered him, he was overcome with the most poignant and awful sensations, and immediately fled to the woods. Lying concealed by day, and traveling by night, he passed over the Alleghanies, until he arrived, nearly starved, at a settlement on Cheat River, where he changed his name to Simon Butler. Soon after he went to Fort Pitt. Until Dunmore's war broke out, he employed his time mainly in hunting. Kenton described this as the most happy period of his life. He was in fine health, found plenty of game and fish, and free from the cares of an ambitious world and the vexations of domestic life, he passed his time in that happy state of ease, indolence, and independence, which is the glory of the hunter of the forest.

One cold evening in March, after a hard day's hunt, Kenton and his two companions were reposing upon bear-skin pallets, before a cheerful camp-fire, in the Kanawha region, when suddenly the sharp crack of an Indian rifle laid one of their number a lifeless corpse. They were surrounded by a party of lurking Indians. Kenton and his surviving companion sprang to their feet, and instantly fled, with only their lives and their shirts. Thus exposed, in winter weather, in the wilderness, they were compelled to wander through briers, over rough stones and frozen ground, without fire and without food for six days, until at last they fell in with a party of hunters descending the Ohio, and obtained relief. Their legs and bodies had become so lacerated and torn that they were more than two days in traveling the last two miles.

During Dunmore's war Kenton was employed as a spy. In the spring of 1775, he descended the Ohio to explore the famous "cane lands" of Kentucky. He and his companion, Williams, landed at the mouth of Limestone, on the site of Maysville, made a camp a few miles inland, and finished a small

clearing, where they planted some corn—the first planted north of Kentucky River. Here, tending their corn with their tomahawks, they remained the undisputed masters of all they could see, until they had the pleasure of eating roasting-ears.

In one of his solitary hunting excursions, at this time, Kenton, disguised as an Indian, encountered upon the waters of Elkhorn, Michael Stoner, a hunter from North Carolina, also in Indian guise. A silent contest of Indian strategy for mutual destruction commenced, but not a word was spoken. Each believing his antagonist an Indian, sought by all the arts of Indian warfare, to protect himself and draw the enemy's fire. After mutual efforts and maneuvers ineffectually to draw each other from his shelter, or to steal his fire, Stoner suspecting that his antagonist was *not* an Indian, from his covert, exclaimed, "For God's sake, if you are a white man, speak!" The spell was broken, and they became companions in the solitary wilderness. Stoner conducted and introduced Kenton to the new settlements of Boonesborough and Harrodsburg. He had before supposed that he and Williams were the first settlers of Kentucky.

He returned a short time after to his camp and clearing. But the Indians had been there and plundered it. Hard by, he found the evidences of a fire, with human bones near it, which proclaimed too sadly the fate of Williams, the first victim, in Kentucky, of the war.

Kenton returned to Harrodsburg, and served the different stations in the capacity of a spy and ranger, to detect the approach of the Indians. He became highly distinguished for his courage, skill and stratagem against the wary savage. He had then just arrived at manhood, and was a noble specimen of the hardy, active backwoodsman hunter. He was over six feet in stature, erect, graceful and of uncommon strength, endurance and agility. His complexion and hair were light, and his soft, grayish blue eye was lighted up by a bewitching fascinating smile. He was frank, generous and confiding to a fault, and was more interested in doing a kindness to others than in serving himself. When enraged, his glance was withering. To give a full account of his adventures, would fill a volume. A few anecdotes must answer.

Early one morning in the summer of 1778, Kenton, with two companions, was just leaving the fort at Boonesborough, on a hunting excursion, when two men who had gone into a field to drive in some horses, were fired upon by five Indians. They fled, and when within about seventy yards of the fort, an Indian overtook, killed one of them by a blow with his tomahawk, and was commencing to scalp him, when Kenton shot him down. He and his companions then drove the remainder into the forest. In the meantime, Daniel Boone, with ten men, came out to their assistance. As they were advancing, Kenton discovered and shot another Indian, just as he was in the act of firing. By the time Boone had come up, they heard a rush of footsteps upon their left, and discovered that a number of Indians had got between them and the gate. Their peril was extreme. As their only salvation, Boone gave the desperate order to charge through the Indian column; upon which, they first discharged their rifles, and then clubbing them, dashed down all who stood in their way. The attempt was successful; but Boone would have lost his life had it not been for Kenton. An Indian bullet broke the leg of Boone, and he fell. An Indian sprang forward, uplifted his tomahawk for the fatal blow, when Kenton shot him through the body, and seizing Boone from the ground, carried him safe into the fort. Of the fourteen men engaged in this affray, seven were wounded, but none mortally. Boone, after they had got in, sent for Kenton, and said, "Well, Simon, you have behaved like a man

to-day!—indeed, you are a fine fellow!" This simple eulogium touched the heart of Kenton.

Boonesborough was twice again besieged by the Indians ere the close of summer, during which, the garrison was reduced to great extremities for want of food, and would have perished but for his skill and fearless daring. In the dead of night, at the peril of his life, Kenton was accustomed to steal through the camp of the enemy, and plunge into the forest far beyond, in search of deer and elk. In June, 1778, he was the first volunteer, from the Kentucky stations, in Clarke's hazardous expedition against Illinois. He was the first man that entered Fort Gage, and the one who surprised Governor Rocheblave in his bed, and compelled him to surrender the garrison.

The most marked incidents in his history, are the circumstances of his captivity among the Indians. They are briefly these. In September, 1778, Kenton, Montgomery and Clarke, left the stations, in Kentucky, to obtain horses from the Indians. They crossed the Ohio, and proceeded cautiously to the Indian village, on the site of Oldtown, near the site of Chillicothe. They caught seven horses, and rapidly retreated to the Ohio; but the wind blowing almost a hurricane, made the river so rough, that they could not induce their horses to take to the water. The next day, they were come up with by the Indians in pursuit. The whites happened, at the moment, to be separated. Kenton judging the boldest course to be the safest, very deliberately took aim at the foremost Indian. His gun flashed in the pan. He then retreated. The Indians pursued on horseback. In his retreat, he passed through a piece of land where a storm had torn up a great part of the timber. The fallen trees afforded him some advantage of the Indians in the race, as they were on horseback and he on foot. The Indian force divided; some rode on one side of the fallen timber, and some on the other. Just as he emerged from the fallen timber, at the foot of the hill, one of the Indians met him on horseback, and boldly rode up to him, jumped off his horse and rushed at him with his tomahawk. Kenton concluding a gun-barrel as good a weapon of defense as a tomahawk, drew back his gun to strike the Indian before him. At that instant, another Indian, who, unperceived by Kenton, had slipped up behind him, clasped him in his arms. Being now overpowered by numbers, further resistance was useless—he surrendered. While the Indians were binding Kenton with tugs, Montgomery came in view, and fired at the Indians, but missed his mark. Montgomery fled on foot. Some of the Indians pursued, shot at, and missed him; a second fire was made, and Montgomery fell. The Indians soon returned to Kenton, shaking at him Montgomery's bloody scalp. Clark, Kenton's other companion, escaped.

The horrors of his captivity during nine months among the Indians may be briefly enumerated, but they cannot be described. The sufferings of his body may be recounted, but the anguish of his mind, the internal torments of spirit, none but himself could know.

The first regular torture was the hellish one of Mazeppa. He was securely bound, hand and foot, upon the back of an unbroken horse, which plunged furiously through the forest, through thickets, briers, and brush, vainly endeavoring to extricate himself from the back of his unwelcome rider until completely exhausted. By this time Kenton had been bruised, lacerated, scratched, and mangled, until life itself was nearly extinct, while his sufferings had afforded the most unbounded ecstasies of mirth to his savage captors. This, however, was only a prelude to subsequent sufferings.

Upon the route to the Indian towns, for the greater security of their prisoner, the savages bound him securely, with his body extended upon the ground, and each foot and hand tied to a stake or sapling; and to preclude the possibility

of escape, a young sapling was laid across his breast, having its extremities well secured to the ground, while a rope secured his neck to another sapling. In this condition, nearly naked, and exposed to swarms of gnats and musquitoes, he was compelled to spend the tedious night upon the cold ground, exposed to the chilling dews of autumn.

On the third day, at noon, he was within one mile of old Chillicothe, the present site of Frankfort, where he was detained in confinement until the next day. Toward evening, curiosity had brought hundreds, of all sexes and conditions, to view the great Kentuckian. Their satisfaction at his wretched condition was evinced by numerous grunts, kicks, blows and stripes, inflicted amid applauding yells, dancing, and every demonstration of savage indignation.

This, however, was only a prelude to a more energetic mode of torture the next day, in which the whole village was to be partakers. The torture of a prisoner is a school for the young warrior, to stir up his hatred for their white enemies, and keep alive the fire of revenge, while it affords sport and mirth to gratify the vindictive rage of bereaved mothers and relatives, by participating in the infliction of the agonies which he is compelled to suffer.

Running the gantlet was the torture of the next day, when nearly three hundred Indians, of both sexes and all ages, were assembled for the savage festival.

The ceremony commenced. Kenton, nearly naked, and freed from his bonds, was produced as the victim of the ceremomy. The Indians were ranged in two parallel lines, about six feet apart, all armed with sticks, hickory rods, whips, and other means of inflicting pain. Between these lines, for more than half a mile, to the village, the wretched prisoner was doomed to run for his life, exposed to such injury as his tormentors could inflict as he passed. If he succeeded in reaching the council house alive, it would prove an asylum to him for the present. At a given signal, Kenton started in the perilous race. Exerting his utmost strength and activity, he passed swiftly along the line, receiving numerous blows, stripes, buffets, and wounds, until he approached the town, near which he saw an Indian leisurely awaiting his advance with a drawn knife in his hand, intent upon his death.

To avoid him, he instantly broke through the line, and made his rapid way toward the council-house, pursued by the promiscuous crowd, whooping and yelling like infernal furies at his heels. Entering the town in advance of his pursuers, just as he had supposed the council-house within his reach, an Indian was perceived leisurely approaching him, with his blanket wrapped around nim; but suddenly he threw off his blanket, and sprung upon Kenton as he advanced. Exhausted with fatigue and wounds, he was thrown to the ground, and in a moment he was beset with crowds, eager to strip him, and to inflict upon him each the kick or blow which had been avoided by breaking through the line. Here, beaten, kicked, and scourged until he was nearly lifeless, he was left to die.

A few hours afterward, having partially revived, he was supplied with food and water, and was suffered to recuperate for a few days, until he was able to attend at the council-house and receive the announcement of his final doom.

After a violent discussion, the council, by a large majority, determined that he should be made a public sacrifice to the vengeance of the nation; and the decision was announced by a burst of savage joy, with yells and shouts which made the welkin ring. The place of execution was Wappatomica, the present site of Zanesfield, in Logan county, Ohio. On his route to this place, he was taken through Pickaway and Mackacheck, on the Scioto, where he was again compelled to undergo the torture of the gantlet, and was scourged through the line At this place, smarting under his wounds and bruises, he

was detained several days, in order that he might recuperate preparatory to his march to Wappatomica. At length, being carelessly guarded, he determined, if possible, to make his escape from the impending doom. In this attempt he had proceeded two miles from the place of confinement, when he was met by two Indians on horseback, who in a brutal manner drove him back to the village. The last ray of hope had now expired, and, loathing a life of continual suffering, he in despair resigned himself to his fate.

His late attempt to escape had brought upon him a repetition of savage torture, which had well-nigh closed his sufferings forever, and he verily believed himself a "God-forsaken wretch." Taken to a neighboring creek, he was thrown in and dragged through mud and water, and submerged repeatedly, until life was nearly extinct, when he was again left in a dying state; but the constitutional vigor within him revived, and a few days afterward he was taken to Wappatomica for execution. At Wappatomica he first saw, at a British trading-post, his old friend Simon Girty, who had become a renegade, in all the glory of his Indian life, surrounded by swarms of Indians, who had come to view the doomed prisoner and to witness his torture. Yet Girty suspected not the presence of his old acquaintance at Fort Pitt. Although well acquainted with Kenton only a few years before, his present mangled condition and his blackened face left no traces of recognition in Girty's mind. Looking upon him as a doomed victim, beyond the reach of pity or hope, he could view him only as the victim of sacrifice; but so soon as Kenton succeeded in making himself known to Girty, the hard heart of the latter at once relented, and sympathizing with his miserable condition and still more horrid doom, he resolved to make an effort for his release. His whole personal influence, and his eloquence, no less than his intrigue, were put in requisition for the safety of his fallen friend. He portrayed in strong language the policy of preserving the life of the prisoner, and the advantage which might accrue to the Indians from the possession of one so intimately acquainted with all the white settlements. For a time Girty's eloquence prevailed, and a respite was granted; but suspicions arose, and he was again summoned before the council. The death of Kenton was again decreed. Again the influence of Girty prevailed, and through finesse he accomplished a further respite, together with a removal of the prisoner to Sandusky.

Here, again, the council decreed his death, and again he was compelled to submit to the terrors of the gantlet, preliminary to his execution. Still Girty did not relax his efforts. Despairing of his own influence with the council, he secured the aid and influence of Logan, "the friend of white men." Logan interceded with Captain Drouillard, a British officer, and procured through him, the offer of a liberal ransom to the vindictive savages for the life of the prisoner. Captain Drouillard met the council, and urged the great advantage such a prisoner would be to the commandant at Detroit, in procuring from him such information as would greatly facilitate his future operations against the rebel colonies. At the same time, appealing to their avarice, he suggested that the ransom would be proportionate to the value of the prisoner.

Drouillard guaranteed the ransom of one hundred dollars for his delivery, and Kenton was given to him in charge for the commandant at Detroit. As soon as his mind was out of suspense, his robust constitution and iron frame recovered from the severe treatment which they had undergone. Kenton passed the winter and spring at Detroit. Among the prisoners, were Capt. Nathan Bullit and Jesse Coffer. They had the liberty of the town, and could stroll about at pleasure.

With these two men, Kenton began to meditate an escape. They had frequent conferences on the subject; but the enterprise was almost too appalling

for even these hardy, enterprising pioneers. If they should make this bold push, they would have to travel nearly four hundred miles through the Indian country, where they would be exposed to death by starvation, by flood, by the tomahawk, or to capture, almost at every step. But the longer they brooded over the enterprise, the stronger their resolutions grew to make the attempt. They could make no movement to procure arms, ammunition, or provision, without exciting suspicion; and should they be once suspected they would be immediately confined. In this situation, they could only brood over their wished flight in secret and in silence. Kenton was a fine looking man, with a dignified and manly deportment, and a soft, pleasing voice, and was, everywhere he went, a favorite among the ladies. A Mrs. Harvey, the wife of an Indian trader, had treated him with particular respect ever since he came to Detroit, and he concluded if he could engage this lady as a confidant, by her assistance and countenance, ways and means could be prepared to aid them in their meditated flight. Kenton approached Mrs. Harvey on this delicate and interesting subject, with as much trepidation and coyness as ever maiden was approached in a love affair. The great difficulty with Kenton was to get the subject opened with Mrs. Harvey. If she should reject his suit and betray his intentions, all his fond hopes would be at once blasted. However, at length he concluded to trust this lady with the scheme of his meditated flight, and the part he wished her to act for him. He watched an opportunity to have a private interview with Mrs. Harvey; an opportunity soon offered, and he, without disguise or hesitation, in full confidence informed her of his intention, and requested her aid and secrecy. She appeared at first astonished at his proposal, and observed that it was not in her power to afford him any aid. Kenton told her he did not expect or wish her to be at any expense on their account—that they had a little money for which they had labored, and that they wished her to be their agent to purchase such articles as would be necessary for them in their flight—that if they should go to purchasing, it would create suspicion, but that she could aid them in this way without creating any suspicion; and if she would be their friend, they had no doubt they could effect their escape. This appeal from such a fine looking man as Kenton, was irresistible. There was something pleasing in being the selected confidant of such a man; and the lady, though a little coy at first, surrendered at discretion. After a few chit chats, she entered into the views of Kenton with as much earnestness and enthusiasm as if she had been his sister. She began to collect and conceal such articles as might be necessary in the journey—powder, lead, moccasins, and dried beef were procured in small quantities, and concealed in a hollow tree some distance out of town. Guns were still wanting, and it would not do for a lady to trade in them. Mr. Harvey had an excellent fowling-piece, if nothing better should offer, that she said, should be at their service. They had now everything that they expected to take with them in their flight ready, except guns.

At length the third day of June, 1779, came, and a large concourse of Indians were in the town engaged in a drunken frolic; they had stacked their guns near Mrs. Harvey's house; as soon as it was dark, Mrs. Harvey went quietly to where the Indians' guns were stacked, and selected the three best looking rifles, carried them into her garden, and concealed them in a patch of peas. She next went privately to Kenton's lodging, and conveyed to him the intelligence where she had hid the Indians' guns. She told him she would place a ladder at the back of the garden (it was picketed,) and that he could come in and get the guns. No time was to be lost; Kenton conveyed the good news he had from Mrs. Harvey to his companions, who received the tidings in ecstasies of joy; they felt as if they were already at home. It

was a dark night; Kenton, Bullit and Coffer gathered up their little all and pushed to Mrs. Harvey's garden. There they found the ladder; Kenton mounted over, drew the ladder over after him, went to the pea-patch, found Mrs. Harvey sitting by the guns; she handed him the rifles, gave him a friendly shake of the hand, and bid him a safe journey to his friends and countrymen. She appeared to Kenton and his comrades as an angel. When a woman engages to do an action, she will risk limb, life, or character to serve those whom she respects or wishes to befriend. How differently the same action will be viewed by different persons—by Kenton and his friends her conduct was viewed as the benevolent action of a good angel; while if the part she played in behalf of Kenton and his companions had been known to the commander at Detroit, she would have been looked upon as a traitress, who merited the scorn and contempt of all honest citizens. This night was the last time that Kenton ever saw or heard of her.

A few days before Kenton left Detroit, he had a conversation with an Indian trader, a Scotchman, by the name of McKenzie, who was well acquainted with the geography of the country, and range of the Indians, between the lakes and the Ohio and Mississippi. The Scotchman slily observed to Kenton, that if he was going to Kentucky, and did not wish to meet with the Indians, he would steer more west than the common route, and get into Wabash prairies as soon as possible. Kenton did not know what to think of the remarks of the Scotchman. He began to think that perhaps Mrs. Harvey had divulged his secret to this man, and that he was pumping Kenton; or probably he wished to aid him, and this was offering friendly advice. As no more was said, he did not pretend to notice what the Scotchman said, but treasured the remarks in his mind.

As soon as Kenton and his companions took their leave of their friend and benefactress, Mrs. Harvey, they made their way to the little store in the hollow tree, bundled up, and pushed for the wood, and steered a more westerly, than the direct course to Kentucky. They had no doubt but every effort would be made to retake them; they were, consequently, very circumspect and cautious in leaving as few traces, by which they might be discovered, as possible. They went on slowly, traveling mostly in the night, steering their course by the cluster, called the seven stars, until they reached the prairie country, on the Wabash. In this time, though they had been very sparing of their stock of provision, it was now exhausted, and their lives depended on their guns. In these large prairies there was but little game, and they were days without provision. They, like the Hebrews of old, began to wish themselves again with the flesh-pots at Detroit. One day as they were passing down the Wabash, they were just emerging out of a thicket of brush-wood, when an Indian encampment suddenly presented itself to their view, and not more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from them. No ghastly visit could have set their hair on end sooner. They immediately dodged back into the thicket, and concealed themselves until night. They were now almost exhausted with fatigue and hunger—they could only travel a few miles in a day. They lay still in the thicket, consulting with each other the most proper measures to pursue in this their precarious situation. Bullit and Coffer thought the best plan to save their lives, would be voluntarily to surrender themselves to the Indians. The Indians who had taken them had not treated them so roughly as Kenton had been handled. Kenton wished to lay still until night, and make as little sign as possible, and as soon as it was dark they would push ahead, and trust the event to Providence. After considerable debate, Kenton's plan was adopted. The next morning, Kenton shot a deer. They made a fire and went to cooking; and never did

food taste more delicious. They then pursued their toilsome march, and arrived, without further adventure, at the Falls of the Ohio (now Louisville) on the thirty-third day of their escape.

Until the close of the war, he continued an active partisan. From 1784 to 1792, he was in many severe encouuters with the savages, and on one occasion with Tecumseh, then a young chief rapidly rising into notice. Kenton was with Wayne, in the capacity of Major, in the early part of his campaign.

When the war was over, he settled on his farm, near Maysville, where he possessed extensive lands, and was considered one of the wealthiest men in Kentucky. His house was the abode of hospitality, and he began to enjoy the comforts of a green old age in peace and competence, but a dark cloud was lowering upon his prospects. Ignorant of the technicalities of the law, he had failed to render his title secure, and, like Boone and Clarke, he was robbed in successive law-suits, of one piece of land after another, until he found in his declining age, himself and family reduced to poverty and want.

About the year 1802, he settled in Urbana, Ohio, where he remained some years, and was elected brigadier-general of militia. In the war of 1812, he joined the army of Gen. Harrison, and was at the battle of the Moravian town, where he displayed his usual intrepidity. About the year 1820, he moved to the head of Mad River. A few years after, through the exertions of Judge Burnet and General Vance, a pension of twenty dollars per month was granted to him, which secured his declining age from want. He died in 1836, at which time he had been a member of the Methodist church over a quarter of a century. The frosts of more than eighty winters had fallen on his head without entirely whitening his locks, notwithstanding he had passed through more dangers, privations, perils and hair-breadth escapes than any man living or dead.

INCIDENTS OF THE FUR TRADE.

The French were the pioneers in the Fur Trade. It was in fact the great source which gave early sustenance and vitality to their Canadian provinces, and of no less importance to them than the precious metals of the South to the Spanish colonies. At an early period, long before the English had crossed the Alleghanies, their colonies, missionary stations, trading-posts and forts were located in the choicest points of the west. The enormous profits of this trade, the ease with which they conformed to the Indian habits, led them to extend the traffic far into the interior and over an immense extent of territory. This trade was carried on by a hardy race, the "*Coureurs des bois*," who joined with the Indians in hunting parties, and often passing from one to two years in these expeditions. These men were a sort of peddlers, who received credit from the merchants for their stock in trade and supplied them in return with their furs. Eventually military posts were established, and a body of more respectable men introduced order in the traffic, repressed the excesses of the *coureurs des bois*, who were extremely licentious and dissipated, and extended the trade as far north as Saskatchawan River, in lat. 52 deg. north and lon. 102 deg. west. The French first visited Red River, and built *Fort de la Reine* near the mouth of the Assiniboine, which became a place of great resort for traders.

While the French were thus spreading themselves over the western country, the English were not idle. In the year 1669 the Hudson's Bay Company was formed under the auspices of a charter from Charles the Second, which

gave them the sole right to trade in Hudson's Bay and the territories on the coast. Previous to this, however, the French had established Post Nelson and New Albany on Hudson's Bay, and in 1686 they took all the English posts, from Fort Rupert to Albany, except that of Nelson. By the treaty of 1763 the French surrendered to the English, Canada and their western possessions, and the trade became almost exclusively confined to the Hudson's Bay Company, whose agents were distributed throughout the western country. Although rid of their French rivals, they were not long permitted to enjoy their monopoly. In 1766 private adventurers began to extend their traffic along the shores of the lake and to come into collision with them. Some of the most wealthy of these individuals united in 1783, and established the Northwest Company, which became one of the most active and enterprising associations that ever existed,—almost rivaling the famous East India Company. They erected new posts along the lakes and occupied the old French trading stations. Their agents were posted at Montreal, Detroit, Mackinaw, Sault Saint Marie, and at Fort Charlotte, at the Grand Portage near Lake Superior; also at Sandy Lake, Leech Lake and other points in Minnesota.

Their principal depot in the north-west was at Fort William, situated on Kamanatekwoye River, in lat. 48 deg. 23½ min. north. This fort was on so large a scale as to accommodate forty partners, with their clerks and families. About these posts were many half-breeds, whose members were constantly increasing by the intermarriages of the French traders with the Indian women. Their goods consisting principally of blankets, cutlery, printed calicoes, ribbons, glass beads, and other trinkets, were forwarded to the posts from Montreal in packages of about 90 pounds each, and exchanged in winter for furs, which in the summer were conveyed to Montreal in canoes carrying each about 65 packages and ten men. The Mackinaw Company, also English merchants, had their head-quarters at Mackinaw, while their trading-posts were over a thousand miles distant, on the head waters of the Mississippi.

Between the Northwest and the Hudson's Bay Company a powerful rivalry existed. The boundaries of the latter not being established, desperate collisions often took place, and the posts of each were frequently attacked. When Lieut. Pike ascended the upper Mississippi in 1805, he found the fur trade in the exclusive possession of the Northwest Company, which was composed wholly of foreigners. Although the lake posts were surrendered to our government in 1796, American authority was not felt in that quarter until after the war of 1812, owing to the influence the English exercised over the Indians. It was from fear of American rivalry that the British fur traders instigated the Indians to border wars against the early settlements. In 1816, Congress passed a law excluding foreigners from the Indian trade. For the encouragement of the fur trade and the protection of our frontier, military posts were established at St. Peters and Prairie du Chien in 1819, and St. Mary's Falls, at the outlet of Lake Superior, in 1822.

In the meantime the Northwest Company transferred all their trading-posts south of the boundary line to an American Fur Company, organized by John Jacob Astor. They however carried on an active trade along the lines, and maintained a spirited opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Hudson's Bay Company in 1811 made a grant to Lord Selkirk, who was one of the principal partners, of a tract of land about as large as Georgia, including Red River up to Red Fork. Having extinguished the Indian title, he engaged with great enthusiasm in colonizing this El Dorado of his. In 1812 he planted a colony on Red River, which he settled with English, Highland Scotch, Swiss and soldiers, and emigrants from other parts of Eu-

rope. In consequence of the hardships endured and the hostilities between the Hudson's Bay and the Northwest Companies, by which some of the colonists lost their lives, the settlement in 1815 was broken up. In an attempt to refound it the next year, they were again assaulted, and Semple, their governor, killed.

Lord Selkirk, however, persevered in maintaining the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company. With a detachment of soldiers he marched through the country, and took possession of the trading-posts of the rival company; and finally, in 1821, put an end to hostilities by consolidating the two companies into one. From that period his colony began to thrive. In 1822, it being discovered that Pembina, the southern settlement on Red River, in the upper Mississippi country, was within the boundary line of the United States, the post of the Company was removed to the other settlement about 60 miles distant on the British side of the line, in a region of almost Siberian severity.

The fur traders, stationed at a distance from the borders of civilisation, generally select their wives from among the Indians, which they are accustomed to obtain by purchase from their parents. Hence, there has arisen around the trading-posts large numbers of half-breeds. Of these the males, who are employed in the business, are nicknamed *Bois Brule*, *i. e.* Burnt Wood, from their dark complexion. Their dress is picturesque, being a combination of the European and Indian costume. Their countenance is full of expression, and when excited to anger, more demoniac, if possible, than even the Indian. They are expert in everything that appertains to a forest life; active, enduring, and skillful in the chase or in managing the bark canoe through perilous passages. Accustomed from their early infancy to the arts of the fur trade, one of the worst schools for morals, they are unsurpassed in cunning and artifice by even the shrewdest specimen of the Sam Slick genus.

The *voyageurs* in carrying their packs of skins use bark canoes, or the *canos du nord*. This kind of canoe is generally constructed of ribs of cedar bent to the required form, the ends being secured to a band that forms the superior edge of the vessel and acts as a gunwale. Over these ribs the birch bark is laid in as large pieces as possible, usually so that there shall be but two longitudinal seams and two or three transverse. Between the bark and the ribs thin splints of cedar are placed to prevent the bark from splitting. All the joints are sewed by long threads made by splitting the roots of a tree, called by the voyageurs *epinette*, and which is probably a spruce. The joints and cracks are made water-tight, by applying hot pitch from the gum of the same tree. In this manner a little vessel is made, capable of carrying 3000 pounds. In dimensions they are generally about 30 feet long, four feet wide in the center, and 30 inches deep. Great care is required in preventing them from touching the shore or a rock, as they would otherwise break; hence they are never brought near a bank. Two men keep the canoe afloat at a distance, while the rest of the crew load and unload her. Every night the canoe is unloaded, raised out of the water and left on the beach bottom upward. This is also occasionally done when they ship during the day. It affords an opportunity for it to dry, as otherwise the bark would become too heavy by absorbing water.

The many portages on the routes of the fur trader require a boat of this light material, that can be readily carried over land and again launched. As soon as a canoe reaches a portage a scene of bustle and activity takes place. The goods are unloaded and conveyed across, while the canoe is carried over and again launched and loaded without loss of time,—a portage of 100 yards not detaining the voyageurs over 20 minutes. The whole care and attention of the voyageur seems to center in his canoe, which he handles with an aston-



FUR TRADERS' STATION, MINNESOTA.

"Lake Travers, a beautiful sheet of water, is shown; the Fort of the Columbia Fur Company, with some Indian lodges near it, and in the foreground a scaffold, upon which the remains of a Sioux or Dacotah warrior had been temporarily deposited in a coffin, bound round with bark."—Page 159.

ıshing degree of dexterity and caution: indeed the greatest care and skill is required in their management.

The voyageurs compute distances by *pipes*, which are the intervals between the times when they cease to paddle in order to smoke their pipe. As may be imagined, the length of a pipe is varied according to circumstances. When the porterage is of much length, they divide it into *pauses*, or distances traveled without stopping to rest. These average about a third of a mile.

The fur trade was formerly very lucrative, and immense fortunes were realized in a short time by those engaged in it. It was this trade that laid the foundation of the fortune of Astor. Major Long's guide in 1823 informed him that, eighteen years before, he purchased of an Indian 120 beaver skins for two blankets, two gallons of rum and a pocket mirror. The beaver sold in Montreal for over $400. This was considered fair dealing with the Indians at the time. Now competition has reduced it nearer to a par with ordinary commercial transactions.

The resident trader not only endures a good deal of hardship and suffering from his position in the distant wilderness, but often is in great personal danger from the treacherous race with whom he deals. In resisting the attacks of the Indians, some of the traders generally exhibit great courage and presence of mind, of which the subjoined anecdote is illustrative.

Some Indians entered the store of a trader at St. Peters to assassinate him. Aware of the plot, he seized a coal of fire as they came in, placed himself before a keg of gunpowder, and addressed them as follows: "You come here to kill me. You know that I am a brave man and not a coward, and that I will not die like a dog. Go back to your lodges and bid adieu to your wives and children, for, if I die, you must all die with me. Approach not another foot toward me. Leave instantly, or I will apply a coal to this keg of powder and blow you all to atoms." They decamped precipitately, and molested him no farther.

The lives of the fur traders, in early times, were not of constant privations. They had their seasons of relaxation, and their times of conviviality. When assembled at their periodical meetings at Mackinaw or Fort William, on Lake Superior, they were provided with the choicest dainties, and the hours passed away with a continual round of feasting and hilarity. The wealthy partners in Montreal lived like nabobs. They were the aristocrats of Canada. Their glory vanished by the failure of the Northwest Company.

The wealthy bachelor fur traders were considered high game by the fasionable belles of the Canadian cities. And many were there of this class, who, after having spent a generation in the back woods, and raised up families of half-breed children, that, in their old age, found themselves united to young and beautiful ladies of Montreal and Quebec.

The view (Eng. p. 141) of the Fur Trading stations at Lake Travers in Minnesota, at the head of navigation of the Red and St. Peters Rivers, was taken about the year 1823. Lake Travers, a beautiful sheet of water, is shown; the fort of the Columbia Fur Company, with some Indian lodges near it, and in the foreground a scaffold upon which the remains of a Sioux or Dacotah warrior had been temporarily deposited in a coffin bound round with bark, according to the custom of that tribe.

Another view (Eng. p.145) is given, which indicates them more plainly. Two different kinds of lodges are used by the Indians of the Northwest, viz: the conical buffalo skin lodge and the oblong birch bark lodge. Those who reside on the prairies, and who hunt the buffalo, use the skin lodge, which is formed of several buffalo skins united into one and wound around a number of light poles, so as to form a conical tent. Those who live northeast of the

buffalo regions construct their lodges* of large pieces of birch bark, stretched upon the young branches of trees, bent so as to form an oblong lodge. These are covered with bark, which, when they travel, is rolled up and carried by the women. In the engraving the dress, appearance and attitude of the Indians and half-breeds are given. It also exhibits two Indian dogs carrying burdens in the manner of pack-horses. This animal generally consumes daily from six to ten pounds of fresh meat. They are almost indispensable to the fur traders, who have initiated the Indians in their use. For winter traveling, in a country so covered with snow, the dog is the most convenient beast of burden. Six dogs will easily draw a load of one thousand pounds. In traveling on the snow with dog trains, it is usual for a man to walk ahead with snow shoes, to trample down the snow, in which otherwise they would sink. After death the dog forms one of the best articles of food for the Indian. In the narrative of Long's expedition, the writer describes the meat as remarkably fat, sweet and palatable, and says, that, "could we have divested ourselves of the prejudices of education, we should doubtless have unhesitatingly acknowledged it to be among the best meat we had ever eaten.

The most successful trading stations are now beyond the Rocky Mountains. The fur companies from the Pacific, east to the Rocky Mountains, are now occupied—exclusive of private combinations and individual trappers and traders—by the Russians, on the northwest, from Bhering's Straits to Queen Charlotte's Island, in north lat. 50 deg.; and by the Hudson's Bay Company thence, south of the Columbia River, while American companies take the remainder of the region down to California. Indeed, the mountains and the forests of the far West, from the Arctic Sea to the Gulf of Mexico, are threaded through every maze by the hunter and trapper.

The prosecution of the fur trade by citizens of the United States is of comparatively recent date. The prominent rendezvous for American fur traders has been St. Louis. Even before the commencement of the present century, over $200,000 worth of furs were collected there annually, St. Louis then forming a part of the Spanish Territory of Louisiana. In 1808 the Missouri Fur Company was organized there, and its hunters were the first who entered Oregon. The operations of that company were suspended by the war of 1812. One of the most noted companies has been that of Gen. Wm. H. Ashley. The spirit, enterprise and hardihood of Ashley, have been the themes of the highest eulogy, and his adventures and exploits would furnish a volume of thrilling interest. He fitted out his first expedition to the western waters in 1823. He first discovered the *South Pass* in the Rocky Mountains, the great highway to Oregon and California; and, in 1824, extended his explorations and trade to the Great Salt Lake of Utah.

The fur trade must henceforth decline in North America, as the animals are rapidly decreasing before the hunter and the appropriation to the uses of civilization of the forests and rivers which have afforded them protection.

LEWIS WHETZEL, THE INDIAN HUNTER.

Among the earliest settlers in the region of Wheeling was a family of the name of Whetzel, the head of whom was of German origin. Although it was the hottest time of the Indian war, the old man was so rash as to build a cabin some distance from the fort, and moved his family into it. Dearly did he pay for his temerity.

* The Pawnees of the plains construct circular lodges of about 60 feet in diameter, with conical roofs. They are made of light poles, and are covered over with sods.



INDIAN LODGES AND LAKE OF THE WOODS.

"Two different kind of Lodges are used by the Indians of the Northwest, viz. the Conical Buffalo-Skin Lodge, and the Oblong Birch Bark Lodge."

His family consisted, beside himself and wife, of four sons—Martin, Lewis, Jacob and John,—respectively fifteen, thirteen, eleven and nine years of age. One day during the temporary absence of Martin, the oldest, and John, the youngest of the boys, the Indians made an attack upon the house, killed the old man, and carried off Lewis and Jacob captive. Mrs. Whetzel, in the confusion of the scene, escaped.

In the attack on their house, Lewis received a slight wound from a bullet, which carried away a small piece of the breast bone. The second night after the capture, the Indians encamped at the Biglick, twenty miles from the river, in what is now Ohio, and upon the waters of McMahon's Creek. The extreme youth of the boys induced the savages to neglect their usual precautions, of tying their prisoners at night. After the Indians had fallen asleep, Lewis whispered to his brother to get up, and they would make their way home. They started, and after going a few hundred yards, sat down on a log. "Well," said Lewis, "we can't go home barefooted. You stay here, and I will go back and get a pair of moccasins for each of us." He did so, and returned. After sitting a little longer, he said; "Now, I will go back and get one of their guns, and we will then start." This was accordingly done. Young as they were, the boys were sufficiently expert with tracking paths in the woods to trace their course home, the moon enabling them, by her occasional glimpses, to find the trail which they had followed from the river. The Indians soon discovered their escape, and were heard by them hard on their heels. When the party in pursuit had almost overtaken them, they stepped aside in the bushes and let them pass, then fell into the rear and traveled on. On the return of their pursuers they did the same. They were then followed by two Indians on horseback, whom they evaded in the same manner. The next day they reached Wheeling in safety, crossing the river on a raft of their own making; Lewis, by this time, being nearly exhausted by his wound.

As the Whetzels grew up to be men—and the frontier boys, whenever large enough to handle a rifle, considered themselves as such—they took a solemn oath never to make peace with the Indians while they had strength to wield a tomahawk or sight to draw a bead. They esteemed revenge for the death of their father as the most precious and sacred portion of their inheritance.

Fully did they glut their vengeance. It was estimated that the four brothers, in the course of this long Indian war, took near one hundred scalps. War was the business of their lives. They would prowl through the Indian country singly, suffer all the fatigues of hasty marches in bad weather, or starvation, lying in close concealment watching for a favorable opportunity to inflict death on the devoted victims who were so unfortunate as to come within their grasp. Notwithstanding their numberless exploits, they were no braggadocios. In truth, when they had killed an Indian they thought no more of it than a butcher would after killing a bullock. It was their trade.

Lewis Whetzel was perhaps the most indefatigable Indian hunter on the frontiers. During the wars, it is said that, disguised as an Indian, he killed in the region of the upper Ohio alone, 27 of the enemy, beside a number more on the Kentucky frontier. His person was in keeping with his character. He was about five feet nine inches in height, very broad shouldered and full breasted. His complexion was dark and swarthy as an Indian's, and his face pitted with the small pox. His hair, of which he was very careful, reached, when combed out, to the calves of his legs; his eyes were remarkably black, and, when excited—which was easily done—they would sparkle with such a vindictive glance as almost to curdle the blood of the beholder. He was a true friend, but a dangerous enemy. In mixed company, he was a man of

few words, but, with his friends, a social and cheerful companion. Such was Lewis Whetzel, of whom we relate but a few anecdotes of his numberless adventures while pursuing his trade of blood.

About the year 1787, a party of Indians having committed some murders a few miles above Wheeling, some twenty men under Major M'Mahon, crossed the Ohio and followed their trail until they came to the Muskingum. The spies in advance then discovered the enemy to be vastly their superior; a council was called, and it was determined most prudent to retreat. Lewis Whetzel, who was present, took no part in the council, but, in the meanwhile, sat on a log with his rifle laid across his lap, and his tomahawk in his hand. As the party set off on the retreat, Lewis stirred not from his seat. Major M'Mahon called to him, and inquired if he was going with them. Lewis answered, "that he was not; that he came out to hunt Indians; they were now found, and he was not going home like a fool with his finger in his mouth. He would take an Indian scalp, or lose his own before he went home." All their arguments were without avail. His stubborn, unyielding disposition was such, that he never submitted himself to the control or advice of others; they were compelled to leave him, a solitary being in the midst of the thick forest, surrounded by vigilant enemies. Notwithstanding that this solitary individual appeared to rush into danger with the fury of a madman, yet in his disposition was displayed the cunning of a fox, as well as the boldness of the lion.

As soon as his friends had left him, he picked up his blanket, shouldered his rifle, and struck off into a different part of the country, in hope that fortune would place in his way some lone Indian. He kept aloof from the large streams, where large parties of the enemy generally camped. He prowled through the woods with a noiseless tread and the keen glance of the eagle, that day, and the next until evening, when he discovered a smoke curling up among the bushes. He crept softly to the fire, and found two blankets and a small copper kettle in the camp. He instantly concluded that this was the camp of only two Indians, and that he could kill them both. He concealed himself in the thick brush, but in such a position that he could see the number and motions of the enemy. About sunset, one of the Indians came in, made up the fire, and went to cooking his supper. Shortly after, the other came in; they ate their supper; after which they began to sing, and amuse themselves by telling comic stories, at which they would burst into a roar of laughter. Singing and telling amusing stories, was the common practice of the white and red men when lying in their hunting camps. These poor fellows, when enjoying themselves in the utmost glee, little dreamed that the grim monster, Death, in the shape of Lewis Whetzel, was about stealing a march upon them. Lewis kept a keen watch on their maneuvers.

About nine or ten o'clock at night, one of the Indians wrapped his blanket around him, shouldered his rifle, took a chunk of fire in his hand, and left the camp, doubtless with the intention of going to watch a deer-lick. The fire and smoke would serve to keep off the gnats and musquitoes. It is a remarkable fact, that deer are not alarmed at seeing fire, from the circumstance of seeing it so frequently in the fall and winter seasons, when the leaves and grass are dry, and the woods on fire. The absence of the Indian was the cause of vexation and disappointment to our hero, whose trap was so happily set, that he considered his game secure. He still indulged the hope, that the Indian might return to camp before day. In this he was disappointed There were birds in the woods who chirped and chattered just before break of day; and like the cock, gave notice to the woodsman that day would soon appear. Lewis heard the wooded songster begin to chatter, and determined

to delay no longer the work of death for the return of the Indian. He walked to the camp with a noiseless step, and found his victim buried in profound sleep, laying upon his side. He drew his butcher-knife, and with all his force, impelled by revenge, he sent the blade through his heart. He said the Indian gave a short quiver, and a convulsive motion, and laid still in death's eternal sleep. He then scalped him, and set off for home. He arrived at the Mingo Bottom only one day after his unsuccessful companions.

One more of Lewis Whetzel's tragedies, and we are done. He set off alone (as was frequently his custom) on an Indian hunt. It was late in the fall of the year, when the Indians were generally scattered in small parties on their hunting-grounds. He proceeded somewhere on the waters of the Muskingum River, and found a camp where four Indians had fixed their quarters for a winter hunt. The Indians, unsuspicious of any enemies prowling about them so late in the season, were completely off their guard, keeping neither watch nor sentinels. Whetzel at first hesitated about the propriety of attacking such overwhelming numbers. After some reflection, he concluded to trust to his usual good fortune, and began to meditate upon his plan of attack. He concluded their first sleep would be the fittest time for him to commence the work of death. About midnight, he thought their senses would be the most profoundly wrapped in sleep. He determined to walk to the camp, with his rifle in one hand, and his tomahawk in the other. If any of them should happen to be awake, he could shoot one, and then run off in the darkness of the night, and make his escape; should they be all asleep, he would make the onset with his trusty scalping-knife and tomahawk. Now, reader, imagine that you see him gliding through the darkness, with the silent, noiseless motion of an unearthly demon, seeking mischief, and the keen glance of the fabled Argus, and then you can imagine to your mind Whetzel's silent and stealthy approach upon his sleeping enemies. On he went to the camp, the fire burning dimly, but affording sufficient light to distinguish the forms of his sleeping victims. With calm intrepidity he stood a moment, reflecting on the best plan to make the desperate assault. He set his rifle against a tree, determined to use only his knife and tomahawk; as these would not miss their aim, if properly handled with a well strung arm. What a thrilling, horrible sight! See him leaning forward, with cool self-possession, and eager vengeance, as if he had been the minister of death; he stands a moment, then wielding his tomahawk, with the first blow leaves one of them in death's eternal sleep. As quick as lightning, and with tremendous yells, he applies the tomahawk to the second Indian's head, and sent his soul to the land of spirits. As the third was rising, confounded and confused with the unexpected attack, at two blows he fell lifeless to the ground. The fourth darted off, naked as he was, to the woods. Whetzel pursued him some distance, but finally he made his escape.

MARSHALL'S PILLAR.

The Kanawha River of Western Virginia is noted for its wild and romantic scenery. Upon its upper course, the country is very thinly settled, and the lofty wood-crowned mountains and deep rocky valleys of that solitary region, stand forth in all the grandeur and sublimity of untamed Nature.

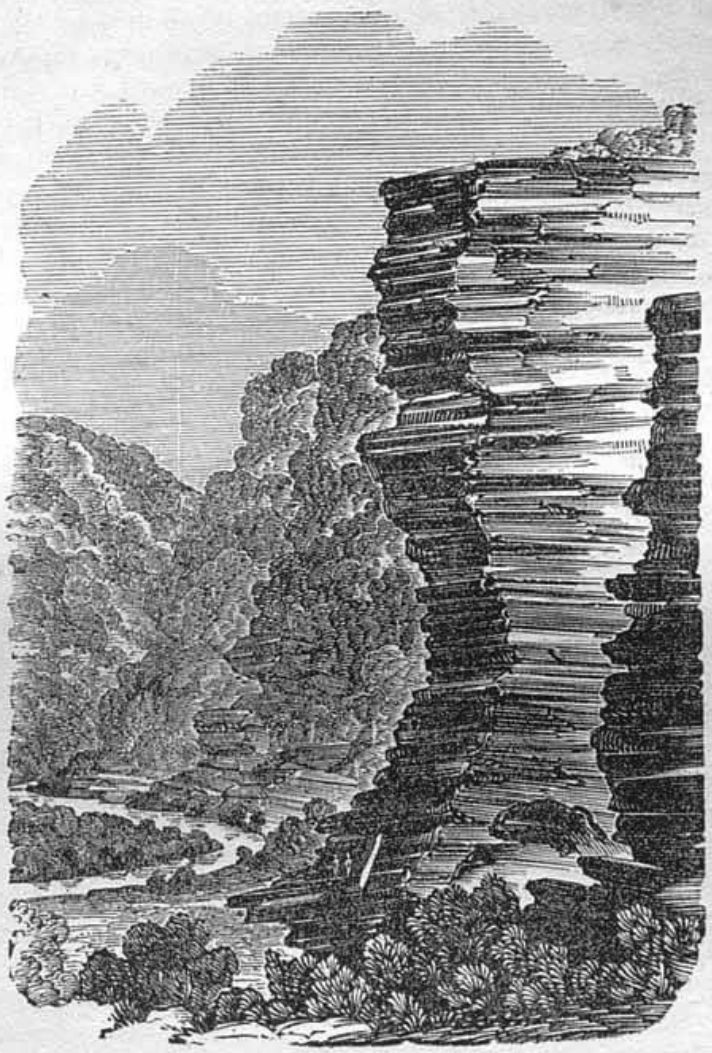
Upon New River, one of its main sources, about eighty miles from where the waters of the Kanawha unite and mingle with the Ohio, is a lofty cliff of rocks of a thousand feet in height, known as the "Hawk's Nest," or "Marshall's Pillar," (Eng. p. 151.) Standing upon the verge of this preci-

pice, the river diminishes by distance in the deep valley below to a silvery thread between two borders of green, appears to wash the base of the cliff; yet it requires a powerful arm to cast a stone into its waters. The sublime and elevating emotions which this scene is calculated to inspire, are given in the following chaste and beautiful language of a traveler:

We returned to the inn. I had an hour and a half of rest; and was found with my companions on the way, soon after 3 o'clock. Most of the company showed that they had only been awakened, like a child, to be put in a new position, and their heads were nodding about in all directions. About seven o'clock, however, we approached a spot which is of great reputed beauty, and we pledged the coachman to stop, that we might have a fair sight of it. You leave the road by a little by-path, and after pursuing it for a short distance, the whole scene suddenly breaks upon you. But how shall I describe it? The great charm of the whole is greatly connected with the point of sight, which is the finest imaginable. You come suddenly to a spot which is called the Hawk's Nest. It projects on the scene, and is so small as to give standing to only some half dozen persons. It has on its head an old picturesque pine; and it breaks away at your feet abruptly and in perpendicular lines, to a depth of more than a thousand feet. On this standing, which, by its elevated and detached character, affects you like the Monument, the forest rises above and around you. Beneath and before you is spread a lovely valley. A peaceful river glides down it, reflecting, like a mirror, all the lights of heaven—washes the foot of the rocks on which you are standing—and then winds away into another valley at your right. The trees of the wood, in all their variety, stand out on the verdant bottoms, with their heads in the sun, and casting their shadows at their feet; but so diminished, as to look more like the pictures of the things than the things themselves. The green hills rise on either hand and all around, and give completeness and beauty to the scene; and beyond these appears the gray outline of the more distant mountains, bestowing grandeur to what was supremely beautiful. It is exquisite. It conveys to you the idea of perfect solitude. The hand of man, the foot of man, seem never to have touched that valley. To you, though placed in the midst of it, it seems altogether inaccessible. You long to stroll along the margin of those sweet waters, and repose under the shadows of those beautiful trees; but it looks impossible. It is solitude, but of a most soothing, not of an appalling character—where sorrow might learn to forget her griefs, and folly begin to be wise and happy.

HEROISM OF THE PIONEER WOMEN.

The early annals of the western country abound in anecdotes illustrating fortitude under suffering, and heroism in circumstances of peril among the wives and mothers of the early pioneers. Their nerves became strengthened by the trials which they were obliged to undergo, and their minds inured to danger by their constant peril from a savage enemy. Many were the instances in which, when their cabins were attacked by the savages, they displayed a wonderful courage and presence of mind. Had the places of the 4000 Mexicans who, at the battle of Sacramento, were defeated by the Missouri Regiment, of 856 men, under Doniphan, been occupied by a tithe of their number of such females, that victory would not have been effected with so small a loss to the conquerors as one killed, one mortally and seven slightly wounded; nor would many of the other battles of that war, which covered our arms "with glory," have been so easily won had the enemy been animated by the spirit and



THE HAWK'S NEST OR MARSHALL'S PILLAR.

"The Kanawha River, of Western Virginia, is noted for its wild and romantic scenery. Upon New River, one of its main sources, about 80 miles from where the waters of the Kanawha unite and mingle with the Ohio, is a lofty cliff of rocks of a thousand feet in height, known as the Hawk's Nest or Marshall's Pillar."

courage of the strong armed and strong nerved pioneer women of the West. Among the many incidents illustrative of this subject we subjoin the following.

Sometime in the year 1785 or '6, Mrs. Woods, a young married female who lived near the Crab Orchard settlement in Kentucky, happening early one morning, on the absence of her husband, to be in a field near her cabin, discovered a party of Indians making toward it. She ran, and reached it before all but one, who was so far ahead of the others that before she could close and fasten the door he entered. Instantly he was seized by a lame negro man of the family, and in the scuffle the negro fell underneath, upon which Mrs. Woods seized an ax which was under the bed and dispatched the Indian. The other Indians, who, in the meantime, were endeavoring to break open the door with their tomahawks, were soon driven off by a party of men coming to the rescue.

Early one morning, in August of 1782, Samuel Daviess, a settler at Gilmer's Lick, Kentucky, having stepped a few paces from his cabin, was suddenly surprised by an Indian appearing between him and the door with an uplifted tomahawk, almost within striking distance; and, in a moment after, he perceived that four other Indians had just entered his dwelling. Being entirely unarmed, he made for an adjacent corn field, closely pursued by the first Indian. He, however, eluded the savage, and ran with the utmost speed to the nearest station, five miles distant, and raised a party to pursue the enemy, whom it was ascertained, on visiting the cabin, had taken off the whole family captive. They followed in their trail, and, by nine o'clock in the forenoon, had rescued the whole family, without the loss of a single life. Mrs. Daviess then related the following account of the manner in which the Indians had acted.

A few minutes after her husband had opened the door and stepped out of the house, four Indians rushed in, while the fifth, as she afterward found out, was in pursuit of her husband. Herself and children were in bed when the Indians entered the house. One of the Indians immediately made signs, by which she understood him to inquire how far it was to the next house. With an unusual presence of mind, knowing how important it would be to make the distance as far as possible, she raised both her hands, first counting the fingers of one, then of the other—making a distance of eight miles. The Indian then signed to her that she must rise: she immediately got up, and as soon as she could dress herself, commenced showing the Indians one article of clothing after another, which pleased them very much; and in that way, delayed them at the house nearly two hours. In the meantime, the Indian who had been in pursuit of her husband returned with his hands stained with poke-berries, which he held up, and with some violent gestures, and waving of his tomahawk, attempted to induce the belief, that the stain on his hands was the blood of her husband, and that he had killed him. She was enabled at once to discover the deception, and instead of producing any alarm on her part, she was satisfied that her husband had escaped uninjured. After the savages had plundered the house of everything that they could conveniently carry off with them, they started, taking Mrs. Daviess and her children, seven in number, as prisoners along with them. Some of the children were too young to travel as fast as the Indians wished, and discovering, as she believed, their intention to kill such of them as could not conveniently travel, she made the two oldest boys carry them on their backs.

The annexed anecdote further illustrates her heroic character.

Mrs. Daviess was a woman of cool, deliberate courage, and accustomed to handle the gun so that she could shoot well, as many of the women were in

the habit of doing in those days. She had contemplated, as a last resort, that if not rescued in the course of the day, when night came and the Indians had fallen asleep, she would rescue herself and children by killing as many of the Indians as she could—thinking that, in a night attack, as many of them as remained would most probably run off. Such an attempt would now seem a species of madness; but to those who were acquainted with Mrs. Daviess, little doubt was entertained that, if the attempt had been made, it would have proved successful.

Kentucky, in its early days, like most new countries, was occasionally troubled with men of abandoned character, who lived by stealing the property of others, and, after committing their depredations, retired to their hiding-places, thereby eluding the operation of the law. One of these marauders, a man of desperate character, who had committed extensive thefts from Mr. Daviess, as well as from his neighbors, was pursued by Daviess and a party whose property he had taken, in order to bring him to justice. While the party were in pursuit, the suspected individual, not knowing any one was pursuing him, came to the house of Daviess, armed with his gun and tomahawk—no person being at home but Mrs. Daviess and her children. After he had stepped into the house, Mrs. Daviess asked him if he would drink something, and, having set a bottle of whisky on the table, requested him to help himself. The fellow, not suspecting any danger, set his gun up by the door, and while drinking, Mrs. Daviess picked up his gun, and placing herself in the door, had the gun cocked and leveled upon him by the time he turned round, and in a peremptory manner ordered him to take a seat or she would shoot him. Struck with terror and alarm, he asked what he had done. She told him he had stolen her husband's property, and that she intended to take care of him herself. In that condition she held him a prisoner, until the party of men returned and took him into their possession.

In the year 1786, about twenty young persons of both sexes were in a field pulling flax, in the vicinity of a fort on Green River, Kentucky, when they were fired on by a party of Indians in ambush. They instantly retreated toward the fort, hotly pursued by the savages. Among them were two married women who had gone out to make them a visit, one of whom had taken with her a young child about eighteen months old. The older of the two mothers, recollecting in her flight that the younger, a small and feeble woman, was burdened with her child, turned back in the face of the enemy, they firing and yelling hideously, took the child from its mother, and ran with it to the fort, nearly a quarter of a mile distant. During the chase she was twice shot at with rifles, when the enemy was so near that the powder burned her, and one arrow passed through her sleeve, but she escaped uninjured.

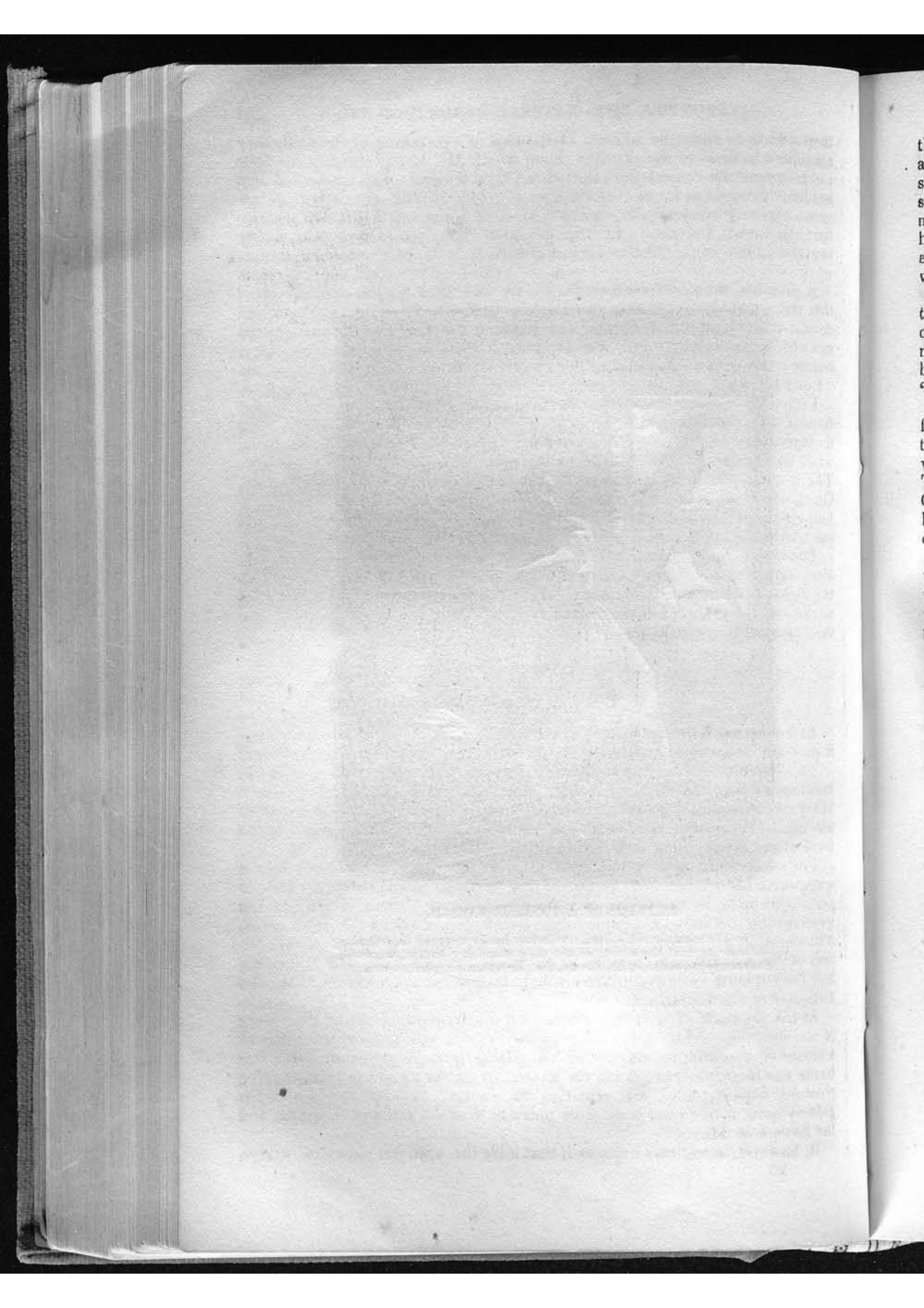
On the 24th December, 1791, a small party of Indians attacked the dwelling-house of Mr. John Merrill, in Nelson County, Kentucky. Mr. Merrill, who was first alarmed by the barking of his dog, opened the door to discover the cause, when he received the fire of seven or eight Indians, by which his leg and arm were broken. The Indians then attempted to enter the house, but were prevented by the door being closed by Mrs. Merrill and her daughter. The Indians having succeeded in hewing away a part of the door, one of them attempted to enter, but the heroic mother, in the midst of her screaming children and groaning husband, seized an ax and gave the savage a fatal blow, after which she hauled him through the passage into the house. The others, unconscious of the fate of their companion, and supposing that they had now nearly succeeded in their object, rushed forward, four of whom Mrs. Merrill in like manner dispatched before the others discovered their mistake.

The remaining Indians, after retiring a few moments, returned and renewed



HEROISM OF A PIONEER WOMAN.

"In the meantime his heroic wife was busily engaged in defending the door against the efforts of the only remaining Indian, whom she so severely wounded, with the ax, that he was soon glad to retire."



their efforts to enter the house. Despairing of succeeding at the door, they attempted to descend the chimney, upon which Mr. Merrill directed his little son to empty the contents of a feather bed upon the fire. The smoke and heat suddenly brought down two of the enemy. Mr. Merrill, at this critical moment, exerting every faculty, seized a billet of wood and dispatched the two half-smothered Indians. In the meantime, his heroic wife was busily engaged in defending the door against the efforts of the only remaining savage, whom she so severely wounded with the ax that he was soon glad to retire.

A prisoner, who escaped from the enemy soon after the transaction, stated that the wounded savage was the only one that escaped of his party, which consisted of eight; that on his return, being asked by the prisoner "what news?" he answered, "bad news for poor Indian; me lose a son, me lose a broder; the squaws have taken the breech clout, and fight worse than the "Long Knives."

Even children, in the early settlement of the West, not unfrequently performed acts of heroism when brought in collision with the savages. Among the anecdotes on this point often related is that of the two Johnson boys, who, in the fall of 1788, killed two Indians near the site of Steubenville. The younger of these, Henry, is, or was lately, residing in Monroe County, Ohio, where we made his acquaintance in the spring of 1846. We found him a fine specimen of the fast vanishing race of Indian hunters—tall, and erect with the bearing of a genuine backwoodsman.

These two little fellows, the one nine and the other twelve years of age, were surprised and taken captive in the woods by two Indians, disguised in the dress of white men. At night, when the Indians were asleep, one took a rifle and the other a tomahawk and simultaneously killed their captors, and then escaped to their homes.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

As connected with the history of the Indian wars of the Western country, it may not be amiss to give an explanation of the term "*Indian Summer.*"

This expression, like many others, has continued in general use, notwithstanding its original import has been forgotten. A backwoodsman seldom hears this expression, without feeling a chill of horror, because it brings to his mind the painful recollection of its original application. Such is the force of the faculty of association in human nature.

The reader must here be reminded, that, during the long-continued Indian wars, sustained by the first settlers of the western country, they enjoyed no peace excepting in the winter season, when, owing to the severity of the weather, the Indians were unable to make their excursions into the settlements. The onset of winter was therefore hailed as a jubilee, by the early inhabitants of the country, who throughout the spring, and the early part of the fall, had been cooped up in their little uncomfortable forts, and subjected to all the distresses of the Indian war.

At the approach of winter, therefore, all the farmers, excepting the owner of the fort, removed to their cabins on their farms, with the joyful feelings of a tenant of a prison, on recovering his release from confinement. All was bustle and hilarity, in preparing for winter, by gathering in the corn, digging potatoes, fattening hogs, and repairing the cabins. To our forefathers, the gloomy months of winter were more pleasant than the zephyrs of spring, and the flowers of May.

It, however, sometimes happened, that after the apparent onset of winter,

the weather became warm; the smoky time commenced, and lasted for a considerable number of days. This was the *Indian summer*, because it afforded the Indians another opportunity of visiting the settlements with their destructive warfare. The melting of the snow saddened every countenance, and the general warmth of the sun chilled every heart with horror. The apprehension of another visit from the Indians, and of being driven back to the detested fort, was painful in the highest degree, and the distressing apprehension was frequently realized.

Toward the latter part of February, we commonly had a fine spell of open warm weather, during which the snow melted away. This was denominated the "*pawwawing days*"—from the supposition that the Indians were then holding their war councils, for planing off their spring campaigns into the settlements. Sad experience taught us that, in this conjecture, we were not often mistaken.

A DESPERATE BOAT FIGHT.

In May, 1788, a flatboat loaded with kettles, intended for the manufacture of salt at Bullitt's lick, left Louisville with thirteen persons, twelve armed men and one woman, on board. The boat and cargo were owned by Henry Crist and Solomon Spears; and the company consisted of Crist, Spears, Christian Crepps, Thomas Floyd, Joseph Boyce, Evans Moore, an Irishman named Fossett, and five others, and a woman, whose name is not preserved. The intention of the party was to descend the Ohio, which was then very high, to the mouth of Salt River, and then ascend the latter river, the current of which was entirely deadened by back water from the Ohio, to a place near the licks, called Mud Garrison, which was a temporary fortification, constructed of two rows of slight stockades, and the space between filled with mud and gravel from the bank of the river hard by. The works inclosed a space of about half an acre, and stood about midway between Bullitt's lick and the falls of Salt River, where Shepherdsville now stands. These works were then occupied by the families of the salt makers, and those who hunted to supply them with food, and acted also as an advanced guard to give notice of the approach of any considerable body of men.

On the 25th of May, the boat entered Salt River, and the hands commenced working her up with sweep-oars. There was no current one way or the other—while in the Ohio, the great breadth of the river secured them against any sudden attack, but when they came into Salt River, they were within reach of the Indian rifle from either shore. It became necessary, therefore, to send out scouts, to apprise them of any danger ahead. In the evening of the first day of their ascent of the river, Crist and Floyd went ashore to reconnoiter the bank of the river ahead of the boat. Late in the evening they discovered a fresh trail, but for want of light, they could not make out the number of Indians. They remained out all night, but made no further discoveries. In the morning, as they were returning down the river toward the boat, they heard a number of guns, which they believed to be Indians killing game for breakfast. They hastened back to the boat and communicated what they had heard and seen.

They pulled on up the river until eight o'clock, and arrived at a point eight miles below the mouth of the Rolling Fork, where they drew into shore on the north side of the river, now in Bullitt County, intending to land and cook and eat their breakfast. As they drew into shore, they heard the gobbling of turkeys (as they supposed) on the bank where they were going to land, and as the boat touched, Fossett and another sprang ashore, with their guns in

their hands, to shoot turkeys. They were cautioned of their danger, but disregarding the admonition, hastily ascended the bank. Their companions in the boat had barely lost sight of them, when they heard a volley of rifles discharged all at once on the bank immediately above, succeeded by a yell of savages so terrific as to induce a belief that the woods were filled with Indians. This attack, so sudden and violent, took the boat's company by surprise; and they had barely time to seize their rifles and place themselves in a posture of defense, when Fossett and his companion came dashing down the bank, hotly pursued by a large body of Indians. Crist stood in the bow of the boat, with his rifle in his hand. At the first sight of the enemy, he brought his gun to his face, but instantly perceived that the object of his aim was a white man, and a sudden thought flashed across his mind, that the enemy was a company of surveyors that he knew to be then in the woods, and that the attack was made in sport, &c., let his gun down, and at the same time his white foeman sunk out of his sight behind the bank. But the firing had begun in good earnest on both sides. Crist again brought his rifle to his face, and as he did so the white man's head was rising over the bank, with his gun also drawn up and presented. Crist got the fire on him, and at the crack of his rifle the white man fell forward dead. Fossett's hunting companion plunged into the water, and got in safely at the bow of the boat. But Fossett's arm was broken by the first fire on the hill. The boat, owing to the high water, did not touch the land, and he got into the river further toward the stern, and swam round with his gun in his left hand, and was taken safely into the stern. So intent were the Indians on the pursuit of their prey, that many of them ran to the water's edge, struck and shot at Fossett and his companion while getting into the boat, and some even seized the boat and attempted to draw it nearer the shore. In this attempt many of the Indians perished; some were shot dead as they approached the boat, others were killed in the river, and it required the most stubborn resistance and determined valor to keep them from carrying the boat by assault. Repulsed in their efforts to board the boat, the savages withdrew higher up the bank, and taking their stations behind trees, commenced a regular and galling fire, which was returned with the spirit of brave men rendered desperate by the certain knowledge that no quarter would be given, and that it was an issue of victory or death to every soul on board.

The boat had a log-chain for a cable, and when she was first brought ashore, the chain was thrown round a small tree that stood in the water's edge, and the hook run through one of the links. This had been done before the first fire was made upon Fossett on shore. The kettles in the boat had been ranked up along the sides, leaving an open gangway through the middle of the boat from bow to stern. Unfortunately, the bow lay to shore, so that the guns of the Indians raked the whole length of the gangway, and their fire was constant and destructive. Spears and several others of the bravest men, had already fallen, some killed and others mortally wounded. From the commencement of the battle, many efforts had been made to disengage the boat from the shore, all of which had failed. The hope was that, if they could once loose the cable, the boat would drift out of the reach of the enemy's guns; but any attempt to do this by hand would expose the person to certain destruction. Fossett's right arm was broken, and he could no longer handle his rifle. He got a pole, and placing himself low down in the bow of the boat, commenced punching at the hook in the chain, but the point of the hook was turned from him, and all his efforts seemed only to drive it further into the link. He at length discovered where a small limb had been cut from the pole, and left a knot about an inch long; this knot, after a number of

efforts, he placed against the point of the hook, and, jerking the pole suddenly toward him, threw the hook out of the link. The chain fell, and the boat drifted slowly out from the bank; and by means of an oar worked over head, the boat was brought into the middle of the river, with her side to the shore, which protected them from the fire of the Indians. The battle had now lasted upward of an hour. The odds against the crew was at least ten to one. The fire had been very destructive on both sides, and a great many of the Indians had been killed; but if the boat had remained much longer at the shore, it was manifest that there would have been none of the crew left to tell the tale of their disaster.

The survivors had now time to look round upon the havoc that had been made of their little band. Five of their companions lay dead in the gangway —Spears, Floyd, Fossett and Boyce were wounded—Crepps, Crist and Moore remained unhurt. It was evident that Spears' wound was mortal, and that he could survive but a few moments. He urged the survivors to run the boat to the opposite side of the river, and save themselves by immediate flight, and leave him to his fate. Crepps and Crist positively refused.

But the boat was gradually nearing the southern shore of the river. At this time, the Indians, to the number of forty or fifty, were seen crossing the river above, at a few hundred yards' distance, some on logs, and some swimming and carrying their rifles over their heads. The escape of the boat was now hopeless, as there was a large body of Indians on each side of the river. If the boat had been carried immediately to the opposite side of the river as soon as her cable was loosed, the survivors might have escaped; but to such minds and hearts, the idea of leaving their dying friends to the mercy of the Indian tomahawk was insupportable. The boat at length touched the southern shore—a hasty preparation was made to bury the wounded in the woods—Floyd, Fossett and Boyce got to land, and sought concealment in the thickets. Crepps and Crist turned to their suffering friend, Spears, but death had kindly stepped in and cut short the savage triumph. The woman now remained. They offered to assist her to shore, that she might take her chance of escape in the woods; but the danger of her position, and the scenes of blood and death around her, had overpowered her senses, and no entreaty or remonstrance could prevail with her to move. She sat with her face buried in her hands, and no effort could make her sensible that there was any hope of escape.

The Indians had gained the south side of the river, and were yelling like bloodhounds as they ran down toward the boat, which they now looked upon as their certain prey. Crepps and Crist seized a rifle apiece, and ascended the river bank; at the top of the hill they met the savages, and charged them with a shout. Crepps fired upon them, but Crist, in his haste, had taken up Fossett's gun, which had got wet as he swam with it to the boat on the opposite side—it missed fire. At this time, Moore passed them and escaped. The Indians, when charged by Crepps and Crist, fell back into a ravine that put into the river immediately above them. Crist and Crepps again commenced their flight. The Indians rallied and rose from the ravine, and fired a volley at them as they fled. Crepps received a ball in his left side; a bullet struck Crist's heel, and completely crushed the bones of his foot. They parted, and met no more. The Indians, intent on plunder, did not pursue them, but rushed into the boat. Crist heard one long, agonizing shriek from the unfortunate woman, and the wild shouts of the savages, as they possessed themselves of the spoils of a costly but barren victory.

Crepps, in the course of the next day, arrived in the neighborhood of Long Lick, and being unable to travel farther, laid down in the woods to die. Moore alone escaped unhurt, and brought in the tidings of the defeat of the

boat. The country was at once roused. Crepps was found and brought in, but died about the time he reached home. Crist described Crepps as a tall, fair-haired, handsome man; kind, brave and enterprising, and possessed of all those high and striking qualities that gave the heroic stamp to that hardy race of pioneers among whom he had lived and died. He had been the lion of the fight. By exposing himself to the most imminent peril, he inspirited his companions with his own contempt of danger. He and Crist had stood over Fossett, and kept the Indians treed while he disengaged the cable; and his coolness during the long, bloody struggle of the day, had won the admiration of Crist himself—than whom a more dauntless man had never contended with mortal foe. Crepps left a young wife and one son, then an infant. His wife was *enceinte* at the time of his death—the posthumous child was a daughter, and is the wife of the Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe, of Kentucky. The son died shortly after he arrived at man's estate.

Crist was so disabled by the wound that he could not walk. The bones of his heel were crushed. He crept into a thicket and laid down—his wound bled profusely. He could not remain there long. His feet were now of no use to him. He bound his moccasins on his knees, and commenced his journey. Piece by piece his hat, hunting-shirt, and vest were consumed to shield his hands against the rugged rocks which lay in his way. He crawled on all day up the river, and at night crossed over to the north side upon a log that he rolled down the bank. He concealed himself in a thicket and tried to sleep—but pain and exhaustion and loss of blood had driven sleep from his eyes. His foot and leg were much swollen and inflamed. Guided by the stars, he crept on again—between midnight and day, he came in sight of a camp fire, and heard the barking of a dog. A number of Indians rose up from around the fire, and he crept softly away from the light. He laid down and remained quiet for some time. When all was still again, he resumed his slow and painful journey. He crawled into a small branch, and kept on down it for some distance upon the rocks, that he might leave no trace behind him. At daylight, he ascended an eminence of considerable height to ascertain, if possible, where he was, and how to shape his future course; but all around was wilderness. He was aiming to reach Bullitt's Lick, now about eight miles distant, and his progress was not half a mile an hour. He toiled on all day—night came on—the second night of his painful journey. Since leaving the small branch the night before, he had found no water—since the day before the battle, he had not tasted food. Worn down with hunger, want of sleep, acute pain, and raging thirst, he laid himself down to die. But his sufferings were not to end here—guided again by the stars, he struggled on. Every rag that he could interpose between the rugged stones and his bleeding hands and knee (for he could now use but one), was worn away. The morning came—the morning of the third day; it brought him but little hope; but the indomitable spirit within him disdained to yield, and during the day he made what progress he could. As the evening drew on, he became aware that he was in the vicinity of Bullitt's Lick; but he could go no further; nature had made her last effort, and he laid himself down and prayed that death would speedily end his sufferings.

When darkness came on, from where he lay, he could see the hundred fires of the furnaces at the licks all glowing; and he even fancied he could see the dusky forms of the firemen as they passed to and fro around the pits, but they were more than half a mile off, and how was he to reach them? He had not eaten a morsel in four days; he had been drained of almost his last drop of blood, the wounded leg had become so stiff and swollen that for the last two days and nights he had dragged it after him; the flesh was worn from his

knee and from the palms of his hands. Relief was in his sight, but to reach it was impossible. Suddenly he heard the tramp of a horse's feet approaching him, and hope sprang up once more in his breast. The sound came nearer and still more near. A path ran near the place where he lay; a man on horseback approached within a few rods of him, he mustered his remaining strength, and hailed him; but to his utter surprise and dismay, the horseman turned suddenly and galloped off toward the licks. Despair now seized him. To die alone of hunger and thirst, in sight of hundreds and of plenty, seemed to him the last dregs of the bitterest cup that fate could offer to mortal lips. O! that he could have fallen by the side of his friend in the proud battle! That he could have met the Indian tomahawk, and died in the strength of his manhood; and not have been doomed to linger out his life in days and nights of pain and agony, and to die by piecemeal in childish despair. While these thoughts were passing in his mind, the horseman (a negro) regained the licks and alarmed the people there with the intelligence that the Indians were approaching. On being interrogated, all the account he could give was, that some person had called to him in the woods, a half mile off, and called him by the wrong name. It was manifest it was not Indians; and forthwith a number of men set out, guided by the negro, to the place. Crist's hopes again revived, when he heard voices, and saw lights approaching. They came near and hailed. Crist knew the voice, and called to the man by name. This removed all doubt, and they approached the spot where he lay. A sad and mournful sight was before them. A man that had left them but a few days before, in the bloom of youth, health and buoyant spirits, now lay stretched upon the earth, a worn and mangled skeleton, unable to lift a hand to bid them welcome. They bore him home; the ball was extracted; but his recovery was slow and doubtful. It was a year before he was a man again.

The woman in the boat was carried a prisoner to Canada. Ten years afterward, Crist met her again in Kentucky. She had been redeemed by an Indian trader, and brought into Wayne's camp on the Maumee, and restored to her friends. She informed Crist that the body of Indians which made the attack on the boat, numbered over one hundred and twenty, of whom about thirty were killed in the engagement. The account was confirmed by Indians whom Crist met with afterward, and who had been in the battle. They told Crist that the boat's crew fought more like devils than men, and if they had taken one of them prisoner, they would have roasted him alive. Crist was afterward a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and in 1808, was a member of Congress. He died at his residence in Bullitt County, in August, 1844, aged eighty years.

REBELLION IN TENNESSEE.

The country now constituting the State of Tennessee, was originally comprised within the territory of the State of North Carolina. The settlers who poured in just after the close of the revolutionary war, found it of great inconvenience to remain under the jurisdiction of North Carolina. At that time hostilities had been commenced against them by the Creeks and Cherokees; and being unprotected by the troops of North Carolina, and without any government of their own, their situation was perilous. A large proportion of her people determined to form an independent State government, which would enable them to legally assemble a military force for defense.

In 1786, a convention met at Jonesborough, consisting of five members from each county, who declared the district independent of North Carolina,

and formed it into a State, under the name of "Frankland." They appointed Col. John Sevier, Governor, elected judges and other State officers, and sent a delegate to Congress; but he was refused admittance; that body being indisposed to countenance this rebellion against North Carolina: that State was determined to maintain her jurisdiction. In 1786 Frankland had two conflicting courts in its jurisdiction; one under the authority of North Carolina, the other under that of the new State, each of which decided that they alone had legal authority. It was a fruitful source of collision and quarrel. The sheriff of Frankland, with his posse, in some instances, went into the other court, seized the papers and turned the officers out of doors. In turn, the party of North Carolina retaliated in the same way. Soon after his inauguration, Gov. Sevier came in collision with Col. Tipton, the most prominent man among the stanch adherents of the old State. From the argument of words, they proceeded to that of the fists; but were separated in the midst of the combat. This example was often imitated among the people, and it was evident, that in such a crisis things must come to a more serious issue.

The party of North Carolina sent Col. Tipton their representative to the legislature: taxes were imposed by the authority of both legislatures: the people paid neither, speciously declaring they did not know to which authority they ought to yield their money. Another convention of Frankland met and elected William Cocke, Esqr., to Congress. That body courteously allowed him to address them. He eloquently portrayed, in a speech before them, the helpless and miserable condition of Frankland; on the one hand engaged in a civil war with the parent State, and on the other assailed by the merciless savages. He was heard; Congress interposed, to promote harmony, and a general amnesty was passed in regard to all who were willing to yield to the authority of North Carolina. The pacific and decided measures of Congress seemed at once to restore things to their former condition before the formation of the State of Frankland. Under the external appearance of tranquillity, remained the smothered fire: a considerable number remained stanch to the cause of the fallen State, and disposed, under the first favorable circumstances, to rear it up again. Gov. Sevier still retained his integrity in his faith in the new State.

In 1788, an execution was taken out by the existing government, organized by North Carolina, against the property of Gov. Sevier, as he still continued to be called. His negroes had been taken by this execution, during his absence, while contending with the hostile Indians. Considering this illegal, he on his return collected one hundred and fifty men, and proceeded to attack the house of Col. Tipton, where he was informed his negroes were placed for safe keeping. He also was told that he was sought by Tipton's men, to be put in prison. Col. Sevier was highly exasperated, and he proceeded to the attack of Tipton's house, which stood nine miles from Jonesborough. The dwelling was barricaded and defended by stanch friends of Tipton. Sevier summoned the garrison to surrender; the only reply was for the assailants to disband themselves, before the regular troops of the government came to the aid of the besieged. Hostilities were commenced, and one man killed and a number of men wounded. The morning of the attack was snowy, and the assailing force had hardly commenced an attack upon the house when news came of the approach of Col. Maxwell, with one hundred and eighty men, in aid of the besieged. Upon this they fled. Two were taken prisoners. Col. Tipton determined to hang them upon the spot; he was hardly swayed from his purpose by strong persuasion. This defeat put an end to the pretensions of the partisans of Frankland. Sevier concealed his mortification by removing to the remoter frontier, when, with a number of devoted friends, he gave

his services to making war upon the Indians. The Indians made an attack upon the settlements around Knoxville; he drove them off and burnt their towns. While thus meritoriously engaged, he was called to the seat of government to answer the charge of high treason. Colonel Sevier was seized at Jonesborough, by order of Col. Tipton, imprisoned and put in irons; he eventually was aided to escape. He was very popular with the mass of the people, in consequence of his services in the revolution, and his conduct in many Indian fights. By a law of North Carolina, he was made an outlaw, and his property confiscated. But his character and public services ultimately created a reaction in his favor; the law was repealed, and he was elected to the senate of North Carolina, and brigadier-general over the territory.

INCIDENTS OF BORDER WARFARE, FROM THE TERMINATION OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION UNTIL THE TREATY OF GREENVILLE.

Soon after the revolutionary war, treaties were made with the different tribes of Indians in the west and southwest; and, under the impression that these would be effectual in restraining them from hostilities, thousands were induced to emigrate to the "new countries." Hopes based upon such promises were doomed to disappointment. The Shawanese Indians, instigated by the British at Detroit, commenced sending marauding parties into Kentucky in less than two years after the war, and committed so many murders upon emigrants descending the Ohio in boats as to render its navigation extremely perilous.

From the close of the war until 1790, not less than 1500 men, women and children had been killed or carried into captivity by the savages south of the Ohio.

The General Government, anxious to preserve peace, opposed measures of retaliation, and to settle amicably all difficulties, a treaty was made with the Shawanese at the mouth of the Miami, in January, 1786, Generals Richard, Butler and Clarke being the Commissioners. No regard being paid to its stipulations, an expedition was organized in Kentucky in the ensuing fall to punish them. It was divided into two divisions. The division under Gen. Clarke, of 1000 men, assembled at Louisville and marched to Vincennes. There they were delayed nine days in waiting for provisions, which had been sent in transports by water down the Ohio and up the Wabash. This delay, together with a mutiny among the troops, in which three hundred men deserted when within two days' march of the hostile villages, rendered the expedition abortive, and they returned without having seen an enemy or struck a blow. The expedition under General Logan was more fortunate. He marched into what is now Logan County, Ohio, destroyed eight towns, together with their corn-fields, and took seventy or eighty prisoners. This served but to exasperate the enemy to more active hostilities, to retaliate which three hundred mounted Kentuckians, under Todd, Hinkston and Kenton, in the succeeding year, crossed the Ohio, and, marching up the Scioto about 60 miles, destroyed the Indian town of Chillicothe on Paint Creek.

In the summer of 1788, the Indian incursions increased in frequency and audacity, and they did their utmost to arrest the settlements of the whites, which had now advanced across the Ohio into the vicinity of Marietta. While some hostile parties were lurking on the banks of the Ohio to attack, decoy or pursue the boats of the emigrant, others were incessantly roaming

inland, ambuscading* every neighborhood, and patiently watching in covert places to pick off unfortunate individuals who might come within their reach. The early settlers of Illinois also suffered from the depredations of the Kickapoo Indians, that country having its first American settlement founded in 1781, by Western Virginians, near the site of Bellefontaine, in Monroe County.

The situation of those who fell into the hands of the savages was truly pitiable. Some were subjected to most unnatural and slow tortures. Some were butchered in their beds in the darkness of night. Many scalps were shown clotted with gore! limbs were terribly mangled! women were ripped up! the heart and bowels still palpitating with life and smoking on the ground! The barbarians, not satisfied with even this, were seen swilling their blood, and imbibing a more courageous fury from the draught.

In January, 1789, two treaties were made with the Indians at Fort Harmar, at the mouth of the Muskingum, opposite Marietta, by Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the Northwestern Territory. The first was with the Five Nations, and the second with six of the northwestern tribes. It did not produce the favorable results anticipated. The northwestern tribes, in defiance of its stipulations, resumed the hatchet; and the General Government, finding their pacific attempts frustrated, were obliged to have recourse to aggressive measures.

Harmar's Expedition.—In the autumn of 1790, about 1300 troops, of whom less than one-fourth were regulars, marched from Cincinnati, under General Harmar, against the Indian towns on the Maumee, near the site of Fort Wayne. When within a short distance of their point of destination, Colonel Hardin was detached with six hundred and fifty men. This advance, on reaching the Indian villages, found them deserted. The next day, the main body having arrived, their towns, containing three hundred wigwams, were burnt, the fruit trees girdled, and 20,000 bushels of corn destroyed. While the troops were at the villages, a detachment of one hundred and fifty Kentucky militia and thirty regulars, under Colonel Hardin, were sent on an Indian trail, when they fell into an ambush of seven hundred warriors under Little Turtle. At the first fire the militia fled without firing a shot, but the thirty regulars resisted with the greatest obstinacy until all were killed, except two officers and two or three privates. Ensign Armstrong was saved by falling behind a log while on the retreat, which screened him from his pursuers; while Captain Armstrong was preserved by plunging up to his neck in a swamp. There he remained all night a spectator of the war dance over the bodies of the dead and wounded soldiers, the shrieks of the latter, as they were tortured, mingling with the yells of the savages.

When the army had proceeded one day on the return march, Colonel Hardin and Major Willis were sent back with four hundred men, of whom sixty were regulars, to surprise the Indians, whom it was supposed would return. On entering the town a few of the enemy were seen, who immediately fled, and decoyed the militia into an irregular pursuit in different directions. This being accomplished, Little Turtle fell, with his main body, upon the regulars

* The artifices of the Indians to decoy the crews into their power were various. Sometimes a single Indian, disguised in the dress of some unfortunate white who had fallen into their hands, appeared on the shore making signals of distress and counterfeiting the motions of a wounded man,—or, perhaps, as it was frequently the case, the unhappy white captive was forced by threats of horrible torture to act this part. The crews, supposing the suppliants to be their countrymen who had escaped from the Indians, would turn their boats to the shore to take them in, when suddenly, on touching the bank, a fierce band of warriors would rush upon them from their ambuscade with terrific yells. Sometimes the savages crawled to the water's edge, wrapped in the skins of bears, and thus alluring the boatmen, who were ever ready to exchange the oar for the rifle, into their power.

with great fury. They threw down their guns, and, with their tomahawks, rushed upon the bayonets of the soldiers. While a soldier was engaged in the use of his bayonet upon one Indian, two others would sink their tomahawks in his head. The result was that every regular fell, together with their gallant major. Ere the conflict was over, a part of the militia who had returned from the pursuit, joined in the contest, but were compelled to retreat, leaving the dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy.

The expedition, in destroying the Indian villages, had accomplished the great object of its mission, although under circumstances of misfortune. It was succeeded by such vigorous exertions, on the part of the savages, that they must have succeeded in breaking up the American settlements were it not for the total destruction of their property and provisions just at the approach of winter.

On the second of January (1791) the settlement at Big Bottom, on the Muskingum, about thirty miles above Marietta, was surprised and broken up by the Indians. Twelve persons were killed and a number taken prisoners. So sudden was the attack, that no resistance was made by any of the men when the Indians entered the blockhouse; but Mrs. Meeks, a stout, backwoods Virginia woman, seized an ax and inflicted a severe wound upon an Indian warrior: she was instantly tomahawked. Within a few days, all the settlements on the Muskingum, except that at Marietta, were broken up.

On the 9th of the same month, Dunlap's station at Colerain, a few miles north of Cincinnati, was violently attacked by about four hundred Indians, under the notorious Simon Girty. The garrison, consisting of not one-tenth of their number, were United States troops, commanded by Capt. Kingsbury. They displayed unusual gallantry, frequently exposing their persons above the pickets, to insult and provoke their assailants. While the post was completely surrounded by the enemy, John Wallace volunteered to go to Cincinnati for aid. Late in the night, he crossed the Big Miami in a canoe, on the bank of which the fort stood, and thence followed down it some miles; then, although in the dead of winter, he swam the river, and directed his course for Cincinnati: but before he returned with aid, the Indians had left.

So constant were the Indians in their depredations around the settlements, that it was unsafe to venture into the woods unarmed; and even at Cincinnati, in sight of Fort Washington, the people were obliged to attend church armed to repel an attack.

In May, seven hundred and fifty Kentuckians, under General Charles Scott, rendezvoused at the mouth of the Kentucky river, and, crossing the Ohio on the twenty-third, marched northward with great rapidity. In about three weeks the expedition returned to Kentucky, without the loss of a man, after having surprised and destroyed several towns on the Wabash and Eel Rivers, killed thirty-two of the enemy in skirmishes, and taken fifty-eight prisoners.

In the succeeding August, Colonel James Wilkinson left Fort Washington with five hundred and fifty mounted Kentucky volunteers, to complete the work which had been so successfully begun by Gen. Scott, against the Indians on the Wabash and its tributaries. The expedition was successful. Several towns were destroyed, the corn was cut up and thirty-four prisoners taken.

St. Clair's Campaign.—While these military movements were going on against the Wabash Indians, the war department was engaged in raising an army of 3000 men, ordered by Congress for an invasion of the country of the Northwestern Indians; the whole to be placed under the command of Gov. St. Clair, as major-general. On the last of August, the troops, which had rendezvoused at Fort Washington, to the number of 2000, marched to Ludlow's station, five miles in advance, where they encamped until the 17th of

September, awaiting reinforcements and supplies. Then, their number being augmented to 2300 men, they marched northwardly, stopping, on their route, to erect Forts Hamilton and Jefferson. At this last post, 300 militia deserted in a body. Upon this, Gen St. Clair detached the 1st regiment, under Major Hamtramck, to bring them back.

Having made that arrangement, the army moved on, and, on the 3d of November, came to a small branch of the Wabash, about one hundred miles north of Cincinnati; within two or three miles of what is now the Indiana State line. Here the troops were encamped in the following order: "upon a very commanding piece of ground, in two lines, having the above mentioned creek in front, the right wing composed of Butler, Clarke and Patterson's battalions, commanded by Major-General Butler, forming the first line; and the left wing consisting of Bedinger and Gaither's battalions and the second regiment, commanded by Col. Darke, formed the second line; with an interval of about seventy yards, which was all the ground allowed. The right flank was pretty well secured by the creek, a steep bank, and Faulkner's corps; some of the cavalry and their pickets covered the left flank. The militia were thrown over the creek in advance about a quarter of a mile, and encamped in the same order." The next day the general had intended to throw up a slight work, the plan of which was concerted that evening with Major Ferguson; and to have moved on to attack the enemy, as soon as the first regiment had come up. The wily enemy did not wait for this junction of the force opposed to them; but about half an hour before sunrise, on the fatal 4th of November, and just after the men had been dismissed from parade, the attack began on the militia. This portion of the army soon gave way and rushed into camp through the battalions of Butler and Clarke, throwing them into considerable confusion, and followed by the Indians at their heels; the fire of the front line checked them; but almost immediately, a very heavy attack began upon that line, and in a very few minutes it was extended to the second likewise; the great weight of it was directed against the center of each; where the artillery was placed, from which the men were repeatedly driven with great slaughter. General St. Clair, who, notwithstanding he was ill, was borne about everywhere in his litter into the thickest of the fire, giving his orders with the coolness and self-possession worthy of a better fortune; he directed Col. Darke to rouse the Indians from their covert with the bayonet, and to turn their left flank. This was executed with great spirit; but although the enemy was driven three or four hundred yards, for want of numbers or cavalry, they soon returned, and our troops were forced to give back in their turn. The savages had now got into the American camp by the left flank, having pursued back the troops that were posted there: again several charges were made with effect: but in these efforts, great carnage was suffered from the concealed enemy, and particularly by the officers. Every officer of the second regiment fell except three, and more than half the army was killed: under this lamentable slaughter, it became necessary to make another charge against the enemy, as if with a view to turn their right flank, but in fact, to regain the road from which the army was intercepted. This object attained, the retreat began and soon degenerated into a "flight," a "precipitate one it was in fact," as so honestly owned, in the simple and dignified dispatch of Gen. St. Clair. Arms were thrown away even after the pursuit had ceased; the artillery was necessarily abandoned, for not a horse was left to have dragged it off, had that been practicable, and the General was mounted on a packhorse "which could not be pricked out of a walk." "The rout continued quite to Fort Jefferson, twenty-nine miles from the scene of action,"

which was reached about sunset; while the battle ended about half after nine in the morning.

The melancholy result of this action was felt and lamented by all who had sympathy for private distress or public misfortune. The officers exposed themselves in an unusual degree, to rally the men and remedy the want of discipline; and hence the loss fell heavily upon them. It was alleged by the officers, that the enemy far outnumbered their troops; a conclusion drawn from the fact that they outflanked and attacked the American lines with great force at the same time on every side.

The Indians engaged in the battle, were supposed to number about two thousand, and were under the command of Blue Jacket, Buckongahelas and Little Turtle. In this disastrous action,* the number of killed and wounded

* Among the officers in this action who distinguished themselves in the war of the Revolution, was Captain Littell, of Essex County, New Jersey. He was engaged as a partisan officer in the early part of the war, having been in no less than thirteen skirmishes with the enemy; in several of which, particularly in the attack on Springfield, he gained great credit for his daring bravery. He was also at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, where he commanded a company of artillery.

His broken fortunes eventually compelled him to turn his attention to the new lands of the west. Considering the contemplated expedition of St. Clair as giving a favorable chance to explore the country, he applied for a commission; but being too late in his application, he, together with his son, a young man just of age, enlisted in the ranks under the supposition generally entertained, that there would be no fighting—that the Indians, overawed by the formidable force of St. Clair, would sue for peace. In the action, his company, one of the best in the army, was stationed on the right wing. It was composed mainly of young men from New Jersey, many of whom had come out principally with the object of viewing the country; more than one-half of whom fell on this disastrous occasion. Being hotly engaged, Captain Littell was not aware of the order to retreat, until the enemy were in the encampment. Closely followed by the Indians, he then sprang down the bank of the creek, gained the opposite bank, accidentally stepped into a hollow, and fell unharmed amid a shower of bullets from his pursuers, who supposing him killed, turned their attention in another direction, doubtless, intending to scalp him at leisure. Screened from observation by the grass and underwood, he was emptying his boots of water, with which they had been filled, and making other preparations to facilitate his flight, when he was discovered by a solitary Indian, who ran over to the bank on which Littell lay; failing to climb it on the first attempt, he reached over and laid down his rifle, to facilitate that object; as he rose above the bank, Littell plunged his sword into his breast, when the savage fell back dead into the water. This adventure being over, Littell fled, and after two days of weary, solitary wandering, arrived safe at Fort Jefferson.

His son, Stephen, had a still more remarkable escape. At the commencement of the battle, he was with an advanced party, who being closely pressed by the enemy, were compelled to fall back. Unable to keep up with his comrades, he sprang aside and hid in some fallen brushwood, the Indians in the meanwhile, hurrying on to the attack, having got between him and the rest of the troops. There he lay in dreadful suspense until the battle was over, and the Indians in full pursuit of the flying army when he ventured to the scene of conflict. The dead and wounded lay strewed in every direction. The scalped heads in the heavy morning frost, were reeking with smoke; groans of agony ascended from all quarters, and many of the wounded begged him to terminate their misery, and thus save them from the horrible tortures that were to ensue. This he refused, but did his utmost to assist some of them to places of comparative safety. Among the dead, he saw lying upon his face an officer whose figure bore a striking resemblance to his father. He was in the act of turning him over to examine his features, when the terrific shouts of some of the savages returning from the pursuit, compelled him to secrete himself in the top of a fallen tree. He had barely time to screen himself from casual observation, when the Indians came bounding upon the ground, yelling like so many demons, and pouncing upon the unfortunate wounded, commenced, with a fiend-like avidity, to perpetrate upon them all sorts of barbarities. What were his emotions as he, from his hiding-place, witnessed these atrocities, cannot well be described. At one moment, he thought he was discovered—a party of the Indians set up some of the wounded as targets, and were amusing themselves in striving to see how near they could throw their tomahawks without hitting them. A weapon thus thrown, fell so near that he could easily have reached out his hand and taken it, when a savage sprang forward, and as he approached the spot, Littell thought his eye rested upon him, and considered himself as lost. The Indian, however, intoxicated with his triumph, fortunately did not see him; but catching up his murderous weapon, he buried it in the brains of his unfortunate victim, and then left to commit new atrocities. Among the Indians was a white man, probably Simon Girty, who appeared to exercise considerable influence. Poor Littell, in momentary expectation of discovery, determined to rush out and claim his protection; but was restrained by witnessing his monstrous barbarities, in which he appeared to excel even the savages themselves. Among other things, he saw them throw two pieces of artillery into the creek. He did not abandon his hiding-place until they had all left the field, when he set off in the direction of the fort—the last person who left the battle-ground.

were over nine hundred, among whom were forty-nine commissioned officers. The Indian loss was only about sixty killed. Accompanying the army, were a large number of women, of whom fifty-six were killed. The unfortunate men who fell into the enemy's hands with life, were used with the greatest torture, having their limbs torn off; and the poor women were treated with the most indecent cruelty, stakes as large as a person's arms being driven through their bodies.

These various campaigns had inflamed the rage and malice of the savages to the highest pitch, and prompted them to fill the country with marauding parties, whose depredations and cruelties were most distressing.

In the succeeding April (1792) Gen. Anthony Wayne was appointed to the command of the Northwestern Army. He accepted the office on the express condition that he should not be required to advance against the enemy until the army was full and well disciplined. For this purpose the general government were making extraordinary exertions for a vigorous and effective campaign.

In the course of the season, unsuccessful attempts were made to open a negotiation with the Indians to effect a general peace. Col. Hardin and Major Trueman, who had been sent on embassies with flags from Fort Washington, were barbarously murdered.

During the year, the advanced Forts St. Clair and Jefferson, in the Miami country, were frequently assailed by the Indians, and skirmishes often took place between the Indians and parties of soldiers passing to and fro between these posts and Fort Washington, at Cincinnati. On the 6th of November a severe action took place almost under the guns of Fort St. Clair, between one hundred mounted Kentuckians, commanded by Captain Adair, and two hundred and fifty Indians, under Little Turtle, in which the whites were worsted.

In the spring following (1793), while arrangements for the campaign were going on, commissioners were appointed to negotiate a treaty with the Northwest Indians, on the basis of that of Fort Harmar. They proceeded to Niagara, crossed Lake Erie in a vessel, and landed at the mouth of Detroit River in the latter part of July. They held a council there with a deputation of twenty Indians, from about as many different tribes, assembled at the foot of the Maumee Rapids. The Indians denied the validity of the treaty of Fort Harmar, made in 1789, on the ground that it was made with chiefs of two or three nations only, who had no right to cede any territory to the whites. They insisted on the first treaty of Fort Stanwix, made in 1768, which establishes the Ohio River as the boundary, and that if the United States wished to make a firm and lasting peace, they would immediately remove all their people from the upper side of that river, which the Indians claimed as their own. The commissioners, in reply, called the attention of the Indian deputies to the second treaty of Fort Stanwix, made in 1784, and to that of Fort Harmar, by which the United States purchased large tracts of land from the Indians north of the Ohio, which had been settled by the whites at great expense, and could not be given up on any terms whatever. They also offered liberal pecuniary inducements to them to confirm the extensive grant of land in the Ohio country made by the treaty of Fort Harmar. The Indians, however, would not agree to any other boundary than the Ohio, and the council was broken up. It was evident that a treaty satisfactory to both parties would have been made, but for the influence steadily and successfully exerted on the minds of the savages by the agents of the British government.

All prospects of peace now being at an end, Wayne advanced with his

forces about eighty miles northward from Cincinnati, and erected a fort on the site of Greenville, Ohio. In October, while Lieut. Lowry, with ninety men, was conveying military stores for the supply of the army, they were attacked at Ludlow's spring, about seven miles northerly from the site of Eaton, Ohio, by a superior body of Indians under Little Turtle. They made an obstinate resistance. Lieutenant Lowry, ensign Boyd, and thirteen of the men were slain, and seventy horses were either carried off or killed by the savages.

Wayne remained at Greenville through the winter and spring until mid-summer (1794), actively preparing for his campaign against the savages. He was assiduous in drilling his men according to a plan suggested to him by Washington, in the peculiar tactics necessary to fighting the Indians, the want of which had been so disastrous to Harmar and St. Clair. The men were taught to load when running, and while on a march even in a dense forest, to form instantly in a line of battle. Instead of being instructed to stand in dense order, according to the European manner, which had proved so fatal to the whites in previous campaigns, they were taught to form in extreme open order, and in such a way as to prevent them from being outflanked.

Wayne sent forward, twenty-three miles north from Greenville, a detachment of troops to the spot where St. Clair had been defeated more than two years previous. The bones of the dead were thickly strewn around; although destitute of flesh, yet in many cases the sinews still held them together. The bones were then all buried, six hundred skulls being among them. This melancholy duty performed, they erected a fortification called Fort Recovery, and garrisoned it with two companies. On the 30th of June, a severe and bloody battle was fought under the walls of this fort, between a detachment of troops who had come up from Greenville with supplies, consisting of ninety riflemen and fifty dragoons, under Major M'Mahon, and about fifteen hundred Indians, aided by a considerable number of British soldiers and Canadian militia from Detroit. At the same instant, they rushed on the detachment and assailed the fort on every side with great fury. They were repulsed with a heavy loss, renewed the attack, and kept it up through the entire day. The next morning, M'Mahon's detachment entered the fort, when they again assailed the post and fought with desperation during the day; but owing to the skill and bravery of the garrison, were eventually compelled to retreat. Their loss was very great—more than double what they experienced at the defeat of St. Clair, and it continued to be severely felt by them for a long time after. The Indians exposed their persons in an unusual degree, and were determined to conquer or perish. Three British officers were present, dressed in scarlet, who encouraged them to persevere. The loss of the Americans was about fifty in killed and wounded; among the former, was the brave Major M'Mahon.

In the latter part of July, Wayne was reinforced by sixteen hundred mounted Kentuckians under Gen. Scott, which augmented his army to near four thousand strong. All things being in readiness, on the 29th, he took up his line of march for an attack upon the Indians, who were concentrated upon the Maumee in strong force, having made great preparations to encounter their invaders. He advanced by slow and regular marches, proceeding with the utmost caution to guard against surprise. The army generally halted and pitched their tents about the middle of the afternoon, and the ground of the encampment being previously marked out by the surveyor, each company fortified in front of its position, by cutting down trees and erecting a breastwork, so that by dark a complete fortification inclosed the camp.

On the 4th, the army arrived at St. Mary's River, forty-seven miles from Greenville, where they erected Fort Adams, garrisoned it with one hundred

men, and then resumed its march. On the 8th of August, they encamped at the junction of the Au Glaize with the Maumee, one hundred and three miles north of Greenville, at which point stood some of the finest villages of the Indians, which they had deserted at the approach of the troops. Here Wayne halted several days, and commenced the construction of Fort Defiance, on the site of the present town of that name. While there, Wayne received full information of the Indians, and the assistance they were to derive from the volunteers at Detroit and vicinity. On the 13th of August, true to the spirit of peace advised by Washington, he sent Christian Miller, who had been naturalized among the Shawanese, as a special messenger to offer terms of friendship. Impatient of delay, he moved forward, and on the 16th, met Miller on his return with the message, that if the Americans would wait ten days at Grand Glaize (Fort Defiance), they, the Indians, would decide for peace or war. On the 18th, the army arrived at *Roche de Bœuf*, just south of the site of Waterville, where they erected some light works as a place of deposit for their heavy baggage, which was named Fort Deposit. During the 19th, the army labored at their works, and about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, moved forward to attack the Indians, who were encamped on the bank of the Maumee, at and around a hill called "Presque Isle," about two miles south of the site of Maumee City, four south of the British Fort Miami, and twelve south of the site of Toledo—all of the above being on the west bank of the river. From Wayne's report of the battle, we make the following extract:

The legion was on the right, its flank covered by the Maumee: one brigade of mounted volunteers on the left, under Brig. Gen. Todd, and the other in the rear, under Brig. Gen. Barbee. A select battalion of mounted volunteers moved in front of the legion, commanded by Major Price, who was directed to keep sufficiently advanced, so as to give timely notice for the troops to form in case of action, it being yet undetermined whether the Indians would decide for peace or war.

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 force 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

driven 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 Gen. 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 driven, 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.*

* Wayne received very essential aid during the campaign, from a band of some six or eight spies, who brought in at different times more than twenty prisoners, beside killing many of the enemy. Several of them had been in their earlier days, taken captive by the Indians and adopted and bred by them. The Indian language and customs were as familiar to them as that of the whites. Their commander was Capt. Wm. Wells, who had been taken captive while a child, and adopted by the famous Little Turtle. In the defeat of St. Clair, Wells commanded a large body of warriors with great skill and effect. A short time after, he determined to abandon the savages, and announced this determination to his adopted father Little Turtle, one morning when traversing the woods. Pointing to the heavens, he said, "When the sun reaches the meridian, I leave you for the whites; and whenever you meet me in battle, you must kill me, as I shall endeavor to do by you." This event did not shake the bonds of intimacy and friendship between these gifted men. Wells soon after joined Wayne's army, and by his intimacy with the wilderness, and perfect knowledge of the Indian haunts, habits and modes of Indian warfare, became an invaluable auxiliary. When the war was over, Wells renewed his friendship and connection with Little Turtle, which continued until the death of the latter.

Wells was killed at the massacre at Chicago, in 1812. Not wishing to fall into the enemy's hands, and to avoid a cruel and lingering death, he wetted powder and blacked his face, as a token of defiance, mounted his horse and commenced addressing the Indians with all the opprobrious and insulting language he could think of. His purpose evidently was to induce them to dispatch him forthwith. His object was accomplished. They became so enraged at last with his taunts and jeers, that one of them shot him off his horse, and immediately pouncing upon him, cut his body open, took out his heart and eat it. The Indians, it is said, also drank his blood, from a superstitious belief that they should thus imbibe his warlike endowments.

Among the many anecdotes related of the confidence and self-possession of Wells and his spies, during Wayne's campaign, is the following:

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, dispatched Capt. Wells' 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, disguised as Indians, 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 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 they expected a 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 visitors. At length an Indian, who was sitting at some distance, said in an under-tone, 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 McClellan 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 failing, he was taken prisoner, and next day set up as a target and riddled with bullets. The rest of the party escaped without injury and rode full speed to where their prisoners were confined, and putting them upon horses, continued their route.

The loss of the enemy was more than that of the federal army. The woods were strewed for a considerable distance with the dead bodies of Indians and their white auxiliaries, the latter armed with British muskets and bayonets.

We remained three days and nights on the banks of the Maumee, in front of the field of battle, during which time all the houses and corn-fields were consumed and destroyed for a considerable distance, both above and below Fort Miami, as well as within pistol-shot of the garrison, who were compelled to remain tacit spectators to this general devastation and conflagration, among which were the houses, stores and property of Colonel M'Kee, the British Indian agent and principal stimulator of the war now existing between the United States and the savages.

The loss of the Americans in this battle was thirty-three killed and one hundred wounded, including five officers among the killed, and nineteen wounded.

One of the Canadians taken in the action, estimated the force of the Indians at about fourteen hundred. He also stated that about seventy Canadians were with them, and that Col. M'Kee, Capt. Elliott, and Simon Girty were in the field, but at a respectable distance, and near the river. When the broken remains of the Indian army were pursued under the British fort, the soldiers could scarce be restrained from storming it. This, independent of its results in bringing on a war with Great Britain, would have been a desperate measure, as the fort mounted ten pieces of artillery, and was garrisoned by four hundred and fifty men, while Wayne had no armament proper to attack such a strongly fortified place. While the troops remained in the vicinity, there did not appear to be any communication between the garrison and the savages. The gates were shut against them, and their rout and slaughter witnessed with apparent unconcern by the British. That the Indians were astonished at the lukewarmness of their real allies, and regarded the fort, in case of defeat, as a place of refuge, is evident from various circumstances, not the least of which was the well known reproach of Tecumseh, in his celebrated speech to Proctor, after Perry's victory. The near approach of the troops drew forth a letter of remonstrance from Major Campbell, the British commandant, to General Wayne. A sharp correspondence ensued, but without any especial results. The morning before the army left, General Wayne, after arranging his force in such a manner as to show that they were all on the alert, advanced with his numerous staff and a small body of cavalry, to the glacis of the British fort, reconnoitering it with great deliberation, while the garrison were seen with lighted matches, prepared for any emergency. It is said that Wayne's party overheard one of the British subordinate officers appeal to Major Campbell for permission to fire upon the cavalcade, and avenge such an insulting parade under his majesty's guns; but that officer chided him with the abrupt exclamation, "*Be a gentleman! be a gentleman!*" On the 27th, Wayne's army returned to Fort Defiance, by easy marches, laying waste the villages and corn-fields of the Indians, for about fifty miles on each side of the Maumee.

Indian Hostilities in the Southwestern Territory.—While the events narrated in the previous pages of this article were transpiring in the region of the Northwest Territory, the pioneer population of the Southwestern Territory, now the State of Tennessee, suffered from the hostilities of the Cherokees and Creeks. As early as 1789, murders upon the inhabitants of that territory had become quite frequent. To conciliate the hostile tribes, Gov. Blount (Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the general government), negotiated with them for the sale of their lands, and the adjustment of all difficulties, on just terms. Continuing these negotiations through the years 1790 '91 he was

enabled to keep the great mass of these powerful nations from making open war; but could not prevent the encroachment of emigrants upon their lands, which brought on a partisan warfare on the frontier. In spite of his persevering efforts, these two nations, in the early part of 1792, were making preparations for a grand invasion and destruction of the settlements. They were secretly supplied with arms and ammunition, and instigated to hostilities by emissaries of Spain; that power being as jealous of the advance of the Americans toward their settlements in the South, as was that of Britain toward theirs in the North.

Attack on Buchanan's Station.—These scenes of partisan warfare continued until the summer of 1792, when Gov. Blount held a council at the farm of Gen. James Robertson, with the Indians, with the view, on the part of the whites, to peace, and on that of the Cherokees, as subsequent events seemed to confirm, to ascertain the vulnerable points of the whites.

During the council, one of the chiefs was frequently heard to say that "before the leaves fall an attack would be made on the white settlements." This intimation had the effect of inducing the settlers to prepare for defense.

Buchanan's station was on the road from Nashville to the Cherokee nation, about four miles from the former. It was on high ground, on the bank of a creek, and consisted of a few log cabins, surrounded by a slender picket. Major Buchanan invited several of the Cherokee chiefs to his home, where he entertained them with hospitality. They carefully examined the fort, and its means of resistance, and several times carelessly remarked that "such a fort could afford but little protection."

About the beginning of September, Joseph Durat, a Frenchman who had resided among the Indians, and Richard Fennelstone, a half-breed Cherokee, arrived from the Cherokee nation, and communicated the intelligence that they intended to attack Buchanan's station on or about the 10th September, and then fall upon the other stations in the neighborhood, and upon Nashville. On receiving this information, Gen. Robertson ordered the militia to assemble at Rains', about two miles south of Nashville, when about three hundred men, nearly the whole effective force of the district, assembled. To ascertain the truth of the report of Durat, and be apprised in time of the approach of the enemy, Abraham Castleman, a man of bold and daring spirit, was sen out as a spy. He proceeded cautiously to the "Black Fox Camp," near the site of Murfreesboro', and having discovered Indian traces, returned. This tended to confirm the report; but as the time mentioned for the attacks had elapsed, and as Watts, the Cherokee chief, had repeatedly assured Governor Blount of his peaceable intentions, the apprehensions of the settlers were quieted, and the militia disbanded. Two men had been dispatched as scouts, who started toward the Cherokee nation, on what was called Taylor's trace. A few miles south of the station they met the advancing enemy, and fell victims to the tomahawk. The Indians secretly advanced, and at midnight on the 30th September, their force, consisting of about eight hundred warriors, appeared before Buchanan's station.

This formidable body was commanded by Watts, a half-breed Cherokee, a chief of noble and commanding person, who had given many proofs of magnanimity and humanity in his wars with the whites, and a distinguished chief of the Shawanees, whose name is not recollected. The first intimation the inmates of the fort had of their approach, was from the barking of the dogs. Two men in a blockhouse, awakened by the noise, looked out, and distinctly saw approaching, by the light of the moon, about sixty Indians. Undismayed by their numbers, they fired upon them; the Indians returned the fire, and the woods resounded with the war-whoop. This roused the remainder of the

little garrison, consisting of but twenty men, and several women and children. Each man flew to his post, determined to repulse the enemy or die. The women, not less resolute, determined to share the glory of the defense with their fathers, husbands, and brothers. The wife of Maj. Buchanan was particularly distinguished. The Indians, relying on their superiority, soon surrounded the fort, in certain expectation of compelling a surrender; they approached so near that they fired into the port-holes, and several times attempted to set fire to one of the block-houses. For a moment this little garrison thought all was lost. Determined, however, to sell their lives as dearly as possible, they kept up a vigorous fire, and many of the assailants were seen to fall. The attack and defense were continued for about an hour, when the Shawanee chief was killed, and Watts severely wounded. The face of affairs now changed; dispirited by the death of the Shawanee chief, and the wound of Watts, the Indians precipitately retreated. At a treaty held subsequently, Watts admitted their loss to have been thirty killed, and a number wounded. In the fort, not one was killed, and but two wounded. In consequence of this signal repulse and defeat, the intended attack upon Nashville, and the neighboring fort, was abandoned.

The succeeding year (1793), the Indians so infested the settlements with their scouting parties, that the walls of the stockades were the only places of security. In the military operations undertaken this year against the Indians, Gen. Sevier became greatly distinguished. The savages, however, usually avoided a general engagement, relying mainly upon their small parties, to harass the settlers, and were kept somewhat in awe by the formidable preparations of Wayne in the north.

The next year an important exhibition was undertaken against the Nickajack towns on the Tennessee, one of the principal sources of mischief to the whites. Their villages were destroyed, and a few months after the Indians sued for peace.*

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* The annexed account of the Nickajack Campaign was orally communicated to us in the spring of 1850, by James Collier, Esq., of Xenia, Ohio, who was one of the spies on this expedition.

The Nickajack Campaign.—The Cherokee nation generally respected the treaty of Holston, made on the site of Knoxville, in July, 1791. A minority only were dissatisfied with it, and refused to acquiesce in its terms. Separating from the rest, they settled on the Chikamauga, and became known as the Chickamauga Indians. From this branch of the tribe mainly originated all the depredations and murders subsequently committed upon the settlements in Tennessee, a fact which appears to have been entirely lost sight of by writers of that period.

A branch of the Chickamaugas settled the Nickajack towns. They were three in number, and situated on the south bank of the Tennessee, about fifty miles above the site of Huntsville. The lower town, name not recollected, contained about twenty houses; two miles above, stood Nickajack, containing about two hundred dwellings, and Running Water, which was larger still, was near five miles above Nickajack. These villages indicated considerable civilization: the houses were principally built of round logs, and covered with split boards and fine bark: within, at the end of each dwelling was a fire-place. The council-house, which was at Running Water, was a regular circle, of sixty or seventy feet diameter, with a conical roof running up to a point, and the whole was covered with bark. The towns were surrounded by potatoe and corn-fields, peach-orchards and melon-patches. Their sites were pleasant, and that of Running Water of unusual natural beauty.

In the year 1794, the depredations of the Nickajack Indians had excited so much alarm, that some of the leading men of the country saw the necessity of punishing them. Col. William Whitley, of Lincoln county, Kentucky, whose residence was near the Crab Orchard settlement, originated the plan of the invasion of their towns. After Gen. Scott had raised a force to join Wayne, Whitley put this plan into execution, corresponding for the purpose with Gen. James Robertson, of Middle Tennessee, and Col. John Orr, of East Tennessee; the latter of whom commanded at the time a company of U. S. Rangers, under the general control of William Blount, governor of the Southwest Territory. Their preparatory measures were conducted with great secrecy, for it was feared that Gov. Blount, had it come to his knowledge, would have frustrated the expedition, under the apprehension that the friendly Cherokees would have suffered.

On the 20th of August, a day memorable as that of Wayne's victory, Whitley left home for Nashville, the point of rendezvous, with a small body of Kentuckians, which, by the time they had arrived at the borders of the State, had augmented to one hundred and twenty. At Nashville

In the north, the effect of Wayne's victory was crushing to the hopes of the Indians. The destruction of their towns and their vast fields of corn, which spread along the banks of the Maumee and Auglaize for over fifty miles, reduced them to great privation and suffering, and they were compelled to sue for peace. Had Wayne been defeated, it is believed that the northern

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they were joined by Orr, with his company of Rangers, numbering sixty-two men. In a few days their ranks were increased to six hundred men, all volunteers. About the 6th of September the expedition left Nashville, and the day after organized by the choice of Col. Whitley as commandant, with Col. John Orr and Col. John Montgomery next under him. Richard Fennelson, a half-breed, acted as guide.

At that time I was about twenty years of age, having come on by invitation from Col. Whitley, who resided in my vicinity. Upon organizing, Alex. McFarland and Jesse Gray, two old hunters and Indian fighters, were selected as spies, who, in turn, being allowed to select a third, chose me. We three daily kept in advance, looking out for signs, and at night returning to camp. The troops were mainly on horseback, and attired in hunting-shirts. Their provisions were principally bacon and corn-meal, some of it parched. At night the horses were hoppled out to grass, and the men lay on their blankets in the open air.

On the night of the 11th, the army arrived at a beautiful spring, the largest I ever saw, on what (I believe) is the site of Huntsville. We were then fifty miles below the crossing place of the Tennessee, in the vicinity of the Nickajack towns. At midnight of the 12th, the troops reached the crossing place. Great confusion prevailed, for as the night was very dark, many of the men in consequence had become deadly sick from riding on horseback. The only means which we brought with us to cross the stream, which was high and wide from recent rains, were two ox-hide boats. These had been transported on horseback, and being stiff and unwieldy, were first soaked, and then stretched on poles and launched. They were square, box-like in shape, and held each from two to four men. Several rafts were constructed on the spot.

By sunrise, two hundred and forty men having succeeded in crossing, it was thought best to push on, leaving the others, who did not cross at all, and were consequently not participators in the scenes about to be related.

After proceeding about five miles, they came into the vicinity of the lower and smaller towns, where fifteen men were placed in ambush until they heard the attack above, while the main body, making a detour, marched on. When in sight of Nickajack, they formed for the attack in three divisions, the right, center, and left, being respectively under Whitley, Orr, and Montgomery The last, first came within firing distance, and soon all were warmly engaged. The poor Indians were taken completely by surprise, and made little or no resistance. Indeed, it was a massacre. Large numbers rushed to their canoes to escape, and so many were shot that the stream was crimsoned with their blood. The Indians having been killed and dispersed, and their women and children taken prisoners, their houses were committed to the flames.

When the melée was about over, several of us tried to shoot an Indian who was escaping in a canoe down the river. He was lying nearly flat, with his arms only showing over the sides, vigorously paddling for life, and our shots failed; but Col. Whitley coming up said, "let me try." I watched his shot, and instantly saw the blood spout out of his shoulder. Subsequently Joseph Brown swam out to the canoe, and as he was approaching, the Indian entreated him to spare his life, "for," said he, "I'm a Cherokee." Brown, who had been two years a prisoner at Nickajack, and understood their language, inquired "what were you doing at Nickajack?" "To visit some friends," was the reply. Brown then tomahawked him.

I was amused at an incident that I witnessed between a large, powerful squaw and the famous Joe Logston. She had secreted herself in the brush. Joe, on attempting to take her prisoner, encountered most furious resistance. She fought like a tigress, while he, disdaining to resort to blows had great difficulty in overcoming her.

Collingsworth, one of our men, related to me an affecting incident. Entering one of the houses he saw an Indian mother lying dead on the floor, over whose corpse was crawling an infant of ten or twelve months old, with its bowels hanging out from a wound in the abdomen. He was horrified at the sight, and for a moment debated with himself what was best to be done; then deciding as an act of mercy, he put his rifle to its head, and blew out its brains.

At the lower town, those in ambush saw a beautiful Indian maiden beating hominy in a mortar outside of a cabin. In a few moments she was joined by a young man, probably her lover, who placed his arms around her waist, playfully slung her about, and then assisted her with the pestle. While engaged in this sort of dalliance, and unsuspicious of danger, the firing was heard at Nickajack, and then the party here fired, and the Indian lover fell a corpse beside his dusky sweetheart. The maiden was captured; but the party finding resistance likely to be desperate, retreated to Nickajack.

Immediately after shooting the Indian in the canoe, Whitley said to the group around him, that they must proceed without delay to the upper town, lest the Indians might make a stand at the Gap, midway between the villages, and prevent their passage. Starting with from fifteen to twenty men, they hastened toward Running Water. A few Indians were in ambush at the Gap; but after the exchange of a few shots, the latter retreated with slight loss. Being joined at the Gap by more men, the party, among whom I was one, numbering less than forty in all, proceeded to Running Water. As we neared the town, the Indians were discovered in great numbers escaping across the river in their canoes, and on our arrival there, we found it entirely deserted, and nothing was left

and southern Indians, respectively incited by British and Spanish emissaries, would have united in one grand confederacy, for the extermination of all the settlements west of the mountains.

On the 3d of August, 1795, Wayne concluded a treaty of peace with the Northwest tribes at Greenville, in Grand Council assembled. The negotiations lasted over six weeks, during which, over one thousand Indians were assembled, among whom were the chiefs most noted for bravery and eloquence. On this occasion, the Indians ratified the concessions of land made at the treaties of Forts M'Intosh and Harmar, including several other grants. It was a most important era in the history of the west, which, for nearly half a century, had been the theater of almost continuous Indian wars. It filled the whole nation with rejoicing, and gave a great impetus to the settlement of the West.

FRENCH AND SPANISH INTRIGUES—PLANS TO ERECT AN INDEPENDENT GOVERNMENT IN THE WEST.

In the spring of 1793, Genet, the French minister, arrived in this country, and was received with great enthusiasm by the people who sympathized with the new republic of France. He at once began a series of intrigues to involve the United States in a war with the enemies of France. He proceeded to arm and equip privateers, and to enlist crews in the American ports to cruise against the commerce of England and Spain, as if this country were openly at war with those powers. At that time, democratic societies, in imitation of the Jacobin Clubs of France, had been established in Kentucky. Their spirit was anti-federal. The failure to secure from Spain the free navigation of the Mississippi, the excise upon distilled liquors, the Indian war, what was considered the base truckling to England, and the still baser desertion of France in her terrible struggles with the leagued despotism of Europe, all became subjects of passionate declamation in the clubs and violent invectives in the papers. The protracted negotiation with Spain, relative to the navigation of the Mississippi, which was then in her dominions, had not been closed. The people of the west were jealous upon that subject, and distrustful of the intentions of the Federal Government. It was rumored that government was about to form an alliance with England, that hated power, against their beloved France, and that the old project of giving up to Spain the sole right of navigating the Mississippi was to be revived.

Aware of this deep feeling against the Federal Government, Genet sent four French agents to Kentucky to enlist an army of two thousand men, under the banners of France, to descend the Ohio and Mississippi in boats, and attack, conquer and bring the Spanish settlements under the dominion of France. These emissaries found their plans met with the warmest approbation, and some of the leading men in Kentucky enlisted in the cause, among whom was

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for us but to commit their dwellings to the flames. To prevent their being tracked by the dogs, the Indians, on leaving, shut them in their cabins, and when they were burnt, they filled the air with their howlings.

Our troops re-crossed the river at a late hour the same night, and on the 14th commenced our return march. When in the barrens of Green River, we learned the news of Wayne's victory from a party of Chickasaws.

Our loss in this campaign was trifling, we having two men wounded, viz.: Luke Anderson, slightly in the leg, and S. Donaldson in the heel: he was a brother-in-law of Gen. Jackson, and was supposed to have been shot by our own men. We killed about one hundred and forty Indians, and brought in seventeen prisoners, all females, except two boys. They were subsequently exchanged for white prisoners. The results of this campaign were important. It stopped the murders by the Indians, and in a few months thereafter, the Chickamaugas sued for peace.

General Geo. Rogers Clarke, who was thereupon commissioned Major General in the French service. The free navigation of the Mississippi forever would be the only direct benefit accruing to Kentucky, but French pay, French rank, and magnificent donations of land in the conquered provinces, were the allurements held out to private adventurers.

President Washington, acting under information from the minister of the king of Spain, used his efforts to suppress these movements. In consequence, General Wayne, whose cavalry was then wintering in Kentucky, wrote to Gov. Shelby, that he should, by force of arms, repress any illegal expedition from Kentucky. The Governor, in his reply to the Secretary of State, said that he doubted if this could be legally done, for if it was lawful for one citizen to leave a State, it was equally so for any number. Again he said, "Much less would I assume power to exercise it against men whom I consider as *friends* and *brethren*, in favor of a man whom I view as an *enemy* and a *tyrant;* I shall also feel but little inclination to take an active part in punishing or restraining my fellow-citizens for a supposed intention only, to gratify or remove the fears of the minister of a prince who openly withholds from us an invaluable right, and who secretly instigates against us a most savage and cruel enemy."

These sentiments were prevalent among a vast majority of all classes of citizens. Upon receiving this answer, Washington, justly alarmed, ordered Gen. Wayne to occupy Fort Massac, which stood on the Ohio River, in the Illinois country, with his artillery, and to take other necessary steps to arrest this rash expedition.

In the meantime, the democratic societies resorted to every method of inflaming the popular mind upon the subject of the navigation of the Mississippi, and the jealousy of the east, which they contended was the true cause of the failure of the general government to procure it for them. They had invited a general meeting of the people in Lexington, in the spring of 1794, where resolutions were adopted of a violent character, breathing the deepest hostility to the general government, and recommending the election of county delegates to a convention, whose object was not precisely defined, but which *looked* like a plan for separating from the east and erecting an independent government west of the mountains. At this juncture, the intelligence arrived of the recall of Genet and the disavowal of his acts, by the French Republic, although in truth, he had but conformed with their *secret* instructions. This ended the project.

About this period, the Spanish authorities attempted an intrigue with Wilkinson, Sebastian, Innis and Nicholas, all prominent men of Kentucky. From 1787, when Wilkinson made his first trip to New Orleans, until he took part in the Indian war in 1791, he held constant intercourse with the Spanish provinces; but whether his plans reached only so far as to form a commercial treaty with those provinces that would secure the navigation of the Mississippi to the west, or contemplated a disunion of the west from the east, is yet in doubt. He, however, in 1808, and again in 1811, was tried before a court martial on a charge of having received a pension from Spain, in consideration of his turning traitor and effecting a disunion of the States, but was triumphantly acquitted.

In the summer of 1797, Thomas Powers, agent for Carondelet, Governor of the Spanish provinces, came to Kentucky from Louisiana, and sent a communication to Sebastian, for his consideration, and that of Nicholas, Innis, Murray, and others whom they might see fit to consult upon the subject. This paper embodied a plan by which the west was to rebel and declare its independence of the Union, and form a government wholly independent of

the Atlantic States. The sum of two hundred thousand dollars, twenty field pieces, and other munitions of war, were to be supplied by his Catholic Majesty. Fort Massac was to be seized instantly, and the federal troops to be dispossessed of all posts upon the western waters. In the event of their success in establishing a new government, that of Spain was to grant them especial commercial privileges, and the idea was held out that that government would not respect the treaty of 1795, which gave to the United States the free navigation of the Mississippi. Innis and Nicholas replied coldly to these overtures. It is not known whether Sebastian signed this reply; but it was proved afterward, in 1806, before the Kentucky Legislature, that he had for years received a pension of two thousand dollars from the Spanish government, and considered guilty of holding treasonable intercourse with her agents.

THE WHISKY INSURRECTION.

In the year 1791 Congress enacted laws laying duties upon spirits distilled in the United States, and upon stills. From the very commencement of the operation of these laws, combinations were formed in the four western counties of Pennsylvania, to defeat them, and violences were repeatedly committed. The western insurgents followed, as they supposed, the example of the American revolution in opposing an excise law. Distilling was then considered a reputable business, and was very extensively carried on in western Pennsylvania. Rye, their principal crop, was too bulky to transport across the mountains; therefore, having no market for it, they were obliged to convert it into the more easily transported article of whisky, which was their principal item to pay for their salt, sugar and iron. They had cultivated their lands for years, at the peril of their lives, with little or no protection from the federal government, and when at last they were enabled to raise a little surplus grain, to meet their expenses of living, they were met by a law which forbade them doing as they pleased with the fruits of their labors. In effect, it was as bad as a government tax on wheat would be at the present day to the western farmer.

The indignation of the people at this law was universal. Public meetings were held, composed of the most influential men, denouncing the law and resolutions passed recommending the public to treat all persons holding the office of collector of the tax with contempt. The tax collectors were subjected to all sorts of indignities from the populace. In September, 1791, Robert Johnson, the collector for Alleghany and Washington, was waylaid, dragged from his horse, his hair cut off, and he was tarred and feathered. The officer sent to serve the process against these offenders was treated in a similar manner. The next month a man named Wilson was torn from his bed by persons in disguise, carried several miles to a blacksmith's shop, stripped naked, burnt with a red-hot iron, and covered with a coat of tar and feathers. Not long after one Rosebury was tarred and feathered for speaking in favor of the law.

Congress, in May, 1792, passed material modifications to the law, but all to no purpose. The excitement increased; not only were collectors visited with violence, but those distillers who complied with the law. The adversaries of the law went so far as to burn the barns and tear down the houses of the collectors and others, and threaten with death those who should disclose their names. So strong was the public feeling that one word in favor of the law was enough to ruin any man. It was considered as a badge of

toryism. No clergyman, physician, lawyer, nor merchant, was sustained by the people unless his sentiments were in opposition.

On the 16th of July, 1794, a band of about forty individuals attacked the mansion of Gen. John Neville, chief inspector of western Pennsylvania, situated seven miles southwest of Pittsburgh. It was defended by Major Kirkpatrick, with eleven men from the garrison at Pittsburgh. The attack was previously made with small arms, and fire having being set to the house the garrison were obliged to surrender. One of the insurgents was killed.

Gen. Neville was one of the most zealous patriots of the revolution, and a man of great wealth and unbounded benevolence. During the "starving years" of the early settlements in that region, he had largely contributed to the necessities of the suffering pioneers; and, when necessary, he had divided his last loaf with the needy. In accepting the office he was governed by a sense of public duty. It was done at the hazard of his life and the loss of all his property. All his revolutionary services, his great popularity were insufficient to shield him from public indignation, and his hospitable mansion was consumed to ashes in the presence of hundreds who had shared his bounty or had enjoyed his benevolence.

Insubordination everywhere prevailed; all law was disregarded; the peaceable members of society became obnoxious to the mob and their adherents; the mail was boldly robbed, and disclosed letters which added new victims to the lawless rage; the United States marshal was compelled to escape for his life down the Ohio.

At length, so dangerous had become the state of affairs, that President Washington, on the 7th August (1794) issued a proclamation, commanding the insurgents to disperse, and warning all persons against abetting, aiding or comforting the perpetrators of these treasonable acts, and requiring all officers and other citizens, according to their respective duties and the laws of the land, to exert their utmost endeavors to prevent and suppress such dangerous proceedings.

Washington having ordered out 15,000 militia from the adjoining States, proceeded, in October, to Bedford, whence he gave out instructions to Gen. Lee, of Virginia, who marched his troops to Pittsburgh. On their approach the insurgents were awed into submission to the law. In the spring succeeding a part of the military, who had remained at Pittsburgh through the winter, under Gen. Morgan, returned: order had been fully restored, and the law acquiesced in. Some of the insurgents were imprisoned for nearly a year.

FRONTIER DESPERADOES.

There are two states of society perhaps equally bad for the promotion of good morals and virtue,—the desely populated city and the wilderness. In the former, a single individual loses his identity in the mass, and being unnoticed, is without the view of the public, and can, to a certain extent, commit crimes with impunity. In the latter, the population is sparse, and the strong arm of the law not being extended, his crimes are, in a measure, unobserved, or if so, frequently power is wanting to bring him to justice. Hence both are the resort of desperadoes.

In the early settlement of the West, the borders were infested with desperadoes flying from justice, suspected or convicted felons escaped from the grasp of the law, who sought safety in the depth of the forest. The counterfeiter and the robber found there a secure retreat, or a new theater for crime.

While St. Louis was under Spanish dominion, in the latter part of the last century, the intercourse with New Orleans was at one time rendered very dangerous, by a very large band of robbers, under the command of two desperadoes, by the names of Culbert and Magilbray, who, stationing themselves at a certain point on the Mississippi, carried on a regular and extensive system of piracy.

In the year 1787, a barge, richly laden, left New Orleans, bound for St. Louis. At Beausoliel's island the robbers boarded the vessel, and ordered the crew below, with the owner, Mr. Beausoliel, among them. His whole fortune was in the barge, and now that he was to be deprived of it, he was in agony. But all was saved to him through the heroic daring of a negro, one of the crew. The negro, Cacasotte, was short and slender, but exceedingly strong and active, and the peculiar characteristics of the race had, in him, given place to features of exceeding grace and beauty. As soon as the robbers had taken possession, Cacasotte appeared overjoyed. He danced, sang, laughed, and soon induced them to believe that his ebullitions of pleasure arose from their having liberated him from irksome slavery. His constant attention to their smallest wants won their confidence, and he alone was permitted to roam unmolested and unwatched through the vessel.

Having thus far effected his object, he seized the first opportunity to speak to Mr. Beausoliel, and beg permission to rid him of his dangerous intruders. He laid his plan before his master, who, with a good deal of hesitation, acceeded to it. Cacasotte was cook, and it was agreed between him and his fellow conspirators, likewise two negroes, that the signal for dinner should be the signal for action. When the hour arrived, the robbers assembled in considerable numbers on the deck, and stationed themselves on the bow and stern, and along the sides, to prevent any rising of the men. Cacasotte went among them with the most unconcerned look and demeanor imaginable. As soon as his comrades had taken their assigned stations, he placed himself at the bow, near one of the robbers, a stout, herculean fellow, who was armed cap-a-pie. Cacasotte gave the preconcerted signal, and immediately the robber near him was struggling in the water. With the speed of lightning he ran from one robber to another, as they were sitting on the sides of the boat, and in a few seconds' time had thrown several of them overboard. Then seizing an oar, he struck on the head those who had attempted to save themselves by grappling the running boards; then shot with rifles that had been dropped on deck those who swam away. In the meantime his comrades had done almost as much execution as their leader. The deck was soon cleared, and the robbers who remained below were too few to offer any resistance. But as these did not comprise all the band, they continued their depredations until the next year, when they were broken up, and all kinds of valuable merchandise, the fruits of their depredations, were found on the island.

About the year 1800, a person by the name of Meason became an audacious depredator. He dwelt, for a while, in the Cave-in-the-Rock, on the Ohio. This noted cavern is about twenty miles below the mouth of the Wabash, and presents itself to view a little above high-water mark, close to the bank of the river. It is about two hundred feet long, eighty wide, and twenty-five in height. The floor is level through the whole length of the center, the sides rising in strong grades, in the manner of the seats in the pit of a theater. It is a great curiosity, being connected by another, still more gloomy, which is situated exactly above. They are united by an aperture of about fourteen feet, which, to ascend, is like passing up a chimney, while the top of the mountain is yet far above.

Measo was a man of more than ordinary talents, of gigantic stature, and

was both a land and water pirate, infesting the rivers and the woods, and robbing all who fell in his way. Sometimes he plundered the descending boats; but more frequently preferred to wait and plunder the owners of their money as they returned. The rapid advance of population led him to desert the Cave-in-the-rock, and he began to infest the great route through the Indian nation, known to travelers as the "Natchez and Nashville Trace," where he soon became the terror of every peaceful traveler through the wilderness. Associated with him were his two sons, and a few other desperate miscreants; and the name of Meason and his band were known and dreaded from the morasses of the southern frontier to the silent shades of the Tennessee. The outrages of Meason became more frequent and sanguinary. One day found him marauding on the banks of the Pearl, against the life and fortune of the trader; and before pursuit was organized, the hunter, attracted by the descending sweep of the solitary vulture, learned another story of robbery and murder on the remote shores of the Mississippi. Their depredations at last became so frequent and daring, that Gov. Claiborne, of the Mississippi Territory, offered a liberal reward for his capture, dead or alive! But such was the knowledge of the wilderness possessed by the wily bandit, and such his untiring vigilance and activity, that for a time he baffled every effort for his capture.

Treachery at last succeeded, where stratagem, enterprise, and courage had failed. Two of his band, tempted by the large reward, concerted a plan to obtain it. Watching their opportunity, when Meason was counting out his ill-gotten plunder, the conspirators came behind him, struck a tomahawk into his brains, cut off his head, carried it to Washington, then the seat of the territorial government, and claimed the reward. Ere it was paid to them, a vast assemblage gathered from all the country adjacent to view the grim and ghastly head of the robber-chief, which was identified by many, from certain marks and scars. Among these were two young men, who recognized the conspirators as part of the gang by which they had been robbed. Upon their evidence, their treachery met its reward, for they were arrested, imprisoned, tried, condemned, and executed. The band being thus deprived of their leader and two of its most efficient men, dispersed and fled the country.

At a later period, the celebrated counterfeiter, Sturdevant, fixed his residence in Illinois, on the Ohio, and for several years set the laws at defiance. He was a man of talent and address, possessed mechanical genius, was an expert artist, was skilled in some of the sciences, and excelled as an engraver. For several years he resided in a secluded spot, where all his immediate neighbors were his confederates, or persons whose friendship he had conciliated. At any time, by the blowing of a horn, he could summon from fifty to a hundred armed men to his defense, while the few quiet farmers around, who lived near enough to get their feelings interested, and who were really not at all implicated in his crimes, rejoiced in the impunity with which he practiced his schemes. He was a grave, quiet, inoffensive man in his manners, who commanded the obedience of his comrades, and the respect of his neighbors. He had a very excellent farm; his house was one of the best in the country; his domestic arrangements were liberal and well ordered. Yet this man was the most notorious counterfeiter that ever infested our country, and carried on his nefarious art to an extent which no other person has ever attempted. His confederates were scattered over the whole western country, receiving through regular channels of intercourse their regular supplies of counterfeit bank notes, for which they paid him a stipulated price—sixteen dollars in cash for one hundred in counterfeit bills.

His security arose partly from his caution in not allowing his subordinates

to pass a counterfeit bill, or do any other unlawful act in the State in which he lived, and in his obliging them to be especially careful of their deportment in the *county* of his residence; measures which effectually protected him from the civil authority; for although all the counterfeit bank notes with which a vast region was inundated, were made in his house, that fact never could be proved by legal evidence.

But he became a great nuisance, from the immense quantity of spurious paper which he threw into circulation; and although personally he never committed any acts of violence, and is not known to have sanctioned any, the unprincipled felons by whom he was surrounded, were guilty of many acts of desperate atrocity; and Sturdevant, though he escaped the arm of the law, was at last, with all his confederates, driven from the country by the enraged people, who rose almost in mass, to rid themselves of one, whose presence they had long considered an evil and a disgrace.

The *Lynch Law*, as it is termed, originated in Virginia at the time of the American Revolution, and was first adopted by Col. Lynch against a lawless band of tories and desperadoes, who infested the country at the base of the Blue Ridge. This plan was afterward followed in the west, and its operation was salutary in ridding the country of miscreants whom the law was not strong enough to punish. The tribunal of *Squire Birch*, as the person who personated the judge was called, was established under a tree in the woods; the culprit being usually found guilty, was tied to a tree and lashed without mercy, and then expelled from the country. In general, "*the regulators*" only exercised this law upon the most base and vile characters.

In the fall of the year 1801 or 1802, a company consisting of two men and three women arrived in Lincoln Co., Ky., and encamped about a mile from the present town of Stanford. The appearance of the individuals composing this party was wild and rude in the extreme. The one who seemed to be the leader of the band, was above the ordinary stature of men. His frame was bony and muscular, his breast broad, his limbs gigantic. His clothing was uncouth and shabby, his exterior, weatherbeaten and dirty, indicating continual exposure to the elements, and designating him as one who dwelt far from the habitations of men, and mingled not in the courtesies of civilized life. His countenance was bold and ferocious, and exceedingly repulsive, from its strongly marked expression of villany. His face, which was larger than ordinary, exhibited the lines of ungovernable passion, and the complexion announced that the ordinary feelings of the human breast were in him extinguished. Instead of the healthy hue which indicates the social emotions, there was a livid unnatural redness, resembling that of a dried and lifeless skin. His eye was fearless and steady, but it was also artful and audacious, glaring upon the beholder with an unpleasant fixedness and brilliancy, like that of a ravenous animal gloating on its prey. He wore no covering on his head, and the natural protection of thick coarse hair, of a fiery redness, uncombed and matted, gave evidence of long exposure to the rudest visitations of the sunbeam and the tempest. He was armed with a rifle, and a broad leathern belt, drawn closely around his waist, supported a knife and a tomahawk. He seemed, in short, an outlaw, destitute of all the nobler sympathies of human nature, and prepared at all points for assault or defense. The other man was smaller in size than him who led the party, but similarly armed, having the same suspicious exterior, and a countenance equally fierce and sinister. The females were coarse, and wretchedly attired.

The men stated in answer to the inquiry of the inhabitants, that their names were Harpe, and that they were emigrants from North Carolina. They remained at their encampment the greater part of two days and a night,

spending the time in rioting, drunkenness and debauchery. When they left, they took the road leading to Green River. The day succeeding their departure, a report reached the neighborhood that a young gentleman of wealth from Virginia, named Lankford, had been robbed and murdered on what was then called, and is still known as the "Wilderness Road," which runs through the Rock-castle hills. Suspicion immediately fixed upon the Harpes as the perpetrators, and Captain Ballenger, at the head of a few bold and resolute men, started in pursuit. They experienced great difficulty in following their trail, owing to a heavy fall of snow, which had obliterated most of their tracks, but finally came upon them while encamped in a bottom on Green River, near the spot where the town of Liberty now stands. At first, they made a show of resistance, but upon being informed that if they did not immediately surrender, they would be shot down, they yielded themselves prisoners. They were brought back to Standford, and there examined. Among their effects were found some fine linen shirts, marked with the initials of Lankford. One had been pierced by a bullet and was stained with blood. They had also a considerable sum of money, in gold. It was afterward ascertained that this was the kind of money Lankford had with him. The evidence against them being thus conclusive, they were confined in the Stanford jail, but were afterward sent for trial to Danville, where the district court was in session. Here they broke jail, and succeeded in making their escape.

They were next heard of in Adair County, near Columbia. In passing through that county, they met a small boy, the son of Colonel Trabue, with a pillow-case of meal or flour, an article they probably needed. This boy, it is supposed, they robbed and then murdered, as he was never afterward heard of. Many years afterward, human bones, answering the size of Colonel Trabue's son at the time of his disappearance, were found in a sink hole near the place where he was said to have been murdered. The Harpes still shaped their course toward the mouth of Green River, marking their path by murders and robberies of the most horrible and brutal character. The district of country through which they passed was at that time very thinly settled, and from this reason, their outrages went unpunished. They seemed inspired with the deadliest hatred against the whole human race, and such was their implacable misanthropy, that they were known to kill where there was no temptation to rob. One of their victims was a little girl, found at some distance from her home, whose tender age and helplessness would have been protection against any but incarnate fiends. The last dreadful act of barbarity, which led to their punishment and expulsion from the country, exceeded in atrocity all the others.

Assuming the guise of Methodist preachers, they obtained lodgings one night at a solitary house on the road. Mr. Stagall, the master of the house, was absent, but they found his wife and children, and a stranger, who, like themselves, had stopped for the night. Here they conversed and made inquiries about the two noted Harpes who were represented as prowling about the country. When they retired to rest, they contrived to secure an ax, which they carried with them into their chamber. In the dead of night, they crept softly down stairs, and assassinated the whole family, together with the stranger, in their sleep, and then setting fire to the house, made their escape. When Stagall returned, he found no wife to welcome him; no home to receive him. Distracted with grief and rage, he turned his horse's head from the smoldering ruins, and repaired to the house of Captain John Leeper. Leeper was one of the most powerful men of his day, and fearless as powerful. Collecting four or five other men well armed. they mounted and started

in pursuit of vengeance. It was agreed that Leeper should attack "Big Harpe," leaving "Little Harpe" to be disposed of by Stagall. The others were to hold themselves in readiness to assist Leeper and Stagall, as circumstances might require.

This party found the women belonging to the Harpes, attending to their little camp by the road side; the men having gone aside into the woods to shoot an unfortunate traveler, of the name of Smith, who had fallen into their hands, and whom the women had begged might not be dispatched before their eyes. It was this halt that enabled the pursuers to overtake them. The women immediately gave the alarm, and the miscreants mounting their horses, which were large, fleet and powerful, fled in separate directions. Leeper singled out the Big Harpe, and being better mounted than his companions, soon left them far behind. Little Harpe succeeded in escaping from Stagall, and he, with the rest of his companions, turned and followed on the track of Leeper and the Big Harpe. After a chase of about nine miles, Leeper came within gun shot of the latter and fired. The ball entering his thigh, passed through it and penetrated his horse, and both fell. Harpe's gun escaped from his hand and rolled some eight or ten feet down the bank. Reloading his rifle, Leeper ran to where the wounded outlaw lay weltering in his blood, and found him with one thigh broken, and the other crushed beneath his horse. Leeper rolled the horse away, and set Harpe in an easier position. The robber begged that he might not be killed. Leeper told him that he had nothing to fear from him, but that Stagall was coming up, and could not probably be restrained. Harpe appeared very much frightened at hearing this, and implored Leeper to protect him. In a few moments, Stagall appeared, and without uttering a word, raised his rifle and shot Harpe through the head. They then severed the head from the body, and stuck it upon a pole where the road crosses the creek, from which the place was then named and is yet called *Harpe's Head*. Thus perished one of the boldest and most noted freebooters that has ever appeared in America. Save courage, he was without one redeeming quality, and his death freed the country from a terror which had long paralyzed its boldest spirits.

The Little Harpe afterward joined the band of Meason, and became one of his most valuable assistants in the dreadful trade of robbery and murder. He was one of the two bandits that, tempted by the reward for their leader's head, murdered him, and eventually themselves suffered the penalty of the law as previously related.

PURCHASE OF LOUISIANA.

In 1763, Louisiana was ceded to Spain, and by a secret article in the treaty of St. Ildefonso, concluded in 1800, that power ceded it back to France. Napoleon, however, wished to keep this cession secret until he should have—as he hoped to do—reduced St. Domingo to submission. Failing in this, he was rendered indifferent to his new acquisition. In January, 1803, he sent out Laussat as prefect of the colony, which was the first intimation that the inhabitants had of the transfer which gave them great joy.

On being informed of this retrocession, President Jefferson had dispatched instructions to Robert Livingston, the American minister at Paris, to represent to the First Consul that the occupation of New Orleans by France would endanger the friendly relations between the two nations, and, perhaps, even oblige the United States to make common cause with England; as the possession of this city by the former, by giving her the command of the Missis-

sippi, the only outlet to the produce of the Western States, and also of the Gulf of Mexico, so important to American commerce, would render it almost certain that the conflicting interests of the two nations would lead to an open rupture. Mr. Livingston was therefore instructed not only to insist upon the free navigation of the Mississippi, but to negotiate for the acquisition of New Orleans itself and the surrounding territory; and Mr. Monroe was appointed with full powers to assist him in the negotiation.

Bonaparte, who always acted promptly, soon came to the conclusion that what he could not defend, he had better dispose of on the best terms; but before deciding, he summoned two of his ministers in council, on the 10th of April, 1803, and thus addressed them:

"I am fully sensible of the value of Louisiana, and it was my wish to repair the error of the French diplomatists who abandoned it in 1763. I have scarcely recovered it before I run the risk of losing it; but if I am obliged to give it up, it shall hereafter cost more to those who force me to part with it than to those to whom I yield it. The English have despoiled France of all her northern possessions in America, and now they covet those of the South. I am determined that they shall not have the Mississippi. Although Louisiana is but a trifle compared to their vast possessions in other parts of the globe, yet, judging from the vexation they have manifested on seeing it return to the power of France, I am certain that their first object will be to gain possession of it. They will probably commence the war in that quarter. They have twenty vessels in the Gulf of Mexico, and our affairs in St. Domingo are daily getting worse since the death of Le Clerc. The conquest of Louisiana might be easily made, and I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of their reach. I am not sure but what they have already begun an attack upon it. Such a measure would be in accordance with their habits; and in their place I should not wait. I am inclined, in order to deprive them of all prospect of ever possessing it, to cede it to the United States. Indeed, I can hardly say that I cede it, for I do not yet possess it; and if I wait but a short time, my enemies may leave me nothing but an empty title to grant to the Republic I wish to conciliate. They only ask for one city of Louisiana, but I consider the whole colony as lost; and I believe that in the hands of this rising power it will be more useful to the political, and even the commercial interests of France, than if I should attempt to retain it. Let me have both your opinions on the subject."

One of the ministers, Barbe Marbois, fully approved of the cession, but the other opposed it. They debated the matter for a long time, and Bonaparte concluded the conference without making his determination known. The next day, however, he sent for Marbois, and said to him:

"The season for deliberation is over: I have determined to renounce Louisiana. I shall give up not only New Orleans, but the whole colony, without reservation. That I do not undervalue Louisiana I have sufficiently proved, as the object of my first treaty with Spain was to recover it. But, though I regret parting with it, I am convinced it would be folly to persist in trying to keep it. I commission you, therefore, to negotiate this affair with the envoys of the United States. Do not wait the arrival of Mr. Monroe, but go this very day and confer with Mr. Livingston. Remember, however, that I need ample funds for carrying on the war, and I do not wish to commence it by levying new taxes. For the last century France and Spain have incurred great expense in the improvement of Louisiana, for which her trade has never indemnified them. Large sums have been advanced to different companies, which have never returned to the treasury. It is fair that I should require repayment for these. Were I to regulate my demands by the importance of

this territory to the United States, they would be unbounded; but, being obliged to part with it, I shall be moderate in my terms. Still, remember, I must have fifty millions of francs, and I will not consent to take less. I would rather make some desperate effort to preserve this fine country,"

The negotiations commenced that very day. Mr. Monroe arrived at Paris on the 12th of April, and the two representatives of the United States, after holding a private conference, announced that they were ready to treat for the cession of the entire territory, which at first Mr. Livingston had hesitated to do, believing the proposal of the First Consul to be only a device to gain time.

On the 30th of April, 1803, the treaty was signed. The United States were to pay fifteen million dollars for their new acquisition, and be indemnified for some illegal captures; while it was agreed that the vessels and merchandise of France and Spain should be admitted into all the ports of Louisiana free of duty for twelve years.

Bonaparte stipulated in favor of Louisiana that it should as soon as possible be incorporated into the Union, and that its inhabitants should enjoy the same rights, privileges, and immunities as other citizens of the United States; and the third article of the treaty, securing to them these benefits, was drawn up by the First Consul himself, who presented it to the plenipotentiaries with these words:

"Make it known to the people of Louisiana that we regret to part with them; that we have stipulated for all the advantages they could desire; and that France, in giving them up, has ensured to them the greatest of all. They could never have prospered under any European government as they will when they become independent. But, while they enjoy the privileges of liberty, let them ever remember that they are French, and preserve for their mother-country that affection which a common origin inspires."

The completion of this important transaction gave equal satisfaction to both parties. "I consider," said Livingston, "that from this day the United States takes rank with the first powers of Europe, and now she has entirely escaped from the power of England;" and Bonaparte expressed a similar sentiment in these words: "By this cession of territory I have secured the power of the United States, and given to England a maritime rival, who at some future time will humble her pride." These words appeared prophetic when the troops of Britain, a few years after, met so signal an overthrow on the plains of Louisiana.

The boundaries of the colony had never been clearly defined, and one of Bonaparte's ministers drew his attention to his obscurity. "No matter," said he, "if there was no uncertainty, it would, perhaps, be good policy to leave some;" and, in fact, the Americans, interpreting to their own advantage this uncertainty, some few years after seized upon the extensive territory of Baton Rouge, which was in dispute between them and the Spaniards.

On the 30th of November, 1803, Laussatt took possession of the country, when Casa Calvo and Salcedo, the Spanish commissioners, presented to him the keys of the city, over which the tri-colored flag floated but for the short space of twenty days. The colony had been under the rule of Spain for a little more than thirty-four years.

On the 20th of December, in the same year, General Wilkinson and Clariborne, who were jointly commissioned to take possession of the country for the United States, made their entry into New Orleans at the head of the American troops. Laussat gave up his command, and the star-spangled banner supplanted the tri-colored flag of France.

The purchase of Louisiana, which gave the United States their sole claim

to the vast territory west of the Mississippi, extending on the north through Oregon to the Pacific, and further south to the Mexican dominions, was the most important event to the Nation which has occurred in this century. From that moment, the interests of the whole people of the Mississippi valley became as one, and its vast natural resources began to be rapidly developed. So great are they that it is destined to become the center of American power—"*the mistress of the world.*"

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Our story will carry the reader back a little more than sixty years. Then all north of the Ohio River was an almost unbroken wilderness, the mysterious red man's home. On the other side a bold and hardy band from beyond the mountains, had built their log cabins and were trying to subdue the wilderness. To them every hour was full of peril. The Indians would often cross the river, steal their children and horses and kill and scalp any victim who came in their way. They worked in the field with weapons at their side, and on the Sabbath met in the grove or the rude log church to hear the word of God with their rifles in their hands.

To preach to these settlers, Mr. Joseph Smith, a Presbyterian minister, had left his parental home east of the mountains. He, it was said, was the second minister who had crossed the Monongahela River. He settled in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and became the pastor of the Cross Creek and Upper Buffalo congregations, dividing his line between them. He found them a willing and united people, but still unable to pay him a salary which would support his family. He in common with all the early ministers, must cultivate a farm. He purchased one on credit, proposing to pay for it with the salary pledged him by his people. Years passed away; the pastor was unpaid. Little or no money was in circulation. Wheat was abundant, but there was no market. It could not be sold for more than twelve and a half cents cash. Even their salt had to be brought across the mountains on pack horses—was worth eight dollars per bushel, and twenty-one bushels of wheat were often given for one of salt.

The time came when the last payment must be made, and Mr. Smith was told he must pay or leave his farm. Three years' salary were now due from his people. From the want of this, his land, his improvements upon it, and his hopes of remaining among a beloved people, must be abandoned. The people were called together and the case laid before them. They were greatly moved. Counsel from on high was sought. Plan after plan was proposed and abandoned. The congregations were unable to pay a tithe of their debts, and no money could be borrowed.

In despair, they adjourned to meet again the following week. In the meantime, it was ascertained that a Mr. Moore, who owned the only mill in the country, would grind wheat for them on moderate terms. At the next meeting, it was resolved to carry their wheat to Mr. Moore's mill. Some gave fifty bushels, some more. This was carried from fifteen to twenty-five miles on horses to the mill.

In a month, word came that the flour was nearly ready to go to market. Again the people were called together. After an earnest prayer, the question was asked, who will run the flour to New Orleans? This was a startling question. The work was perilous in the extreme. Months must pass before the adventurer could hope to return, even though his journey should be fortunate. Nearly all the way was a wilderness. And gloomy tales had been

told of the treacherous Indians. More than one boat's crew had gone on that journey and came back no more.

Who then would endure the toil and brave the danger? None volunteered. The young shrunk back, and the middle aged had their excuse. Their last scheme seemed likely to fail. At length, a hoary headed man, an elder in the church, sixty-four years of age, arose, and to the astonishment of the assembly, said, "Here am I, send me." The deepest feeling at once pervaded the whole assembly. To see their venerated old elder thus devote himself for their good, melted them all to tears. They gathered around old father Smiley to learn that his resolution was indeed taken; that rather than lose their pastor, he would brave danger, toil, and even death. After some delay and trouble, two young men were induced by hope of a large reward, to go as his assistants. A day was appointed for starting. The young and old from far and near, from love to father Smiley, and their deep interest in the object of his mission, gathered together and with their minister came down from the church, fifteen miles away to the bank of the river to bid the old man farewell. Then a prayer was offered by their pastor. A parting hymn was sung. Then said the old man, "untie the cable, and let us see what the Lord will do for us." This was done, and the boat floated slowly away.

More than nine months passed and no word came back from father Smiley. Many a prayer had been breathed for him, but what had been his fate was unknown. Another Sabbath came. The people came together for worship, and there on his rude bench before the preacher, sat father Smiley. After the services, the people were requested to meet early in the week to hear the report. All came again. After thanks had been rendered to God for his safe return, father Smiley arose and told his story. That the Lord had prospered his mission. That he had sold his flour for twenty-seven dollars per barrel and then got safely back. He then drew a large purse and poured upon the table a larger pile of gold than most of the spectators had ever seen before. Thus their debts were paid, their pastor relieved, and while life lasted, he broke for them the bread of life. The bones of both pastor and elder have long reposed in the same church-yard. but a grateful posterity still tell this pleasing story of the past.

STRANGE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

About the commencement of the present century, the religious meetings of the west were attended by singular mental and physical phenomena, resembling somewhat in some of their phases, the mesmeric phenomena of our day. They were not exclusively confined to any one denomination, or those who have been considered the most excitable and enthusiastic, for even the phlegmatic New England Presbyterians of the Reserve came under their influence.

They, however, exhibited themselves with greater power at the earlier forest gatherings of the Methodists. On those occasions, the feelings and mental exercises were contagious, and often spread like an epidemic through a congregation, hundreds being involuntarily smitten down. They could not be accounted for by any known laws of our mental organization, and therefore were ascribed to a supernatural agency.

A clerical writer classifies their different manifestations respectively as "the Falling," "the Jerking," "the Rolling," "the Dancing," and "the Barking" Exercises, together with "Visions and Trances."

The last named was the most common affection. In this the subject was thrown into a state of ecstasy or mental revery, attended with the loss of

all muscular power and consciousness of external relations or objects, similar to a protracted catalepsy. Yet the mind appeared wholly absorbed in delightful contemplations, which often lighted up the countenance with a rapturous, angelic expression. This condition continued from a few hours to two days, during which there was an entire suspension of all the animal and voluntary functions.

The most singular and alarming of those affections, was "the Jerking Exercise," which, although common to both sexes, was more frequent in vigorous, athletic men.

The first recorded instance of its occurrence was at a sacrament in East Tennessee, when several hundred of both sexes were seized with this strange and involuntary contortion. The subject was instantaneously seized with spasms or convulsions in every muscle, nerve and tendon. His head was thrown or jerked from side to side with such rapidity that it was impossible to distinguish his visage, and the most lively fears were awakened lest he should dislocate his neck or dash out his brains. His body partook of the same impulse and was hurried on by like jerks over every obstacle, fallen trunks of trees, or in a church, over pews and benches, apparently to the most imminent danger of being bruised and mangled. It was useless to attempt to hold or restrain him, and the paroxysm was permitted gradually to exhaust itself. An additional motive for leaving him to himself was the superstitious notion that all attempt at restraint was resisting the spirit of God.

The first form in which these spasmodic contortions made their appearance was that of a simple jerking of the arms from the elbows downward. The jerk was very quick and sudden, and followed with short intervals. This was the simplest and most common form, but the convulsive motion was not confined to the arms; it extended in many instances to other parts of the body. When the joint of the neck was affected, the head was thrown backward and forward with a celerity frightful to behold, and which was impossible to be imitated by persons who were not under the same stimulus. The bosom heaved, the countenance was disgustingly distorted, and the spectators were alarmed lest the neck should be broken. When the hair was long, it was shaken with such quickness, backward and forward, as to crack and snap like the lash of a whip, so as to be frequently heard twenty feet.—Sometimes the muscles of the back were affected, and the patient was thrown down on the ground, when his contortions for some time resembled those of a live fish cast from its native element on the land.

From the universal testimony of those who have described these spasms, they appear to have been wholly involuntary. This remark is applicable also to all the other bodily exercises. What demonstrates satisfactorily their involuntary nature is, not only that, as above stated, the twitches prevailed in spite of resistance, and even more for attempts to suppress them; but that wicked men would be seized with them while sedulously guarding against an attack, and cursing every jerk when made. Travelers on their journey, and laborers at their daily work, were also liable to them.

END OF VOL. I.



THE GOLD DIGGIN'S.

"The thirst for gold and the labor of acquisition, overruled all else, and totally absorbed every faculty. Complete silence reigned among the miners; they addressed not a word to each other, and seemed averse to all conversation."—Page 406.



HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

OF THE

GREAT WEST.

VOL. II.

LIFE AMONG THE EARLY SETTLERS OF THE WEST

More than two centuries since (in 1641) the Spanish cavalier, De Soto, on a wild, romantic expedition in search of gems and precious metals, discovered the Mississippi—the mighty artery of the west. A few years later, the adventurous French Jesuits founded missions on the great lakes of the north. One of their number, Father Marquette, in 1673, leaving their westernmost stations far behind, crossed the country through unknown nations and became the first white man whose eyes had ever rested upon the upper portion of the "great stream." Just forty-one years after its discovery, A. D. 1682, the chivalric La Salle explored it to the sea, and with great pomp took possession of the country in the name of the French monarch. For three quarters of a century thereafter, the Great West was claimed as part of the dominions of France: French fur traders penetrated to its remote regions, and French settlements and missions here and there arose in the western forests, as points of civilization among savage wilds.

The borderers of Virginia and the Carolinas, about the year 1756, first crossed the Alleghanies, into what is now Southwestern Virginia, and Tennessee. The smoke from the cabins of Anglo-Saxons then, for the first time, curled up in the western valleys. Their stay was brief. The impulsive Cherokees drove back the intruders, and the Anglo-Saxon remained on the eastern side of the mountains until the peace of 1763 removed all danger of French instigation. Then the same borderers, with others of Maryland and southern Pennsylvania, again crossed the Alleghanies.

In their respective routes, they observed the general law of emigrants of the present day, of advancing westward on the same parallel of latitude with that of their nativity. Thus Tennessee was mainly settled by Carolinians; Kentucky, by Virginians, southern Pennsylvanians, and Marylanders; the central and southern parts of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, from the Middle States; while those from colder regions, found appropriate homes in the northern parts of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa. Each sought to secure a climate similar to that in which they had been bred,—one adapted to the cultivation of those productions to which they had been accustomed. Thus the Tennesseean raises cotton, the staple of the mother State, Carolina; the Kentuckian grows the Virginian weed; and away in the far northwest, in Minnesota, the hardy emigrant from Maine, as the strokes of his ax echo through the woods with a familiar sound, finds his native element in converting those broad forests into lumber.

This consummation has not been effected until the present time; yet, before the commencement of the American revolution, permanent settlements had been made in Tennessee, Kentucky, and western Virginia and western Pennsylvania, in the region of the upper Ohio.

The first New England settlement in the west, was not founded until many years later, in 1788, when that at Marietta was commenced. That point and vicinity continued to remain the only settlement of these people until subsequent to Wayne's treaty, in 1795. Over a quarter of a century elapsed after the Virginians had obtained a permanent foothold west of the mountains, ere the Western Reserve, in northern Ohio, became the first considerable point of New England emigration in the west. Unlike the early settlers of the region farther south, they followed almost exclusively the unexciting pursuits of agriculture. Coming after the long Indian wars had closed, such characters as Boone, Kenton, and Whetzel, had no corresponding type among them.* Laying broad the foundations for religious and intellectual culture, the church and the schoolhouse soon arose among them, exact counterparts of those on the banks of the smooth gliding Connecticut.

The lives of the pioneers of Kentucky, Tennessee, and western Pennsylvania and western Virginia, were more poetical and romantic. The spirit of adventure allured them into the wilderness. The beauty of the country gratified the eye; its abundance of wild animals, the passion for hunting. They were surrounded by an enemy subtile and wary. "The sound of the war-whoop oft woke the sleep of the cradle." But those wild borderers flinched not from the contest: even their women and children often performed deeds of heroism from which the iron nerves of manhood might well have shrunk in fear.

In such circumstances, no opportunity could be afforded for the cultivation of the arts and elegancies of refined life. In their seclusion, amid danger and peril, there arose a peculiar condition of society, elsewhere unknown. It has been well portrayed by one of their number, who, giving the results of his experience, pleases by the artless simplicity of his pictures. These the compiler presents below, as nothing equal to them, for this object, ever has been or probably ever will be produced, commencing with:†

Settlement of the Country.—The settlements on this side of the mountains commenced along the Monongahela, and between that river and the Laurel Ridge, in the year 1772. In the succeeding year they reached the Ohio River. The greater number of the first settlers came from the upper parts of the then colonies of Maryland and Virginia. Braddock's trail, as it was called, was the route by which the greater number of them crossed the mountains. A less number of them came by the way of Bedford and Fort Ligonier, the military road from Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh. They effected

* These remarks will not apply to the settlers at and around Marietta, who shared to the full in the vicissitudes of Indian warfare, and who had among them some not excelled by any as backwoods hunters, or in skill and finesse, when opposed to their forest-bred enemies. And what is more, that little settlement was composed of an unusually large proportion of polished men of high elevation of sentiment, who, having served as officers in the armies of the revolution, had beggared themselves in the service of their country, and were thus compelled to seek to mend their ruined fortunes in the wilds of the west.

We observe, in this connection, that two prominent obstacles opposed the first settlement of the west by the people of New England. First, The State of New York, then mostly a wilderness, was on *their* border, and for awhile formed a receptacle for their emigrating population. Second, The part of the west first opened to emigration, was too far south of their latitude; but as soon as a portion of northern Ohio was ceded by the Indians at Wayne's treaty, then the enterprise of New England forthwith availed itself of the first opening in a congenial direction.

† "Notes on the Settlement and Indian Wars of the Western Parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania, from the year 1763 until the year 1783, inclusive; together with a View of the State of Society and manners of the first Settlers of the Western Country. By the Rev. Dr. Joseph Doddridge: Wellsburgh, Va., 1824."

their removals on horses, furnished with pack-saddles. This was the more easily done, as but few of these early adventurers in the wilderness were encumbered with much baggage.

Land was the object which invited the greater number of these people to cross the mountain, for, as the saying was, "it was to be had here for taking it up;" that is, building a cabin, and raising a crop of grain, however small, of any kind, entitled the occupant to four hundred acres of land, and a pre-emption right to one thousand acres more adjoining, to be secured by a land-office warrant. This right was to take effect if there happened to be so much vacant land in any part thereof, adjoining the tract secured by the settlement right.

At an early period, the government of Virginia appointed three commissioners to give certificates of settlement rights. These certificates, together with the surveyor's plot, were sent to the land-office of the State, where they laid six months, to await any caveat which might be offered. If none was offered, the patent was then issued.

There was, at an early period of our settlements, an inferior kind of land title, denominated a "tomahawk right," which was made by deadening a few trees near the head of a spring, and marking the bark of some one or more of them with the initials of the name of the person who made the improvement. I remember to have seen a number of these "tomahawk rights" when a boy. For a long time many of them bore the names of those who made them. I have no knowledge of the efficacy of the tomahawk improvement, or whether it conferred any right whatever, unless followed by an actual settlement. These rights, however, were often bought and sold.

Some of the early settlers took the precaution to come over the mountains in the spring, leaving their families behind, to raise a crop of corn, and then return and bring them out in the fall. This, I should think, was the better way. Others, especially those whose families were small, brought them with them in the spring. My father took the latter course. His family was but small, and he brought them all with him. The Indian meal which he brought over the mountain was expended six weeks too soon, so that, for that length of time, we had to live without bread. The lean venison and the breast of wild turkies, we were taught to call bread. The flesh of the bear was denominated meat. This artifice did not succeed very well; after living in this way for some time we became sickly, the stomach seemed to be always empty, and tormented with a sense of hunger. I remember how narrowly the children watched the growth of the potatoe tops, pumpkin and squash vines, hoping from day to day to get something to answer in the place of bread. How delicious was the taste of the young potatoes when we got them! What a jubilee when we were permitted to pull the young corn for roasting ears. Still more so when it had acquired a sufficient hardness to be made into johnny cakes, by the aid of a tin grater. We then became healthy, vigorous, and contented with our situation, poor as it was.

The division lines between those whose lands adjoined, were generally made in an amicable manner, before any survey of them was made by the parties concerned. In doing this, they were guided mainly by the tops of ridges and water courses, but particularly the former. Hence the greater number of farms in the western parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia bear a striking resemblance to an amphitheater. The buildings occupy a low situation, and the tops of the surrounding hills are the boundaries of the tract to which the family mansion belongs. Our forefathers were fond of farms of this description, because, as they said, they were attended with this convenience, "that everything comes to the house down hill." In the hilly parts of

the State of Ohio, the land having been laid off in an arbitrary manner, by straight parallel lines, without regard to hill or dale, the farms present a different aspect from those on the east side of the river opposite. There the buildings as frequently occupy the tops of the hills as any other situation.

Most of the early settlers considered their land as of little value, from an apprehension that after a few years' cultivation it would lose its fertility, at least for a long time. I have often heard them say that such a field would bear so many crops and another so many, more or less than that. The ground of this belief concerning the short lived fertility of the land in this country, was the poverty of a great proportion of the land in the lower parts of Maryland and Virginia, which, after producing a few crops, became unfit for use, and was thrown out into commons.

In their unfavorable opinion of the nature of the soil of our country, our forefathers were utterly mistaken. The native weeds were scarcely destroyed, before the white clover, and different kinds of grass made their appearance.—These soon covered the ground, so as to afford pasture for the cattle, by the time the wood range was eaten out, as well as to protect the soil from being washed away by drenching rains, so often injurious to hilly countries.

Judging from Virgil's test of fruitful and barren soils, the greater part of this country must possess every requisite for fertility. The test is this: dig a hole of any reasonable dimensions and depth. If the earth which was taken out, when thrown lightly back into it, does not fill up the hole, the soil is fruitful; but if it more than fill up, the soil is barren. Whoever chooses to make this experiment, will find the result indicative of the richness of our soil. Even our graves, notwithstanding the size of the vault, are seldom finished with the earth thrown out of them, and they soon sink below the surface of the earth.

Furniture and Diet.—The settlement of a new country, in the immediate neighborhood of an old one, is not attended with much difficulty, because supplies can be readily obtained from the latter; but the settlement of a country very remote from any cultivated region, is a very different thing, because, at the outset, food, raiment, and the implements of husbandry, are obtained only in small supplies, and with very great difficulty. The task of making new establishments in a remote wilderness in a time of profound peace, is sufficiently difficult; but when, in addition to all the hardships attendant on this business, those resulting from an extensive and furious warfare with savages are superadded, toil, privations and suffering are then carried to the full extent of the capacity of man to endure them.

Such was the wretched condition of our forefathers in making their settlements here. To all their difficulties and privations, the Indian wars were a weighty addition. This destructive warfare they were compelled to sustain almost single-handed, because the revolutionary contest with England at the outset, gave full employment to all the strength and resources on the east side of the mountains.

The furniture for the table, for several years after the settlement of this country, consisted of a few pewter dishes, plates, and spoons; but mostly of wooden bowls, trenchers and noggins. If these last were scarce, gourds and hard-shelled squashes made up the deficiency. The iron pots, knives and forks, were brought from the east side of the mountains, along with the salt and iron, on pack-horses. These articles of furniture corresponded very well with the articles of diet on which they were employed. "Hog and hominy" were proverbial for the dishes of which they were the component parts. Johnny cake and pone were, at the outset of the settlements of the country, the only forms of bread in use for breakfast and dinner. At supper, milk and

mush were the standard dish. When milk was not plenty, which was often the case, owing to the scarcity of cattle, or the want of proper pasture for them, the substantial dish of hominy had to supply their place. Mush was frequently eaten with sweetened water, molasses, bears' oil, or the gravy of fried meats.

Every family, beside a garden for the few vegetables which they cultivated, had another small enclosure, from one-half to an acre, which they called the "truck patch," in which they raised corn for roasting ears, pumpkins, beans, squashes, and potatoes. These, in the latter part of the summer and fall, were cooked with their pork, venison, and bear meat for dinner, and made very wholesome and well-tasted dishes. The standing dish for every log-rolling, house-raising, or harvest-day, was a pot-pie, or what is in other countries called "sea-pie." This, beside answering for dinner, served for a part of the supper also. The remainder of it from dinner, being eaten with milk in the evening, after the conclusion of the labors of the day.

I well recollect the first time I ever saw a tea-cup and saucer, and tasted coffee. My mother died when I was about six or seven years of age. My father then sent me to Maryland, with a brother of my grandfather, Alexander Wells, to school. At Bedford everything was changed. The tavern at which my uncle put up was a stone house, and to make the change still more complete, it was plastered on the inside, both as to the walls and ceiling. On going into the dining-room, I was struck with astonishment at the appearance of the house. I had no idea that there was any house in the world that was not built of logs; but here I looked around the house and could see no logs, and above I could see no joists. Whether such a thing had been made so by the hands of man, or had grown so of itself, I could not conjecture; I had not the courage to inquire anything about it. I watched attentively to see what the big folks would do with their little cups and spoons. I imitated them, and found the taste of the coffee nauseous beyond anything I had ever tasted in my life. I continued to drink, as the rest of the company did, with tears streaming from my eyes; but where it was to end I was at a loss to know, as the little cups were filled immediately after being emptied. This circumstance distressed me very much, and I durst not say I had enough. Looking attentively at the grand persons, I saw one man turn his little cup bottom upward, and put his little spoon across it. I observed after this, that his cup was not filled again. I followed his example, and to my great satisfaction, the result, as to my cup, was the same.

The introduction of delft-ware was considered, by many of the backwoods people, as a culpable innovation. It was too easily broken, and the plates of that ware dulled their scalping and clasp-knives. Tea-ware was too small for *men;* they might do for women and children. Tea and coffee were only slops, which, in the adage of the day, "did not stick by the ribs." The idea was, that they were only designed for people of quality, who do not labor, or the sick. A genuine backwoodsman would have thought himself degraded by showing a fondness for these slops.

Dress.—On the frontiers, and particularly among those who were much in the habit of hunting, and going on scouts and campaigns, the dress of the men was partly Indian, and partly that of civilized nations.

The hunting-shirt was universally worn. This was a kind of loose frock, reaching half-way down to the thighs, with large sleeves, open before, and so wide as to lap over a foot or more when belted. The cape was large, and sometimes handsomely fringed with a raveled piece of cloth of a different color from that of the hunting-shirt itself. The bosom of this shirt served as a wallet to hold a chunk of bread, cakes, jerk, tow for wiping the barrels of his

rifle, or any other necessary for the hunter or warrior. The belt, which was always tied behind, answered several purposes, beside that of holding the dress together. In cold weather, the mittens, and sometimes the bullet-bag, occupied the front part of it. To the right side was suspended the tomahawk, and to the left the scalping-knife in its leathern sheath. The hunting-shirt was generally made of linsey, sometimes of coarse linen, and a few of dressed deer-skins. These last were very cold and uncomfortable in wet weather. The shirt and jacket were of the common fashion. A pair of drawers or breeches and leggins were the dress of the thighs and legs; a pair of moccasins answered for the feet much better than shoes. These were made of dressed deer-skin. They were mostly made of a single piece, with a gathering seam along the top of the foot, and another from the bottom of the heel without gathers, as high as the ankle joint, or a little higher. Flaps were left on each side to reach some distance up the legs. These were nicely adapted to the ankles and lower part of the legs by thongs of deer skin, so that no dust, gravel, or snow, could get within the moccasins.

The moccasins in ordinary use caused but a few hours' labor to make them. This was done by an instrument denominated a moccasin awl, which was made of the back spring of an old clasp-knife. This awl, with its buckhorn handle, was an appendage too, of every shot-pouch strap, together with a roll of buckskin for mending the moccasins. This was the labor of almost every evening. They were sewed together, and patched with deer skin thongs, or whangs as they were commonly called. In cold weather the moccasins were well stuffed with deers' hair, or dry leaves, so as to keep the feet comfortably warm; but in wet weather it was usually said that wearing them was "a decent way of going barefooted;" and such was the fact, owing to the spongy texture of the leather of which they were made.

Owing to this defective covering of the feet, more than to any other circamstance, the great number of our hunters and warriors were afflicted with the rheumatism in their limbs. Of this disease they were all apprehensive in cold or wet weather, and therefore always slept with their feet to the fire, to prevent or cure it as well as they could. This practice, unquestionably, had a very salutary effect, and prevented many of them from becoming confirmed cripples in early life.

In the latter years of the Indian war, our young men became more enamored of the Indian dress throughout, with the exception of the matchcoat. The drawers were laid aside and the leggins made longer, so as to reach the upper part of the thigh. The Indian breech-clout was adopted. This was a piece of linen or cloth, nearly a yard long, and eight or nine inches broad. This passed under the belt, before and behind, leaving the ends for flaps, hanging before and behind over the belt.—These flaps were sometimes ornamented with some coarse kind of embroidery work. To the same belts which secured the breech clout, strings which supported the long leggins were attached. When this belt, as was often the case, passed over the hunting shirt, the upper part of the thighs and part of the hips were naked. The young warrior, instead of being abashed by this nudity, was proud of his Indian like dress. In some few instances I have seen them go into places of public worship in this dress. Their appearance, however, did not add much to the devotion of the young ladies.

The linsey petticoat and bed gown which were the universal dress of our women in early times, would make a strange figure in our days. A small home-made handkerchief, in point of elegance, would illy supply the place of that profusion of ruffles with which the necks of our ladies are now [1824] ornamented.

They went barefooted in warm weather, and in cold, their feet were covered with moccasins, coarse shoes, or shoe-packs, which would make but a sorry figure beside the elegant morocco slippers, often embossed with bullion, which at present ornament the feet of their daughters and grand-daughters. The coats and bed-gowns of the women as well as the hunting-shirts of the men, were hung in full display, on wooden pegs, round the walls of their cabins, so that while they answered in some degree the place of paper hangings or tapestry, they announced to the stranger as well as neighbor the wealth or poverty of the family in the articles of clothing. This practice has not yet been wholly laid aside among the backwoods families.

The historian would say to the ladies of the present time:—our ancestors of your sex knew nothing of the ruffles, leghorns, curls, combs, rings, and jewels with which their fair daughters now [1824] decorate themselves. Such things were not then to be had. Many of the younger part of them were pretty well grown up before they ever saw the inside of a store, or even knew there was such a thing in the world, unless by hearsay, and indeed scarcely that. Instead of the toilet, they had to handle the distaff and shuttle, the sickle or weeding hoe, contented if they could obtain their linsey clothing, and cover their heads with a sun bonnet made of six or seven hundred linen.

The Fort.—My reader will understand by this term, not only a place of defense, but the residence of a small number of families belonging to the same neighborhood.

The stockades, bastions, cabins, and block-house walls were furnished with port-holes at proper heights and distances. The whole of the outside was made completely bullet-proof. It may be truly said that necessity is the mother of invention; for the whole of this work was made without the aid of a single nail or spike of iron, and for this reason, such things were not to be had. In some places, less exposed, a single block-house, with a cabin or two, constituted the whole fort.

The families belonging to these forts were so attached to their own cabins on their farms, that they seldom moved into their fort in the spring until compelled by some alarm, as they called it; that is, when it was announced by some murder, that Indians were in the settlement. The fort to which my father belonged, was, during the first years of the war, three-quarters of a mile from his farm; but when this fort went to decay, and became unfit for defense, a new one was built at his own house. I well remember that, when a little boy, the family were sometimes waked up in the dead of night by an express, with a report that the Indians were at hand. The express came softly to the door, or back window, and by a gentle tapping raised the family. This was easily done, as an habitual fear made us ever watchful, and sensible to the slightest alarm. The whole family were instantly in motion. My father seized his gun and other implements of war. My step-mother waked up and dressed the children as well as she could, and being myself the oldest of the children, I had to take my share of the burdens to be carried to the fort. There was no possibility of getting a horse, in the night, to aid us in removing to the fort. Beside the little children, we caught up what articles of clothing and provision we could get hold of in the dark, for we durst not light a candle, or even stir the fire. All this was done with the utmost dispatch, and the silence of death. The greatest care was taken not to awaken the youngest child.

To the rest it was enough to say *Indian*, and not a whisper was heard afterward. Thus, it often happened that the whole number of families belonging to a fort, who were in the evening at their homes, were all in their little fortress before the dawn of the next morning. In the course of the succeed-

ing day, their household furniture was brought in by parties of the men under arms. Some families belonging to each fort were much less under the influence of fear than others, and who, after an alarm had subsided, in spite of every remonstrance, would remove home, while their more prudent neighbors remained in the fort. Such families were denominated "fool-hardy," and gave no small amount of trouble, by creating such frequent necessities of sending runners to warn them of their danger, and sometimes parties of our men to protect them during their removal.

Caravans.—The acquisition of the indispensable articles of salt, iron, steel and castings, presented great difficulties to the first settlers of the western country. They had no stores of any kind, no salt, iron, nor iron works; nor had they money to make purchases where those articles could be obtained. Peltry and furs were their only resources, before they had time to raise horses and cattle for sale in the Atlantic states.

Every family collected what peltry and fur they could obtain throughout the year, for the purpose of sending them over the mountains for barter. In the fall of the year, after seeding time, every family formed an association with some of their neighbors, for starting the little caravan. A master driver was selected from among them, who was to be assisted by one or more young men, and sometimes by a boy or two. The horses were fitted out with pack-saddles, to the hinder part of which was fastened a pair of hobbles, made of hickory withes, a bell and collar ornamented his neck. The bags provided for the conveyance of the salt were filled with feed for the horses; on the journey, a part of this feed was left at convenient stages on the way down, to support the return of the caravan; large wallets, well filled with bread, jerk, boiled ham, and cheese, furnished provision for the drivers. At night, after feeding, the horses, whether put in pasture or turned out into the woods, were hobbled, and the bells were opened.

The barter for salt and iron was made first at Baltimore. Frederick, Hagerstown, Oldtown and Fort Cumberland in succession became the place of exchange. Each horse carried two bushels of alum salt, weighing eighty-four pounds the bushel. This, to be sure, was not a heavy load for the horses, but it was enough, considering the scanty subsistence allowed them on the journey. The common price of a bushel of alum salt, at an early period, was a good cow and calf; and, until weights were introduced, the salt was measured into the half bushel, by hand, as lightly as possible. No one was permitted to walk heavily over the floor while the operation of measuring was going on.

The Wedding.—For a long time after the first settlement of this country, the inhabitants in general married young. There was no distinction of rank, and very little of fortune. On these accounts the first impression of love resulted in marriage; and a family establishment cost but a little labor, and nothing else. A description of a wedding, from the beginning to the end, will serve to show the manners of our forefathers, and mark the grade of civilization which has succeeded to their rude state of society in the course of a few years. At an early period, the practice of celebrating the marriage at the house of the bride began, and, it should seem, with great propriety. She also had the choice of the priest to perform the ceremony.

A wedding engaged the attention of a whole neighborhood; and the frolic was anticipated by old and young with eager expectation. This is not to be wondered at, when it is told that a wedding was almost the only gathering which was not accompanied with the labor of reaping, log-rolling, building a cabin, or planning some scout or campaign.

In the morning of the wedding-day, the groom and his attendants assembled

at the house of his father, for the purpose of reaching the mansion of his bride by noon, which was the usual time for celebrating the nuptials, which for certain must take place before dinner.

Let the reader imagine an assemblage of people, without a store, tailor, or mantuamaker, within a hundred miles; and an assemblage of horses, without a blacksmith or saddler within an equal distance. The gentlemen dressed in shoe-packs, moccasins, leather breeches, leggins, linsey hunting-shirts, and all home-made. The ladies dressed in linsey petticoats, and linsey or linen bed-gowns, coarse shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs, and buckskin gloves, if any. If there were any buckles, rings, buttons, or ruffles, they were the relics of old times; family pieces, from parents or grand-parents. The horses were caparisoned with old saddles, old bridles or halters, and pack-saddles with a bag or blanket thrown over them; a rope or string as often constituted the girth, as a piece of leather.

The march, in double file, was often interrupted by the narrowness and obstructions of our horse-paths, as they were called, for we had no roads; and these difficulties were often increased, sometimes by the good, and sometimes by the ill-will of neighbors, by falling trees, and tying grape-vines across the way. Sometimes an ambuscade was formed by the wayside, and an unexpected discharge of several guns took place, so as to cover the wedding-party with smoke. Let the reader imagine the scene which followed this discharge; the sudden spring of the horses, the shrieks of the girls, and the chivalric bustle of their partners to save them from falling. Sometimes, in spite of all that could be done to prevent it, some were thrown to the ground. If a wrist, elbow, or ankle happened to be sprained, it was tied with a handkerchief, and little more was thought or said about it.

Another ceremony commonly took place before the party reached the house of the bride, after the practice of making whisky began, which was at an early period; when the party were about a mile from the place of their destination, two young men would single out to run for the bottle; the worse the path, the more logs, brush, and deep hollows, the better, as these obstacles afforded an opportunity for the greater display of intrepidity and horsemanship. The English fox-chase, in point of danger to the riders and their horses, is nothing to this race for the bottle. The start was announced by an Indian yell; logs, brush, muddy hollows, hill and glen, were speedily passed by the rival ponies. The bottle was always filled for the occasion, so that there was no use for judges; for the first who reached the door was presented with the prize, with which he returned in triumph to the company. On approaching them, he announced his victory over his rival by a shrill whoop. At the head of the troop, he gave the bottle first to the groom and his attendants, and then to each pair in succession to the rear of the line, giving each a dram; and then putting the bottle in the bosom of his hunting-shirt, took his station in the company.

The ceremony of the marriage preceded the dinner, which was a substantial backwoods feast, of beef, pork, fowls, and sometimes venison and bear-meat, roasted and boiled, with plenty of potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables. During the dinner, the greatest hilarity always prevailed, although the table might be a large slab of timber, hewed out with a broadax, supported by four sticks set in auger-holes; and the furniture, some old pewter dishes and plates; the rest, wooden bowls and trenchers; a few pewter spoons, much battered about the edges, were to be seen at some tables. The rest were made of horns. If knives were scarce, the deficiency was made up by the scalping-knives, which were carried in sheaths suspended to the belt of the hunting-shirt.

After dinner the dancing commenced, and generally lasted until the next morning. The figures of the dances were three and four-handed reels, or square sets and jigs. The commencement was always a square four, which was followed by what was called jigging it off; that is, two of the four would single out for a jig, and were followed by the remaining couple. The jigs were often accompanied with what was called cutting out; that is, when either of the parties became tired of the dance, on intimation the place was supplied by some one of the company without any interruption of the dance. In this way a dance was often continued until the musician was heartily tired of his situation. Toward the latter part of the night, if any of the company through weariness, attempted to conceal themselves, for the purpose of sleeping, they were hunted up, paraded on the floor, and the fiddler ordered to play, "Hang out until to-morrow morning."

About nine or ten o'clock, a deputation of the young ladies stole off the bride, and put her to bed. In doing this, it frequently happened that they had to ascend a ladder instead of a pair of stairs, leading from the dining and ball-room to the loft, the floor of which was made of clapboards, lying loose, and without nails. As the foot of the ladder was commonly behind the door, which was purposely opened for the occasion, and its rounds at the inner ends were well hung with hunting-shirts, petticoats, and other articles of clothing, the candles being on the opposite side of the house, the exit of the bride was noticed but by few. This done, a deputation of young men in like manner stole off the groom, and placed him snugly by the side of his bride. The dance still continued; and if seats happened to be scarce, which was often the case, every young man, when not engaged in the dance, was obliged to offer his lap as a seat for one of the girls; and the offer was sure to be accepted. In the midst of this hilarity the bride and groom were not forgotten. Pretty late in the night, some one would remind the company that the new couple must stand in need of some refreshment—Black Betty, which was the name of the bottle, was called for, and sent up the ladder; but sometimes Black Betty did not go alone. I have many times seen as much bread, beef, pork, and cabbage, sent along with her, as would afford a good meal for half a dozen hungry men. The young couple were compelled to eat and drink, more or less, of whatever was offered them.

In the course of the festivity, if any wanted to help himself to a dram and the young couple to a toast, he would call out, "Where is Black Betty, I want to kiss her sweet lips." Black Betty was soon handed to him; then holding her up in his right hand, he would say, "Here's health to the groom, not forgetting myself; and here's health to the bride—thumping luck and big children!" This, so far from being taken amiss, was considered as an expression of a very proper and friendly wish, for big children, especially sons, were of great importance, as we were few in number and engaged in perpetual hostility with the Indians, the end of which no one could foresee. Indeed, many of them seemed to suppose that war was the natural state of man, and therefore did not anticipate any conclusion of it; every big son was therefore considered as a young soldier.

It often happened that some neighbors or relations, not being asked to the wedding, took offense; and the mode of revenge adopted by them on such occasions, was that of cutting off the manes, foretops, and tails of the horses of the wedding company.

On returning to the infare, the order of procession, and the race for Black Betty, was the same as before. The feasting and dancing often lasted for several days, at the end of which the whole company were so exhausted with

oss of sleep, that several days' rest were requisite to fit them to return to their ordinary labors.

Should I be asked why I have presented this unpleasant portrait of the rude manners of our forefathers—I in my turn would ask my reader, why are you pleased with the blood and carnage of battles? Why are you delighted with the fictions of poetry, the novel, and romance? I have related truth, and only truth, strange as it may seem. I have depicted a state of society and manners which are fast vanishing from the memory of man, with a view to give the youth of our country a knowledge of the advantages of civilization, and to give contentment to the aged, by preventing them from saying, "that former times were better than the present."

The House-Warming.—I will proceed to state the usual manner of settling a young couple in the world. A spot was selected on a piece of land of one of the parents, for their habitation. A day was appointed, shortly after their marriage, for commencing the building of their cabin. The fatigue party consisted of choppers, whose business it was to fell the trees and cut them off at proper lengths. A man with a team for hauling them to the place, and arranging them properly assorted, at the ends and sides of the building; a carpenter, if such he might be called, whose business it was to search the woods for a proper tree for making clap-boards for the roof. The tree for this purpose must be straight-grained, and from three to four feet in diameter. The boards were split four feet long, with a large frow, and as wide as the timber would allow. They were used without planing or shaving. Another division was employed in getting puncheons for the floor of the cabin. This was done by splitting trees, about eighteen inches in diameter, and hewing the faces of them with a broad-ax. They were half the length of the floor they were intended to make.

The materials for the cabin were mostly prepared the first day, and sometimes the foundation laid in the evening. The second day was allotted for the raising. In the morning of the next day the neighbors collected for the raising. The first thing to be done was the election of four corner men, whose business it was to notch and place the logs. The rest of the company furnished them with the timbers. In the meantime the boards and puncheons were collecting for the floor and the roof, so that by the time the cabin was a few rounds high, the sleepers and floor began to be laid. The door was made by sawing or cutting the logs on one side, so as to make an opening about three feet wide. This opening was secured by upright pieces of timber, about three inches thick, through which holes were bored into the ends of the logs for the purpose of pinning them fast. A similar opening, but wider, was made at the end for the chimney. This was built of logs, and made large, so as to admit of a back and jambs of stone. At the square, two end logs projected a foot or eighteen inches beyond the wall, to receive the butting poles, as they were called, against the end of which the first run of clap-boards was supported. The roof was formed by making the end logs shorter, until a single log formed the comb of the roof. On these logs the clap-boards were placed, the ranges of them lapping some distance over those next below them, and kept in their places by logs, placed at proper distances, upon them.

The roof, and sometimes the floor, was finished on the same day of the raising. A third day was commonly spent by a few carpenters in leveling off the floor, making a clap-board door, and a table. This last was made of a split slab, and supported by four round legs, set in auger holes. Some three-legged stools were made in the same manner. Some pins stuck in the logs at the back of the house supported some clap-boards, which served for shelves for the table furniture. A fork, placed with its lower end in a hole in

the floor, and the upper end fastened to a joist, served for a bedstead, by placing a pole in the fork, with one end through a crack between the logs of the wall. This front pole was crossed by a shorter one within the fork, with its outer end through another crack. From the front pole, through a crack between the logs at the end of the house, the boards were put on which formed the bottom of the bed. Sometimes other poles were pinned to the fork, a little distance above these, for the purpose of supporting the front and foot of the bed, while the walls were the supports of its back and head. A few pegs around the walls, for a display of the coats of the women and the hunting-shirts of the men, and two small forks or buck's horns to a joist, for the rifle and shot-pouch, completed the carpenters' work. In the meantime masons were at work. With the heart pieces of timber of which the clap-boards were made, they made billets for chunking up the cracks between the logs of the cabin and chimney. A large bed of mortar was made for daubing up those cracks. A few stones formed the back and jambs of the chimney.

The cabin being finished, the ceremony of *house-warming* took place, before the young couple were permitted to move into it. The house-warming was a dance of the whole night's continuance, made up of the relatives of the bride and groom, and their neighbors. On the day following, the young couple took possession of their new mansion.

Working.—The necessary labors of the farms along the frontiers, were performed with every danger and difficulty imaginable. The whole population of the frontiers huddled together in their little forts, left the country with every appearance of a deserted region; and such would have been the opinion of a traveler on arriving at it, if he had not seen here and there a small field of corn or other grain in a growing state.

It is easy to imagine what losses must have been sustained by our first settlers, owing to this deserted state of their farms. It was not the full measure of their trouble that they risked their lives, and often lost them, in subduing the forest and turning it into fruitful fields; but compelled to leave them in a deserted state during the summer season, a great part of the fruits of their labors were lost by this untoward circumstance. Their sheep and hogs were devoured by the wolves, panthers, and bears. Horses and cattle were often let into their fields through breaches made in their fences by the falling of trees; and frequently almost the whole of a little crop of corn was destroyed by squirrels and raccoons, so that many families, after a hazardous and laborious spring and summer, had but little left for the comfort of the dreary winter.

The early settlers on the frontiers of this country were like Arabs of the desert of Africa, in at least two respects; every man was a soldier, and from early in the spring until late in the fall, was almost continually in arms. Their work was often carried on by parties, each one of whom had his rifle, and everything else belonging to his war dress. These were deposited in some central place in the field. A sentinel was stationed outside of the fence, so that on the least alarm the whole company repaired to their arms, and were ready for the combat in a moment.

Here again the rashness of some families proved a source of difficulty. Instead of joining the working parties, they went out and attended their farms by themselves, and in case of an alarm, an express was sent for them, and sometimes a party of men to guard them to the fort. These families, in some instances, could boast that they had better crops, and were better provided for the winter than their neighbors. In other instances their temerity cost them their lives.

In military affairs, when every one concerned is left to his own will, mat-

ters are sure to be but badly managed. The whole frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia presented but a succession of military camps and forts. We had military officers, that is to say, captains and colonels; but they, in many respects, were only nominally such. They could advise, but not command. Those who chose to follow their advice, did so, to such an extent as suited their fancy or interest. Others were refractory, and thereby gave much trouble. These officers would lead a scout or campaign. Those who thought proper to accompany them did so; those who did not, remained at home. Public odium was the only punishment for their laziness or cowardice.

It is but doing justice to the first settlers of this country to say, that instances of disobedience of families and individuals to the advice of our officers, were by no means numerous. The greater number cheerfully submitted to their direction with a prompt and faithful obedience.

Mechanic Arts.—In giving a history of the state of the mechanic arts, as they were exercised at an early period of the settlement of this country, I shall present a people driven by necessity to perform works of mechanical skill, far beyond what a person enjoying all the advantages of civilization could expect from a population placed in such destitute circumstances.

My reader will naturally ask, where were their mills for grinding the grain? Where were their tanners for making leather? Where their smith shops for making and repairing their farming utensils? Who were their carpenters, tailors, cabinet workmen, shoemakers and weavers? The answer is, those manufactures did not exist, nor had they any tradesmen who were professedly such. Every family were under the necessity of doing everything for themselves, as well as they could.

The *hominy block* and *hand-mills* were in use in most of our houses. The first was made of a large block of wood, about three feet long, with an excavation burned in one end, wide at the top and narrow at the bottom, so that the action of the pestle on the bottom, threw the corn up the sides toward the top of it, from whence it continually fell down into the center. In consequence of this movement, the whole mass of the grain was pretty equally subjected to the strokes of the pestle. In the fall of the year, while the Indian-corn was soft, the block and pestle did pretty well for making meal for Johnny cake and mush; but were rather slow when the corn became hard.

The *sweep* was sometimes used to lessen the toil of pounding grain into meal. This was a pole of some springy, elastic wood, thirty feet long or more. The butt end was placed under the side of a house, or a large stump. This pole was supported by two forks, placed about one-third its length from the butt end, so as to elevate the small end about fifteen feet from the ground To this was attached, by a large mortice, a piece of a sapling about five or six inches in diameter, and eight or ten feet long. The lower end of this was shaped so as to answer for a pestle. A pin of wood was put through it at a proper height, so that two persons could work at the sweep at once. This simple machine very much lessened the labor and expedited the work. In the Greenbriar country, where they had a number of saltpeter caves, the people made plenty of excellent gunpowder, by means of those sweeps and mortars.

A machine, still more simple than the mortar and pestle, was used for making meal while the corn was too soft to be beaten. It was called a *grater*. This was a half circular piece of tin, perforated with a punch from the concave side, and nailed by its edges to a block of wood. The ears of corn were rubbed on the rough edges of the holes, while the meal fell through them on the board or block, to which the grater was nailed, which, being in a slanting direction, discharged the meal into a cloth or bowl placed for its

reception. This, to be sure, was a slow way of making meal, but necessity has no law.

The *hand-mill* was better than the mortar and grater. It was made of two circular stones, the lowest of which, was called the bed stone; the upper one the runner. These were placed in a hoop, with a spout for discharging the meal. A staff was let into a hole, in the upper surface of the runner, near the outer edge, and its upper end through a hole in a board fastened to a joist above, so that two persons could be employed in turning the mill at the same time. The grain was put into the opening in the runner by hand. These mills are still in use in Palestine, the ancient country of the Jews. To a mill of this sort our Savior alluded, when with reference to the destruction of Jerusalem, he said, "Two women shall be grinding at a mill, the one shall be taken and the other left."

Our first water mills were of that description, denominated *tub-mills*. It consists of a perpendicular shaft, to the lower end of which a horizontal wheel of four or five feet diameter is attached. The upper end passes through the bed stone, and carries the runner after the manner of a trundlehead. These mills were built with very little expense, and many of them answered the purpose very well. Instead of bolting-cloth, sifters were in general use. These were made of deer skins in the state of parchment, stretched over a hoop, and perforated with a hot wire.

Our clothing was all of domestic manufacture. We had no other resource for clothing, and this, indeed, was a poor one. The crops of flax often failed, and the sheep were destroyed by the wolves. Linsey, which is made of flax and wool—the former the chain, and the latter the filling—was the warmest and most substantial cloth we could make. Almost every house contained a loom, and almost every woman was a weaver.

Every family tanned their own leather. The tan-vat was a large trough, sunk to the upper edge in the ground. A quantity of bark was easily obtained every spring in clearing and fencing land. This, after drying, was brought in, and in wet days was shaved and pounded on a block of wood, with an ax or mallet. Ashes was used in place of lime for taking off the hair. Bear's oil, hog's lard and tallow, answered the place of fish oil. The leather, to be sure, was coarse, but it was substantially good. The operation of currying was performed by a drawing-knife, with its edge turned after the manner of a currying-knife. The blacking for the leather was made of soot and hog's lard.

Almost every family contained its own tailors and shoemakers. Those who could not make shoes, could make shoe-packs. These, like moccasins, were made of a single piece of leather, with the exception of a tongue-piece on the top of the foot. This was about two inches broad, and circular at the lower end. To this, the main piece of leather was sewed with a gathering stitch. The seam behind was like that of a moccasin. To the shoe-pack, a sole was sometimes added. The women did the tailor work. They could all cut out and make hunting-shirts, leggins and drawers.

The state of society which existed in our country at an early period of its settlement, is well calculated to call into action every native mechanical genius. There was in almost every neighborhood, some one whose natural ingenuity enabled him to do many things for himself and neighbors, far above what could have been reasonably expected. With the few tools which they brought with them into the country, they certainly performed wonders. Their plows, harrows with their wooden teeth, and sleds, were in many instances well made. Their cheaper ware, which comprehended everything for holding milk and water, was generally pretty well executed. The cedar ware, by

having alternately a white and red stave, was then thought beautiful. Many of their puncheon floors were very neat; their joints close and the top even and smooth. Their looms, although heavy, did very well. Those who could not exercise these mechanical arts, were under the necessity of giving labor or barter to their neighbors in exchange for the use of them, so far as their necessities required.

Sports.—These were such as might be expected among a people, who, owing to their circumstances as well as their education, set a higher value on physical than on mental endowments; and on skill in hunting and bravery in war, than on any polite accomplishments or fine arts.

Amusements are in many instances either imitations of the business of life, or at least of some of its particular objects of pursuit. Many of the sports of the early settlers were imitative of the exercises and the stratagems of hunting and war. Boys were taught the use of the bow and arrow at an early age, and acquired considerable expertness in their use. One important pastime of our boys was that of imitating the noise of every bird and beast in the woods. This faculty was a very necessary part of education, on account of its utility in certain circumstances. The imitations of the gobbling and other sounds of wild turkeys, often brought those keen-eyed and ever watchful tenants of the forest, within reach of the rifle. The bleating of the fawn brought its dam to her death in the same way. The hunter often collected a company of mopish owls to the trees about his camp, and amused himself with their hoarse screaming. His howl would raise and obtain responses from a pack of wolves, so as to inform him of their neighborhood as well as to guard him against their depredations.

This imitative faculty was sometimes requisite as a measure of precaution in war. The Indians, when scattered about in a neighborhood, often collected together by imitating turkeys by day and wolves or owls by night. I have often witnessed the consternation of a whole neighborhood in consequence of a few screeches of owls. An early and correct use of this imitative faculty, was considered as an indication that its possessor would become, in due time, a good hunter and a valiant warrior.

Throwing the tomahawk was another boyish sport, in which many acquired considerable skill. The tomahawk, with its handle of a certain length, will make a given number of turns in a given distance. Say, in five steps, it will strike with the edge, the handle downward; at the distance of seven and a half, it will strike with its edge, the handle upward, and so on. A little experience enabled the boy to measure the distance with his eye, when walking through the woods, and strike a tree with his tomahawk any way he chose.

The athletic sports of running, jumping and wrestling, were the pastimes of the boys in common, with the men. A well grown boy, at the age of twelve or thirteen years, was furnished with a small rifle and shot-pouch. He then became a fort soldier, and had his port-hole assigned him. Hunting squirrels, turkeys and raccoons, soon made him expert in the use of his gun. Dancing was the principal amusement of our young people of both sexes. Their dances, to be sure, were of the simplest forms; three-handed and four-handed reels and jigs. Country (contra) dances, cotillions and minuets, were unknown. I remember to have seen, once or twice, a dance which was called "The Irish Trot."

Shooting at a mark was a common diverson among the men when their stock of ammunition would allow it; this, however, was far from being always the case. The present mode of shooting off-hand was not then in practice. This mode was not considered as any trial of the value of a gun; nor,

indeed, as much of a test of the skill of a marksman. Their shooting was from a rest, and at as great a distance as the length and weight of the barrel of the gun would throw a ball on a horizontal level. Such was their regard to accuracy in those sportive trials of their rifles, and in their own skill in the use of them, that they often put moss or some other soft substance on the log or the stump from which they shot, for fear of having the bullet thrown from the mark by the spring of the barrel. When the rifle was held to the side of a tree for a rest, it was pressed against it as lightly as possible, for the same reason. Rifles of former times were different from those of modern date; few of them carried more than forty-five bullets to the pound. Bullets of a less size were not thought sufficiently heavy for hunting or war.

Dramatic narrations, chiefly concerning Jack and the Giant, furnished our young people with another source of amusement during their leisure hours. Many of these tales were lengthy and embraced a considerable range of incident. Jack, always the hero of the story, after encountering many difficulties, and performing many great achievements, always came off conqueror of the Giant. Many of these stories were tales of knight errantry, in which some captive virgin was released and restored to her lover.

Singing was another but not very common amusement among our first settlers. Their tunes were rude enough, to be sure. Robin Hood furnished a number of our songs; the balance were mostly tragical. These last were denominated "love songs about murder." As to cards, dice, back-gammon and other games of chance, we knew nothing about them. They are among the blessed gifts of civilization.

Witchcraft.—The belief in witchcraft was prevalent among the early settlers of the western country. To the witch was inscribed the tremendous power of inflicting strange and incurable diseases, particularly on children; of destroying cattle by shooting them with hair balls, and a great variety of other means of destruction; of inflicting spells and curses on guns and other things; and lastly of changing men into horses, and after bridling and saddling them, riding them at full speed over hill and dale, to their frolics and other places of rendezvous. More ample powers of mischief than these cannot well be imagined.

Wizards were men supposed to possess the same mischievous powers as the witches; but these were seldom exercised for bad purposes. The powers of the wizards were exercised almost exclusively for the purpose of counteracting the malevolent influences of the witches of the other sex. I have known several of those *witch masters*, as they were called, who made a public profession of curing the diseases inflicted by the influence of witches, and I have known respectable physicians, who had no greater proportion of business in the line of their profession, than many of those witch masters had in theirs.

The means by which the witch was supposed to inflict diseases, curses and spells, I never could learn. They were hidden sciences, which no one was supposed to understand, excepting the witch herself, and no wonder, as no such arts ever existed in any country. The diseases of children, supposed to be inflicted by witchcraft, were those of internal dropsy of the brain and the rickets. The symptoms and cure of these destructive diseases, were utterly unknown in former times in this country. Diseases which neither could be accounted for nor cured, were usually ascribed to some supernatural agency of a malignant kind.

For the cure of the diseases inflicted by witchcraft, the picture of the supposed witch was drawn on a stump or a board, and shot at with a bullet containing a little bit of silver. This silver bullet transferred a painful, and

sometimes a mortal spell on that part of the witch corresponding with the part of the portrait struck by the bullet. Another method of cure was that of getting some of the child's water, which was closely corked up in a vial and hung up in the chimney. This complimented the witch with a stranguary, which lasted as long as the vial remained in the chimney. The witch had but one way of relieving herself of any spell inflicted on her in any way, which was that of borrowing something, no matter what, of the family to which the subject of the exercise of her witchcraft belonged. I have known several poor old women much surprised at being refused requests which had usually been granted without hesitation, and almost heart-broken when informed of the cause of the refusal.

When cattle or dogs were supposed to be under the influence of witchcraft, they were burnt in the forehead by a branding-iron, or when dead, burned wholly to ashes. This inflicted a spell upon the witch, which could only be removed by borrowing as above stated.

Witches were often said to milk the cows of their neighbors. This they did by fixing a new pin in a new towel for each cow intended to be milked. This towel was hung over her own door, and by means of certain incantations, the milk was extracted from the fringes of the towel, after the manner of milking a cow. This happened when the cows were too poor to give much milk. The first German glass-blowers in this country, drove the witches out of their furnaces by throwing living puppies into them.

Morals.—In the section of country where my father lived, there was for many years after the settlement of the country, "neither law nor gospel." Our want of legal government, was owing to the uncertainty whether we belonged to the State of Virginia or Pennsylvania. The line which at present divides the two States, was not run until some time after the conclusion of the Revolutionary war. Thus it happened during a long period of time, that we knew nothing of courts, lawyers, magistrates, sheriffs or constables. Every one was, therefore, at liberty "to do whatsoever was right in his own eyes."

As this is a state of society which few of my readers have ever witnessed, I shall describe it as minutely as I can, and give in detail those moral maxims which, in a great degree, answered the important purposes of municipal jurisprudence.

In the first place let it be observed, that in a sparse population, where all the members of a community are well known to each other, and especially in a time of war, where every man capable of bearing arms is considered highly valuable as a defender of his country, public opinion has its full effect, and answers the purpose of a legal government, better than it would in a dense population, and in a time of peace.

Such was the situation of our country, along the line of our settlement. They had no civil, military, nor ecclesiastical laws, at least none that were enforced; and yet, "they were a law unto themselves," as to the leading obligations of our nature, in all the relations in which they stood to each other. The turpitude of vice and the majesty of moral virtue, were then as apparent as now, and were then regarded with the same sentiments of aversion or respect which they inspire at the present time. Industry in working and hunting; bravery in war; candor; hospitality; honesty and steadiness of deportment, received their full reward of public honor, and public confidence among our rude forefathers, as well as among their better instructed and more polished descendants. The punishments which they inflicted upon offenders by the imperial court of public opinion, were well adapted for the reformation of the culprit, or his expulsion from the community.

The punishment for idleness, lying, dishonesty and ill fame generally, was that of "hating the offender out," as they generally expressed it. This mode of chastisement, was like the *atimea* of the Greeks. It was a public expression in various ways, of a general sentiment of indignation against such as transgressed the moral maxims of the community to which they belonged. This commonly resulted either in the reformation or banishment of the person against whom it was directed.

At house-raisings, log-rollings and harvest parties, every one was expected to do his duty faithfully. A person who did not perform his share of labor on these occasions, was designated by the epithet of "Lawrence," or some other title still more opprobrious. And when it came to his turn to require the like aid from his neighbors, the idler soon felt his punishment in their refusal to attend his calls.

Although there was no legal compulsion to the performance of military duty; yet every man of full age and size, was expected to do his full share of public service. If he did not do so, he was "hated out as a coward." Even the want of any article of war equipments, such as ammunition, a sharp flint, a priming wire, a scalping-knife or tomahawk, was thought highly disgraceful. A man who, without a reasonable cause, failed to go on a scout or campaign, when it came to his turn, met with an expression of indignation in the countenances of all his neighbors, and epithets of dishonor were fastened on him without mercy.

Debts, which make such an uproar in civilized life, were but little known among our forefathers at the early settlement of this country. After the depreciation of the continental paper, they had no money of any kind; everything purchased was paid for in produce or labor. A good cow and calf were often the price of a bushel of alum salt. If a contract was not punctually fulfilled, the credit of the delinquent was at an end.

Any petty theft was punished with all the infamy that could be heaped on the offender. A man on a campaign stole from his comrade, a cake out of the ashes, in which it was baking. He was immediately named "the bread rounds." This epithet of reproach was bandied about in this way, when he came in sight of a group of men, one of them would call, "Who comes there?" Another would answer, "The bread rounds." If any one meant to be more serious about the matter, he would call out, "Who stole a cake out of the ashes." Another replied by giving the name of the man in full; to this, a third would give confirmation by exclaiming, "That is true, and no lie." This kind of "tongue-lashing" he was doomed to hear, for the rest of the campaign, as well as for years after his return home.

If a theft was detected in any of the frontier settlements, a summary mode of punishment was always resorted to. The first settlers, as far as I knew of them, had a kind of innate or hereditary detestation of the crime of theft, in any shape or degree, and their maxim was that "a thief must be whipped." If the theft was of something of some value, a kind of jury of the neighborhood, after hearing the testimony, would condemn the culprit to Moses' law, that is, to forty stripes, save one. If the theft was of some small article, the offender was doomed to carry on his back the flag of the United States, which then consisted of thirteen stripes. In either case, some able hands were selected to execute the sentence, so that the stripes were sure to be well laid on.

This punishment was followed by a sentence of exile. He then was informed that he must decamp in so many days, and be seen there no more, on penalty of having the number of his stripes doubled. For many years after, this law was put in operation in the western part of Virginia; the magistrates

themselves were in the habit of giving those who were brought before them on charges of small thefts, the liberty of being sent to jail or taking a whipping. The latter was commonly chosen, and was immediately inflicted, after which the thief was ordered to clear out. In some instances, stripes were inflicted, not for the punishment of an offense, but for the purpose of extorting a confession from suspected persons. This was the torture of our early times, and, no doubt, sometimes very unjustly inflicted. If a woman was given to tattling and slandering her neighbors, she was furnished, by common consent, with a kind of patent right to say whatever she pleased, without being believed. Her tongue was then said to be harmless, or to be no scandal.

With all their rudeness, these people were given to hospitality, and freely divided their rough fare with a neighbor or stranger, and would have been offended at the offer of pay. In their settlements and forts, they lived, they worked, they fought and feasted, or suffered together in cordial harmony. They were warm and constant in their friendships. On the other hand, they were revengeful in their resentments. And the point of honor sometimes led to personal combats. If one man called another a liar, he was considered as having given a challenge which the person who received it must accept, or be deemed a coward, and the charge was generally answered on the spot with a blow. If the injured person was decidedly unable to fight the aggressor, he might get a friend to do it for him. The same thing took place on a charge of cowardice or any other dishonorable action, a battle must follow, and the person who made the charge must fight either the person against whom he made the charge or any champion who chose to espouse his cause. Thus circumstanced, our people in early times were much more cautious of speaking evil of their neighbors than they are at present.

Sometimes pitched battles occurred, in which time, place, and seconds, were appointed beforehand. I remember having seen one of those pitched battles in my father's fort, when a boy. One of the young men knew very well beforehand that he should get the worst of the battle, and no doubt repented the engagement to fight; but there was no getting over it. The point of honor demanded the risk of battle. He got his whipping; they then shook hands and were good friends afterward. The mode of single combats in those days was dangerous in the extreme; although no weapons were used, fists, teeth and feet were employed at will, but above all, the detestable practice of gouging, by which eyes were sometimes put out, rendered this mode of fighting frightful indeed — it was not, however, so destructive as the stiletto of an Italian, the knife of a Spaniard, the small sword of the Frenchman, or the pistol of the American or English duelist.

Instances of seduction and bastardy did not frequently happen in our early times. I remember one instance of the former, in which the life of the man was put in jeopardy by the resentment of the family to which the girl belonged. Indeed, considering the chivalrous temper of our people, this crime could not then take place without great personal danger from the brothers, or other relations of the victims of seduction; family honor being then estimated at a high rate.

I do not recollect that profane language was much more prevalent in our early times than at present. Among the people with whom I was most conversant, there was no other vestige of the christian religion than a faint observation of Sunday, and that merely as a day of rest for the aged, and a play for the young.

The first christian service I ever heard, was in the Garrison Church, Baltimore County, Maryland, where my father had sent me to school. I was then about ten years old. The appearance of the church, the windows of which

were Gothic, the white surplice of the minister, and the responses in the service, overwhelmed me with surprise.

Civilization.—The causes which led to the present state of civilization of the western country are subjects which deserve some consideration in a work of this nature.

The state of society and manners of the early settlers, as presented in these notes, shows very clearly that their grade of civilization was, indeed, low enough. The descendants of the English cavaliers from Maryland and Virginia, who settled mostly along the rivers, and the descendants of the Irish, who settled the interior parts of the country, were neither of them remarkable for science, or urbanity of manners. The former were mostly illiterate, rough in their manners, and addicted to the rude diversions of horse-racing, wrestling, jumping, shooting, dancing, &c. These diversions were often accompanied with personal combats, which consisted of blows, kicks, biting and gouging. This mode of fighting was what they called *rough* and *tumble*. Sometimes a previous stipulation was made, to use the fists only. Yet these people were industrious, enterprising, generous in their hospitality, and brave in the defense of their country.

The rude sports of former times have been discontinued. Athletic trials of muscular strength and activity, in which there certainly is not much of merit, have given way to the more noble ambition for mental endowments, and skill in useful arts. To the rude, and often indecent songs, but roughly and unskillfully sung, have succeeded the psalm, the hymn, and swelling anthem. To the clamorous boast, the provoking banter, the biting sarcasm, the horrid oath and imprecation have succeeded urbanity of manners, and a course of conversation enlightened by science, and chastened by mental attention and respect. Above all the direful spirit of revenge, the exercise of which so much approximated the character of many of the first settlers of our country to that of the worst of savages, is now unknown.

The state of society and manners from the commencement of the settlements in this country, during the lapse of many years, owing to the sanguinary character of the Indian mode of warfare, and other circumstances, was in a state of retrogression.

The early introduction of commerce was among the first means of changing, in some degree, the exterior aspect of the population of the country, and giving a new current to public feeling and individual pursuit. The huntsman and warrior, when he had exchanged his hunter's dress, for that of the civilized man, soon lost sight of his former occupations, and assumed a new character and a new line of life; like the soldier, who, when he receives his discharge, and lays aside his regimentals, soon loses the feeling of a soldier, and even forgets, in some degree, his manual exercise. Had not commerce furnished the means of changing the dresses of our people, and the furniture of their houses; had the hunting-shirt, moccasin and leggins, continued to be the dress of our men; had the three-legged stool, the noggin, the trencher and wooden bowl continued to be the furniture of our houses, our progress toward science and civilization would have been much slower. It may seem strange that so much importance is attached to the influence of dress in giving the moral and intellectual character of society.

The ultimate objects of civilization are the moral and physical happiness of man. To the latter, the commodious mansion house, with its furniture, contributes essentially. The family mansions of the nations of the earth, furnish the criterion of the different grades of their moral and mental condition. The savages universally live in tents, wigwams or lodges, covered with earth. Barbarians next to these, may indeed have habitations something

better; but of no value and indifferently furnished. Such are the habitations of the Russian Tartar, and Turkish peasantry.

Such is the effect of a large, elegant and well furnished house, on the feelings and deportment of a family, that if you were to build one for a family of savages, by the occupancy of it, they would lose their savage character; or if they did not choose to make the exchange of that character, for that of civilization, they would forsake it for the wigwam and the woods. This was done by many of the early stock of backwoodsmen, even after they built comfortable houses for themselves. They no longer had the chance of "A fall hunt." The woods' pasture was eaten up. They wanted "elbow room." They, therefore, sold out, and fled to the forest of the frontier settlements, choosing rather to encounter the toil of turning the wilderness into fruitful fields, a second time, and even risk an Indian war, rather than endure the inconveniences of a crowded settlement. Kentucky first offered a resting-place for those pioneers, then Indiana, and now the Missouri, and it cannot be long before the Pacific Ocean will put a final stop to the westward march of those lovers of the wilderness.

The ministry of the gospel has contributed, no doubt, immensely to the happy change which has been effected in the state of our western society. At an early period of our settlements, three Presbyterian clergymen commenced their clerical labors in our infant settlements. They were pious, patient, laborious men, who collected their people into regular congregations, and did all for them that their circumstances would allow. It was no disparagement to them, that their first churches were the shady groves, and their first pulpits a kind of tent, constructed of a few rough slabs, and covered with clapboards. "He who dwelleth not exclusively in temples made with hands," was propitious to their devotions. From the outset, they prudently resolved to create a ministry in the country, and accordingly, established little grammar schools at their own houses, or in their immediate neighborhoods. The course of education which they gave their pupils, was indeed, not extensive; but the piety of those who entered into the ministry, more than made up the deficiency.

At a later period, the Methodist Society began their labors in the western parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania; their progress at first was slow, but their zeal and perseverance, at length overcame every obstacle. The itinerant plan of their ministry, is well calculated to convey the gospel throughout a thinly scattered population. Accordingly, their ministry has kept pace with the extension of our settlements. The little cabin was scarcely built, and the little field fenced in, before these evangelical teachers made their appearance among them, collected them into societies, and taught them the worship of God. Had it not been for the labors of these indefatigable men, our country, as to a great extent of its settlements, would have been, at this day, a semi-barbaric region.

With the Catholics, I have but little acquaintance, but have every reason to believe, that in proportion to the extent of their flocks, they have done well. Their clergy, with apostolic zeal, but in an unostentatious manner, have sought out and ministered to their scattered flocks throughout the country; and, as far as I know, with good success. The Society of Friends, in the western country, are numerous, and their establishments in good order. Their habits of industry and attention to useful arts and improvements, are highly honorable to themselves, and worthy of imitation. The Baptists in the State of Kentucky, took the lead in the ministry, and with great success The German, Lutheran and Reformed Churches, have done well.

The Episcopalian Church, which ought to have been foremost in gather-

ing in their scattered flocks, have been the last, and done the least of any Christian community in the evangelical work. Taking the western country in its whole extent, at least one half of its population, was originally of Episcopalian parentage; but for want of a ministry of their own, have associated with other communities. They had no alternative, but that of changing their profession, or living and dying without the ordinances of religion. It can be no subject of regret, that those ordinances were placed within their reach by other hands, while they were withheld by those, by whom, as a matter of right and duty, they ought to have been given. One single chorea episcopus, or suffragan bishop, of a faithful spirit, who, twenty years ago (1804) should have "ordained them elders in every place" where they were needed, would have been the instrument of forming Episcopal congregations over a great extent of country, and which, by this time, would have become large, numerous and respectable; but the opportunity was neglected, and the consequent loss to this church is irreparable. So total a neglect of the spiritual interests of so many valuable people, for so great a length of time, by a ministry so near at hand, is a singular and unprecedented fact in ecclesiastical history, the like of which never occurred before.

I beg that it may be understood, that with the distinguishing tenets of our religious societies, I have nothing to do, nor yet with the excellencies or defects of their ecclesiastical institutions. They are noticed on no other ground than that of their respective contributions to the science and civilization of the country. The last, but not the least of the means of our present civilization, are our excellent forms of government, and the administration of the laws.

ORIGIN OF CAMP MEETINGS.

The year 1799, was distinguished for the commencement of those great revivals of religion in the West, which introduced the practice of holding "camp meetings" in the United States. This work commenced under the united labors of two brothers named M'Ghee, one a Presbyterian, and the other a Methodist preacher,—the one settled over a congregation in Sumner, and the other in Smith County, West Tennessee.

In the year 1799, they set off on a tour together, through "*the Barrens*" toward Ohio, and on their way stopped at a settlement on Red River, to attend the administering of the sacrament in the congregation of the Rev. Mr. M'Gready, a Presbyterian clergyman. The M'Ghees and others preached on this occasion, and the congregation were astonishingly affected. Such was the movement among the people, evidently under the impulses of the Divine Spirit, that though Messrs. M'Gready, Hoge and Rankin, left the house, the M'Ghees continued in their places. William M'Ghee soon felt such a power come over him, that he, not seeming to know what he did, left his seat and sat down on the floor, while John sat trembling under a consciousness of the power of God. In the meantime, there was great solemnity and weeping all over the house. He was expected to preach, but could not from excess of emotion.

The good effects resulting from this meeting, thus casually convened, induced the M'Ghees to appoint another on Muddy River. There a vast concourse of people assembled under the foliage of the trees, and continued their religious exercises day and night. This novel way of worship excited great attention. In the night the grove was illuminated with lighted candles, lamps or torches. This, together with the stillness of the night, the solemnity

which rested on every countenance, the pointed and earnest manner with which the preachers exhorted the people to repentance, prayer and faith, produced the most awful sensations in the minds of all present, and it resulted in the conversion of not less than one hundred souls. A still greater meeting of the same kind, was held soon after on Desha's Creek, near the Cumberland River, at which many thousands attended. At these gatherings, the people are described by an eye witness, as falling under the power of the word, "like corn before a storm of wind," and that many, thus affected, "arising from the dust with Divine glory beaming upon their countenances," gave utterance to strains of extatic gratitude. In the meantime, the numbers who attended them continually increased, drawn together by various motives—the desire of benefit, the gratification of curiosity, and some to arm themselves with arguments of resistance to their progress; but many of those who thus "came to mock, remained to pray."

In 1801, the numbers who attended those which were held in Kentucky, had become immense. At one held in Cabin Creek, a Presbyterian minister who was present and took an active part, estimated the number at not less than twenty thousand. At this great meeting, the Methodists and Presbyterians united their efforts, seeming to bear down all opposition. The scene is represented as having been indescribably awful.

Few if any escaped without being affected. Such as tried to run from it, were frequently struck on the way, or impelled by some alarming signal to return. No circumstance at this meeting appeared more striking, than the great numbers that fell* on the third night, and remained unconscious of external objects for hours together. To prevent their being trodden under foot by the multitude, they were collected together and laid out in order, on two squares of the meeting-house, until a considerable part of the floor was covered, where they remained in charge of their friends, until they should pass through the strange phenomena of their conversion. But the great meeting at *Cane Ridge*, exceeded all. The number that fell at this meeting, was reckoned at about three thousand, among whom were several Presbyterian ministers, who, according to their own confession, had hitherto possessed only a speculative knowledge of religion. There, the formal professor, and the deist, and the intemperate, met with one common lot, and confessed with equal candor, that they were destitute of the true knowledge of God, and strangers to the religion of Jesus Christ.

In consequence of such a vast assemblage of people, it was impossible for one person to address them; hence, they were divided into several groups, and addressed by as many different speakers, while the whole grove, at times, became vocal with the praises of God, and at others, pierced with the cries of distressed penitents. As before stated, the effect was peculiarly striking at night. The ranges of tents—the fires reflecting lights through the branches of the trees—the candles and lamps, illuminating the entire encampment—hundreds of immortal beings moving to and fro, some preaching—some praying for mercy—others praising God—all presented a scene, indescribably solemn and affecting.

These meetings soon spread through all the settlements in the West, and such was the eagerness of the people to attend, that entire neighborhoods were forsaken, and the roads literally crowded by those pressing forward on their way to the groves. As the Methodists and Presbyterians usually united in these gatherings, they took the name of "*General Camp Meetings.*" The prominent clergymen on these occasions, were the M'Ghees,—the Rev.

* See page 189; Article, "Strange, Mental and Physical Phenomena."

Messrs. Gready, Hoge and Rankin, of the Presbyterian Church, and William M'Kendree, William Burke, John Sale, Benjamin Lakin and Henry Smith, of the Methodist Church.

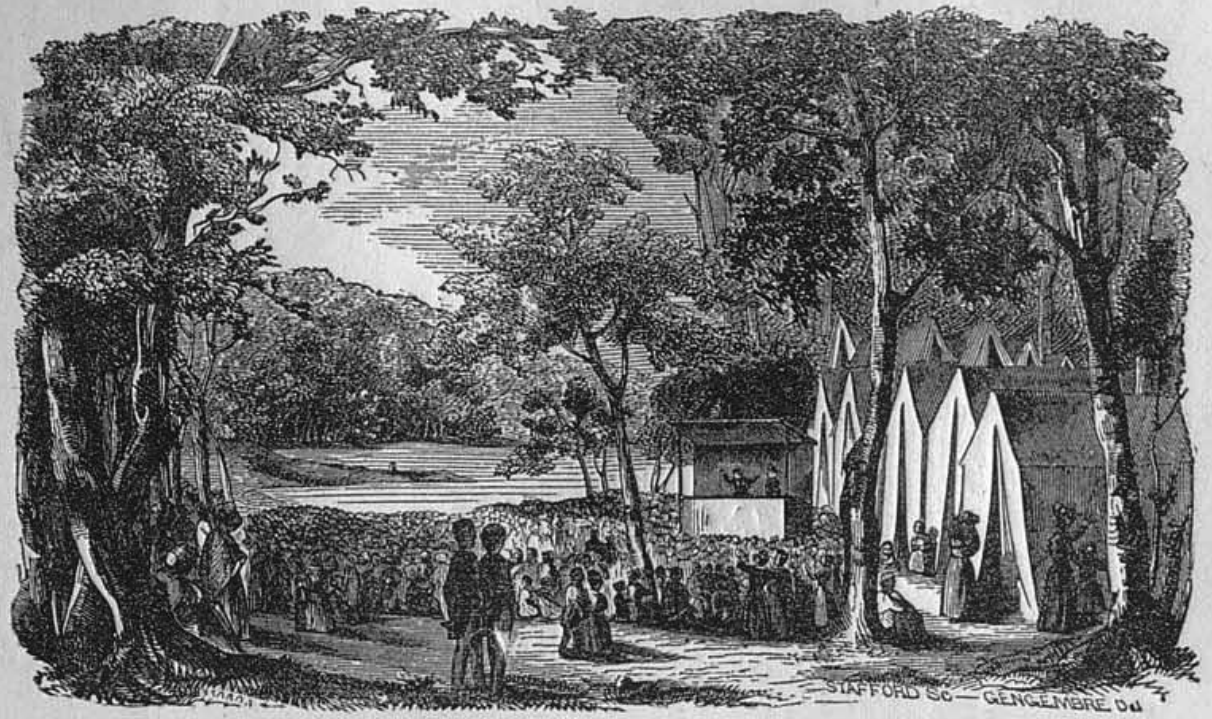
From the foregoing, it will be seen that camp-meetings first originated in the West. They were not the result of a previously digested plan,—nor did they commence with the Methodists, but upon a Sacramental occasion among the Presbyterians, where there was such an exhibition of the Divine Spirit, that the meeting was protracted to an unusual length, which, being noised abroad, brought others to the place, and finally, in such numbers that no house could hold them. This induced them to go into the field, erect temporary shelters, and bring provision for their sustenance; and finding that God so abundantly blessed them, they were continued until they became general among the Methodists throughout the Union."

LEWIS AND CLARK'S, AND PIKE'S EXPLORING EXPEDITIONS.

Expedition of Lewis and Clark.—Just before the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, in 1803, President Jefferson was preparing to have explored what now comprises the north-western part of our country, of which then but little was known. In January, 1803, Congress having approved of his suggestions, he commissioned Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, to explore the Missouri and its principal branches to their sources, and then to seek and trace to its termination in the Pacific, some stream which might give the most direct and practicable water communication across the continent, for the purposes of commerce. Other persons were, at the same time, appointed to examine the Upper Mississippi and its principal western tributaries below the Missouri; exact information being desired as soon as possible of the newly acquired territories from France, that power having previously possessed the country west of the Mississippi, under the general name of Louisiana.

Shortly after Lewis had received his instructions, the news of the conclusion of the treaty for the cession of Louisiana, reached the United States. In May, 1804, the party of Lewis and Clark commenced the ascent of the Missouri in boats. Their ascent being slow, they did not arrive at the country of the Mandan Indians, sixteen hundred miles from the Mississippi, near lat. 48 deg., until the latter part of October.

Remaining in their encampment in the Mandan country, until the 7th of April, following, Lewis and Clark, with thirty men, commenced their voyage westward up the Missouri, and about the 1st of May, reached the mouth of the principal branch, called by the French traders, the *Roche Jaune*, or Yellow Stone River. Thence continuing their progress westward on the main stream, their navigation was arrested, on the 13th of June, by the *Great Falls of the Missouri*, a series of cataracts extending about ten miles in length, in the principal of which, the whole river rushes over a precipice of rock, eighty-seven feet in height. Again embarking in canoes, they, on the 19th of July, passed through the *Gates of the Rocky Mountains*, where the Missouri, emerging from that chain, runs for six miles in a narrow channel between perpendicular, black rocky walls of twelve hundred feet in height. Beyond this, they ascended its largest source, named by Lewis, Jefferson River, near lat. 44 deg., where the navigation of the Missouri ends near three thousand miles from its entrance into the Mississippi. While the canoes were ascending Jefferson River, Lewis and Clarke, with some of their men, proceeded through the mountains, and soon found streams flowing to the



A CAMP MEETING.

"It will be seen that camp-meetings first originated in the West; nor did they commence with the Methodists, but, upon a Sacramental occasion, among the Presbyterians. . . . They were continued until they became general among the Methodists throughout the Union."

west, and meeting several parties of Indians belonging to a nation called Shoshonee,* they were satisfied from their accounts, that those streams were the head waters of the Columbia. They then rejoined their men at the head of Jefferson, and having *cached* (concealed in pits) their canoes and goods, and procured some Shoshonees for guides, and some horses, the whole party pursued their journey overland, and on the 30th of August, entered the Rocky Mountains.

Up to this time, their difficulties and privations were comparatively small; but during the three weeks they were passing through the mountains, they underwent every suffering which hunger, cold and fatigue, could impose. The mountains were high, and the passes through them rugged, and in many places covered with snow; and their food consisted of berries, dried fish, and the meat of dogs or horses, of all which, the supplies were scanty and precarious.

About four hundred miles by their route from Jefferson River, they reached the Kooskooske, and on the 7th of October, began its descent in canoes which they constructed. In three days they entered the principal southern branch of the Columbia, which they named Lewis, and in seven more, reached its junction with its larger northern branch, which was called by them Clark. They were then fairly launched on the *Great River of the West*, and passing down it through many dangerous rapids, they, on the 31st, arrived at the *Falls of the Columbia*, where it rushes through the lofty chain of mountains nearest the Pacific. On the 15th of November, they landed on Cape Disappointment, at the mouth of the Columbia, after having passed over about six hundred miles on its waters, and reaching a point of more than four thousand miles from the mouth of the Missouri.

The winter, or rather rainy season, soon setting in, they built a dwelling in that vicinity, which they named *Fort Clatsop*, where they remained until March 23d, 1806. Then they commenced their return, by ascending the Columbia in their canoes. Proceeding carefully up the stream, they discovered the *Cowelitz* and the *Willamet*, the latter now noted for having on its banks the most flourishing settlements in Oregon.

At the Falls of the Columbia, they abandoned their canoes, and proceeded

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* A few years since, there was residing at Brown's Hole, in Oregon, an old Shoshonee Indian, who was the first of his tribe who saw the cavalcade of Messrs. Lewis and Clarke, on the head waters of the Missouri, in 1805. He appears to have been galloping from place to place, in the office of sentinel to the Shoshonee camp, when he suddenly found himself in the very presence of the whites. Astonishment fixed him to the spot. Men with faces as pale as ashes, had never been seen by him or his nation. "The head rose high and round, the top flat; it jutted over the eyes in a thin rim; their skin was loose and flowing, and of many colors." His fears, at length overcoming his curiosity, he fled in the direction of the Indian encampment. But being seen by the whites, they pursued and brought him to their camp; exhibited to him the effect of their fire-arms, loaded him with presents, and let him go. Having arrived among his own people, he told them he had seen men with faces pale as ashes, who were makers of thunder and lightning, &c. This information astounded the whole tribe. They had lived many years, their ancestors had lived many more, and there were many legends which spoke of many wonderful things; but a tale like this, they had never before heard. A council was, therefore, held to consider the matter. The man of strange words, was summoned before it; and he rehearsed in substance, what he had before told to others, but was not believed. "All men were red, and therefore, he could not have seen men as pale as ashes. The Great Spirit made the thunder and lightning; he therefore, could not have seen any men, of any color, that could produce it. He had seen nothing; had lied to his chief, and should die." Upon this, the culprit produced some presents which he had received from the pale men. These being quite as new to them, as pale faces were, it was determined "that he should have the privilege of leading his judges to the place where he had declared he had seen these strange people; and if such were found there, he should be exculpated; if not, these presents were to be considered as conclusive evidence, that he dealt with evil spirits, and that he was worthy of death by the arrows of his kinsfolks." The pale men—the thunder makers, were found, and were witnesses of the poor fellow's story. He was released, and has ever since been much honored and loved by his tribe, and every white man in the mountains. He is now about eighty years old, and poor. But as he is always about Fort David Crockett, is never permitted to want.

on horses to their point of embarkation on the Kooskooske, in the preceding year; thence due eastward, through the Rocky Mountains to Clark River, which flows for some distance, in a northerly direction from its sources, before turning southward to join the other branches of the Columbia. There, on the 3d of July, in lat. 47 deg., Lewis and Clark separated, to meet at the mouth of Yellow Stone.

Lewis, with his party, proceeded northward, some distance down the Clark, and then quitting it, crossed the Rocky Mountains to the head waters of the *Maria*, which empties into the Missouri just below the Falls. There they met a band of Indians belonging to the numerous and daring race, called the *Blackfoot*, who infest the plains at the base of the mountains, and are ever at war with all other tribes. These savages attempted to seize the rifles of the Americans, and Lewis was obliged to kill one of them before they desisted. The party then hastened to the Falls of the Missouri, and thence floated down to the mouth of the Yellow Stone, which is scarcely inferior in length, to the main branch of the Missouri.

Meanwhile, the party under Clark, rode southward up the Clark to its sources; and after exploring several passes in the mountains, between that and the head waters of the Yellow Stone, they embarked on it in canoes, and descending, joined Lewis and his men at its mouth, on the 12th of August. From thence, the whole body floated down the Missouri, and on the 23d of September, 1806, arrived in safety at St. Louis, after an absence of more than two years, during which, they had traveled over nine thousand miles.

The Missouri had been ascended to the mouth of the Yellow Stone, by the French and Spanish Indian traders, long before this expedition; but no correct information had been obtained of the river and country. With regard to the country between the Great Falls of the Missouri, and those of the Columbia, we have no accounts earlier than those furnished by this exploring expedition. Their journal is still the principal source of information, respecting the geography, natural history, and the aboriginal inhabitants of that region.

Politically, the expedition was an announcement to the world of the intentions of the American government to occupy and settle the countries explored, and they thus virtually incurred the obligation to prosecute and fulfill, the great ends for which the labors of Lewis and Clark were preparatory.

Pike's Expedition.—During the absence of Lewis and Clark, the United States prosecuted other explorations in different parts of Louisiana. Lieut. Z. M. Pike,—afterward the celebrated Gen. Pike, who fell at York, Upper Canada, in 1813—was sent in 1805, to explore the sources of the Mississippi. Having set out late in the season, he proceeded to the mouth of the Crow Wing, where, winter having overtaken him, he erected a block-house for the protection of his men and stores, and proceeded in snow-shoes, with a small party, to Leech Lake and other places in that vicinity, and returned on the opening of navigation in the spring, without having fully accomplished the objects of his journey. During his absence, he purchased of the Indians the site where Fort Snelling, the first American establishment in Minnesota, was founded in 1819.

In the year 1806, he was sent on another exploring expedition, by the United States Government, with a party of men, in the course of which, he traveled southwestward from the mouth of the Missouri up the Arkansas, with directions to pass to the sources of that stream, for which those of the Canadian were then mistaken. He, however, even passed around the head of the latter; and crossing the mountain with an almost incredible degree of peril and suffering, descended upon the Rio del Norte with his little party, then but

fifteen in number. Believing himself now upon Red River, within the then assumed bounds of the United States, he erected a small fortification for his company until the opening of the spring of 1807 should enable him to continue his descent to Natchitoches.

As he was within the Mexican territory, however, and but about seventy miles from the northern settlements, his position was soon discovered, and a force sent out to take him into Santa Fe, which, by a treacherous manuever, was effected without opposition. The Spanish officer assured him that the governor, learning that he had missed his way, had sent animals and an escort to convey his men and baggage to a navigable point on Red River (Rio Colorado), and that his excellency desired very much to see him at Santa Fe, which might be taken on their way. As soon, however, as the governor had him in his power, he sent him with his men to the Commandant-General at Chihuahua, when most of his papers were seized and he and his party were sent under an escort, via San Antonio de Bexar, to the United States.

The Red and Washita rivers were at the same time explored to a considerable distance from the Mississippi, by Messrs. Dunbar, Hunter, and Sibley, whose journals, as well as those of Pike, Lewis, and Clark, were subsequently published, and contain many interesting descriptions of those parts of America.

Thus within three or four years after Louisiana came into the possession of the United States, it ceased to be an unknown region, and the principal features of the country drained by the Columbia were displayed.

ADVENTURE OF COLTER.

On the arrival of the exploratory party of Lewis and Clark at the head waters of the Missouri, Colter, one of the guides, obtained permission for himself and another hunter, by the name of Potts, to remain awhile and hunt for beaver. Aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day.

They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek which they were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted the noise was occasioned by buffaloes, and they proceeded on. In a few minutes afterward, their doubts were removed by the appearance of about five or six hundred Indians on both sides of the creek, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe to the shore, and at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who was a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded." Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly leveled his rifle at an Indian and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effect of sudden, but sound enough reasoning; for if taken alive, he must have expected to have been tortured to death, according to the Indian custom, and

in this respect, the Indians in this region excelled all others in the ingenuity they displayed in torturing their prisoners.* He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use the language of Colter, "he was made a riddle of."

They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at, but the chief interfered, and seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast? Colter, who had been some time among the Kee Katsa, or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs. He knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and these armed Indians; he therefore cunningly replied that he was a very bad runner, although in truth he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift.

The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards and released him, bidding him *to save himself if he could.* At that instant the war-whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which he himself was surprised. He proceeded toward Jefferson's Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he every instant was treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half-way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than a hundred yards from him.

A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter; he derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility, but that confidence was nearly fatal to him; for he exerted himself to such a degree that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the forepart of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sounds of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head

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* The Flathead Indians, who reside in Oregon, and the Blackfoot tribe, who hunt at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, are almost continually at war with each other. An English traveler who remained a considerable time among the former, has given a description of the method of torturing their prisoners. A chief of the Blackfoot tribe having been taken captive in one of their wars, was condemned to death; and the Englishman repaired to camp to witness the frightful spectacle. The prisoner was fastened to a tree. The Flatheads, after heating an old gun-barrel red-hot, burnt with it successively, his legs, thighs, stomach, cheeks, and belly; and then cut the flesh around his nails, which they tore out; and afterward cut off his fingers joint by joint.

During this horrible torment the prisoner did not shrink in the least, nor testify the slightest emotion. Instead of crying for mercy and uttering groans, he endeavored to excite the barbarous ingenuity of his executioners by taunts and the most insulting reproaches. One of the Flatheads rushed upon him, and in an instant with his knife scooped out one of his eyes and clove his nose in two. But the poor fellow did not desist from his provocations:—"I killed your brother," he cried. "I tore off the gray scalp of your father." The warrior to whom he spoke, again rushed upon him and tore off his scalp, and was about to plunge a knife into his heart, when the voice of his chief forbade him.

With his naked skull, his cloven nose, and the blood streaming from the socket of his eye, the intrepid Blackfoot offered a hideous spectacle; notwithstanding which, in this terrible condition, he continued to heap reproaches and outrageous insults upon his foes. "It was I," said he to the chief, "who took your wife prisoner! We tore out her eyes and tongue! We treated her like a dog! Forty of our young warriors,"——He had not time to finish what he was going to say; for at the mention of his wife, the fury of the chief broke through all bounds, and seizing his rifle he put an end at once to the insults which he, the prisoner, uttered, and the sufferings he endured.

These cruelties were even surpassed by those that were exercised on the female prisoners; and it must be owned, that the Flathead women showed a more fiendish barbarity than the men. The details of the tortures which they inflicted are too horrible to be described, save with a pen dipped in blood.

and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned around and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised at the suddenness of the action, and perhaps at the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop; but exhausted with running, he fell while attempting to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground and broke in his hand. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight.

The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped until others came up to join them and then gave a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who although fainting and exhausted succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton-wood trees on the borders of the Fork, to which he ran and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper point of which, a raft of drift timber had lodged; he dived under the raft, and after several efforts got his head above water, among the trunks of trees covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, "like so many devils."

They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night, when hearing no more from the Indians, he dived from under the raft and swam instantly down the river to a considerable distance, when he landed and traveled all night. Although happy in having escaped from the Indians his situation was still dreadful; he was completely naked, under a burning sun; the soles of his feet were filled with the thorns of the prickly pear; he was hungry and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him and was at a great distance from the nearest settlement. Almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired under such circumstances. The fortitude of Colter remained unshaken. After seven days' sore travel, during which he had no other sustenance than the root, known by naturalists under the name of *psoralea esculenta*, he at length arrived in safety at Lisa's Fort, on the Big Horn branch of the Roche Jaune or Yellow Stone River.

BURR'S CONSPIRACY.

In 1805, Aaron Burr first made his appearance in the West. With a conscience racked with remorse for the murder of Hamilton in a duel, and politically disgraced by his quarrel with President Jefferson, he sought the West to bury his anguish and disgrace in active schemes of unhallowed ambition. At this time, the affairs of the United States with Spain, were in an embarrassing state. In the spring of 1806, their forces advanced to the Sabine, and Gen. Wilkinson, commander of the United States troops in Louisiana, had orders to repel them if they should cross the river. At this time, Burr again appeared in the West, passing most of his time at Blannerhasset's Island, but being seen in Kentucky and Tennessee. His plans appear to have been threefold:—

First.—To ascertain the sentiments of the people of the West upon the subject of a separation from the Atlantic States, and, if favorable, to have attempted to erect a separate republic in the West, of which, he was to be the head, and New Orleans the capital.

Secondly.—To raise a force and make arrangements for a private expedi-

tion against Mexico and the Spanish provinces, in the event of a war between the United States and Spain, which, at that time, seemed inevitable.

Thirdly.—In the event of the failure of both of these measures, to purchase a tract of land of Baron Bastrop, lying on the Washita River, in Louisiana, upon which he contemplated the establishment of a colony of wealthy and intelligent individuals, where he might rear around him a society remarkable for its elegance and refinement.

The unsettled relations with Spain, presented a specious cloak to his enterprise in that quarter, and enabled him to give to each person addressed, such representations of his plans as best suited their character. To the daring youth of the West, desirous of military adventure, he could represent it as an expedition against a nation with whom the United States would shortly be at war,—that government would *connive* at it, but could not openly countenance it until hostilities actually commenced. There is but little doubt, but that many concurred in the enterprise without being aware of its treasonable character, while to others, all his schemes were exposed in their full deformity.

In the prosecution of his object, he applied himself with all his great powers of address, to any one who would be useful to him in his schemes. Among a large number of persons whom he enlisted, was Herman Blannerhasset, an Irish gentleman of wealth, residing on a beautiful island on the Ohio, twelve miles below Marietta. He molded him to his purpose, and obtained a complete command of his ample fortune.

The scheme of separation from the Atlantic States, had been too much agitated in Kentucky, not to have left some materials for Burr to rally upon, and he neglected no opportunity to work upon the fragments of the old party. Not only in that State, but in every State and Territory in the West, from western Pennsylvania down to Louisiana, he gained a large number of adherents to the cause, among whom were some of the leading men of the country.

During the summer of 1806, the public mind in the West became agitated by rumors of secret expeditions and conspiracies, in which Burr and others were implicated, but all were wrapped in mystery and doubt. In the following November, Burr was seized at Lexington, Kentucky, and arraigned before the United States Court, to answer to a charge of a high misdemeanor, in organizing a military expedition against a power with whom the United States were at peace. He was defended by the Hon. Henry Clay, on his first assuring him upon *his honor*, that he was engaged in no design contrary to the laws and peace of the country. The arrest was premature, and owing to the absence of important witnesses, he was acquitted. Yet, at that very time, an armed force in his service, occupied Blannerhasset's Island, and a large number of boats had been built on the Muskingum, and were then at Marietta, laden with provisions and military stores.

All danger of collision with Spain, had, ere this, been removed; but Burr, notwithstanding, adhered to his original design. President Jefferson, who had been kept fully advised by Gen. Wilkinson of Burr's movements, on the 25th of November, issued a proclamation denouncing the enterprise, and warning the West against it. This proclamation reached Ohio about the 1st of December, and soon after, by the orders of the governor of that State, the boats of Burr on the Muskingum, were seized. At the same time, the Virginia militia, of Wood County, lying opposite Blannerhasset's Island, took possession of the mansion of Blannerhasset. The owner, however, succeeded in effecting his escape down the Ohio, in one of his boats. Burr, in the meanwhile, had gone to Nashville; but before the proclamation had reached Tennessee had descended the Cumberland, with two boats laden with

provisions and a few adherents. At the mouth of that river, his forces congregated, and from thence, they proceeded down the Mississippi, in a flotilla of eleven boats.

His adherents at this time, had dwindled to but a comparatively small number. A part of his original confederates had been engaged simply as settlers of Bastrop's lands, but the greater number were engaged under the express assurance, that the projected enterprise was against Mexico, and secretly authorized by government. Many expressly enlisted in the name of the United States. The proclamation, as it reached the different parts of the West, undeceived both of these classes, and, of course, drew them off from any participation in the enterprise.

The West had now become thoroughly aroused to the true nature of the conspiracy. The authorities of the different States and Territories on the Ohio and the Mississippi, had ordered out the militia for the apprehension of the parties; and from Pittsburgh to the Gulf, the most rigid measures had been adopted, to give an effectual check to the further progress of the expedition.

Gen. Wilkinson, who commanded the United States forces in the West, had been Burr's confident in his schemes. Burr and his principal confederates, carried on a continual correspondence with that officer in cypher, during the formation and execution of his plans. What Wilkinson's original intentions were, is a matter of conjecture; but it is certain that he acted treacherous toward Burr, as during this time, he informed Jefferson of all the movements of the conspirators, and became, at length, the most active person in arresting those who were supposed to have been connected with it. It is probable, that he first favored Burr from ambitious motives, determining to be governed by circumstances in his ulterior movements. If war should occur with Spain, then, as a military man, there would be an opportunity, in connection with Burr, to win distinction in a campaign against Mexico; but if not, there was a chance of his gaining eclat by exposing a conspiracy dangerous to the welfare of his country.

Confident of the aid of Wilkinson, and of the forces under his command, Burr continued his exertions, notwithstanding all prospects of a war with Spain had ceased, and in spite of the proclamation of the President, and the efforts of the Governors of the various States and Territories of the West, to deter him.

In January (1807), the flotilla of Burr had arrived at Bayou Pierre, on the Lower Mississippi. He was there seized by the order of Cowles Mead, the acting Governor of Mississippi, and conducted to the town of Washington. Burr, shortly after, managed to escape from custody, and a reward of two thousand dollars was offered for his apprehension. In the meantime, several arrests of the supposed accomplices of Burr, were made at Fort Adams and New Orleans. Among these, were Bollman (the celebrated deliverer of Lafayette), Ogden, Swartwout, Dayton, Smith, Alexander and Gen. Adair, against whom the most rigid and unjustifiable authority was exercised by Gen. Wilkinson, in many cases upon bare suspicion.

Late at night, about the 1st of February, a man in the garb of a boatman, with a single companion, arrived at the door of a small log tavern, in the backwoods of Alabama, and inquired the way to a Col. Hinson's, who resided in the neighborhood. Col. Nicholas Perkins observed by the light of the fire, that the stranger, although coarsely dressed, possessed a countenance of unusual intelligence, and an eye of sparkling brilliancy. The tidy boot, which his vanity could not surrender with his other articles of finer clothing, attracted Perkin's attention, and led him truly to conclude, that the mysteri-

ous stranger was none other than the famous Col. Burr, described in the proclamation of the Governor.

That night, Perkins started for Fort Stoddart, on the Tombigbee, and communicated his suspicions to the late Gen. Edmund P. Gaines, then the lieutenant in command. The next day, accompanied by Perkins and a file of mounted soldiers, Gaines started in pursuit of Burr, and arrested him on his journey. Burr attempted to intimidate Gaines; but the resolute young officer was firm, and told him he must accompany him to his quarters, where he would be treated with all the respect due the ex-Vice President of the United States.

About three weeks after, Gaines sent Burr a prisoner to Richmond, with a sufficient guard, the command of which was given to Perkins. They were all men whom Perkins had selected, and upon whom he could rely in every emergency. He took them aside, and obtained the most solemn pledges, that upon the whole route they would hold no interviews with Burr, nor suffer him to escape alive. Perkins knew the fascinations of Burr, and he feared his familiarity with his men,—indeed, he feared the same influences upon himself.

Each man carried provisions for himself, and some for the prisoner. They were all well mounted and armed. On the last of February, they set out on their long and perilous journey. To what an extremity was Burr now reduced! In the boundless wilds of Alabama, with none to hold converse; surrounded by a guard to whom he dared not speak; a prisoner of the United States, for whose liberties he had fought; his fortune swept away; the magnificent scheme for the conquest of Mexico broken up; slandered and hunted down from one end of the Union to another. These were considerations to crush an ordinary man; but his was no common mind; and the characteristic fortitude and determination which had ever marked his course, still sustained him in the darkest hour.

In their journey through Alabama, they always slept in the woods, and after a hastily prepared breakfast, it was their custom to again remount and march on in gloomy silence. Burr was a splendid rider, and in his rough garb, he bestrode his horse as elegantly, and his large dark eyes flashed as brightly, as though he were at the head of his New York regiment. He was always a hardy traveler, and though wet for hours together, with cold and drizzling rains, riding forty miles a day, and at night stretched on a pallet upon the ground, he never uttered one word of complaint.

A few miles beyond Fort Wilkinson, they were, for the first time, sheltered under a roof,—a tavern kept by one Bevin. While they were seated around the fire awaiting breakfast, the inquisitive host inquired "if *the traitor* Burr had been taken?" "Was he not a bad man?" "Wasn't every body afraid of him?" Perkins and his party were very much annoyed, and made no reply. Burr was sitting in the corner by the fire, with his head down; and after listening to the inquisitiveness of Bevin until he could endure it no longer, he raised himself up, and planting his fiery eyes upon him, said:—

"*I am Aaron Burr; what is it you want with me?*"

Bevin, struck with his appearance,—the keenness of his look, and the solemnity and dignity of his manner, stood aghast, and trembled like a leaf. He uttered not another word while the guard remained at his house.

When they reached the confines of South Carolina, Perkins watched Burr more closely than ever, for his son-in-law, Colonel, afterward Governor Alston, a gentleman of talents and influence, resided in this State. He was obliged, in a great measure, to avoid the towns, for fear of a rescue. Before

entering the town of Chester, in that State, the party halted, and surrounding Burr, proceeded on, and passed near a tavern where many persons were standing; while music and dancing were heard in the house. Burr conceived it a favorable opportunity for escape, and suddenly dismounting, exclaimed:

"I am Aaron Burr, under military arrest, and claim protection from the civil authorities!"

Perkins leaped from his horse, with several of his men, and ordered him to remount.

"*I will not!*" replied Burr.

Not wishing to shoot him, Perkins threw down his pistols, and being a man of prodigious strength, and the prisoner a small man, seized him around the waist, and placed him in the saddle, as though he was a child. Thomas Malone, one of the guard, caught the reins of the bridle, slipped them over the horse's head, and led him rapidly on. The astonished citizens, when Burr dismounted, and the guards cocked their pistols, ran within the piazza to escape from danger.

Burr was still, to some extent, popular in South Carolina; and any wavering or timidity on the part of Perkins, would have lost him his prisoner; but the celerity of his movements, gave the people no time to reflect, before he was far in the outskirts of the village. Here the guard halted. Burr was highly excited; he was in tears! The kind-hearted Malone also wept, at seeing the uncontrollable despondency of him who had, hitherto, proved almost iron-hearted. It was the first time any one had ever seen Aaron Burr unmanned.

On Burr's arrival at Richmond, the ladies of the city vied with each other in contributing to his comfort. Some sent him fruit; some clothes; some one thing; some another.

Burr was tried before the Supreme Court of the United States, at Richmond, for treason, and found not guilty, though the popular voice continued to regard him as a traitor. Failing to convict the principal, the numerous confederates of Burr were never brought to trial, and were discharged from custody.

After his trial, Burr went abroad, virtually a banished man. He was still full of his schemes against Mexico, and, unsuccessfully, attempted to enlist England, and then France, in these projects. Here his funds failed. He had no friends to apply to, and was forced to borrow, on one occasion, a couple of sous from a cigar woman, on the corner of the street.

At last, he returned to New York, but in how different a guise from the days of his glory! No cannon thundered at his coming; no crowd thronged along the quay. Men gazed suspiciously upon him, as he walked along, or crossed the street to avoid him, as one having the pestilence. But he was not, he thought, wholly destitute. His daughter, who devotedly clung to him through all his trials, still lived; his heart yearned to clasp her to his bosom. She left Charleston, South Carolina, accordingly, to meet him. But although more than thirty years have elapsed, no tidings of the pilot boat, on which she sailed, have ever been received. Weeks grew into months, and months glided into years, but her father and husband watched in vain for her coming. Whether the vessel perished by conflagration—whether it foundered in a gale, or whether it was taken by pirates, and all on board murdered, will never be known until the great day, when the sea shall give up its dead.

It is said that this blow broke the heart of Burr, and that, though in public he maintained a proud equanimity, in private, tears forced themselves down his furrowed cheeks. He lived thirty years after this event; but in his own words, "felt severed from the human race." He had neither brother nor

sister, nor lineal descendant. No man ever called him by the endearing name of friend. The weight of fourscore years was on his brow. He was racked by disease. At last death, so long desired, came, but it is said in a miserable lodging and alone. Was there ever such a retribution?

Scarcely less melancholy was the fate of his principal victim, Herman Blannerhasset. This gentleman was born in England, of Irish parents, in 1767, and was educated for the bar. He married Miss Adeline Agnew, a grand-daughter of the Gen. Agnew, who was with Wolfe at Quebec. She was a lady of fine accomplishments, of great personal beauty, and fully merited the celebrated encomium of Wirt. Strongly imbued with republican principles, Blannerhasset emigrated to the United States, and commenced improvements about the year 1798, upon the beautiful island which bears his name, where he reared a mansion which became the abode of elegant hospitality. He was a fine scholar, and refined in taste and manners. Possessing an ample fortune, a beautiful and accomplished wife, and children just budding into life, he seemed surrounded with everything which can make existence desirable and happy.

In 1805, Aaron Burr sailing down the Ohio landed, uninvited, on the island, where he was received with frank hospitality. He again visited the island, and enticed Blannerhasset into his plans. When the Virginia militia took possession of the island, in 1806, the mob spirit ran riot, and great injury was done to the grounds, and the dwelling, and its furniture. In 1811, the work of devastation was completed by a fire, which destroyed the mansion.

At the time of the trial of Burr, Blannerhasset was arrested, and placed in the penitentiary at Richmond. When he was set at liberty, he was nearly ruined in fortune by the advances he had made to Burr. He then settled on a cotton plantation in Mississippi, and there was a prospect of his being enabled to regain his lost fortune; but the war of 1812 broke out, and cotton falling to a merely nominal price, and his numerous creditors pressing upon him, he was about to despair, when an old friend, the acting governor of Canada, hearing of his critical situation, offered him a judgeship in one of the provincial courts. He accordingly emigrated to Canada, and upon arriving there found that the capriciousness of the British ministry had removed his friend from office. He was now hopelessly cast upon the world, at an advanced age, without health and energy, and almost entirely destitute. As a last resort, he sailed for Europe to prosecute a reversionary claim, still existing in Ireland, regarded by him with indifference in the days of his affluence.

Through the influence of friends also, he hoped to obtain an office under the English government, by which he might more readily obtain the means of conducting his suit. He applied for an office to Lord Anglesey, but he coldly repelled the solicitations of his old schoolmate. His plans all frustrated, he removed to the island of Guernsey, where, in 1831, wearied with the turmoil of life, he sank to his eternal rest, in the 63d year of his age. His faithful wife returned to the United States to procure indemnity from Congress for spoliations upon their property by the militia. But before the claim could be considered, she died in abject poverty, in an humble abode in the city of New York. In her last hours, she was surrounded by strangers, and the recipient of their charity; and her remains were escorted to their final resting-place, by some humble Irish females.

THE GREAT PRAIRIE WILDERNESS.

WHAT has been termed the Great Prairie Wilderness, is the vast territory lying between the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, and the Upper Mississippi, on the east, and the Black Hills and the eastern range of the Rocky and the Cordillera mountains on the west. About a thousand miles of longitude and near two thousand miles of latitude, equaling the combined area of several of the powerful Empires of Europe, and that, too, of an almost continuous plain. The sublime Prairie Wilderness!

The portion of this vast region, two hundred miles in width, along the coast of Texas and the frontier of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, and that lying within the same distance of the Upper Mississippi in Iowa, possesses a rich, deep alluvial soil, capable of producing the most abundant crops of the grains, vegetables, &c., that grow in such latitudes.

Another portion, lying west of the irregular western line of that just described, five hundred miles in width, extending from the mouth of St. Peters or Minnesota River to the Rio del Norte, is an almost unbroken plain, destitute of trees, save here and there one scattered at intervals for many miles along the banks of the streams. The soil, except the intervals of some of the rivers, is composed of coarse sand and clay, so thin and hard that it is difficult for travelers to penetrate it with the stakes they carry with them wherewithal to fasten their animals, or spread their tents. Nevertheless it is covered thickly with an extremely nutritious grass peculiar to this region of country, the blades of which are wiry, and about two inches in height.

The remainder of the Great Wilderness, lying three hundred miles in width along the eastern base of the Black Hills, and that part of the Rocky mountains between the Platte and the Arkansas and the Cordilleras range east of the Rio del Norte, is the arid waste usually called the *Great American Desert*. Its soil is composed of dark gravel mixed with sand. Some small portions of it on the banks of the streams, are covered with tall prairie and bunch grass; others, with wild wormwood; but even these kinds of vegetation decrease and finally disappear as you approach the mountains. A scene of desolation scarcely equaled on the continent is this, when viewed in the dearth of midsummer from the bases of the hills. Above you rise in sublime confusion, mass upon mass, of shattered cliffs, through which are struggling the dark foliage of stinted shrub cedars; while below you spreads far and wide the burnt and arid desert, whose solemn silence is seldom broken by the tread of any other animal than the wolf or the starved and thirsty horse that bears the traveler across its wastes.

The principal streams that intersect the Great Prairie Wilderness, are the Colorado, the Brasos, Trinity, Red, Arkansas, Great Platte, and the Missouri. The latter is in many respects a noble stream. In the month of April, May, and June, it is navigable for steamboats to the Great Falls; but the scarcity of water during the remainder of the year, the scarcity of wood and coal along its banks, its rapid current, its winding course, its falling banks, the timber imbedded in its channel, and its constantly shifting sand-bars, will ever prevent its being extensively navigated. Above the mouth of the Little Missouri and in the tributaries there flowing into it, are said to be many charming and productive valleys separated from each other by secondary rocky ridges sparsely covered with evergreens; and high over all, far in the southwest, west, and northwest, tower in view the Rocky mountains, whose inexhaustible magazines of snow and ice have for ages supplied these valleys with refreshing springs and those vast rivers with their tribute to the seas.

Lewis and Clark in their way to Oregon in 1805, made the passage at the Great Falls of the Missouri thirteen miles, in which distance the water descended three hundred and fifty-two feet, the greatest pitch being ninety-eight feet. They ascended to the extreme head of navigation, making from the mouth of the Missouri from whence they started, 3096 miles—four hundred and twenty-nine of which lay among the sublime crags and cliffs of the Rocky mountains.

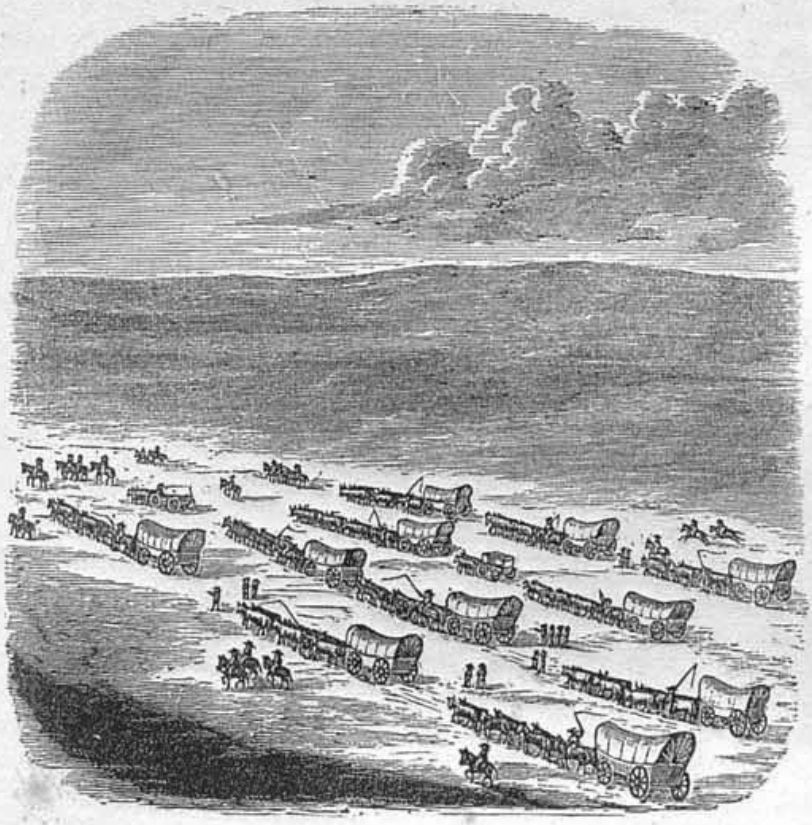
The Great Platte or Nebraska has a course by its northern fork of about 1500 miles, and by its southern somewhat more. During the summer and autumn it is too shallow to float even a canoe; and in winter is bound with ice. But it is of great value as the route of overland emigration to California and Oregon. Loaded wagons pass without serious interruption, from the mouth of the Platte to navigable waters on the Columbia in Oregon, and the Bay of San Francisco in California. The Platte, therefore, when considered in relation to our intercourse with the habitable countries in the Western Ocean, assumes an unequaled importance among the streams of the Great Western Wilderness! But for it, it would be impossible for man or beast to travel those arid plains, destitute alike of wood, water, and grass, save what of each is found along its course. Upon the head waters of the North fork too, is the only way or opening in the Rocky mountains at all practicable for a carriage road through them. That traversed by Lewis and Clark is covered with perpetual snow; that near the passage of the South fork of the river is over high and nearly impassable precipices; and that farther south is, and ever will be, impassable for wheel carriages. But the Great Gap or "the South Pass," nearly in a right line between the mouth of Missouri and Fort Hall on Clark's River,—the point near where the trails to California and Oregon diverge—seems designed by nature as the great gateway between the nations on the Atlantic and Pacific seas.

The Red River has a course of about 1500 miles, and derives its name from the color of its waters, produced by a rich, red earth or marl in its banks, far up in the Prairie Wilderness. So abundant is this in the waters, that during the spring freshets it leaves a deposit on the overflowed lands of half an inch in thickness. Three hundred miles from its mouth commences what is called *the Raft*, a covering formed by drift wood, which conceals the whole river for forty miles, and is so thickly covered with the sediment of the stream that vegetation, even trees of a considerable size are growing upon it. For seven hundred miles above the raft, the river is one series of sand-bars, among which in summer the water stands in ponds. As you approach the mountains it becomes contracted within narrow limits over a gravelly bottom and a swift, clear, and abundant stream.

The Trinity, the Brasos, and the Rio Colorado have each a course of about 1200 miles, rising in the plains and mountains on the north and north-west of Texas, and running south and south-east into the Gulf of Mexico. The Rio Bravo del Norte bounds the Great Prairie Wilderness on the south and south-west. It is near 2000 miles long, but it is shallow, and for most of its course scarcely navigable at times for even the canoe of the Indian.

The Arkansas, after the Missouri, is the most considerable river of the Great Prairie Wilderness. It takes its rise among the mountains, in places there passing through charming valleys, and again through awful chasms. Its total length is 2173 miles. In freshets large and heavy boats can pass from its mouth to where the river escapes from the mountains. In the dry season its waters are strongly impregnated with salt and niter.

The trials of a journey across the Great Prairie Wilderness, and thence over the mountains through the western wilderness beyond, can never be



CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS.

A caravan of emigrants crossing the Great American Desert, on their route to California and Oregon.



detailed in words; to be understood, they must be endured. The desolation of one kind and another which meets the eye everywhere; the sense of vastness associated with dearth and barrenness; one half the time on foot treading on the flinty gravel and the thorns of the prickly pear along the unbroken way; and the starvings and thirstings wilt the muscles, send preternatural activity into the nervous system, and through the whole animal and mental economy a feebleness and irritability altogether indescribable.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1811.

This memorable earthquake, after shaking the Mississippi valley to its center, vibrated along the courses of the rivers and villages, and passing the Alleghany mountains died away along the shores of the Atlantic Ocean.

The town of New Madrid in the southern part of Missouri, on the west bank of the Mississippi and the settlement of New Prairie some thirty miles below it, appeared to be near the center of the most violent shocks. The first occurred on the night of the 15th of December, and they were repeated at intervals for two or three months. A gentleman who resided at New Madrid a few years later, derived from eye-witnesses a full account of these disturbances which he has recorded, as follows:—

From the accounts, I infer that the shock of these earthquakes must have equaled in their terrible heavings of the earth, anything of the kind that has been recorded. I do not believe that the public have ever yet had any idea of the violence of the concussions. We are accustomed to measure this by the buildings overturned, and the mortality that results. Here, the country was thinly settled. The houses, fortunately, were frail and of logs, the most difficult to overturn that could be constructed. Yet, as it was, whole tracks were plunged into the beds of the Mississippi. The graveyard at New Madrid, with all its sleeping tenants, was precipitated into the bed of the stream. Most of the houses were thrown down. Large lakes* of many miles in extent were made in an hour. Other lakes were drained. The whole country from the mouth of the Ohio in one direction, and to the St. Francis in another, including a front of three hundred miles, was convulsed to such a degree as to create lakes and islands, the number of which is not known. The trees split in the midst, lashed one with another, are still visible over great tracts of country, inclining in every direction and in every angle to the earth and the horizon. The people described the undulations of the earth as resembling waves, increasing in elevation as they advanced, and when they had attained a certain fearful height, the earth would burst, and vast volumes of water and sand and pit coal, would discharge as high as the tops of the trees. I have seen a hundred of these chasms, which remained fearfully deep, although in a very tender alluvial soil, after a lapse of seven years.

Whole districts were covered with white sand, so as to become uninhabitable. The water at first covered the whole country, particularly at the Little Prairie; and indeed, it must have been a scene of horror, in these deep forests and in the gloom of the darkest night, and by wading in the water to

* One of the lakes formed on this occasion, is sixty or seventy miles in length, and from three to twenty in breadth, and although in some places very shallow, yet in others from fifty to one hundred feet deep. In skimming over its surface in the light canoe, the voyager is struck with astonishment at beholding cane brakes covering its bottom, and immense trees standing far below him, branchless and leafless.

the middle to fly from these concussions, which were occurring every few hours, with a noise equally terrible to beasts and birds as to men. The birds themselves lost all power and disposition to fly, and retreated to the bosoms of men, their fellow-sufferers in this general convulsion. A few persons sunk in these chasms and were providentially extricated. A number perished, who sunk with their boats in the Mississippi.* A bursting of the earth just below the village of New Madrid, arrested the mighty Mississippi in its course, and caused a reflux of its waves, by which in a little time, a great number of boats were swept by the ascending current into the mouth of the Bayou, carried out, and left upon the dry earth, when the accumulating waters of the river had again cleared their current.

There were a number of severe shocks, but two series of concussions were particularly terrible; far more so than the rest. The shocks were clearly distinguishable into two classes: those in which the motion was horizontal, and those in which it was perpendicular. The latter were attended with the explosions, and the terrible mixture of noises that preceded and accompanied the earthquakes in a louder degree, but were by no means so desolating and destructive as the other. Then the houses crumbled, the trees waved together, the ground sunk; while ever and anon vivid flashes of lightning gleaming through the troubled clouds of night, rendered the darkness doubly horrible. After the severest shocks, a dense black cloud of vapor overshadowed the land, through which no struggling sunbeam found its way to cheer the heart of man. The sulphurated gases that were discharged during the shocks tainted the air with their noxious effluvia, and so impregnated the water of the river for one hundred and fifty miles, as to render it unfit for use.

In the interval of the earthquakes, there was one evening, and that a brilliant and cloudless one, in which the western sky was a continued glare of repeated peals of subterranean thunder, seeming to proceed as the flashes did, from below the horizon. They remark that the night so conspicuous for subterranean thunder, was the same period in which the fatal earthquakes at Caracas in South America occurred, and they seem to suppose these flashes and that event, part of the same scene.

One result from these terrific phenomena was very obvious. The people of this village had been noted for their profligacy and impiety. In the midst of those scenes of terror, all, Catholics and Protestants, praying and profane, became of one religion and partook of one feeling. Two hundred people speaking English, French, and Spanish, crowded together, their visages pale, the mothers embracing their children,—as soon as the omen that preceded the earthquakes became visible, as soon as the air became a little obscured, as though a sudden mist arose from the east,—all, in their different languages and forms; but all deeply in earnest, betook themselves to the voice of prayer. The cattle, much terrified, crowded about the people seeking to demand protection or community of danger.

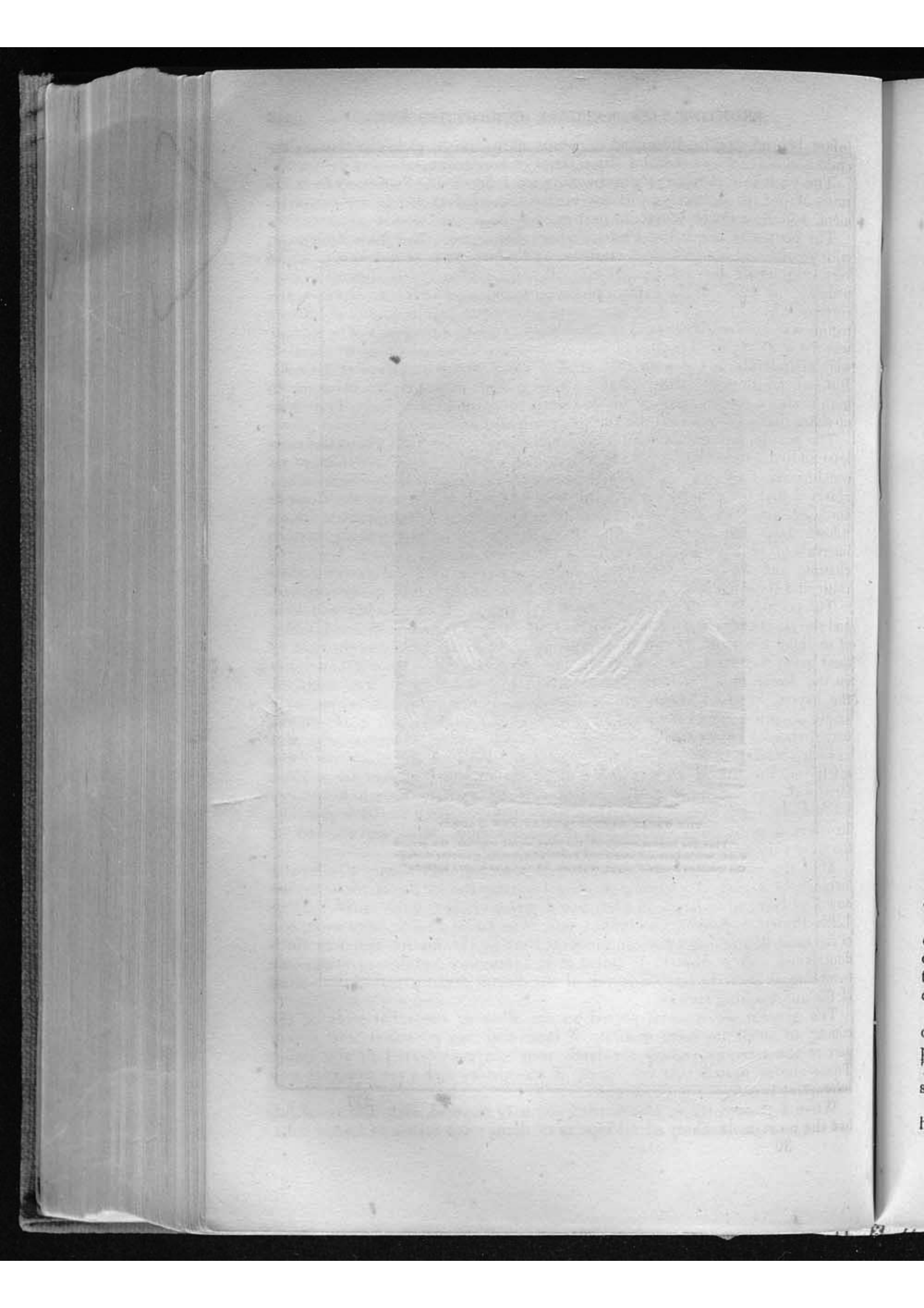
The general impulse when the shocks commenced, was to run; and yet when they were at their severest point of their motion, the people were thrown on the ground at almost every step. A French gentleman told me that in escaping from his house, the largest in the village, he found he had left an

* From the temporary check to the current, by the heaving up of the bottom, the sinking of the banks and sandbars into the bed of the stream, the river rose in a few minutes five or six feet; then as if impatient of restraint, again rushed forward as impetuous as if descending to plunge into a deep abyss. The unhappy crews of the boats near the shore, were overwhelmed, and many perished by the banks caving in upon them, and by the eddies and the whirlpools, from the counter currents.



THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT NEW MADRID

"Then the houses crumbled, the trees waved together, the ground sunk; while ever and anon vivid flashes of lightning, gleaming through the troubled clouds of night, rendered the darkness doubly horrible."



infant behind, and he attempted to mount up the raised piazza to recover the child and was thrown down a dozen times in succession.

The venerable lady in whose dwelling we lodged, was extricated from the ruins of her house, having lost everything that appertained to her establishment, which could be broken or destroyed.

The people at the Little Prairie, who suffered most, had their settlement, which consisted of a hundred families, and which was located in a rich and very deep fertile bottom, broken up. When I passed it and stopped to contemplate the traces of the catastrophe which remained after several years, the crevices where the earth had burst were sufficiently manifest, and the whole region was covered with sand to the depth of two or three feet. The surface was red with oxydized pyrites of iron, and the sand-blows, as they were called, were abundantly mixed with this kind of earth, and with pieces of pit-coal. But two families remained of the whole settlement. The object seems to have been, in the first paroxysms of alarm, to escape to the hills. The depth of water that soon covered the surface, precluded escape.

The people, without exception, were unlettered backwoodsmen, of the class least addicted to reasoning. And yet, it is remarkable, how ingeniously and conclusively they reasoned, from apprehension sharpened by fear. They observed that the chasms in the earth were in the direction from southwest to northeast, and they were of an extent to swallow up not only men but houses "down deep into the pit." And these chasms occurred frequently within intervals of half a mile. They felled the tallest trees at right angles to the chasms, and stationed themselves upon the felled trees. Meantime their cattle and their harvests, both there and at New Madrid, principally perished.

The people no longer dared to dwell in houses. They passed that winter and the succeeding one in bark booths and camps, like those of the Indians, of so light a texture as not to expose the inhabitants to danger in case of their being thrown down. Such numbers of laden boats were wrecked above on the Mississippi, and the lading driven into the eddy at the mouth of the bayou, at the village which makes the harbor, that the people were amply supplied with provision of every kind. Flour, beef, pork, bacon, butter, cheese, apples, in short everything that is carried down the river, was in such abundance, as scarcely to be matters of sale. Many boats that came safely into the bayou, were disposed of by the affrighted owners for a trifle; for the shocks continued daily; and the owners deeming the whole country below to be sunk, were glad to return to the upper country as fast as possible. In effect, a great many islands were sunk, new ones raised, and the bed of the river very much changed in every respect.

After the earthquake had moderated in violence, the country exhibited a melancholy aspect of chasms, of sand covering the earth, of trees thrown down, or lying at an angle of forty-five degrees, or split in the middle. The Little Prairie settlement was broken up. The Great Prairie settlement, one of the most flourishing before on the west bank of the Mississippi, was much diminished. New Madrid dwindled to insignificance and decay; the people trembling in their miserable hovels at the distant and melancholy rumbling of the approaching shocks.

The general government passed an act allowing the inhabitants of the country to locate the same quantity of lands that they possessed here, in any part of the territory, where the lands were not yet covered by any claim. These claims passed into the hands of speculators and were never of any substantial benefit to the possessors.

When I resided there, this district, formerly so level, rich, and beautiful, had the most melancholy of all aspects of decay—the tokens of former culti

vation and habitancy, which were now mementos of desolation and desertion. Large and beautiful orchards left uninclosed, houses deserted, deep chasms in the earth, obvious at frequent intervals. Such was the face of the country, although the people had for years become so accustomed to frequent and small shocks, which did no essential injury, that the lands were gradually rising again in value, and New Madrid was slowly rebuilding with frail buildings adapted to the apprehensions of the people.

VOYAGE OF THE FIRST WESTERN STEAMBOAT.

The first western steamboat, was the New Orleans, a craft of four hundred tons burden, which was built at Pittsburgh in 1811. The origin of this boat and the history of her first voyage, is thus given by Latrobe, from which it will be seen that she narrowly escaped being overwhelmed in the great earthquakes that signalized the latter part of that year in the annals of the west.

The complete success attending the experiments in steam navigation made on the Hudson, and the adjoining waters previous to the year 1809, turned the attention of the principal projectors to the idea of its application on the western waters; and in the month of April of that year, Mr. Rosevelt of New York, pursuant to an agreement with Chancellor Livingston and Mr. Fulton, visited those rivers with the purpose of forming an opinion whether they admitted of steam navigation or not. At this time two boats, the North River and the Clermont were running on the Hudson.

Mr. Rosevelt surveyed the rivers from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, and as his report was favorable, it was decided to build a boat at the former town. This was done under his direction, and in the course of 1811, the first boat was launched upon the waters of the Ohio. It was called the "New Orleans," and was intended to ply between Natchez and New Orleans. In October, it left Pittsburgh on its experimental voyage. On this occasion, no freight or passengers were taken, the object being merely to bring the boat to her station. Mr. Rosevelt, his young wife and family, Mr. Baker, the engineer, Andrew Jack, the pilot, and six hands with a few domestics, formed her whole burden. There were no woodyards at that time, and constant delays were unavoidable.

When as related, Mr. Rosevelt had gone down the river to reconnoiter, he had discovered two beds of coal, about one hundred and twenty miles below the rapids of Louisville, and now took tools to work them, intending to load the vessel with coal, and to employ it as fuel, instead of constantly detaining the boat while wood was procuring from the banks.

Late at night, on the fourth day after quitting Pittsburgh, they arrived in safety at Louisville, having been but seventy hours descending upward of seven hundred miles. The novel appearance of the vessel, and the fearful rapidity with which it made its passage over the broad reaches of the river, excited a mixture of terror and surprise among many of the settlers on the banks, whom the rumor of such an invention had never reached: and it is related, that on the unexpected arrival of the vessel before Louisville, in the course of a fine, still moonlight night, the extraordinary sound which filled the air as the pent up steam was suffered to escape from the valves, on rounding to, produced a general alarm, and multitudes in the town rose from their beds to ascertain the cause.

I have heard the general impression among the good Kentuckians, was,

that the comet had fallen into the Ohio; but this does not rest upon the same foundation as the other facts which I lay before you, and which I may at once say, I had directly from the lips of the parties themselves. The small depth of water in the rapids, prevented the boat from pursuing her voyage immediately; and during the consequent detention of three weeks in the upper part of the Ohio several trips were successfully made between Louisville and Cincinnati. In fine, the waters rose, and in the course of the last week in November, the voyage was resumed, the depth of water barely admitting their passage.

When they arrived about five miles above the Yellow Banks, they moved the boat opposite the first vein of coal, which was on the Indiana side, and had been purchased in the interim of the State government. They found a large quantity already quarried to their hand and conveyed to the shore by depredators who had not found means to carry it off, and with this they commenced loading the boat. While thus employed, our voyagers were accosted in great alarm by the squatters of the neighborhood, who inquired if they had not heard strange noises on the river and in the woods in the course of the preceding day, and perceived the shores shake—insisting that they had repeatedly felt the earth tremble.

Hitherto, nothing extraordinary had been perceived. The following day they pursued their monotonous voyage in those vast solitudes. The weather was observed to be oppressively hot; the air misty, still and dull; and though the sun was visible like a glowing ball of copper, his rays hardly shed more than a mournful twilight on the surface of the water. Evening drew nigh, and with it some indications of what was passing around them, became evident. And as they sat on deck, they ever and anon heard a rushing sound and violent splash, and saw large portions of the shore tearing away from the land and falling into the river. It was, as my informant said, an awful day; so still that you could have heard a pin drop on the deck! They spoke little, for every one on board appeared thunderstruck. The comet had disappeared about this time, which circumstance was noticed with awe by the crew.

The second day after leaving the Yellow Banks, the sun was over the forests, the same dim ball of fire, and the air was thick, dull, and oppressive as before. The portentous signs of this terrible natural convulsion continued and increased. The pilot, alarmed and confused, affirmed that he was lost, as he found the channel everywhere altered; and where he had hitherto known deep water, there lay numberless trees with their roots upward. The trees were seen waving and nodding on the bank, without a wind, but the adventurers had no choice but to continue their route. Toward evening they found themselves at loss for a place of shelter. They had usually brought to under the shore, but everywhere they saw the high banks disappearing, overwhelming many a flat-boat and raft, from which the owners had landed and escaped.

A large island in mid-channel, selected by the pilot as the better alternative, was sought for in vain, having disappeared entirely. Thus, in doubt and terror, they proceeded, hour after hour, until dark, when they found a small island, and moored themselves at its foot. Here they lay, keeping watch on deck during the long winter's night, listening to the sound of the waters, which roared and gurgled horribly around them; and hearing, from time to time, the rushing earth slide from the shore, and the commotion as the falling mass of earth and trees was swallowed up by the river. The lady of the party, a delicate female, who had just been confined on board as they lay off Louisville, was frequently awakened from her restless slumber by the jar given to the furniture and loose articles in the cabin, as several times in the

course of the night, the shock of the passing earth was communicated from the island to the bow of the vessel. It was a long night, but morning showed them that they were near the mouth of the Ohio. The shores and channel were now not recognizable, for everything seemed changed. About noon of that day, they reached the small town of New Madrid, on the right bank of the Mississippi. Here they found the inhabitants in the greatest distress and consternation; part of the population had fled, in terror, to the higher grounds, others prayed to be taken on board, as the earth was opening in fissures on every side, and their houses hourly falling around them.

Proceeding from thence, they found the Mississippi unusually swollen, turbid and full of trees, and after many days of great danger, though they felt and perceived no more of the earthquakes, they reached their destination at Natchez at the close of the first week in January, 1812, to the astonishment of all, the escape of the boat having been considered an impossibility.

The Orleans continued to run between New Orleans and Natchez, making her voyages to average seventeen days, until 1813 or '14, when she was wrecked near Baton Rouge by striking on a snag. In the course of the few years succeeding the construction of the Orleans, several other boats were built and launched upon the western rivers. Yet such was their want of success that the public had no faith that steamboat navigation would succeed upon the western waters, until the trip of the Washington in the spring of 1817, when she went from Louisville to New Orleans and returned in forty-five days. This boat was of four hundred tons burden, and was built at Wheeling under the direction of her captain, H. M. Shreve. "Her boilers," says Judge Hall in his Notes, "were on the upper deck, and she was the first boat on that plan, since so generally in use."

SKETCH OF TECUMSEH, AND THE INDIAN WAR OF 1811.

The celebrated Shawanee chief, Tecumseh, was born a few years before the war of the revolution, at the Indian village of Piqua, on Mad River, about six miles below the site of Springfield, Clark County, Ohio. His tribe removed from Florida about the middle of the last century. His father, who was a chief, fell at the bloody battle of Point Pleasant, in 1774. From his youth, he showed a passion for war; he early acquired an unbounded influence over his tribe from his bravery, his sense of justice, and his commanding eloquence. Like his great prototype, Pontiac, humanity was a prominent trait in his character. He not only was never known to ill-treat or murder a prisoner, but indignantly denounced those who did, employing all his authority and eloquence in behalf of the helpless. In 1798, Tecumseh removed with his followers to the vicinity of White River, Indiana, among the Delawares, where he remained for a number of years. In 1805, through the influence of Laulewasikaw, the brother of Tecumseh, a large number of Shawanees established themselves at Greenville. Very soon after, Laulewasikaw assumed the office of a *prophet;* and forthwith commenced that career of cunning and pretended sorcery, which enabled him to sway the Indian mind in a wonderful degree. Throughout the year 1806, the brothers remained at Greenville, and were visited by many Indians from different tribes, not a few of whom became their followers. The Prophet dreamed many wonderful dreams, and claimed to have had many supernatural revelations made to him; the great eclipse of the sun which occurred in the summer of this year, a knowledge of which he had by some means attained, enabled him to carry conviction to the minds of many of his ignorant followers, that he

was really the earthly agent of the Great Spirit. He boldly announced to the unbelievers, that on a certain day, he would give them proof of his supernatural powers, by bringing darkness over the sun; when the day and hour of the eclipse arrived, and the earth, even at mid-day, was shrouded in the gloom of twilight, the Prophet, standing in the midst of his party, significantly pointed to the heavens, and cried out, "Did I not prophesy truly? Behold! darkness has shrouded the sun!" It may readily be supposed that this striking phenomenon, thus adroitly used, produced a strong impression on the Indians, and greatly increased their belief in the sacred character of their Prophet.

In the spring of 1808, Tecumseh and the Prophet removed to a tract of land on the Tippecanoe, a tributary of the Wabash, where the latter continued his efforts to induce the Indians to forsake their vicious habits, while Tecumseh was visiting the neighboring tribes and quietly strengthening his own and the Prophet's influence over them. The events of the early part of the year 1810, were such as to leave but little doubt of the hostile intentions of the brothers; the Prophet was apparently the most prominent actor, while Tecumseh was in reality the main spring of all the movements, backed, it is supposed, by the insidious influence of British agents, who supplied the Indians gratis with powder and ball, in anticipation, perhaps, of hostilities between the two countries, in which event a union of all the tribes against the Americans was desirable. Tecumseh had opposed the sale and cession of lands to the United States, and declared it to be his unalterable resolution to take a stand against the further intrusion of the whites upon the soil of his people. By various acts, the feelings of Tecumseh became more and more evident; in August, he having visited Vincennes, to see the governor, two successive councils were held, by which the real position of affairs was ascertained.

The undoubted purpose of the brothers now being known, Governor Harrison proceeded to prepare for the contest he knew must ensue. In June of the year following (1811), he sent a message to the Shawanees, bidding them beware of hostilities, to which Tecumseh gave a brief reply, promising to visit the governor. This visit he paid in July, accompanied by three hundred followers.

This council proving unsatisfactory, and Tecumseh soon after going south among the Creeks with the avowed purpose of extending his confederacy, the people of Indiana became greatly alarmed, and Governor Harrison therefore took measures to increase his regular force. His plan was to again warn the Indians to obey the treaty of Greenville, but, at the same time prepare to break up the Prophet's establishment if necessary. In September, the Prophet sent assurances to the Governor that his intentions were pacific. About the same time, he dispatched a message to the Delawares, who were friendly, to join him in a war against the United States, stating that he had taken up the tomahawk, and would not lay it down but with his life, unless their wrongs were redressed. The Delaware chiefs immediately visited the Prophet to dissuade him from commencing hostilities; and were grossly insulted. On the 6th of November, 1811, Governor Harrison, with about nine hundred and fifty effective troops, composed of two hundred and fifty of the 4th Regiment U. S. Infantry, one hundred and thirty volunteers, and a body of militia, being within a mile and a half of the Prophet's town, was urged to make an immediate assault upon the village; but this he declined, as his instructions from the President were positive not to attack the Indians as long as there was a probability of their complying with the demands of government. The Indians, in the course of the day, endeavored to cut off his messengers and

evinced other hostile symptoms, which determined Harrison to march at once upon the town, when he was met by three Indians, one of them a principal counselor of the Prophet, who stated that the Prophet's intentions were pacific. Accordingly, a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon, and the terms of peace were to be settled the following morning by the governor and his chiefs. At night, the army encamped about three quarters of a mile from the Prophet's town.

Battle of Tippecanoe.—The governor was perfectly convinced of the hostility of the Prophet. He believed that they intended to attack him by treachery, after having first lulled his suspicions by a pretended treaty, which had, indeed, been their original intention. No one anticipated an attack that night, yet every precaution was taken to resist one if made. All the guards that could be used in such a situation, and all such as were used by Wayne, were employed on this occasion. That is, camp guards, furnishing a chain of sentinels around the whole camp, at such a distance as to give notice of the approach of an enemy in time for the troops to take their position, and yet not far enough to prevent the sentinels from retreating to the main body if overpowered. The usual mode in civilized warfare of stationing picquet-guards at a considerable distance in advance of an army leading to it, would be useless in Indian warfare, as they do not require roads to march upon, and such guards would always be cut off. Orders were given in the event of a night attack, for each corps to maintain its position, at all hazards, until relieved or further orders were given to it. The whole army was kept during the night, in the military position which is called, lying on their arms. The regular troops lay in their tents, with their accouterments on, and their arms by their sides. The militia had no tents, but slept with their clothes and pouches on, and their guns under them, to keep them dry. The order of the encampment was the order of battle, for a night attack; and as every man slept opposite to his post in the line, there was nothing for the troops to do, in case of an assault, but to rise and take their position a few steps in the rear of the fires around which they had reposed. The guard of the night consisted of two captains' commands of forty-two men, and four non-commissioned officers each; and two subalterns' guards of twenty men and non-commissioned officers each—the whole amounting to about one hundred and thirty men, under the command of a field officer of the day.—The night was dark and cloudy, and after midnight there was a drizzling rain.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 7th, Governor Harrison, according to practice, had risen, preparatory to the calling up the troops; and was engaged, while drawing on his boots by the fire, in conversation with General Wells, Colonel Owen, and Majors Taylor aud Hurst. The orderly-drum had been roused for the purpose of giving the signal for the troops to turn out, when the attack of the Indians suddenly commenced upon the left flank of the camp. The whole army was instantly on its feet; the camp-fires were extinguished; the governor mounted his horse and proceeded to the point of attack. Several of the companies had taken their places in the line within forty seconds from the report of the first gun; and the whole of the troops were prepared for action in the course of two minutes; a fact as creditable to their own activity and bravery, as to the skill and energy of their officers. The battle soon became general, and was maintained on both sides with signal and even desperate valor. The Indians advanced and retreated by the aid of a rattling noise, made with deer hoofs, and persevered in their treacherous attack with an apparent determination to conquer or die upon the spot. The battle raged with unabated fury and mutual slaughter, until daylight, when a gallant and

successful charge by the troops, drove the enemy into the swamp, and put an end to the conflict.

Prior to the assault, the Prophet had given assurances to his followers, that in the coming contest, the Great Spirit would render the arms of the Americans unavailing; that their bullets would fall harmless at the feet of the Indians; that the latter should have light in abundance, while the former would be involved in thick darkness. Availing himself of the privilege conferred by his peculiar office, and, perhaps, unwilling in his own person to attest at once the rival powers of a sham prophesy and a real American bullet, he prudently took a position on an adjacent eminence; and, when the action began, he entered upon the performance of certain mystic rites, at the same time singing a war-song. In the course of the engagement, he was informed that his men were falling: he told them to fight on,—it would soon be as he had predicted; and then, in louder and wilder strains, his inspiring battle-song was heard commingling with the sharp crack of the rifle and the shrill war-whoop of his brave but deluded followers.

Throughout the action, the Indians manifested more boldness and perseverance than had, perhaps, ever been exhibited by them on any former occasion. This was owing, it is supposed, to the influence of the Prophet, who by the aid of his incantations, had inspired them with a belief that they would certainly overcome their enemy: the supposition, likewise, that they had taken the governor's army by surprise, doubtless contributed to the desperate character of their assaults. They were commanded by some daring chiefs, and although their spiritual leader was not actually in the battle, he did much to encourage his followers in their gallant attack. Some of the Indians who were in the action, subsequently informed the agent at Fort Wayne, that there were more than a thousand warriors in the battle, and that the number of wounded was unusually great. In the precipitation of their retreat, they left thirty-eight on the field; some were buried during the engagement in their town, others no doubt died subsequently of their wounds. The whole number of their killed was probably not less than fifty.

Of the army under Governor Harrison, thirty-five were killed in the action, and twenty-five died subsequently of their wounds: the total number of killed and wounded was one hundred and eighty-eight. Among the former, were the lamented Colonel Abraham Owen and Major Joseph Hamilton Davies, of Kentucky.

Both officers and men behaved with much coolness and bravery,—qualities which, in an eminent degree, marked the conduct of Governor Harrison throughout the engagement. The peril to which he was subjected may be inferred from the fact that a ball passed through his stock, slightly bruising his neck; another struck his saddle, and glancing, hit his thigh; and a third wounded the horse on which he was riding.

Peace on the frontiers was one of the happy results of this severe and brilliant action. The tribes which had already joined in the confederacy were dismayed; and those which had remained neutral, now decided against it.

The victorious army, in the two succeeding days, burnt the Prophet's town, and destroyed the crops. Tecumseh, shortly after returning from the south, was deeply mortified at the result of the battle. His brother, the Prophet, who lost by this battle his popularity and power among the Indians, was reproached by him, in bitter terms, for having departed from his positive commands in then engaging in hostilities against the United States. Tecumseh was not, at that time, prepared for the accomplishment of his schemes against the Americans, but in the war that ensued the next year with Great Britain, the nature of his ulterior objects were well defined

On the first commencement of the war of 1812, Tecumseh was in the field, prepared for the conflict. In July, there was an assemblage at Brownstown of those Indians who were inclined to neutrality. A deputation was sent to Malden to Tecumseh to attend this council. "No," said he indignantly, "I have taken sides with the king, my father, and I will suffer my bones to bleach upon this shore, before I will recross that stream to join in any council of neutrality." He participated in the battle of Brownstown, and commanded the Indians in the action near Maguaga. In the last, he was wounded, and it is supposed that his bravery and good conduct led to his being shortly after appointed Brigadier-General in the service of the British King. In the siege of Fort Meigs, Tecumseh behaved with great bravery and humanity.

Immediately after the signal defeat of Proctor, at Fort Stephenson, he returned with the British troops to Malden by water, while Tecumseh, with his followers, passed over by land, round the head of Lake Erie, and joined him at that point. Discouraged by the want of success, and having lost all confidence in General Proctor, Tecumseh seriously meditated a withdrawal from the contest, but was induced to remain.

When Perry's battle was fought, it was witnessed by the Indians from the distant shore. On the day succeeding the engagement, General Proctor said to Tecumseh, "My fleet has whipped the Americans, but the vessels being much injured, have gone into Put-in Bay to refit, and will be here in a few days." This deception, however, upon the Indians was not of long duration. The sagacious eye of Tecumseh soon perceived indications of a retreat from Malden, and he promptly inquired into the matter. General Proctor informed him that he was only going to send their valuable property up the Thames, where it would meet a reinforcement, and be safe. Tecumseh, however, was not to be deceived by this shallow device: and remonstrated most urgently against a retreat. He finally demanded, in the name of all the Indians under his command, to be heard by the general, and, on the 18th of September, delivered to him, as the representative of their great father, the king, the following speech:

Father, listen to your children! you have them now all before you. The war before this, our British father gave the hatchet to his red children, when our old chiefs were alive. They are now dead. In that war our father was thrown on his back by the Americans; and our father took them by the hand without our knowledge; and we are afraid that our father will do so again at this time. Summer before last, when I came forward with my red brethren and was ready to take up the hatchet in favor of our British father, we were told not to be in a hurry, that he had not yet determined to fight the Americans. Listen! when war was declared, our father stood up and gave us the tomahawk, and told us that he was then ready to strike the Americans; that he wanted our assistance, and that he would certainly get our lands back, which the Americans had taken from us. Listen! you told us at that time, to bring forward our families to this place, and we did so; and you promised to take care of them, and they should want for nothing, while the men would go and fight the enemy; that we need not trouble ourselves about the enemy's garrisons; that we knew nothing about them, and that our father would attend to that part of the business. You also told your red children that you would take good care of your garrison here, which made our hearts glad. Listen! when we were last at the Rapids, it is true, we gave you little assistance. It is hard to fight people who live like ground-hogs. Father, listen! our fleet has gone out; we know they have fought; we have heard the great guns; but we know nothing of what has happened to our father [Commodore Barclay,] with one arm.

Our ships have gone one way, and we are much astonished to see our father tying up everything and preparing to run away the other, without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us to remain here and take care of our lands; it made our hearts glad to hear that was your wish. Our great father, the king, is the head, and you represent him. You always told us you would never draw your foot off British ground; but now, father, we see that you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our father's conduct to a fat dog, that carries his tail on its back, but when affrighted, drops it between its legs and runs off. Father, listen! the Americans have not yet defeated us by land; neither are we sure that they have done so by water; we, therefore, wish to remain here and fight our enemy, should they make their appearance. If they defeat us, we will then retreat with our father. At the battle of the Rapids, last war, the Americans certainly defeated us; and when we returned to our father's fort at that place, the gates were shut against us. We were afraid that it

would now be the case; but instead of that, we now see our British father preparing to march out of his garrison. Father, you have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome, for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them.

Tecumseh entered the battle of the Thames with a strong conviction that he should not survive it. Further flight he deemed disgraceful, while the hope of victory in the impending action, was feeble and distant. He, however, heroically resolved to achieve the latter or die in the effort. With this determination, he took his stand among his followers, raised the war-cry and boldly met the enemy. From the commencement of the attack on the Indian line, his voice was distinctly heard by his followers, animating them to deeds worthy of the race to which they belonged. When that well-known voice was heard no longer above the din of arms, the battle ceased. The British troops having already surrendered, and the gallant leader of the Indians having fallen, they gave up the contest and fled. A short distance from where Tecumseh fell, the body of his friend and brother-in-law, Wasegoboah, was found. They had often fought side by side, and now, in front of their men, bravely battling the enemy, they, side by side, closed their mortal career.

Thus fell the Indian warrior Tecumseh, in the 44th year of his age. He was of the Shawanee tribe, five feet ten inches high, and with more than the usual stoutness, possessed all the agility and perseverance of the Indian character. His carriage was dignified, his eye penetrating, his countenance, which even in death, betrayed the indications of a lofty spirit, rather of a sterner cast. Had he not possessed a certain austerity of manners, he could never have controlled the wayward passions of those who followed him to battle. He was of a silent habit; but when his eloquence became roused into action by the reiterated encroachments of the Americans, his strong intellect could supply him with a flow of oratory that enabled him, as he governed in the field, so to prescribe in the council.

KENTUCKY SPORTS.

We have individuals in Kentucky, that even there, are considered wonderful adepts in the management of the rifle. Having resided some years in Kentucky, and having more than once been witness of rifle sport, I shall present the results of my observation, leaving the reader to judge how far rifle shooting is understood in that State.

Several individuals who conceive themselves adepts in the management of the rifle, are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill; and betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the center of which, a common sized nail is hammered for about two-thirds its length. The marksman makes choice of what they consider a proper distance, and which may be forty paces. Each man cleans the interior of his tube, which is called *wiping* it, places a ball in the palm of his hand, pouring as much powder from his horn as will cover it. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance short of a hundred yards. A shot which comes very close to the nail is considered that of an indifferent marksman; the bending of the nail is of course somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting it right on the head is satisfactory. One out of the three shots generally hits the nail; and should the shooters amount to half-a-dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can have a shot. Those who drive the nail have a further trial among themselves, and the two best shots out of these, generally settles the affair, when all the sportsmen adjourn to some house, and spend an hour or two in

friendly intercourse, appointing before they part, a day for another trial This is technically termed, "*driving the nail.*"

Barking of squirrels is delightful sport, and in my opinion, requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels, while near the town of Frankfort. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boone. We walked out together and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky river, until we reached a piece of flat land, thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general *mast* was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, athletic man, dressed in a home-spun hunting-shirt, bare legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all of his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with six hundred thread linen, and a charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so thick that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boone pointed to one of these animals, which had observed us, and was crouched on a bank about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the *bead* or sight of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot he intended to hit. The whiplike report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise, when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of bark immediately underneath the squirrel and shivered it into splinters; the concussion produced by which, had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boone kept up his firing, and before many hours had elapsed, we had procured as many squirrels as we wished. Since that first interview with the veteran Boone, I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat.

The *snuffing of a candle* with a ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River, not far from a large pigeon roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I had heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went forward toward the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place I was welcomed by a dozen tall, stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night, at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf by torchlight. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, but which, in reality, was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it to watch the effect of the shots, as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity with numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, while all the other shots either put out the candle or cut it immediately under the light.

Of the feats performed by the Kentuckians with the rifle, I might say more than might be expedient on the present occasion. By way of recreation, they often cut off a piece of the bark of a tree, make a target of it, using a little powder wetted with water or saliva, for the bulls-eye, and shoot into the mark all the balls they have about them, picking them out of the wood again.

THE WESTERN BOATMEN.

Just previous to the beginning of the present century, after the settlements had become more dense on the Monongahela and on the Ohio, a new class sprung up in the west whose life was unique. This was the class of *boatmen*. These were a hardy, fearless set of men, who always kept just in advance of civilization and luxury. Many of them at first, had been engaged in the border wars with the Indians, were bred from infancy amid dangers and experienced in all the practices and arts in the life of a woodsman.

The boatmen were courageous, athletic, persevering, and patient of privations. They traversed in their pirogues, barges, or keels, the longest rivers, penetrated the most remote wilderness upon their watery routes, and kept up a trade and intercourse between the most distant points. Accustomed to every species of exposure and privation, they despised ease and luxury. Clothed in the costume of the wilderness, and armed in western style, they were always ready to exchange the labors of the oar for offensive or defensive war. Exposed to the double force of the direct and reflected rays of the sun upon the water, their complexion was swarthy, and often but little fairer than the Indians. Often, from an exposure of their bodies without shirts, their complexion, from the head to the waist, was the same.

Their toils, dangers, and exposure, and moving accidents of their long and perilous voyages, were measurably hidden from the inhabitants who contemplated the boats floating by their dwellings on beautiful spring mornings, when the verdant forest, the mild and delicious temperature of the air, the delightful azure of the sky, the fine bottom on the one hand, and the rolling bluff on the other, the broad and smooth stream rolling calmly down the forest, and floating the boat gently forward, present delightful images to the beholders. At such times there was no visible danger, or call for labor. The boat took care of itself; and little would the beholders imagine, how different a scene might have been presented in half-an-hour. Meantime one of the hands scraped a violin, and others danced. Greetings or rude defiances, or trials of art, or proffers of love to the girls on shore, or saucy messages were scattered between them and the spectators along the banks. The boat glided on until it disappeared behind a point of wood. At that moment, perhaps, the bugle with which all boats were provided, struck up its notes in the distance, over the water. Those scenes and those notes, echoing from the bluffs of the beautiful Ohio, had a charm for the imagination, which, although heard a thousand times, at all hours, and in all positions, presented to even the most unromantic spectator the image of a tempting and charming youthful existence, that almost inspired in his breast the wish, that he too were a boatman.

No wonder that the young, who were reared in the then remote regions of the west, on the banks of the great stream, with that restless curiosity which is fostered by solitude and silence, looked upon the severe and unremitting labor of agriculture as irksome and tasteless compared to such a life, and that they embraced every opportunity, either openly or covertly to devote themselves to an employment which seemed so full of romance to their youthful visions.

Steam had not exerted its magic influence on the western waters, and the rich cargoes which ascended the Mississippi in keel-boats and barges were propelled by human labor for nearly two thousand miles, slowly advancing against the strong current of these rivers. The boatmen, with their bodies naked to the waist, spent the long and tedious days traversing the "running

board," and pushing with their whole force against their strong setting-poles firmly fixed against the shoulder. Thus, with their heads suspended nearly to the track on the running-board, they propelled their freighted barge up the long and tedious route of the river. After a hard day's toil, at night they took their "fillee," or ration of whisky, swallowed their homely supper of meat half burned and bread half baked, and retiring to sleep, they stretched themselves upon the deck, without covering, under the open canopy of heaven, or probably enveloped in a blanket, until the steersman's horn called them to their morning "fillee" and their toil.

Hard and fatiguing was the life of a boatman; yet it was rare that any of them ever changed his vocation. There was a charm in the excesses, in the frolics, and in the fightings which they anticipated at the end of the voyage, which cheered them on. Of weariness none would complain; but rising from his hard bed by the first dawn of day, and reanimated by his morning draught, he was prepared to hear and obey the wonted order, "Stand to your poles and set off!" The boatmen were masters of the winding-horn and the fiddle, and as the boat moved off from her moorings, some, to cheer their labors, or to "scare off the devil and secure good luck," would wind the animating blast of the horn, which, mingling with the sweet music of the fiddle, and reverberating along the sounding shores, greeted the solitary dwellers on the banks with news from New Orleans.

Their athletic labors gave strength incredible to their muscles, which they were vain to exhibit, and fist-fighting was their pastime. He who could boast that he had never been whipped, was bound to fight whoever disputed his manhood. Keelboat-men and bargemen looked upon raftsmen and flat-boatmen as their natural enemies, and a meeting was the prelude to a "battle-royal." They were great sticklers for "fair play," and whosoever was worsted in battle must abide the issue without assistance.

Their arrival in port was a general jubilee, where hundreds often met together for diversion and frolic. Their assemblages were often riotous and lawless to extremes, when the civil authorities were defied for days together. Had their numbers increased with the population of the West, they would have endangered the peace of the country; but the first steamboat that ascended the Ohio sounded their death-knell, and they have been buried in the tide, never more to rise.

Mike Fink, usually called "the last of the boatmen," was a fair specimen of his race. Many curious anecdotes are related of him. He was born in Pittsburgh. In early youth, his desire to become a boatman was a ruling passion which soon had its gratification. He served on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers as a boatman, until thrown out of employment by the general use of steamboats. When the Ohio was too low for navigation, he spent most of his time at shooting matches in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, and soon became famous as the best shot in the country. On that account, he was called *bang all*, and hence, frequently excluded from participating in matches for beef; for which exclusion, he claimed and obtained for his forbearance, the *fifth quarter* of beef, as the hide and tallow are called. His usual practice was to sell his fifth quarter to the tavern keeper for whisky, with which he treated everybody present, partaking largely himself. He became fond of strong drink, and could partake of a gallon in twenty-four hours without the effect being perceivable.

Mike's weight was about one hundred and eighty pounds; height about five feet nine inches; countenance open; skin tanned by sun and rain; form broad and very muscular, and of Herculean strength and great activity. His language was of the half horse and half alligator dialect of the then race of

boatmen. He was also a wit, and on that account he gained the admiration and excited the fears of all the fraternity; for he usually enforced his wit with a sound drubbing, if any one dared to *dissent* by neglecting or refusing to laugh at his jokes; for, as he used to say, he cracked his jokes on purpose to be laughed at in a good humored way, and that no man should make light of them. As a consequence, Mike had always around him a chosen band of laughing philosophers. An eye bunged up, or a dilapidated nose or ear, was sure to win Mike's sympathy and favor, for he made proclamation:—"I'm a Salt River Roarer! I'm chuck full of fight, and I love the wimin," &c.; and he did, for he had a sweetheart in every port. Among his chosen worshipers, who would fight their death for him, as they termed it, were Carpenter and Talbot. Each was a match for the other in prowess, in fight or skill in shooting, having each been under Mike's diligent training.

Mike, at one time, had a woman who passed for his wife; whether she was truly so, we do not know. But at any rate, the following anecdote is a rare instance of conjugal discipline.

Some time in the latter part of autumn, a few years after the close of the late war with Great Britain, several keel-boats landed for the night, near the mouth of the Muskingum, among which was that of Mike's. After making all fast, Mike was observed, just under the bank, scraping into a heap, the dried beach leaves, which had been blown there during the day, having just fallen, from the effects of the early autumn frosts. To all questions, as to what he was doing, he returned no answer, but continued at his work, until he had piled them up as high as his head. He then separated them, making a sort of an oblong ring, in which he laid down, as if to ascertain whether it was a good bed or not. Getting up, he sauntered on board, hunted up his rifle, made great preparations about his priming, and then called in a very impressive manner upon his wife to follow him. Both proceeded up to the pile of leaves, poor "*Peg*" in a terrible flutter, as she had discovered that Mike was in no very amiable humor.

"Get in there and lie down," was the command to Peg, topped off with one of Mike's very choicest oaths. "Now, *Mr.* Fink,"—she always mistered him when his blood was up—"what have I done, I don't know, I'm sure—"

"Get in there and lie down, or I'll shoot you," with another oath, and drawing his rifle up to his shoulder. Poor Peg obeyed, and crawled into the leaf pile, and Mike covered her up with the combustibles. He then took a flour barrel and split the staves into fine pieces, and lighted them at the fire on board the boat, all the time watching the leaf pile, and swearing he would shoot Peg if she moved. So soon as his splinters began to blaze, he took them into his hand and deliberately set fire, in four different places, to the leaves that surrounded his wife. In an instant, the whole mass was on fire, aided by a fresh wind, which was blowing at the time, while Mike was quietly standing by enjoying the fun. Peg, through fear of Mike, stood it as long as she could; but it soon became too hot, and she made a run for the river, her hair and clothing all on fire. In a few seconds she reached the water and plunged in, rejoiced to know she had escaped both fire and rifle so well. "There," said Mike, "that'll larn you not to be winkin' at them 'ellers on t'other boat."

Mike first visited St. Louis as a keel-boatman, in 1814 or '15. Among his shooting feats, the following are related by eye witnesses. In ascending the Mississippi above the Ohio, he saw a sow with a couple of pigs, about one hundred feet distant on the river bank. He declared, in boatman phrase, he wanted a pig, and took up his rifle to shoot one, but was requested not to do

so. He, however, laid his rifle to his face, and as the boat glided along under easy sail, he successively shot off the tail of each of them, close to the rump, without doing them any other harm. Being, on one occasion, in his boat at the St. Louis landing, he saw a negro standing on the river bank, gazing in wonder at the show about him. Mike took up his rifle and shot off the poor fellow's heel. He fell badly wounded, and crying *murder*. Mike was arrested and tried in the County court, and found guilty by a jury. His justification of the offense was, that the fellow's heel projected too far behind, preventing him from wearing a *genteel boot*, and he wished to correct the defect. His particular friend, Carpenter, was also a great shot. Carpenter and Mike used to fill a tin-cup with whisky, and place it by turns on each others' heads, and shoot at it with a rifle, at the distance of seventy yards. It was always bored through without injury to the one on whose head it was placed. This feat is too well authenticated to admit of question. It was often performed; and they liked the feat the better because it showed their confidence in each other.

In 1822, Mike and his two friends, Carpenter and Talbot, engaged in St. Louis with Henry and Ashley, to go up the Missouri with them, in the threefold capacity of boatmen, trappers and hunters. The first year, a company of about sixty ascended as high as the mouth of Yellow Stone River, where they built a fort for the purposes of trade and security. From this place, small detachments of men, ten or twelve in a company, were sent out to hunt and trap on the tributary streams of the Missouri and the Yellow Stone. When winter set in, Mike and his company returned to a place near the mouth of the Yellow Stone; and preferring to remain out of the fort, they dug a hole or cave, in the bluff bank of the river, in which they resided during the winter, which proved a warm and commodious habitation, protecting them from the winds and the snows. Here Mike and his friend Carpenter had a deadly quarrel, supposed to have been caused by a rivalry in the good graces of a squaw. It was for awhile, smothered by the interposition of friends.

On the return of spring, the party revisited the fort, where Mike and Carpenter, over a cup of whisky, revived the recollection of their past quarrel; but made a treaty of peace, which was to be solemnized by their usual trial of shooting the cup of whisky off each others' heads. To determine who should have the first shot, Mike proposed that they should "sky (toss up) a copper," which was done, and resulted in Mike's favor. Carpenter seemed to be aware of Mike's unforgiving, treacherous disposition; but scorning to save his life by refusing to fulfill his contract, he prepared for death, and bequeathed his gun, shot-pouch, powder horn, belt, pistols and wages, to Talbot.* Without changing a feature, Carpenter filled the cup with whisky to the brim. Mike loaded, picked the flint, and leveled his rifle at the head of Carpenter, at the distance of sixty yards. After drawing the bead, he took down his rifle from his face, and smilingly, said:

"Hold your noddle steady, Carpenter! Don't spill the whisky—I shall want some presently."

He again raised, cocked his piece, and in an instant, Carpenter fell, and expired without a groan. Mike's ball had penetrated precisely through the center of his forehead. He coolly set down his rifle, and applying the muzzle to his mouth, blew the smoke out of the touch hole, without saying a word,

* That subtile courtier, Talleyrand, remarked, "that every man has his price;" and this libel upon mankind, has been repeated with a gusto, a thousand times by corrupt men; but here we see a desperado yielding up his life, to him, the most valuable of all possessions, on a mere point of etiquette.



FEAT OF MIKE FINK.

"Carpenter and Mike used to fill a tin-cup with whisky and place it by turns on each other's heads and shoot at it, with a rifle, at the distance of seventy yards. It was always bored through without injury to the one on whose head it was placed."



keeping his eye steadily on the fallen body of Carpenter. His first words were:

"Carpenter! have you spilt the whisky!" He was then told he had killed him. "It is all an accident!" rejoined Mike, "for I took as fair *a bead* on the black spot on the cup, as ever I took on a squirrel's eye. How did it happen?" He then cursed the gun, the powder, the bullet, and finally, himself.

This catastrophe, in a country where the strong arm of the law could not reach, passed off for an accident. Talbot determined to revenge the death of his friend. No opportunity offered for some months after, until one day Mike, in a fit of gasconading, declared that he had purposely killed Carpenter, and was glad of it. Talbot instantly drew from his belt a pistol, bequeathed by Carpenter, and shot Mike through the heart: he fell, and expired without a word. Talbot also went unpunished, as nobody had authority or inclination to call him to account. In truth, he was as ferocious and dangerous as the grizzly bear of the prairies, and soon after perished in attempting to swim a river.

INDIAN WARFARE.

This is a subject which presents human nature in its most revolting features, as subject to a vindictive spirit of revenge, and a thirst of human blood, leading to an indiscriminate slaughter of all ranks, ages, and sexes, by the weapons of war, or by torture. The history of man is, for the most part, one continued detail of bloodshed, battles, and devastations. War has been, from the earliest periods of history, the almost constant employment of individuals, clans, tribes, and nations.

If the modern European laws of warfare have softened, in some degree, the horrid features of national conflicts, by respecting the rights of private property, and extending humanity to the sick, wounded, and prisoners; we ought to reflect that this amelioration is the effect of civilization only. The natural state of war knows no such mixture of mercy with cruelty. In his primitive state, man knows no object in his wars, but that of the extermination of his enemies, either by death or captivity. The wars of the Jews were exterminatory in their object. The destruction of a whole nation was often the result of a single campaign. Even the beasts themselves were sometimes included in the general massacre.

It is, to be sure, much to be regretted, that our people so often followed the cruel examples of the Indians, in the slaughter of prisoners, and sometimes women and children; yet let them receive a candid hearing at the bar of reason and justice, before they are condemned as barbarians equally with the Indians themselves. History scarcely presents an example of a civilized nation carrying on a war with barbarians, without adopting the mode of warfare of the barbarous nation. The ferocious Suwarrow, when at war with the Turks, was as much of a savage as the Turks themselves. His slaughters were as indiscriminate as theirs; but during his wars against the French, in Italy, he faithfully observed the laws of civilized warfare.

Our revolutionary war has a double aspect: on the one hand we carried on a war with the English, in which we observed the maxims of civilized warfare with the utmost strictness; but they associated with themselves, as auxiliaries, the murderous tomahawk and scalping-knife of the Indian nations around our defenseless frontiers. On them then, be the blame of all the horid features of that war between civilized and savage men, in which the for-

mer were compelled, by every principle of self-defense, to adopt the Indian mode of warfare, in all its revolting and destructive features.

Were those who were engaged in the war against the Indians less humane than those who carried on the war against their English allies? No! they were not. Both parties carried on the war on the same principle of reciprocity of advantages and disadvantages. For example, the English and Americans take each one thousand prisoners; they are exchanged: neither army is weakened by this arrangement. A sacrifice is indeed made to humanity, in the expense of taking care of the sick, wounded, and prisoners; but this expense is mutual. No disadvantages result from all the clemency of modern warfare, excepting an augmentation of the expenses of war. In this mode of warfare, those of the nation, not in arms, are safe from death by the hands of soldiers. No civilized warrior dishonors his sword with the blood of helpless infancy, old age, or that of the fair sex. He aims his blows only at those whom he finds in arms against him. The Indian kills indiscriminately. His object is the total extermination of his enemies. Children are victims of his vengeance, because, if males, they may hereafter become warriors, or if females, they may become mothers. Even the fœtal state is criminal in his view. It is not enough that the fœtus should perish with the murdered mother, it is torn from her pregnant womb and elevated on a stick or pole, as a trophy of victory and an object of horror to the survivors of the slain.

How is a war of extermination, and accompanied with such acts of atrocious cruelty, to be met by those on whom it is inflicted? Must it be met by the lenient maxims of civilized warfare? Must the Indian captive be spared his life? What advantage would be gained by this course? The young white prisoners, adopted into Indian families often became complete Indians, but in how few instances did ever an Indian become civilized. Send a cartel for an exchange of prisoners? the Indians know nothing of this measure of clemency in war; the bearer of the white flag for the purpose of effecting the exchange, would have exerted his humanity at the forfeit of his life.

Should my countrymen be still charged with barbarism, in the prosecution of the Indian war, let him who harbors this unfavorable impression concerning them, portray in imagination the horrid scenes of slaughter which frequently met their view in the course of the Indian war. Let him, if he can bear the reflection, look at helpless infancy, virgin beauty, and hoary age, dishonored by the ghastly wounds of the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage. Let him hear the shrieks of the victims of the Indian torture by fire, and smell the surrounding air, rendered sickening by the effluvia of their burning flesh and blood. Let him hear the yells, and view the hellish features of the surrounding circle of savage warriors, rioting in all the luxuriance of vengeance, while applying the flaming torches to the parched limbs of the sufferers, and then suppose those murdered infants, matrons, virgins, and victims of torture, were his friends and relations, the wife, sister, child, or brother; what would be his feelings? After a short season of grief, he would say, "I will now think only of revenge!"

Philosophy shudders at the destructive aspect of war in any shape; Christianity, by teaching the religion of the good Samaritan, altogether forbids it; but the original settlers of the western regions, like the greater part of the world, were neither philosophers nor saints. They were "men of like passions with others," and therefore adopted the Indian mode of warfare from necessity, and a motive of revenge; with the exception of burning their captives alive. Let the voice of nature, and the law of nations plead in favor of the veteran pioneers of the desert regions of the west.

In the conflicts of nations, as well as those of individuals, no advantages are

to be conceded. If mercy may be associated with the carnage and devastations of war, that mercy must be reciprocal; but a war of utter extermination, must be met by a war of the same character; or by an overwhelming force which may put an end to it, without a sacrifice of the helpless and unoffending part of a hostile nation; such a force was not at the command of the first inhabitants of this country. The sequel of the Indian wars goes to show that in a war with savages, the choice lies between extermination and subjugation. Our government has wisely and humanely pursued the latter course.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812, IN THE WEST.

On the 18th of June, 1812, the United States declared war against Great Britain. Some time previous, William Hull, governor of the Michigan territory, in an official communication to the General Government, stated that Detroit was the key to the upper region of the northwestern lakes, and to a vast extent of back country; and that this post might command a wide tract of territory, and serve to keep the northern Indians in check. He, therefore, suggested that a naval force should be sent forward immediately on Lake Erie, sufficient to command the lakes, and to co-operate with the post at Detroit. In case this project should be defeated, Governor Hull proposed that in case of war, Canada should be invaded by a powerful army sent over from Niagara, which, co-operating with the force at Detroit, might subjugate the British provinces. If this was not done, he declared that the American posts on the lakes,—Detroit, Michilimackinac and Chicago,—must fall into the hands of the enemy.

Owing to this suggestion, doubtless, government projected a campaign for the conquest of Canada. The object appears to have been to march to Detroit and Niagara at the same time, on the supposition that the armies concentrated at these posts, would from thence move forward to Montreal, uniting on their route with a third army from Plattsburg. For this purpose, even before the declaration of war, the army destined for Detroit had collected at Dayton to the number of about 2000; all drafted men and volunteers from Ohio, except the 4th U. S. Regiment, under Col. Miller, comprising about three hundred men. Governor Hull, who had command, having been ordered to Detroit, the army left Dayton the 1st of June, and after cutting their way through the wilderness, and enduring much hardship, arrived at the Maumee on the 30th.

Owing to the gross neglect of the government, Gen. Hull had not, up to this time, received intelligence of the declaration of war, although he had advices from the Secretary of War, dated on the 18th, the very day on which it was declared. He, therefore, had no hesitation in sending a vessel from the Maumee to Detroit, in which were placed his sick, most of his goods, and even his instructions and army roll. The British at Malden, had previously obtained the information. On the approach of the vessel to that point, she was captured, and from British lips the intelligence of the war first broke upon the astonished crew.

Hull's Invasion.—Having arrived at Detroit, on the 5th, Gen. Hull, on the 12th, crossed the river to Sandwich, and established his forces there, with a view to the taking of Malden, then the key to the Canadian provinces. There he issued a spirited proclamation from the pen of Lewis Cass, which had a powerful influence in keeping neutral the Indians and Canadians, and in inducing many of the latter to join the Americans. Some of the officers advised Hull to immediately storm Malden, which was twelve miles below his

encampment, then but weakly garrisoned; but countenanced by a council of war he judged it expedient to wait for his heavy artillery, which was preparing at Detroit. In the meantime, Col. Cass and Col. Miller, by an attack upon the advanced parties of the enemy, showed the power and willingness of the men to push their conquests, if the chance were given. When the moment arrived for the assault, the General, upon learning that a proposed attack on the Niagara frontier had not been made, and that troops of the enemy from that quarter were moving westward, suddenly abandoned the enterprise, and with most of his men, on the 7th of August, returned to Detroit, much to the disappointment of the whole army, who had now lost all confidence in his capacity.

Battle of Monguagon.—Col. Proctor arrived at Malden on the 29th of July, and commenced a series of operations to cut off the supplies of Hull from Ohio, which would completely neutralize all active operations on his part. By his measures, he stopped the stores on their way to Detroit, at the river Raisin, thirty-six miles south, and next defeated Major Van Horne, who had been sent by Hull to escort them. Upon this intelligence, Hull sent three hundred regulars and two hundred militia under Col. Miller, to open the communication. The enemy, anticipating a renewal of the attempt, had been reinforced to the number of seven hundred and fifty men. They threw up a breastwork about four miles from Brownstown, at a place called *Monguagon*, behind which the greater part of the Indians, under Tecumseh, lay concealed; the whole commanded by Major Muir. On the 9th, while on its march, the detachment drew near the ambuscade, when suddenly the attack was commenced on the advance guard. Col. Miller, with the utmost celerity and coolness drew up his men, opened a brisk fire, and then charged. The British regulars gave way; but the Indians under Tecumseh betaking themselves to the woods on each side, kept their ground with desperate obstinacy. The regulars again rallied and returned to the combat. At length the enemy were compelled to yield, retiring slowly before the bayonet to Brownstown, when it is probable that the whole force would have been taken, had not boats been provided for their embarkation. The battle lasted about two hours, during which, the enemy lost over one hundred, in killed and wounded; the loss of the Americans was much less. Among the wounded of the enemy, were both Major Muir and Tecumseh.

Surrender of Detroit.—On the 13th, Gen. Brock, a brave, energetic officer, reached Malden with reinforcements. Aware of the character of Hull, he prepared for the conquest of Detroit. On the 14th, he planted batteries at Sandwich, opposite the fortress of Detroit, and demanded its surrender, stating that he should otherwise be unable to restrain the fury of the savages. This was answered by a spirited refusal, and a declaration that the fort and town would be defended to the last extremity. The firing immediately commenced, and continued without much effect until the next day. The alarm and consternation of Gen. Hull had now become extreme. On the 12th, the field officers suspecting the general intended a surrender of the fort, had determined on his arrest. This was probably prevented, in consequence of Col. M'Arthur and Cass, two very active and spirited officers being detached on the 13th, with four hundred men, on a third expedition to the river Raisin. Early on the morning of the 16th, the British landed at Springwell, three miles below the town, without opposition, and marched up in solid column toward the fort along the river bank. The troops were strongly posted, and cannon loaded with grape, stood on a commanding eminence ready to sweep the advancing columns. The troops anticipating a brilliant victory, waited in eager expectation the advance of the British. What was their disappoint-

ment and mortification at the very moment when it was thought the British were advancing to certain destruction, orders were given for them to retire within the fort, and for the artillery not to fire. Then, the men were ordered to stack their arms, and to the astonishment of all, a white flag was suspended from the walls, and Hull panic stricken, surrendered the fortress without even stipulating the terms. The surrender included, beside the troops at Detroit, the detachments under Cass and M'Arthur, and the party with the supplies under Captain Brush at the river Raisin. No provision was made for the unfortunate Canadians who had joined Gen. Hull, and several of them were executed as traitors.

An event so disgraceful, excited universal indignation throughout the country. When M'Arthur's sword was demanded, he indignantly broke it, tore the epaulettes from his shoulders, and threw himself upon the ground. When Gen. Hull was exchanged, he was tried by a court-martial, found guilty of cowardice, and sentenced to be shot; but was pardoned by the Executive in consequence of his revolutionary services, and his advanced age.

By this time two other forts on the western lakes had fallen into the possession of the enemy—Mackinaw and Fort Dearborn. The first was garrisoned by fifty-seven men under Lieutenant Hanks. On the 17th of July, over 1000 British and Indians appeared before the fortress, and demanded its surrender; this was the first intimation the commander had of the declaration of war. Unable to withstand so large a force, he surrendered to avoid a threatened Indian massacre.

The garrison of Fort Dearborn, at Chicago, were less fortunate. Gen. Hull, while in Canada, dispatched Winnemeg, a friendly Indian, to Capt. Heald, the commander, with information of the loss of Mackinaw, and directed him to distribute his stores among the Indians, and return to Fort Wayne. He had the amplest means of defense, but the order received on the 9th of August, left nothing to his discretion. The Pottawatomies, however, had obtained intelligence of the war, from a runner sent by Tecumseh, and collected, to the number of several hundred, around the fort. Capt. Heald, notwithstanding the symptoms of hostility among the Indians, proceeded to obey his orders. He distributed all the stores among the Indians, excepting what they most wanted; the liquors and ammunition, which were secretly thrown into the water. This they learned, and this it was, which led to the catastrophe which ensued. On the 14th, Capt. Wells arrived with fifteen friendly Miamies from Fort Wayne. This intrepid warrior, who had been bred among the Indians, hearing that his friends at Chicago were in danger, had hastened thither to avert the fate, which he knew, must ensue to the little garrison, if they evacuated the fort. But he was too late, the ammunition and provisions both being gone, there was no alternative. He fell in the massacre that ensued, and his heart was taken out and eaten by the savages. The next day (the 15th), all being ready, the garrison left the fort with martial music and in military array. Before they had proceeded two miles, they were attacked by the Indians, and two-thirds of them (from fifty to sixty), massacred on the spot, the particulars of which are given below.*

* Captain Wells, at the head of the Miamies, led the van, his face blackened after the manner of the Indians. The garrison, with loaded arms, followed, and the wagons with the baggage, the women and children, the sick, and the lame, closed the rear. The Pottawatomies, about five hundred in number, who had promised to escort them in safety to Fort Wayne, leaving a little space, afterward followed. 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 the 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

Thus, within two months from the time of the declaration of war, the whole northwest, excepting Forts Harrison and Wayne, in the Indiana Territory, were in possession of the enemy. Much alarm and astonishment prevailed throughout the West. The great mass of the Indians in the West, ever ready to join the successful party, were now flocking to the British.

Captain Wells [see page 182], who, with the Miamies, 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 Miamies fled in the outset.

The American troops behaved gallantly. Though few in number, they sold their lives as dearly as possible. While the battle was raging, the surgeon, Doctor Voorhes, who was badly wounded, and whose horse had been shot from under him, approaching Mrs. Helm, the wife of Lieutenant Helm, observed: "Do you think," said he, "they will take our lives? I am badly wounded, but I think not mortally. Perhaps we can purchase safety by offering a large reward. Do you think," continued he, "there is any chance?" "Doctor Voorhes," replied Mrs. Helm, "let us not waste the few moments which yet remain, in idle or ill-founded hopes. Our fate is inevitable. We must soon appear at the bar of God. Let us make such preparations as are yet in our power." "Oh," said he, "I cannot die. I am unfit to die! If I had a short time to prepare!—Death!—oh, how awful!"

At this moment, Ensign Ronan was fighting at a little distance, with a tall and portly Indian; the former, mortally wounded, was nearly down, and struggling desperately upon one knee. Mrs. Helm pointing her finger, and directing the attention of Doctor Voorhes thither, observed: "Look," said she, "at that young man, he dies like a soldier." "Yes," said Doctor Voorhes, "but he has no terrors of the future; he is an unbeliever." A young savage immediately raised his tomahawk to strike Mrs. Helm. She sprang instantly aside, and the blow intended for her head fell upon her shoulder. She thereupon seized him around his neck, and while exerting all her efforts to get possession of his scalping-knife, was seized by another Indian, and dragged forcibly from his grasp.

The latter bore her, struggling and resisting, toward the lake. Notwithstanding, however, the rapidity with which she was hurried along, she recognized, as she passed, the remains of the unfortunate surgeon, stretched lifeless on the prairie. She was plunged immediately into the water, and held there, notwithstanding her resistance, with a forcible hand. She shortly, however, perceived that the intention of her captor was not to drown her, as he held her in a position to keep her head above the water. Thus re-assured, she looked at him attentively, and, in spite of his disguise, recognized the "white man's friend." It was Black Partridge.

The troops having fought with desperation until two-thirds of their number were slain, the remainder, twenty-seven in all, borne down by an overwhelming force, and exhausted by efforts hitherto unequaled, at length surrendered. They stipulated, however, for their own safety and for the safety of their remaining women and children. The wounded prisoners, however, in the hurry of the moment, were unfortunately omitted, or rather not particularly mentioned, and were, therefore, regarded by the Indians as having been excluded.

One of the soldiers' wives, having frequently been told that prisoners taken by the Indians were subjected to tortures worse than death, had, from the first, expressed a resolution never to be taken; and when a party of savages approached to make her their prisoner, she fought with desperation, and though assured of kind treatment and protection, refused to surrender, and was literally cut in pieces, and her mangled remains left on the field. After the surrender, one of the baggage wagons, containing twelve children, was assailed by a single savage, and the whole number were massacred All, without distinction of age or sex, fell at once beneath his murderous tomahawk.

During the massacre, one Indian, with the fury of a demon in his countenance, advanced to Mrs. Heald, with his tomahawk drawn. She had been accustomed to danger, and knowing the temper of the Indians, with great presence of mind, looked him in the face, and smiling, said: "Truly, you will not kill a squaw?" His arm fell nerveless. The conciliating smile of an innocent female, appealing to the magnanimity of a warrior, reached the heart of the savage, and subdued the barbarity of his soul.

Captain Heald and lady, by the aid and influence of To-pa-na-bee, and Kee-po-tah, were put into a bark canoe, and paddled by a chief of the Pottawatomies and his wife, to Mackinaw, three hundred miles distant, along the eastern coast of Lake Michigan, and delivered to the British commander. They were kindly received, and sent afterward as prisoners to Detroit, where they were finally exchanged.

Lieutenant Helm was wounded in the action, and taken prisoner; he was afterward taken by some friendly Indians to the Au Sable, and from thence to St. Louis, and liberated from captivity through the intervention of Mr. Thomas Forsyth, an Indian trader. Mrs. Helm was wounded slightly in the ancle; had her horse shot from under her; and after passing through several agonizing scenes, was taken to Detroit The soldiers, with their wives and children, were dispersed among the Pottawatomies, on the Illinois, the Wabash, and Rock Rivers, and some were taken to Milwaukie. In the following spring, they were principally collected at Detroit, and ransomed. A part of them, however, remained in captivity another year, and during that period, experienced more kindness than they or their friends had anticipated.

By the spirited exertions of the Governors of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, three thousand volunteers were assembled, and placed under the command of Gen. Harrison, for the purpose of subduing the Indians, and regaining what was lost at Detroit.

Attack on Fort Harrison.—Fort Harrison, situated on the Wabash, sixty miles above Vincennes, was attacked on the night of the 4th of September, by several hundred Indians from the Prophet's town. In the evening previous, thirty or forty Indians appeared before the fort with a flag, under the pretense of obtaining provisions. The commander, Capt. Zachary Taylor, (since President), made preparations for the expected attack. In the night, about eleven o'clock, the Indians commenced the attack by firing on the sentinel. Almost immediately, the lower block-house was discovered to have been set on fire. As this building joined the barracks which made part of the fortifications, most of the men panic stricken, gave themselves up for lost. In the meantime, the yells of several hundred savages, the cries of the women and children, and the despondency of the soldiers, rendered it a scene of confusion. But the presence of mind of the Captain, did not forsake him. By the most strenuous exertions on his part, the fire was prevented from spreading, and before day the men had erected a temporary breast-work seven feet high, within the spot where the building was consumed. The Indians kept up the attack until morning, when, finding their efforts ineffectual, they retired. At this time, there were not more than twenty men in the garrison fit for duty.

Hopkins' Expeditions.—Shortly after, Gen. Hopkins with a large force, engaged in two different expeditions, against the Indians on the head waters of the Wabash and the Illinois. The first was in October. With four thousand mounted volunteers from Kentucky, Illinois and Indiana, he left Vincennes early in the month, relieved Fort Harrison on the 10th, and from thence, marched for the Kickapoo villages, and the Peoria towns,—the first one hundred, and the last one hundred and sixty miles distant. But his men mutinizing, he was obliged to return before reaching the hostile towns. On the 11th of November, he marched from Fort Harrison, on his second expedition, with a detachment of regular troops and volunteers. On the 20th, he arrived at the Prophet's town, at which place and vicinity, he destroyed three hundred wigwams, and large quantities of Indian corn. Several other expeditions were successfully accomplished, against the Indians on the Wabash, the Illinois, and their tributaries, by which the security of that frontier was effected.

Siege of Fort Wayne.—This fort was erected by Wayne, in 1794, on the Maumee, at the junction of the St. Joseph's and St. Mary's, near the north-eastern corner of Indiana. Immediately after the massacre at Chicago, it was closely besieged by several hundred Miami and Pottawatomie Indians. The garrison numbered only some sixty or seventy effective men. The siege continued until near the middle of September, when Gen. Harrison marched to its relief with twenty-five hundred men, upon which the Indians fled.

The next object of Gen. Harrison, was to open and secure a communication along the Miami River, between the settled part of Ohio and Lake Erie, establishing a strong post at the Maumee rapids. On the 20th of September, Gen. Winchester commenced his march along the Maumee to Fort Defiance. At Defiance, Gen. Harrison left the command to Winchester, and proceeded to Franklinton, in the center of the State, to organize and bring on reinforcements.

From Franklinton, Harrison, in November, sent Colonel Campbell with six hundred men against the Indian towns on the Missininneway, a branch of

the Wabash. They destroyed several of their towns, and defeated the Indians in a hard fought battle, but the severity of the weather compelled them to return.

Battle of the River Raisin.—While Winchester was strengthening the post at the Maumee Rapids, he received a pressing call for protection against the British and Indians at Malden, from the inhabitants of Frenchtown, a village on the River Raisin, inhabited by people of French extraction. He sent forward Colonel Lewis with three hundred men; but the enemy had got there before him. The day after his arrival, on the 18th of December, he attacked and drove them from a fortified position, and on the 20th, the whole force was augmented, by the arrival of Winchester, to seven hundred and fifty men, mostly Kentucky volunteers. This movement was without the knowledge of the commander-in-chief, Gen. Harrison, and was exceedingly rash. The troops were far from succor, and within twenty miles of Malden, where was a much superior force. At day break, on the 22d, the American encampment was attacked by sixteen hundred British and Indians from Malden, under Proctor. They defended themselves with desperate resolution for four hours, but at last, overwhelmed by numbers, surrendered, under a promise of being protected from the Indians. This promise was broken: a large number of prisoners, mostly those who were wounded, were atrociously murdered by the Indians.

One-third were killed in the battle and massacre that followed, and but thirty-three escaped. The merciless savages fired the town, dragged the wounded from the houses, killed and scalped them in the streets, and left their mangled bodies in the highway.

Siege of Fort Meigs.—On the 1st of February, Harrison, with seventeen hundred men, advanced to the Maumee Rapids, and commenced the building of Fort Meigs, about ten miles south of the site of Toledo, on the east bank of the river, and opposite Wayne's battle-ground of 1794. On the 28th, the British forces commenced the investment of Harrison's camp, and in three days after, had finished their batteries. In the meanwhile, the Americans had thrown up a wall of earth twelve feet high, behind which they were secure from the balls of the enemy. On the 5th, Gen. Green Clay came down the Maumee in flat-boats, with a reinforcement of twelve hundred men, and in accordance with orders from Harrison, detached eight hundred Kentucky volunteers, under Col. Dudley, to attack the batteries on the west bank of the river, while he, with the remainder of his forces, landed on the opposite shore, and with some delay and loss, fought his way into camp. Dudley succeeded in driving the enemy from the batteries and in spiking the cannon, but his men disobeying the peremptory orders of their Colonel to return to the boats and cross over to the fort, with true Kentucky impetuosity, commenced a pursuit of the Indians until sufficient time had elapsed for the main body of the enemy to march from their camp, which was two miles down the river, up to their position, and overwhelm them by their superiority. The result was, that only one hundred and fifty escaped. The remainder were either killed or surrendered at discretion, when the savages commenced an indiscriminate massacre, upon which Tecumseh, more merciful than Proctor, interposing his authority, stopped the slaughter. Col. Dudley was among the slain.

In the course of the day, two sorties were made from Fort Meigs; one to cover the landing of the reinforcement, and the other against some British batteries that had been erected on the same side of the river, both of which were eminently successful. Proctor seeing no prospect of taking the fort, raised the siege on the 9th, and returned to Malden. The Americans lost in

the sortie of the 5th, and during the siege, eighty-one killed and one hundred and eighty-nine wounded.

On the 20th of July, the enemy, to the number of five thousand, again appeared before Fort Meigs, which had been left under the command of Gen. Green Clay. They remained but a few days, and then proceeded in their vessels down the lake, and a few days after, appeared before Fort Stephenson.

Assault on Fort Stephenson.—This post had been established by Gen. Harrison on Sandusky River, eighteen miles from its mouth, and forty east of Fort Meigs. It was garrisoned by one hundred and fifty men, under Major George Croghan, a young Kentuckian, just past twenty-one years of age. This fort being indefensible against heavy cannon, which it was supposed would be brought against it by Proctor, it was judged best by Harrison and his officers in council, that it should be abandoned. But the enemy appeared before the garrison on the 31st of July, before the order could be executed; they numbered thirty-three hundred strong, including the Indians, and brought with them six pieces of artillery, which, luckily, were of light caliber. To Proctor's demand for its surrender, he was informed that he could only gain access over the corpses of its defenders. The enemy soon opening their fire upon them, gave Croghan reason to judge that they intended to storm the northwest angle of the fort. In the darkness of night, he placed his only piece of artillery, a six pounder, at that point, and loaded it to the muzzle with slugs. On the evening of the 2d, three hundred British veterans marched up to carry the works by storm, and when within thirty feet of the masked battery it opened upon them. The effect was decisive, twenty-seven of their number were slain, the assailants recoiled, and having the fear of Harrison before them, who was at Fort Seneca, some ten miles south, with a considerable force, they hastily retreated the same night, leaving behind them their artillery and stores.

Perry's Victory.—The grand object of the campaign, was to attack Malden and reconquer Michigan from the enemy; but this could not be effectually done, so long as the fleet of the enemy held possession of Lake Erie. To further the desired object, a number of vessels had been building at Erie, on the southeast shore of the lake, and were finished early in August. They consisted of two twenty gun vessels, and seven smaller vessels, carrying from one to three each—the whole fleet numbering fifty-four guns. On the 10th of September Perry fell in with, and gave battle to, the British fleet near the western end of the lake, under Commodore Barclay, consisting of six vessels, carrying in all sixty-four guns. The number of guns in both fleets, in some cases, is surpassed by those of a single battle-ship of the line. The engagement between these little fleets was desperate, and lasted three hours. Never was victory more complete; every British ship struck her colors, and the Americans took more prisoners than they themselves numbered men.

Gen. Harrison at this time, lay with the main body of the Americans in the vicinity of Sandusky Bay and Fort Meigs; the British and their Indian allies, under Proctor and Tecumseh, were at Malden, ready in case of a successful issue, to renew their ravages on the American borders.

Battle of the Thames.—Harrison's army had received a reinforcement of 3000 Kentucky volunteers, under Governor Shelby. On the 27th of September, the main body of the army sailed for Detroit river, intending to enter Canada by the valley of the Thames. Two days after, Harrison was at Sandwich, and M'Arthur took possession of Detroit. Proctor retreated up the Thames, was pursued, and come up with on the 5th of October, by Harrison's army; the Americans numbering something over 3000, and their enemy about 2000. The latter were badly posted in order of battle. Their infan-

try were formed in two lines, extending from the river to a small dividing swamp; the Indians extended from the latter, to a larger swamp. The Kentucky mounted men, under Col. Richard M. Johnson, divided into two parts. The one under the Col. in person, charged the Indians; the other under his brother James, charged the infantry. The latter received the enemy's fire, broke through their ranks, and created such a panic, that they at once surrendered. Upon the left, the contest with the Indians was more severe; but there the impetuosity of the Kentuckians overcame the enemy, Tecumseh their leader, being among the slain. The battle was over in half-an-hour, with a loss to both armies of less than fifty killed. Proctor fled at the beginning of the action.

In January 1814, the enemy again took a position near the battle-field of the Thames. Captain Holmes while advancing to meet them, learned that a superior force was approaching. Having posted himself on a hill, and thrown up intrenchments, he was vigorously attacked, but repulsed the enemy with considerable loss. In the June following, Col. Croghan attempted to take the island of Mackinaw, but his force being insufficient, he was repelled with the loss of twelve men, among whom was Major Holmes. A fort having been established at Prairie du Chien, early in the season, it was invested, by 1200 British and Indians from Mackinaw, and the officer in command, Lieut. Perkins, having lost sixty men, capitulated.

The last movement of consequence in the northwest, during the war, was the expedition of Gen. M'Arthur. He left Detroit on the 26th of October, with seven hundred cavalry, intending to move to the relief of Gen. Brown, who was besieged by the enemy at Fort Erie, on the Niagara River, opposite Buffalo. When he had proceeded about two hundred and fifty miles, he ascertained that the enemy were too strong in front, and he changed his course, defeated a body of opposing militia, destroyed several mills, and returned to Detroit, without the loss of a man, although pursued by about 1200 regular troops.

Events of the War in the Southwest.—Soon after the commencement of hostilities, the United States were involved in a war with the Southern Indians, who inhabited the Mississippi territory, comprising the country south of Tennessee, between Georgia and the Mississippi River. They consisted of the Creek, Chickasaw, Choctaw, and Cherokee nations, numbering 60,000 souls, among whom were 6000 warriors. They were considerably civilized. Many of them were regular farmers, and possessed stocks of cattle, horses, and swine. Their women had been taught to spin and weave; intermarriages with the whites were frequent, and a numerous and intelligent race of half-breeds had sprung up.

The celebrated Tecumseh had appeared among them, and through the aid of their prophets, and of the prevalent fanaticism, had induced them to believe that the Great Spirit had ordered the destruction of the whites. Apprised by their runners of the capture of Detroit, and of the successes of the British, at that period in the northwest, and also being liberally supplied with the implements of war by the British, through the medium of the Spaniards of Pensacola, the Creek nations, by far the most numerous, and a considerable portion of the other tribes in the summer of 1813, took up arms against the United States.

Massacre at Fort Mimms.—On the first beginning of their depredations, the settlers in the Tensaw district, sought safety in Fort Mimms on Alabama River, which was garrisoned by one hundred and fifty men under Major Beasly. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon of August 30th, about seven hundred Indian warriors issued from the adjoining forest, gave the war-whoop,

and rushed toward the open gate of the fort which was bravely defended, but at last overwhelmed by numbers, the garrison were driven within it, followed by the savages. The fort had been enlarged, and inclosed an inner line of pickets and some houses, to which the people retired. These they defended with obstinacy for hours, until the Indians set fire to the adjoining buildings, when they gave up all for lost, and a scene of distressing horror ensued. The women and children had sought refuge in the upper story of one of the dwellings and were consumed in the flames, the Indians dancing and yelling around them with the most savage delight. The battle and massacre lasted seven hours, by which time the fort and buildings had been consumed, and over two hundred and fifty men, women, and children massacred, only seventeen escaping, out of all who were in the fort. The victory had not been bloodless; the death of near two hundred Indians, evinced the desperation of the defense.

This event created great consternation throughout the settlements, and the neighboring States of Tennessee and Georgia raised a large force and carried the war into the enemy's country, burning their towns and defeating them in various battles. The last action was fought on the 27th of March 1814. The enemy, 1000 strong, were posted in a strong log fortification, at the Great Bend of the Tallapoosa, which river forms the northeastern branch of the Alabama. Gen. Jackson, who had already greatly distinguished himself in the war, commanded on this occasion. His force consisted of 3000 men, and was composed of regulars, militia, and friendly Indians. Finding it impossible to make any impression with artillery, upon the walls of the breastwork, which was of logs eight tier deep; the fortification had to be carried by storm; the Creeks were entirely routed, and all but about twenty men, killed in the battle, and the subsequent rout. Jackson's loss in killed, was forty-nine, and in wounded, one hundred and fifty-four.

This decisive victory put an end to the Creek war. In five months, 2000 of their warriors, prophets, and chiefs had been slain, nearly all their towns and villages burned, and their country occupied by the United States troops. The miserable remnant of the tribe submitted.

Among the distinguished chiefs was the noted *Weatherford*, chief of the Alabamans, a principal instigator of the outbreak, the leader in the capture and massacre of Fort Mimms, and an active commander during the war. Vanquished, but not subdued, the proud warrior and fearless chief, disdaining to be led a captive, boldly advanced through the American camp into the presence of his victorious enemy, surrounded by his staff officers. Bearing in his hands the emblem of peace, he thus addressed Gen. Jackson:—

I am in your power; do with me as you please. I am a soldier. I have done the white people all the harm I could; I have fought them, and fought them bravely. If I had an army, I would yet fight and contend to the last; but I have none; my people are all gone. I can do no more than weep over the misfortunes of my nation. Once I could animate my warriors to battle; but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice: their bones are at *Talladega*, *Tallushatches*, *Emuckfaw*, and *Tohopeka*. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. While there were chances of success I never left my post, nor supplicated peace; but my people are now gone, and I ask it for my nation and for myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought on my country, I look back with deepest sorrow, and I wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army alone, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river and fought them on the other; but your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man; I rely on your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people, but such as they should accede to: whatever they may be, it would be madness and folly to oppose. If they are opposed, you will find me among the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out, can only be influenced by a mean spirit of revenge; and to this they must not, and shall not sacrifice the last remnant of their country.

The Creek war led to a rapid settlement of the country, by the whites. At the commencement of the war in 1813, there were not in the Mississippi,

Territory over 20,000 white inhabitants. Within seven years from that period, they increased tenfold; and the same territory then formed the States of Alabama and Mississippi, with a population of 200,000.

In August 1814, several British ships of war arrived at the Spanish port of Pensacola, and took possession of the port with the consent of the authorities, and fitted out an expedition against Port Bowyer, commanding the entrance to the bay and harbor of Mobile. After the loss of a ship of war, and a considerable number of men in killed and wounded, the armament returned to Pensacola. Gen. Jackson then commanding at the south, after in vain remonstrating with the governor of Pensacola, for affording shelter and protection to the enemies of the United States, marched against the place, stormed the town, and compelled the British to evacuate Florida.

Returning to his head quarters at Mobile, he received authentic information that preparations were making for a formidable invasion of Louisiana, and an attack on New Orleans. He immediately repaired to that city, which he found in a state of confusion and alarm. By his exertions, order and confidence were restored; the militia were organized, fortifications erected, and finally martial law was proclaimed; which, although in violation of the constitution, was deemed indispensable for the safety of the country, and a measure justified by necessity. The spies and traitors with which the city had abounded, and who had been industriously employed in seducing the French and Spanish inhabitants from their allegiance, forthwith fled, and the remaining citizens thereupon cordially co-operated with the General in the means of defense.

On the 5th of December, a large British squadron appeared off the harbor of Pensacola, and on the 10th entered Lake Borgne, the nearest avenue of approach to New Orleans. Here, a small squadron of gunboats, under Lieut. Jones, was attacked, and after a sanguinary combat, in which the killed and wounded of the enemy exceeded the whole number of the Americans, was compelled to surrender.

On the 22d of December, about 2400 of the enemy reached the Mississippi, nine miles below New Orleans, where on the following night, they were surprised by an unexpected and vigorous attack upon their camp, which they succeeded in repelling, after a loss of four hundred men in killed and wounded.

Battle of Plaine Chalmette.—Jackson now withdrew his troops to a point which he had selected for defense, four miles below the city, on a piece of firm ground a mile in width, bounded on the right, by the Mississippi, and on the left, by an impenetrable cypress swamp. Extending from the one to the other, was a large artificial ditch, which had been made for agricultural purposes. On the city side of the ditch, intrenchments were thrown up, and surmounted by large quantities of cotton bales. Each flank was secured by an advance bastion, and the latter protected by artillery in the rear. Batteries were also placed on the west bank of the river. On the 28th of December, and on the 1st of January, the works were unsuccessfully cannonaded by the enemy.

At daylight on the morning of the 8th of January, the British, 12,000 strong, under Gen. Packenham, advanced under the cover of a dense fog across the plain to storm the American works. Behind their breastworks of cotton bales, which no balls could penetrate, 6000 Americans, mostly militia, but the best marksmen in the land, silently awaited the attack. When the British columns had advanced to within three hundred yards of the lines, the whole artillery at once opened upon them a most deadly fire. Forty pieces of cannon deeply charged with grape, canister, and musket balls, mowed

tnem down by hundreds, at the same time, the batteries upon the opposite bank of the river, opened their fire, while the riflemen in perfect security behind their works, as the British advanced, took deliberate aim and nearly every shot took effect. Through this destructive fire the British left column rushed on with fascines and scaling ladders, to the advance bastion, on the American right by the river, and after a close conflict with the bayonet, took possession; when the battery in its rear opened its fire and drove them from it. Col. Regnier, who commanded the forlorn hope which stormed this bastion, as he was leading his men up, had the calf of his leg carried away by a cannon ball. Disabled as he was, he was the first to mount the parapet, and receive the American bayonet. On the American left, the British attempted to gain the rear, but the first few sunk in the mud of the cypress swamp, and disappearing, served as a warning to their companions of their fate, if they should follow. For an hour and a quarter, the British stood exposed to the most destructive and deliberate fire, while the Americans lay in perfect security behind their cotton bales. Such a tornado of cannon balls, grape, and musket shot, no troops could withstand, and at eight o'clock the enemy retired in confusion. Elated with their victory, the militia were eager to pursue; but their General would not permit it. The defense of the city was the object, and nothing was to be hazarded that would jeopardize it. Defeat must have inevitably attended an assault made by raw militia upon an intrenched camp of British regulars.*

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* A Kentuckian who was in the battle, has published some of those minor incidents, which brings the scene more vividly to view than can be given by a formal description. Some of them we copy below.

Col. Smiley, from Bardstown, was the first one who gave us orders to fire from our part of the line; and then, I reckon, there was a pretty considerable noise. There were also brass pieces on our right, the noisiest kind of varmints, that began blazing away as hard as they could, while the heavy iron cannon, toward the river, and some thousands of small arms, joined in the chorus and made the ground shake under our feet. Directly after the firing began, Capt. Patterson—I think he was from Knox County, Kentucky, but an Irishman born—came running along. He jumped up on the breastwork, and stooping a moment to look through the darkness as well as he could, he shouted with a broad North of Ireland brogue, "Shoot low, boys! shoot low! rake them—rake them! They're comin' on their all fours!"

The official report said the action lasted two hours and five minutes, but it did not seem half that length of time to me. It was so dark that little could be seen, until just about the time the battle ceased. The morning had dawned to be sure, but the smoke was so thick that everything seemed covered up in it. Our men did not seem to apprehend any danger, but would load and fire as fast as they could, talking, swearing, and joking all the time. All ranks and sections were soon broken up. After the first shot, every one loaded and banged away on his own hook. Henry Spillman did not load and fire quite so often as some of the rest, but every time he did fire he would go up to the breastwork, look over until he could see something to shoot at, and then take deliberate aim and crack away. Lieut. Ashby was as busy as a nailor, and it was evident that the River Raisin was uppermost in his mind all the time. He kept dashing about, and every now and then he would call out, with an oath, "We'll pay you now for the River Raisin! We'll give you something to remember the River Raisin!" When the British had come up to the opposite side of the breastwork, having no gun, he picked up an empty barrel and flung it at them. Then finding an iron bar, he jumped up on the works and hove that at them.

At one time I noticed, a little on our right, a curious kind of a chap named Ambrose Odd, one of Captain Higdon's company, and known among the men by the nickname of "Sukey," standing coolly on the top of the breastwork and peering into the darkness for something to shoot at. The balls were whistling around him and over our heads, as thick as hail, and Col. Slaughter coming along, ordered him to come down. The Colonel told him there was policy in war, and that he was exposing himself too much. Sukey turned round, holding up the flap of his old broad brimmed hat with one hand, to see who was speaking to him, and replied: "Oh! never mind, Colonel—here's Sukey—I don't want to waste my powder, and I'd like to know how I can shoot until I see something?" Pretty soon after, Sukey got his eye on a red coat, and, no doubt, made a hole through it, for he took deliberate aim, fired, and then coolly came down to load again.

During the action, a number of Tennessee men got mixed with ours. One of them was killed about five or six yards from where I stood. I did not know his name. A ball passed through his head and he fell against Ensign Weller. I always thought, as did many others who were standing near, that he must have been accidentally shot by some of our own men. From the range of the British balls, they could hardly have passed over the breastwork without passing over our heads, unless we were standing very close to the works, which were a little over breast high, and five or

The three commanding generals, Packenham, Kean, and Gibbs, in marshalling their troops at five o'clock in the morning, promised them a plentiful dinner in New Orleans, and gave them "booty and beauty," as the parole and countersign of the day. Before eight o'clock, two of them were carried off in the agonies of death, and the third desperately wounded; leaving upwards of 2000 of their men dead, wounded, and dying on the field, and five hundred prisoners in the hands of the Americans. But six Americans were killed and seven wounded. Of the detachment on the west bank, and in a sortie on the British lines, one hundred and twenty-seven were killed and wounded.

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six feet wide on the top. This man was standing a little back and rather behind Weller. After the battle, I could not see that any balls had struck the oak tree lower than ten or twelve feet from the ground. Above that height it was thickly peppered. This was the only man killed near where I was stationed. It was near the close of the firing. About the time that I observed three or four men carrying his body away, or directly after, there was a white flag raised on the opposite side of the breastwork and the firing ceased.

The white flag, before mentioned, was raised about ten or twelve feet from where I stood, close to the breastwork and a little to the right. It was a white handkerchief, or something of the kind, on a sword or stick. It was waved several times, and as soon as it was perceived, we ceased firing. Just then the wind got up a little and blew the smoke off, so that we could see the field. It then appeared that the flag had been raised by a British officer wearing epaulets. I was told he was a Major. He stepped over the breastwork and came into our lines. Among the Tennesseeans who had got mixed with us during the fight, there was a little fellow whose name I do not know; but he was a cadaverous looking chap and went by that of Paleface. As the British officer came in, Paleface demanded his sword. He hesitated about giving it to him, probably thinking it was derogatory to his dignity, to surrender to a private all over begrimed with dust and powder and that some officer should show him the courtesy to receive it. Just at that moment, Col. Smiley came up and cried, with a harsh oath, "Give it up—give it up to him in a minute!" The British officer quickly handed his weapon to Paleface, holding it in both hands and making a very polite bow.

A good many others came in just about the same time. Among them I noticed a very neatly dressed young man, standing on the edge of the breastwork, and offering his hand, as if for some one to assist him down. He appeared to be about nineteen or twenty years old, and, as I should judge from his appearance, was an Irishman. He held his musket in one hand while he was offering the other. I took hold of his musket and set it down, and then giving him my hand, he jumped down quite lightly. As soon as he got down, he began trying to take off his cartouch box, and then I noticed a red spot of blood on his clean white under jacket. I asked him if he was wounded, and he said that he was, and he feared pretty badly. While he was trying to disengage his accouterments, Capt. Farmer came up, and said to him, "Let me help you, my man!" The captain and myself then assisted him to take them off. He begged us not to take his canteen, which contained his water. We told him we did not wish to take anything but what was in his way and cumbersome to him. Just then one of the Tennesseeans, who had run down to the river, as soon as the firing ceased, for water, came along with some in a tin coffee-pot. The wounded man observing him, asked if he would please to give him a drop. "O! yes," said the Tennesseean, "I'll treat you to anything I've got." The young man took the coffee-pot, and swallowed two or three mouthfuls out of the spout. He then handed back the pot, and in an instant, we observed him sinking backward. We eased him down against the side of a tent, when he gave two or three gasps and was dead. He had been shot through the breast.

On the opposite side of the breastwork there was a ditch about ten feet wide, made by the excavation of the earth of which the work was formed. In it, was about a foot or eighteen inches of water, and to make it the more difficult of passage, a quantity of thornbush had been cut and thrown into it. In this ditch a number of British soldiers were found at the close under the breastwork, as a shelter from our fire. These, of course, came in and surrendered.

When the smoke had cleared away and we could obtain a fair view of the field, it looked, at the first glance, like a sea of blood. It was not blood itself which gave it this appearance, but the red coats in which the British soldiers were dressed. Straight out before our position, for about the width of space which we supposed had been occupied by the British column, the field was entirely covered with prostrate bodies. In some places they were laying in piles of several, one on the top of the other. On either side, there was an interval more thinly sprinkled with the slain; and then two other dense rows, one near the levee and the other toward the swamp. About two hundred yards off, directly in front of our position, lay a large dapple gray horse, which we understood to have been Packenham's. Something like half way between the body of the horse and our breastwork there was a very large pile of dead, and at this spot, as I was afterward told, Packenham had been killed; his horse having staggered off to a considerable distance before he fell. I have no doubt that I could have walked on the bodies, from the edge of the ditch to where the horse was lying, without touching the ground. I did not notice any other horse on the field.

When we first got a fair view of the field in our front, individuals could be seen in every possible attitude. Some laying quite dead, others mortally wounded, pitching and tumbling about in the agonies of death. Some had their heads shot off, some their legs, some their arms. Some were laughing, some crying, some groaning and some screaming. There was every variety of sight and

A truce having been granted for carrying away the British dead, the afternoon of the 8th and the whole of the 9th, were employed for this purpose. The British surviving officers determined to withdraw their troops from their position and re-embark in the face of their enemy. This was an object of much difficulty and hazard, and to accomplish it, every appearance of a renewal of the assault was kept up, and they remained firm in their position until the tenth day after the battle.

In the meanwhile, they had constructed a sort of road from their encampment to their place of debarkation, and it being through a quagmire, along the margin of a bayou, they had used for the purpose, immense quantities of reeds tied up in bundles. Silently, on the night of the 18th, they stole away on this insecure tract. By the treading of the first corps, the bundles of reeds gave way, and their followers had to flounder through in the mire. Not only were the reeds torn asunder, but the bog itself became of the consistency of mud. Every step sunk them to the knees, and frequently higher. Several sunk over their heads in the sloughs and perished, the darkness of the night preventing their companions from affording relief. At the mouth of the bayou were a few fishermen's huts, where they halted to embark. Their provisions being exhausted, a few crumbs of biscuit and a small allowance of rum was their only support. Here they were eighty miles from their ships, and having but a few small open boats, occupied ten days in their embarkation. Their ranks thinned, their generals slain, their bodies emaciated with hunger, fatigue, and sickness, they gladly quitted this inauspicious country.

This was the last important action of the war, on the land. The rejoicings of victory were speedily followed by the welcome tidings of a treaty of peace that had been concluded in the previous December.

VISIT TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

The celebrated Mammoth Cave, is about one hundred miles southwest of Louisville in Edmondson County Kentucky, in the valley of Green River. Our party, consisting of five, left the hotel for the entrance, which is in a

sound. Among those that were on the ground, however, there were some that were neither dead nor wounded. A great many had thrown themselves down behind piles of slain, for protection. As the firing ceased, these men were every now and then jumping up and either running off or coming in and giving themselves up.

Among those that were running off, we observed one stout looking fellow, in a red coat, who would every now and then stop and display some gestures toward us, that were rather the opposite of complimentary. Perhaps fifty guns were fired at him, but as he was a good way off, without effect. Just then, it was noticed, that Paleface was loading his rifle, and some one called out to him, "Hurra, Paleface! load quick and give him a shot. The infernal rascal is patting his butt at us!" Sure enough, Paleface rammed home his bullet, and, taking a long sight, he let drive. The fellow, by this time, was from two to three hundred yards off, and somewhat to the left of Packenham's horse. Paleface said he drew sight on him and then run it along up his back until the sight was lost over his head, to allow for the sinking of the ball in so great a distance, and then let go. As soon as the gun cracked, the fellow was seen to stagger. He ran forward a few steps, then pitched down on his head and moved no more. As soon as he fell, George Huffman, a big stout Dutchman, belonging to our company, asked the captain if he might go and see where Paleface hit him. The captain said he didn't care, and George, jumping from the breastwork over the ditch, ran out over the dead and wounded until he came to the place where the fellow was lying. George rolled the body over until he could see the face, and then turning round to us, shouted at the top of his voice, "Mine Got! he is a nager!" He was a mulatto, and he was quite dead. Paleface's ball had entered between the shoulders and passed out through his breast. George, as he came back, brought three or four muskets which he had picked up. By this time, our men were running out in all directions, picking up muskets, and sometimes watches and other plunder. One man who had got a little too far out on the field was fired at from the British breastwork, and wounded in the arm. He came running back a good deal faster than he had gone out. He was not much hurt but pretty well scared.

little ravine two hundred feet above Green River, and one hundred below the table-land above; it is screened by forest trees that hide its yawning mouth. About one hundred yards from the entrance at "the narrows," you come to a door, above which, a rude Æolian harp is fixed: the cool air within rushing to the warmer atmosphere without, produces a constant current, which passing over it, gives forth wild, mournful notes, in keeping with the solemn grandeur of the cavern. As you continue on, the cave gradually expands into immense proportions, when you reach the "Grand Dome," which is eighty feet high and three hundred feet in circumference. Having lighted our Bengal lights, we stood enchained in wonder and admiration. The purity of the air was now sensibly felt; the thermometer, the whole year round, stands at fifty-seven degrees. Beyond, we came to "Staglamite Hall," where the clusters of stalactites and staglamites produce a singularly beautiful effect. The pure air of the cavern now began to act upon our frames, and rendered us buoyant and elastic to a high degree. We could not repress our exuberance of feeling, and ran, jumped, and hallooed, like boys just let out from school.

The "Devil's Arm Chair," the "Elephant's Head," the "Lover's Leap," the "Gothic Chapel," and the "Cinder Pile," in turn arrested our attention, by which time we had got four miles from the entrance, when we retraced our steps to the main cave, and after an absence of six hours, found comfortable quarters at the hotel.

At daylight the next morning, the guide came with a lamp for each, and a gallon of oil slung on his back, and our party, increased to eight, again started for a farther exploration of the great cavern. The enchanting strains of the Æolian harp soon greeted our ears, then gradually died away in the distance, as we, leaving the scene of the yesterday's explorations on our right, continued our journey in the "Main" cave, until we came to an apartment which was occupied by a gentleman who had been there for months, in the hope of curing an affection of the lungs. He had improved somewhat; but I am satisfied that no permanent cure can be effected by this mode of living.

The next prominent point was the "Bottomless Pit." Here, above us rose the dome, and far below sunk the pit; the distance from the top of the one to the bottom of the other, being nearly three hundred feet; the guide threw a blazing newspaper, saturated with oil into the pit. The illumination was beautiful, showing every fissure in the walls of this immense shaft. Leaving the pit, over which we crossed by a frail bridge, we after awhile descended a ladder to the first river—the river "Styx," and then to "Red River," and last to "Echo River," the deepest and widest of the three being about ten feet deep, and a quarter of a mile in width. In several places we discovered a slow current. It has been ascertained that the surface of this river is nearly upon a level with the surface of Green River, which passes the Cave House but a short distance from the lawn. It must of course flow into Green River, as they usually rise and fall together.

This point is five miles from the entrance. Five miles! It is a long distance from the light of the glorious sun. Miniature rivers and mountains, vales and cliffs had been passed, that had never in all previous time drank in the light of day. The transparency of the water is astonishing, as we could see the sand and pebbles by the light of our lamps, as plainly as if in air. The guide told us the water was very low, and we found that we had almost to prostrate ourselves in the boat, that we might pass under the roof, which appears like an arch sprung from one side of the cave to the other. This was soon after leaving the shore.

One Fourth of July, some three or four years since, a party of two ladies

VIEW IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

"Hurrah! lighted our flaring lights, we soon found ourselves in wonder and admiration. Beyond, we came to Giant's Hall, where the clusters of stalactites and stalagmites produce a singularly beautiful effect."



and two gentlemen, with the guide, crossed the river, which was then slightly rising, and made a visit of some six or eight hours. They enjoyed themselves as all do, who see the wonders of the cave beyond the rivers, little thinking of the danger which they had left behind, and which was increasing each moment of their stay. Upon their return, they were amazed and stupified to find the water had risen some four or five feet, in their absence. Consternation seized upon them for a time, as visions of starvation, in utter darkness, flashed upon their minds. They gave themselves up for lost. They knew not when the water would fall, or whether they could repass the low and arched portion of the roof spoken of above. They resolved, however, to try, and that quickly, as each fleeting moment added to the fast rising flood, and a little delay might cut them off forever from the cheerful light of day, and anxious friends without. They stepped into the small and tottling flat-boat with beating hearts—they pushed boldly out, the guide in the bow. In a little time, they see the dreaded arch by the light of their torches, and instantly feel the descending roof with their hands. All now lay down on their backs in the sand and water which was at the bottom of this craft, and succeeded in squeezing themselves and their cockle-shell of a boat through the opening left by the still rising water. One hour longer, and their egress would have been utterly stopped! On their arrival at the mouth, they found there had been a tremendous fall of rain, which had suddenly raised Green River, as much as it had its counterpart in the cave.

About half way across the river, the cavern expands into mammoth proportions, and the number of chambers and recesses above are innumerable. Here is the remarkable echo which gives its name to the river. A slight stroke of the oar upon the frail boat is repeated millions of times, receding at each successive echo, until the sound dies away in the most distant chambers above you, assuming the melting tones of the wind harp. The ear is never surfeited with this musical echo, and all the different noises we could conjure up, were tried over and over again with the same harmonious effect. The most bewitching melody is returning to the expectant ear from the musical apartments above, whatever may be the cause. A pistol was discharged, and thunder burst upon us, as grand and startling as any ever heard above; always, however, giving us a strain of sweet melody as it left us.

During our voyage, we saw many of the eyeless fish floating in the clear water, without any apparent concern for their safety. With a scoop-net we caught several, and examined them closely. They are white, from four to six inches in length, and entirely destitute of eyes. They are a new species, wonderfully suited to their dark and silent abode, being so constituted as to possess an external covering, whose sense of touch is peculiarly delicate, enabling it to perceive the slightest impulse given to the water, and from whence it proceeds. The fish, as a whole, resembles the ordinary cat-fish of our rivers, but it has no thorns for its defense, its delicate sense of touch answering in the place of all warlike weapons.

Some few miles beyond the river, we came to "Cleveland's Cabinet," which cannot be adequately described. Conceive, if you can, yourself standing under an arch, some twenty feet in height, and fifty in width, incrusted with a thick coating of frost, through which is protruding in all directions, buds, vine-tendrils, rosettes, sun-flowers, cactus leaves,—everything from the most exquisite and perfect lily, to the elegance and taste of the most elaborate Corinthian capitol, fashioned from a material the most delicate, and all of a pearly white; and you may have some conception of this unique cabinet. At some points, the roof is entirely studded with snow-balls, which have, apparently been frozen there, and present innumerable mirrors to your lamps,

wherein the light is reflected with sparkling brilliancy, as if from millions of diamonds. Sulphate of soda, as pure as it can be, is under your feet in piles. Every turn you make presents some new and beautiful vegetable form of the utmost delicacy.

After leaving the cabinet, which is near a mile in length, you are arrested by the "Rocky Mountains"—truly and appropriately named, as any who may ever cross them will surely acknowledge. Gloom of a peculiar nature characterizes this spot above all others. Pen and pencil will both fail in giving the slightest idea of the magnitude and grandeur of this awful place. We lit our Bengal lights, and were silent with awe.

Still further on, and thirteen long and weary miles from the entrance, we came to the end; here is the gem of this whole cavern. It is named "Serena's Bower." This beautiful spot is guarded by an aperture, which is very difficult to enter. The interior of the Bower is a fit termination to so vast a cavern, amply repaying the determined explorer for his energy in reaching it.

It is small and deep, bottom, roof and sides being entirely covered with stalactite formations. From the ceiling, the stalactites join on the sides, and run down to and form the very floor of this most beautiful grotto. The roof is shaped much like an umbrella. The idea that strikes you is, as if from a common center in the roof, that the long hair from the heads of a hundred females had been let down, and that it had been dropped from that center in the most graceful manner imaginable to the walls, down which it flows in most grotesque confusion, forming miniature grottoes, surrounded with fan-like pillars; and when illuminated interiorly, producing a most exquisite picture. This is a fairy realm, and this the abode of their queen.

In the side of the bower, and about three feet from the floor, is a basin of the most limpid water; around the edge of which, the most curiously shaped pillars, form as it were, a fence for its protection. Hanging a lamp inside of the columns, and above the water, it illuminated this magic mountain, and drew from each one present, an acclamation of wonder and delight. We sat down, and quietly feasted our eyes with the rare and exquisite beauties of this lovely spot. We had been over six hours constantly traveling and wondering; and were now much impressed with our utter exclusion from our fellow-beings.

Six hours longer, and we were again within sight of the heavens, with the sun, red and low in the west.

ADVENTURES OF OLIVER.

In August, 1812, immediately after the disgraceful surrender of Hull, about five hundred Indian warriors laid siege to Fort Wayne, a dilapidated structure of wood which had been built in Wayne's campaign, near the north-eastern corner of Indiana, at the junction of the St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Rivers, main branches of the Maumee. The garrison, amounting to less than one-seventh of their number, was commanded by Capt. Rhea, an old officer broken down by intemperance, and of a timid disposition. As at that period the whole surrounding region was a wilderness, and they were far from succor, their danger was imminent.

They were finally saved from the horrors of an Indian massacre, by the daring bravery and address of a young Virginian, named William Oliver. This young man, scarce twenty-one years of age, to a slender and delicate, though active figure, united in a high degree, the qualities of undaunted courage, enthusiasm, firmness and sagacity. A resident of Fort Wayne, he was at

this time, temporarily absent at Cincinnati, and learning on his return route that the Indians had appeared before the fort, he voluntarily hurried back to the city to urge the troops stationed at that point, to hasten to its relief. This being accomplished, he set out again with all speed toward the fort, intending to reach it, and penetrate through its swarm of surrounding savages in advance of the relief, for the purpose of encouraging the garrison to persevere in its defense until their arrival.

At St. Mary's River he came to an encampment of Ohio militia, with whom was Thomas Worthington, of Chillicothe (afterward Governor of Ohio), then on the frontier as Indian commissioner, to whom Oliver communicated his intention of entering the fort, or of perishing in the attempt. Worthington had been originally opposed to the policy of declaring war; but now that it had been commenced, was zealous for its vigorous prosecution; yet this did not save him from the taunt of an ill-bred brother officer, who accused him of a want of patriotism. Being a high-spirited man of the keenest sense of honor, this accusation stung Worthington to the quick, and he felt eager to embark in any enterprise, howsoever desperate, to show the unjustness of the charge, and his willingness to peril his all for his country. In him, Oliver found a zealous confederate, notwithstanding old experienced frontiersmen endeavored to dissuade him from the dangerous undertaking. Unitedly, they induced sixty-eight of the militia, and sixteen Shawanee Indians, to accompany them.

On the second day's march, thirty-six of the party consulting their fears, secretly deserted their companions, and returned to the main body. The remainder continued their route, and at sunset in their camp, heard the evening gun from the fort, through an intervening forest of twenty-four miles. As the reduced party was not strong enough to encounter the enemy, Worthington was very reluctantly induced to remain at this point with his men, while Oliver, with three friendly Indians, pushed on. Being well armed and mounted, they started at day break the next morning, proceeding with great caution. When within five miles of the fort, they perceived holes which the Indians had dug on each side of the road for concealment, and to cut off all who should approach toward the place. Upon observing these, they abandoned the main road, struck off across the country, and reached the Maumee one and a half miles below the fort. Tying their horses in a thicket, they stole cautiously along through the forest to ascertain if the Indians had obtained possession. Oliver at length discovered, with feelings of joy, the American flag waving above the fort; but not deeming even this as conclusive, he approached on the east side so near as not only to discern the blue uniform of a sentinel, but to recognize in his countenance that of an acquaintance.

Having satisfied himself on this point, they returned, remounted their horses, and taking the main road, moved rapidly onward. Upon reaching the gate of the esplanade, they found it locked, and were thus compelled to pass down the river bank, and then ascend it at the northern gate. They were favored in doing so, by the withdrawal of the savages from this point, in carrying out a plan, then on the point of consummation, for taking the fort by an ingenious stratagem.

For several days previous to this time, the hostile chiefs, under a flag of truce, had been holding intercourse with the garrison. In their interviews with Captain Rhea, that officer had shown such a spirit of timidity, that they felt persuaded that it could be made available at the proper moment, to put him and his men in their power. They had accordingly, arranged their warriors in a semicircle on the west and south sides of the fort, and at a short

distance from it. Five of the chiefs, under pretense of treating with the officers of the garrison, were to pass into the fort, and gain admittance into the council-room with scalping-knives and pistols secreted under their blankets. Then, at a certain signal, they were to assassinate the two subaltern officers, seize Captain Rhea, and with threats of instant death, if he did not comply, and promises of safety, if he did, compel him to order the gates to be thrown open for the admission of their warriors.

The plan, thus arranged, was in the act of being carried into execution, at the moment when Oliver and his companions reached the gate. Their safe arrival at that particular moment, may be justly considered as miraculous. One hour sooner, or one hour later, would have, no doubt, been inevitable destruction both to himself and escort: the parties of Indians who had kept close guard for eight days previous, upon the roads and passes in different directions, having all at that moment, been called in to aid in carrying the fort.

Winnemac, Five Medals and three other hostile chiefs, bearing the flag of truce, under which they were to gain admittance to carry out their treacherous intentions, were surprised by suddenly meeting at the gate, Oliver and his companions. Coming from different directions, and screened by the angles of the fort, they were not visible to each other until that moment. Winnemac showed great chagrin, uttered an ejaculation of disappointment, and hastily returning to the Indian camp, informed the chiefs and warriors that the stratagem was defeated.

Oliver immediately upon his arrival wrote a hasty letter to Worthington, describing the situation of the fort, which he sent by the Indians. Luckily their movements were not observed, until they had actually started from the garrison gate. They now put spurs to their horses, and dashed off at full speed. The hostile Indians were instantly in motion to intercept them; the race was a severe and perilous one, but they cleared the enemy's line in safety, and then their loud shout of triumph rose high in the air, and fell like music upon the ears of the beleagured garrison. They safely delivered the letter, and a few days after, Gen. Harrison arrived with reinforcements, the enemy having continued the siege until within a few hours of his arrival, and that, too, with such perseverance, that the vigilance of the garrison alone saved them from a general conflagration from the burning arrows of the savages.

Young Oliver rendered very important services at the two sieges of Fort Meigs, in the succeeding year, during which he encountered no less peril than in that related. He was there as an officer in the commissary's department. Gen. Harrison, at the first siege, desired some person to communicate with Gen. Green Clay, who was approaching to its relief with a body of Kentucky volunteers, and to direct his movements, as there was great danger of his falling into an ambuscade. The selection of one suited to this task was of no small difficulty. The peculiar qualities of Oliver, his knowledge of the country, and of Indian warfare, were such that the selection at once fell upon him. This dangerous enterprise, for the Indians were already in considerable numbers around the fort, he successfully executed.

The day before Oliver reached the reinforcements, Capt. Leslie Combs, filled with the patriotic ardor of the Kentuckian, volunteered to go into Fort Meigs, taking with him three or four Shawanee Indians, and an equal number of his own men, to apprise the garrison of their approach. When within a mile, he was attacked by the Indians, and after a gallant resistance, was compelled to retreat with the loss of nearly all of his companions.

Oliver, notwithstanding, determined to make the attempt. Gen. Clay remonstrated with him upon its danger, pointed to the failure of Combs, and stated that it was impossible to penetrate the enemy's lines. Oliver, in reply,

spoke of his knowledge of the country, and of Indian stratagem, and urged the importance of Harrison's knowing his approach, to form his plans of operations for breaking up the siege. He finished by expressing his determination to go at all hazards, unless he, Clay, interposed his absolute command against it.

Oliver ordered his boat along with fifteen picked men from the Ohio militia, and got aboard. As he was about leaving, Clay grasped his hand and said, "farewell Oliver, we shall never see you again!"

Oliver and his companions approached the fort about midnight. Everything was in utter darkness, and the only evidence of localities was the cannonading from the enemy's batteries on the opposite bank of the Maumee, and the branches of a tall oak standing within the fort. Information having been conveyed the day previous to Harrison, by two deserters, that the enemy intended to assault the fort that night, the lights had been extinguished, and the garrison were on their arms awaiting their approach: mistaking Oliver's party for their advance, they were fired upon by the sentinels, but without injury. Harrison having had an interview with Oliver, made arrangements for the ensuing day—a day which is memorable for the successful landing of Clay, the gallant sorties from the garrison upon the enemy's batteries, and the defeat and massacre of Dudley upon the opposite bank of the Maumee.

Two months later, the British and Indians, to near the number of five thousand, again invested Fort Meigs. The post being then under the command of Gen. Clay, that officer called Oliver to his quarters, and stated that he was fearful that the fort would fall before the overwhelming force of the enemy. He implored Oliver to endeavor to make his way through the Indians to Gen. Harrison—supposed to be at Upper Sandusky, seventy miles distant—represent their perilous condition, and urge his assistance. "I will," said the General, "reward you liberally, if you succeed in the attempt." "I shall not," Oliver rejoined, "put my life in the scale against money or promotion. My country has higher calls upon me than these, and from a sense of duty to her, I will make the trial."

Col. John Miller, of the 19th Regiment United States Infantry, and afterward Governor of Missouri, was in the fort, second in command to Clay. On learning Oliver's intentions, he accosted him, and inquired if the report was true. "Yes!" was the answer. "Well," rejoined he, much excited, "You are a fool! by ——! Why is it that *you* are always called upon for these perilous services?"

Clay having requested Oliver to take with him any of his officers or men, he applied to one of the regular officers; but he had not sufficient nerve, and begged to be excused. At length he succeeded in obtaining, as companions, Capt. M'Cune, of the Ohio militia (a man who knew not fear), and one of the Petersburg volunteers.

About nine o'clock the same night, Oliver and his party rode out of the gate of the fort. Just at that moment, the British band struck up the tattoo on the opposite bank of the Maumee: the music sounded sweetly across the intervening water, serving, in a great measure, to drown the tramp of their horses.

They had got scarce a quarter of a mile, when they suddenly came upon a camp of Indians. Disturbed by the noise of their approach, the savages sprang up, and ran toward them, upon which they reined up their horses, and awaited the movements of their enemy. For a few moments, their suspense was agonizing. Luckily their animals, as if endowed with human intelligence, and fully conscious of the danger, stood perfectly still, and the Indians passed around them without making any discovery in the thick darkness

Finally, they moved away to throw the party off their guard; then Oliver and his companions, taking a different direction, put spurs to their horses, and dashed forward into the almost impenetrable forest of the Black Swamp.

M'Cune being unaccustomed to the woods, got separated from Oliver and the other, who continued on in the right direction, the Indians being in full pursuit on horseback. In a short time their bodies were covered with bruises from contusions against the trees, and they were nearly naked, the briers and brambles having torn off their clothes. At nine o'clock the next night, Oliver arrived at Upper Sandusky, and there learning that Harrison was in the vicinity of Fort Stephenson, he, notwithstanding his fatigue, continued on, rode all that night, and the next day about 11 A. M., arrived at the General's camp in the vicinity of Seneca, after a continuous ride of more than one day and two entire nights, during which he had passed over a hundred miles.

M'Cune having been lost in the Black Swamp, did not arrive at head-quarters until the next day. Harrison wishing to retain Oliver for other service, sent M'Cune back to Gen. Clay, with a verbal message of his intentions. He arrived in safety, although after a narrow escape, having been pursued for several miles by a party of mounted Indians.

The opportune arrival of M'Cune saved the fort, as the intelligence he brought preserved them from an ingeniously devised stratagem of Tecumseh, which was put into execution that day, as we here relate.

Toward evening, a body of British infantry were secreted in a ravine below the fort, and the cavalry in the woods above, while the Indians, with a part of the British infantry, were stationed in a third direction in the forest on the Sandusky road. About an hour before dark, they commenced a sham battle on that road. A heavy firing of rifles and muskets was heard; the Indian yell broke upon the ear, and the savages were seen attacking with great impetuosity, a column of men, who were soon thrown into confusion; they, however, rallied, and in turn the Indians gave way. The idea at once flew through the fort, that a severe battle was going on between the enemy and an approaching body of reinforcements. The troops flew to arms, and with their officers demanded to be forthwith led to the support of their friends. Gen. Clay was unable to explain the firing, but wisely concluded from the information received in the morning from Capt. M'Cune, that there could be no reinforcements in the neighborhood of that fort; yet it required all his firmness to resist the importunity of his officers and men, to be led to the scene of action. The enemy finding that the garrison could not be drawn out, and a heavy shower of rain beginning to fall, terminated their sham battle. Had it not been for the intelligence conveyed by M'Cune, the garrison would have fallen victims to this admirably planned maneuver and been totally destroyed, as they numbered only a few hundred, while their enemy amounted to several thousand strong.

Although Oliver was, in this instance, but the indirect agent of saving Fort Meigs from the horrors of an Indian massacre, yet when taken in connection with his efforts in behalf of the garrison at Fort Wayne, it is evident that but few individuals have ever rendered so great services of this kind to their country. M'Cune, his companion, died some few years since, in Zanesville. Oliver is now (1851) living a highly respected and well known citizen of Cincinnati.

EMIGRANTS' CAMP.

"At sunset, their day's journey finished, they halt, perhaps, in the forest by the roadside, to prepare for supper and to pass the night. The horses are unharnessed, watered and secured, with their heads to the trough, or else hoppled out to grass."



INCIDENTS OF EMIGRATION.

The annexed engraving represents a halt for the night of two emigrants with their families—the one, perhaps, has left his native soil, and the inheritance of his fathers, and seeks in the Far West for that independence in his worldly circumstances, which he has tried in vain to gain from the stony and barren patrimonial homestead;—the other, perhaps, is one who has looked on his rapidly increasing family, and ambitious of doing something for his children while in the prime of life, or anxious to see them comfortably settled around him, that his old age may be cheered by their presence, has resolved to go to the *Far West*, the land which is represented as flowing with milk and honey.

Resolved to emigrate, the emigrant collects together his little property, and provides himself with a wagon and with two or three horses, as his means permit; a rifle, a shot gun, and an ax slung over his shoulder, form part of his equipment, and his trusty dog becomes the companion of his journey. In his wagon are placed his bedding, his provisions, and such cooking utensils as are indispensably necessary. Everything being ready, the wife and children take their seats, the father of the family mounts the box, and now they are on the move. As they pass through the village which has been to them the scene of many happy hours, they take a last look at the spots which are hallowed by association; the church with its lowly spire, an emblem of that humility which befits the Christian; and the burial-ground, where the weeping willow bends mournfully over the head-stone which marks the parent's grave; nor do the children forget their play ground, nor the white schoolhouse where the rudiments of education have been instilled into their minds.

Their road is at first, comparatively smooth, and their journey pleasant; their way is chequered with divers little incidents, while the continual changes in the appearance of the country around them, and the anticipation of what is to come, prevent those feelings of despondency, which might, otherwise, arise on leaving a much loved home. When the roads are bad or hilly, the family quit the wagon, and plod their way on foot. At sunset, their day's journey finished, they halt, perhaps, in the forest by the roadside, to prepare for supper, and to pass the night. The horses are unharnessed, watered, and secured with their heads to the trough, or else hobbled out to grass. Their frugal supper over, the emigrants arrange themselves for the night, while their faithful dog keeps watch. Amid all the privations and vicissitudes in their journey, they are cheered by the consciousness that each day lessens the distance between them and the land of promise, whose fertile soil is to recompense them for all their trials.

Gradually as they advance west, the roads become more and more rough, and are only passable in many places by logs having been placed side by side, thus forming what are termed *corduroy* roads. The ax and the rifle of the emigrant, or *mover*, as he is termed in the West, are now brought daily, and almost hourly, into use. With the former, he cuts down saplings or young trees, to throw across the roads, which, in many places, are almost impassable; with the latter he kills squirrels, wild turkeys, or such game as the forest affords him; for by this time, his provisions are exhausted. If perchance a buck crosses his path, and is brought down by a lucky shot, it is carefully dressed, and hung up in the forks of the trees; fires are built, and the meat is cut into small strips, and smoked and dried for future subsistence.

The road through the woods now becomes intricate, the trees being merely felled and drawn aside, so as to permit a wheeled carriage to pass; and the emigrant is often obliged to be guided in his route only by the *blaze* of the surveyor on the trees, and at every few rods to cut away the branches which obstruct his passage. The stroke of his ax reverberates through the woods, but no answer meets the woodsman's ear, to assure him of the presence of friend or foe. At night in these solitudes, he sees and hears the wolves stealing through the gloom, and snuffing the scent of the intruders; and now and then, the blood-shot eye of the catamount glares through the foliage.

Days and weeks, nay, perhaps even months of unremitting toil, pass before he has gained the end of his journey. At length, he arrives at the landmarks which indicate to him the proximity of his own possessions. A location for the cabin, is now selected near a small stream of running water, and if possible, on the south side of a slight elevation. No time is lost. The trees are immediately felled, and shortly you can perceive a cleared space of ground of perhaps a few rods in circumference. Stakes, forked at the top, are driven into the ground, on which are placed logs, and the chinks between these are stopped with clay. An inclosure is thus thrown up hastily, to protect the inmates from the weather. The trunks of the trees are rolled to the edge of the clearing, and surmounted by stakes driven crosswise into the ground: the tops of the trees are piled on the trunks, thus forming a brush fence. By degrees, the surrounding trees are killed by *girdling*. Some that are fit to make into rails are cut down and split, while others are either left to rot, or are *logged* up and burned.

The next season a visible improvement has taken place. Several acres have been added to the clearing. The emigrant's residence begins to assume the appearance of a farm. The brush fence is replaced by a worm fence. The temporary shanty is transformed into a comfortable log-cabin. And although the chimney is built of only small sticks piled together, and filled in between with clay, and occupies an end of the cabin, it shows that the inward man is duly attended to; and the savory fumes of venison, of the prairie hen, and of other good things, prove that the comforts of this life are not forgotten, and that due respect is paid to that important organ in the human economy—the stomach.

In a few years or even months, the retired cabin, once so solitary, becomes the nucleus of a little settlement; other sections and quarter sections of land are entered at the land office, by new comers. New portions of ground are cleared, cabins are erected; and in a short time, the settlement can turn out a dozen efficient hands for a *raising bee, or logging bee, &c., &c.* A saw-mill is soon in operation, on one of the neighboring streams; the log-huts receive a poplar weather boarding, and as the little settlement increases, a school-house and church appear; a mail is established, and before many years elapse, a fine road is made to the nearest town; a stage-coach, which runs once or twice a-week, connects the place with the populous county to the east of it.

A generation passes over. The log buildings have all disappeared. In their places stand handsome edifices of brick or wood, painted of a pure white, and the settlement has all the conveniences and refinements of its parent settlements on the Atlantic frontier. The emigrant himself, is now an aged man. His locks are silvered by time. His toils are over. Some fine summer's evening, he may be seen seated in the porch of his dwelling, his frank, open countenance beaming with delight, as he relates the tale of his early adventures to his little grandchildren, who, clustering about his knees, drink in every word with intense interest.

THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

At the formation of the Federal Government, all the lands not owned by individuals, belonged to the States respectively, within whose limits they were situated; for as that government consisted of a confederacy of States, each of which retained its proprietary rights, and proper sovereignty, the United States acquired by the Union no property in the soil. The uninhabited wilds lying to the west, and as yet not clearly defined by established boundaries, were claimed by the adjacent States, and portions of them by foreign nations under conflicting claims, but all subject to the paramount Indian title. The title, therefore, of the United States to that country is derived: 1. From treaties with foreign nations; 2. From treaties with the Indian tribes; and—3. From cessions by individual States, members of the Union.

The treaties with foreign nations, by which territory has been acquired, are those of 1783 and 1794, with Great Britain, of 1795 and 1820, with Spain, and of 1803, with France. It is sufficient to say of these treaties, that by them we acquired Louisiana and the Floridas, and extinguished all the claims of foreign nations to the immense regions lying west of the several States, and extending to the Pacific Ocean. The lands east of the Mississippi, and contained within the boundaries designated by the treaty with Great Britain of 1783, were claimed by individual States, and the title of the United States to that territory is derived from cessions made by those States.

These cessions embrace three distinct tracts of country.

1. The whole territory north of the river Ohio, and west of Pennsylvania and Virginia, extending northwardly to the northern boundary of the United States, and westwardly to the Mississippi, was claimed by Virginia, and that State was in possession of the French settlements of Vincennes and Kaskaskia, which she had occupied and defended during the revolutionary war. The States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York, set up, to portions of the same territory, claims, which though scarcely plausible, were urgently pressed upon the consideration of Congress. The United States, by cessions from those four States, acquired an indisputable title to the whole. This tract now comprises Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan.

2. North Carolina ceded to the United States all her vacant lands lying west of the Alleghany mountains within the breadth of her charter. This territory is comprised within the State of Tennessee.

3. South Carolina and Georgia ceded their titles to that tract of country which now composes the States of Alabama and Mississippi.

The earliest law passed by Congress, for the sale of the lands of the United States, provided for its disposal to purchasers, in tracts of four thousand acres each; and did not allow the selling of a smaller quantity, except in case of the fractions created by the angles and sinuosities of the rivers. The law was highly unfavorable to actual settlers, as it prevented persons of moderate property from acquiring freeholds; and would have enabled persons of wealth to become proprietors, and to sell the land to the cultivator at exorbitant prices, or else have forced the latter to be tenants under the former. With the notions that many of our statesmen had derived from Great Britain, and which, notwithstanding the recent rupture of our connection with that country, still remained impressed upon us, with all the force of education and association, it is perhaps not surprising, that they should have deemed it advantageous to create a landed aristocracy; but it is more probable, that the error arose from accident and carelessness. It is curious, however, to look back at

these first awkward attempts at republican legislation, and to see how gradually we shook off the habits of thought in which we had been trained, and how slowly the shackles of prejudice fell from around us.

The first step toward a change in that objectionable system, which contemplated sales in large tracts, and on credit, was the passage of the act of the 10th of May 1800, which provided for the sale of land in sections and half sections.

The plan of selling land in sections and half sections, the former of six hundred and forty acres, and the latter of three hundred and twenty acres, was first proposed in Congress by General William H. Harrison, when a delegate from the northwestern territory, in 1799, and produced a sensation which showed how little mature thought had been bestowed on the subject in that body. The law was certainly one of the most beneficial tendency; and its passage constitutes an epoch in the history of this country, of perhaps greater magnitude and interest than any other in our annals; for no act of the government has ever borne so immediately upon the settling, the rapid improvement, and the permanent prosperity of the western States. The ordinance of 1787, is justly regarded as an instrument of vast importance, and singularly propitious consequences; but in its practical operation and salutary results, it sinks in comparison with the system of selling the public domain, which has placed the acquisition of real estate within the reach of the laboring classes, and rendered the titles to land perfectly secure. It is understood, that this act was not the exclusive production of General Harrison; the discriminating genius of Mr. Gallatin, then a member of Congress, was also employed in its production; and although the earnest request of that distinguished citizen, and the circumstances of the moment, forced Mr. Harrison to submit to the credit of being its sole author, the natural ingenuousness of the latter induced him, subsequently, when he could do so with propriety, to explain his own part in the proceeding, and to give Mr. Gallatin the honor due him. The bill was warmly attacked by some of the ablest men in the lower house. Mr. Harrison defended it alone; he exposed the folly and iniquity of the old system; demonstrated that it could only result to the benefit of the wealthy monopolist, while the hardy and useful population, which has since poured into the fertile plains of Ohio, and made it in thirty years, the *third* State in the Union, must have been excluded from her borders, or have taken the land on terms dictated by the wealthy purchasers from the government.

In 1802, a convention was held at Vincennes, of which General Harrison was president, at which a petition was adopted, praying of Congress, that a provision of one thirty-sixth part of the public lands within the territory of Indiana, be made for the support of schools within the same; and on the 2d of March succeeding, Mr. Randolph, the chairman of a committee to whom this subject was referred, made a favorable report. This was the commencement of our beneficent system for the support of public schools.

As early as 1803, petitions were presented to Congress, praying for various improvements or changes in the mode of selling lands, among which the most prominent suggestions were: to sell the land in smaller tracts—to charge no interest on sales—to sell for cash—to reduce the price—and to make grants of small tracts to actual settlers.

On the 23d January 1804, a report was made in the House of Representatives, recommending the reduction of the size of the tracts, and the sale of quarter sections in the townships which had before been offered in half sections, and the sale of half sections in those which had been offered in whole sections.

The present admirable system of selling the public lands, may be dated as having commenced with the act of May 10, 1800, though several important improvements have been made since that time. It is not necessary to notice all these changes. All the lands within each district, are surveyed before any part is offered for sale; being actually divided into townships of six miles square, and each of these subdivided into thirty-six sections of one mile square, containing six hundred and forty acres each. All the dividing lines run according to the cardinal points, and cross each other at right angles, except where fractional sections are formed by large streams, or by an Indian boundary line. These sections are again divided into quarter, half-quarter, and quarter-quarter sections, containing one hundred and sixty, eighty, and forty acres respectively, of which the lines are not actually surveyed, but the corners, boundaries, and contents, are ascertained by fixed rules prescribed by law.

Previous to the year 1820, the price demanded by government for its land, was two dollars per acre, one-fourth of which was paid at the time of purchase, and the remainder in three equal annual instalments; a discount of eight per cent being allowed to the purchaser, if the whole was paid in advance. This arrangement, however liberally intended, was found to be productive of great mischief. Large purchases were made by individuals, who had not the means of payment. Persons who had only money enough to pay the first instalment on one or more tracts, disbursed their whole capital in making the prompt payment required at the time of entry, depending on future contingencies for the power to discharge the other three-fourths of their liabilities. This was done, in most cases, without the least intention to defraud; the risk of loss being entirely on the side of the purchaser, and the allurement to make the venture, such as few men have the resolution to withstand. A rapid increase in the value of lands was generally anticipated, and many expected to meet their engagements by selling a portion of the land at an enhanced price, and thus securing the portion retained; some were enticed by a desire to secure choice tracts, and others deluded by the belief that they could raise the sums required, within the appointed time, by the sale of produce made on the soil. A few, by industry, or by good fortune, realized these anticipations, but a great majority of the purchasers, at the expiration of the term limited for the payment of the last instalment, found their lands subject to forfeiture for nonpayment. Instead of rising, the price of land had fallen, in consequence of the vast quantities thrown into the market; and the increase in the amount of produce raised, so far exceeded the increase of demand for consumption, that the farmer was unable to realize any considerable profit from that source, while the expenses of clearing and improving his farm required both labor and money. Money was scarce, the country was new, without capitalists, moneyed institutions, or manufacturers, and with little commerce; and while the sale of lands, and the importation of foreign goods, required to supply the wants of the people, constituted an immense and an eternal drain of the circulating medium, across the mountains, the industry of the people was not yet brought into action, nor the resources of the country developed, to a sufficient extent to afford the means of bringing the money back. Ours was a population of buyers. The demand for money induced the establishment of local banks, whose notes were at first eagerly taken, but soon depreciated, having the usual effect of driving better money out of circulation, without substituting any valuable medium in its place. Bank debts were added to land debts. This state of things existed chiefly from 1814 until 1820.

A period of distress occurred which reached its lowest point of depression

in 1819. The whole population trembled upon the brink of ruin; and had the federal government proved a rigid creditor, this extensive and beautiful country must have presented a vast scene of desolation. The purchasers of land had become settlers; they had built houses and opened fields upon the soil, the legal title to which remained in the government. A few could have saved their homes by the disposal of other property; the many could not purchase the roof that sheltered them, at any sacrifice which they might have been willing, or perhaps able, to make. Yet it is not to be inferred that the people were destitute, or desperately poor; far from it—they were substantial farmers, surrounded with all the means of comfort and happiness—except *money*. To have driven such a people to extremity, would have been ungenerous and fatally unwise; for now that the crisis has passed, we may say without offense or danger, that there is no calculating the extent of the private misery, and the public convulsion, which such a policy would inevitably have produced. The enlightened statesman (Mr. Crawford), who at that time presided over the Treasury department, saw, and properly estimated the wants and feelings of that part of the community, together with the relative duty of the government. A system of relief was devised, which, by extending the time of payment, and authorizing purchasers to secure a portion of their lands by relinquishing the remainder to the government, in the course of eight years extinguished a large portion of those debts, and has eventually, it is believed, absorbed the whole, without injury to the citizen, and with little loss to the government. Upon granting relief to the land purchasers, the credit system was abolished; and lands are now sold by the government at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, payable in cash.

THE RANGER'S ADVENTURE.

Thomas Higgins, a native Kentuckian, in the late war enlisted in a company of rangers, and was stationed, in the summer of 1814, in a block-house or station, eight miles south of Greenville, in what is now Bond County, Illinois. On the evening of the 30th of August, a small party of Indians having been seen prowling about the station, Lieut. Journay with all his men, twelve only in number, sallied forth the next morning just before daylight, in pursuit of them. They had not proceeded far on the border of the prairie, before they were in an ambuscade of seventy or eighty savages. At the first fire, the Lieutenant and three of his men were killed. Six fled to the fort under cover of the smoke, for the morning was sultry, and the air being damp, the smoke from the guns hung like a cloud over the scene; but Higgins remained behind to have "one more pull at the enemy," and avenge the death of his companions.

He sprang behind a small elm, scarcely sufficient to protect his body, when, the smoke partly rising, discovered to him a number of Indians, upon which he fired, and shot down the foremost one.

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?" He 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 animal taking fright, darted off in an instant, and left them both 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 rivulet 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. He 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. He 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—he fell again, and as he rose, the whole three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose a third time; 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 his 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 would have despaired. Not so with him. 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. A bloody conflict now ensued. The Indians stabbed him in several places. Their spears, however, were but thin poles, hastily prepared, and bent whenever they struck a rib or a muscle. The wounds they made were not, therefore, deep, though numerous.

At last one of them threw his tomahawk. It struck him upon the cheek, severed his ear, 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, dashed out the brains of the nearest savage. In doing so, however, it broke—the barrel only remaining in his hand. The other Indian, who had, heretofore, 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, therefore, 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's 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.

The smoke had now passed away, and a large number of Indians were in view. Nothing, it would seem, could now save the gallant ranger. There was, however, an eye to pity, and an arm to save—and that arm was a woman's! 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.

Higgins was insensible for several days, and his life was preserved by continual care. His friends extracted two of the balls from his thigh; two, however, yet remained—one of which gave him a good deal of pain. Hearing, afterward, that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, he determined to go and see him. The physician asked him fifty dollars for the operation. This Higgins flatly refused, saying it was more than a half year's pension. On reaching home, he found the exercise of riding had made the ball discernible; he requested his wife, therefore, to hand him his razor. With her assistance he laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullet; then inserting his two thumbs into the gash, "he flirted it out," as he used to say, "without costing him a cent." The other ball yet remained; it gave him, however, but little pain, and he carried it with him to his grave. Higgins died in Fayette County, Illinois, a few years since. He was the most perfect specimen of a frontier man in his day, and was once assistant door-keeper of the House of Representatives, in Illinois. The facts above stated, are familiar to many, to whom Higgins was personally known, and there is no doubt of their correctness.

WILD BILL, OR THE MISSISSIPPI ORSON.

Wild Bill, or the Mississippi Orson, as he has been called, was secured about the year 1809, in the Mississippi swamp, not far from the site of Pinckneyville. The circumstances that led to his being taken, were these. Some persons who had recently settled in the vicinity, saw on the margins of the swamps, the prints of the bare foot of a young person, and on close examination, they soon discovered a naked boy walking with the gait, and in the manner of a wild animal, on the shore of one of the lakes that abound in that region. His object was to catch frogs, a species of hunting at which he seemed very expert. When he had caught them, he devoured them raw.

The discoverer attempted to approach him; but so soon as the wild lad saw him, he fled with the usual terror of an untamed creature at the sight of man, toward a lake, into which he plunged, diving and swimming with the ease of an amphibious animal.

These occurrences naturally excited much interest among the settlers; and they collected in a body to make a united effort to take him. After hunting for him for some time, they at length discovered him under a Persimmon tree, eating the fruit. As soon as he observed his pursuers, he fled as before, doubling like a fox, and making again for the water. Excusing themselves by their motive, the hunters adopted their usual expedient for catching animals. They put their dogs on the trail of the strange game. They soon tired him down and brought him to bay. Though no metaphysicians to form mental theorems out of the case of their new conquest, they discovered that the two-legged unfeathered creature, had the natural instinct of *fight*—for he had made battle upon dogs and men with the full amount of courage and ferocity that might be expected from his age and physical strength. But, although he fought like any other animal, he was compelled to yield to numbers, and was fairly caught and bound.

He was then, it is supposed, not far from nine years old, naked, and perfectly speechless. His form was slender, but well-proportioned, and capable of extreme agility. His eyes were brilliant; his hair sandy, and his complexion florid; a circumstance which may be accounted for, by his having lived almost entirely in the deep shades of the forest. Woodville was the nearest considerable settlement, and thither he was carried and placed in the family of Mr. Benjamin Rollins for domestication.

In two years after his capture, he had made some progress in learning to converse; he was also quite intelligible, although he had a *wild* look, perfectly indicative of his name. It was more difficult to overcome his appetite for raw flesh, than to learn him to speak. The love of the excitement of alcohol seems to be another common appetite of the man of nature, for he soon manifested an unconquerable longing for spirits in any form, especially when rendered sweet,—upon which he became intoxicated whenever he had an opportunity. Whether he discovered the usual developments of the other animal propensities we do not know; but he always remained a wild animal in the fierceness of his temper. When playing with lads of his age, the moment his passions were aroused in any way, his first movement was to strike them with whatever instrument was nearest at hand. After his partial domestication they attempted to put him at work; but he showed a truly savage disrelish for labor. He was sure to run away, generally making for the town, where his amusement was to mount on horseback, whenever he was allowed the opportunity. Riding was his passion, and he would successively mount every horse in the livery stable, for the pleasure of riding him to water. In other respects, he was quick and intelligent, and his appearance rather agreeable and prepossessing.

The training which he received, was either unfavorable to a good mental development, or it had originally been denied him by nature; for he became quarrelsome, addicted to drunkenness, and not at all a lover of the truth. Consequently, a good deal of doubt and uncertainty must rest upon his account of his early recollections, though they were so often repeated, and so nearly in the same form, as to have gained credence with the people among whom he lived. He stated that he had a dim remembrance of coming down the Mississippi with his father's family in a flat-boat—that the boat landed—that his father killed his mother—and that he fled in terror into the swamps, expecting that his father would kill him also; and that from that

time he had subsisted on frogs, animals, and berries,—living in warm weather among the cane, and in cold weather, in a hollow tree.

It is extremely unfortunate that so few details of the character and domestication of Wild Bill remain. He died, it is believed, at the age of eighteen or nineteen; that is near the year 1818, after a domestication of about nine years.

THE FANATICAL PILGRIMS.

The principles of religious fanaticism, ever appear similar in their manifestations; the same intolerant bigotry, the same superabundant zeal, the greater in proportion to the ignorance of the subjects, and the same arrogant assumptions have always been exhibited in the history of fanaticism. With the character of the Mormon delusion, the public are familiar. Not so with perhaps, a more singular class of enthusiasts, known by the name of "the Pilgrims," who emigrated from the north to the valley of the Mississippi, about the year 1817. A gentleman who resided a few years later as a missionary on the Arkansas at the Post, about fifty miles from its mouth, met in that vicinity, with the wretched remains of that singular class of enthusiasts, dwindled down by sickness and misfortune, to only six persons, "the prophet" and his family. They were sick and living in poverty; and the *rags* with which they were originally habited, to excite attention, and to be *in keeping* with their name and assumption, were then retained from necessity. From the wife of the prophet and other sources, he gleaned the information which follows, of their origin, progress, and end.

It seems that the fermenting principles of the society, began to operate in Lower Canada. A few religious people began to talk about the deadness and unworthiness of all churches as bodies, and they were anxious to separate from them in order to form a more perfect society. The enthusiasm caught in other minds, like a spark fallen in flax. A number immediately sold everything and prepared to commence a course toward the southwest. In their progress through Vermont, they came in contact with other minds affected with the same longing with themselves, and doubtless most of them perfectly honest. The "prophet," a compound of hypocrite and enthusiast, joined himself to them, and from his superior talents or contributions to the common stock of the society, became their leader.

They went on accumulating through New York; when their numbers amounted to nearly fifty. There they encountered the Shakers, and as they had some notions in common, a kind of coalition was attempted with them. But the Shakers are neat and industrious, to a proverb; but industry made but little part of the religion of the Pilgrims, and neatness still less; for it was a maxim with them to wear their clothes as long as they would last on the body, without washing or changing; and the more patched or particolored, the better. If they wore one whole shoe, the other—like the pretended pilgrim of old time—was clouted and patched. They made it a point, in short, to be as ragged and dirty as might be.

Of course, after a long debate with the Shakers,—in which they insisted upon industry, cleanliness, and parting from their wives, proving abundantly, and quoting profusely, that it ought to be so; and the Pilgrims proving by more numerous and apposite quotations, that they ought to cleave to their dirt, rags, laziness, and wives, and that they ought to go due southwest to find the New Jerusalem,—it terminated as most religious disputes do; each party claimed the victory, and lamented the obduracy, blindness, and certain

tendency to everlasting destruction of the other; and they probably parted with these expectations of the other's doom.

I knew nothing of their course from that place to New Madrid, below the mouth of the Ohio. They were then organized to a considerable degree, and had probably eight or ten thousand dollars in common stock. The prophet was their ruler, spiritual and temporal. He had visions by night, which were expounded in the morning, and determined whether they should stand still or go on; whether they should advance by land or water; in short, everything was settled by immediate inspiration. Arrived at New Madrid, they walked ashore in Indian file; the old men in front, then the women and the children in the rear. They chanted a kind of tune, as they walked, the burden of which, was "*Praise God! Praise God!*"

Their food was mush and milk, prepared in a trough, and they sucked it up, standing erect, through a perforated stalk of corn. They enjoined severe penances according to the state of grace in which the penitent was. For the lower stages, the penance was very severe, as to stand for four successive days without reclining or sitting; to fast one or two days. In fact, fasting was a primary object of penance, both as severe in itself and as economical. They affected to be ragged, and to have different stripes in their dresses and caps, like those adopted in penitentiaries as badges in the character of the convicts.

So formidable a band of ragged Pilgrims, marching in perfect order, chanting with a peculiar twang, the short phrase, "Praise God! Praise God!" had in it something imposing to a people like those of the west, strongly governed by feelings and impressions. Sensible people assured me that the coming of a band of these Pilgrims into their houses, affected them with a thrill of alarm which they could hardly express. The untasted food before them lost its savor, while they heard these strange people call upon them, standing themselves in the posture of statues, and uttering only the words, "Praise God! repent! fast! pray!" Small children, waggish and profane as most of the children are, were seen to shed tears, and ask their parents if it would not be fasting enough to leave off one meal a day.

Two of their most distinguished members escaped from them at New Madrid, not without great difficulty, and having been, both of them, confined to prevent their escape. One of them, an amiable and accomplished woman, whose over-wrought imagination had been carried away by their imposing rites, died soon after, worn down by the austerities and privations which she had endured. The husband had an emaciated look, like the Shakers, a sweet voice for music, and was preaching in union with the Methodists. At Pilgrim Island, thirty miles below, and opposite the Little Prairie, they staid a long time.

There dissensions began to spring up among them. Emaciated with hunger and feverish from filth and the climate, many of them left their bones. They were ordered by the prophet, from some direct revelation which he received, to lie unburied; and their bones were bleaching on the island when we were there. Some escaped from them at this place, and the sheriff of the county of New Madrid, indignant at the starvation imposed as a discipline upon the little children, carried to them a pirogue of provisions, keeping off with his sword the leaders, who would fain have prevented those innocents from satiating their appetites. While on that island, a great number of boatmen are said to have joined, to take them at their profession of having no regard for the world or the things of it, and robbed them of all their money, differently stated to be from five to ten thousand dollars. From that place, reduced in number by desertion and death, in their descent to the mouth of the Arkansas, there were only the numbers surviving which I saw.

This history of the delusion and destruction of between thirty and forty people, most of them honest and sincere, left a deep and melancholy impression of the universal empire of bigotry and its fatal influence in all ages and countries. To this narrative, I shall only add, that I heard an aged man, with a long beard, preaching, as they called it, at New Madrid. He descended the Mississippi a year after these unfortunate people, and he also called himself a Pilgrim. He was as wild and visionary as they were, and talked and acted like a maniac. He was descending the Mississippi, as he said, to the *real* Jerusalem in Asia. He appeared deeply impressed that by going in that direction, he should finally reach that city. There was a numerous audience, and I heard many of them express their admiration of his preaching. Let none think that the age of fanaticism has gone by.

THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

In the history of the United States, there has not, perhaps, been a more critical moment arising from the violence of domestic excitement, than in the agitation of the Missouri question from 1818 to 1821.

The Legislature of the Territory of Missouri of 1818 '19, petitioned Congress for the passage of a law authorizing the organization of a state government. Upon this, a bill was accordingly introduced for that purpose, to which an amendment was made by Mr. Tallmadge, of New York, prohibiting slavery within the new State: this passed the House, but was arrested in the Senate.

The excitement not only in Congress, but throughout the country, was intense, and for eighteen months, agitated the Union from one extreme to the other. Many of the northern States called meetings, and published spirited resolutions, expressive of their fears of perpetuating slavery.

The arguments on both sides were forcible. On one hand it was maintained, that the compromise of the federal constitution, regarding slavery, respected only its existing limits at the time; that it was remote from the views of the framers of the constitution to have the domain of slavery extended on that basis; that the fundamental principles of the American Revolution, and of the government and institutions erected upon it, were hostile to slavery; that the compromise of the constitution was simply a toleration of things that were, and not a basis for things that were to be; that these securities of slavery, as it existed, would be forfeited by an extension of the system; that the honor of the republic before the world, and its moral influence with mankind in favor of freedom, were identified with the advocacy of principles of universal emancipation; that the act of 1787, which established the territorial government, north and west of the river Ohio, prohibiting slavery forever therefrom, was a public recognition and avowal of the principles and designs of the people of the United States in regard to new states and territories north and west; and that the proposal to establish slavery in Missouri, was a violation of all these great and fundamental principles.

On the other hand, it was maintained that slavery was incorporated in the system of society, as established in Louisiana, which comprehended the territory of Missouri when purchased from France in 1803; that the faith of the United States was pledged by treaty to all the inhabitants of that wide domain, to maintain their rights and privileges on the same footing with the people of the rest of the country; and consequently, that slavery being a part of their state of society, it would be a violation of engagements to abolish it without their consent. Nor could the government, as they maintained, pre-

scribe the abolition of slavery to any part of said territory as a condition of being erected into a State, if they were otherwise entitled to it. It might as well, they said, be required of them to abolish any other municipal regulation, or to annihilate any other attribute of sovereignty. If the government had made an ill-advised treaty in the purchase of Louisiana, they maintained it would be manifest injustice to make its citizens suffer on that account. They claimed that they were received as a slaveholding community, on the same footing with the slave States, and that the existence or non-existence of slavery could not be made a question, when they presented themselves at the door of the capitol of the Republic for a State charter.

After much bitter and acrimonious discussion in Congress, the question was, mainly through the exertions of Mr. Clay, settled by a compromise. A bill passed for the admission of Missouri without any restriction as to slavery, but prohibiting it throughout the United States north of latitude thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes.

At this period, not one-fourth of the population of Missouri owned or held slaves; many were opposed to slavery as a measure of State policy; but even all of these, with a very few exceptions, had been determined to resist what they regarded an arbitrary stretch of congressional power.

Missouri was not declared independent until August, 1821. Previously to the passage of the bill for its admission, the people had formed a State constitution; a provision of which required the legislature to pass a law "to prevent free negroes from coming to and settling in the State." When the constitution was presented to Congress, this provision was strenuously opposed. The contest occupied a great part of the session, but Missouri was finally admitted on the condition that no laws should be passed by which any free citizens of the United States should be prevented from enjoying those rights within the State, to which they were entitled by the constitution of the United States.

ADVENTURE OF AUDUBON.

On my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies, which in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine; all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog, were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance, as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

My march was of long duration. I saw the sun sink beneath the horizon, long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man, had I met with, that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace; and as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach, at least, a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The nighthawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles, which form their food, and the distant howling of wolves, gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

I did so, and at almost the same instant, a fire-light attracting my eye, I moved toward it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken. I discovered from its glare, that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof during the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice, was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of Indians, and knowing that they pay but little attention to the movements of civilized strangers; I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon, in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye, as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine time-piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes, I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it, from around my neck and handed it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and as I fancied myself in so retired a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite. The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him; his eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor, suspected dull, replaced it, and taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back toward us.

Never until that moment, had my senses been wakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance, to my companion, and rested well assured that whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretense of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the priming, and returning to the hut, gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bear skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes, to all appearance, was fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from the corners of my eyes, I saw two athletic young men making their entrance, bear

ing a dead stag upon a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whisky, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil, that rascal (meaning the Indian, who they knew, understood not a word of English), was in the house. The mother, for so she proved to be—bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation ensued, the purport of which, it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

The young men had eaten and drunk themselves into such a condition, that I already looked upon them as *hors du combat;* and the frequent visits of the whisky bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam, I hoped, would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the sweat covered every part of my body, in despite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, "There that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill you,—and then for the watch."

I turned, cocked my gun locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of dispatching me, while her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot:—but she was not to be punished thus. The door suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travelers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should arrive at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defense and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced for joy, and gave us to understand that as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose that we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as *Regulators* were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, toward the settlements.

During upward of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger, from my fellow-creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travelers run in the United States, that no one born there, ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road, and I can only account for this occurrence, by supposing that the inhabitants were not Americans.

Will you believe, reader, that not many miles from the place where the adventure happened, and where, fifteen years ago, no habitation belonging to civilized man was expected, large roads are now laid out, cultivation has converted the woods into fertile fields, taverns have been erected, and much of what we Americans call comfort, is to be met with. So fast does improvement proceed in our abundant and free country.

EXPLORING EXPEDITIONS OF LONG, CASS AND SCHOOLCRAFT.

Immediately after Florida was ceded to the United States by Spain, in 1819, an expedition was organized by the Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun, to examine the country drained by the Missouri and its branches. The party under Major Stephen C. Long, comprising many scientific and military men, during the summer of 1819, examined the Lower Missouri, and passed the winter following at Council Bluffs, eight hundred and fifty miles from its mouth. In June (1820), they proceeded to examine the valley of the Platte, and followed up its south fork to its sources in the Rocky Mountains. Here Dr. James, the botanist, ascended a mountain eight thousand five hundred feet above the ocean, named, after him, *James's Peak*. From thence they struck the head-waters of the Arkansas, and followed down it to its junction with the Mississippi. They obtained much information respecting the inhabitants and natural history, and geography of those regions, which was published in 1823, by Dr. James.

The important fact was obtained, that the whole division of North America drained by the Missouri and the Arkansas, and their tributaries between the meridian of the mouth of the Platte and the Rocky Mountains, is almost entirely unfit for cultivation, and, therefore, uninhabitable for an agricultural people. The territory for five hundred miles east of the Rocky Mountains, extending from lat. 39 deg. to lat. 49 deg. was, indeed, found to be a desert of sand and stones. Later observations show the adjoining regions, for a great distance west of the Rocky Mountains, to be still more arid and sterile.

In 1820, Gov. Cass, with a corps of scientific men and soldiers, left Detroit to explore the head-waters of the Mississippi. He proceeded by the way of Sault St. Mary, into Lake Superior and the St. Louis River, and reached the Mississippi at Sandy Lake, which he ascended as far as Cass Lake; but was obliged, from the low state of the water, want of supplies, and the lateness of the season, to return without ascertaining the sources of the Mississippi, which were then supposed to be in Lake Biche, about sixty miles northwest of Cass Lake. During this tour, he negotiated a treaty with the Indians of Sault St. Mary, and they ceded four miles square around the falls, including the site of the old French Fort, where, two years later, Fort Brady, the most northern military post in the United States, was erected.

In 1823, Major Long led an expedition to explore St. Peter's or Minnesota River, and the country on the northern boundary between Red River of Hudson's Bay, and Lake Superior. They left Philadelphia, and proceeding by way of Wheeling and Chicago, reached the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien. From Fort Snelling, at the mouth of the St. Peter's, they passed to Big Stone Lake at its head, and thence to Lake Travers, and then traveled by land, down Red River to Pembina, a village of Lord Selkirk's settlement. By a series of astronomical observations, they ascertained that this village was all within the boundary of the United States, except one log-house. This information well pleased the inhabitants, especially when they discovered that the line so ran as to bring the buffalo hunting-ground within the limits of the republic. Finding it impracticable to travel by land along the boundary, on account of the numerous marshes and lagoons between Red River and Lake Superior, Long descended Red River to Lake Winnipeg, and returned by water, through the Lake of the Woods, Rainy Lake, Lake Superior etc.

In 1832, another expedition under Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft, left St. Mary's Falls on the 7th of June, and proceeding via Lake Superior and Sandy Lake, ascended the Mississippi to Cass Lake. Thence they ascended the Mississippi to its eastern source in Ossowa Lake, made a passage of six miles to Itasca Lake, its western fork, where they arrived on the 13th of July. The great mystery was now solved. Three centuries after it was discovered by the Spanish cavalier, De Soto, it was ascertained that this majestic river had its source in lat. 47 deg. 13 min. 35 sec. north, and that it ran through its entire length, wholly within the territory of the United States. On account of the circuitous course of this river near its head, its source lay off the usual route of the fur traders. This was the reason of its precise location being so long vailed in obscurity. Mr. Schoolcraft also explored Crow Wing, and the St. Croix Rivers.

LIFE AMONG THE TRAPPERS.

The trappers* of the Rocky Mountains belong to a "genus" more approximating to the primitive savage, than, perhaps, any other class of civilized man. Their lives being spent in the remote wilderness of the mountains, with no other companion than Nature herself, their habits and character assume a most singular cast of simplicity, mingled with ferocity, appearing to take their coloring from the scenes and the objects which surround them. Knowing no want, save those of Nature, their sole care is to procure sufficient food to support life, and the necessary clothing to protect them from the vigorous climate. This, with the assistance of their trusty rifles, they are generally able to effect, but sometimes at the expense of great peril and hardship. When engaged in their avocation, the natural instinct of primitive man is ever alive to guard against danger and provide food.

Keen observers of nature, they rival the beasts of prey in discovering the haunts and habits of game, and in their skill and cunning in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to any feeling of danger, and destroy human, as well as animal life, with as little scruple, and as freely as they expose their own. Of laws, human or divine, they neither know nor care to know. Their wish is their law, and to attain it, they do not scruple as to ways and means. Firm friends and bitter enemies, with them it is "a word and blow," and the blow often first. They may have good qualities, but they are those of the animal; and people fond of giving hard names, call them revengeful, blood-thirsty, drunkards—when the wherewithal is had,—gamblers, regardless of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*—in fact, "white Indians." However, there are exceptions, and we *have* met honest mountain men. Their animal qualities, nevertheless, are undeniable. Strong, active, hardy as bears, daring, expert in the use of weapons, they are just what uncivilized white man might be supposed to be in a brute state, depending upon his instinct for the support of life.

Not a hole, or a corner of the "Far West," but has been ransacked by these hardy men. From the Mississippi to the mouth of the Colorado of the West, from the frozen regions of the North to the Gila in Mexico, the beaver trapper has set his traps in every stream. Most of this vast country, but for their daring enterprise, would be, even now, a *terra incognita* to geographers. The mountains and the streams still retain the names as-

* The majority of the trappers and mountain hunters are French Canadians and St. Louis French Creoles.

signed to them by the rude hunters; and these alone, are the hardy pioneers who braved the way for the settlement of the western country.

Trappers are of two kinds—the "hired hand," and the "free trapper;" the former is hired for the hunt by the fur companies; the latter, supplied with animals and traps by the company, is paid a certain price for his furs and peltries. There is, also, the trapper "on his own hook;" but this class is very small. He has his own animals and traps, hunts where he chooses, and sells his peltries to whom he pleases.

On starting for a hunt, the trapper fits himself out with the necessary equipment, either from the Indian trading forts, or from some of the petty traders —*coureurs des bois*—who frequent the western country. This equipment consists usually of two or three horses or mules—one for saddle, the others for packs—and six traps, which are carried in a bag of leather, called a *trap-sack*. Ammunition, a few pounds of tobacco, dressed deer-skins for moccasins, &c., are carried in a wallet of dressed buffalo-skin, called a possible pack. His "possibles" and "trap sack," are generally carried on the saddle mule while hunting, the others being packed with the furs. The *costume* of the trappers is a hunting-shirt of dressed buck-skin, ornamented with long fringes; pantaloons of the same material, and decorated with porcupine quills and long fringes down the outside of the leg. A flexible felt hat and moccasins clothe his extremities. Over his left shoulder and under his right arm, hang his powder-horn and bullet-pouch, in which he carries his balls, flint, steel, and odds and ends of all kinds. Round the waist is a belt, in which is stuck a large butcher-knife in a sheath of buffalo-hide, made fast to the belt by a chain or guard of steel, which, also, supports a little buck-skin case containing a whet-stone. A tomahawk is often also added; and, of course, a long heavy rifle is part and parcel of his equipment. Around his neck hangs his pipe holder, and is generally a "*gage d'amour*," and a triumph of squaw workmanship, in shape of a heart garnished with beads and porcupine quills.

Thus provided, and having determined the locality of his trapping-ground, he starts to the mountains, sometimes alone, sometimes three or four in company, as soon as the breaking up of ice allows him to commence operations. Arrived on his hunting-ground, he follows the creeks and streams, keeping a sharp lookout for "sign." If he sees a prostrate cotton-wood tree, he examines it to discover if it be the work of beaver—whether "thrown" for the purpose of food, or to dam the stream. The track of the beaver on the mud or sand under the bank, is also examined; and, if the "sign" be fresh, he sets his trap in the run of the animal, hiding it under water, and attaching it by a stout chain to a picket driven in the bank, or to a brush or tree. A "float stick" is made fast to the trap by a cord a few feet long, which, if the animal carry away the trap, floats on the water, and points out its position. The trap is baited with "medicine," an oily substance obtained from a gland in the scrotum of the beaver, but distinct from the testes. A stick is dipped into this, and planted over the trap; and the beaver, attracted by the smell, and wishing a close inspection, very foolishly puts his leg into the trap, and is a "gone beaver."

When a lodge is discovered, the trap is set at the edge of the dam, at the point where the animal passes from deep to shoal water, and always under water. Early in the morning, the hunter always mounts his mule and examines the traps. The captured animals are skinned, and the tails, which are a great dainty, carefully packed into camp. The skin is then stretched over a hoop, or frame-work of osier twigs, and is allowed to dry; the flesh and fatty substance being carefully scraped (grained). When dry, it is folded

into a square sheet, the fur turned inward, and the bundle, containing about ten to twenty skins, lightly pressed and corded, is ready for transportation.

During the hunt, regardless of Indian vicinity, the fearless trapper wanders far and near, in search of "sign." His nerves must ever be in a state of tension, and his mind ever present at his call. His eagle-eye sweeps around the country, and in an instant, detects any foreign appearance. A turned leaf, a blade of glass pressed down, the uneasiness of wild animals, the flight of birds, are all paragraphs to him written in nature's legible hand and plainest language. All the wits of the subtile savage are called into play to gain an advantage over the wily woodsman; but with the natural instinct of primitive man, the white hunter has the advantage of a civilized mind, and thus provided, seldom fails to outwit, under equal advantages, the cunning savage.

Sometimes following on his trail, the Indian watches him set his traps on a shrub-belted stream, and passing up the bed like Bruce of old, so that he may leave no track, he lies in wait in the bushes until the hunter comes to examine his carefully-set traps. Then waiting until he approaches his ambush within a few feet, *whiz*, flies the home-drawn arrow, never failing at such close quarters to bring the victim to the ground. For one white scalp, however, that dangles in the smoke of an Indian lodge, a dozen black ones, at the end of the hunt, ornament the camp-fire of the rendezvous.

At a certain time, when the hunt is over, or they have loaded their pack animals, the trappers proceed to the "rendezvous," the locality of which has been previously agreed upon; and here the traders and agents of the fur companies await them with such assortment of goods as their hardy customers may require, including generally a fair supply of alcohol. The trappers drop in singly, and in small bands, bringing their packs of beaver to this mountain market, not unfrequently to the value of a thousand dollars each, the produce of one hunt. The dissipation of the "rendezvous," however, soon turns the trapper's pocket inside out. The goods bought by the traders, although of the most inferior quality, are sold at enormous prices—coffee twenty and thirty shillings a pint cup, which is the usual measure; tobacco fetches ten and fifteen shillings a plug; alcohol, from twenty to fifty shillings a pint; gunpowder, sixteen shillings a pint cup; and all other articles at proportionably exorbitant prices.

The "beaver" is purchased at from two to eight dollars per pound; the Hudson's Bay Company alone buying it by the pluie or "plew," that is, the whole skin, giving a certain price for skins, whether of old beaver or "kittens."

The rendezvous is one continued scene of drunkenness, gambling, brawling and fighting, so long as the money and credit of the trappers last. Seated, Indian fashion, around the fires, with a blanket spread before them, groups are seen with their "decks" of cards playing at "eucre," "poker," and "seven up," the regular mountain games. The stakes are "beaver," which is here current coin; and when the fur is gone, their horses, mules, rifles, and shirts, hunting packs and breeches are staked. Daring gamblers make the rounds of the camp, challenging each other to play for the trapper's highest stake—his horse, his squaw (if he have one), and as once happened, his scalp. A trapper often squanders the produce of his hunt, amounting to hundreds of dollars, in a couple of hours; and supplied on credit with another equipment, leaves the rendezvous for another expedition, which has the same result, time after time, although one tolerably successful hunt would enable him to return to the settlements and civilized life with an ample sum to purchase and stock a farm, and enjoy himself in ease and comfort the remainder of his days.

These annual gatherings are often the scene of bloody duels, for over their cups and cards, no men are more quarrelsome than your mountaineers. Rifles, at twenty paces, settle all differences, and as may be imagined, the fall of one or other of the combatants is certain, or as sometimes happens, both fall at the word "fire!"

OGILVIE'S ADVENTURE.

Mr. Ogilvie, once well known in Virginia as a supporter of the Godwenian philosophy, conceiving a vehement desire to see the western country, at that time newly settled, set off from Richmond for Lexington, in Kentucky. It was in the month of October, after a most lonely and wearisome day's ride, that a little before sunset, he came to a small cabin on the road, and fearing he should find no other opportunity of procuring refreshment for himself and his jaded horse, he stopped and inquired if he could be accommodated for the night. An old woman, the only person he saw, civilly answering him in the affirmative, he gladly alighted, and going in to a tolerable fire, enjoyed the luxury of rest, while his hostess was discharging the duties of hostler and cook. In no long time, she set before him a supper of comfortable but homely fare, of which having liberally partaken, and given divers significant nods, the old woman remarked, she "expected" he "chose bed," and pointing to one which stood in the corner of the room, immediately went into the yard a while to give him an opportunity of undressing.

Before he had been long in bed, and while he was congratulating himself on his good fortune, the latch of the door was drawn, and there entered a dark looking man of gigantic stature and form, with stiff black hair, eyebrows and beard. He was apparently about eight and twenty, was dressed in a hunting-shirt, which partly concealed a pair of dirty buckskin overalls, and he wore moccasins of the same material. Mr. Ogilvie thought he had never seen anything half so ferocious. As soon as this man entered the room, his mother, for so she proved to be, pointing to the bed, motioned him to make no noise; on which, with inaudible steps, he walked to the chimney, put up his gun on a rude rack provided for that and other arms, and sat softly down to the fire, then throwing a bright blaze around the room.

Our traveler not liking the looks of the new comer, and not caring to be teased by conversation, drew his head under the bed-clothes, so that he could see what was passing, without leaving his own face visible. The two soon entered into conversation, but in so low a voice that Mr. Ogilvie could not distinguish what was said. His powers of attention were wrought up to the most painful pitch of intensity. At length, the man, looking toward the bed, made some remark to his mother, to which Mr. Ogilvie heard her reply, "No, I hardly think he's asleep yet;" and they again conversed in a low voice as before. After a short interval, while the man sat with his feet stretched out toward the fire on which he was intently gazing, he was heard to say:

"Don't you think he's asleep now?"

"Stop," says she, "I'll go and see;" and moving near the bed, under the pretext of taking something from a small table, she approached so near as to see the face of our traveler, whose eyes were, indeed, closed, but who was anything but asleep.

On her return to the fire-place, she said, "Yes! he's asleep now."

On this, the mountaineer rising from his stool, reached up to the rack, and taking down, with his right hand, an old greasy cutlass, walked with the

same noiseless step toward the traveler's bed, and stretching out the other hand, at the moment that Mr. Ogilvie was about to implore his pity, took down a venison ham which hung on the wall, near the head of the bed, walked softly back to the fire, and began to slice some pieces for his supper, and Mr. Ogilvie, who lay more dead than alive, and whose romantic fancy heightened the terrors of all he saw, had the unspeakable gratification to find that these kind hearted children of the forest had been talking low, and that the hungry hunter, who had eaten nothing since morning, had forborne making a noise, lest they should interrupt the slumbers of their way-worn guest. The next day, Mr. Ogilvie, who was an enthusiast in physiognomy, discovered remarkable benevolence in the features of the hunter, which, by the false and deceitful glare of the fire-light, had escaped him, and in his recital of this adventure, which furnished him with a favorite occasion of exercising his powers of declamation to great advantage in a matter of real life, he often declared that he had never taken a more refreshing night's rest, or made a more grateful repast than he had done in this humble cabin.

CHARACTER OF THE WESTERN PEOPLE.

The western man lives in a region of exuberant fertility, where Nature has scattered her blessings in unbounded profusion. The excellent laws which protect his liberties—the vastness of his country—its giant forests—its broad prairies—its mighty rivers—the rapid improvements he witnesses constantly progressing, and the bright prospects for a more glorious future in everything that renders life happy and ennobles character, in the midst of which, "he lives and moves, and has his being;" all tend to deeply impress his character, to give him such a spirit of enterprise, such an independence of feeling, and such a full joyousness of hope as is utterly unknown to the inhabitants of the older nations of the earth.

The character of the western people, with a recital of some of the prominent causes which have given them their peculiarities, is thus given by one of their early and most popular writers.

The people of the west are as thorough a combination and mixture of all nations, characters, languages, conditions and opinions as can well be imagined. Scarcely a nation in Europe, or a State in the Union, but what has furnished us emigrants.

The much greater proportion of the emigrants from Europe are of the humbler classes, who come here from hunger, poverty and oppression: they find themselves here with the joy of shipwrecked mariners, cast on the untenanted woods, and instantly become cheered with the hope of being able to build up a family and a fortune from new elements.

The Puritan and the Planter, the German, the Briton, the Frenchman, the Irishman and the Swede, each with their peculiar prejudices and local attachments, and all the complicated and interwoven tissue of sentiments, feelings and thoughts, that country, kindred and home, indelibly combine with the web of our youthful existence, have been set down beside each other. The merchant, mechanic and farmer, each with their peculiar prejudices and jealousies, have found themselves placed by necessity in the same society.

Men must cleave to their kind, and must be dependent upon each other. Pride and jealousy give way to the natural yearnings of the human heart for society. They begin to rub off mutual prejudices. One takes a step and then the other. They meet half way and embrace; and the society thus newly organized and constituted, is more liberal, enlarged, unprejudiced, and of

course, more affectionate and pleasant than a society of people of like birth and character, who bring all their early prejudices as a common stock, to be transmitted as an inheritance to posterity.

The rough, sturdy and simple habits of the backwoodsman, living in that plenty which depends only upon God and Nature, and being the preponderating cast of character in the western country, have laid the stamina of independent thought and feeling deep in the breast of the people. A man accustomed to the fascinating but hollow intercourse of the polished circles in the Atlantic cities, at first feels a painful revulsion, when mingled with this more simple race. But he soon becomes accustomed to the new order of things, and if he have a heart to admire simplicity, truth and nature, begins to be pleased with it. He respects a people where a poor but honest man enters the most aristocratic mansion with a feeling of ease and equality.

But young as the country is, variously constituted and combined, as are the elements of its population, there is already marked, and it is every year more fully developed, a distinctive character in the people. A traveler from the Atlantic cities, and used only to their manners, in descending the Ohio and the Mississippi in a steamboat of the larger class, will find on board what may be considered fair samples of all classes in our country. The manners so ascertained, will strike such a traveler as we have supposed, with as much of novelty distinctness, and we may add, if he be not bigoted and fastidious, with as much pleasure as though he had visited a country beyond the seas. The dialect, the pronunciation, and the peculiar and proverbial colloquy are all different; and the figures and illustrations in common conversation strikingly so. The speaking is more rapid; the manner has more appearance of earnestness and abruptness; the common comparisons and analogies are drawn from different views and relations of things. Of course, he is every moment reminded that he is a stranger among a people whose modes of existence and ways of thinking are of a widely different character from those in the midst of which he was reared.

Although we have been so often described to this traveler, as a repulsive mixture in the slang phrase, of the "horse and the alligator," we confidently hazard the opinion, that when little accustomed to the manners of the better class of people among us, he will institute a comparison between our people and his own, not unfavorable to us. There is evidently more ease and frankness—more readiness to meet and wish to form an acquaintance—sufficient tact when to advance, and how far, and where to pause in this effort—less holding back, less distrust, less feeling—as if the address of a stranger were an insult, or a degradation.

A series of acquaintances are readily and naturally found between fellow-passengers, in their long descents to New Orleans, very unlike the cold, constrained and almost repelling and hostile deportment of fellow-passengers in the Atlantic country.

On these voyages, where the boat glides steadily and swiftly along the verge of the fragrant willows, the green shores are always seen with the same glance that takes in the magnificent and broad expanse of the Mississippi. The passengers, every day, have their promenade. The claims of prescription on the score of wealth, family, office and adventitious distinctions of every sort, are laid aside or pass for nothing. The estimation, the worth and interest of a person, are naturally tried on his simple merits, his power of conversation, his innate civility, his capacities to arouse, and his good feelings.

The distinctive character of the western people may be traced in its minuter shades, to a thousand different causes. Their forests and prairies concur with their inclinations and abundant leisure, to give them the spirit-stirring

and adventurous habits of the chase. The early training to leave the endearments and the enjoyments of home, on voyages of constant exposure, and often of a length of more than five hundred leagues, will naturally tend to create a character widely unlike the more shrinking, stationary and regular habits of the people of the older country.

Thus a great proportion of the males of the western country, of a relative standing and situation in life, to be most likely to impress their opinions and manners upon society have made the voyage of the Mississippi to New Orleans. They have passed through different states with men of different nations, languages and manners. They have experienced that expansion of mind which cannot fail to be produced by traversing long distances of country and viewing different forms of nature and society.

The Religious Character.—The experiment is being made in this vast region of future empires upon a broad scale, which will test the question whether religion, as a national trait, can be maintained without legislative aid, or a union with the civil power. Men are here left free to adopt such religious views and tenets as they choose, and the laws protect every man alike in his religious opinions. Ministers of the Gospel and priests, being presumed as devoted to humanity, charity, and general benevolence, are precluded by many of the State constitutions from any active participation in the legislative authority, and their compensation depends upon the voluntary aid of those among whom they labor in charity and love. In a wide country, with large districts, yet sparsely populated, there are comparatively few stationary ministers; yet there are thousands, embracing all denominations, who traverse the whole country, forming an itinerant corps, who visit in rotation, within their respective bounds, every settlement, town and village. Unsustained by the rigid precepts of law in any privileges, perquisites, fixed revenue, prescribed reverence or authority, except such as is voluntarily acknowledged, the clergy find that success depends upon the due cultivation of popular talents. Zeal for the great cause, mixed, perhaps, with a spice of earthly ambition, the innate sense of emulation, and laudable pride, a desire of distinction among their cotemporaries and brethren, prompt them to seek popularity, and to study all the arts and means of winning the popular favor. Traveling from month to month through dark forests, with such ample time for deep thought, as they amble slowly along the lonesome horse-path or unfrequented road, they naturally acquire a pensive and romantic turn of thought and expression, which is often favorable to eloquence. Hence this preaching is of a highly popular cast, its first aim being to excite the feelings and mold them to their own: hence, too, excitements, or, in religious parlance, "awakenings," or "revivals," are common in all this region. Living remote from each other, and spending much of their time in domestic solitude in vast forests or wide-spreading prairies, the "appointment" for preaching is often looked upon as a gala-day or a pleasing change, which brings together the auditors from remote points, and gratifies a feeling of curiosity, which prompts them to associate and interchange cordial congratulations.

Religious excitements sometimes pervade a town or settlement, or even an extensive section of country, simultaneously. People in every direction are fired with a desire to be present at the appointed time and place of meeting. They assemble as to an imposing spectacle; they pour in from their woods and remote seclusions to witness the assemblage, and to hear the new preacher, whose eloquence and fame have preceded him. The preaching has a scenic effect; it is a theme of earnest discussion, with apt illustrations, forcible arguments, and undaunted zeal. The people are naturally more sensitive and enthusiastic than in older countries. A man of rude, boisterous, but native

eloquence rises among these children of the forest, and of simple nature, with his voice pitched to the highest tones, and his utterance thrilling with that awful theme to which each string of the human heart responds, and while the woods echo his vehement declamations, his audience is alternately dissolved in tears, awed to profound ecstasy of feeling, or, falling convulsed by spasms, attests the power of western pulpit eloquence.

In no instance are these effects more striking than at a regular "camp meeting." No one who has not seen and observed for himself, can imagine how profoundly the preachers have understood what produces effect among the western people, and how well they have practiced upon it. Suppose the scene to be in one of those regions where religious excitements have been frequent and extensive, in one of the beautiful, fertile, and finely-watered valleys of Tennessee, surrounded by grand and towering mountains. The notice has been circulated for several weeks or months, and all are eager to attend the long-expected occasion. The country, perhaps, for fifty miles around, is excited with the cheerful anticipation of the approaching festival of religious feeling and social friendship. On the appointed day, coaches, chaises, wagons, carts, people on horseback and on foot, in multitudes, with provision-wagons, tents, mattresses, household implements, and cooking utensils, are seen hurrying from every direction toward the central point. It is in the midst of a grove of beautiful, lofty, umbrageous trees, natural to the western country, clothed in their deepest verdure, and near some sparkling stream or gushing fountain, which supplies the host with wholesome water for man and beast. The encampment spreads through the forest, over hundreds of acres, and soon the sylvan village springs up as if by magic; the line of tents and booths is pitched in a semicircle, or in a four-sided parallelogram, inclosing an area of two acres or more, for the arrangement of seats and aisles around the rude pulpit and altar for the thronging multitude, all eager to hear the heavenly message.

Toward night, the hour of solemn service approaches, when the vast sylvan bower of the deep umbrageous forest is illumined by numerous lamps suspended around the line of tents which encircles the public area, beside the frequent altars distributed over the same, which send forth a glare of light from their fagot fires upon the worshiping throng, and the majestic forest with an imposing effect, which elevates the soul to fit converse with its creator, God.

"The scenery of the most brilliant theater in the world, is only a painting for children compared to this. Meantime, the multitudes, with the highest excitement of social feeling, added to the general enthusiasm of expectation, pass from tent to tent, and interchange apostolic greetings and embraces, and talk of the approaching solemnities. A few minutes suffice to finish the evening repast, when the moon (for they take thought to appoint the meeting at the proper time of the moon) begins to show its disc above the dark summits of the mountains. and a few stars are seen glimmering in the west, and the service begins. The whole constitutes a temple worthy of the grandeur of God. An old man in a dress of the quaintest simplicity ascends a platform, wipes the dust from his spectacles, and, in a voice of suppressed emotion, gives out the hymn, of which the whole assembled multitude can recite the words, to be sung with an air in which every voice can join. We should esteem meanly the heart that would not thrill as the song is heard, 'like the sound of many waters,' echoing among the hills and mountains." The service proceeds. "The hoary orator talks of God, of eternity, of a judgment to come, and of all that is impressive beyond. He speaks of his 'experiences', his toils, and his travels, his persecutions and his welcomes, and how many

he has seen in hope, in peace, and triumph gathered to their fathers; and when he speaks of the short space that remains to him, his only regret is that he can no more proclaim, in the silence of death, the unsearchable riches and mercies of his crucified Redeemer."

"No wonder, as the speaker pauses to dash the gathering moisture from his own eye, that his audience is dissolved in tears, or uttering exclamations of penitence. Nor is it cause for admiration, that many who prided themselves on an estimation of a higher intellect and a nobler insensibility than the crowd, catch the infectious feeling, and become women and children in their turn, while others, 'who came to mock, remain to pray.'"

And who constitute the audience, and who are the speakers? "A host of preachers of different denominations are there, some in the earnest vigor and aspiring desires of youth, waiting an opportunity for display: others are there who have proclaimed the Gospel as pilgrims of the cross, from the remotest lakes of Canada on the north, to the shores of the Mexican Gulf on the south, and who are ready to utter the words, the feelings, and experience hich they have treasured up in a traveling ministry of fifty years, and whose nts, trembling with age, still more impressively than their words, announce that they will soon travel and preach no more on earth."

But the ambitious and the wealthy, too, are there; for in this region opinion is all-powerful. They are there, either to extend their influence, or, lest even their absence might prejudice their good name. Aspirants for office are there, to electioneer and to gain popularity. Vast numbers are there from simple curiosity, and merely to enjoy the spectacle. The young and beautiful are there, with mixed motives, which it were best not to scrutinize severely. Children are there, and their young eyes glisten with intense interest of eager curiosity. The middle-aged fathers and mothers are there, with the sober view of people whose plans of life are fixed, and who wait calmly to hear. Men and women of hoary hairs are there, with such thoughts, it may be hoped, as their years invite. Such is the congregation, consisting of thousands.

FASCINATING LIFE OF THE MOUNTAIN HUNTER.

A TRAVELER who spent a winter among the wild scenes, and still wilder characters of the Rocky Mountains, has given the following vivid description of the fascinating life of the mountain hunter.

When I turned my horse's head from Pike's Peak, I quite regretted the abandonment of my mountain life, solitary as it was, and more than once thought of again taking the trail to the Salado valley, where I enjoyed such good sport. Apart from the feeling of loneliness, which any one in my situation must naturally have experienced, surrounded by stupendous works of nature, which in all their solitary grandeur frowned upon me, and sinking into utter insignificance, the miserable mortal who crept beneath their shadow; still there was something inexpressibly exhilarating in the sensation of positive freedom from all worldly care, and a consequent expansion of the sinews, as it were, of mind and body, which made me feel elastic as a ball of India rubber, and in such a state of perfect ease, that no more dread of scalping Indians entered my mind, than if I had been sitting in Broadway, in one of the windows of the Astor House. A citizen of the world, I never found any difficulty in investing my resting-place, wherever it might be, with the attributes of a home; and hailed with delight, equal to that which the artificial comforts of a civilized home would have caused, the, to me, domestic appear

ance of my hoppled animals as they grazed around the camp, when I returned from a hard day's hunt.

Although liable to an accusation of barbarism, I must confess that the very happiest moments of my life have been spent in the wilderness of the Far West; and I never recall but with pleasure, the remembrance of my solitary camp in the Bayou Salado, with no friend near me more faithful than my rifle, and no companions more sociable than my horse and mules, or the attendant coyote (prairie wolf), which nightly serenaded me. With a plentiful supply of dry pine logs on the fire, and its cheerful blaze streaming far up into the sky, illuminating the valley far and near, and exhibiting the animals, with well filled bellies, standing contentedly over their picket-pins, I would sit cross-legged enjoying the genial warmth, and pipe in mouth, watch the blue smoke as it curled upward, building castles in its vapory wreaths and in the fantastic shapes it ascended. Scarcely did I ever wish to change such hours of freedom for all the luxuries of civilized life, and unnatural and extraordinary as it may appear, yet such are the fascinations of the life of the mountain hunter, that I believe that not one instance could be adduced of even the most polished and civilized of men, who had once tasted the sweets of its attendant liberty and freedom from every worldly care, not regretting the moment when he exchanged the monotonous life of the settlements, nor sighing and sighing again, once more to partake of its pleasures and allurements.

A hunter's camp in the Rocky Mountains, is quite a picture. It is invariably made in a picturesque locality, for, like the Indian, the white hunter has ever an eye to the beautiful. Nothing can be more social and cheering than the welcome blaze of the camp-fire on a cold winter's night, and nothing more amusing or entertaining, if not instructive, than the rough conversation of the simple-minded mountaineers, whose nearly daily talk is all of exciting adventure, since their whole existence is spent in scenes of peril and privation; and consequently the narration of their every-day life is a tale of thrilling accidents and hair-breadth escapes, which, though simple matter of fact to them, appear a startling romance to those unacquainted with the nature of the lives led by those men, who, with the sky for a roof, and their rifles to supply them with food and clothing, call no man lord or master, and are as free as the game they follow.

ADVENTURE OF A TRAPPER.

The grizzly bear is the fiercest animal of the Rocky Mountains. His great strength and wonderful tenacity of life, renders an encounter with him so full of danger, that both the Indian and white hunters never attack him unless backed by a strong party. Although like every other wild animal, he usually flees from man, yet at certain seasons, when maddened by either love or hunger, he not unfrequently charges at first sight of a foe, when, unless killed, a hug at close quarters is anything but a pleasant embrace, his strong hooked claws stripping the flesh from the bones as easily as a cook peels onions. They attain a weight of near a thousand pounds, and not unfrequently their bodies are eight and ten feet in length. So gigantic is their strength, that they will carry off the body of a buffalo to a considerable distance. Many are the tales of bloody encounters with these animals, which the trappers delight to relate, to illustrate the fool-hardiness of ever attacking the grizzly bear.

Some years ago, a trapping party were on their way to the mountains, led,

we believe, by old Sublette, a well known captain of the west. Among the band, was John Glass, a trapper who had been all his life among the mountains, and had seen, probably, more exciting adventures, and had had more wonderful and hair-breadth escapes than any of the rough and hardy fellows who make the far west their home, and whose lives are spent in a succession of perils and privations. On one of the streams running from the "Black Hills," a range of mountains northward of the Platte, Glass and a companion were, one day, setting their traps, when on passing through a cherry thicket, which skirted the stream, the former, who was in advance, descried a large grizzly bear quietly turning up the turf with his nose, searching for pig-nuts. Glass immediately called his companion, and both proceeding cautiously, crept to the skirt of the thicket, and taking steady aim at the animal, discharged their rifles at the same instant, both balls taking effect, but not inflicting a mortal wound. The bear giving a groan of agony, jumped with all four legs from the ground, and charged at once upon his enemy, snorting with pain and fury.

"Hurra, Bill," roared out Glass, as he saw the animal rushing toward them, "we'll be made 'meat' of, sure as shootin'!" He then bolted through the thicket, followed closely by his companions. The brush was so thick that they could scarcely make their way through, while the weight and strength of the bear carried him through all obstructions, and he was soon close upon them.

About a hundred yards from the thicket, was a steep bluff; Glass shouted to his companion to make to this bluff as the only chance. They flew across the intervening open and level space like lightning. When nearly across, Glass tripped over a stone and fell, and just as he rose, the bear rising on his hind feet, confronted him. As he closed, Glass, never losing his presence of mind, cried to his companion to close up quickly, and discharged his pistol full into the body of the animal, at the same moment that the bear, with blood streaming from his nose and mouth, knocked the pistol from his hand with one blow of its paw, and fixing its claws deep into his flesh, rolled with him to the ground. The hunter, notwithstanding his hopeless situation, struggled manfully, drawing his knife and plunging it several times into the body of the beast, which, ferocious with pain, tore with tooth and claw, the body of the wretched victim, actually baring the ribs of flesh and exposing the very bones. Weak from loss of blood, and blinded with blood which streamed from his lacerated scalp, the knife at length fell from his hand, and Glass sank down insensible and apparently dead.

His companion, who, up to this moment, had watched the conflict, which, however, lasted but a few seconds, thinking that his turn would come next, and not having even presence of mind to load his rifle, fled back to the camp, and narrated the miserable fate of poor Glass. The captain of the band of trappers, however, dispatched the man with a companion, back to the spot. On reaching the place, which was red with blood, they found Glass still breathing, and the bear dead and stiff, actually lying upon his body. Poor Glass presented a horrid spectacle; the flesh was torn in strips from his bones and limbs, and large flaps strewed the ground; his scalp hung bleeding over his face, which was also lacerated in a shocking manner. The bear, beside the three bullets in his body, bore the marks of about twenty gaping wounds in the breast and belly, testifying to the desperate defense of the mountaineer. Imagining that if not already dead, the poor fellow could not possibly survive more than a few moments, the men collected his arms, stripped him of even his hunting-shirt and moccasins, and merely pulling the dead bear off from the body, they returned to their party, reporting that Glass was dead, and that they had buried him. In a few days, the gloom which pervaded the

trappers' camp, at his loss, disappeared, and the incident, although frequently mentioned over the camp-fire, at length was almost entirely forgotten in the excitement of the hunt and the Indian perils which surrounded them.

Months elapsed, the hunt was over, and the party of trappers were on their way to the trading fort with their packs of beaver. It was nearly sundown, and the round adobe bastions of the mud-built fort were just in sight, when a horseman was seen slowly approaching them along the banks of the river. When near enough to discern his figure, they saw a lank, cadaverous form, with a face so scarred and disfigured that scarcely a feature was discernible. Approaching the leading horsemen, one of whom happened to be the companion of the defunct Glass in his memorable bear scrape, the stranger in a hollow voice, reining in his horse before them, exclaimed:

"Hurra, Bill, my boy! you thought I was "gone under" that time, did you? but hand me over my horse and gun, my lad; I ain't dead yet, by a long shot!" What was the astonishment of the whole party, and the genuine horror of Bill and his worthy companion in the burial story, to hear the well-known but now altered voice of John Glass, who had been killed by a grizzly bear months before, and comfortably interred as the two men had reported and all had believed!

There he was, however, and no mistake; and all crowded around to hear from his lips, how, after the lapse of, he knew not how long, he gradually recovered, and being without arms or even a butcher-knife, he had fed upon the almost putrid carcass of the bear for several days, until he had regained sufficient strength to crawl, when tearing off as much of the bear's meat as he could carry in his enfeebled state, he crept down the river; and suffering excessive torture from his wounds, and hunger and cold, he made the best of his way to the fort, which was some eighty or ninety miles distant, and living mainly upon roots and berries, he, after many, many days, arrived in a pitiable state, from which he had now recovered, and was, to use his own expression, "as slick as a peeled onion."

THE COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

The overland trade between the United States and Santa Fe, grew out of accidental circumstances. In 1805, James Pursley crossed the desert plains of the West to Santa Fe, being the first American who ever passed over the western plains into the Spanish provinces. The year previous, however, Morrison, a merchant of Kaskaskia, in consequence of information obtained from the trappers through the Indians, relative to the isolated province of Santa Fe, dispatched La Lande, a French Creole, with a quantity of goods up Platte River, with directions to push his way into Santa Fe, if practicable. He was successful in the enterprise; but instead of returning to account to his employer for the proceeds of the adventure, appropriated the funds to setting up business in Santa Fe on his own account, where he remained until his death, some twenty years after, having in the meantime, married, grown rich, and become one of the nabobs of the place.

The Santa Fe trade attracted but little notice, until Capt. Pike returned from his expedition made in 1806 and 1807. His exciting descriptions of the new El Dorado, spread like wild fire through the West. In 1812, an expedition was fitted out under the auspices of M'Knight, Beard, Chambers, and eight or ten others, who succeeded in crossing the dreary western wilds in safety to Santa Fe. But the royalists having gained the ascendancy, the injurious restrictions which had formerly rendered all foreign intercourse,

except by permission of the Spanish Government illegal, being again in force, these unfortunate traders immediately on their arrival, were seized and carried to Chihuahua, and imprisoned there until 1821, when, the republicans again obtaining the ascendancy, they were released. The glowing reports which they circulated upon their return, induced others to launch into the same field of enterprise; and the same year, Glenn, an Indian trader, near the mouth of Verdigris River, and Capt. Becknell, a Missourian, with small parties, went to Santa Fe, and made profitable expeditions.

Up to this date, New Mexico had derived all her supplies from the Interior of Mexico by the way of Santa Cruz, but at such exorbitant prices, that common cotton-cloth sold as high as two and three dollars per yard.

In his next expedition, Capt. Becknell, in his anxiety to avoid the circuitous route by the Upper Arkansas, which he had first taken, attempted a more direct course across the pathless desert, with but little suspicion of the terrible trials which awaited them on the arid plains. They were soon unable to procure any water, and after two days' march, the sufferings of both men and beasts had driven them almost to distraction. Frantic with despair, with a horrible death staring them in the face, they scattered about the country in the vain search for water, and like the travelers in the great deserts of the East, often led astray by the deceptive glimmer of the mirage or false ponds. Unknown to them, they were near the banks of the Cimarron, but would, notwithstanding, have perished, had they not providentially met with and killed a buffalo fresh from the river's side, whose stomach was distended with water.

The success of Becknell and Glenn, soon induced numerous other expeditions, and it is from this period, 1822, that the virtual commencement of the Santa Fe trade may be dated. In 1824, a company of eighty Missouri traders first introduced wagons in these expeditions. The town of Franklin was originally, the place of outfit for the expeditions, but eventually, Independence, on the western border of Missouri, became the prominent point of embarkation for every part of the great western and northern "prairie ocean," though Van Buren, in Arkansas, has some advantages as a starting point for New Mexico.

Among the concourse at this starting point, pale-faced invalids were frequently met with, who joined the caravans for the sake of health. Most chronic diseases, particularly liver complaints, dyspepsias, and similar affections, are often radically cured by a tour on the prairies, owing, no doubt, to the peculiarities of diet, regular exercise, and the purity of the atmosphere.

The caravans did not organize until they reached Council Grove, a beautifully wooded locality five hundred and twenty-five miles from Santa Fe, and one hundred and fifty miles in advance of Independence. This is the most northern limit of the wanderings of the Camanches.

It derived its name from the practice among the traders of assembling there for the appointment of officers, and the establishment of rules and regulations to govern their march through the dangerous country south of it. They first elected a commander-in-chief. His duty was to appoint subordinate leaders, and to divide the owners and men into watches, and to assign them their several hours of duty in guarding the camp during the remainder of their perilous journey. He also divided the caravan into two parts, each of which formed a column when on march. In these lines, he assigned each team the place in which it must always be found. Having arranged these several matters, the council broke up; and the commander, with the guard on duty, moved off in advance to select the track, and anticipate approaching danger. After this guard, the head teams of each column led off about thirty feet apart, and the others followed in regular lines; rising and dipping gloriously; with

frequently, as many as two hundred men, one hundred wagons, with near half a million in goods; eight hundred mules and oxen. Shoutings and whippings, and whistlings and cheerings, were all there; and amidst them all, the hardy Yankees moved happily onward.

Several objects were gained by this arrangement of the wagons. If they were attacked on the march by the Camanche cavalry, or other foes, the leading teams filed to the right and left, and closed the front; and the hindermost, by a similar movement, closed the rear; and thus they formed an oblong rampart of wagons laden with cotton-goods, that effectually shielded teams and men from the small arms of the Indians. The same arrangement was made when they halted at night.

Within the area thus formed, were put, after they were fed, many of the more valuable horses and oxen. The remainder of the animals were "staked" —that is, tied to stakes, at a distance of twenty or thirty yards around the line. The ropes by which they were fastened, were from thirty to forty feet in length; and the stakes to which they were attached, were carefully driven to such distances apart, as prevented their being entangled one with another.

Among these animals the guard on duty was stationed, standing motionless near them, or crouching so as to discover every moving spot upon the horizon of night. The reasons assigned for this were, that a guard in motion would be discovered and fired upon by the cautious savage, before his presence could be known; and farther, that it was impossible to discern the approach of an Indian creeping among the grass in the dark, unless the eye of the observer be so close to the ground, as to bring the whole surface lying within the range of vision, between it and the line of light around the lower edge of the horizon.

If the camp was attacked, the guard fired and retreated to the wagons. The whole body then took positions for defense; at one time sallying out to rescue their animals from the grasp of the Indians; and at another concealed behind their wagons, loading and firing upon their intruders with all possible skill and rapidity.

At an early day, when the Santa Fe traders traveled in small parties, they were frequently attacked by the wild prairie Indians. A terrible calamity befell a small party of American traders, in the winter of 1832-3, on their way home from Santa Fe. The party consisted of twelve men, chiefly citizens of Missouri. Their baggage and about ten thousand dollars in specie were packed upon mules. They took the route of the Canadian river, fearing to venture on the northern prairies at that season of the year. Having left Santa Fe in December, they had proceeded without accident thus far, when a large body of Camanches and Kiawas were seen advancing toward them. Being well acquainted with the treacherous and pusillanimous disposition of those races, the traders prepared at once for defense; but the savages having made a halt at some distance, began to approach one by one, or in small parties, making a great show of friendship all the while, until most of them had collected on the spot. Finding themselves surrounded in every direction, the travelers now began to move on, in hopes of getting rid of the intruders: but the latter were equally ready for the start; and mounting their horses, kept jogging on in the same direction. The first act of hostility perpetrated by the Indians, proved fatal to one of the American traders named Pratt, who was shot dead, while attempting to secure two mules which had become separated from the rest. Upon this, the companions of the slain man immediately dismounted and commenced a fire upon the Indians, which was warmly returned, whereby another man of the name of Mitchell was killed.

By this time the traders had taken off their packs and piled them around

for protection; and now falling to work with their hands, they very soon scratched out a trench deep enough to protect them from the shot of the enemy. The latter made several desperate charges, but they seemed too careful of their own personal safety, notwithstanding the enormous superiority of their numbers, to venture too near the rifles of the Americans. In a few hours all the animals of the traders were either killed or wounded, but no personal damage was done to the remaining ten men, with the exception of a wound in the thigh received by one, which was not at the time considered dangerous.

During the siege, the Americans were in great danger of perishing from thirst, as the Indians had complete command of all the water within reach. Starvation was not so much to be dreaded; because, in cases of necessity, they could live on the flesh of their slain animals, some of which lay stretched close around them. After being pent up for thirty-six hours in this horrible hole, during which time they had seldom ventured to raise their heads above the surface without being shot at, they resolved to make a bold *sortie* in the night, as any death was preferable to the fate which awaited them there. As there was not an animal left that was at all in a condition to travel, the proprietors of the money gave permission to all to take and appropriate to themselves whatever amount each man could safely undertake to carry. In this way a few hundred dollars were started with, of which, however, but little ever reached the United States. The remainder was buried deep in the sand, in hopes that it might escape the cupidity of the savages; but to very little purpose, for they were afterward seen by some Mexican traders making a great display of specie, which was without doubt, taken from this unfortunate *cache*.

With every prospect of being discovered, overtaken, and butchered, but resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible, they at last emerged from their hiding-place, and moved on silently and slowly until they found themselves beyond the purlieus of the Indian camps. Often did they look back in the direction where from three to five hundred savages were supposed to watch their movements, but, much to their astonishment, no one appeared to be in pursuit. The Indians believing, no doubt, that the property of the traders would come into their hands, and having no amateur predilection for taking scalps at the risk of losing their own, appeared willing enough to let the spoliated adventurers depart without further molestation.

The destitute travelers having run themselves short of provisions, and being no longer able to kill game for want of materials to load their rifles with, they were very soon reduced to the necessity of sustaining life upon roots, and the tender bark of trees. After traveling for several days in this desperate condition, with lacerated feet, and utter prostration of mind and body, they began to disagree among themselves about the route to be pursued, and eventually separated into two distinct parties. Five of these unhappy men steered a westward course, and after a succession of sufferings and privations, which almost surpassed belief, they reached the settlements of the Creek Indians, near the Arkansas River, where they were treated with great kindness and hospitality. The other five wandered about in the greatest state of distress and bewilderment, and only two finally succeeded in getting out of the mazes of the wilderness. Among those who were abandoned to their fate, and left to perish thus miserably, was a Mr. Schenck, the same individual who had been shot in the thigh; a gentleman of talent and excellent family connections, from Ohio.

So repeated and daring were the outrages committed upon the traders, that they were obliged to petition government for large escorts of United States

troops, which were granted. The Indians appeared resolved, if possible, to check all intercourse of the whites upon the prairies, and had it not been for the presence of the troops, would have succeeded in their object.

The arrival of a caravan at Santa Fe, which was usually ten weeks on the route, produced considerable bustle and excitement among the natives, and at once changed the aspect of the place. Men and boys flocked around to see the new comers, while crowds of leperos hung about watching opportunities to pilfer. The wagons were discharged at the custom-house, the duties paid upon the goods, generally averaging about one hundred per cent. on the home cost. In a few days, the goods were discharged, and then, instead of the idleness and stagnation which the streets of Santa Fe usually exhibited, there were all the bustle, noise, and activity of a market town, crowded by numerous country dealers, who resorted to the capital on these occasions.

The outward journeys of the caravans, were usually made in the spring and early part of summer,—the return trips in the autumn. Eventually, half the entire imports by the Missouri caravans, were sent to Chihuahua (pronounced *She-waw-waw*), from Santa Fe. The Santa Fe trade continued to increase until the year 1843, when the amount of merchandise thus transported, amounted to $450,000, which was conveyed by two hundred and thirty wagons. While the trade increased, the prices decreased, and taking assortments round one hundred per cent. on the home cost, was generally considered excellent sales.

In 1843 the Santa Fe trade was, for a time, closed by Santa Anna, in consequence of the attacks of the Texans upon the caravans. Keeping beyond the territory of the United States, the right of the Texans to harass the commerce of the Mexicans, will hardly be denied, as they were at open war, yet they were aware that but a small part of the traders were Mexicans, and this should have had a restraining influence upon them.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

In the year 1804, Gen. Harrison made a treaty with the Sacs and Foxes—two tribes united as one—by which, they ceded the lands east of the Mississippi, to the United States; but to these lands they had no original right, even in the Indian sense, as they were intruders on the country of the Santeaurs and Iowas. By this treaty, they were permitted to reside and hunt upon these lands, until sold for settlement by government.

This treaty was re-confirmed by the Indians, in the years 1815 and 1816. Black Hawk, who was *never* a chief, but merely an Indian *brave*, collected a few disaffected spirits, and refusing to attend the negotiations of 1816, went to Canada; proclaimed himself and party British, and received presents from them.

The treaty of 1804, was again ratified in 1822, by the Sacs and Foxes, in "full council," at Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, on the Mississippi. In 1825, another treaty was held at Prairie du Chien, with the Indians, by William Clarke and Lewis Cass, for the purpose of bringing about a peace between the Sacs and Foxes, the Chippeways and the Iowas on the one hand, and the Sioux or Dacotahs on the other. Hostilities continuing, the United States, in 1827, interfered between the contending tribes. This offended the Indians, who thereupon murdered two whites in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien, and attacked two boats on the Mississippi, conveying supplies to Fort Snelling, and killed and wounded several of the crews. Upon this, Gen. Atkinson marched into the Winnebago country, and made prisoners of Red

Bird and six others, who were imprisoned at Prairie du Chien. A part of those arrested, were convicted on trial, and in December of the following year (1828), executed. Among those discharged for want of proof, was Black Hawk, then about sixty years of age.

About this time, the President issued a proclamation, according to law, and the country, about the mouth of Rock River, which had been previously surveyed, was sold, and the year following, was taken possession of by American families. Some time previous to this, after the death of old Quashquame, Keokuk was appointed chief of the Sac nation. The United States gave due notice to the Indians to leave the country, east of the Mississippi, and Keokuk made the same proclamation to the Sacs, and a portion of the nation, with their regular chiefs, with Keokuk at their head, peaceably retired across the Mississippi. Up to this period, Black Hawk continued his annual visits to Malden, and received his annuity for allegiance to the British government. He would not recognize Keokuk as chief, but gathered about him all the restless spirits of his tribe, many of whom were young, and fired with the ambition of becoming "braves," and set up himself for a chief.

Black Hawk was not a Pontiac, or a Tecumseh. He had neither the talent or the influence to form any comprehensive scheme of action, yet he made an abortive attempt to unite all the Indians of the west, from Rock River to Mexico, in a war against the United States.

Still another treaty, and the seventh in succession, was made with the Sacs and Foxes, on the 15th of July, 1830, in which they again confirmed the preceding treaties, and promised to remove from Illinois to the territory west of the Mississippi. This was no new cession, but a recognition of the former treaties by the proper authorities of the nation, and a renewed pledge of fidelity to the United States.

During all this time, Black Hawk was gaining accessions to his party. Like Tecumseh, he, too, had his Prophet—whose influence over the superstitious savages, was not without effect.

In 1830, an arrangement was made by the Americans, who had purchased the land above the mouth of Rock River, and the Indians that remained, to live as neighbors, the latter cultivating their old fields. Their inclosures consisted of stakes stuck in the ground, and small poles tied with strips of bark transversely. The Indians left for their summer's hunt, and returned when their corn was in the milk—gathered it, and turned their horses into the fields, cultivated by the Americans, to gather their crop. Some depredations were committed on their hogs and other property. The Indians departed on their winter's hunt, but returned early in the spring of 1831, under the guidance of Black Hawk, and committed depredations on the frontier settlements. Their leader was a cunning, shrewd Indian, and trained his party to commit various depredations on the property of the frontier inhabitants, but not to attack, or kill any person. His policy was to provoke the Americans to make war on him, and thus seem to fight in defense of Indian rights, and the "graves of their fathers." Numerous affidavits, from persons of unquestionable integrity sworn to before the proper officers, were made out and sent to Governor Reynolds, attesting to these and many other facts.

Black Hawk had about five hundred Indians in training, with horses, well provided with arms, and invaded the State of Illinois with hostile designs. These facts were known to the Governor and other officers of the State. Consequently, Governor Reynolds, on the 28th of May, 1831, made a call for volunteers, and communicated the facts to General Gaines of this military district, and made a call for regular troops. The State was invaded by a hostile band of savages, under an avowed enemy of the United States. The

military turned out to the number of twelve hundred or more, on horseback, and under command of the late General Joseph Duncan, marched to Rock River.

The regular troops went up the Mississippi in June. Black Hawk and his men, alarmed at this formidable appearance, recrossed the Mississippi, sent a white flag, and made a treaty, in which the United States agreed to furnish them a large amount of corn and other necessaries, if they would observe the treaty.

Early in the spring of 1832, Black Hawk, regardless of the admonition of Gen. Atkinson, who was stationed at Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, recrossed the Mississippi, and commenced his march up Rock River. The troops, both regular and militia, were mustered and marched in pursuit of the invaders. On the 14th of May, a party of two hundred and seventy volunteers under Major Stillwell, were preparing to encamp for the night on a small stream, in what is now the eastern part of Ogle county, about twenty-five miles above Dixon's ferry, when a party of five Indians were discovered by the volunteers. A large part of the latter elated at the prospect of an Indian fight, mounted their horses without orders, and gave chase. Three of the five were overtaken and captured; the remaining two escaped into the edge of a forest, where about forty warriors, under Black Hawk, lay concealed, and rising from their ambush, with a terrific war-whoop, rushed upon the assailants. This struck such a terror into the detachment, that regardless of the orders of their commander, they wheeled about, and galloped away with the utmost speed; nor did they discontinue their inglorious retreat, until they arrived at Dixon's Ferry, where Gen. Whiteside was encamped with 1000 mounted men. Eleven whites were killed on this occasion: their bodies were shamefully mutilated; in some cases, heads, hands, feet, and tongues were cut off, and in others, hearts were torn out, and intestines scattered about on the prairies.

The affair at "Stillman's run," alarmed the whole country, and Gov. Reynolds made a call for an additional force of 3000 militia. War being now commenced, the party of Black Hawk committed several murders. Seventy of his warriors on the 21st of May, attacked the Indian Creek settlement, in La Salle county, killed fifteen persons, and took the two Misses Hall prisoners. About this time, a Dunkard preacher was massacred on the road to Chicago. His head was severed from his body, and carried off as a trophy; it presented a singular appearance, the beard being nearly a yard in length. On the 22d of May, a party of spies sent by Gen. Atkinson with dispatches to Fort Armstrong, were attacked, four of whom were killed, and scalped. On the 6th of June, a small settlement at the mouth of Plum River, near Galena, was unsuccessfully attacked, the people having resorted to a block-house for defense. During this period, several skirmishes took place between small parties of the whites and the Indians, in which Capt. (now Ex-Gov.) Dodge, Capt. Stephenson, Capt. Snyder, and Gen. Semple distinguished themselves.

The 3000 Illinois militia, who had been ordered out, marched to Rock River, where they were joined by the United States troops. Six hundred mounted men were also ordered out, while Gen. Scott, with nine companies of artillery, was hastening from Old Point Comfort on the Virginia shore, to Chicago, but before they could reach the scene of action, the war was over.

On the 24th of June, Major Demont with about one hundred and fifty Illinois militia advancing toward Galena from Rock River, was attacked near Buffalo Grove, by two hundred Indians, led on by Black Hawk. The battle was severely contested, and several on both sides were killed. Major Demont, though compelled to retreat, was complimented for his bravery. Repossess-

ing himself of a block-house he had left the same morning, he was unsuccessfully besieged by the Indians. The main army subsequently moved up to Koshkenong Lake, an expansion of Fox River. Being almost destitute of provisions, Gen. Henry was sent for supplies to Fort Winnebago, at the portage between Fox and Wisconsin rivers, with one hundred and fifty men, together with Dodge's battalion. Learning that Black Hawk's band was in that vicinity, he pursued, and on the 21st of July overtook them a little before sunset. They were secreted in a low ravine, near the Wisconsin, in the neighborhood of the Blue mounds. They made a sudden and unexpected attack upon the second battalion, commanded by Major Ewing. That officer formed his men, and sustained the attack until the main body came up, under Gen. Henry and Major Dodge. The army then formed into a hollow square. A spirited but unsuccessful attack was made by the Indians, on the right and left, when the whole line was ordered to charge. The order was promptly executed. Amid the yells of the Indians, and the cries from the whites, "Stillman is not here," the former were driven from the field. Night coming on, the army encamped. The loss of the Americans, was one killed, and eight wounded—sixty-two of the enemy, the next morning, were found dead on the field.

The main army, under Gen. Atkinson, having joined Henry, the whole crossed the Wisconsin in pursuit of the enemy. On the 2d of August, they came up with Black Hawk on the bank of the Mississippi, nearly opposite the mouth of the Iowa. The Indians were attacked, defeated, and dispersed, with a loss of about one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, and thirty-nine women and children taken prisoners. The whites lost but eighteen men.

The steamboat Warrior, which was employed in bringing supplies for the army, arrived on the river, opposite the battle-ground, in the afternoon before the day of the action; at which time the Indians raised a white flag. As they declined coming on board, the captain suspected it to be a mere decoy, and accordingly commenced an action by discharging at them a six pounder, loaded with canister shot, followed by a severe discharge of musketry. The Indians returned the fire, and the battle continued for near an hour, when their wood beginning to fail, the boat drew off. The Warrior had but one man wounded; twenty-three of the enemy were killed. In the action of the next day, the Warrior participated.

It is a subject of regret that so little discrimination was made, between the slaughter of those in arms, and others. Here, women and children, without design, came in for their share. Some who sought refuge in the Mississippi, and attempted to buffet its waves, were here shot down by the soldiers. A Sac woman, by the name of Na-wa-se, the sister of a distinguished chief, having been in the hottest of the fight, succeeded, at length, in reaching the river. Wrapping her infant in her blanket, and holding it between her teeth, she plunged into the water; and seizing hold of the tail of a horse, whose rider was swimming to the opposite shore, was carried safely across the stream. There is, however, some apology, even for this indiscriminate slaughter. When the Americans closed upon the Indians, the latter were all huddled together. The high grass on the "bottoms" prevented discrimination, and the slaughter fell upon all. It could not, under such circumstances, be confined to the warriors. Many women, and some children, were thus unintentionally slain. A young squaw, standing in the grass a short distance from the American lines, holding her child, a little girl of four years old, in her arms, was shot down. The ball having struck the right arm of the child above its elbow, and shattered the bone, passed into the breast of its mother, and killed her on the spot; she fell upon her child, and confined it to the ground. When

the battle was over, and the Indians were driven from the field, Lieut. Anderson, of the United States army, hearing its cries, repaired to the spot; and removing the dead mother, took the child in his arms for surgical aid. Its arm was afterward amputated; and during the operation, the half-starved child sat quietly eating a piece of hard biscuit, insensible, apparently, of its condition. It afterward recovered.

This battle entirely broke the power of Black Hawk. He fled, was seized by the Winnebagos, and in less than a month after his defeat, was delivered up to the United States officers at Prairie du Chien. On this occasion, Black Hawk made a speech, an extract from which, follows:—

My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose clear on us in the morning, and at night it sunk in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. This was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. He is now a prisoner to the white man. But he can stand the torture. He is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian; he has done nothing of which an Indian need to be ashamed. He has fought the battles of his country against the white men, who came, year after year, to cheat them and take away their lands. You know the cause of our making war—it is known to all white men—they ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians, and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian, and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell lies; Indians do not steal. Black Hawk is satisfied. He will go to the world of spirits contented. He has done his duty—his Father will meet him and reward him.

The white men do not scalp the head, but they do worse—they poison the heart: it is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be scalped, but they will, in a few years, become like the white men, so that you cannot hurt them; and there must be, as in the white settlements, nearly as many officers as men, to take care of them and keep them in order. Farewell to my nation! Farewell to Black Hawk!

The United States troops under Gen. Scott, during the months of July and August, were contending with a worse than Indian foe. The Asiatic cholera, which had just reached the country, overtook his troops at Detroit. At Fort Gratiot, two hundred and eight men, alarmed for their safety, landed, under Col. Twiggs. Among these, the disease made such awful ravages, that only a few escaped. Some of them died in the hospital, some in the woods, and some deserted to avoid the pestilence; and being scattered about the country, shunned by the terrified inhabitants, and repelled from their cottage doors, wandered about they knew not whither, and laid down in the fields and died, without a friend to close their eyes, or to console the last moments of their existence. The residue continued on their course, and most of them arrived safely at Mackinaw. There was, at that time, but few sick or diseased among them. The cholera, however, soon renewed its ravages, and on their passage from Mackinaw to Chicago, thirty were thrown overboard. Gen. Scott reached Chicago on the 8th of July, 1832. On his arrival, Fort Dearborn was converted into an hospital. During the first thirty days after his arrival, ninety of his detachment paid their debts to nature, and were "whelmed in pits," without coffins—"without notice, and without remembrance." The scene of horror occasioned by this singular disease, no pen can describe, no heart conceive, and no tongue can adequately tell.

In September, the difficulties with the Indians were settled by a treaty, in which they ceded to the United States thirty millions of acres. Black Hawk and his family were sent as hostages to Fort Monroe, on the Chesapeake, where they remained until June, 1833. He soon after returned to his people, and dying a few years subsequent, was buried on the banks of the Mississippi. He possessed the common savage virtue of bravery; but in intellectual qualities, was not to be compared with Pontiac or Tecumseh.

THE PESTILENCE—A FRONTIER SKETCH.

The pioneer is the "forlorn hope" of civilization. He marches into the wilderness, and encounters peril, hardship and suffering in a thousand different forms, and thus prepares the way smooth for those who follow.

The settlers of most new countries, are afflicted with bilious and intermittent fevers, which prevail far more extensively at some seasons than at others. The summer and fall of 1838—the year of the great eclipse of the sun—was a period of unusual sickness in the West, particularly in Illinois. A sketch of the scenes which there fell under the observation of the writer, is annexed below. It most vividly describes a kind of experience that belongs to the history of the country.

The close of this summer found our home a melancholy one. Days of agony, and nights of delicious visions that made the morning sorrowful, wore slowly away. Abroad the gloom still deepened. The sickness which had begun early to prevail in various parts of the country, increased in strength and malignancy. The longer the drought held, the more fatal grew its ravages, and the more cheerless the aspect of the whole land. Vegetation was parched to ashes. The dews no longer fell; the thirsty earth gaped under the merciless sun, and the trodden roads were piled with dust, so that every breath of wind which swept across them, and every vehicle that passed along, raised a blinding cloud. The skies seemed to have shut their chamber of mercy, and to have no relenting toward the blighted earth. For long, long weeks, the heavens were watched for a cloud, or some sign of mercy, but in vain. A hard metallic glare pervaded the whole arch, an impassable barrier to the blessings we so much craved. Meantime, pain, disease and death, were stalking abroad. The pestilence claimed its victims in almost every house. In some, the whole family was prostrated, and the sufferers were dependent on the kindness of their distant neighbors to minister to their wants.

The fevers took their most malignant and fatal character in the "cotton lands." There gigantic trees shoot up on the rich earth made by the spring floods, and weave their heavy branches above, into a dense canopy which the sun can scarcely penetrate. On the black soil, below which is often ten, twelve or fifteen feet in depth, and of the finest loam, vegetation riots in unbounded energy. Immense quantities are produced, the decay of which, with the heavy foliage of the trees, generates vast volumes of miasmata. The high bluffs then which border these teeming lands, together with the dense wood that covers them, prevent the circulation of the purer air from the uplands, and leave all the causes of disease to take their most concentrated forms among the unfortunate settlers. Here, therefore, at this fated period, the pestilence found its readiest and most numerous victims. In riding through these regions, one would frequently find houses in which every member of the family was sick; so that it was a blessing for a stranger to call and hand them a cup of water. In these districts, individuals were found lying in all stages of disease. Some had never been seen by a physician, and the few that recovered wore a ghastly sallow hue that was frightful to behold, as they crept about their death-stricken homes.

One could ride miles through these dark woods, the steady sun, when it poured through the leaves, heating the still air almost to suffocation, and pass on his route many cabins apparently deserted; but on entering, he would find two or three, or perhaps a greater number of persons, lying in the same dark

room, tossing and raging in the various stages of consuming fever. It was frightful to hear of—still more so to witness their condition.

But suffering and mortality were not confined to these gloomy districts. They spread throughout the entire country. Our little village was one of the last spots visited. On the 18th of September, the day of the great eclipse, two infants, twin daughters of our village teacher, were buried. I remember well the gloom of that afternoon. It was easy to conceive how, in periods of affliction and calamity, the benighted nations that had lived here before us, should construe such an impressive phenomenon into an expression of anger by the Great Spirit. The prolonged and unnatural darkness, and the alarm which prevails among the lower animals, following the impression already produced upon the mind, might well be considered as evidence of displeasure in the Power that rules the element.

We trusted that some change would be wrought in the atmosphere by this great event, that would break the dreadful monotony of drought. There were but three or four wells in the village that afforded any water, and the earth seemed actually consuming under the fiery orb, now for a brief space hidden from our weary eyes. Not a drop of rain had fallen for near seven weeks, and for a previous period of nearly twice that length, the few showers that had descended were barely sufficient to saturate the dust. But our hopes were vain. The shadow passed from the sun, and he rode out, glaring and bright as ever, into the relentless heavens. Gloom and despair brooded over everything. Nature seemed about to light her own funeral pile. People walked slowly about, with countenances darkened by their own griefs, or saddened with sympathy for their neighbors.

THE EDUCATED INDIAN TRAPPER.

Providence seems to have made some races of mankind for a mere temporary object. They appear upon earth, fulfill their allotted part, and then disappear forever from the stage of human action, oftentimes leaving no traces, save the bare fact of their having once existed. Such seems to be the destiny of the aborigines of our country: their course is nearly run; and in a few more generations, they will exist alone in the annals of the past! Attempts to civilize them, generally meet with signal failure. There is something inherent in their nature that forbids it.

A gentleman who was traveling in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, some few years since, has given an interesting sketch of an Indian whom he met near the head-waters of the Arkansas, who had been educated among the whites; but, true to his natural instincts, he had forsaken civilized life, and taking to the prairies and mountains of the Far West, had become once more a free man of the forests. His sketch we annex:

One of these trappers whom I met at Bent's Fort, was from New Hampshire. He had been educated at Dartmouth College, and was altogether one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. A splendid gentleman, a finished scholar, a critic on English and Roman literature, a politician, a trapper, and *an Indian!* His stature was something more than six feet; his shoulders and chest were broad, and his arms and lower limbs well formed, and very muscular. His head was clothed with hair as black as jet, near a yard in length, smoothly combed and hanging down his back. He was dressed in a deer-skin frock, leggins and moccasins; not a thread of cloth about his person.

Having ascertained that he was proud of his learning, I approached him

through that medium. He seemed pleased at this compliment of his superiority to those around him, and at once became easy and talkative. His "Alma mater" was described, and re-described. All the fields and walks, and rivulets, the beautiful Connecticut, the evergreen primitive hedges lying along its banks, which, he said, "had smiled for a thousand ages on the march of decay," were successive themes of his gigantic imagination. His descriptions were minute and exquisite. He saw in everything, all that Science sees, together with all that his capacious intellect, instructed and imbued with the wild fancyings and legends of his race, could see. I inquired the reason of his leaving civilized life for a precarious livelihood in the wilderness. "For reasons founded in the nature of my race," he replied. "The Indian's eye cannot be satisfied with a description of things, howsoever beautiful may be the style, or the harmonies of verse in which it is conveyed. For neither the periods of burning eloquence, nor the mighty and beautiful creations of the imagination, can unbosom the treasures and realities as they live in their own native magnificence on the eternal mountains, and in the secret untrodden vale.

"As soon as you thrust the plow-share under the earth, it teems with worms and useless weeds. It increases population to an unnatural extent—creates the necessity of penal enactments—builds the jail—erects the gallows—spreads over the human face a mask of deception and selfishness—and substitutes villany, love of wealth and power, and the slaughter of millions for the gratification of some royal cut-throat, in the place of the single minded honesty, the hospitality, the honor, and the purity of the natural state. Hence, whenever agriculture appears, the increase of moral and physical evil induces the thousand of necessities, as they are termed, for abridging human liberty; for fettering down the mind to the principles of right, derived not from nature, but from a restrained and forced condition of existence. And hence, my race, with mental and physical habits as free as the waters that flow from the hills, become restive under the rules of civilized life; dwindle to their graves under the control of laws and customs, and forms, which have grown out of the endless vices, and the factitious virtues of another race.

"Red men often acquire and love the sciences; but with the nature the Great Spirit has given them, what are all their truths to them? Would an Indian ever measure the height of a mountain that he could climb? No, never! The legends of his tribe tell him nothing about quadrants and baselines, and angles. Their old braves, however, have, for ages, watched from the cliffs the green life in the spring, and the yellow death in the autumn of their holy forests. Why should he ever calculate an eclipse? He always knew such occurrences to be the doings of the Great Spirit. Science, it is true, can tell the times and seasons of their coming; but the Indian, when they do occur, looks through Nature without the aid of Science, up to its cause. Of what use is a Lunar to him? His swift canoe has the green embowered shores, and well known head-lands to guide his course. In fine, what are the arts of Peace, of War, of Agriculture, or anything civilized, to him? His nature and its elements, like the pine which shadows his wigwam, are too mighty, too grand, of too strong a fiber, to form a stock on which to ingraft the rose or the violet of polished life. No! I must range the hills; I must always be able to out-travel my horse; I must always be able to strip my own wardrobe from the backs of the deer and buffalo, and to feed upon their rich loins; I must always be able to punish my enemy with my own hand, or I am no longer an Indian. And if I am anything else, I am a mere imitation, an ape."

The enthusiasm with which these sentiments were uttered, impressed me

with an awe I had never previously felt for the unborrowed dignity and independence of the genuine original character of the American Indians. Enfeebled and reduced to a state of dependence by disease, and the crowding hosts of civilized men, we find among them still too much of their own, to adopt the character of any other race; too much bravery to feel like a conquered people; and a preference of annihilation to the abandonment of that course of life, consecrated by a hundred generations of venerated ancestors.

This Indian had been trapping among the Rocky Monntains for seventeen years. During that time, he has often been employed as an express to carry news from one trading-post to another, and from the mountains of Missouri. In these journeys he has been remarkable for the directness of his courses, and the exceeding short spaces of time required to accomplish them. Mountains that neither Indian nor white man dared attempt to scale, he has crossed. Angry streams, heavy and cold from the snows, and plunging, and roaring among the girded caverns of the hills, he has swam. He has met the tempest as it groaned over the plains, and hung upon the trembling towers of the everlasting hills; and without a horse, or even a dog, traversed often, the terrible and boundless wastes of mountains and plains, and desert valleys; and the ruder the blast, the larger the bolts, and louder the peals of the dreadful tempest, when the earth and sky seemed joined by a moving cataract of flood and flame driven by the wind, the more was it like himself, a free, unmarred manifestation of the sublime energies of Nature. He said that he never again intended to visit the States, or any other part of the earth, "which has been torn and spoiled by the slaves of Agriculture." "I shall live," said he, "and die in the wilderness." And assuredly he should thus live and die. The music of the rushing waters should be his requiem, and the Great Wilderness his tomb!

LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA.

This description—written some time since by the compiler of this volume for another publication—in general, will apply to the inhabitants of the range of mountains which occupy the western parts of Virginia and the Carolinas, and the eastern portions of Kentucky and Tennessee, and of north Georgia: as they are all essentially the same people in origin, modes of life, and in their isolation from the rest of the country. While they, in many respects, resemble the settlers on the frontiers of the Far West, in others they are dissimilar; the progress of the country being slower, their isolation greater, and the spirit of enterprise less.

Those who have been bred in, and have not traveled out of the old and long-settled portions of our Union, can have but inaccurate ideas of the modes of life in its new and sparsely-inhabited regions. And, perchance, when they do gain experience of this nature, they find much to amuse and instruct, not in ascertaining "how the other half of the world live," but in observing how others, dwelling under the same institutions, protected by the same laws, and with the same star-dotted flag waving above, march onward along the highway of life.

In the inhabitants of none will there be found a greater diversity, than between those of the north and east, and those of the more secluded mountain counties of Virginia. A great part of western Virginia is yet a new country, and so thinly settled that the population of a whole county frequently does not equal that of a single agricultural township of the former. Remote and inaccessible as they are, the manners and habits of the population are

quite primitive. So far are they from market, that the people, in many districts, can sell only what will, as they say, "walk away;" that is, cattle, horses, swine, etc. Consequently, there is but little inducement to raise more than sufficient grain for home consumption, and next to none for enterprise on the part of the agriculturist. For foreign luxuries, as sugar, tea, coffee, etc., the mountaineer is obliged to pay an enormous advance in the heavy cost of transportation; but, graduating his desires to his means, he leads a simple, yet manly life, and breathes the pure air of the mountains with the contented spirit of a freeman.

Thus the inhabitant of these elevated regions is almost perfectly independent. The cares, the fruits of a more luxurious state, the turmoil of business, the aims of fashion, the struggles for social supremacy, all these to him, are things unknown. He has heard of cities, of their wonders of art, of their magnificent temples; but, untraveled as he is, these reports fall upon his ears almost like revelations from another hemisphere.

Here many a young man, with but few worldly goods, marries; and, with an ax on one shoulder, and a rifle on the other, goes into the recesses of the mountains where land is of no market value. In a few days he has a log-house and a small clearing. Visit some such on a fine day, when thirty years have rolled past, and you will find he has eight or ten children—a hardy, healthy set—thirty or forty acres cleared, mostly cultivated in corn; a rude, square log bin, built in cob-house fashion, and filled with corn, will stand beside his cabin; near, a similar structure contains his horse; scattered about are half a dozen hayricks, and an immense drove of swine will be roaming in the adjacent forest; and if it is called "*mast-year*"—that is, a season when the woods abound in nuts, acorns, etc.—these animals, swelling with fatness, will display evidence of good living.

Enter the dwelling. The woman of the house, and all her children, are attired in homespun. Her dress is large and convenient, and instead of being closed by hooks and eyes, is buttoned together. She looks strong and healthy; so do her daughters; and rosy and blooming as "flowers by the wayside." The house and furniture are exceedingly plain and simple, and, with the exception of what belongs to the cupboard, principally manufactured in the neighborhood. The husband is absent hunting. At certain seasons, what time he can spare from his little farm, he passes in the excitement of the chase, and sells the skins of his game.

Soon he enters with a buck or a bear he has shot—for he is a skillful marksman—or, perhaps, some other game. He is fifty years of age, yet in his prime—a stout, athletic man, robed in a hunting-shirt of picturesque form, made, too, of homespun, and ornamented with variegated fringe; and a pair of moccasins are on his feet. He receives you with a blunt, honest welcome, and as he gives you his hand his heart goes with it; for he looks upon you as a friend. He has passed his life in the mountains, among a simple-hearted people, who have but little practical knowledge of the deceit which those living in luxurious, densely-populated communities, among the competitory avocations of society, are tempted to practice. His wife prepares dinner. A neat, white cloth is spread; and soon the table is covered with good things. On it is a plate of hot corn-bread, preserves of various kinds, bacon, venison, and perhaps bear's meat. Your host may ask a blessing—thanks to the itinerating system of the Methodists, which has even reached this remote spot!—his wife pours you out a dish of coffee—the greatest luxury of the country; it is thickened with cream, not milk, and sweetened with sugar from the maple grove just in front of the house. The host bids you help yourself, and you partake with a relish you never had at Astor's.

Now mount your nag and be off! As you descend the mountain path, faintly discerned before you, and breathe the pure, fresh air of the hills, cast your eyes upon one of the most impressive scenes; for Nature is there in all her glory. Far down in the valley, to the right, winds a lovely stream; there hid by the foliage overarching its bright waters; anon it appears in a clearing; again concealed by a sweep of the mountain you are descending; still beyond it reappears, diminished to a silvery thread. To the right and front is a huge mountain, in luxuriant verdure, at places curving far into the plain, and at those points and at the summits bathed in a sea of light; at others, receding, thrown into dark, sombre, forbidding shades. Beyond are mountains piled on mountains, like an uptossed ocean of ridges; these melt, by distance, into fainter and still fainter hues, until sky and mountain, assuming the same delicate, ethereal tint of lightest blue, appear to meet as one, far, far away, at the outer line of the visible world.

High in blue ether float clouds of snowy white; and in majestic flight sails the bird of the mountain with an air wild and free as the spirit of liberty. How everything is rejoicing all around! Innumerable songsters are warbling sweetest music; those wild flowers, with scarce the morning dew from off their lips, are opening their bright cheeks to the sun; and even the tiny insects flitting through the air, join in the universal halleluiah.

Now, fast losing the scene, you are entering the dark, solemn forest. Soon you are at the base of the mountain, when, from the copse, out starts a deer! The graceful, timid creature, pricks up her ears, distends her nostrils in fear, gathers her slender limbs for a spring, pauses for a moment, and then suddenly bounds away, over hillocks and through ravines, and is seen no more. The stream, broad and shallow, is wending its way across your road with gentle murmurings. Splash! splash! goes your horse's feet in the water; forty times in ten miles does it cross your road, and in various places for hundreds of yards your course is directly through it. There are no bridges across it, and next to none in western Virginia.

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The above picture of a mountaineer, with the sketch of the wild and romantic scenery in which "he moves, lives, and has his being," is a common, though not a universal one.

These mountain fastnesses contain much latent talent, requiring opportunity only for development; but the sparsely-settled condition of the country prevents such from being given. Many of the people are of Scotch-Irish descent, possessing the bravery and other noble traits of their ancestry. Almost entirely isolated from the world, fashion has not stereotyped manners, modes of thought, and expression; hence, striking originality in ideas and ingenuity in metaphor, often are displayed. Not unfrequently, in the presence of some one of these unlettered men, have I been humbled in view of an intellect naturally far my superior; an intellect seizing subjects with an iron grasp, perceiving clearly, comparing accurately, combining strongly, and although expressing uncouthly, yet with a power that many a one who has passed his days in academic groves could not equal. Such is the influence of *mind*, that, whether seen in the elevated or lowly, in the man of elegance or the rude mountaineer, we instinctively bow in deference.

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Toward the close of an autumnal day, in the year 1843, while traveling through this thinly-settled region, I came up with a substantial-looking farmer, leaning on the fence by the roadside. I accompanied him to his house to spend the night. It was a log dwelling, and near it stood another log structure about twelve feet square—the weaving shop of the family. On en-

tering the dwelling, I found a numerous family, all clothed in substantial garments of their own manufacture. The floor was unadorned by a carpet, and the room devoid of superfluous furniture, yet all that necessity required to make them comfortable. One needs but little experience like this to discover how few are our real wants—how easily most luxuries of dress, furniture, and equipage can be dispensed with. Soon after my arrival supper was ready. It consisted of fowls, bacon, hoe-cake, and buckwheat cakes. Our beverage was milk, and coffee thickened with cream and sweetened by maple sugar.

Soon as it grew dark, my hostess took down a small candle-mold for three candles, hanging from a wall on a frame-work just in front of the fireplace, in company with a rifle, long strings of dried pumpkins, and other articles of household property. On retiring I was conducted to the room overhead, to which I ascended by stairs out of doors. My bed-fellow was the county sheriff, a young man about my own age; and as we lay together, a fine field was had for astronomical observations through the chinks of the logs. The next morning after rising, I was looking for the washing apparatus, when he tapped me on the shoulder as a signal to accompany him to the brook in the rear of the house, in whose pure crystal waters we performed our morning ablutions.

After breakfast, through the persuasion of the sheriff, who appeared to have taken a sort of fancy to me, I agreed to go across the country by his house. He was on horseback; I on foot, bearing my knapsack. For six miles our route lay through a pathless forest, on emerging from which, we soon passed through "the Court-House," the only village in the county, consisting of about a dozen log-houses and the court building. A mile further, my companion pointed to "the *old field schoolhouse*," in which he was initiated into the mysteries of reading and writing. Soon after we came to a Methodist encampment. The roads here being too rude to transport tents, log structures are built, which stand from year to year, affording much better shelter. This encampment was formed of three continuous lines, each occupying a side of a square, and about one hundred feet in length. Each row was divided into six or ten cabins, with partitions between. The height of the rows on the inner side of the inclosed area was about ten feet; on the outer about six, to which the roofs sloped shed-like. The door of each cabin opened on the inner side of the area, and at the back of each was a log chimney coming up even with the roof. At the upper extremity of the inclosure, formed by these three lines of cabins, was an open shed, a mere roof supported by posts, say thirty by fifty feet, in which was a coarse pulpit and log seats. A few tall trees were standing within the area, and many stumps scattered here and there. The whole establishment was in the depth of a forest, and wild and rude as can well be imagined.

Religious pride would demand a more magnificent temple, where the imposing column and the showy architrave would betoken the power of man, and the lofty, vaulted roof gather and roll back the sound of anthems. But where could the humble and the devout more appropriately worship, than here under the blue arch of heaven, surrounded by the darkling wood, where the flitting shadow and the falling leaf were constantly reminding one of the instability of all earthly things?

How full is nature of such monitions! How solemn these words of the Psalmist: "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof, shall know it no more!"

In many of these sparsely-inhabited counties are no settled clergy, and

rarely do the people hear any other than the Methodist preachers. Here is the itinerating system of Wesley exhibited in its full usefulness. The circuits are usually of three weeks' duration, in which the clergymen preach daily; so it but rarely happens, in some neighborhoods, when they have divine worship, that it is on the Sabbath. Most of those preachers are energetic, devoted men, and often endure great privations.

After sketching the encampment, I came in a few moments to the dwelling of the sheriff. Close by it were a group of mountain men and women seated around a log bin, about twelve feet square, ten high, and open at the top, into which these neighbors of my companion were casting ears of corn as fast as they could shuck them. Cheerfully they performed their task. The men were large and hardy, the damsels plump and rosy, and all dressed in good warm homespun. The sheriff informed me that he owned about two thousand acres around his dwelling, and that it was worth about one thousand dollars, or fifty cents an acre. I entered his log domicile, which was one story in height, about twenty feet square, and divided into two small rooms, without windows or places to let in light, except by a front and a rear door.

I soon partook of a meal in which we had a variety of luxuries, not omitting *bear's meat*. A blessing was asked at the table by one of the neighbors. After supper the bottle, as usual at corn-huskings, was circulated. The sheriff learning I was a Washingtonian, with the politeness of one of nature's gentlemen, refrained from urging me to participate. The men drank but moderately, and we all drew around the fire, the light of which was the only one we had. Hunting stories and kindred topics served to talk down the hours till bedtime.

On awaking in the morning, I saw two ladies cooking breakfast in my bed-room, and three gentlemen seated over the fire, watching that interesting operation. After breakfast, I bade my host farewell, buckled on my knapsack, and left. He was a generous, warm-hearted man, and on my offering remuneration, he replied, "You are welcome; call again when this way."

In the course of two hours, I came to a cabin by the wayside. There being no gate, I sprang over the fence, entered the open door, and was received with a hearty welcome. It was a humble dwelling; the abode of poverty. The few articles of furniture were neat and pleasingly arranged. In the corner stood two beds, one hung with curtains, and both with coverlets of snowy white, contrasting with the dingy log walls, rude furniture, and rough-boarded floor of this, the only room in the dwelling. Around a cheerful fire was seated an interesting family group. In one corner, on the hearth, sat the mother —who had given up her chair to me—smoking a pipe. Next to her was a little girl in a small chair, holding a young kitten. In the opposite corner sat a venerable old man of Herculean stature, robed in a hunting-shirt, and with a countenance as majestic and impressive as that of a Roman senator. In the center of the group was a young maiden, modest and retiring, not beautiful, except in that moral beauty virtue gives. She was reading to them from a little book. She was the only one of the family who could read, and she could do so but imperfectly. In that small volume, which, perhaps, cost two shillings, was the whole secret of the neatness and happiness found in this lowly cot. That little book was the New Testament.

I conversed with the old man. He was, he said, "a poor mountaineer, ignorant of the world." He was, it is true; but he had the independence of a man—the humility of a Christian. As I left the cottage, the snow-flakes were slowly falling; and I pursued my lonely way through the forest with

buoyant feelings, reflecting upon this exhibition of the religion of the meek and lowly One.

Beautiful are these lines where applied to a similar scene:

"Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
Where men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace except the heart:
But happy we in some *cottage* far apart
May hear well pleased the language of the soul!"

FREMONT'S EXPEDITIONS.

JOHN C. FREMONT,* originally a lieutenant of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, made three expeditions to the far west, under the authority of the General Government, a fourth being on his own individual account. The object of the *First Expedition*—made in 1842—was to explore the country between the frontiers of Missouri and the *South Pass* in the Rocky Mountains, on the line of the Great Platte and Kansas rivers. His party was almost entirely made up in the vicinity of St. Louis, and numbered twenty-eight, including himself. It consisted principally of Creole and Canadian *voyageurs* of French descent, and familiar with prairie life from having been in the service of the fur companies in the Indian country. The noted Christopher or *Kit Carson* was engaged as guide. On the 10th of June, the party left Choteau's trading-house, near the Missouri, four hundred miles above St. Louis, on the route of their intended explorations.

The journey was one of much interest, and occasionally enlivened by buffalo hunts and interviews with the Indians of the plains. On the 10th of July, they reached Vrain's Fort, on the south fork of the Platte, and four days after, Fort Laramie, on Laramie's River. This latter post belonged to the American Fur Company, and was inhabited by a motley collection of traders with their Indian wives and parti-colored children. After passing beyond the Hot Spring and the Devil's Gates, two narrow and lofty rocky passages in the mountains, on the 8th of August, they came to the *South Pass* of the Rocky Mountains. On the 15th, Fremont ascended the loftiest peak in this part of the range, which is about one hundred miles north of the southern boundary of Oregon. It is now called *Fremont's Peak*, and rises 13,570 feet above the Mexican Gulf, and is in the part termed the Wind River Mountains.

"We rode on," says Fremont, in describing the ascent, "until we came almost immediately below the main peak, which I denominated the *Snow Peak*, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighboring summits. Here were three small lakes of a green color, each of, perhaps, a thousand yards in diameter, and apparently very deep. We managed to get our mules up to a little bench, about a hundred feet above the lakes, where

* The father of John Charles Fremont was an emigrant gentleman from France; his mother, a lady of Virginia. Fremont was born in South Carolina, and at the age of four years, his father died. When seventeen years old, he graduated at Charleston College, and thenceforward contributed to the support of his mother and her younger children, first in teaching mathematics and then by civil engineering. He then was engaged as an assistant to M. Nicollet in the survey of the Upper Mississippi, and was with him two years in the survey and two years additional in Washington city, in drawing the elaborate map of the expedition. Having received a lieutenant's commission in the Corps of Topographical Engineers, he, thirsting for adventure, proposed and planned the first expedition to the Rocky Mountains. His powers of endurance in a slender form—his intrepid coolness amid appalling danger—his vast contributions to science—and his twenty thousand miles of wilderness explorations, has given to his name a wide spread celebrity.

there was a patch of good grass, and turned them loose to graze. Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary incumbrance, we commenced this time like experienced travelers. We did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals, we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about eighteen hundred feet above the lakes, came to the snow line. From this point, our progress was uninterrupted climbing. Here I put on a pair of light, thin moccasins, as the use of our toes became necessary to a further advance. I availed myself of a sort of a comb of the mountain, which stood against the wall as a buttress, and which the wind and solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly. In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet.

"Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the rock, I succeeded in getting over it, and when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time, reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense field below. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity, I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would only allow one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which, it seemed, a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and fixing a ramroad in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never a flag waved before. A stillness, the most profound, and a terrible solitude, forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. The day was sunny and clear; but a bright shining mist hung over the lower plains, which interfered with our view of the surrounding country. On one side, we overlooked innumerable lakes and streams, the springs of the Colorado of the Gulf of California; and on the other, was the Wind River Valley, where were the heads of the Yellow Stone branch of the Missouri; far to the north, we could just discover the snowy heads of the *Trois Tetons* (a cluster of high pointed mountains, covered with perpetual snow, rising, almost perpendicularly, 10,000 feet), where were the sources of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers; and at the southern extremity of the ridge, the peaks were plainly visible, among which were some of the springs of the Nebraska or Platte River. Around us, the whole scene had one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length, the ridge was split into chasms and figures; between which rose the thin, lofty walls, terminating with slender minarets and columns. We had accomplished an object of laudable ambition and beyond the letter of our instructions. We had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and looked down upon the snow below, and standing where human feet had never stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers." Soon after, the party set out on their return, and on the 17th of October, arrived at St. Louis.

Fremont's *Second Expedition* was made to Oregon and California in the years 1843 '44. His corps numbered thirty-nine men, consisting principally of Creoles, Canadian French and Americans. The party started from the little town of Kansas, on the Missouri frontier, on the 29th of May. Their route was up the valley of the Kansas to the head of the Arkansas and to some pass in the mountains, if any could be found at the sources of that river.

In the early part of their journey, trains of emigrant wagons were almost constantly in sight on their way to Oregon. On the 10th of July, they came



FREMONT'S PEAK, ROCKY MOUNTAINS

"We had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, and looked down upon the snow below, and, standing where human feet had never stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers"

in full sight of Pike's Peak. It looked grand and luminous, glittering with snow at the distance of forty miles. On the 13th of August, they crossed the Rocky Mountains at the South Pass. This is on the common traveling route of emigration to Oregon, and about half way between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean. On the 6th of September, they ascended an eminence from which they beheld the object of their anxious search—the waters of the Great Salt Lake, "the Inland Sea, stretching in a still solitary grandeur far beyond the limits of their vision." (See page 418.)

After the party had visited the lake, they resumed their route to the mouth of the Columbia, where they arrived on the 25th of October, at the Nez Perces Fort, one of the trading establishments of the Hudson Bay Company, at the junction of the Wallawalla with the Columbia River.

On the 4th of November, they came to the termination of their land journey westward, from which point they proceeded down the river in boats to *Fort Vancouver*, on the Columbia, about one hundred miles from its entrance into the Pacific. There they were hospitably received by Dr. McLaughlin, the executive officer of the Hudson Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains. They set out on their return on the 25th of November, by a southern route. They passed to the south, easterly of the Cascade Mountains, to the Pass in the Sierra Nevada, on whose summit they encamped on the 20th of February, 1844. From this point they proceeded in a southwesterly direction toward San Francisco. The party suffered severely while on this mountainous range. Nearly the whole journey had been made over ground covered with snow, without forage for the cattle, who, when they were starved to death, were eaten by their famished owners. The Indian guides would pilot them for short distances, and pointing with their hands the direction they should take, then desert them. With too good a leader to go in any other direction than that pointed out by duty, too brave men to be discouraged by hundreds of miles of untrodden snow, too familiar with death to quail at his embrace, they persevered and murmured not. But among even these iron-hearted travelers, such were their sufferings that some became deranged and plunged into the icy torrents, or wandered in the forests. Well might Fremont have said, "That the times were hard when stout men lost their minds from extremity of suffering—when horses died—and when mules and horses, ready to die from starvation, were killed for food."

On the 11th of January, Fremont discovered the Pyramid Lake in California, about three hundred and fifty miles westerly from the Great Salt Lake. It is about forty miles long and twenty broad, and was named from a huge rock of about six hundred feet in height, rising from the water, and presenting a close resemblance in form to the great pyramid of Cheops. It appeared to the party like a gem in the mountains—its dark green waves curling in the breeze. The position and elevation of this lake makes it an object of great geographical interest. It is the nearest lake to the western rim, as the Great Salt Lake is to the eastern rim of the *Great Basin*, which lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, and has a length and breadth of about five hundred miles. The Great Basin is thus described by Fremont:—"Elevation between four thousand and five thousand feet—surrounded by lofty mountains—contents almost entirely unknown, but believed to be filled with rivers and lakes, which have no communication with the sea—deserts and oases which have never been explored, and savage tribes which no traveler has seen or described."

On the 20th of February, they encamped on the summit of the Pass, on the dividing ridge of the Sierra Nevada (i. e. Snowy Mountain), which rises several thousand feet higher than even the Rocky Mountains.

"On the 6th of March," says Fremont, "we came unexpectedly into a large Indian village, where the people looked clean and wore cotton shirts, and various other articles of dress. They immediately crowded around us, and we had the inexpressible delight to find one who spoke a little indifferent Spanish, but who, at first, confounded us by saying that there were no whites in the country; but just then, a well-dressed Indian came up and made his salutations in very well spoken Spanish. In answer to our inquiries, he informed us that we were upon the *Rio de los Americanos*—the river of the Americans—and that it joined the Sacramento about two miles below. Never did a name sound more sweetly! We felt ourselves among our countrymen; for the name of American, in these distant parts, is applied to the citizens of the United States. To our eager inquiries, he replied, 'I am *a vaquero* (cowherd), in the service of Capt. Sutter, and the people in this *ranche* work for him.' Our evident satisfaction made him communicative; and he went on to say, that Capt. Sutter was a very rich man, and always glad to see his country people. We asked for his house. He answered, it was just over the hill before us, and offered, if we would wait a moment, to take his horse and conduct us to it. We readily accepted his civil offer. In a short distance, we came in sight of the fort; and passing on the way, the house of a settler on the opposite ridge (a Mr. Sinclair), we forded the river; and in a few miles, were met a short distance from the fort by Capt. Sutter himself He gave us most frank and cordial reception, conducted us immediately to his residence, and under his hospitable roof, we had a night of rest, enjoyment and refreshment, which none but ourselves could appreciate."

The route homeward was resumed on the 24th of March. They passed along the valley of the San Joaquin southward to its head-waters, where there was a pass through the mountains to the east. When at this point, says Fremont, "our cavalcade made a strange and grotesque appearance, and it was impossible to avoid reflecting upon our position and composition in this remote solitude. Within two degrees of the Pacific Ocean; already far south of the latitude of Monterey; and still forced on south by a desert on the one hand, and a mountain range on the other; guided by a civilized Indian, and attended by two wild ones from the Sierra; a Chinook from Columbia; and our own mixture of American, French and German—all armed; four or five languages heard at once; above a hundred horses and mules half wild; American, Spanish and Indian dresses intermingled—such was our composition. Our march was a sort of procession. Scouts ahead and on the flanks; a front and rear division; the pack animals, baggage and horned cattle in the center; and the whole stretching a quarter of a mile along our dreary path."

On the 18th of April, Fremont struck the *Spanish Trail*,* the great object of their search. From the middle of December, they had been forced south by mountains, and by deserts, and now would have to make six degrees of *northing* to regain the latitude on which they wished to re-cross the Rocky Mountains. They followed the Spanish trail to New Mexico, four hundred and forty miles, and then struck off in a northern direction toward Utah Lake—the southern limb of the Great Salt Lake—which they reached on the 25th of May, having traveled in eight months an immense circuit of three thousand five hundred miles. They crossed the Rocky Mountains about the middle of June, about one hundred and ninety miles south of the South Pass.

* The course of the *Spanish Trail* is shown by the dotted line—in the Map of the Great West in this volume—running north-easterly from Angelos, California, up into and through the southern part of Utah.

On the 1st of July, they arrived at Bent's Fort, and, on the 31st of July, again encamped on the Kanzas, on the frontiers of Missouri.

Fremont was accompanied, as previously mentioned, in this expedition by the celebrated Christopher Carson, commonly called "Kit Carson." Although scarce thirty winters had passed over him, yet no name was better known in the mountains from Yellow Stone to Spanish Peaks, from Missouri to Columbia River. Small in stature, slender limbed, but with muscles of wire, with a fair complexion—to look at Kit, one would not suppose that the mild looking being before him was noted in Indian fight, and had "raised more hair" (i. e. scalped) from Red-skins, than any two men in the western country. Fremont relates a desperate adventure in which Carson and another mountaineer were engaged, which illustrates the daring bravery of the mountain men.

"While encamped on the 24th of April, at a spring near the Spanish Trail, we were surprised by the sudden appearance among us of two Mexicans; a man and a boy—the name of the man was Andreas Fuentas, and that of the boy (a handsome lad eleven years old) Pablo Hernandez. With a cavalcade of about thirty horses, they had come out from Pueblo de los Angelos, near the Pacific; had lost half their animals, stolen by Indians, and now sought my camp for aid. Carson and Godey, two of my men, volunteered to pursue them, with the Mexican; and, well mounted, the three set off on the trail. In the evening Fuentas returned, his horse having failed; but Carson and Godey had continued the pursuit.

"In the afternoon of the next day, a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise; and soon Carson and Godey appeared driving before them a band of horses, recognized by Fuentas to be a part of those they had lost. Two bloody scalps, dangling from the end of Godey's gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses. They had continued the pursuit alone after Fuentas left them, and toward night-fall entered the mountains into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light, and they followed the trail by moonlight until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Here they lay from midnight until morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and at sunrise discovered the horses; and immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians. Giving the war shout, they instantly charged in the camp, regardless of the numbers which the *four* lodges might contain. The Indians received them with a flight of arrows, shot from their long bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt collar, barely missing the neck. Our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched upon the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad, who was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off, but in the process, one of them who had two balls through his body, sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, and uttered a hideous howl. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage They were now masters of the camp, which was a pretty little recess in the mountain, with a fine spring, and apparently safe from all invasion. Great preparations had been made for feasting a large party, for it was a very proper place for a rendezvous, and for the celebration of such orgies as robbers of the desert would delight in Several of the horses had been killed, skinned,

and cut up—for the Indians living in the mountains, and only coming into the plains to rob and murder, make no other use of horses than to eat them. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse beef; and several baskets containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins, indicated the presence or expectation of a large party. They released the boy, who had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else of the savage character, by commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head, as soon as he found he was not to be killed, but only tied as a prisoner.

"Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had rode about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours. The time, place, object and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage wilderness, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians into the defiles of an unknown mountain—attack them on sight without counting numbers—and defeat them in an instant—and for what?—to punish the robbers of the desert, and revenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat, it was Carson and Godey who did this—the former an *American*, born in Boonslick County, Missouri; the latter a Frenchman, born in St. Louis—and both trained to western enterprise from early life."

In the fall of 1845, Fremont started on his *third expedition*. His object was, if possible, to discover a new route to Oregon, south of the one usually traveled. But his expedition ultimately became diverted from its intended object by the breaking out of hostilities between the United States and Mexico, and he became an active participant in the conquest of California, where he had arrived in January 1846.

In June of 1847, he commenced his return to the United States across the country by the South Pass, in company with Gen. Kearney, and other officers and privates, to the number of about forty. At Fort Leavenworth, on the Missouri frontier, he was arrested by Gen. Kearney, tried, and condemned to lose his commission, on account of some alleged breach of military etiquette. The President, however, pronounced his pardon; but Fremont, in June (1848), resigned; maintaining that he had done no wrong, and desired no clemency.

The fourth and last expedition of Fremont was a private enterprise. His objects were multifarious, but he appears to have had in view, the discovery of a proper route for the great highway connecting the Mississippi with the Pacific. The termination of this expedition was disastrous to all concerned, the history of which has been given in two private letters of Fremont.

On the 25th of November 1848, Fremont with his party, left the Upper Pueblo Fort, near the head of the Arkansas. They had upwards of one hundred and thirty good mules, and one hundred and thirty bushels of shelled corn, intended as a support for their animals in the deep snows of the high mountains. The great error of the expedition appears to have been in engaging, as a guide, an old trapper, well known as "Bill Williams," who had spent some twenty-five years of his life in trapping in various parts of the Rocky Mountains. He proved never to have known, or to have entirely forgotten the country through which they were to pass.

"The 11th of December," says Fremont in his first letter, "we found ourselves at the mouth of the Rio del Norte canon, where that river issues from the Sierra San Juan—one of the highest, most rugged, and impracticable of all the Rocky Mountain ranges, inaccessible to trappers and hunters, even in summer. Across the point of this elevated range, our guide conducted us;

and, having great confidence in this man's knowledge, we pressed onward with fatal resolution. Even along the river bottoms, the snow was breast deep for the mules, and falling frequently in the valley, and almost constantly in the mountains. The cold was extraordinary. At the warmest hours of the most pleasant day, the thermometer stood at zero. Judge of the night and the storms!

"We pressed up toward the summit, the snow deepening as we rose, and in four or five days of this struggling and climbing, all on foot, we reached the naked ridges which lie above the line of the timbered region, and which form the dividing heights between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Along these naked heights it storms all winter, and the winds sweep across them with remorseless fury. On our first attempt to cross, we encountered a *pouderie*—dry snow driven thick through the air by violent wind, and in which objects are visible only a short distance—and were driven back, having some ten or twelve men variously frozen—face, hands or feet. The guide came near being frozen to death here, and dead mules were lying about the camp fires. Meantime, it snowed steadily. The next day (December), we renewed the attempt to scale the summit, and were more fortunate, it then seemed. Making mauls, and beating down a road or trench through the deep snow, we forced the ascent in spite of the driving *pouderie*, crossed the crest, descended a little, and encamped immediately below in the edge of the timbered region. The trail showed as if a defeated party had passed by—packs, pack-saddles, scattered articles of clothing, and dead mules strewed along. We were encamped about twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. Westward the country was buried in snow. The storm continued. All movement was paralyzed. To advance with the expedition was impossible. To get back was impossible. Our fate stood revealed. We were overtaken by sudden and inevitable ruin. The poor animals were to go first.

"It was instantly apparent that we should lose every one. I took my resolution immediately, and determined to recross the mountain back to the valley of the Rio del Norte, dragging or packing the baggage by men. With great labor the baggage was transported across the crest to the head springs of a little stream leading to the main river. A few days were sufficient to destroy that fine band of mules. They would generally keep huddled together; and as they froze, one would be seen to tumble down and disappear under the driving snow. Sometimes they would break off, and rush down toward the timber until stopped by the deep snow, where they were soon hidden by the *pouderie*. The courage of some of the men began to fail."

In this situation, Fremont determined to send a party to New Mexico for provisions, and for mules to transport their baggage. King, Brackenridge, Creutzfeldt, and the guide, Williams, were selected for this purpose; the party being placed under the command of King. Now came on the *tedium* of waiting for the return of this relief party. Day after day passed, and no news from them. Snow fell almost incessantly in the mountains. The spirits of the camp grew lower. Life was losing its charms to those who had not reasons beyond themselves to live. Proue laid down in the trail and froze to death. In a sunshine day, and having with him the means to make a fire, he threw his blanket down on the trail, laid down upon it, and laid there till he froze to death!

Sixteen days passed away, and no tidings from the party sent for relief. Weary with delay and oppressed with anxiety, Fremont determined to go in person, in search of the absent party and for relief in the Mexican settlements. Leaving the camp employed with the baggage, under the command of Vincent Haler, with injunctions to follow in three days, Fremont set off down

the river, with Godey, Preuss, and Saunders, a colored servant, leaving in camp, provisions only for a few meals.

"On the sixth day after leaving camp," says Fremont, "about sunset, we discovered a little smoke in a grove of timber off from the river, and thinking it might be our express party (King and his men on their return), we went to see. This was the twenty-second day since that party had left us. We found them—three of them: Creutzfeldt, Brackenridge, and Williams—the most miserable objects I had ever beheld. I did not recognize Creutzfeldt's features when Brackenridge brought him up and told me his name. They had been starving. King had starved to death a few days before. His remains were some six or eight miles above, near the river. By the aid of the Indian horses, we carried these three with us down the valley, to the Pueblo on the Little Colorado, which we reached the fourth day afterward, having traveled in snow and on foot one hundred and sixty miles. I looked upon the feelings which induced me to set out for the camp as an inspiration. Had I remained there, waiting the return of poor King's party, every man of us must have perished."

"The morning after reaching the Little Colorado Pueblo—horses and supplies not being there—Godey and I rode on to the Rio Hondo, and thence to Taos, about twenty-five miles, where we found what we needed; and the next morning, Godey, with four Mexicans, thirty horses or mules and provisions, set out on his return to the relief of Vincent Haler's party."

Fremont waited in much anxiety for the successful return of those left behind, from the 17th of January until February 5th, when Vincent Haler came in. In a subsequent letter, written the next day at Taos, some eighty miles north of Santa Fe, he gives the following account of the terrible calamities that befell those that were left behind:—

"You will remember that I left in the camp, twenty-three men—when I set off with Godey, Preuss, and my servant, in search of King and succor, with directions about the baggage, and with occupation sufficient to employ them about it for three or four days; after which they were to follow me down the river. Within that time, I expected relief from King's party, if it came at all. They remained seven days and then started, their scant provisions about exhausted, and the dead mules on the western side of the great *Sierra*, buried under snow.

"Manuel,—you will remember Manuel, a Christian Indian, of the Cosumne tribe, in the valley of the San Joaquin—gave way to a feeling of despair, after they had moved about two miles, and begged Vincent Haler, whom I had left in command, to shoot him. Failing to find death in that form, he turned and made his way back to camp, intending to die there. The party moved on, and at ten miles Wise gave out, threw away his gun and blanket, and at a few hundred yards further, fell over into the snow and died. Two Indian boys, countrymen of Manuel, were behind. They came upon him, rolled him up in his blanket, and buried him in the snow on the bank of the river.

"No other died that day. None the next.

"Carver raved during the night—his imagination wholly occupied with images of many things which he fancied himself to be eating. In the morning he wandered off, and probably soon died. He was not seen again. Sorel on this day—the fourth from camp—laid down to die. They built him a fire, and Morin, who was in a dying condition and snow-blind, remained with him. These two probably, did not last until the next morning. That evening—I think it was,—Hubbard killed a deer. They killed here and there, a grouse, but nothing else, the deep snow in the valley having driven off the

game. The state of the party became desperate, and brought Haler to the determination of breaking it up, in order to prevent them from living upon each other. He told them that he had done all that he could for them—that they had no other hope remaining for them than the expected relief—and that the best plan was to scatter and make the best of their way, each as he could, down the river; that for himself, if he was to be eaten, he would at all events, be found traveling when he did die. The address had its effect. They accordingly separated.

"With Haler, continued five others—Scott, Hubbard, Martin, Bacon, Roher, and the two Cosumne boys. Roher now became despondent, and stopped. Haler reminded him of his family and urged him to try and hold out for their sake. Roused by this appeal to his tenderest affections, the unfortunate man moved forward, but feebly, and soon began to fall behind. On a further appeal, he promised to follow and to overtake them at evening. Haler, Scott, Hubbard, and Martin, now agreed that if any one of them should give out, the others were not to wait for him to die, but to push on and try to save themselves. Soon this mournful covenant had to be kept. . . . At night Kerne's party encamped a few hundred yards from Haler's, with the intention, according to Taplin, of remaining where they were until the relief should come, and in the meantime to live upon those who had died, and upon the weaker ones as they should die. With this party were the three brothers Kerne, Chaplin, Cathart, McKie, Andrews, Stepperfeldt, and Taplin.

"Ferguson and Beadle had remained together behind. In the evening, Roher came up and remained in Kerne's party. Haler learnt afterward, from some of the party, that Roher and Andrews wandered off the next morning and died. They say they saw their bodies. Haler's party continued on. After a few hours, Hubbard gave out. According to the agreement, he was left to die, but with such comfort as could be given him. They built him a fire, and gathered him some wood, and then left him—without turning their heads, as Haler says, to look at him as they went off.

"About two miles further, Scott—you remember him, he used to shoot birds for you on the frontier—he gave out. He was another of the four who had covenanted against waiting for each other. The survivors did for him as they had done for Hubbard, and passed on.

"In the afternoon, the two Indian boys went ahead—blessed be these boys!—and before nightfall met Godey with the relief. He had gone on with all speed. The boys gave him the news. He fired signal guns to notify his approach. Haler heard the guns, and knew the crack of our rifles, and felt that relief had come. This night was the first of hope and joy. Early in the morning, with the first gray light, Godey was in the trail, and soon met Haler with the wreck of his party slowly advancing. I hear that they all cried together like children—these men of iron nerves and lion hearts, when dangers were to be faced or hardships to be conquered! They were all children in this moment of melted hearts. Succor was soon dealt out to these few first met; and Godey with his relief, and accompanied by Haler, who turning back hurriedly, followed the back trail in search of the living and the dead scattered in the rear. They came to Scott first. He was alive, and is saved! They came to Hubbard next. He was dead but still warm. These were the only ones of Haler's party that had been left. From Kerne's party, next met, they learnt the deaths of Andrews and Roher; and a little further on, met Ferguson, who told them that Beadle had died the night before. All the living were found and saved, Manuel among them—which looked like a resurrection—and reduced the number of the dead to TEN—one-third of the

whole party, which a few days before, were scaling the mountain with me, and battling with the elements 12,000 feet in the air.

"How rapid are the changes of life! A few days ago, and I was struggling through snow in the savage wilds of the Upper Del Norte—following the course of the river in more than Russian cold, no food, no blanket to cover me in the long frozen nights—uncertain at what moment of the night we might be roused by the Indian rifle,—doubtful, very doubtful, whether I should ever see you or friends again. Now I am seated by a comfortable fire, alone, pursuing my own thoughts, writing to you in the certainty of reaching you—a French volume of Balzac on the table—a colored print of the landing of Columbus before me—listening in safety to the raging storm without!

"You will wish to know what effect the scenes I have passed through have had upon me. In person none. The destruction of my party and the loss of friends are causes of grief; but I have not been injured in body or mind. Both have been strained and severely taxed, but neither hurt. I have seen one or the other, and sometimes both, give way in strong frames, strong minds, and stout hearts; but as heretofore, I have come out unhurt. I believe that the remembrance of friends sometimes gives us a power of resistance which the desire to save our own lives could never call up."

In about a fortnight after writing the foregoing account, Fremont made up a party at Santa Fe, and started for California overland, by the old Gila route, where he arrived early in the succeeding spring, his family having preceded him by the Panama route.

SKETCH OF MORMONISM.

Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, was born of humble parentage, in Sharon, Vermont, in 1805. Some ten years after, his family removed to Western New York. Joseph, when a young man, was occasionally employed in Palmyra as a laborer, and was reputed to be lazy and ignorant. According to the testimony of respectable individuals in that place, Smith and his father were addicted to disreputable habits, and moreover, extremely superstitious and believers in witchcraft.

They, at one time, procured a mineral rod, and dug in various places for certain treasure, the existence of which they claimed had been supernaturally revealed to them. Young Smith stated that when digging, he had seen the chest in which it was contained, but never was able to get it into his hands, as when he approached it, it would sink deeper into the earth. He also placed a singular looking stone in his hat, which he pretended afforded him light by which he made many wonderful discoveries of buried gold and silver.

About this period, by some means unknown, Joseph got possession of the manuscript of the book of Mormons. This work was based upon one written by Solomon Spalding, who was born in Connecticut, in 1761, graduated at Dartmouth, and having failed in mercantile business, in 1809, removed to Conneaut, the northeastern corner town of Ohio, where he engaged in the iron business. While there, he wrote a book, which he called the "Manuscript Found," purporting to be an historical romance of the first settlers of America, endeavoring to show that the Indians were the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. Mr. Spalding, like most novices in the art of authorship, had an idea that the book would make his fortune and enable him to pay his debts; and was very fond of reading it to his friends. Having again failed in business, he removed to Pittsburgh in 1812, and died in that region four years after. While in Pittsburgh, he placed his manuscript in the hands

of some printers for examination, and there all traces of it were lost to his friends, until the publication of the Mormon Bible, when his old Conneaut partner, Mr. Henry Lake, his brother John Spalding, and several other persons, recognized it as being essentially the same as the "Manuscript Found."

The original author of the Mormon conspiracy is supposed to have been Sidney Rigdon, a clergyman of the "Disciples'" order of Baptists. He took up his residence at Pittsburgh about the year 1824, and there became intimate with the printer, Mr. Lambdin, with whom the manuscript of Spalding had been left. He remained there about three years, during which time, he abandoned preaching, as he said, to devote his time to studying the bible; but, as it is supposed, to re-write Spalding's manuscript. He then left, and took up his residence in Mentor, in northeastern Ohio, and commenced preaching some new points of doctrine, which were afterward found inculcated in the Mormon Bible. About the time he left Pittsburgh, Lambdin, the printer, died. During the earlier part of his residence in Lake County, Rigdon was frequently absent.

About this period, Joseph Smith claimed to have knowledge of a book that unfolded the history of the first inhabitants of America. The necromantic fame of Smith had, ere this, extended a considerable distance, and it is inferred that Rigdon hearing of it, had communication with him for the purpose of making him the medium through which to bring his work before the world.

It was in the autumn of 1827, that Smith first pretended that he had found golden plates containing the Mormon Bible, which were engraved in hieroglyphic characters, inclosed in a stone box, and buried in a hill in the vicinity of Palmyra. The existence of these plates he claimed, and their place of concealment, were made known to him by an angel sent from God.

Smith now commenced his career as the founder of the new sect, by appointing a number of meetings at Palmyra, for the purpose of declaring the Divine revelations, which he stated were made to him. He was, however, unable to produce any excitement in the village, as but few had sufficient curiosity to listen to him. Not having the means to print his revelations, he applied to Mr. Crane, of the Society of Friends, stating that he was moved by the Spirit to call upon him for assistance. To this request Mr. Crane answered, that he had better go to work or he would end his career in the State Penitentiary. He had better success with Martin Harris, who owned a fine farm in Palmyra. This Harris was one of those unstable, weak minded characters who are ever ready to adopt every novelty in religion that arises, he having been by turns, a Quaker, a Universalist, a Restrictionist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, and finally a Mormon. By his assistance, about five thousand copies of the Mormon Bible were printed in 1830, at an expense of about three thousand dollars. Harris after this, was, in accordance to the testimony of his wife in her last illness, guilty of immoral practices; and in the publication of this work, was influenced only by sordid motives.

Soon after its publication, Parley B. Pratt, an associate of Rigdon's, was at Palmyra, and became a pretended convert to the new doctrine. In October of the same year, he, with Cowdery, Peterson and Whitmer, arrived at Mentor with a supply of the new bibles. In that vicinity, at Kirtland, were a few families of Rigdon's congregation, who having become extremely fanatical, were looking for some wonderful event to take place in the world. Seventeen of these persons at once became converts, and were all re-immersed in one night by Cowdery. Rigdon soon joined them, and by his means, Mormonism received a powerful impetus, and more than one hundred converts were speedily added. Rigdon visited Palmyra, where he remained about two months, receiving revelations and preaching. Upon his return to Kirtland, he

was followed by the prophet Smith and his connections, who, from a state of almost beggary, were furnished with "the fat of the land" by their disciples, some of whom were wealthy.

From this time, the delusion spread rapidly. Nearly all their male converts were made "Elders," and sent forth to proclaim, with all their wild enthusiasm, the wonders and mysteries of Mormonism. All those having a taste for the marvelous within the range of a hundred miles, traveled to hear the strange revelations from the throne of the Prophet at Kirtland. Their 'elders' made many converts in different parts of the north, who placing their all in wagons, wended their way to the "promised land," in order, as they had been told, to escape the judgments of Heaven, which were soon to be denounced upon the nation. At Kirtland, the Mormons erected a splendid temple at an expense of about forty thousand dollars, within which was a sacred apartment, a "holy of holies," where none but the priests were allowed to enter. While in the height of their prosperity there, they numbered nearly three thousand souls.

Before the arrival of the Prophet Smith, at Kirtland, Cowdery and some of his companions proceeded to the west with the avowed intention, under the command of the Lord, of converting the "Lanamites," as they termed the Indians. They remained at Independence, Jackson County, on the frontier of Missouri, until spring, when being joined by others from Kirtland, they laid the corner stone of a city, which they called Zion, of whose future prosperity and magnificence, many marvelous revelations were made by the Prophet. Its streets were to be paved with gold; all that escaped the general destruction, which was soon to take place, would there assemble with all their wealth, and they were to be joined by the ten lost tribes of Israel.

Both this establishment and that at Kirtland, continued to flourish. On the opening of the year 1833, "the gift of tongues" made its appearance among the Mormons. They had long before professed to be fully endowed with the power of healing all manner of diseases, discovering spirits and casting out devils, to have revelations from Heaven, and personal intercourse with God and his angels. This gift was not confined to the elders and high priests, but nearly all the proselytes, both old and young, could show their faith by speaking with "tongues." A specimen of this language, as it fell from the lips of the Prophet himself, upon a sacramental occasion, is subjoined from the narrative of a seceding Mormon.

Ak man, oh son, oh man, ah ne commene en holle goste, en esac milkea, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Nephi, Lehi, St. John.

This language was for several months, spoken almost daily, while they were about their common avocations, as well as when they were assembled for worship. It was claimed that it could never be understood except a supernatural power was given at the instant to some one present to interpret it.

By the year 1833, the Mormons numbered, in Jackson County, Missouri, about twelve hundred souls. They had a newspaper at Independence, a mercantile house, which they called the "Lord's store," and several mechanic shops. The people of the county became alarmed lest the Mormons should deprive them of their civil rites, and the enmity which had arisen, ensued in an open rupture. On the 23d of July, a meeting of about three hundred persons was held at Independence, with the avowed object of driving the Mormons from the county. They issued an address, in which they stated that the Mormons were fast increasing, "with a gradual falling off of their characters, until they had nearly reached the low condition of the black popula-

tion: that the citizens were daily told that they were to be cut off and their lands appropriated to the Mormons for inheritances; that they sometimes said this was to be accomplished, either by the destroying angel, or by their own power, under the direction of God." They feared, "that should this population continue to increase, they would soon have all the offices in the county in their hands; and that the lives and property of the other citizens would be insecure under the administration of men who are so ignorant and superstitious as to believe that they have been the subjects of supernatural and miraculous cures," &c. They further stated that one of the means resorted to by the Mormons to drive them to emigrate, was an indirect invitation to the free brethren of color in Illinois, to come like the rest to the land of Zion. They resolved that no Mormon should, in future, settle in the county—that those there should give a pledge to remove within a reasonable time. That the Mormon press should be discontinued, and their store and shops closed. They finished by appointing a committee to wait upon the Mormon leaders, and inform them of their intentions. Obtaining no satisfaction, they secured the type and press of the newspaper, and destroyed the building.

After this, the Mormons agreed to leave the county, one half by the 1st of January, and the remainder by the 1st of April. In the latter part of October, the citizens concluding that the Mormons did not intend to fulfill their stipulation, attacked one of their settlements in the county, unroofed several houses, and beat some of the men. At night, they attacked the "Lord's store" and the dwelling of its keeper in Independence. Within a day or two after, the several parties resorted to fire-arms, and one Mormon and two citizens were killed. A majority of the Mormons were finally compelled to cross the Missouri River into Clay County, where they made the town of Liberty their head-quarters. They were here joined by their Prophet Smith, and a larger part of the Mormons from Kirtland. That settlement had received a fatal blow from the failure of their bank, an unchartered and illegal institution, which had issued heavy loans, and was ruined for want of legal power to collect its debts.

Difficulties arising with the people of Clay County, the Mormons removed their head-quarters to what is now Caldwell, then part of Ray County, and founded the town of Far West. Settlements were also made by them at Diahmond, in Davis County, at Dewitt, in Carrol County, and at other points. At these places, large numbers of them soon gathered, rapidly improving town and county.

Things went on well for awhile, until at last dissensions broke out among them; part of them made and circulated counterfeit coin, to which others objected. At length, some of the members deserted, and were driven from the county with threats of death if they should return. Some of them, it is said, stole from the Missourians, while the latter, it is stated, could obtain no redress, having to go before a Mormon justice or jury, where the injured party always had to pay the costs, with the Mormons abusing them for bringing "vexatious law suits."

Supposing the main body of the Mormons to have been upright, there can be no question, but that they had among them a large number of worthless characters, who joined them for the better effecting iniquitous projects.—The Mormons also held two views, which alarmed and excited the frontier population. One was, that the west was given them by the Lord as their sole inheritance, and that, through his aid, they should eventually drive out and utterly destroy all the unconverted dwellers, "the Gentiles," of the land. The other was, that the Mormon Bible taught that the Indians descended from the Hebrews, and their ultimate restoration to their share in the inherit-

ance of the faithful; from this, the frontiersmen, many of whom had bravely fought against the Indians in settling the country, anticipated a union of the Mormons and the savages in a war of extermination against them. Looking with suspicion upon the new sect, and believing them all to be arrant rogues and thieves, they became opposed to their possession of the chief political influence.

At an election in the ensuing August, in Daviess County, where their right of suffrage was disputed, a general quarrel and fight took place among the Mormons and the citizens, in which a Mormon was stabbed and several of each party wounded. This precipitated matters, and both parties, in the ensuing fall, commenced hostilities. The Mormons arming to the number of several hundred, burnt the towns of Gallatin and Millport, and dividing into small parties, ravaged the country, and commenced, it is said, burning farm houses and driving out the women and children, during a severe snow storm; destroyed their property or took it to the "Lord's Store." Skirmishes ensued between them and the Missourians, in which many of both parties were killed. In an action at Horn's Mill, eight Missourians were wounded, and about twenty-five Mormons killed, and thirty wounded.

Governor Boggs ordered out four thousand five hundred militia to quell these disturbances, thirty-five hundred of whom, under Gen. Lucas, arrived at Far West. On the approach of this formidable body, the Mormons, to the number of eleven hundred, surrendered and laid down their arms, and six of their leaders, their Prophet included, delivered themselves up as hostages. The leaders were imprisoned and tried on the various charges of treason, murder, burglary, larceny, arson, &c. The mass of the unhappy people were stripped of their property to pay the expenses of the war, and driven, men, women and children, naked and starving, in mid winter, from the State. Multitudes of them were forced to encamp without tents and with scarce any clothes or food, on the banks of the Mississippi, which was too full of ice for them to cross. Several women and children, too feeble to sustain such intense sufferings, perished.

The people of Illinois sympathizing with their sufferings, received them with great kindness. From thence the Mormons sent missionaries throughout the country to ask relief, and to unfold to the world the "persecutions they had undergone for the cause of religion." They finally selected the site of the village of Commerce, on the Mississippi, as their place of residence, where, in the spring of 1840, they founded the city of Nauvoo. In the ensuing winter, the legislature of Illinois granted them extraordinary powers. The city laws were to be paramount to the laws of the State, enormous privileges were granted to the mayor, and an Agricultural Manufacturing Company, a University, and a Hotel, with a capital of $150,000 were chartered. Under this extraordinary act, Joseph Smith, the Prophet, who had escaped from the custody of the Missouri officers, proceeded to act as Mayor, General of the Nauvoo Legion, and keeper of the Nauvoo Hotel.

In 1842 '43, the city council of Nauvoo passed the following laws: A law, making it imprisonment for life for any person, with or without process, to attempt to arrest the Prophet for any offense growing out of the Missouri difficulties: a law, making it penal to even one hundred dollars fine and six months' imprisonment, for any officer to serve a process in Nauvoo without the indorsed signature of the Mayor.

Under these laws difficulties ensued. A party arose among them, opposed to the Prophet, who established a newspaper, the "Nauvoo Expositor," which became so obnoxious to the ruling party that they, through an order of the Common Council of the city, destroyed the press as a nuisance. A warrant

was thereupon issued against Smith and others for a riot. Previous to this, difficulties had occurred at Nauvoo, officers who had been sent thither with process to be served, having been forcibly obstructed under the city laws above described.

The people of the vicinity became excited at this opposition to the State authorities, and determined that the warrants should be executed even at the point of the bayonet. In June of 1844, some three thousand militia from the adjacent county, with bands from Missouri and Iowa, assembled in the vicinity of Nauvoo. Governor Ford being apprised of this, hastened to the scene of action to allay the storm and prevent bloodshed. On the 24th, Gen. Joseph Smith the Prophet, and his brother, Gen. Hiram Smith, having received assurances of protection from the Governor, surrendered themselves in accordance with the demands of a process, which had been previously issued. The Prophet also gave orders for all the arms of the Nauvoo Legion to be surrendered, which was peaceably accomplished. The Smiths were committed to prison at Carthage to await their trial for treason.

After the surrender of their arms by the Nauvoo Legion, "they submitted," says Governor Ford in his address to the people of Illinois, "to the command of Capt. Singleton, of Brown County, deputed for that purpose by me. All these things were required to satisfy the old citizens of Hancock that the Mormons were peaceably disposed, and to allay jealousy and excitement in their minds. It appears, however, that the compliance of the Mormons with every requisition made upon them, failed of that purpose."

On the evening of the 27th of June, the guard of the jail at Carthage were surprised by an armed mob of some two hundred men, completely disguised, who overpowered them, broke down the door, and rushed into the room of the prisoners, fired at random, severely wounding Taylor, editor of the Nauvoo Neighbor, and instantly killing the two Smiths. The Mormons, who appear to have ascribed these murders to persons in Missouri, remained quiet, and the great body of the militia returned to their homes.

In September 1845, the old settlers of Hancock County determined to drive the Mormons from the State, and as a means to that end, they commenced burning the farm-houses of the Mormons scattered throughout the county. The latter, in general, submitted with little or no resistance. The Mormons at Nauvoo, becoming convinced that they could not dwell in peace with the neighboring settlers, were compelled to agree to emigrate beyond the settled parts of the United States in the following spring. Their advance party crossed the Mississippi the last of February, on their way beyond the Rocky Mountains. They were followed by the greater part of the remainder in the course of the ensuing spring and summer, although at the commencement of September, there were some few remaining in the city. Between these and the Anti-Mormons fresh difficulties arose. The latter armed themselves to the number of about sixteen hundred, and about the middle of the month marched toward Nauvoo, with the avowed intention of carrying it by storm, and burning the temple, taking with them for that purpose, cannon, and all the necessary munitions of war. The Mormons went out to defend their city, and several skirmishes ensued, in which numbers were killed and wounded on both sides. At this stage of affairs, a deputation of citizens of Quincy undertook the part of mediators, the result of which was that the Mormons gave up their arms and left the city, and crossed the Mississippi en route to join their brethren. On the 16th of September, the Anti-Mormons took possession of Nauvoo. The city looked desolate, and all around were immense fields of corn, which were, eventually, left to rot upon the ground, none being at hand to gather the harvest. The sufferings of the

poor Mormons, ere they found a new home beyond the Rocky Mountains, are elsewhere detailed. Previous to leaving Illinois, they numbered in Nauvoo and vicinity over twenty thousand.

The Mormons were at that time divided into three factions; the Twelveites, the Strangites, and the Rigdonites. The Twelveites compose the main body who have settled the new territory of Deseret; the Strangites have various settlements, their head-quarters being Beaver Island, near Mackinaw. Their leader, Strang, originally a young lawyer of western New York, claimed to have received a revelation from God, appointing him as the successor of the Prophet Smith. The Rigdonites are the followers of Sidney Rigdon, and are but few in number.

THE HUNTER'S ESCAPE.

Those who have not experienced them, can have but inaccurate ideas of the terrible storms that at times prevail in the plains and mountains of the Far West; and of the sufferings that they often bring upon the unfortunate emigrants and hunters that come within the region of their influence. A traveler describes one of unusual severity, which he encountered in the winter of 1846–'7, near the base of the Rocky Mountains, in the vicinity of the Pueblo Fort, on the head-waters of the Arkansas, and in which, as will be seen in the following narration, he narrowly escaped perishing.

As we were now within twenty miles of the Pueblo Fort, Morgan, who had enough of it, determined to return, and I agreed to go back with the animals to the *cache*,* and bring in the meats and packs. I accordingly, tied the blanket on a mule's back, and leading the horse, trotted back at once to the grove of cotton-woods, where we before had encamped.

The sky had been gradually overcast with leaden colored clouds, until when near sunset, it was one huge inky mass of rolling darkness. The wind had suddenly lulled, and an unnatural calm, which so surely heralds a storm in these tempestuous regions, succeeded. The ravens were winging their way toward the shelter of the timber, and the coyote or prairie wolf was seen trotting quickly to cover, conscious of the coming storm. The black threatening clouds seemed gradually to descend until they kissed the earth, and already the distant mountains were hidden to their very bases. A hollow murmuring swept through the bottom, but, as yet, not a branch was stirred by the wind; and the huge cotton-woods, with their leafless limbs, loomed like a line of ghosts through the heavy gloom.

Knowing but too well what was coming, I turned my animals toward the timber, about two miles distant. With pointed ears, and actually trembling with fright, they were as eager as myself to reach the shelter; but before we had proceeded a third of the distance, with a deafening roar, the tempest broke upon us. The clouds opened, and drove right in our faces a storm of freezing sleet, which froze as it fell. The first squall of wind carried away my cap, and the enormous hail-stones beating on my unprotected head and face, almost stunned me. In an instant my hunting-shirt was soaked, and, as instantly, frozen hard, and my horse was a mass of icicles. Jumping off my mule,—for to ride was impossible—I tore off the saddle-blanket and covered my head. The animals, blinded with the sleet, and their eyes actually coated

* The *cache* is a hiding-place, usually a deep pit in the ground, carefully covered over in some easily again discovered locality, in which the hunters and trappers conceal their furs and provisions from the Indians and the wild beasts, until such times as they are wanted.

with ice, turned their tails to the storm, and blown before it, made for the open prairie. All my exertions to drive them to the shelter of the prairie were useless. It was impossible to face the hurricane, which now brought with it clouds of driving snow; and perfect darkness soon set in. Still the animals kept on, and I determined not to leave them, following, or rather being blown after them. My blanket, frozen stiff like a board, required all the strength of my numbed fingers to prevent it from being blown away, and although it was no protection against the intense cold, I knew it would, in some degree, shelter me at night from the snow.

In half an hour, the ground was covered with snow on the bare prairie to the depth of two feet, and through this I floundered for a long time, before the animals stopped. The prairie was as bare as a lake; but one little tuft of greasewood bushes presented itself, and here, turning from the storm, they suddenly stopped and remained perfectly still. In vain I again attempted to turn them toward the direction of the timber; huddled together they would not move an inch; and exhausted myself, and seeing nothing before me but, as I thought, certain death, I sank down immediately behind them, and covering my head with the blanket, crouched like a ball in the snow. I would have started myself for the timber, but it was pitchy dark; the wind drove clouds of frozen snow into my face, and the animals had so turned about in the prairie, that it was impossible to know the direction to take; and although I had a compass with me, my hands were so frozen that I was utterly unable, after repeated attempts, to unscrew the box and consult it. Even had I reached the timber, my situation would scarcely have been improved, for the trees were scattered wide about over a narrow space, and consequently afforded but little shelter; and even if I had succeeded in getting firewood—by no means an easy matter at any time, and still more difficult now that the ground was covered with three feet of snow—I was utterly unable to use my flint and steel to procure a light, since my fingers were like pieces of stone, and entirely without feeling.

The way the wind roared over the prairie that night—how the snow drove before it, covering me and the poor animals partly—and how I lay there, feeling the very blood freezing in my veins, and my bones petrifying with the icy blasts which seemed to penetrate them—how, for hours, I remained with my head on my knees, and the snow pressing it down like a weight of lead, expecting every instant to drop into a sleep from which I knew it was impossible I should ever awake—how every now and then the mules would groan aloud and fall down upon the snow, and then again struggle on their legs—how all night long the piercing howl of wolves was borne upon the wind, which never, for an instant, abated its violence during the night—I will not attempt to describe. I have passed many nights alone in the wilderness, and in a solitary camp, have listened to the roarings of the wind and the howling of wolves, and felt the rain or snow beating upon me with perfect unconcern; but this night threw all my former experiences into the shade, and is marked with the blackest of stories in the memoranda of my journeyings.

Once, late in the night, by keeping my hands buried in the breast of my hunting-shirt, I succeeded in restoring sufficient feeling into them to enable me to strike a light. Luckily my pipe, which was made out of a huge piece of cotton-wood bark, and capable of containing, at least, twelve ordinary pipefulls, was filled with tobacco to the brim; and this, I do believe, kept me alive during the night, for I smoked and smoked, until the pipe, itself, caught fire and burned completely to the stem.

I was just sinking into a dreamy stupor, when the mules began to shake themselves, and sneeze and snort; which hailing as a good sign, and that they

were still alive, I attempted to lift my head and take a view of the weather. When, with great difficulty, I raised my head, all appeared as dark as pitch, and it did not at first occur to me that I was buried deep in snow; but when I thrust my arm above me, a hole was thus made, through which I saw the stars shining in the sky and the clouds fast clearing away. Making a sudden attempt to straighten my almost petrified back and limbs, I rose, but, unable to stand, fell forward in the snow, frightening the animals, which immediately started away. When I gained my legs, I found that day was just breaking, a long, gray line of light appearing over the belt of timber on the creek, and the clouds gradually rising from the east, and allowing the stars to peep from patches of the blue sky. Following the animals as soon as I gained the use of my limbs, and taking a last look at the perfect cave from which I had just arisen, I found them in the timber, and, singular enough, under the very tree where we had *cached* our meat. However, I was unable to ascend the tree in my present state, and my frost-bitten fingers refused to perform their offices; so that I jumped upon my horse, and, followed by the mules, galloped back to the Arkansas, which I reached in the evening, half dead with hunger and cold.

The hunters had given me up for lost, as such a night even the "oldest inhabitants" had never witnessed. My late companion had reached the Arkansas, and was safely housed before it broke, blessing his lucky stars that he had not gone back with me. The next morning he returned and brought in the meat; while I spent two days in nursing my frozen fingers and feet, and making up in feasting mountain fashion for the hardships I had suffered.

THE INDIANS OF THE GREAT PRAIRIE WILDERNESS.

There are about one hundred and thirty-five thousand Indians inhabiting the Great Prairie Wilderness (see page 239), of whose social and civil condition, manners and customs, we give a brief account. First, we speak of those who reside in the Indian Territory, six hundred miles north and south, and extending along the frontiers of the western states—which immense tract has been purchased of the wild tribes by the U. S. Government, for a permanent abiding-place for the emigrating Indians of the settled part of the Union—as a spot where they could be free from those contaminating influences that conspired to their ruin while residing near the settlements of the whites. It is an admirable location for this purpose; its soil is generally exceedingly fertile, with excellent water, fine timber on the streams, mines of iron and lead ore and coal. Thither, for the last forty years, the Government has been inducing the Indians within the jurisdiction of the States, to emigrate, until near eighty thousand have moved on to the lands thus assigned them.

Government has been very liberal to them. It purchases the land which the emigrating tribes leave—gives them others within the new territory; transports them; erects a portion of their dwellings; plows and fences a portion of their fields; furnishes them teachers of agriculture and implements of husbandry, horses, cattle, &c.; erects school-houses, and supports teachers in them the year round; and makes provision for the subsistence of the new emigrants, and uses every effort for the promotion of their moral and physical welfare.

Considering that the ordinary system of government, of chieftaincies among the tribes, prolific of evil, the United States use all the means in their power to abolish them—making the rulers elective—establishing a form of government in each tribe similar to our State Governments, and endeavoring to unite the tribes under a General Government, like that at Washington. Accordingly

a beautiful spot, centrally situated, has been selected on Osage River, about seven miles square, sixteen miles distant from the Missouri line, as a suitable place for the central government. Any member of those tribes that comes into the confederation, may own property in the District and no other.

The Choctaws number about twenty thousand, which includes six hundred negro slaves and two hundred white men, married to Choctaw women. They reside in the extreme south of the territory, on a tract capable of producing most abundant crops of corn, flax, hemp, tobacco, cotton, &c., and sustaining a population as dense as that of England. They are improving in comfort and civilization, have fine farms, well stocked, cotton gins, looms, flouring mills, &c. They have a written constitution similar to that of the United States, which divides the government into four departments—legislative, executive, judicial and military, together with a National Assembly, which meets annually on the first Monday in October. The Chickasaws, numbering fifty-five hundred, including their slaves, are merged in the Choctaws, and are wealthy from the sales of their lands east of the Mississippi, to the United States. They have a large fund applicable to various objects of civilization, ten thousand dollars of which is annually applied to education, and the Choctaws also have six thousand dollars annually applied to the same object.

The Cherokees, including nine hundred slaves, number twenty-two thousand. They, like the above, own fine farms, with lead mines and salt works, where they manufacture one hundred bushels of salt per day, and have a form of government similar to the Choctaws. Their dwellings are log, with frequently stone chimneys and plank floors, and furnished as well as those of settlers in the new countries; and they have good taverns for the accommodation of strangers. Their form of government is similar to the above, and their permanent school fund amounts to $200,000. In 1850, they had no less than twenty-two different schools, where over a thousand children were taught the common branches, including history. Of these, one hundred and twenty were orphans, who were boarded and clothed at the expense of the Orphans' Fund.

The Creeks number twenty-two thousand five hundred, including three hundred and ninety-three slaves: included with them are sixteen hundred Seminoles. In point of civilization and educational advantages, their situation is similar to the Choctaws and Cherokees, though their form of civil government is less perfect.

The Senecas, and Shawnees with them, number four hundred and sixty-one, and are, in a measure, civilized,—speak good English, and live in as much comfort as the others spoken of. The other emigrated tribes, are the Pottawatomies; the Iowas; the Weas; the Piankashaws; the Peorias and Kaskaskias; the Ottawas; the Shawnees; the Delawares; the Kickapoos and the Wyandots; the Sacs and Foxes; none of which, with the exception of the two first named, number one thousand souls. They are all, however, more or less civilized, and receive the annuities from the general government.

There is scarcely anything the Indian tribes have to encounter so seriously fatal to their improvement as intemperance; of this they are conscious themselves, and most of the emigrant tribes have adopted measures for its prohibition with various degrees of success. Among the Choctaws a law was passed upon this subject, which was measurably successful; and the spirit which effected its passage was worthy of the most exalted state of civilization. It seems that the tribe had generally become sensible of the pernicious influences of strong drink upon their prosperity, and had, in vain, attempted various plans for its suppression. At last, a council of the head men of the nation was convened, and they passed a law by acclamation, that each and any

individual who should, henceforth, *introduce* ardent spirits into the nation, should be punished with a hundred lashes on his bare back. The council adjourned, but the members soon began to canvass among themselves the pernicious consequences which might result from the protracted use of whisky *already* in the shops, and, therefore, concluded the quicker it was drank up, the more promptly the evil would be over, so falling to, in less than two hours Bacchus never mustered a drunker troop than were these same temperance legislators. The consequences of their determination were of lasting importance to them. The law, with some slight improvements, has since been vigorously enforced.

There are about 22,000 Indians, of native tribes, who reside in the Indian Territory, and who receive annuities from the United States. They are the Pawnees, the Sioux, the Quapaws, the Kanzas, Otoes, Omahoes, and the Ponsars. The Pawnees number 10,500, and the Osages, 5,500; the others are much less in number, and all are in a degraded condition.

These are the native and emigrant Indians within the Indian Territory, with their several conditions and circumstances briefly stated. It should be mentioned, however, that one or more of the emigrant tribes have a newspaper among them, and that interspersed through them are many devoted missionaries of different denominations, who, amid more or less of privation, are laboring with all zeal for the promotion of their temporal and spiritual welfare.

The other Indians in the Great Prairie Wilderness, will be briefly noticed under two divisions—those living *South*, and those living *North* of the Great Platte River.

South of the Great Platte, are no tribes of note out of New Mexico, except the Camanches, who number about 20,000. They are a warlike tribe and unexcelled as horsemen. Like the Arabs of the desert, they never reside but a few days in a place; but travel north with the buffalo, in summer, and, when winter comes on, return with them to the plains of Texas.

North of the Great Platte or Nebraska River, are the remains of fifteen or twenty tribes, who average about 800 each. The Sioux and the small pox have thus reduced them. In the upper Mississippi country are the Sioux and Chippewas, both very powerful tribes. (See page 437.)

Inhabiting the Rocky Mountains and vicinity are the Shoshonees or Snakes, the Arrapahoes, the Crows, and the Blackfeet. The two last named are very warlike. The Blackfeet, in 1828, numbered 15,000 souls, when, having stolen a blanket, that year, from the American Fur Company's steamboat on the Yellow Stone, one which had belonged to a man who had died of the small-pox on board, the infected article spread the disease among the whole tribe, and reduced their number to two-thirds.

In conclusion, we remark that none of the native tribes west of the Mississippi are as brave and warlike as those which inhabited the older states of the Union, as the Wyandots, the Shawnees, the Creeks, the Seminoles, the Cherokees, and the Iroquois. Nor, in general, do they burn their prisoners, or inflict upon them protracted tortures.

They endeavored, for awhile, to bury the dead, but these were soon more numerous than the living. At last, those left alive fled to the mountains, mad with superstition and fear, where the pure air of the elevated vales restored the remainder of the tribe to health. But this infliction, which they believed to be an exhibition of the displeasure of the Great Spirit against them, has in nowise humanized their blood-thirsty nature.

EFFECT OF SETTLEMENT ON THE CLIMATE OF THE WEST.

GREAT changes have taken place in the system of weather, since the settlement of the western country, yet those changes have been so gradual, that it is no very easy task to recollect, or describe them. At the first settlement of the country, the summers were much cooler than they are at present. For many years a single warm night rarely occurred during the whole summer. The evenings were cool, and the mornings frequently uncomfortably cold. The coldness of the nights was owing to the deep shade of the lofty forest trees, which everywhere covered the ground. In addition to this, the surface of the earth was still further shaded by large crops of wild grass, and weeds, which prevented it from becoming heated by the rays of the sun during the day. At sundown, the air began to become damp and cool, and continued to increase in coldness, until warmed by the sunshine of the succeeding day. This wild herbage afforded pasture for the cattle and horses, from spring until the onset of winter. To enable the owner to find his beasts, the leader of each flock of cattle, horses and sheep, was furnished with a bell suspended to the neck by a leathern or iron collar. Bells, therefore, constituted a considerable article of traffic in early times.

One distressing circumstance resulted from the wild herbage of the wilderness. It produced innumerable swarms of gnats, musquitoes, and horse-flies. Those distressing insects gave such annoyance to man and beast, that they may justly be ranked among the early plagues of the country. During that part of the season in which they were prevalent, they made the cattle poor, and lessened the amount of their milk. In plowing, they were very distressing to the horses. It was customary to build large fires of old logs about the forts, the smoke of which kept the flies from the cattle, which soon learned to change their position, with every change of wind, so as to keep themselves constantly in the smoke.

The summers, in early times, were mostly very dry. The want of rain was compensated in some degree, by heavy dews, which were then more common than of late, owing to the shaded situation of the earth, which prevented it from becoming either warm or dry, by the rays of the sun, during even the warmest weather.

Frost and snow set in much earlier, in former times, than of late. Hunting snows usually commenced about the middle of October. November was regarded as a winter month, as the winter frequently set in with severity during that month, and sometimes at an early period of it. For a long time after the settlement of the country there was an abundance of snow, in comparison to the amount we usually have now. It was no unusual thing to have snows from one to three feet in depth, and of long continuance, in the valley of the Ohio. The depth of the snows, the extreme cold and length of the winters, were indeed distressing to the first settlers, who were but poorly provided with clothing, and whose cabins were mostly very open, and uncomfortable. Getting wood, making fires, feeding the stock, and going to mill were considered sufficient employment for any family, and truly those labors left them little time for anything else.

The springs were formerly somewhat colder, and accompanied with more snow than they are now, but the change, in these respects, is no way favorable to vegetation, as the latest springs are uniformly followed by the most fruitful seasons. It is a law of the vegetable world that the longer the vegetative principle is delayed, the more rapid when put in motion. Hence those

northern countries which have but a short summer, and no spring, are among the most fruitful countries in the world. In Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, the transition from winter to summer, occupies but a very few days; yet a failure of a crop in those countries is but a rare occurrence: while in these latitudes, vegetation prematurely put in motion, and then often checked "by the lagging rear of winter's frost," frequently fails of attaining its ultimate perfection.

From this history of the system of the weather of early times, it appears that the seasons have already undergone great and important changes. The summers are much warmer, the falls much milder and longer, and the winters shorter, by at least one month, and accompanied with much less snow and cold than formerly. What causes have effected these changes in the system of weather, and what may we reasonably suppose will be the ultimate extent of this revolution, already so apparent?

In all countries, the population of a desert by a civilized and agricultural people, has had a great effect on its climate. Italy, which is now a warm country, with very mild winters, was in the time of Horace and Virgil, as cold and as subject to deep snows, as the western country was at its first settlement. Philosophy has attributed the change of the seasons, in that country, to the clearing of its own forests, together with those of France to the north, and those of Germany to the east and north of Italy. The same cause has produced the same effect in our country. Every acre of cultivated land, must increase the heat of our summers, by augmenting the extent of the surface of the ground denuded of its timber, so as to be acted upon, and heated by the rays of the sun.

The future prospect of the weather throughout the whole extent of the western country is not very flattering. The thermometer in the hottest parts of the summer months already ranges from ninety to one hundred degrees. A frightful degree of heat for a country as yet but partially cleared of its native timber! When we consider the great extent of the valley of the Mississippi, so remote from any sea to furnish its cooling breezes, without mountains to collect the vapors, augment and diversify the winds, and watered only by a few rivers, which in the summer time are diminished to a small amount of water, we have every data for the unpleasant conclusion that the climate of the western regions will ultimately become intensely hot and subject to distressing calms and droughts of long continuance.

Already we begin to feel the effects of the increase of the heat of summer in the noxious effluvia of the stagnant water of the ponds and low grounds along the rivers. These fruitful sources of pestilential exhalations have converted large tracts of country into regions of sickness and death; while the excessive heat and dryness of the settlements remote from the larger water courses, have been visited by endemic dysenteries in their most mortal states. Thus the most fortunate regions of the earth have drawbacks from their advantages which serve, in some degree, to balance the condition of their inhabitants with that of the people of countries less gifted by nature in point of soil, climate, and situation.

The conflict for equilibrium between the rarified air of the south and the dense atmosphere of the north, will continue forever the changeable state of weather in this country, as there is no mountainous barrier between us and the northern regions of our continent.

MAP OF THE GREAT WEST.



HISTORICAL

AND

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES, ETC

TEXAS.

Texas is an Indian word signifying "Friends." This country was first settled by M. La Salle [see page 51] in 1685, who took formal possession in the name of the French Monarch, and built a small fort at the head of Matagorda Bay. The colony was soon broken up by the savages. In the meantime, intelligence of the founding of this settlement having reached Mexico, a military force was sent by the Viceroy to drive out the French; but on its arrival the colonists had disappeared. In 1690, the Spaniards founded two small missions, and, in 1692, commenced their first settlement at San Antonio de Bexar.

After the settlement of Louisiana, in 1699, the French assumed nominal possession of the territory as far west as the Bay of Matagorda. Hostilities arose between them and the Spaniards, who established several posts in the eastern part of Texas, and drove out the French. The conflicting claims of the two nations to Texas, were temporarily settled by the treaty of 1763, in which France ceded to Spain all of Louisiana west of the Mississippi. In 1800, Spain having ceded Louisiana back to France, left the question again open as to the rightful claim to the country. In 1803, Louisiana having been ceded by France to the United States, transferred to the American nation the same claim to Texas, which, however, was never enforced.

In 1810, at the commencement of the first Mexican Revolution, Texas had not any settlements of note, except those of San Antonio de Bexar, Goliad and Nacogdoches. In the interior were a few Spanish forts and missions, around each of which were a small number of miserable Indian converts. Some of these missionary establishments, each consisting of a massive stone fortress and a church, still remain with their walls almost entire.

The Mexicans seem not so desirous to occupy this country as to keep it a desolate waste, to form an impassable barrier between them and their Anglo-Saxon neighbors, toward whom and other civilized nations, their jealousy was so strong, that they enacted a law making it death for a foreigner to enter any of the Spanish provinces without a license from the Spanish King. Hence, until after the breaking out of the Mexican Revolution, Texas remained almost wholly unknown to the Americans.

In 1812, Dons Guttierez and Toledo, officers of the Revolutionists, formed a project to invade the eastern provinces of Mexico, with the aid of American volunteers. They succeeded in raising a force of about four hundred and fifty men, near one half of whom were Americans from the south-western States, and the remainder French, Spaniards and Italians: they were led by

officers Magee, Kemper, Locket, Perry and Ross. Crossing the Sabine, they routed a body of royalists near Nacogdoches, and took possession of Goliad. In the following winters (1812–'13), they were besieged by two thousand Spaniards. The Revolutionists sallied from the town, and routed the Spaniards with a loss of about four hundred in killed and wounded. The latter retreated, and were again defeated near Bexar, to which they retreated and soon after surrendered. Twelve of the principal Spanish officers, after their surrender, were secretly massacred by Guttierez, which, becoming known to the Americans, most of them with Kemper at their head, abandoned the service in disgust.

The invaders, thus reduced in numbers, remained at Bexar. In June, a Spanish army of four thousand men having approached toward the place, the garrison advanced against them, and routed them four miles west of the town, with a loss in killed and wounded nearly equal to their own number.

Guttierez having been removed from the supreme command, as a punishment for his agency in the massacre, he was succeeded by Toledo, when Kemper returned to Bexar from the United States with four hundred Americans. In August, an army of several thousand strong advanced toward the place. The garrison, one thousand one hundred in number, marched out nine miles to the Medina River, and gave them battle. They drove the enemy to their intrenchments, where half their force was in reserve, when a heavy fire being poured in upon them the Mexican Revolutionists fled, and the Americans, after a desperate resistance, were nearly all killed in the battle, or captured in the subsequent flight toward the American frontier. This total defeat for five years suspended the Mexican Revolutionary struggle in Texas.

After this event, the United States, acting upon strictly neutral principles toward the contending parties in Mexico, interposed its authority, and prevented hostile expeditions from crossing the frontiers. Individuals in small parties, however, visited Texas, and brought back with them glowing descriptions of its fertility and resources. To accommodate privateers under the Mexican flag, the Revolutionists formed stations at Matagorda, Galveston and other points, which, becoming piratical establishments, were broken up by the United States.

The war in Mexico called "the first revolution," after a duration of eight years, terminated in favor of the Royalists. "The second revolution" was commenced in 1821, by the Mexican General, Iturbide, under whom the Mexicans achieved their independence of Spain. Iturbide made himself a Monarch; but the people wishing for a republic, deposed and banished him, and, on his return, had him executed. Another leader arose, Santa Anna, under whose auspices a federal constitution was formed in 1824, by which Mexico, like our republic, was divided into States, with each a legislature, and over the whole a general government.

The treaty of 1819, by which Spain ceded Florida to the United States, established the Sabine as the western boundary of Louisiana.

Moses Austin, a native of Durham, Connecticut, applied for, and received in 1819, a grant of land in Texas to plant a colony. The Spanish authorities in Mexico, desirous of defense against the fierce and hostile Camanches, had, contrary to their usual policy, made laws favoring American emigration, on the condition, however, that the emigrants should become Catholics, and teach the Spanish language in their schools.

Moses Austin dying, his son, Stephen, carried out his plans, and founding a colony between the Brazos and Colorado, thus became the leader of American colonization in Texas. Austin's enterprise being joined by others, his colony soon attracted the attention of the Mexican clergy. They found that

the law which required the settlers to make oath that they were Catholics, and to establish Spanish schools, had been regarded by them as an unmeaning formality; and they felt the utmost alarm at a colony of foreign heretics being planted among them, and desired that they should either submit to the law or be routed out. Fresh jealousies arose in consequence of the futile attempts made by a few of the settlers in the vicinity of Nacogdoches, in 1826, to throw off the Spanish yoke, and establish a republic by the name of Fredonia: this ill-feeling was further increased by propositions made from time to time by the United States to purchase Texas. In whatever was done, the Mexicans fancied some plot against them, in which the American nation at large was concerned. They even surmised that the settlers in Texas were sent but as a cover to a concealed purpose of the American authorities to take their territory and destroy their naticnality.

Texas, under the constitution of 1824, was united in one state with the adjacent province of Coahuila. The Spanish Mexicans of this province outvoted and pursued an oppressive policy against the Texans. In 1833, Stephen F. Austin was sent to the city of Mexico to petition against these grievances, and for the privilege of forming Texas into a separate State. Being treated with neglect by the Mexican Congress, he wrote a letter to the Texans advising them, at all events, to proceed in forming a separate State government. This letter falling into the hands of the Mexican authorities, he was made prisoner while returning, carried back to Mexico, and thrown into a dungeon.

Meanwhile the crafty Santa Anna subverting the constitution of 1824, became a military tyrant, and to direct attention from his lawless acts, commenced a series of oppressions directed against the Texans; and placing the civil rulers there in subjection to the military. In 1835, Austin having returned from his imprisonment in Mexico, vigilance committees were appointed throughout the country, and the people were resolved to insist upon their rights under the constitution. At this time, the population of Texas was near 20,000, of whom scarce 3000 were Mexicans.

Appeals were made through the press to the Texan people, and arrangements were set on foot to raise men and money for the purpose of defending themselves against a threatened invasion by Santa Anna. The first hostile movement of the Mexicans was directed against the town of Gonzalez. One thousand Mexicans having been sent there to demand a field-piece, the Texans, on the 2d of Octr., 1835, attacked and drove them from the ground with loss. On the 8th of October, Goliad was taken by the Texans with valuable munitions. On the 28th, ninety-two Texans under Cols. Bowie and Fannin defeated four hundred Mexicans, below Bexar, with a loss of nearly one hundred in killed and wounded; the Texan loss being simply, one killed.

In November the Texan Convention of Delegates assembled at San Felipe, issued a declaration of rights, and established a provisional government. Henry Smith was chosen governor, and Samuel Houston, commander-in-chief.

On the 11th of December, five hundred Texans, after a bloody siege and assault, took the strong fortress of the Alamo and the city of San Antonio de Bexar. This was a gallant enterprise: the Mexicans numbered 1000 regular troops under Gen. Cos. Almost every house was in itself a fortress, each being built of stone, with walls three feet in thickness. The bulk of the garrison was posted in the public square, the approaches to which were strongly fortified by breastworks mounted with artillery. At three o'clock on the morning of the 5th of December, Col. Neil with two hundred men commenced a false attack upon the Alamo; while with three hundred volunteers, the heroic Milam, the projector of the plan about to be described, having provided his men with crowbars and other forcing implements, effected an en-

trance into the suburbs, and amidst a heavy shower of grape-shot and musketry, took possession of two houses. For four days the Texans bravely maintaining their position continued to advance from one point to another, breaking a passage through the stone walls of the houses and opening a ditch and throwing up a breastwork, where they were otherwise unprotected, while every street was raked by the enemy's artillery. On the third day of the assault, the gallant Milam received a rifle-shot in his head, but otherwise their loss was trifling, while that of the enemy was severe, as the rifle brought them down as often as they showed their faces at a loop-hole. On the fourth day, the Mexicans were reinforced by three hundred men. On the following night, the Texans penetrated to a building which commanded the public square; but ere the daylight dawned to give them the benefit of rifle practice, the Mexicans hauled down their black and red flag which had been waving from the Alamo during the contest, in token of no quarter, and sent in a flag of truce to signify their desire to surrender.

Unhappily, at this time divisions prevailed in the Texan councils, and no adequate force had been raised to oppose Santa Anna, who, in February, appeared before Bexar with an overwhelming force. On their appearance, the Texan force, numbering only one hundred and fity men, under William B. Travis, retired to the Alamo, where were a few pieces of artillery. The enemy encircled the Alamo with intrenched encampments and kept up a continued bombardment for several days.

With the exception of thirty-two volunteers from Gonzalez, who made their way into the fort on the morning of the 1st of March, no succor arrived to the garrison, whose physical energies were worn down by constant watching, but whose resolution was unsubdued. In the language of the heroic Travis, they were determined "never to surrender, nor retreat." In the meantime, the reinforcements of the enemy had increased to 4000 strong, and humiliated at being baffled by less than two hundred men in a two weeks' siege to reduce a poorly-fortified place, Santa Anna, after midnight on the 6th of March, surrounded the Alamo, determining to carry it by storm at any cost.

They advanced amid the discharge of musketry and cannon, and were twice repulsed in their attempts to scale the walls. A third attempt was made by the exertions of their officers, when borne onward by those in their rear, they tumbled over the walls "like sheep." Then commenced the last struggle of the garrison. Travis received a shot as he stood on the walls cheering his men. As he fell, a Mexican officer rushed forward to dispatch him, when Travis summoning his failing powers for a last effort, met his assailant with an upward thrust of his sword, and they both expired together. Unable from the crowd and for want of time to load, the Texans clubbed their rifles and continued to fight and resist until life had ebbed out through numberless wounds, and the enemy had conquered the Alamo, but not its heroic defenders. They perished but yielded not; one only remained to ask for quarter, which was denied him by the unrelenting enemy. Total extermination succeeded, and the darkness of death reposed over the memorable Alamo. Of all the persons in the place, Mrs. Dickerson and her child and a negro, were alone spared.

The storming lasted less than an hour. Major Evans was shot while setting fire to the magazine according to the order of Travis. David Crockett was found dead surrounded by a pile of the enemy, who had fallen beneath his powerful arm. Col. Bowie (the inventor of the Bowie knife), who was confined by sickness, was murdered in his bed. The enemy, exasperated to the highest degree by this desperate resistance, treated the bodies with brutal indignation. Santa Anna, when the body of Major Evans was pointed out

to him, drew his dirk and stabbed it twice in the breast. Gen. Cos with his sword mangled the face and limbs of the heroic Travis with the malignancy of a savage. The bodies were finally stripped, thrown into a heap, and buried. The loss of the Mexicans on this occasion, has been variously estimated at from 1000 to 1500 men. Never in the world's history had defense been more heroic; it has scarce been equaled, save at the Pass of Thermopylæ.

On the 2d of March, 1836, the Texan delegates assembled at Washington, unanimously agreed to a declaration of independence, and constituted Texas an independent republic. On the 17th of the same month, they adopted a Constitution, and appointed David G. Burnett, Provisional President.

While Santa Anna was concentrating his forces at San Antonio de Bexar, another division of the forces under Gen. Urrea, proceeded along the line of the coast. Col. Fannin, then at Goliad, learning of the advance of the Mexican army, sent fourteen men about twenty-five miles distant, under Capt. King, to remove some families to a place of safety. They lost their way in the prairie and were taken prisoners and shot by Urrea. Col. Fannin having received no tidings from King, sent out Col. Ward with a larger detachment, who falling in with the enemy, had two engagements with him; in the last, overwhelmed by numbers, he was obliged to surrender.

On the 18th, Fannin's force being reduced to two hundred and seventy-five men, he left Goliad and commenced retreating toward Victoria; and on that afternoon was overtaken on a prairie and surrounded by the Mexican infantry, and some Indian allies. The Texans, arranging themselves in a hollow square, successfully repelled all charges. At dusk, the Indians, by command of Urrea, threw themselves upon the grounnd, and under cover of the tall grass crawled up and poured in a destructive fire upon the Texans. As soon as it was sufficiently dark to discern the flashes of their guns, the Texans soon picked them off and drove them back. The Mexicans withdrew and encamped for the night, having lost about five hundred men. The Texan loss was seven killed, and about sixty wounded.

The Texans threw up a breastwork during the night; but when morning dawned, discovered that their labor had been useless, for Urrea was joined by five hundred fresh troops with artillery. Upon this, Fannin seeing the inutility of farther resistance against an army ten times his superior, surrendered on condition that they should be treated as prisoners of war. The Texans were marched back to Goliad, where, with the prisoners of Ward's detachment, they numbered four hundred men. In a few days orders were received from Santa Anna for their execution, which, on the morning of the 27th of March were obeyed; four surgeons and three laborers only being spared.

Escorted by a strong Mexican guard, they were marched out from their quarters under various pretexts, and after advancing a few hundred yards, were ordered to halt, throw off their blankets and knapsacks, and sit down with their backs to the guard. Ere they had time to obey it, vollies of musketry were poured in upon them, and those who escaped the bullets, were cut down by the swords of the cavalry. A few escaped by springing over a brush fence, and concealing themselves in a thicket. What rendered this butchery more aggravating, was, that when led to their execution, the minds of the men were cheered by the promise of being speedily liberated and sent home.

A prisoner who escaped, relates, that just before the Mexicans fired upon them, a young man named Fenner, sprang to his feet, and exclaimed, "Boys, they are going to kill us—die with your faces to them, like men!" At the same moment, two other young men, flourishing their caps over their heads, shouted at the top of their voices, "Hurrah for Texas!" Fannin, who was

murdered apart from his men, requested to be shot in the breast, and not in the head. He tied a handkerchief over his eyes, and with his hands opened his bosom to receive the balls. The next day he was seen lying on the prairie among a heap of the dead, with the fatal wound in the head.

Santa Anna now deemed that the Texans were subdued. The bones of the greater part of the Texans, who had been distinguished for their bravery, were bleaching upon the prairies, and nearly every sea-port in Texas was under Mexican dominion.

As soon as the fall of the Alamo and the butchery of Fannin's men was known in the United States, a spirit of stern revenge was aroused among the hardy population of the west, and volunteers poured in to assist in driving every Mexican soldier beyond the Rio Grande.

On the 21st of April, the main Texan army under Gen. Houston, seven hundred and eighty-three strong, met the advance of the Mexicans under Santa Anna, 1600 in number, near the San Jacinto. With the exception of the artillery, not a gun was fired by the Texans until they had come close to the lines of the enemy, when they rushed on with the dreadful war-cry, "*Remember the Alamo!*" Driven to a frenzy of fury by its thrilling recollections, and the knowledge that the murderers of Fannin's men were before them, they threw themselves with such a desperate charge upon the enemy, that the Mexicans, panic-stricken, threw down their arms and fled in wild dismay. Many of the poor Mexicans, as they were overtaken by the exasperated Texans, would fall on their knees and beg piteously for mercy, crying in broken English, "*me no Alamo! me no Alamo!*" The whole Mexican army was annihilated, scarce a soldier escaping. Eight hundred and thirty-eight were killed and wounded, and the remainder made prisoners. So infuriated were the Texans, that the number of killed to the wounded, bore the unusual proportion of three to one. It was in fact, a massacre. The conquerors lost but eight men killed, and seventeen wounded.

The next day, Santa Anna was taken, disguised in a coarse dress, on the banks of a neighboring bayou. When brought into the presence of Houston, he was greatly agitated from fear that his life would be taken, and some opium was given to him to quiet his nerves; after which, turning to Houston, he said, "You were born to no common destiny; you have conquered the Napoleon of the West." A majority of the Texans demanded his execution, for the murder of Fannin and his men, and it required extraordinary exertions on the part of Houston and his officers, to preserve him from their just vengeance.

As supreme ruler of Mexico, Santa Anna by a treaty, acknowledged the independence of Texas with the Rio Grande as their western boundary. Although the United States, England, and other powers, acknowledged her independence, yet Mexico, through all her changes of rulers, ever claimed the country, and occasionally sent troops to renew the war by predatory excursions.

Santa Anna meantime procured himself to be sent by the Texans to the United States, where he so far gained President Jackson's favor, as to be returned by him to Mexico, where disavowing all his former treaties and professions, he again entered upon a course of hostilities against the Texans.

In 1841, President Lamar organized what has been termed, the "Santa Fe Expedition," the object of which was, to open a trade with Santa Fe, and to establish Texan authority, in accordance with the treaty of Santa Anna, over all the territory east of the Rio Grande. Santa Fe lying east of that river, was still in possession of the Mexicans. On the 18th of June, the expedition, numbering three hundred and twenty-five men under Gen. M'Leod,



VIEW IN THE RUINS OF THE ALAMO.

"Never, in the world's history, had defense been more heroic; it has scarce been equaled, save at the Pass of Thermopylæ."

left Austin, the capital of Texas, and after a journey of about three months, arrived at the Spanish settlements in New Mexico. They were intercepted by a vastly superior force, and surrendered on condition of their being allowed to return; but instead of this, they were bound with ropes and leather thongs, in gangs of six or eight, stripped of most of their clothing, and marched to the city of Mexico, a distance of 1200 miles. On their route, they were treated with cruelty, beaten and insulted; forced to march at times by night, as well as by day; blinded by sand; parched by thirst, and famishing with hunger.

Having arrived at Mexico in the latter part of December, they were, by the orders of Santa Anna, thrown into filthy prisons. After awhile, part were compelled to labor as common scavengers in the streets of the city; while others were sent to the stone quarries of Pueblo, where, under brutal task-masters, they labored with heavy chains fastened to their limbs. Of the whole number, three were murdered on the march; several died of ill treatment and hardship. Some few escaped, some were pardoned, and nearly all eventually released.

Soon after the result of this expedition was known, rumors prevailed of an intended invasion of Texas. In September, 1842, twelve hundred Mexicans under Gen. Woll, took the town of Bexar; but subsequently retreated beyond the Rio Grande. A Texan army was collected, who were zealous to carry the war into Mexico. After various disappointments and the return of most of the volunteers, three hundred Texans crossed the Rio Grande and attacked the town of Mier, which was garrisoned by more than two thousand Mexicans strongly posted. In a dark, rainy night, they drove in the guard, and in spite of a constant fire of the enemy, effected a lodgment in some houses in the suburbs, and with the aid of the deadly rifle, fought their way into the heart of the place. At length, Ampudia sent a white flag, which was accompanied by Gen. La Vega and other officers, to inform the Texans of the utter hopelessness of resistance against an enemy ten times their number. The little band at length very reluctantly surrendered, after a loss of only thirty-five in killed and wounded, while the Mexicans admitted theirs to have been over five hundred.

The Texans, contrary to the stipulations, were marched to Mexico, distant one thousand miles. On one occasion, two hundred and fourteen of them, although unarmed, rose upon their guard of over three hundred men, overpowered and dispersed them, and commenced their journey homeward; but ignorant of the country and destitute of provisions, and being pursued by a large party, they were obliged to surrender. Every tenth man was shot for this attempt at escape. The others were thrown into the dungeons of Perote, where about thirty died of cruel treatment. A few escaped, and the remainder were eventually released.

Early application was made by Texas to be annexed to the United States. Presidents Jackson and Van Buren, in turn, objected on the ground of the unsettled boundary of Texas, and the peaceful relations with Mexico. President Tyler brought forward the measure, but it was lost in Congress. It having been the test question in the ensuing presidential election, and the people deciding in its favor by the election of the democratic candidates, Texas was annexed to the Union by a joint resolution of Congress, February 28th, 1845.

The Mexican minister, Almonte, who had before announced that Mexico would declare war if Texas was annexed, gave notice that since America had consummated "the most unjust act in her history," negotiations were at an end. From this and other causes, followed the war with Mexico, and by the subsequent treaty of peace, an acknowledgment by that power of the indepen-

dence of Texas. The boundaries of Texas were finally settled with precision by act of Congress in 1850, and that decision was acquiesced in by Texas.

Texas, the most southern State of the Union, contains about 270,000 square miles, and about 200,000 inhabitants. The general aspect of the country is that of a vast inclined plane, gradually sloping from the mountains eastward to the sea, and intersected by numerous rivers running in a southeast direction The territory is naturally divided into three separate, and in many respects, different regions.

The first is a level region along the coast, with a breadth varying from thirty to one hundred miles. The soil of this section is principally a rich alluvion, with scarcely a stone, yet singularly free from stagnant swamps. Broad woodlands fringe the banks of the rivers, between which are rich and extensive pasture lands.

The second division is the undulating prairie region, which extends over two hundred miles farther inland, its wide grassy tracts alternating with others that are thickly timbered. These last are especially prevalent in the east, though many of the bottoms and river valleys elsewhere are woodland. Limestone and sandstone form the common substrata of at least the middle and southern part of this region;—the upper soil there consisting of a rich, pliable sandy loam. This region is capable of supporting a dense population.

The third or mountainous region is situated principally in the west and northwest, and forms part of the Sierra Madre or Mexican Alps, but little explored and still unsettled. Near its remote extremity it consists of an elevated table land, where the prairies not unfrequently resemble the vast steppes of Asia. The mountain sides are clothed with forests, and they inclose some alluvial valleys, which are susceptible of irrigation and cultivation. The part of New Mexico added to Texas is not included in the preceding description. On the west it is mountainous; the remainder is mostly an elevated, sterile plain, forming a part of what is called the "Great American Desert."

The Texan year is divided into a wet and dry season. The former lasts from December to March; the latter, the remainder of the year. In summer, the great heats are tempered by continual strong breezes from either the elevated table lands of the interior, or from over the waters of the Gulf, which continue from sunrise until three and four o'clock, P. M.; and the nights are cool throughout the year. On the low lands, near the coasts, intermittents are prevalent in summer, though not to an epidemic extent. The surface is in most parts covered with a luxuriant wild grass.

The climate of Texas is believed to be equal, if not superior, to that of any other part of North America; the winters being milder and the heats of summer less oppressive than in the northeastern section of the United States. The forests are destitute of that rank undergrowth which prevails in the wooded districts of Louisiana and Mississippi; and the level region is generally free from those putrid swamps which poison the atmosphere, and produce disease and death. So delightful is the temperature in the greater portion of Texas proper, that rheumatism and chronic diseases are very rare, and pulmonary consumption almost unknown.

With the exception of the apple, almost every fruit of temperate climates comes to perfection. Peaches, melons, figs, oranges, lemons, pine-apples, dates, olives, &c., may be grown in different localities. Cotton and sugar cane are the principal agricultural staples, and attain great perfection. Indian corn and wheat are the principal grains cultivated. Sweet and common potatoes yield remarkably well. The rearing of live stock has long been a favorite pursuit of the inhabitants; and many of the prairies are almost literally covered with immense herds of oxen. Horses and mules abound, and vast

herds of buffalo and wild horses wander over the prairies. In many parts of the rolling prairies, excellent coal and iron ore have been found. Silver mines have been worked in the mountains. Granite, limestone, gypsum and slate are abundant in some parts.

Austin, the capital, on the Colorado, two hundred miles from the sea, has about one thousand inhabitants. The other principal towns have respectively about the population annexed. Bastrop, four hundred; Brazoria, five hundred; Corpus Christi, one thousand; Galveston, five thousand; Houston, four thousand; Matagorda, seven hundred; Nacogdoches, one thousand; San Antonio de Bexar, one thousand; San Augustine, fifteen hundred; Washington, twelve hundred.

NEW MEXICO.

New Mexico, of which Santa Fe, the capital, was one of the first establishments, dates among the earliest settlements made in North America. The name *Mexico*, in the *Aztec* Indian language, signifies *the habitation of the God of War*. Tradition mentions that a small band of adventurers proceeded thus far north shortly after the conquest of Mexico by Cortes; but this is extremely doubtful. In the year 1595, Don Juan de Onate, at the head of a band of two hundred soldiers, established the first legal colony in the province, over which he was established as Governor. He took with him a number of Catholic priests to establish missions among the Indians, with power sufficient to promulgate the gospel at the point of the bayonet, and administer baptism by the force of arms.

The colony progressed rapidly, settlements extended in every quarter, and as tradition relates, many valuable mines were discovered and worked. The poor Indians were enslaved, and under the lash, were forced to most laborious tasks in the mines, until goaded to desperation. In the summer of 1680, a general insurrection of all the tribes and *Pueblos** took place throughout the province. General hostilities having commenced, and a large number of Spaniards massacred all over the province, the Indians laid siege to the capital, Santa Fe, which the Governor was obliged to evacuate and retreat south three hundred and twenty miles, where the refugees then founded the town of El Paso del Norte. For ten years, the country remained in possession of the Indians, when it was re-conquered by the Spaniards. In 1698, the Indians rose, but the insurrection was soon quelled. After this, they were treated with more humanity, each Pueblo being allowed a league or two of land, and permitted to govern themselves. Their rancorous hatred for their conquerors, however, never entirely subsided, yet no further outbreak occurred, until 1837. In that year, a revolution took place, by which the government of the country was completely overthrown, and most atrocious barbarities committed by the insurgents, including the Pueblo Indians. The Governor, Perez, was savagely put to death, his head cut off and used as a foot-ball, by the insurgents in their camp. The Ex-Governor, Abrew, was butchered in a more barbarous manner. His hands were cut off, his tongue and eyes were pulled out, his enemies at the same time, taunting him with opprobrious epithets. The next season, Mexican authority was again established over the province.

At the commencement of the war with Mexico, in 1846, the President took measures for organizing an "Army of the West," the object of which was to conquer New Mexico and California. This army was composed of one mounted regiment of volunteers from Missouri, and a battalion each of light

* *Pueblos* a general term for all Catholic Indians of New Mexico, and also for their villages.

infantry, dragoons and light artillery. Having sent forward their baggage by a caravan of Santa Fe traders, the army left Fort Leavenworth the last of June, on the usual caravan route. They crossed the prairies without any marked incidents, and entered and took peaceable possession of Santa Fe, on the 18th of August, after a fifty days' march of nearly nine hundred miles.

On their arrival, the American commander, Gen. Kearney, in accordance with his directions, proclaimed himself Governor of New Mexico. "You are now," said he, "American citizens; you no longer owe allegiance to the Mexican Government." The principal men then took the oath of allegiance to the United States, and whoever was false to this allegiance, the people were told, would be punished as traitors. It was questioned whether the Administration had not transcended its powers, in thus annexing a territory to the Union without the permission of Congress.

Gen. Kearney, having appointed Charles Bent Governor of New Mexico, on the 25th of September, took a small force with him, and proceeded overland to California. Col. Price arrived soon after at Santa Fe with recruits. The Navajo Indians having commenced hostilities against the New Mexicans, "new inhabitants of the United States," Col. Doniphan, who had been left in command, set out westward with the Missouri regiment to make peace with them. Winter was fast approaching, and after suffering incredible hardships in crossing the heights and chasms of unexplored mountains, having lost the lives of several of their men by frosts, poorly clad as they were among snows and mountain storms, they finally accomplished their object.

Capt. Reid, of one of the divisions of thirty men, volunteered to accompany Sandoval, a Navajo chief, five days through mountain heights to a grand gathering of the men and women of the tribe. They were completely in the power of the Indians, but they won their hearts by their gayety and confidence. Most of them had never seen a white man. Reid and his companions joined the dance, sung their country's songs—and what pleased the Navajoes most, interchanged with them their costume. On the 22d of November, a treaty was made in form, by which the three parties, Americans, New Mexicans and Navajoes, agreed to live in perpetual peace.

By the middle of December, Col. Doniphan, leaving Col. Price in command at Santa Fe, commenced his march with his regiment south to Chihuahua, and, on his route, met and defeated superior forces of the enemy at Bracito, and at the Sacramento Pass.

In the meantime, the New Mexicans secretly conspired to throw off the yoke. Simultaneously, on the 19th of January, in the valley of Taos, massacres occurred at Fernandez, when were cruelly murdered, Gov. Bent,* Sheriff Lee, and four others; at Arroyo Hondo,† five Americans were killed,

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* William Bent was one of those hardy sons of enterprise with which our country abounds, who, from love of dangerous adventure, forsake the quiet of civilized life for the excitement of a sojourn in the Far West. He was an old trader among the Indians, and owner of Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. For many years he traded on the Platte and Arkansas, winning golden opinions from the poor Indians for his honesty and fair-dealing, and the greatest popularity from the hardy trappers and mountaineers for his hospitality, his firmness of character and personal bravery. From his knowledge of the country and the Mexican character, he had been appointed Governor by General Kearney; and it was during a temporary visit to his family at Fernandez, some eighty miles north of Santa Fé, that he was killed, scalped and mutilated in their presence by a mob of Pueblos and New Mexicans.

† Arroyo Hondo, where the greatest massacre took place, was twelve miles north of Fernandez. Here Turley, an American, had a mill and a distillery. His establishment was thriving, and everything about the place betokened prosperity. His wife was a Mexican, and rosy children, uniting the fair complexion of the Anglo-Saxon with the dark tint of the natives, gamboled before his door Turley was generous and kind-hearted, and in times of scarcity, no Mexican ever in vain sought his assistance. His granaries were always open to the hungry, and his purse to the poor.

and a few others in the vicinity. Col. Price, on receiving the intelligence, marched from Santa Fe, met and defeated the insurrectionists in several engagements in the valley, with a loss of about three hundred. The Americans lost in killed and wounded about sixty. Fifteen of the insurrectionists were executed.

The massacre of Turley and his people, and the destruction of his mill, were not consummated without considerable loss to his barbarous and cowardly assailants. There were in the house, at the time of the attack, eight white men, principally American mountaineers, with plenty of arms and ammunition. Turley had been warned of the intended insurrection, but had treated the report with indifference and neglect, until one morning a man named Otterbees, in the employ of Turley, who had been dispatched on an errand to Santa Fé, a few days before, made his appearance at the gate on horseback, and hastily informing the inmates of the mill, that the New Mexicans had risen and massacred Gov. Bent and other Americans, galloped off. Even then, Turley felt assured that he would not be molested, but at the solicitation of his men, agreed to close the gate of the yard, round which were the buildings of a mill and a distillery, and make preparations for defense.

A few hours after, a large crowd of Mexicans and Pueblo Indians made their appearance, all armed with guns, and bows, and arrows, and advancing with a white flag, summoned Turley to surrender his house and the Americans in it, guaranteeing that his own life should be saved, but that every other American in the valley of Taos had to be destroyed; that the governor and all the Americans at Fernandez and the ranche, had been killed, and that not one was to be left alive in all New Mexico. To this summons, Turley answered that he would never surrender his house, nor his men, and that if they wanted it or them, "they must take them!"

The enemy then drew off, and after a short consultation commenced the attack. The first day they numbered about five hundred, but the crowd was hourly augmented by the arrival of parties of Indians from the more distant Pueblos, and of New Mexicans from Fernandez, La Canada and other places. The building lay at the foot of a gradual slope in the Sierra, which was covered with cedar bushes. In front ran the stream of the Arroyo Hondo, about twenty yards from one side of the square, and on the other side was broken ground, which rose abruptly and formed the bank of the ravine. In the rear and behind the still-house, was some garden ground inclosed by a small fence, and into which a small wicket gate opened from the corral.

As soon as the attack was determined upon, the assailants broke, and scattering, concealed themselves under cover of the rocks and bushes which surrounded the house. From these they kept up an incessant fire upon every exposed portion of the building, where they saw the Americans preparing for defense. They, on their parts, were not idle; not a man but was an *old mountaineer*, and each had his trusty rifle with a good share of ammunition. Whenever one of the assailants exposed a hand's breadth of his person, there whistled a ball from an unerring hand. The windows had been blockaded, loopholes being left to fire through, and through these a lively fire was maintained. Already several of the enemy had bitten the dust, and parties were constantly seen bearing off the wounded upon the banks of the Canada. Darkness came on, and during the night a continual fire was kept up on the mill, while its defenders reserving their ammunition, kept their posts with stern and silent determination. The night was spent in running balls, cutting patches, and completing the defenses of the building. In the morning the fight was renewed, and it was found that the Mexicans had effected a lodgment in a part of the stables, which were separated from the other portions of the building, and between which was an open space of a few feet. The assailants during the night, had sought to break down the wall, and thus enter the main building, but the strength of the adobes and logs of which it was composed, resisted, effectually, all their attempts.

Those in the stable seemed anxious to regain the outside, for their position was unavailable as a means of annoyance to the besieged, and several had darted across the narrow space which divided it from the other part of the building, and which slightly projected, and behind which they were out of the line of fire. As soon, however, as the attention of the defenders were called to this point, the first man who attempted to cross, and who happened to be a Pueblo chief, was dropped on the instant, and fell dead in the center of the intervening space. It appeared an object to recover the body, for an Indian immediately dashed out to the fallen chief, and attempted to drag him within cover of the wall. The rifle which covered the spot, again poured forth its deadly contents, and the Indian, springing into the air, fell over the body of his chief, struck to the heart. Another and another met with a similar fate, and at last, three rushed at once to the spot, and seizing the body by the legs and head, had already lifted it from the ground, when three puffs of smoke blew from the barricaded windows, followed by the sharp crack of as many rifles, and the three daring Indians added their number to the pile of corpses which now covered the body of their dead chief.

As yet, the besieged had met with no casualties; but after the fall of the seven Indians, in the manner above described, the whole body of assailants, with a shout of rage, poured in a rattling volley, and two of the defenders of the mill, fell mortally wounded. One shot through the loins, suffering great agony, was removed to the still-house, where he was laid upon a large pile of grain, as being the softest bed to be found.

In the middle of the day, the assailants renewed the attack more fiercely than before, their baffled attempts adding to their furious rage. The little garrison bravely stood to the defense of the mill, never throwing away a shot, but firing coolly, and only when a fair mark was presented to their unerring aim. Their ammunition, however, was fast failing, and to add to the danger of the situation, the enemy set fire to the mill, which blazed fiercely and threatened destruction to the whole

The territory of New Mexico contains about two hundred and twenty thousand square miles. It is properly divided into two parts, that west of the Rocky Mountain range the new part, and that east, the old part. The first was annexed to the last by Act of Congress in 1850, and includes a part of the vast territory which, formerly, went by the general name of California. It comprises not far from eighty thousand square miles. Of it, but little is known, and it has few or no inhabitants, other than wandering tribes of Indians. Along the Gila, which separates it on the south from Mexico, it is destitute of trees, and, in great part, of any vegetation whatever. A few feeble streams flow in different directions from the great mountains, which, in many places, traverse this region. The portion of this territory north of the Gila, has been but imperfectly explored; it has been described by the trappers who have passed over it, as being mostly covered with mountain ranges, between which are narrow and oftentimes secluded valleys, small in extent, but rich in vegetation, and fragrant with the perfume of wild flowers.

The valley of the Gila, is supposed to have been the residence of the Aztecs, during their emigration to the south. There is little doubt, however, but that the region extending from the Gila to the Great Salt Lake, with that east of it, was the locality from which they emigrated. It is conjectured that many hundred years ago, it was a fertile and beautiful country, and that its ancient inhabitants were driven away by volcanic eruptions. On the Gila, it is said, are the ruins of a large city; huge ditches and irrigating canals furrow the plains in the vicinity. Pieces of broken pottery, of domestic utensils, stained with bright colors, quaintly covered idols, and women's ornaments of agate and obsidian, it is said, have been picked up by wandering trappers.

The Rio Colorado, the great river of this region, takes its rise in the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, near the northeastern boundary of Deseret; and thence passing in a southwest direction, crosses the western part, and enters the Gulf of California. The valley is unexplored, as it is inhabited by hostile Indians; but it is supposed to be of great fertility.

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building. Since they succeeded in overcoming the flames, and taking advantage of their being thus occupied, the Mexicans and Indians charged into the corral, which was full of hogs and sheep, and vented their cowardly rage upon the animals, spearing and shooting all that came in their way. No sooner, however, were the flames extinguished in one place, than they broke out in another; and as a successful defense was perfectly hopeless, and the number of assailants increased every moment, a council of war was held by the survivors of the little garrison, when it was determined, as soon as night approached, that every one should attempt to escape as best he might, and, in the meantime, the defense of the mill was to be continued.

Just at dusk, two of the men ran to the wicket gate, which opened in a kind of inclosed space, and in which were a number of armed Mexicans. They both rushed out at the same moment, discharging their rifles full in the faces of the crowd. One of them, in the confusion, threw himself under the fence, whence he saw his companion shot down immediately, and heard his cries for mercy, mingled with shrieks of pain and anguish, as the cowards pierced him with knives and lances Lying without motion under the fence, as soon as it was quite dark, he crept over the logs and ran up the mountain, traveling day and night, and scarcely stopping or resting, until he reached a trader's fort, almost dead with hunger and fatigue.

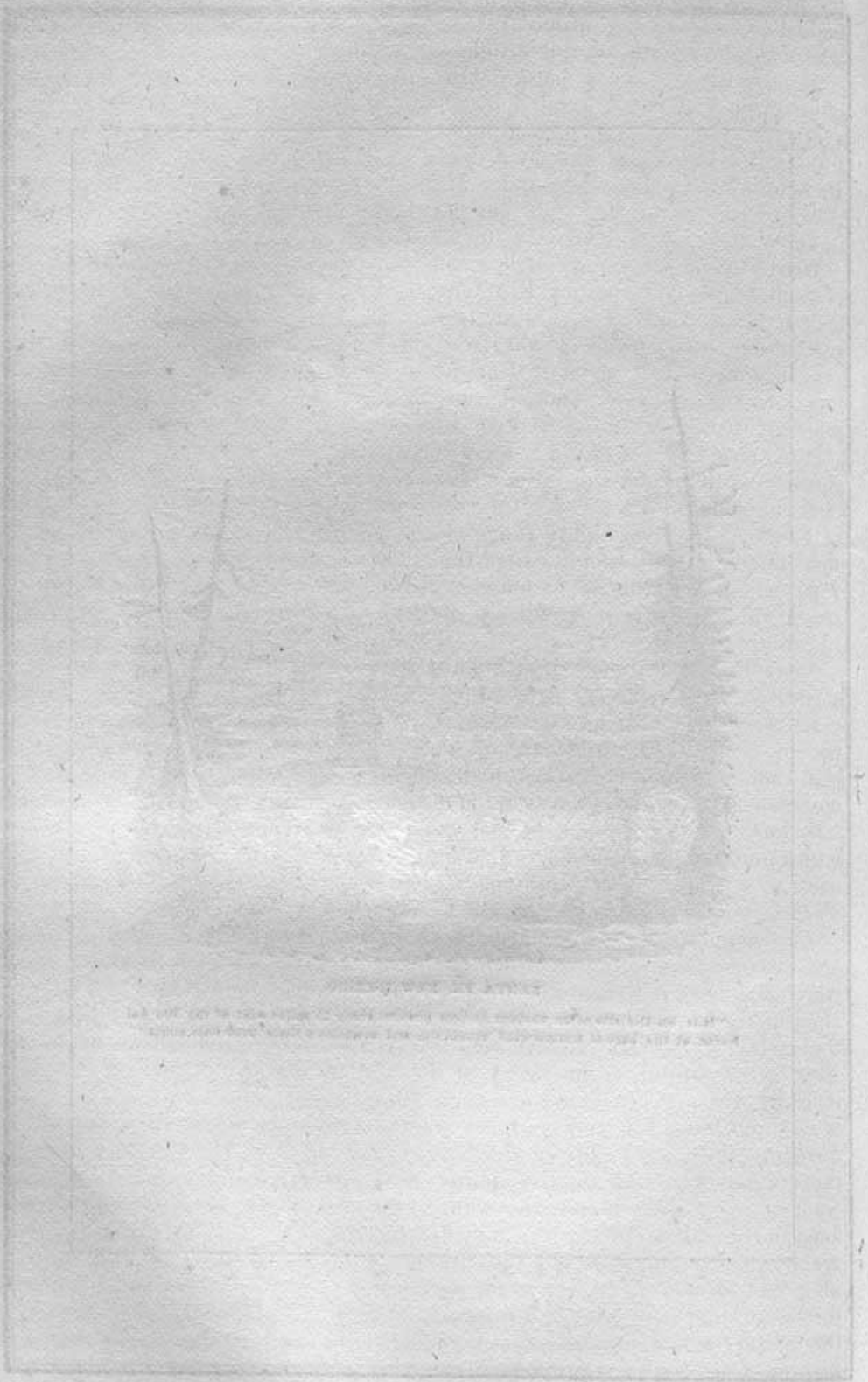
Turley succeeded, himself, in escaping from the mill, and in reaching the mountain unseen Here he met a Mexican mounted on a horse, who had been a most intimate friend of the unfortunate man for many years. To this man Turley offered his watch—which was treble its worth—for the use of his horse, but was refused. The inhuman wretch, however, affected pity and commiseration for the fugitive, and advised him to go to a certain place, where he would bring him, or send him assistance; but on reaching the mill, which was now a mass of fire, he immediately informed the Mexicans of his place of concealment; hither a large party instantly proceeded and shot him to death.

Two others escaped and reached Santa Fe in safety. The mill and Turley's house were ransacked and gutted, and all his hard earnings, which were considerable, and concealed in gold about the house, were discovered, and, of course, seized upon by the victorious Mexicans. The Indians, however, met a few days after with a severe retribution. The troops marched out from Santa Fe, attacked their pueblo and leveled it to the ground, killing many hundreds of its defenders, and taking many prisoners some of the principal of whom were hanged



SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO.

"It is on the site of an ancient Indian pueblo, some 15 miles east of the Rio del Norte, at the base of a snow-clad mountain, and contains a little over 3000 souls."



The old part of New Mexico, or that which, originally, was included in the Mexican province of the same name, is the district of country lying upon and east of the Rocky Mountains. It is the only portion now settled, and to which the remainder of this article will alone allude.

It possesses but a few natural advantages necessary to a rapid progress in civilization. It is surrounded by chains of mountains, and prairie wilds in every direction for five hundred miles or more, except in that of Chihuahua, from which it is separated by a desert country of over four hundred miles. Its nominal territory, when under Mexican dominion, was about two hundred thousand square miles, which has been much reduced by the Act of Congress in 1850, defining the boundary line of Texas.

New Mexico has not a single means of water communication with the rest of the world; the famous Rio Grande del Norte being full of sand-bars, and, at times, almost too shallow to float an Indian canoe. In the southern part, where it separates Texas from Mexico, it is navigable for steamboats drawing two feet of water to Laredo, seven hundred miles from its mouth. Opposite the valley of Taos, it runs pent up in a frightful chasm, through which it rushes in rapid torrents. Indeed, many of the rivers in the western part of our continent, wind their way through the bottoms of chasms. The Spanish word *canon*, meaning *a funnel*, has a peculiar adaptation to these cleft channels through which the rivers are poured. About sixty miles south of Santa Fe, in the mighty range of the Sierra Blanca, is a famous gorge, some fifteen miles through, called the "El Canone Inferno," or *the Infernal Pass*, where rise stupendous masses of rock piled upon rock, until the traveler sees at the top, but a narrow strip of sky; while around him all is inwrapt in chaotic gloom.

Santa Fe, the capital, eight hundred miles west of the Arkansas frontier—sometimes written *Santa Fe de San Francisco*—Holy Faith of St. Francis—is its only town of any importance. It is on the site of an ancient Indian pueblo, some fifteen miles east of the Rio del Norte, at the base of a snow-clad mountain, and contains a little over three thousand souls, and with its corporate surrounding villages about double that number. The town is irregularly laid out, and is a wretched collection of mud houses, much scattered with intervening corn fields. The only attempt at architectural compactness, consists of four tiers of buildings around the public square, comprising the *Palacio*, or Governor's House, the Custom House, Barracks, &c.

The population of New Mexico is almost exclusively confined to towns and villages, the suburbs of which are generally farms—a mode of living which has been indispensable for protection against the savages. The principal of these settlements extend about two hundred and forty miles along the valley of the Rio del Norte, being both above and below Santa Fe. Next to the capital, is the valley of Taos, there being no town of this name in New Mexico. It includes several villages and settlements. This valley is rich and beautiful, and produces abundant crops of wheat of a superlative quality. Although many of the bottom lands in New Mexico are fertile, yet the uplands are unproductive, partly from natural sterility, and partly from want of irrigation; hence, the settlements are, of necessity, principally confined to the valleys of the constant flowing streams. In some places the crops are frequently cut short by the drying up of the streams. Where water is abundant, however, art has so far superseded the offices of nature in watering the farms, that it is almost a question whether the interference of nature in the matter, would not be a disadvantage. On the one hand, the husbandman need not have his grounds overflowed if he administers the water himself, much less need he permit them to suffer from drought. He is, therefore,

more sure of his crop, than if it were subject to the caprices of the weather in more favored agricultural regions.

One "mother ditch," as it is called, suffices generally to convey water for the irrigation of an entire valley, or, at least, for all the fields of one town or settlement. This is made and kept in repair by the public, under the supervision of the alcaldes; laborers being allotted to work upon it as with us upon our county roads. The size of this principal ditch is, of course, proportioned to the quantity of land to be watered. It is conveyed over the highest part of the valley, which, on these mountain streams, is, for the most part, next to the hills. From this, each proprietor of a farm runs a minor ditch, in like manner, over the most elevated part of his field. Where there is not a superabundance of water, which is often the case on the smaller streams, each farmer has his day, or portion of a day, allotted to him for irrigation; and at no other time is he permitted to extract water from the mother ditch. Then the cultivator, after letting the water into his minor ditch, dams this, first at one point and then at another, so as to overflow a section at a time, and with his hoe, depressing eminences and filling sinks, he causes the water to spread regularly over the surface. Though the operation would seem tedious, an expert irrigator will water in one day his five or six acre field, if level, and everything well arranged; yet on uneven ground, he will hardly be able to get over half of that amount.

The climate of New Mexico is unsurpassingly pure and healthy. A sultry day is very rare. The summer nights are cool and pleasant. The winters are long, but uniform, and the atmosphere of an extraordinary dryness; and there is but little rain, except from July to October. The general range of the thermometer is from 10 deg. to 75 deg. above Fahrenheit. Fevers are uncommon, and instances of remarkable longevity are frequent. Persons withered almost to mummies are met with occasionally, whose extraordinary age is showed by their recollection of certain notable events, which have taken place in times far remote.

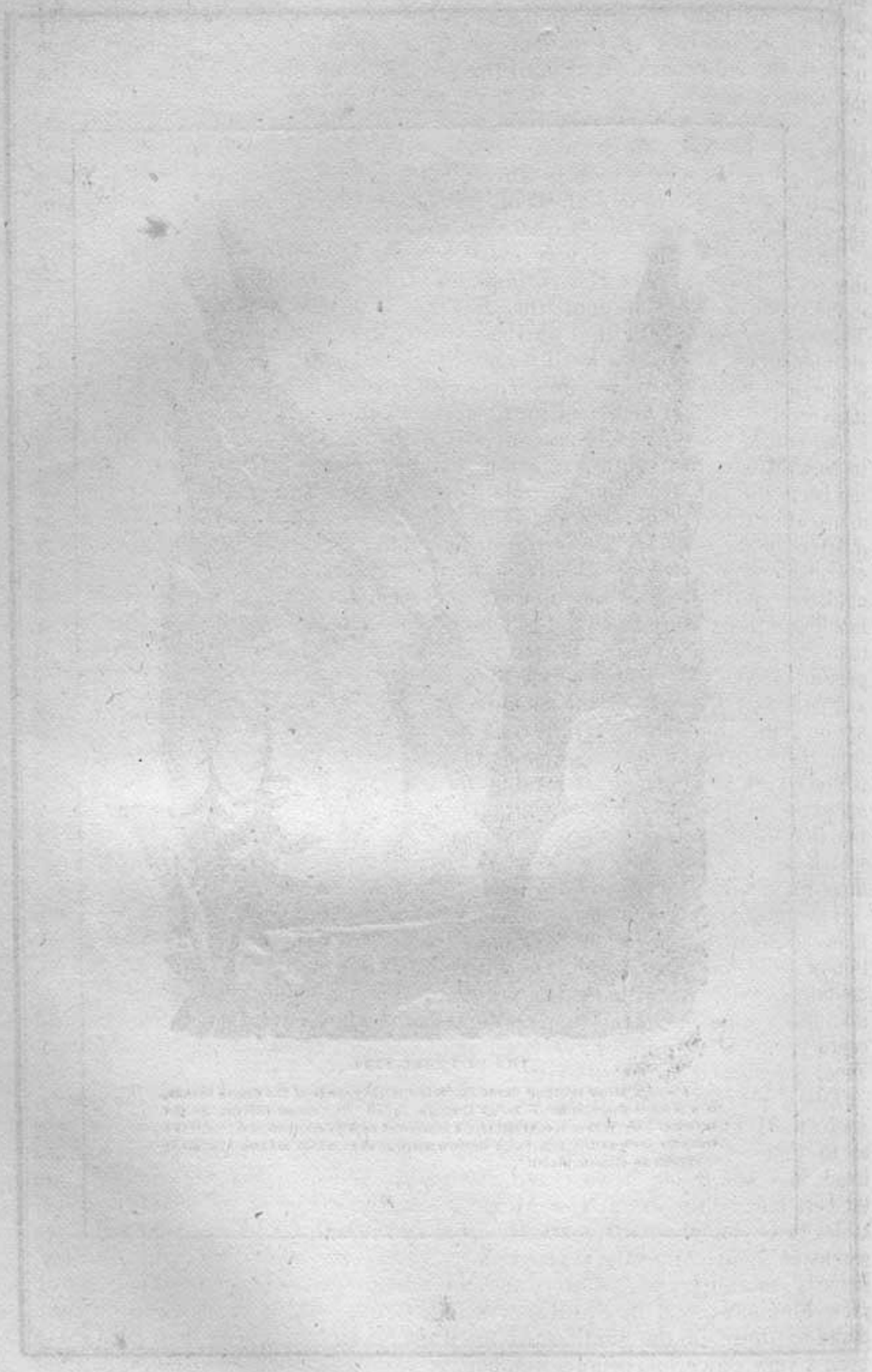
Excluding the wild Indians, the population of New Mexico is estimated at about seventy thousand, viz: Spaniards, one thousand; Mestizos, or offspring of whites and Indians, fifty-nine thousand; and Pueblos, or christianized Indians, ten thousand. In 1850, the number of Americans was estimated at about two thousand.

Agriculture is in a very primitive and unimproved state, the hoe being alone used by a greater part of the peasantry. Wheat and Indian corn are the principal staples; cotton, flax and tobacco, although indigenous, are not cultivated: the soil is finely adapted to the Irish potato. Fruit is scarce, and there is but little timber, except in the mountains and on the water-courses. The most important natural product of the soil is its pasturage. Most of the high table-plains afford the finest grazing in the world, while, for want of water, they are utterly useless for most other purposes. That scanty moisture which suffices to bring forth the natural vegetation, is insufficient for agricultural productions, without the aid of irrigation. The high prairies of all this region, differ greatly from those of our border in the general char acter of their vegetation. They are remarkably destitute of the gay flowering plants for which the former are so celebrated, being mostly clothed with different species of a highly nutritious grass called *grama*, which is of a very short and curly quality. The highlands, upon which alone this sort of grass is produced, being seldom verdant until after the rainy season sets in, the *grama* is only in perfection from August to October. But being rarely nipped by the frost until the rains are over, it cures upon the ground and remains excellent hay—equal, if not superior, to that which is cut and stacked from our western



THE INFERNAL PASS.

"About 60 miles south of Santa Fe, in the mighty range of the Sierra Blanca, is a famous gorge, some 15 miles through, called 'El Canone Inferno' or the Infernal Pass, where rise stupendous masses of rock piled upon rock, until the traveler sees, at the top, but a narrow strip of sky; while around him all is involved in chaotic gloom."



prairies. Although the winters are rigorous, the feeding of stock is almost entirely unknown in New Mexico; nevertheless, the extensive herds of the country, not only of cattle and sheep, but of mules and horses, generally maintain themselves in excellent condition upon the dry pasturage alone through the cold season, and until the rains start up the green grass again the following summer.

The mechanic arts are very rude, even sawed lumber being absolutely unknown. The New Mexicans are celebrated for the manufacture of a beautiful sarape or blanket, which is woven into gaudy, rainbow-like hues. Their domestic goods are nearly all wool, the manufacture of which is greatly embarrassed for the want of adequate machinery.

The system of *Peon* slavery existed under the Mexican dominion. By the local laws, a debtor was imprisoned for debt until it was paid; or, if the creditor chose, he took the debtor as a servant to work out his claim. This system operated with a terrible severity upon the unfortunate poor, who, although they worked for fixed wages, received so small a compensation, that if the debt was of any amount, it compelled them to a perpetual servitude, as they received barely sufficient for food and clothing.

According to tradition, numerous and productive mines were in operation in New Mexico before the expulsion of the Spaniards in 1680; but these having been the causes of the terrible oppressions which they suffered, the Indians, after the second conquest, refused to disclose their locality. In various quarters of the territory are vestiges of ancient excavation, and in places, ruins of considerable towns, evidently reared for mining purposes. The most remarkable of these ancient ruins are those of *La Gran Quivira*, about one hundred miles south of Santa Fe, which evidently was much larger and richer than the present capital. The style of architecture is superior to anything at present in New Mexico. To be seen, are the remains of Catholic churches and aqueducts leading to the mountains, eight or ten miles distant. As there are no indications of the inhabitants having been engaged in agriculture, and from the deep, spacious pits found there, it is evident that this town was established for the purpose of mining for the precious metals. In the general massacre of 1680, tradition says, that all the inhabitants, save one, perished. On the high table lands, in that vicinity, are extensive salt lakes, from which all the salt used in New Mexico is procured. Large caravans go there for it annually, in the dry season, from Santa Fe.

The most important mine in New Mexico, is *El Placer*, twenty-seven miles south of Santa Fe, from which, since its discovery in 1828, half a million of gold has been taken, but without great profit to the owners. Gold, doubtless, exists over almost the whole of New Mexico, but it requires more than the native enterprise and skill to mine successfully. Within the last century, no *silver* mines have been in successful operation in New Mexico. Zinc, copper and lead also exist.

The term *Pueblo*, in Spanish, literally means the *people* and their *towns*. In New Mexico, the word is applied to the *christianized Indians*, as well as to their villages. When the country was first discovered, these Indians lived in comfortable houses, and cultivated the soil. Indeed, now they are the best horticulturists in New Mexico, furnishing most of the fruits and vegetables to be found in the markets. They also cultivate the grape, and have extensive herds of cattle, horses, &c. They are remarkable for sobriety, honesty, morality and industry, and are much braver than the other class of New Mexicans, and in the war with Mexico, fought with desperation compared to those in the south. At the time of the conquest, they must have been a very powerful people, numbering near one hundred villages, as their

ruins would indicate. The population of their villages or *pueblos*, average about five hundred souls. They assert that they are the descendants of Montezuma. They profess the Catholic faith, but this, doubtless, reaches no farther than understanding its formalities, and at the same time, they all worship the sun.

They were only nominally under the jurisdiction of the Mexican Government, many features of their ancient customs, in both government and religion, being retained. Each Pueblo was under the control of a *cacique* chosen by themselves, who, with his council, had charge of the interior police of the village. One of their regulations was to appoint a secret watch to suppress vice and disorder of every description, and especially to keep an eye over the young men and women of the village.

Their villages are built of adobes and with great regularity; sometimes they have but one large house, with several stories, each story divided into apartments, in which the whole village reside. Instead of doors in front, they use trap-doors on the roofs of their houses, to which they mount up on a ladder, which is drawn up at night for greater security. Their dress consists of moccasins, short breeches, and woollen jackets or blankets; they generally wear their hair long. Bows and arrows and a lance, and sometimes a gun, constitute their weapons. They manufacture blankets, as well as other woollen stuffs, crockery-ware and coarse pottery. The dress of many is like the Mexican; but the majority retain their aboriginal costume.

Among the villages of the Pueblo Indians, was that of the Pecos tribe, twenty-five miles east of Santa Fe, which gradually dwindled away under the inroads of the Camanches and other causes, until about the year 1838, when having been reduced to only about a dozen souls of all ages, they abandoned the place.

Many tales are told of the singular habits of this ill-fated tribe, which must, no doubt, have tended to hasten its utter annihilation. A tradition was prevalent among them that Montezuma had kindled a holy fire, and enjoined their ancestors not to suffer it to be extinguished until he should return to deliver his people from the yoke of the Spaniards. In pursuance of these commands, a constant watch had been maintained for ages to prevent the fire from going out; and, as tradition further informed them, that Montezuma would appear with the sun, the deluded Indians were to be seen every clear morning upon the terraced roofs of their houses, attentively watching for the appearance of the "king of light," in hopes of seeing him accompanied by their immortal sovereign. This consecrated fire was down in a subterranean vault, where it was kept silently smoldering under a covering of ashes, in the basin of a small altar. Some say that they never lost hope in the final coming of Montezuma until, by some accident or other, or a lack of a sufficiency of warriors to watch it, the fire became extinguished; and that it was this catastrophe that induced them to abandon their village.

The task of tending the sacred fire was, it is said, allotted to the warriors. It is further related, that they took the watch by turns for two successive days and nights, without partaking of either food, water, or sleep; while some assert, that instead of being restricted to two days, each guard continued with the same unbending severity of purpose until exhaustion; and, that frequently death left their places to be filled by others. A large proportion of those who came out alive were generally so completely prostrated by the want of repose and their inhalation of carbonic gas, that they very soon died; when, as the vulgar story asserts, their remains were carried to the den of a monstrous serpent, which kept itself in excellent condition by feeding upon these delicacies.

Even so late as 1830, when it contained a population of fifty to a hundred souls, the traveler would oftentimes perceive but a solitary Indian, a woman, or a child, standing here and there like so many statues upon the roofs of their houses, with their eyes fixed on the eastern horizon, or leaning against a wall or a fence, listlessly gazing at the passing stranger; while at other times, not a soul was to be seen in any direction, and the sepulchral silence of the place was only disturbed by the occasional barking of a dog, or the cackling of hens. No other Pueblo appears to have adopted this extraordinary superstition: like Pecos, however, they have all held Montezuma to be their perpetual sovereign. It would likewise appear that they all worship the sun; for it is asserted to be their regular practice to turn the face toward the east at sunrise.

The wild tribes who inhabit or extend their incursions into New Mexico, are the Navajoes, the Apaches, the Yutas, the Kiawas, and the Camanches. The Navajoes are estimated at about ten thousand, and reside in the main range of the Cordilleras, two hundred miles west of Santa Fe, on the Rio Colorado, near the region from whence, historians say, the Aztecs emigrated to Mexico. They are supposed to be the remnants of that justly celebrated nation of antiquity who remained in the north. Although living in rude wigwams, they excel all Indian nations in their manufactures. They are still distinguished for some exquisite styles of cotton textures, and display considerable ingenuity in embroidering with feathers the skins of animals. The serape Navajo (Navajo blanket), is of so dense a texture as to be frequently water-proof, and some of the finer qualities bring sixty dollars each, among the Mexicans. Notwithstanding their wandering habits, they cultivate the different grains and vegetables, and possess extensive and superior herds of horses, mules, cattle, sheep and goats.

The Apaches are mainly west of the Rio del Norte, and are the most powerful and vagrant of the Indian tribes of Northern Mexico, and number, it is estimated, fifteen thousand souls, of whom two thousand are warriors. They cultivate and manufacture nothing, and appear to depend entirely upon pillage for subsistence. The depredations of the Apaches have been of so long a duration that beyond the immediate vicinity of the towns, the whole country from New Mexico to the borders of Durango, is almost entirely depopulated. The *Eutaws* or *Yutas*, are scattered from the north of New Mexico to the borders of Snake River and Rio Colorado, and are estimated at ten thousand souls. These various tribes, particularly the Apaches, are the terror of the Mexicans. They are considered by them as a very brave people, but not equal in this respect to the Camanches; while the latter, who number about twenty thousand, are perfect poltroons when compared with the Shawanees, Wyandots, Seminoles, and the rest of our border tribes.

The New Mexicans are very similar to the rest of the Spanish race all over Mexico, so often described by travelers. The higher classes conform themselves more to American and European fashions; the men of the lower classes are faithful to their serapes, or colored blankets, and to their wide trowsers, ornamented with glittering buttons, and which are split from hip to ankle to display their white cotton drawers. The females of all classes are more than justified in not giving up their coquettish reboso, a small shawl drawn over the head. Both sexes enjoy the cigarrito, or paper cigar, hold their siesta after dinner, and amuse themselves in the evening with monte, or fandangoes. Their dances are very graceful, and generally a combination of quadrille and waltz. The males are generally ill-featured, while the females are often quite handsome. Another striking singularity, is the wide difference in the character of the two sexes. While the men have often been censured

for their indolence, mendacity, treachery, and cruelty, the women are active, affectionate, and open-hearted. Though generally not initiated in the art of reading and writing, the females possess, nevertheless, a strong common sense, and a natural sympathy for every suffering being, be it friend or foe; which compensates them, in some degree, for the want of a refined education.

OREGON.

The western coasts of North America were first partially explored by the Spaniards in the century succeeding the discovery of America. Their explorations were later followed by the English. In 1578, Sir Francis Drake ranged this coast from 38 to 48 deg. This region was called by the English, *New Albion*. The name *Oregon* is from *Oregano*, the Spanish name for wild marjoram; and it is from this word, or some other similar, that its name is supposed to have arisen. But little was known of even its coast up to the latter part of the last century. Immediately after the last voyage of the renowned navigator, Capt. Cook, the immense quantities of sea-otter, beaver and other valuable furs to be obtained on the northwest coast of America, and the enormous prices which they would bring in China, was communicated to civilized nations, and created as much excitement as the discovery of a new gold region. A large number of people rushed at once into this lucrative traffic: so that in the year 1792, it is said that there were twenty-one vessels under different flags, but principally American, plying along the coast of Oregon, and trading with the natives.

Up to this period, nothing was positively known of the Columbia River, the greatest stream which enters the Pacific from America. The Spanish navigator, Heceta, in August, 1776, first saw the opening through which its waters discharge into the ocean, and it was accordingly marked on the Spanish charts as the mouth of the river San Roque. In July, 1788, Lieutenant Meares, of the British Navy, examined it, and left with the conviction that no river was there; yet this was the claim which the British set up to possession by the right of discovery. Vancouver, another British navigator, who was exploring the coast in 1792, confirmed this opinion. He stated that from Cape Mendocino, in California, to the Straits of Fuca, the southern boundary of Vancouver's Island, there was not a single harbor, "the whole coast forming one compact and nearly straight barrier against the sea."

On the 7th of May, 1792, Capt. Robert Gray, of the ship *Columbia* of Boston, discovered and entered the river, which he named from his vessel. He was, in reality, the first person who established the fact of the existence of this great river, and this gave to the United States the right to the country drained by its waters by the virtue of discovery.

In the autumn of the year 1792, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, with an exploring party, left Fort Chippewayan, on Athabasca Lake, midway between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific, in the high northern latitude of 59 deg., and reached the Pacific Ocean in July, 1793, in latitude 52 deg. 20 min., being thus the first white man who had ever crossed the American continent in its widest part. His route appears to have been some distance north of what is now the northern boundary of Oregon. In 1804–'5, Lewis and Clark explored the country from the mouth of the Missouri to that of the Columbia. This exploration of the Columbia, the first ever made, constituted another ground of the claim of the United States to the country. In 1806, the British North West Fur Company established a trading-post on Fraser's Lake, in latitude 54 deg., which was the first settlement of any kind made by Brit-

ish subjects west of the Rocky Mountains. Other posts were established by them soon after in that region, to which was then given the name of New Caledonia.

In 1808, the Missouri Fur Company, through their agent, Mr. Henry, established a trading-post on Lewis River, a branch of the Columbia, which was the first establishment of civilized people in what is now Oregon. An attempt was made that year by Capt. Smith, of the Albatross, of Boston, to found a trading-post on the south bank of the Columbia, forty miles from its mouth. It was abandoned the same season, and that of Mr. Henry's in 1810.

In the year 1810, John Jacob Astor, a German merchant of New York, who had accumulated an immense fortune by commerce in the Pacific and China, formed the Pacific Fur Company. His first objects were to concentrate in the company, the fur-trade in the unsettled parts of America, and also the supply of merchandise for the Russian fur-trading establishments in the North Pacific. For these purposes, posts were to be established on the Missouri and the Columbia, and vicinity. These posts were to be supplied with the merchandise required for trading by ships from the Atlantic coast, or across the country by the way of the Missouri. A factory or depot was to be founded on the Pacific, for receiving this merchandise, and distributing it to the different posts, and for receiving in turn furs from them, which were to be sent by ships from thence to Canton. Vessels were also to be sent from the United States to the factory with merchandise, to be traded for furs, which would then be sent to Canton, and there exchanged for teas, silks, &c., to be in turn distributed in Europe and America.

This stupendous enterprise at the time appeared practicable. The only party from whom any rivalry could be expected, was the British North West Company, and their means were far inferior to those of Astor. From motives of policy, he offered them one-third interest, which they declined, secretly intending to forestall him. Having matured his scheme, Mr. Astor engaged partners, clerks, and *voyageurs*, the majority of whom were Scotchmen and Canadians, previously in the service of the North West Company. Wilson P. Hunt of New Jersey, was chosen the chief agent of the operations in Western America.

In September 1810, the ship *Tonquin*, Capt. Thorn, left New York for the mouth of the Columbia with four of the partners, M'Kay, M'Dougal, and David and Robert Stuart, all British subjects, with clerks, *voyageurs*, and mechanics. In January, 1811, the second detachment, with Hunt, M'Clellan, M'Kenzie, and Crooks, also left New York to go overland by the Missouri to the same point, and in October 1811, the ship *Beaver*, Captain Sowles, with several clerks and attaches left New York for the North Pacific. Prior to these, in 1809, Mr. Astor had dispatched the *Enterprise*, Capt. Ebberts, to make observations at the Russian settlements, and to prepare the way for settlements in Oregon. He also, in 1811, sent an agent to St. Petersburg, who obtained from the Russian American Fur Company, the monopoly of supplying their posts in the North Pacific with merchandise, and receiving furs in exchange.

In March 1811, the *Tonquin* arrived at the Columbia, and soon after they commenced erecting on the south bank, a few miles inland, their factory or depot building: this place they named *Astoria*. In June, the *Tonquin*, with M'Kay, sailed north to make arrangements for trading with the Russians. In July, the Astorians were surprised by the appearance of a party of the North West Company, under Mr. Thompson, who had come overland from Canada, to forestall them in the occupation of the mouth of the Columbia; but had been delayed too late for this purpose, in seeking a passage

through the Rocky Mountains, and had been obliged to winter there. Mr. Thompson was accompanied on his return, by David Stuart, who founded the trading-post called *Okonogan*.

In the beginning of the next year (1812), the detachment of Hunt came into Astoria in parties, and in a wretched condition. They had been over a year in coming from St. Louis; had undergone extreme suffering from hunger, thirst, and cold in their wanderings that winter, through the dreary wilderness of snow-clad mountains, from which, and other causes, numbers of them perished. In May 1812, the Beaver, bringing the third detachment, under Mr. Clarke, arrived at Astoria. They brought a letter which had been left at the Sandwich Islands by Capt. Ebbets of the Enterprise, containing the sad intelligence, that the *Tonquin* and her crew had been destroyed by the savages, near the Straits of Fuca, the June preceding.*

In August, Mr. Hunt, leaving Astoria in the charge of M'Dougal, embarked in the Beaver, to trade with the Russian posts, which was to have been done by the Tonquin. He was successful, and effected a higly advantageous arrangement at Sitka, with Baranof, Governor of Russian America; took in a rich cargo of furs, and dispatched the vessel to Canton, *via* the Sandwich Islands, where he, in person remained, and in 1814, he returned to Astoria in the Peddler, which he had chartered, and found that Astoria was in the hands of the N. W. Company.

When Hunt left in the Beaver, a party was dispatched, which established a trading-post on the *Spokan*. Messrs. Crooks, M'Clellan, and Robt. Stuart about this time set out and crossed overland to New York, with an account of what had been done. The trade was in the meantime very prosperous, and a large quantity of furs had been collected at Astoria.

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* The Tonquin was destroyed and the crew massacred by the savages in the harbor of Neweetee, on Vancouver's Island. The circumstances were subsequently learned from the Indian interpreter Lamazee, who escaped the fate of his companions. A large number of natives had been admitted on board of the vessel, ostensibly for the purposes of trade; having concealed under their garments knives and war-clubs. At a given signal, they raised the war-shout, and with appalling yells, rushed upon the crew, and massacred them and all the officers, but four of the men and the clerk, Mr. Lewis. The latter retreated to the cabin, and after fastening the door, they broke holes through the companion-way, and with the muskets in the cabin drove the savages into their canoes, and then sallying forth, discharged some of the deck guns, which did great execution among their canoes, and drove them ashore.

Finding it impossible to get under way, the four seamen determined to leave her, and endeavor to effect their escape in the long-boat. Lewis having been mortally wounded, remained behind, determining if possible, to decoy as many savages as was in his power, on board, and avenge the death of his shipmates by setting fire to the magazine. His companions bade him a last and melancholy adieu, and took to their boat.

When the next day dawned, the Tonquin still lay at anchor in the bay, her sails all loose and flapping in the wind, no one apparently on board of her. After a time, some of the canoes ventured forth to reconnoiter, taking with them the interpreter Lamazee. While thus employed, Lewis, now the only survivor on board the vessel, made his appearance, and with friendly signs invited them on board, with which, after some delay, they complied. Finding no resistance, nor even a soul on deck, for Lewis had disappeared, others soon pressed forward to take the prize, so that the decks were soon crowded, when in the midst of their exultation, the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion. Arms, legs, and mutilated bodies were blown into the air, and dreadful havoc was made in the surrounding canoes. The interpreter was in the main chains at the time of the explosion, from which he was thrown into the water and succeeded in getting into one of the canoes. According to his statement, the bay presented an awful spectacle after the catastrophe.

The inhabitants of Neweetee were overwhelmed with consternation at this astounding calamity, which had burst upon them in the very moment of triumph. The warriors sat mute and mournful, while the women and children rent the air with the death-wail.

Their sadness and wailings, however, were suddenly changed into yells of fury at the sight of four unfortunate white men brought captive into the village. These were the four sailors who had left the Tonquin the night before in the long-boat. They had labored with might and main to get out of the harbor, but found it impossible; being overpowered by the wind and tide, they were driven upon a point of land, where, after they had fallen asleep through fatigue, they were surprised and captured. With these men Lamazee was permitted to converse, and soon after they were subjected to horrible and lingering deaths by torture.

In January 1813, the Astorians learned from a trading vessel, that a war had broken out with England. A short time after, Mactavish and Laroque, partners of the N. W. Company, arrived at Astoria; M'Dougal and M'Kenzie (both Scotchmen) were the only partners there, and they unwisely agreed to dissolve the company in July. Messrs. Stuart and Clarke, at the Okonogan and Spokan posts, opposed this; but it was finally agreed that if assistance did not soon arrive from the United States, they would abandon the enterprise.

M'Tavish and his followers of the N. W. Company, again visited Astoria, where they expected to meet the Isaac Todd, an armed ship from London, which had orders "to take and destroy everything American on the northwest coast." Notwithstanding they were hospitably received, and held private conferences with M'Dougal and M'Kenzie, the result of which was, that they sold out the establishment, furs, &c., of the Pacific Company in the country, to the N. W. Company, for about $58,000. That company were thus enabled to establish themselves in the country.

Thus ended the Astoria enterprise. Had the directing partners on the Columbia been Americans instead of foreigners, it is believed that they would, notwithstanding the war, have withstood all their difficulties. The sale was considered disgraceful, and the conduct of M'Dougal and M'Kenzie in that sale and subsequently, were such as to authorize suspicions against their motives; yet they could not have been expected to engage in hostilities against their countrymen and old friends.

The name of Astoria was changed by the British, to that of Fort George. From 1813 to 1823, few, if any American citizens, entered the countries west of the Rocky Mountains. Nearly all the trade of the Upper Mississippi and Missouri, was carried on by the Old North American Fur Company, of which Astor was the head; and by the Columbian Fur Company formed in 1822, composed mainly of persons who had been in the service of the N. W. Company, and were dissatisfied with it. The Columbia Company established posts on the upper waters of the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Yellow Stone, which were transferred, in 1826, to the N. American Company on the junction of the two bodies. About this time, the overland trade with Santa Fe commenced, caravans passing regularly every summer between St. Louis and that place. In 1824, Ashley of St. Louis re-established commercial communications with the countries west of the Rocky Mountains, and built a trading-post on Ashley's Lake in Utah. (See page 417.)

These active proceedings of the Missouri Fur Traders, stimulated the N. American Fur Company to send their agents and attaches beyond the Rocky Mountains, although they built no posts. In 1827, Mr. Pilcher of Missouri, went through the South Pass with forty-five men, and wintered on the headwaters of the Colorado, in what is now the northeast part of Utah. The next year he proceeded northwardly along the base of the Rocky Mountains to near lat. forty-seven degrees. There he remained until the spring of 1829, when he descended Clark River to Fort Colville, then recently established at the Falls, by the Hudson's Bay Company, which had a few years previous, absorbed and united the interests of the N. W. Company. He returned to the United States, through the long and circuitous far northward route of the Upper Columbia, the Athabasca, the Assinaboin, Red River, and the Upper Missouri. But little was known of the countries through which Pilcher traversed, previous to the publication of his concise narrative. The account of the rambles of J. O. Pattie, a Missouri fur trader, through New Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora, and California, threw some light on the geography of those countries. In 1832, Capt. Bonneville, U. S. army, while on a furlough,

led a party of one hundred men from Missouri, over the mountains, where he passed more than two years on the Columbia and the Colorado, in hunting, trapping, and trading.

About the same time, Capt. Wyeth of Massachusetts, attempted to establish commercial relations with the countries on the Columbia, to which the name of OREGON then began to be universally applied. His plan was like that of Astor's, with the additional scheme of transporting the salmon of the Oregon rivers to the United States. He made two overland expeditions to Oregon, established *Fort Hall* as a trading-post, and another mainly for fishing purposes, near the mouth of the Willamette. This scheme failed, owing to the rivalry of the Hudson's Bay Company, who founded the counter establishment of Fort Boise, where, offering goods to the Indians at lower prices than Wyeth could afford, compelled him to desist, and he sold out his interests to them. Meanwhile, a brig he had dispatched from Boston, arrived in the Columbia, and returned with a cargo of salted salmon, but the results not being auspicious, the enterprise was abandoned.

The American traders being excluded by these, and other means from Oregon, mainly confined themselves to the regions of the head-waters of the Colorado and the Utah Lake, where they formed one or two small establishments, and sometimes extended their rambles as far west as San Francisco and Monterey. The number of American hunters and trappers thus employed west of the Rocky Mountains, seldom exceeded two hundred; where, during the greater part of the year, they roved through the wilds in search of furs, which they conveyed to their places of rendezvous in the mountain valleys, and bartered with them to the Missouri traders.

About the time of Wyeth's expeditions, were the earliest emigrations to Oregon of settlers from the United States. The first of these was founded in 1834, in the Willamette Valley, by a body of Methodists who went round by sea under the direction of the Rev. Messrs. Lee and Shepherd. In that valley a few retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company were then residing, and engaged in herding cattle. The Congregationalists or Presbyterians planted colonies two or three years after, in the Walla-walla and Spokan countries, with Messrs. Parker, Spaulding, Gray, Walker, Eels, Smith, and Whitman as missionaries.

In all of these places mission schools were established for the instruction of the natives, and in 1839, a printing press was started at Walla-walla, where were printed the first sheets ever struck off, on the Pacific side of the mountains north of Mexico. On it books were printed from types set by native compositors. The Roman Catholics from Missouri, soon after founded stations on Clark River.

About the year 1837, the American people began to be deeply interested in the subject of the claims of the United States to Oregon, and societies were formed for emigration. From them and other sources, petitions were presented to Congress, to either make a definite arrangement with Great Britain, the other claimant, or take immediate possession of the country. In each year, from 1838 to 1843, small parties emigrated overland from Missouri to Oregon, suffering much hardship on the route. At the close of 1842, the American citizens there numbered about four hundred. Relying upon the promise of protection held out by the passage of the bill in February, 1843, by the U. S. Senate for the immediate occupation of Oregon, about one thousand emigrants, men, women, and children, assembled at Westport, on the Missouri frontier in the succeeding June, and followed the route up the Platte, and through the South Pass, surveyed the previous year by Fremont; thence by Fort Hall to the Willamette Valley, where they arrived in October, after a



PINE FOREST, OREGON.

"The largest tree of the sketch, was 39 feet and 6 inches in circumference eight feet above the ground, and had a bark 11 inches thick. The height was thought to be upward of 250 feet, and the tree was perfectly straight."

laborious and fatiguing journey of more than two thousand miles. Others soon followed, and before the close of the next year, over 3000 American citizens were in Oregon.

By the treaty for the purchase of Florida in 1819, the boundary between the Spanish possessions and the United States was fixed on the N. W., at lat. forty-two degrees, the present northern line of Utah and California; by this, the United States succeeded to such title to Oregon as Spain may have derived, by the right of discovery through its early navigators. In June of 1846, all the difficulties in relation to Oregon, which at one time threatened war, were settled by treaty between the two nations. In general terms, the treaty established lat. forty-nine degrees, as the northern boundary; British subjects were allowed the free navigation of the Columbia, and the Hudson's Bay Company and all British subjects, were to be continued in possession of whatever land or property they at that time held in Oregon.

The principal obstacles to a previous settlement, had been the influence of that company. The English people at large, knew little of, and took but slight interest in, the country. The British first, through the N. W. Company, and then through the Hudson's Bay Company (into which the former became absorbed), from 1814 up to 1840, had enjoyed the almost exclusive use of Oregon. The Hudson's Bay Company received from the British government, to the exclusion of all other British subjects, the exclusive right to trade west of the Rocky mountains, where the fur-bearing animals were more abundant than in any other part of the world.

The constitution of the Company is such as to secure knowledge and prudence in council, and readiness and exactness in execution. Their treatment of the Indians, admirably combined policy and humanity. Ardent spirits were prohibited from being sold to them; schools for the instruction of the Indian children, were established at each of the trading-posts, and hospitals for the sick; missionaries of various sects were encouraged and fostered; and all emigrants from the United States and elsewhere, were treated with the utmost kindness and hospitality. But no sooner did any of them attempt to hunt, or trap, or to trade with the natives, than the competition of the body was turned against him, and he was compelled to desist. As the fur trade began to decline, the company turned their attention to agriculture, lumbering, fishing, and other pursuits.

In 1841, the coast of Oregon was visited by the ships of the United Exploring Expeditions under Lieut. Charles Wilkes. He arrived in the sloop of war Vincennes, off the mouth of the Columbia, on the 27th of April; but finding it hazardous to attempt the entrance, he sailed to the Straits of Fuca, the southern boundary of Vancouver's Island, and anchored in Puget's sound, near Fort Nasqually, from which he dispatched several surveying parties into the interior. One of these crossed the great westernmost range of mountains to the Columbia; and having visited the British trading-posts of Okonogan, Colville, and Walla-walla, returned to Nasqually. Another party proceeded southward to the Cowelitz, a stream running south, and emptying into Columbia River about forty miles from the ocean. From the mouth of the Cowelitz, they went up the Columbia to Walla-walla, and down again to the ocean. In the meantime, other parties were engaged in surveying the coasts and harbors on the Pacific, the Straits of Fuca, and Admiralty Inlet; and particularly in exploring the valleys of the Willamette, emptying into the Columbia, and of the Sacramento River of California. During the performance of these duties, the sloop of war Peacock was lost on the bar at the mouth of the Columbia; but the crew, instruments and papers were saved.

At that time, Wilkes estimated the population to be: of Indians, 19,199;

Canadians and half-breeds, six hundred and fifty, and the citizens of the United States, at one hundred and fifty. The Hudson's Bay Company then had twenty-five forts and trading stations in Oregon. Dr. M'Laughlin, the executive officer of the company, was kind to the American settlers, and although a Catholic, was noted for his hospitality to the Methodist and Presbyterian missionaries. The charter of the Hudson's Bay Company precluding them from engaging in agriculture, its officers, agents, and servants organized another company for this purpose, with a capital of two millions, called the Puget Sound Company. They began by making large importations of stock from California, and some of the choicest breeds from England. They entered into farming on an extensive scale. Almost all their trading establishments have been changed into agricultural ones, and all their stations and forts and the Russian ports, on the north, were then almost entirely supplied by them with wheat, butter, and cheese.

Among the most marked incidents in the recent history of Oregon, has been the Cayuse war, in the winter of 1847–'8. It grew out of these circumstances: The Rev. Dr. Whitman, a Presbyterian missionary, who, beside his religious duties, had established a fort and trading-post in the Wallawalla valley, and employed large numbers of Indians and emigrants in agriculture. Many of these Cayuse Indians had under his guidance become partially civilized, and were good farmers. He was eminent for his hospitality to the newly-arrived and exhausted emigrants, and was popular with all. His lady was also remarkable for her kindness, and at that time was administering to the Indians for the measles, which extensively prevailed among them. Many dying of the disease, they became suspicious that they were poisoned by the medicines given them by the Whitmans. On the 29th of November, about noon, the Indians rushed into the fort, murdered Dr. Whitman and lady, and thirteen others; took sixty-one persons prisoners, and burnt the fort and houses of the settlement. Upon the receipt of the news in the Willamette settlements, troops were raised, and the Indians defeated in three battles, and their villages and provisions destroyed. The prisoners were eventually released, through the praiseworthy efforts of Peter Sken Ogden, Esq., chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Oregon was organized as a territory in 1848. It has an average width east and west, of about six hundred and eighty miles, and north and south of five hundred miles, giving an area of about 340,000 square miles. It is divided into three natural sections:—

First Section, is that between the Pacific Ocean and the President's range or Cascade mountains. The Cascade range runs parallel with the sea-coast, the whole length of the territory, and is continued through California, under the name of the Sierra Nevada. It rises in many places in conical peaks, to the height of 12,000 and 14,000 feet, or over two miles above the level of the ocean. The distance from the sea-shore to this chain is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles; there are a few mountain passes, but they are difficult, and only to be attempted late in the spring and summer. The climate of this section is mild throughout the year, neither experiencing the extreme cold of winter, or the heat of summer. The prevailing winds in the summer are from the northward and westward, and in winter, from the southward, and westward, and southeast, which are tempestuous. The winter is supposed to last from December to February. Rains usually begin to fall in November, and last until March; but they are not heavy, though frequent. Snow sometimes falls, but it seldom lies over three days. The frosts are early, occurring in the latter part of August; this, however, is to be accounted for by the proximity of the mountains. Fruit-trees blossom early in April

The soil, in the northern parts, varies from a light brown loam to a thin vegetable earth, with gravel and sand as a subsoil; in the middle parts, from a rich heavy loam and unctuous clay to a deep heavy black loam, on a trap-rock; and in the southern (the Willamette valley) the soil is generally good, varying from a black vegetable loam to decomposed basalt, with stiff clay, and portions of loose gravel-soil. The hills are generally basalt, and stone, and slate; between the Umpqua River and the southern boundary the rocks are primitive, consisting of slate, hornblende, and granite, which produce a gritty and poor soil; there are, however, some places of rich prairie, covered with oaks. It is, for the most part, a well-timbered country. It is intersected with the spurs or offsets from the Cascade Mountains, which render its surface much broken; these are covered with a dense forest. The timber consists of pines, firs, spruce, oaks (red and white), ash, arbutus, arbor vitæ, cedar, poplar, maple, willow, cherry, and tew, with a close undergrowth of hazel, rubus, roses, &c. The richest and best soil is found on the second or middle prairie, and is best adapted for agriculture; the high and low being excellent for pasture-land. The climate and soil are admirably adapted for all kinds of grain—wheat, rye, oats, barley, pease, &c. Indian corn does not thrive in any part of this territory, as well as in the Mississippi valley. Many fruits appear to succeed well, particularly the apple and pear. Vegetables grow exceedingly well, and yield most abundantly.

The Second or Middle Section, is that between the Cascade and Blue Mountain range. The Blue Mountains are irregular in their course and occasionally interrupted, but generally running in a northerly direction; they commence in the Klamet range, near the southern boundary of the territory; they are broken through by the Saptin or Snake river, at the junction of the Kooskooskee River, and branch off in hills of moderate elevation, until they again appear on the north side of the Columbia River, above the Okonogan River, passing in a northern direction, until they unite with the Rocky Mountains, in lat. fifty-three degrees N. The climate of the middle section is variable; during the summer the atmosphere is much drier and warmer, and the winter much colder than in the western section. Its extremes of heat and cold are more frequent and greater, the mercury, at times, falling as low as minus 18 degrees of Fahrenheit, in winter, and rising to 108 degrees in the shade of summer; the daily difference of temperature is about 40 degrees Fahrenheit. It has, however, been found extremely salubrious, possessing a pure and healthy air. No dews fall in this section. The soil is, for the most part, a light sandy loam; in the valleys a rich alluvial; and the hills are generally barren. The surface is about one thousand feet above the level of the western section, and is generally a rolling prairie country. In the center of this section, and near and around the junction of the Saptin or Snake and Columbia rivers, is an extensive rolling country, which is well adapted for grazing. South of the Columbia, and extending to the southern boundary of the territory, it is destitute of timber or wood, unless the wormwood (artemisia) may be so called, although there are portions of it that might be advantageously farmed.

The Third, or East Section, is that between the Rocky and the Blue Mountains. The Rocky Mountains commence on the Arctic coast, and continue an almost unbroken chain until they merge in the Andes of South America. That part forming the eastern boundary of Oregon, extending north from the Great South Pass, at lat. 42 degrees N., to about the 52d degree, at the Committee's Punch-bowl Pass, forms an almost impenetrable barrier, the few passes between being very difficult and dangerous. The climate of the eastern section is extremely variable. In each day there are all

the changes incident to spring, summer, autumn and winter. There are places where small farms might be located; but they are few in number. The soil is rocky and broken, and presents an almost unbroken barren waste. Stupendous mountain-spurs traverse it in all directions, affording little level ground. Snow lies on the mountains, nearly, if not quite throughout the year. It is exceedingly dry and arid; rains seldom falling, and but little snow. This country is partially timbered, and the soil much impregnated with salts.

The Columbia is the great river of the territory, nearly all the others being its tributaries. Its northern branch, Clark River, from its source in the Rocky Mountains to near Fort Colville, is bounded by lofty wooded mountains. At Walla-walla it unites with its other branch, the Lewis, which is not navigable for even canoes. At the junction, the Columbia is 1286 feet above the ocean, and near three-fourths of a mile wide: it here takes its last turn to the westward, pursuing a rapid course for 180 miles, previous to passing through the Cascade range, in a series of falls and rapids that obstruct its flow, and form during floods insurmountable barriers to boat navigation, which difficulties are now overcome by portages. Locks and canals will be eventually used. From thence, there is still water navigation for forty miles, when its course is again obstructed by rapids. Thence to the ocean, one hundred and twenty miles, it is navigable for vessels of twelve feet draught at the lowest stage of water. To the south of the Columbia, the only three rivers of note, are the Umpqua, Rogue's, and the Klamet.

The character of the great rivers is peculiar—rapid and sunken much below the level of the country, running as it were in trenches, and exceedingly difficult to get at in many places, owing to the steep basaltic walls. During high water they are in many places confined by *dalles*, *i. e.* narrows, which back the water, covering the islands and tracts of low prairie, giving the appearance of extensive lakes. The dalles of the Columbia, eighty-four miles below Walla-walla, is a noted place, where the river passes between vast masses of rock. Oregon is well watered by springs, rivulets, and lakes.

The harbors are more or less obstructed by sand brought down by the rivers. The mouth of the Columbia, formerly considered to be very dangerous from this cause, proves to be less so than was supposed, and vessels of sixteen feet draught now frequently enter and depart in safety, without pilots or buoys. The harbors of the Straits of Fuca are equal to any in the world, among which, that of Puget's Sound on Admiralty Inlet, the bay running south from the strait, is noted.

It will be almost impossible to give an idea of the extensive fisheries in the rivers, and on the coast. They all abound in salmon of the finest flavor, which run twice a year, beginning in May and October, and appear inexhaustible; the whole population live upon them. The Columbia produces the largest, and probably affords the greatest numbers. There are some few of the branches of the Columbia that the spring-fish do not enter, but they are plentifully supplied in the fall. The great fishery of the Columbia is at the Dalles; but all the rivers are well supplied. The last one on the northern branch of the Columbia is near Colville, at the Kettle Falls; but salmon are found above this in the river and its tributaries. In the rivers and sounds are found several kinds of salmon, salmon-trout, sturgeon, cod, carp-sole, flounders, ray, perch, herring, lamprey-eels, and a smelt called "*shrow*," in great abundance; also large quantities of shell-fish, viz.:—crabs, clams, oysters, mussels, &c., which are all used by the natives, and constitute the greater proportion of their food. Whales, in numbers, are found along the coast, and are frequently captured by the Indians in and at the mouth of the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

Abundance of game exists, such as elk, deer, antelope, bears, wolves, foxes, muskrats, martins, beavers, a few grizzly bears and siffleurs, which are eaten by the Canadians. In the middle section, or that designated by the rolling prairie, no game is found. In the eastern section the buffalo is met with. The fur-bearing animals are decreasing in numbers yearly; indeed, it is very doubtful whether they are sufficiently numerous to repay the expense of hunting them. The Hudson's Bay Company have almost the exclusive monopoly of this business. They have decreased, owing to being hunted without regard to season. This is not, however, the case to the north, in the British possessions; there the company have been left to exercise their own rule, and prevent the indiscriminate slaughter of either old or young, out of the proper season. In the spring and fall, the rivers are literally covered with geese, ducks, and other water-fowl.

Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia, and ninety miles from the ocean, is the principal seat of the British fur trade, and the head-quarters of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is a large stockade inclosing many buildings. Here is a fine farm, workshops, mills, and a school. Astoria, or Fort George, is eight miles from the mouth of the Columbia River, and has but two or three buildings.

In this neighborhood are forests of pine, which have long been noted for their beauty and size. Lieut. Wilkes thus speaks of them: "Short excursions were made by many of us in the vicinity, and one of these was to visit the primeval forest of pines in the rear of Astoria, a sight well worth seeing. Mr. Drayton took a camera lucida drawing of one of the largest trees, which the opposite plate is engraved from. It conveys a good idea of the thick growth of trees, and is quite characteristic of this forest. The soil on which this timber grows is rich and fertile, but the obstacles to the agriculturist are almost insuperable. The largest tree of the sketch was thirty-nine feet six inches in circumference, eight feet above the ground, and had a bark eleven inches thick. The height could not be ascertained, but it was thought to be upward of two hundred and fifty feet, and the tree was perfectly straight." These trees, for at least one hundred and fifty feet, are without branches. In many places those which have fallen down, present barriers to the vision, even when the traveler is on horseback; and between the old forest trees that are lying prostrate, can be seen the tender and small twig beginning its journey to an amazing height.

Fort Walla-walla, or Nezperces, is on the south side of the Columbia, ten miles below the mouth of Lewis River. Fort Colville is on the south side of the Clark River, above Fort Okonogan. Okonogan and Spokan, on Spokan River, were the first fur trading establishments of the company of John Jacob Astor in Oregon. The mountains in the view, are part of the Blue Mountain range, which rise to a great height. Okonogan is now kept up as a depot for supplies. The Hudson's Bay Company have various other trading-posts throughout the country.

The American settlements in Oregon, are confined to the western section of Oregon, and are principally in the beautiful and fertile valley of the Willamette. Oregon City is two thousand three hundred miles from St. Louis, on the east bank of the Willamette, just below the falls, at the head of navigation, and about eighteen miles from the mouth of the river. It is the largest town in Oregon. In 1848, it contained one Methodist and one Catholic church, a public library, one newspaper printing-office, one female boarding-school, one day-school, five stores, three hotels, two flouring and two sawmills, and six hundred and fifty inhabitants. It has since much increased. Milwaukie, Plymouth, Portland, and Salem, on the Willamette, and Cascade

on the Columbia, are promising places. In 1848, the total white population was about nine thousand: in 1850, it had probably doubled, owing, in a measure, to the impulse it has received from the discovery of gold in California.

We conclude this article by extracting first from a message of Gov. Lane to the Legislature of Oregon, and second, from a published letter of the Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, member of Congress from Oregon. They give valuable items respecting the soil, climate, and productions of the country. The foregoing statements on the same same points, are derived mainly from Wilkes.

"We can recognize in Oregon the material of her future greatness; a climate and a soil extraordinarily productive, eminently characterize it; the prolific growth of grain, vegetables and grapes; the natural meadows, untouched by the hand of cultivation, sufficiently extensive to furnish subsistence to innumerable herds of cattle during the entire year. Inexhaustible forests of the finest fir and cedar in the world; never failing streams which furnish water power of unlimited capacity, show how lavishly nature has bestowed her blessings upon this favored land. With the development of her agricultural resources, and the improvement of her immense water power, she can supply the entire Pacific coast with the most important of the necessaries of life, and many of the staple articles of commerce. Her immense resources are gradually, but surely being developed; her mineral wealth at present is not to be computed; gold has been found in several places, in sufficient quantities to induce the belief that there are mines, perhaps extensive ones, of this precious metal within the borders of our territory; iron, lead and coal, are known to exist, and the indications of their abundance are of the most flattering description."

Mr. Thurston writes as follows: "Middle Oregon, that part between the President's Range or the Cascade Mountains and the Blue Mountains, not only has the reputation of being one of the finest grazing countries in the world, but is so, is susceptible of sustaining a dense population, and is ultimately destined to do so. The climate of middle Oregon is, undoubtedly, the best in the world. While it is almost free from snows, it is subject to but moderate rains; while its long summers are one continued holiday of sporting sunshine, its winters are but moderately rainy. Its waters are nowhere to be surpassed for either coolness, purity or flavor; and taken all in all, middle Oregon is one of the fair spots of nature, but for ten or fifteen years to come, will not be needed for settlement. Western Oregon is amply large to swallow up all the emigrants who will find their way thither for a long time to come. This section can bid defiance to any other place within the limits of the United States. I must refrain from a description, because to do it justice would take more time than I have to devote.

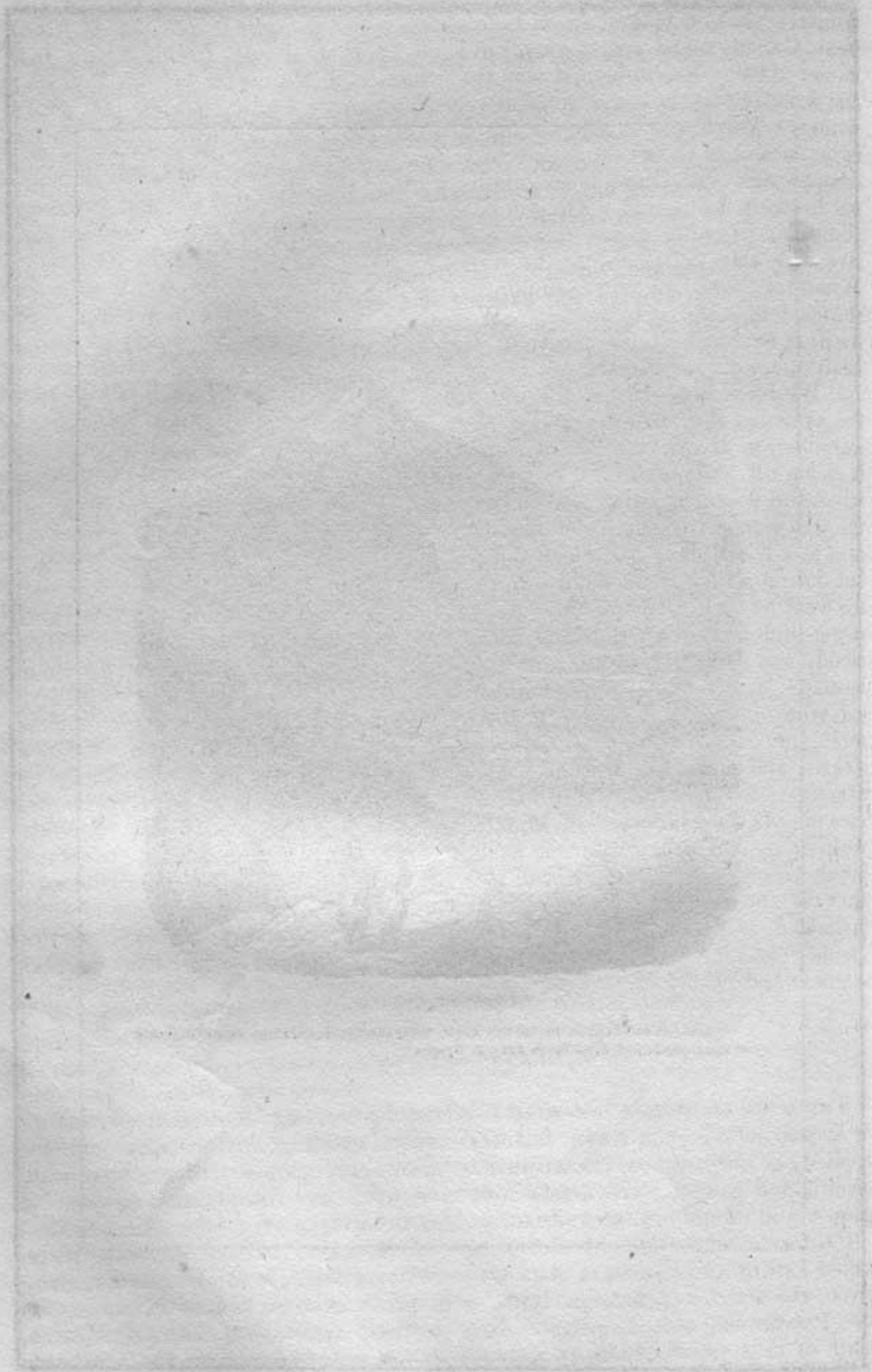
"The productions of the two western divisions of Oregon, are such as are produced in any of the northern States. As the country is never subject to hot weather, and its nights being cool, it follows, of course, that corn does not grow so spontaneously as in the western States. Yet, good crops of corn may be raised by attending to its cultivation, as they do in New England. It should be borne in mind, however, that we have no particular use for corn, as wheat, oats, barley and rye, can be raised much more abundantly and with less cost; yet, I have seen as stout corn growing there, as I ever did anywhere. For raising the other kinds of grains, those I have mentioned, and buckwheat, and peas, and beans, no country can surpass Oregon. And as to its vegetable productions, I venture nothing in saying, it can vie with any country.

"As to the general average of the thermometer in winter and summer, I



OKONOGAN, OREGON.

"Okonogan and Spokan, on Spokan River, were the first fur trading establishments of the Company of John Jacob Astor in Oregon."



am not able to say; but the weather is very temperate, alike in summer and winter. Oregon City is in latitude almost 46 deg. north (about that of Montreal, Canada), and yet, the river did not approximate to freezing over last winter (1849–'50), though it was the coldest that had been for thirty years; and it is frequently the case, that vegetables grow in the garden the entire winter. While in the summer one has very little need of thin clothes, never is he subject to those hot days which cause him to take refuge in the shade, or oppressed with those sultry nights which take away his sleep, and sweat out his very life blood. Oregon is an extraordinarily healthy country. The climate is free from those sudden changes from heat to cold, from the oppressive, still and sultry day to the warring elements of a tempest-riven evening. Wherever there is a sultry, impure and pent up atmosphere, there are thunder storms, tempests and tornadoes. With these we are rarely visited. This, of itself, is evidence of the purity of our atmosphere, and, consequently, of the healthiness of our climate.

"We have two seasons, the wet and dry. The length of each is variable, the same as the summers and winters in the States. In the fall we have an introduction of rain the last of September or the first of October, after which it clears off and continues fair for a time, varying from four to six weeks, when the winter or rainy season sets in. A very respectable proportion of the wet season is made up of fair days—days which are cloudy and have no rain at all, and days part clear and part cloudy, and days all the time cloudy; but during which it does not rain *to hurt*. This explains the true state of the weather. For two or three days it may rain steadily and hard, the streams rising high; then it will slack away and continue for a week or more clear, cloudy and drizzling in turn, during which time our people attend to their business out of doors, plow, build fences, &c., without any inconvenience; and while doing it, it is not necessary to have our fringed mittens, buffalo robes, or ears tied up. It is warm and mild, and we work with healthy sinews, and with pleasure, the song or whistle cheering on the plowman or axman, as *barehanded*, and in his shirt sleeves *in the dead of winter*, he pursues his pleasant labors. In March the rains begin to slack away, the fair weather increases, and showers continue until April and sometimes to May; but the rainy season may be said to close up in March. Our summer season, after the showers entirely cease, is made up of continued sunshine, and star-bestudded, and moonlight nights, for clouds rarely venture to our skies in the summer season. All concede that an Oregon summer is unrivaled in pleasantness and beauty."

CALIFORNIA.

The word California is derived from two Spanish words, *caliente fornalla*, or *horno*, meaning, in English, *hot furnace*, which is a name appropriately applied, as the sun pours down in the valleys through a dry atmosphere with unmitigated power, increased by reflection from the sides of the *canons* or gorges, and mountains, and surface of the streams.

California, under the Mexicans, was divided into two parts, respectively called Lower and Upper, or Alta California. Lower, or old California, comprises the narrow peninsula lying between the gulf of the same name, and the Pacific Ocean. Upper, or New California, comprised all of Mexico north of that point which, in general terms, was bounded on the south by Lower California and the Gila River, north by Oregon, east by the Rocky Mountains, and west by the Pacific, being an immense tract of country, con-

taining near four hundred thousand square miles, or nearly nine times that of the State of New York. By the treaty which ended the war with Mexico, that power ceded the whole of Upper California to the United States. It now includes the western part of New Mexico, which, by Act of Congress in 1850, was extended westward beyond the Rocky Mountains, so as to include a large part of its southern half—the whole of the Mormon territory of Utah or Deseret, and the State of California.

California was discovered in 1548, by Cabrillo, a Spanish navigator. In 1758, Sir Francis Drake visited its northern coast, and named the country New Albion. The original settlements in California were mission establishments, founded by Catholic priests for the conversion of the natives. In 1769, the mission of San Diego was founded by Padre Junipero Serra. In the succeeding thirteen years, at the close of which the good Padre died, he labored with indefatigable zeal, and founded nine missions, which were, eventually, increased by his successors to twenty-one in number.

The mission establishments were made of adobe, or sun burnt bricks, and contained commodious habitations for the priests, store-houses, offices, mechanic shops, granaries, horse and cattle pens, and apartments for the instruction of Indian youth. Around and attached to each, were, varying in different missions, from a few hundred to several thousand Indians, who generally resided in conical-shaped huts in the vicinity, their place of dwelling being generally called the *rancheria*. Attached to each mission were a few soldiers, for protection against hostilities from Indians.

The missions extended their possessions from one extremity of the territory to that of the other, and bounded the limits of one mission by that of the next, and so on. Though they did not require so much land for agriculture, and the maintenance of their stock, they appropriated the whole; always strongly opposing any individual who might wish to settle on any land between them.

All the missions were under the charge of the priests of the order of San Francisco. Each mission was under one of the fathers who had despotic authority. The general products of the missions were large cattle, sheep, horses, Indian corn, beans and peas. Those in the southern part of California, produced also the grape and olive in abundance. The most lucrative product was the large cattle, their hides and tallow affording an active commerce with foreign vessels, and being, indeed, the main support of the inhabitants of the territory.

From 1800 to 1830, the missions were in the height of their prosperity. Then, each mission was a little principality, with its hundred thousand acres and its twenty thousand head of cattle. All the Indian population, except the "Gentiles" of the mountains, were the subjects of the padres, cultivating for them their broad lands, and reverencing them with devout faith.

The spacious galleries, halls and court-yards of the missions, exhibited every sign of order and good government, and from the long adobe houses flanking them, an obedient crowd came forth at the sound of morning and evening chimes. The tables of the padres were laden with the finest fruits and vegetables from their thrifty gardens and orchards, and flasks of excellent wine from their own vineyards. The stranger who came that way, was entertained with a lavish hospitality, for which all recompense was proudly refused, and on leaving, was welcome to exchange his spent horse for his pick out of the cabadella. Nearly all the commerce of the country with other nations was in their hands. Long habits of management and economy, gave them a great aptitude for business of all kinds, and each succeeding year witnessed an increase of their wealth and authority.

The wealth and power in possession of the missions, excited the jealousy of the Mexican authorities. In 1833, the government commenced a series of decrees, which eventually ruined them. They made them public property; converted them into parishes; and the padres, from being virtual sovereigns of their domains, became merely curates with only spiritual powers over their former subjects. They no longer could superintend the cultivation of the lands, and the Indians being deprived of their patient guidance, relapsed into habits of stupidity, and abandoning the establishments, again resumed their roving life among the mountains. In 1845, the obliteration of the missions was completed by their sale at auction, and otherwise.

Aside from the missions, in California, the inhabitants were nearly all gathered in the *presidios*, or forts, and in the villages, called "*Los Pueblos.*"

The presidios, or fortresses, were occupied by a few troops under the command of a military prefect or governor. The object of these was to protect the country and the missions against the Indians. In early times, the commandants of these presidios were under the absolute control of the missions. The Padre President, or Bishop, was the supreme civil, military and religious ruler of the province. There were four presidios in California, each of which had under its protection several missions. They were respectively, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco. These fortresses consisted of walls of unburnt brick, and were of a square shape, each side being about six hundred feet in length. Within the inclosure was a chapel, store-houses, and the dwelling of the commandant, while at the entrance, were the quarters of the officers and guard. These were always located at a seaport, and one or two miles from each; near the anchoring ground, were what were called *castillos*, or forts, where the cannon and ammunition were placed. At each presidio, the commandant had under him about eighty cavalry, a detachment of artillery, and some auxiliary troops.

Within four or five leagues of the presidios, were certain farms, called *ranchios*, which were assigned for the use of the garrisons and as depositories of the cattle and grain which were furnished as taxes from the missions.

Los Pueblos, or towns, grew up near the missions. Their first inhabitants consisted of retired soldiers and attaches of the army, many of whom married Indian women. Of the villages of this description, there were but three, viz: Los Angelos, San Jose, and Branciforte. In later times, the American emigrants established one on the Bay of Francisco, called Yerba Buena, *i. e.*, good herb, which became the nucleus of the flourishing city of San Francisco. Another was established by Capt. Sutter, on the Sacramento, called New Helvetia. The larger pueblos were under the government of an Alcade, or Judge, in connection with other municipal officers.

The policy of the Catholic priests, who held absolute sway in California, until 1833, was to discourage emigration. Hence, up to about the year 1840, the villages named comprised all in California, independent of those at the missions; and at that time, the free whites and half-breed inhabitants in California numbered less than six thousand souls. The emigration from the United States first commenced in 1838; this had so increased from year to year, that in 1846, Col. Fremont had but little difficulty in calling to his aid some five hundred fighting men. Some few resided in the towns, but a majority were upon the Sacramento, where they had immense droves of cattle and horses, and fine farms, in the working of which they were aided by the Indians. They were eminently an enterprising and courageous body of people, as none other at that time would brave the perils of an overland journey across the mountains. In the ensuing hostilities they rendered important services.

At that period, the trade carried on at the different towns was quite extensive, and all kinds of dry goods, groceries and hardware, owing to the heavy duties, ranged about five hundred per cent. above the prices in the United States. Mechanics and ordinary hands received from two to five dollars per day. The commerce was quite extensive, fifteen or twenty vessels not unfrequently being seen in the various ports at the same time. Most of the merchant vessels were from the United States, which arrived in the spring, and engaged in the coasting trade until about the beginning of winter, when they departed with cargoes of hides, tallow or furs, which had been collected during the previous year. Whale ships also touched at the ports for supplies and to trade, and vessels from various parts of Europe, the Sandwich Islands, the Russian settlements and China.

From 1826 to 1846, the date of its conquest, there had been numerous civil wars and revolutions in California; but generally Mexican authority had been exercised over it. Of its conquest by the United States, we give a brief account:

At the commencement of the war with Mexico, an American fleet had been sent to the coast of California, under Com. Sloat, in anticipation of this event. On the 7th of July, 1846, Monterey, and on the 9th, San Francisco, were taken by the naval forces. On the 15th, the fleet was augmented by the arrival of Com. Stockton with a frigate. On the 17th, Com. Sloat dispatched a party to the mission of St. John, to obtain cannon and other munitions, deposited there by the enemy. At this place the American flag had already been planted by Fremont, whose movements in California, up to this period, we pause to relate.

In the fall preceding, Fremont started on his third expedition, and arrived in the latter part of January (1846), within a hundred miles of Monterey. He then left his party and proceeded to that place, and obtained permission from its commandant, Gen. De Castro, to winter with his train in the valley of the San Joaquin. No sooner, however, had he rejoined his party than he was warned by a messenger from Mr. Larkin, U. S. Consul at Monterey, that De Castro was about to raise the province against him. A number of the American settlers in the valley offered to assist him in his defense. Fearful of compromising them and his government, he declined their aid, and with rare determination and bravery, he marched his small party of sixty-two men within thirty miles of Monterey, took a strong position in the mountains, hoisted the American flag, and prepared for resistance. But an approach was all that De Castro attempted; and having remained sometime, and finding no probability of an attack, Fremont started in the month of March for Oregon.

On the 9th of May he was overtaken by Lieut. Gillespie, of the marines, who bore a letter of introduction from Mr. Buchanan, the Secretary of State, and private letters from Senator Benton. From certain passages in the letter, Fremont inferred that the government desired that he should ascertain and counteract any schemes which foreigners might have in relation to the Californias. This, with verbal information from Gillespie, determined him to return to the settled vicinity of the Sacramento.

Upon arriving at the Bay of San Francisco, Fremont learning that De Castro was preparing an expedition at Sonoma, to expel the American settlers from the territory, determined to overthrow the Mexican authority in California. On the 11th of June, Fremont seized and drove off two hundred horses on the way to De Castro's camp, and on the 15th, surprised Sonoma, where he captured Gen. Vallejo and other officers, nine cannon, two hundred and fifty muskets, and a quantity of military stores. Shortly after, De Castro meditated an attack on Sonoma; but his advance guard of ninety men being

defeated by twenty Americans, and having suffered other losses, he retreated to the south.

On the 4th of July, Fremont having assembled the American settlers at Sonoma, advised them, as their only safety, to declare independence of Mexico, and prosecute the war. They followed his advice, and the *revolutionary flag* was at once displayed. Meanwhile, the events of the war, of the existence of which Fremont had been ignorant, had become known to Commodore Sloat, and that officer had commenced taking possession of the towns on the coast. The news of the acts of the naval commander was received by the revolutionists soon after their declaration of independence. The American flag was at once substituted for the standard of revolt, and Fremont proceeded with his party, now reinforced by American settlers, to Monterey.

Commodore Stockton constituted the 160 men, under Fremont, a naval battalion, which sailed to San Diego, where, united to the marines, they marched up and occupied Los Angelos, the seat of government. Here, Stockton established a civil government, and proclaimed himself governor. The commanders went north, leaving a small garrison under Capt. Gillespie. In September, a Mexican force under Gen. Flores and Don Pico, led in a revolt, and attacked Angelos. Capt. Mervine with marines from the Savannah, lying off the harbor, attempted to relieve the garrison, but was driven back, and Gillespie was forced to capitulate to a far superior enemy. Ere this was known, Commodore Stockton deeming California as conquered, had sailed for the southern Mexican ports. Fremont, who was still in the country, soon recruited his battalion from the American Californians, and then marched south to co-operate in reconquering the country.

Gen. Kearney having established a new government in New Mexico, on the 25th of September, departed from Santa Fe, at the head of four hundred dragoons, for California; but after having proceeded some distance down the Rio Grande, he was met by an express from Fremont, that California was already conquered. He, thereupon, sent back his main force; continuing on with an escort of one hundred men, he crossed the Rio Grande in latitude 33 deg., on the 20th of October, struck the river Gila at the copper mines, and arrived at its junction with the Colorado, on the 22d of November. From this point, he followed on, or near the Colorado, forty miles, and from thence westerly sixty miles, through an arid desert. On the 2d of December he reached Wamas village, the frontier settlement. On the 5th, he was met near San Diego by Capt. Gillespie, sent to him with thirty-six men by Com. Stockton. The next day, an advance party of twelve dragoons, and thirty volunteers, had an encounter with one hundred and sixty mounted Californians near San Pasqual. The Americans were victorious; but these northern Mexicans sold victory at a dearer rate than their southern countrymen. Kearney was twice wounded, Capts. Johnson and Moore, and Lieut. Hammond, and most of the remaining officers, were either killed or wounded with nineteen of the men.

Kearney reached San Diego on the 12th of December. On the 29th, by request of Stockton, Kearney took command of five hundred marines, with the land forces, and moved toward Angelos, to co-operate with Col. Fremont in quelling the revolt, now backed by a Mexican army of six hundred Mexicans under generals Flores and Pico. These forces he met and defeated at San Gabriel on the 8th of January. The next day, he again fought and routed them at Mesa. The Mexicans then marched twelve miles past Angelos to Cowenga, where they capitulated to Col. Fremont, who had, after a tedious wintry march from the north, of four hundred miles, arrived at that place.

On the 16th of January, Com. Stockton commissioned Fremont as governor,

the duties of which he had discharged about six weeks, when Gen. Kearney, according to orders received from government, assumed the office and title of Governor of California. Com. Shubrick, who was now the naval commander, co-operated with Kearney, whose forces were augmented about the last of January by the arrival of Col. Cooke with the Mormon battalion, which had marched from Council Bluffs to Santa Fe. From thence, Col. Cooke proceeded down the Rio Grande; then sending back his sick to the Arkansas, (where were nine hundred Mormon families on their way to the Salt Lake), he took a route which deviated to the south of Kearney's, into the interior of Mexico, and through a better and more interesting country.

Gen. Kearney, by direction of government, placing Col. Mason in the office of Governor, on the 16th of June took his way homeward across the northern part of California, and from thence crossed the Rocky Mountains through the South Pass. He was accompanied by Col's. Fremont and Cooke, and other officers and privates to the number of about forty.

Before the news of peace was received in California a new era commenced, in the discovery of the gold mines. The peculiar state of affairs brought about by this, with the great rush of population, was such that the people were in a measure compelled to form a constitution of State Government. The convention, for this purpose, met at Monterey in 1849, and on the 12th of October, formed the constitution, which was adopted by the people. After much delay, California was admitted into the Union by action of Congress, in September, 1850.

The population of California at the commencement of the summer of 1848, the era of the gold discovery, was estimated at about thirty thousand, viz. eight thousand Mexicans, twelve thousand christianized Indians, and ten thousand Americans.

California, the most western State of the Union, is about seven hundred and fifty miles long, with an average breadth of about two hundred miles, giving an area of 150,000 square miles. Its southern boundary approximates in latitude to that of Charleston, South Carolina; its northern to that of Boston, Massachusetts. This, with its variation of surface, gives it a diversity of climate and consequently of productions. Geographically, its position is one of the best in the world, lying on the Pacific fronting Asia.

California is a country of mountains and valleys. The principal mountain is the Sierra Nevada, *i. e.*, Snowy Mountain. This Sierra is part of the great mountain range which, under different names, extends from the peninsula of California to Russian America. In Oregon it is called President's Range, and also the Cascade Mountains. This range is remarkable for its length, its being parallel to the sea-coast, its great elevation, often more lofty than the Rocky Mountains, and its many grand volcanic peaks, reaching high into the region of perpetual snow. Rising singly, like pyramids, from heavily timbered plateaux, to the height of fourteen and seventeen thousand feet above the ocean, these snowy peaks constitute the characterizing feature of the range, and distinguish it from the Rocky Mountains and all others on our part of the continent. The Sierra Nevada is the grandest feature of the scenery of California, and must be well understood before the structure of the country and the character of its different divisions can be comprehended. Stretching along the coast, and at the general distance of one hundred and fifty miles from it, this great mountain wall receives the warm winds, charged with vapor, which sweep across the Pacific Ocean, precipitates their accumulated moisture in fertilizing rains and snows upon its western flank, and leaves cold and dry winds to pass on to the east. The region east of the Sierra is comparatively barren and cold, and the climates are distinct. Thus, while in

December the eastern side is winter, the ground being covered with snow and the rivers frozen, on the west it is spring, the air being soft, and the grass fresh and green.

West of the Sierra Nevada is the inhabitable part of California. North and south, this region extends about ten degrees of latitude, from Oregon to the peninsula of California. East and west it averages, in the middle part, one hundred and fifty, and in the northern part, two hundred miles, giving an area of about 100,000 square miles. Looking westward from the summit, the main feature presented is the long, low, broad valley of the Joaquin and Sacramento rivers—the two valleys forming one, five hundred miles long and fifty broad, lying along the base of the Sierra, and bounded on the west by the low coast range of mountains, which separates it from the sea. Side ranges, parallel to the Sierra and the coast, make the structure of the remainder of California, and break it into a surface of valleys and mountains—the valleys a few hundred, and the mountains two or three thousand feet above the sea. These form great masses, and at the north become more elevated, where some peaks, as the Shaste—which rises fourteen thousand feet, nearly to the height of Mont Blanc—enter the region of perpetual snow.

The two rivers San Joaquin and Sacramento, rising at opposite ends of the same great valley, receive their numerous streams, many of them bold rivers, unite half way, and enter the Bay of San Francisco together.

The Bay of San Francisco is celebrated as one of the finest in the world, and is on the same latitude with that of Lisbon. Its connection with the great interior valley, being the only water communication with it, together with its easy communication with Asia, give it vast commercial advantages. Approaching it from the sea, the coast presents a bold mountainous outline. The bay is entered by a strait running east and west, about a mile broad at its narrowest part, and five miles long from the ocean, when it opens to the north and south, in each direction more than thirty miles. It is divided by straits and projecting points, into three separate bays, the two northern being called San Pabloon and Suisun, and the southern, San Francisco. The strait is called the "Golden Gate," on the same principle that the harbor of Constantinople was called the "Golden Horn," viz: its advantages for commerce. The Golden Gate is appropriately alluded to in the following verse of the "Jenny Lind Prize Song:"

"I greet in that language, the Land of the West,
Whose Banner of Stars o'er a world is unrolled,
Whose Empire o'ershadows Atlantic's wide breast,
And opes to the sunset its gateway of gold!"

Climate.—California is remarkable in its periodical changes, and for the long continuance of the wet and dry seasons, dividing, as they do, the year into about two equal parts, which have a most peculiar influence on the labor applied to agriculture, and the products of the soil, and, in fact, connect themselves inseparably with all the interests of the country, and exercise a controlling influence on its commercial prosperity and resources.

The *dry season* commences first, and continues longest in the southern portions of the State; and as low down as lat. thirty-eight degrees, rains are sufficiently frequent in summer to render irrigation quite unnecessary to the perfect maturity of any crop which is suited to the soil and climate.

Below lat. thirty-nine, and west of the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada, the forests of California are limited to some scattering groves of oak in the valleys and along the borders of the streams, and of red wood on the ridges and in the gorges of the hills—sometimes extending into the plains. Some of the hills are covered with dwarf shrubs, which may be used as fuel. With

these exceptions, the whole territory presents a surface without trees or shrubbery. It is covered, however, with various species of grass, and for many miles from the coast with wild oats, which, in the valleys, grow most luxuriantly. These grasses and oats mature and ripen early in the dry season, and soon cease to protect the soil from the scorching rays of the sun. As the summer advances, the moisture in the atmosphere and the earth, to a considerable depth, soon becomes exhausted; and the radiation of heat, from the extensive naked plains and hill-sides, is very great.

The cold, dry currents of air from the northeast, after passing the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, descend to the Pacific, and absorb the moisture of the atmosphere to a great distance from the land. The cold air from the mountains, and that which accompanies the great ocean current from the northwest, thus become united, and vast banks of fog are generated, which, when driven by the wind, has a penetrating or *cutting* effect on the human skin, much more uncomfortable than would be felt in the humid atmosphere of the Atlantic, at a much lower temperature.

As the sun rises from day to day, week after week, and month after month, in unclouded brightness during the dry season, and pours down his unbroken rays on the dry, unprotected surface of the country, the heat becomes so much greater inland than it is on the ocean, that an under-current of cold air, bringing the fog with it, rushes over the coast range of hills, and through their numerous passes, toward the interior.

Every day, as the heat, inland, attains a sufficient temperature, the cold, dry wind from the ocean commences to blow. This is usually from eleven to one o'clock; and as the day advances, the wind increases, and continues to blow until late at night. When the vacuum is filled, or the equilibrium of the atmosphere restored, the wind ceases; a perfect calm prevails until about the same hour the following day, when the same process commences and progresses as before, and these phenomena are of daily occurrence, with few exceptions, throughout the dry season.

These cold winds and fogs render the climate at San Francisco, and all along the coast of California, except the extreme southern portion of it, probably more uncomfortable, to those not accustomed to it, in summer than in winter.

A few miles inland, where the heat of the sun modifies and softens the wind from the ocean, the climate is moderate and delightful. The heat, in the middle of the day, is not so great as to retard labor, or render exercise in the open air uncomfortable. The nights are cool and pleasant. This description of climate prevails in all the valleys along the coast range, and extends throughout the country, north and south, as far eastward as the valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. In this vast plain the sea-breeze loses its influence, and the degree of heat in the middle of the day, during the summer months, is much greater than is known on the Atlantic coast in the same latitudes. It is dry, however, and probably not more oppressive. On the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, and especially in the deep ravines of the streams, the thermometer frequently ranges from one hundred and ten degrees to one hundred and fifteen in the shade, during three or four hours of the day, say from eleven until three o'clock. In the evening, as the sun declines, the radiation of heat ceases. The cool, dry atmosphere from the mountains, spreads over the whole country, and renders the nights cool and invigorating.

These variations of the climate of California account for the various and conflicting opinions and statements respecting it.

A stranger arriving at San Francisco in summer, is annoyed by the cold

winds and fogs, and pronounces the climate intolerable. A few months will modify, if not banish his dislike, and he will not fail to appreciate the beneficial effects of a cool, bracing atmosphere. Those who approach California overland, through the passes of the mountains, find the heat of summer, in the middle of the day, greater than they have been accustomed to, and therefore many complain of it.

Those who take up their residence in the valleys which are situated between the great plain of the Sacramento and San Joaquin and the coast range of hills, find the climate, especially in the dry season, as healthful and pleasant as it is possible for any climate to be which possesses sufficient heat to mature the cereal grains and edible roots of the temperate zone.

The division of the year into two distinct seasons—dry and wet—impresses unfavorably those who have been accustomed to the variable climate of the Atlantic States. The dry appearance of the country in summer, and the difficulty of moving about in winter, seem to impose serious difficulties in the way of agricultural prosperity, while the many and decided advantages resulting from the mildness of winter, and the bright, clear weather of summer, are not appreciated.

Soil.—The valleys which are situated parallel to the coast range, and those which extend eastwardly in all directions among the hills, toward the great plain of the Sacramento, are of unsurpassed fertility.

They have a deep black alluvial soil, which has the appearance of having been deposited when they were covered with water. The land in the northern part of the territory, on the Trinity and other rivers, and on the borders of Clear Lake, as far as it has been examined, is said to be remarkably fertile.

The great valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin has evidently been, at some remote period, the bed of a lake. The soil is very rich, and, with a proper system of drainage and embankment, would, undoubtedly, be capable of producing any crop, except sugar-cane, now cultivated in the Atlantic States of the Union.

There are many beautiful valleys and rich hill-sides among the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, and a rich belt of well-timbered and watered country extending the whole length of the gold region between it and the Sierra Nevada, some twenty miles in width.

The soil described, situated west of the Sierra Nevada, and embracing the plain of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, covers an area of about sixty thousand square miles, and would, under a proper system of cultivation, be capable of supporting a population of two or three millions.

Products.—Previous to the treaty of peace with Mexico, and the discovery of gold, the exportable products of the country consisted almost exclusively of hides and tallow. The Californians were a pastoral people, and paid much more attention to the raising of horses and cattle than the cultivation of the soil.

The climate and soil of California are well suited to the growth of wheat, barley, rye, and oats. The temperature along the coast is too cool for the successful culture of maize, as a field crop. The fact that oats, the species which is cultivated in the Atlantic States, are annually self-sowed and produced on all the plains and hills along the coast, and as far inland as the sea breeze has a marked influence on the climate, is sufficient proof that all the cereal grains may be successfully cultivated without the aid of *irrigation*. In the rich alluvial valleys, wheat and barley have produced from forty to sixty bushels from one bushel of seed, *without irrigation*.

Irish potatoes, turnips, onions, in fact all the edible roots known and cultivated in the Atlantic States, are produced in great perfection. In all the

valleys east of the coast range of hills, the climate is sufficiently warm to mature crops of Indian corn, rice, and probably tobacco.

The cultivation of the grape has been attended with much success, wherever it has been attempted. The dry season secures the fruit from those diseases which are so common in the Atlantic States, and it attains very great perfection. The wine made from it is of excellent quality, very palatable, and can be produced in any quantity. The grapes are delicious, and produced with very little labor.

Apples, pears, and peaches, are cultivated with facility, and there is no reason to doubt that all the fruits of the Atlantic States can be produced in great plenty and perfection.

The grasses are very luxuriant and nutritious, affording excellent pasture. The oats, which spring up the whole length of the sea-coast, and from forty to sixty miles inland, render the cultivation of that crop entirely unnecessary, and yield a very great quantity of nutritious food for horses, cattle, and sheep. The dry season matures and cures these grasses and oats, so that they remain in an excellent state of preservation during the summer and autumn, and afford an ample supply of forage. While the whole surface of the country appears parched and vegetation destroyed, the numerous flocks and herds which roam over it continue in excellent condition.

Although the mildness of the winter months and the fertility of the soil secure to California very decided agricultural advantages, *irrigation* would greatly increase the products of the soil in quantity and variety, during the greater part of the dry season.

A system of drainage, which would also secure irrigation, is absolutely necessary to give value to the great plain of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. This valley is so extensive and level, that if the rivers passing through it were never to overflow their banks, the rain which falls in winter would render a greater portion of it unfit for cultivation. The foundation of such a system can only be established in the survey and sale of the land. This can be done by laying out canals and drains at suitable distances, and in proper directions, and leaving wide margins to the rivers, that they may have plenty of room to increase their channels when their waters shall be confined within them by embankments.

The farmer derives some very important benefits from the dry season. His crops in harvest-time are never injured by rain; he can with perfect confidence permit them to remain in his fields as long after they have been gathered as his convenience may require; he has no fears that they will be injured by wet or unfavorable weather. Hence it is, that many who have long been accustomed to that climate, prefer it to the changeable weather east of the Rocky Mountains.

As already stated, the forests of California, south of lat. 39 degrees, and west of the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, are limited to detached, scattering groves of oak in the valleys, and of red-wood on the ridges and on the gorges of the hills.

When the dry season sets in, the entire surface is covered with a luxuriant growth of grass and oats, which, as the summer advances become perfectly dry. The remains of all dead trees and shrubs also become dry. These materials, therefore, are very combustible, and usually take fire in the latter part of summer and beginning of autumn, which commonly passes over the whole country, destroying in its course the young shrubs and trees. In fact, it seems to be the same process which has destroyed or prevented the growth of forest trees on the prairies of the Western States, and not any quality in the soil unfriendly to their growth.

The absence of timber and the continuance of the dry season are apt to be regarded by farmers on first going into the country, as irremediable defects, and as presenting obstacles almost insurmountable to the successful progress of agriculture. A little experience will modify these opinions.

It is soon ascertained that the soil will produce abundantly without manure; that flocks and herds sustain themselves through the winter without being fed at the farm-yard, and, consequently, no labor is necessary to provide forage for them; that ditches are easily dug, which present very good barriers for the protection of crops, until live fences can be planted and have time to grow. Forest-trees may be planted with little labor, and in very few years attain a sufficient size for building and fencing purposes. Time may be usefully employed in sowing various grain and root crops during the wet or winter season. There is no weather cold enough to destroy root crops, and, therefore, it is not necessary to gather them. They can be used or sold from the field where they grow. The labor, therefore, required in most of the old States to fell the forests, clear the land of rubbish, and prepare it for seed, may here be applied to other objects.

All these things, together with the perfect security of all crops in harvest-time, from injury by wet weather, are probably sufficient to meet any expense which may be incurred in irrigation, or caused for a time, by a scanty supply of timber.

In the northern part of the territory, above lat. 39 degrees, and on the hills, which rise from the great plain of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, to the foot of the Sierra Nevada, the forests of timber are beautiful and extensive, and would, if brought into use, be sufficiently productive to supply the wants of the southern and western portions of the State.

The preceding description of the climate, soil, and productions of California, is from the report of the Hon. T. Butler King. Much of it relates to the great valley east of the Sierra Nevada. This is undeniably, to strangers, a disagreeable residence, nor will it ever be a theater of extensive agriculture, until some grand system of irrigation is adopted. Not so with the more southern valleys near the coast, as San Jose, Sonoma, Napie, and Los Angelos. These valleys possess delightful climates, and the garden vegetables there produced, exceed anything in the States. The best of them for soil, climate, and facilities for irrigation, is the extreme southern valley of Los Angelos, which is from sixty to one hundred miles in extent. All kinds of fruits, both of the torrid and temperate zones, grow there. It is extremely healthy, with a delightful climate and good soil, with springs gushing out from the mountains, which furnish facilities for irrigating the whole valley. In the valley of San Jose, the land is as dear as that of the older States of the Union.

The Gold Regions.—Capt. J. A. Sutter, a native of Switzerland, who had resided in California since the year 1838, and carried on extensive agricultural operations with the aid of Indians, in the vicinity of his fort, near the site of Sacramento city, feeling the great want of lumber, contracted with a Mr. Marshall, in the fall of 1847, to build him a saw-mill in the broken and mountainous country which is covered with pine forests on the south fork of the American River, about seventy miles easterly from his fort. By the spring, a dam and race had been constructed; the laborers being formerly members of the Mormon battalion, then disbanded. When the water was let on the wheels, the lower part of the race was found too narrow to permit the water to escape with sufficient rapidity, and Mr. Marshall, to save labor, let the water from the river directly into the race with a strong current, so as to wash it wider and deeper. He effected his purpose, and a large bed of mud and

gravel was carried to the end of the race. One day, about the last of May, 1848, as Mr. Marshall was walking down the race to this deposit, near where the figures are seen in the engraving,* he observed some glittering particles at its upper edge; he gathered a few, examined them, and became satisfied of their value. He then went to Sutter's Fort, and informed the Captain of his discovery, which they agreed to keep secret until a certain grist-mill of Sutter's was finished. It, however, got out and spread like magic. Remarkable success attended the labors of the first explorers, and, in about three months, upward of four thousand people were at work there. The town of Culloma was subsequently built upon the same spot.

Further explorations showed that these deposits of gold extended over a vast extent of country. The discovery of the gold, at once changed the character of California. Its people, before engaged in cultivating small patches of ground, and guarding their herds of cattle and horses, flocked to the mines. The laborers left their work, the tradesmen their shops, the soldiers deserted from the forts, and the sailors ran away from their ships.

Information of this discovery spread in all directions during the following winter; and on the commencement of the dry season in 1849, people came into California from all quarters—from the Pacific coast of Mexico and South America, the Sandwich Islands, China and New Holland. The American emigration by sea, did not come in much force until July and August; and that overland, did not arrive until about the 1st of September.

The Chilians and Mexicans were early in the country. In July, it is supposed, there were fifteen thousand foreigners in the mines. At a place called Sonorian camp, on the Toulumne, it is believed there were ten thousand Mexicans. They had quite a city of booths, tents and log-cabins; hotels, restaurants, stores, and shops of all descriptions, furnished whatever money could procure. Ice was brought from the Sierra, and ice creams added to numerous other luxuries. An inclosure made of the trunks and branches of trees, and lined with cotton-cloth, served as a sort of amphitheater for bull fights; and other amusements, characteristic of the Mexicans, were seen in all directions.

The foreigners resorted principally to the southern mines; the Americans to the northern. As the latter increased, they spread themselves over the southern mines, and, either from fear of threatened collisions, or from having satisfied their cupidity, two-thirds of the foreigners soon after left the country. The first season, the laborers averaged about one ounce per day. It is estimated that during the two first years, 1848 and 1849, that gold to the value of about forty millions of dollars was collected, one-half of which was probably gathered and carried out of the country by foreigners.

The principal gold region of California is about five hundred miles long, and from forty to fifty miles broad, following the line of the Sierra Nevada. It embraces within its limits those extensive ranges of hills which rise on the eastern border of the plain of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and, extending eastwardly from fifty to sixty miles, they attain an elevation of about four thousand feet, and terminate at the base of the main ridge of the Sierra Nevada. There are numerous streams which have their sources in the springs of the Sierra, and receive the water from its melting snows, and that which falls in rain during the wet season. These streams form rivers, which have cut their channels through the ranges of foot-hills westwardly to the plain, and disembogue into the Sacramento and San Joaquin. These rivers are from ten to fifteen, and probably some of them twenty miles apart.

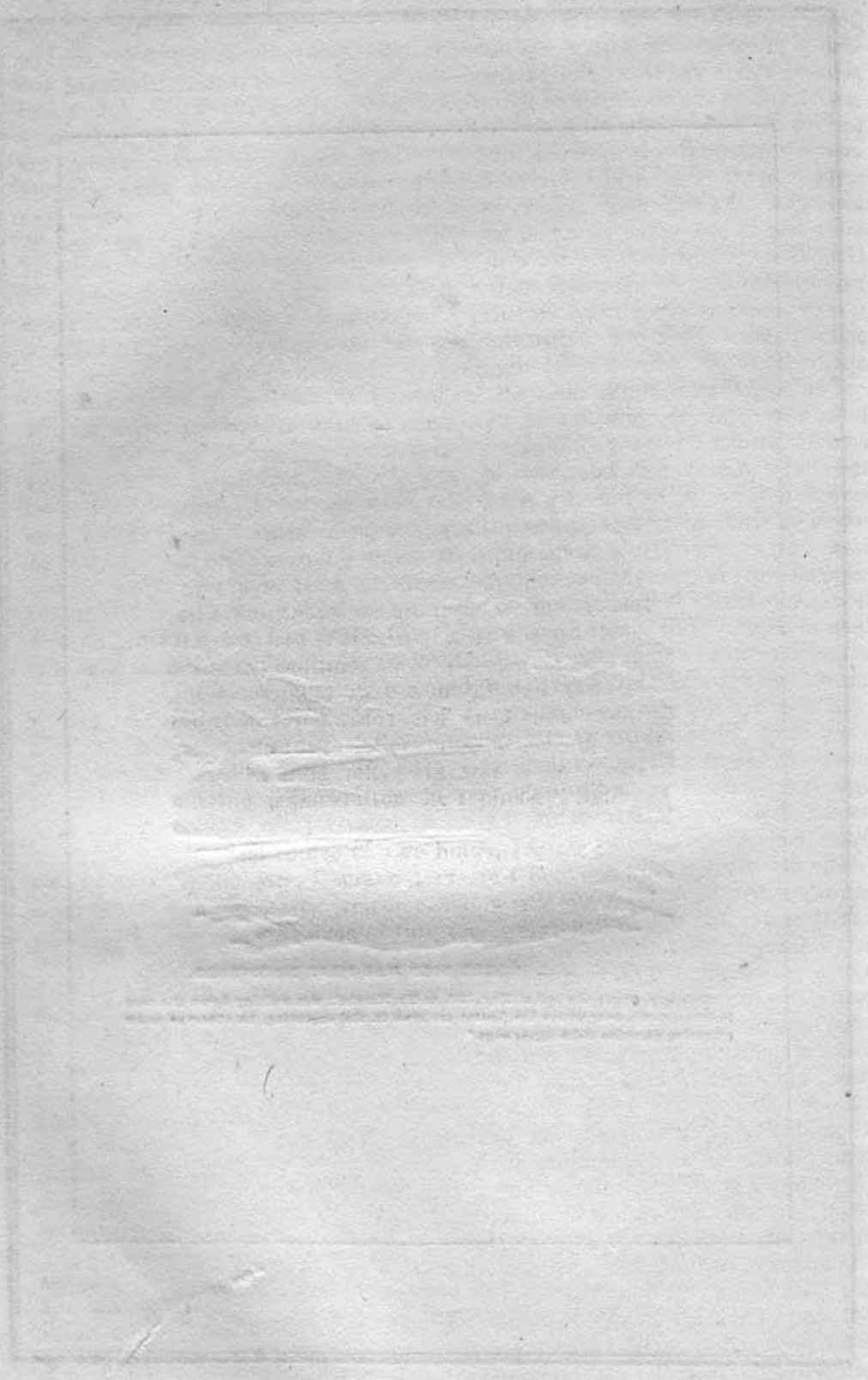
The principal formation or substratum in these hills is talcose slate;

* This view is copied from J. L. Marvin's beautiful panorama of California



SUTTER'S MILL WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED.

"One day, about the last of May, 1848, as Mr. Marshall was walking down the race to this deposit, near where the figures are seen in the engraving, he observed some glittering particles at its upper edge."



the superstratum, sometimes penetrating to a great depth, is quartz. This, however, does not cover the entire face of the country, but extends in large bodies in various directions—is found in masses and small fragments on the surface, and seen along the ravines, and in the mountains overhanging the rivers, and in the hill-sides in its original beds. It crops out in the valleys and on the tops of the hills, and forms a striking feature of the entire country over which it extends. From innumerable evidences and indications, it has come to be the universally admitted opinion among the miners and intelligent men who have examined this region, that the gold, whether in detached particles and in pieces, or in veins, was created in combination with the quartz. Gold is not found on the surface of the country, presenting the appearance of having been thrown up and scattered in all directions by volcanic action. It is only found in particular localities, and attended by peculiar circumstances and indications. It is found in the bars and shoals of the rivers, in ravines, and in what are called the dry diggings.

The rivers, in forming their channels, or breaking their way through the hills, have come in contact with the quartz containing the gold veins, and by constant attrition cut the gold into fine flakes and dust, and it is found among the sand and gravel of their beds at those places where the swiftness of the current reduces it, in the dry season, to the narrowest possible limits, and where a wide margin is, consequently, left on each side, over which the water rushes, during the wet season, with great force. As the velocity of some streams is greater than others, so is the gold found in fine or coarse particles, apparently corresponding to the degree of attrition to which it has been exposed. The water from the hills and upper valleys, in finding its way to the rivers, has cut deep ravines, and, wherever it came in contact with the quartz, has dissolved or crumbled it in pieces.

In the dry season these channels are mostly without water, and gold is found in the beds and margins of many of them in large quantities, but in a much coarser state than in the rivers; owing, undoubtedly, to the moderate flow and temporary continuance of the current, which has reduced it to smooth shapes, not unlike pebbles, but had not sufficient force to reduce it to flakes or dust.

The dry diggings are places where quartz containing gold has cropped out, and been disintegrated, crumbled to fragments, pebbles and dust, by the action of water and the atmosphere. The gold has been left as it was made, in all imaginable shapes; in pieces of all sizes, from one grain to several pounds in weight. The evidences that it was created in combination with quartz, are too numerous and striking to admit of doubt or cavil. They are found in combination in large quantities. A very large proportion of the pieces of gold found in these situations have more or less quartz adhering to them. In many specimens they are so combined that they cannot be separated without reducing the whole mass to powder, and subjecting it to the action of quicksilver. This gold, not having been exposed to the attrition of a strong current of water, retains, in a great degree, its original conformation. These diggings, in some places, are spread over valleys of considerable extent, which have the appearance of alluvion, formed by washings from the adjoining hills, of decomposed quartz and slate earth, and vegetable matter.

In addition to these facts, it is beyond doubt true, that several vein-mines have been found, showing the minute connection between the gold and the rock, and indicating a value hitherto unknown in gold-mining. These veins do not present the appearance of places where gold may have been lodged by some violent eruption. It is combined with the quartz, in all imaginable forms and degrees of richness

The rivers present very striking, and, it would seem, conclusive evidence respecting the quantity of gold remaining undiscovered in the quartz veins. It is not probable that the gold in the dry diggings, and that in the rivers—the former in lumps, the latter in dust—was created by different processes. That which is found in the rivers, has, undoubtedly, been cut or worn from the veins in the rock, with which their currents have come in contact. All of them appear to be equally rich. This is shown by the fact that a laboring man may collect nearly as much in one river as he can in another. They intersect and cut through the gold region, running from east to west, at irregular distances of fifteen to twenty, and perhaps some of them thirty miles apart.

Hence, it appears that the gold veins are equally rich in all parts of that most remarkable section of country. Were it wanting, there are further proofs of this in the ravines and dry diggings, which uniformly confirm what nature so plainly shows in the rivers.

About two hundred miles west of Los Angelos, near the *Spanish Trail*—indicated by the dotted line on the map in this volume—is the celebrated *Gold Mountain*, which yields from two dollars and fifty cents to ten dollars in value to a pound of rock. The mountain is about four hundred and fifty feet in height, forming the side of a deep gorge or *canon*, and extends one-fourth of a mile. The region about it is a sterile desert, infested by immense numbers of rattlesnakes, with no water, except that which is poisonous, within sixteen miles. The vast and unexplored country between the San Joaquin and the Colorado, will probably become the great theater of mining in a short time. It is known to be a gold region, and it abounds also in silver and copper. The Desert mine, in the Gold Mountain, is worked by a company. As the surface gold of California is becoming, to a certain extent, exhausted, companies are forming to prosecute the business by the use of machinery of every kind. The following description of the method adopted for collecting the gold, together with a sketch of life in the mines, we give in the language of a gentleman who was at the mines on the Sacramento, in the summer of 1849.

Arriving on the *bar*, the scene presented to us was new indeed, and not more extraordinary than impressive. Some, with long-handled shovels, delved among clumps of bushes, or by the side of large rocks, never raising their eyes for an instant; others, with pick and shovel, worked among stone and gravel, or with trowels searched under banks and roots of trees, where, if rewarded with small lumps of gold, the eye shone brighter for an instant, when the search was immediately and more ardently resumed. At the edge of the stream, or knee deep and waist deep in water, as cold as melted ice and snow could make it, some were washing gold with tin-pans, or the common cradle-rocker, while the rays of the sun were pouring down on their heads with an intensity exceeding anything we ever experienced at home, though it was but the middle of April.

The thirst for gold and the labor of acquisition, overruled all else, and totally absorbed every faculty. Complete silence reigned among the miners; they addressed not a word to each other, and seemed averse to all conversation. All the sympathies of our common humanity, all the finer and nobler attributes of our nature seemed lost, buried beneath the soil they were eagerly delving, or swept away with the rushing waters that revealed the shining treasure.

This "*placer*," or bar, is simply the higher portion of the sandy and rocky bed of the stream, which, during the seasons of high water, is covered with the rushing torrent, but was now partially or entirely exposed. This is covered with large stones and rocks, or, on the smooth sand, with clumps of

bushes or trees. Selecting a spot, we inquired of those nearest, whether any other "diggers" claimed a prior possession; and such not being the case, we went to work. First fixing our machine firmly at the edge of the stream, we dug and carried down a pile of earth to be washed; and when sufficient was collected, one filled the machine with earth and kept it in motion, while the other supplied it with water. Getting but a small quantity of gold at that spot, we waded through a little inlet to another part of the *bar* nearer the stream, and our labors not being well rewarded here, we again shipped our position nearer the other miners. There we fixed upon the edge of a bank, where the ground had been broken by an old miner and deserted. Digging through about a foot of sand and stones, which we rejected, we came to a clay deposit mixed with sand; with this we filled the buckets, and carried it to the machine. The upper or sandy layer contains no gold, but the gold grains, by their weight, and the action of the water, sift through this into the clay, where they are found, until the blue clay or granite formation is reached, which, in these *diggings*, is generally three to four feet; but in some of the others the miners dig ten or fifteen feet. It was now mid-day, and the heat of the sun was quite intolerable to all but salamanders; and finding in our machines about four dollars value of gold to the twenty buckets full of earth, we discontinued our labors for that day.

It is to be remembered, however, that this was, by no means, what was considered rich earth, which can only be got at when the streams are lowest, and the *bars* fully exposed. While on this *bar*, we carefully noticed the operations of experienced diggers and miners, and were soon convinced of the superior utility of the pan and common wooden rocker for washing gold in California.

The *rocker* is simply a wooden cradle, the same as a child's cradle, except that the back rocker is higher than the front one, thus forming an inclined plane of the bottom, across which two or three wooden cleets are nailed a foot apart. Over the top is a grating or tin sieve to catch the pebbles and coarse sand; on this the earth and water is thrown, while the cradle is worked by a long handle or lever at the side, and the gold lodges on the bottom on the upper side of the cleets, the lower end of the cradle being open for the escape of the earth and water. These rockers were of different sizes; some could be worked by one man, and others requiring five. At the close of the day's work the gold is removed, and there is no interruption for this purpose during the day. The common tin-pan is everywhere necessary and useful, and on some of the most inaccessible *bars* in the deepest *canons* of the mountains, no other washer can be transported or used.

The *bars*, like the one just described, are denominated the *wet diggings*, and are generally in the deep *canons* of the mountains. A *canon* is the narrow opening between two mountains, several hundred, and sometimes several thousand feet in depth; rising some of them like perpendicular cliffs on either hand, as if torn asunder by a violent convulsion of nature. Through these pour the rushing mountain torrents of the *wet diggings* of the gold regions of California.

Some of our party visited the *dry diggings* of the ravines and *gulches* of the sides of the mountains. A *gulch* differs from a common ravine in being more steep, abrupt and inaccessible. The sound of *gulch* is like that of a sudden plunge into a deep hole, which is just the character of the thing itself. The gold obtained there is chiefly by *washing* the red clay with a pan, in the pools of the ravines, formed by the rainy season, or in some little mountain rivulet, often several hundred yards from the spot where the earth is obtained.

The crevices of the white-veined quartz works also furnished gold in lumps nearly pure, or mixed with the quartz; and a good deal is extracted in this way by the common butcher or sailor's sheath-knife, which is best for the purpose. Not near as much gold, however, is thus obtained as has been commonly supposed. The faces, hair, brows and eyelashes of the miners in the *dry diggings* become continually plastered with the red clay, in which they work and wash. India-rubber aprons are some protection, but boots of that material soon cut on the rocks; and, in fact, a deer skin suit, with fisherman's boots, furnish the best clothing a miner can possibly have.

In the dry diggings, during the summer, the great difficulty the miner has to contend with, is scarcity of water. The finding of ever so small a spring is then an important event, and if near the rich diggings, the water is frequently sold as high as from a half to one dollar a pail full. A ditch is then dug as near the spring as possible, five or six feet wide, and three or four deep; across this, logs are laid, on which the rocker is placed. The miner then carries or packs a pile of the earth to the side of the trench, where having secured a supply of water, he is able, by the use of buckets and pans, to save a portion of it as it runs off from his cradle. Many employ their time in summer simply to collect the earth, to be washed in the rainy or winter season, when the watery element is by no means scarce.*

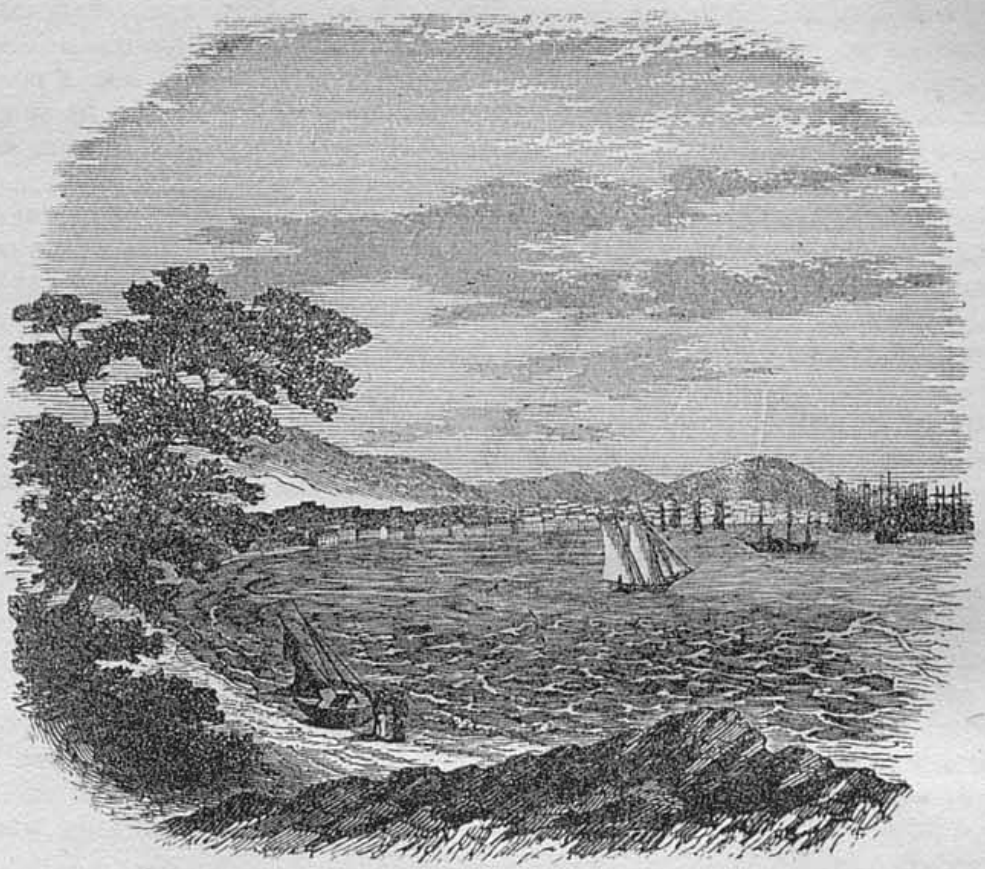
Returning to camp, we renewed our trading, witnessing, on some days, illustrations of *life in the gold diggings*. Miners were continually coming in from different *diggings*, to expend a part or all of their gold, on what they term "*a burst;*" which is a constant revel, night and day, for three or four days, and often a week at a time. Drinking brandy at eight dollars, and champaign at sixteen dollars a bottle, as freely as water, they wandered and roved about from groggery to store, and store to tent, wild with intoxication, brandishing bowie-knives in sport, or shooting with the rifle at any mark they fancied, with the ball often but half home, and the rammer in. Others would leap into the saddle, and yelling with excitement, gallop furiously in every direction, regardless of all obstacles, frequently being thrown and nearly killed. Profanity of the vilest description—oaths, such as we never conceived could be uttered by human lips, incessantly filled the air. The deep disgust we experienced at the revolting profanity of life in the gold diggings, we can never forget.

With some of the men, who appeared good natured in their excesses, we ventured to remonstrate. We said, "This digging gold is toilsome and hard labor, why do you not try and keep some for a rainy day?" And their reply was, "Oh! we know where there's plenty more, and when we want it we can dig it."

Among all the roving and reckless characters by whom we were surrounded, were two special curiosities, named Bill and Gus. Now, Bill and Gus had come over from the Middle Fork, for a particular, general and universal "burst." Being well known diggers, they had not only plenty of the dust, but when that was gone, they had abundant credit, both at the traders and

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* The Sonorians, or Northern Mexicans, have a peculiar mode of washing the fine refuse sand in the dry diggings. Gathering the loose dry sand in bowls, they raise it to their heads, and slowly, repeatedly, pour it upon a blanket spread at their feet, until they reduce it to half its bulk, throwing out by hand the worthless pieces of rock; then balancing the bowl on one hand, by a quick, dexterous motion of the other, they cause it to revolve, at the same time throwing its contents into the air and catching them as they fall. In this manner, everything is finally winnowed away, except the heavier grains of sand mixed with gold, which is carefully separated by the breath. It is a laborious occupation, and one which the American diggers fortunately do not attempt. This breathing the fine dust from day to day, under a more than torrid sun, would soon impair the strongest lungs.



SAN FRANCISCO.

'San Francisco, previous to the discovery of gold, was an insignificant village, with about a dozen houses only. It was then called Yerba Buena, i. e., Good Herb, from the wild mint growing on the hills."--Page 413.

groggeries. As bosom friends, they never were apart, and with hearts softened by the fumes of liquor, they loved all around them, attaching themselves as fixtures to our tent. This was annoying, but like many other things in California, must be borne. Bill was as wiry as an Indian, and with his jet locks and furtive eyes, resembled one not a little; while Gus, with his sleek and rounded limbs, was like an elder uncle to him. One of our party, after being strongly solicited, sold Bill a bottle of French brandy, laid in for medical purposes, at half an ounce of gold, or eight dollars. He immediately insisted on our drinking with him; but on our refusing several times, he dashed it violently against a tree, thus throwing away his half ounce and his brandy both. In paying for something, he dropped a small lump of gold, worth two or three dollars, which we picked up and offered him. Without taking it, he looked at us with a comical mixture of amazement and ill-humor, and at length broke out with, "Well, stranger, you are *a curiosity!* I guess you haint been in the *diggings* long, and better keep that for *a sample.*" They finally purchased a barrel of ale, at three dollars per bottle, and sardines at half an ounce per box; and with a bottle under each arm, and glass in hand, went about forcing everybody to drink.

The quicksilver mines of California are numerous, extensive and very valuable. The cinnabar ore, which produces the quicksilver, lies near the surface, and is easily procured. Quicksilver is very useful for gold washing. By means of a rocker of a peculiar construction, with three or four lateral gutters filled with quicksilver, the gold is taken up almost perfectly. The quicksilver, while it rejects the sand, collects and absorbs the particles of gold and forms an amalgam with it. The quicksilver is afterward evaporated in a retort by means of heat, leaving the pure gold. In gathering the minute gold dust in the quartz rock, pulverized by machinery, quicksilver is indispensable.

In 1850, the population of California was estimated at 200,000; and the three largest towns, San Francisco, Sacramento City and Stockton, respectively at thirty, ten and five thousand each. Vallejo, the seat of government, is a new city, laid out on the bay of San Francisco, twenty-five miles from San Francisco. San Francisco is on the same latitude with Richmond, Virginia, and distant, in an air line from it, 2,500 miles. Previous to the discovery of gold, it was an insignificant village, with about a dozen houses only. It was then called Yerba Buena, *i. e.*, Good Herb, from the wild mint growing on the hills.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF A PARTY OF CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS.

Notwithstanding the great sufferings of various parties of overland emigrants to California since the era of the gold discovery, they will bear no comparison with those about to be related.

In the latter part of the year 1846, a party of eighty emigrants, men, women and children, known as Reed and Donner's Company, by exploring a new route through the Deserts of Utah, and from other causes, lost so much time that they did not reach the Pass of the Sierra Nevada until the 31st of October, when they should have been there a month earlier. The snow, unfortunately, had commenced falling two or three weeks earlier than usual, and when they arrived at the foot of the pass in the mountains, it had become so deep that they found it impossible to proceed. They erected cabins on the banks of Truckee Lake, near the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada, about one hundred miles northeast of the site of Sacramento City, and ere relief reached them, thirty-six of their number perished from cold and starvation, while the

unfortunate survivors were obliged to subsist on the corpses of their companions, in order to escape a like fate.

From the 1st of November, until the 16th of December, several attempts were made by some of the emigrants to cross the mountains from their cabins into the settlements, to bring relief to the company; but owing to the softness and the depth of the snow, they were obliged to turn back. On that day, expecting that they would be enabled to reach the settlements in ten days, seven men, five women, a boy and two Indians, having prepared themselves with snow-shoes, again started on the perilous undertaking, determined to succeed or perish.

On first starting, the snow was so light and loose that even with snow-shoes they sunk in twelve inches at every step. On the 17th, they crossed the dividing ridge, and by the 20th, owing to the extreme difficulty of walking in snow-shoes, and the softness of the snow, had succeeded in reaching only twenty miles in advance of their cabins. On that day, the sun rose clear and beautiful, and cheered by its sparkling rays, they pursued their weary way. On this day they traveled eight miles, but one of their number, Mr. Stanton, being unable to keep up with them, remained behind and perished in the snow. A severe snow storm having come on, they remained in camp until the 23d, when, although the storm continued, they traveled eight miles and encamped in a deep valley. Here the appearance of the country was so different from what they had anticipated, that they concluded that they were lost, but determined to go on rather than return to their miserable cabins. They were also at this time out of provisions, and partly agreed that, in case of necessity, they would cast lots who should die to preserve the remainder. By morning, the snow had so increased that they could not travel; while, to add to their sufferings, their fire had been put out by the rain, and all their endeavors to light another, proved abortive. Already death was in the midst of them, Antonio and Mr. Graves dying at that time.

In this critical moment, the presence of mind of Mr. William Eddy suggested the plan for keeping themselves warm, practiced among the trappers of the Rocky Mountains when caught in the snow without fire. It is simply to spread a blanket on the snow, when the party—if small—with the exception of one, sit down upon it in a circle, closely as possible, their feet piled over one another in the center, room being left for the person who has to complete the arrangement. As many blankets as are necessary are then spread over the heads of the party, the ends being kept down by billets of wood or snow. After everything is completed, the person outside takes his place in the circle. As the snow falls, it closes up the pores of the blankets, while the breath of the party underneath soon causes a comfortable warmth. In this situation, they remained a day-and-a-half; one of the men, Patrick Doolan, and Murphy, a boy, having in the meanwhile become delirious, died.

On the afternoon of the 26th, they succeeded in getting fire into a dry pine tree. Having been four days without food, and since October on short allowance, they had now no alternative but starvation or of preserving life by eating the corpses of the dead. This horrible expedient was resorted to with great reluctance. They cut the flesh from the arms and legs of Doolan, and roasted and ate it, averting their faces from each other and weeping.

Having stripped and dried the flesh from the bodies, they left the camp on the 30th, and with heavy hearts pressed on, wading through the snow and climbing the mountains with almost incredible fatigue; the blood from their frozen feet staining the snow over which they passed. Thus they continued on until the 5th of January, when Mr. Fosdick gave out, and his flesh was pre-

served to sustain life in the remainder. Soon after, Lewis laid down and died.

On the 17th, Mr. Eddy, who stood the fatigues better than any of the others, and had gone in advance of the rest, reached the settlement on Bear Creek, from whence relief was dispatched to the remains of his party. Of these, the females had borne up wonderfully. Not one had perished, while men of strong frames and nerves had gone down in the death-struggle. Never was the fortitude, the passive, enduring courage of woman more signally displayed, than in this dreadful march; they encouraged the men by words and example, to bear up under their sufferings and persevere unto the end.

As soon as the people of San Francisco received from the settlement on Bear River, intelligence of the dangerous situation of the emigrants encamped on Truckee Lake, they sent out several parties to their relief. Capt. Sutter also displayed his characteristic benevolence on the occasion, furnishing in advance of the others, men and mules laden with provisions for the relief of the perishing sufferers. But such were the difficulties of reaching them, that it was not until the 29th of April that the last of the party was brought into Sutter's Fort.

A more shocking scene cannot be imagined, than that witnessed by the parties who went to the relief of the unfortunate emigrants. Large numbers had perished from cold and starvation. The bones of those who had died and been devoured by the miserable survivors, were lying around their tents and cabins. Bodies of men, women, and children, with half the flesh torn from them, lay on every side. A woman sat by the side of the body of her husband, who had just died and was in the act of cutting out his tongue; the heart she had already taken out, broiled and eaten. The daughter was seen eating the flesh of the father—the mother, that of the children—children, that of parents. The emaciated, wild, and ghastly appearance of the survivors added to the horror of the scene. The awful change cannot be described, which a few weeks of dire suffering had wrought in the minds of these wretched beings. Those who but one month before, would have shuddered and sickened at the thought of eating human flesh, or of killing their companions and relatives, to preserve their own lives, now looked upon the opportunity these acts afforded them of escaping death, as a providential interference. Calculations were coldly made as they sat around their gloomy camp fires, for the next and succeeding meals. Various expedients were devised to prevent the dreadful crime of murder, but they finally resolved to kill those who had the least claims to longer existence, when just at that moment some of them died, which afforded temporary relief.

After the first few deaths, but the one all-absorbing thought of individual self-preservation prevailed. The feelings of natural affection were dried up. The cords that once vibrated with connubial, parental, and filial affection, were rent asunder, and each one seemed resolved, without regard to the fate of others, to escape from the impending calamity.

So changed had they become, that on the arrival of the first party with food, some of them cast it aside, preferring the putrid human flesh that remained. The day previous, one of the emigrants took a small child in bed with him and devoured the whole before morning.

With but few exceptions, all the sufferers, both those who perished and those who survived, manifested a species of insanity. Objects delightful to the senses, often flitted across the imagination, and a thousand fantasies filled and disturbed the disordered brain.

Although in the midst of winter, their deluded fancies often represented to them during the day, beautiful farm-houses, and extensive fields and gardens

in the distance, toward which, they would press forward with all the energy with which alternate hope and despair could inspire them. During the night, they often heard men talking, dogs barking, cocks crowing, and bells tinkling. Many believed that they were surrounded by familiar faces and old friends, and that they saw objects associated with scenes of other years and places. Some saw persons coming to their relief, and called to them to hasten. There were instances of persons suspecting, at times, that the terrible circumstances by which they were in reality surrounded, were but the illusions of most horrible dreams, and they would rub their eyes and put their hands upon their heads to assure themselves, if it were possible, that all was not the result of a dreadful vision or nightmare.

Some of the party, though sometimes during brief intervals perfectly sane when awake, suffered from most painful and terrifying dreams—in which they saw combats and cries of despair and anguish, together with visions of famine and death, while floundering in fathomless snows.

Some of these unhappy emigrants felt a general sinking of all their mental and bodily energies, without, however, experiencing the gnawings of hunger. This absence of the sensation of hunger was followed by an irresistible desire to sleep. In the course of half-an-hour after falling into this torpor, they breathed unnaturally and with difficulty, speedily followed by a rattling in the throat. This continued from one to four hours, when death closed the scene; the individual, in the meantime, appearing to be in a profound slumber. A few became furious and died without sinking into this slumber. Others died calm and peaceful, taking affectionate leave of friends, and expressing a confident hope in the mercy of the blessed Redeemer.

The last relief party was conducted by Mr. Fallen, by which time all of the living sufferers had been taken into the settlements, excepting Mr. and Mrs. Donner and a vile wretch named Keysburg. When the others left, Mrs. Donner remained with her husband, who was unable to travel. Why Keysburg remained, can only be guessed. Donner was a highly respectable and wealthy farmer of Illinois, and his lady a woman of great activity and energy, and of a polished education. They had with them abundant means in money and merchandise.

Fallen and his party reached the cabins sometime in April, in one of which, they found Keysburg reclining upon the floor smoking a pipe. Near his head a fire was blazing, upon which was a camp-kettle filled with human flesh. His feet were resting upon skulls and dislocated limbs stripped of their flesh. A bucket, partly filled with blood, was standing near, and pieces of human flesh fresh and bloody, strewed around. His appearance was haggard and revolting. His beard was of great length; his finger nails had grown out until they resembled the claws of a wild beast. He was ragged and filthy, and the expression of his countenance ferocious. He stated that the Donners were both dead; that Mrs. Donner was the last to die, and had expired two days previously; that she had left her husband's camp eight miles distant, and came to his cabin. She attempted to return in the evening to the camp, but becoming bewildered, she came back to the cabin and died in the course of the night.

He was accused of having murdered her for her flesh, and the money the Donners were known to possess, but denied it, and also all knowledge of their money; but Fallen placed a rope around his neck and commenced hanging him to the limb of a tree, when to save his life, he confessed that he knew all about the money. They released him and he produced $517 in gold, which he had secreted. Against his will, they then compelled him to accompany them to the nearest settlements. The body of Donner was found

in his cabin, where he had been carefully laid out by his wife, and a sheet wrapt around the corpse. This was the last act probably that she performed ere visiting the cabin of Keysburg.

On the 22d of June, 1847, the return party of Gen. Kearney halted at the scene of these horrible occurrences to collect and bury the remains. Near the principal cabins were two bodies entire, with the exception, that their abdomen had been cut open and their entrails extracted. Their flesh had been either wasted by famine, or evaporated by exposure to a dry atmosphere, and they presented the appearance of mummies. Strewn about the cabins, were dislocated and broken bones—skulls, some of which had been sawed apart carefully to extract their brains—human skeletons, in short, in every variety of mutilation, all presenting a most appalling and revolting spectacle.

UTAH.

The name *Utah* is derived from that of a native tribe, and is given to it in the Act of Congress of 1850, which formed it into a territory of the United States. The name *Deseret* was applied to it by the Mormons, and is said to signify *virtue and industry*.

A large part of Utah is of volcanic origin. It is supposed, from certain traditions and remains, to have been, many hundred years ago, the residence of the Aztec nation—that they were driven south by the volcanic eruptions which changed the face of the whole country. Eventually, they became the possessors of Mexico, where, after attaining great proficiency in the arts of life, they were finally overthrown by the Spaniards at the time of the conquest.

Utah was not probably visited by civilized man until within the present century. These were Catholic missionaries, who may have just touched its California border, and the trappers and hunters employed by the fur companies. The first establishment in Utah was made by William H. Ashley, a Missouri fur trader. In 1824, he organized an expedition which passed up the valley of the Platte River, and through the cleft of the Rocky Mountains, since called "*The South Pass;*" and then advancing further west, he reached the Great Salt Lake, which lies embosomed among lofty mountains. About a hundred miles southeast of this, he discovered a smaller one, since known as "Ashley's Lake." He there built a fort or trading-post, in which he left about a hundred men. Two years afterward, a six pound piece of artillery was drawn from Missouri to this fort, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles, and in 1828, many wagons, heavily laden, performed the same journey.

During the three years between 1824 and 1827, Ashley's men collected and sent to St. Louis, furs from that region of country to an amount, in value, of over $180,000. This enterprising man then sold out all his interests to Messrs. Smith, Jackson and Sublette. These energetic and determined men carried on, for many years, an extensive and profitable business, in the course of which they traversed a large part of southern Oregon, Utah, California and New Mexico west of the mountains. Smith was murdered in the summer of 1829, by the Indians northwest of Utah Lake. Ashley's Fort was long since abandoned.

Unfortunately, these adventurous men knew nothing of science, and but little information was derived from them save vague reports, which greatly excited curiosity; this was only increased by the partial explorations of Fremont.

In his second expedition, made in 1843, he visited *The Great Salt Lake*,

which appears upon old Spanish maps as Lake Timpanogos and Lake Tegaya.

It was on the 21st of August, that the party first came into the fertile and picturesque valley of the Great Bear River, its principal tributary. They were entering into what was to them, a region of strange and extraordinary interest. They were upon the waters of the famous and unknown lake, around which the vague and superstitious accounts of the trappers had thrown a delightful obscurity. It was generally supposed, that it had no visible outlet; but that somewhere upon its surface was a horrible whirlpool, through which the waters found their way to the ocean by some subterranean communication.

On the 6th of September, they ascended an eminence, and, immediately at their feet, "beheld," says Fremont, "the object of our anxious search—the waters of the *Inland Sea*, stretching in still and solitary grandeur far beyond the limit of our vision. It was one of the great points of the exploration; and as we looked eagerly over the lake in the first emotions of excited pleasure, I am doubtful if the followers of Balboa felt more enthusiasm, when, from the heights of the Andes they, for the first time, saw the great Western Ocean. It was certainly a magnificent object, and a noble *terminus* to this part of our expedition; and to travelers so long shut up among mountain ranges, a sudden view over the expanse of silent waters, had in it something sublime."

They had brought with them an India-rubber boat, which Fremont determined to use in explorations upon the lake. They launched it in a small stream emptying into it. When near its mouth, "we came," says Fremont, "to a small black ridge on the bottom, beyond which the water suddenly became salt, beginning gradually to deepen. It was a remarkable division, separating the fresh waters of the rivers from the briny water of the lake, which was entirely saturated with salt. Pushing our little vessel across the narrow boundary, we sprang on board, and, at length, were afloat upon the waters of the unknown sea. Although the day was very calm, there was a considerable swell on the lake; and there were white patches of foam on the surface, which were slowly moving to the southward, indicating the set of a current in that direction, and recalling the recollection of the whirlpool stories. The water continued to deepen as we advanced; the lake becoming almost transparently clear, of an extremely beautiful, bright green color; and the spray which was thrown into the boat and over our clothes, was directly converted into a crust of common salt, which covered also our hands and arms. 'Captain,' said Carson, who, for some time, had been looking suspiciously at some whitening appearances outside the nearest islands, 'what are those yonder? won't you just take a look with the glass?" We ceased paddling for a moment, and found them the caps of the waves that were beginning to break under the force of a strong breeze that was coming up the lake. Gradually we worked across the rougher sea of the open channel, into the smoother water under the lea of the island for which we were steering; and began to discover that what we took for a long row of pelicans ranged on the beach, were only low cliffs whitened with salt by the spray of the waves."

About noon they reached the island, and landed on a broad, handsome beach, behind which the hill, into which the island gathered, rose somewhat abruptly. The cliffs and masses of rock along the shore, were whitened by an incrustation of salt, where the waves dashed up against them; and the evaporating water, which had been left in holes and hollows on the surface of the rocks, was incrusted with salt for about one-eighth of an inch. This salt was very white and fine, having the usual flavor of the best common salt. In the afternoon they ascended the highest point of the island,—a bare, rocky

peak, eight hundred feet above the lake. "Standing on the summit," says Fremont, "we enjoyed an extended view of the lake, inclosed in a basin of rugged mountains, which sometimes left marshy flats and extensive bottoms between them and the shore, and, in other places, came down directly into the water with bold and precipitous bluffs. Following with our glasses the irregular shores, we searched for some indications of a communication with other bodies of water, or the entrance of other rivers, but the distance was so great that we could make out nothing with certainty. As we looked over the vast expanse of waters spread out beneath us, and strained our eyes along the silent shores, over which hung so much doubt and uncertainty, and which were so full of interest to us, I could hardly repress the almost irresistible desire to continue our explorations; but the lengthening snow on the mountains was a plain indication of the advancing season, and our frail linen boat appeared so insecure, that I was unwilling to trust our lives to the uncertainties of the lake. We, however, felt pleasure in remembering that we were the first who, in the traditionary annals of the country, had visited the islands, and broken, with the cheerful sounds of human voices, the long solitude of the place."

They passed the night on the island, kindling bright fires out of drift-wood, their slumbers lulled by the roar of the surf that dashed heavily, like ocean waves, upon the shores of this inland sea.

In the morning, when they embarked for the main land, the surf was dashing heavily, the lake was dark and agitated, and the wind blowing a strong gale ahead, rendered their return, in their frail boat, one of imminent peril and difficulty.

In the region of the Utah Lake, Fremont encountered a poor, miserable race of Indians, known under the name of Diggers, who, among human beings, may be considered the nearest approach to the animal creation. Their sole occupation was to procure food sufficient to support mere animal existence. They lived principally upon roots, which they *dug* from the ground; hence their name. They carried long forked sticks, to haul out lizards and other small animals from their holes for food. Their heads were large, hair matted and coarse, and their bodies almost entirely naked. The expression of their countenances strongly resembled those of beasts of prey, and all their actions were those of wild animals. Joined to the restless motion of the eye, there was a want of mind, an absence of thought, and an action wholly by impulse, strongly expressed, and which strikingly recalled the similarity. These people inhabit the Great Basin, where they thus eke out a scanty subsistence from seeds, roots and lizards.*

But four years elapsed after the visit of Fremont to the Great Salt Lake, when that region became the abiding-place of that anomaly of our time—the Mormons, the first settlers of Utah. Of their wanderings ere they found this haven of rest, it comes within the scope of this article to give an account,

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* Farnham, in his Travels, says that these Indians are more disgusting than the Hottentots. Their heads are white with the germs of crawling filth! They provide nothing for future wants. And when the lizard and snail are buried in the snows of winter, they are said to retire to the vicinity of timber, and dig holes in the form of ovens in the steep sides of the sand-hills, and, having heated them to a certain degree, deposit themselves in them, and sleep and fast until the weather permits them to go abroad for food. Persons who have visited their haunts after a severe winter, have found the ground around these family ovens strewn with the unburied bodies of the dead, and others crawling among them, who had various degrees of strength, from a bare sufficiency to gasp in death to those that crawled upon hands and feet, eating grass like cattle. It is said that they have no weapons of defense but the club, and in the use of that they are very unskillful. These poor creatures are hunted in the spring, when weak and helpless, by a certain class of men, and when taken are fattened, and carried to Santa Fe, and sold as slaves during their minority. "A likely girl," in her teens, often brings $300 or $400. The men are valued less.

which we derive from the discourse of Thomas L. Kane, Esq., delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, March 26th, 1850. Colonel Kane was with the Mormons for several months during the period of their distressing flight, having been sent to them after they left Nauvoo, as a confidential agent of the administration of President Polk, on a mixed errand, charitable and political.*

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* Colonel Kane is a son of the Hon. J. K. Kane, Judge of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, and a gentleman whose character is such as to render his testimony irreproachable. We make this statement, because the reputation which he gives the Mormons is so totally variant with that assigned by common rumor. On this point, we annex the following from the postscript to the second edition of the discourse :

"I have been annoyed by comments this hastily written discourse has elicited. Well meaning friends have even invited me to note down its remark in favor of the Mormons, for the purpose of securing them a readier acceptance.—I can only make them more express. The Truth must take care of itself. I not only meant to deny that the Mormons, in any-wise, fall below our own standard of morals, but I would be distinctly understood to ascribe to those of their number with whom I associated in the West, a general correctness of deportment, and purity of character above the average of ordinary communities.

"The farthest I can go toward qualifying my testimony, will be to name the causes, to which, as a believer in Nature's compensations, I have, myself, credited this undue morality.

"It was partly attributable, perhaps, to their forced abstemiousness ; the diet of the most fortunate Mormons having been, for long-continued periods, very spare, and composed almost wholly of vegetable food, with few condiments, and no intoxicating liquors. Some influence should be referred also to their custom of early and equal marriages, these not being regulated by the prudential considerations which embarrass opulent communities ; something more to the supervision which was incidental to their nomadic life, and the habits it encouraged of disciplined, but grateful industry.

"The chief cause, however, was probably found in this fact. The Mormons, as I saw them, though a majority, were but a portion of the Church as it flourished in Illinois. When the persecution triumphed there, and no alternative remained for the steadfast in the faith but the flight out of Egypt into the Wilderness, as it was termed, all their fair weather friends forsook them. Priests and elders, scribes and preachers deserted by whole councils at a time ; each talented knave, of whose craft they had been victims, finding his own pretext for abandoning them, without surrendering the money-bag of which he was the holder.

"So the Mormons have been, as it were, *broken and screened* by calamity. Their designing leaders have left them to seek fairer fortunes elsewhere. Those that remain of the old rock are the masses, always honest in the main and sincere even in delusion ; and their guides are a few tried and trusty men, little initiated in the plotting of synagogues, and more noted for services rendered than bounties received. They are the men whom I saw on the prairie trail, sharing sorrow with the sorrowful, and poverty with the poor ;—the chief of them all (Brigham Young), a man of rare natural endowment, to whose masterly guidance they are mainly indebted for their present prosperity, driving his own ox-team and carrying his sick child in his arms. The fact explains itself, that those only were willing to undertake their fearful pilgrimage of penance, whom a sense of conscientious duty made willing to give up the world for their religion. The Mormons, I knew, were all, as far as I could judge, partakers of the sacraments, persons of prayer and faith ; and their contentment, their temperance, their heroism, their strivings after the golden age of Christian brotherhood, were but the manifestations of their ever present and engrossing devotional feeling.

"Nor shall I go out of my way to discuss the question of the former character of the Mormons. What they were in Illinois, or what some of their predecessors were there, it will not be difficult for those to learn who are curious after the truth : the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, who as President Judge of the Circuit in which they lived was often called upon to dismiss idle charges against them, is now at Washington, an honored member of the Senate of the United States. His personal testimony, I am assured, has always vindicated his judicial action.

"Some good people who believe the Mormons traduced, ask me how they are to account for the great prevalence of these charges before the expulsion. Interest, and feeling founded on it, is the answer. The value of the property of which the Mormons were dispossessed in Missouri and Illinois, is currently estimated at over twenty millions of dollars : an adequate consideration certainly for a good deal of misrepresentation on the part of those who were endeavoring to appropriate it to themselves.

"With other neighbors the Mormons have no trouble. We have had large numbers of them in Philadelphia, and elsewhere to the east, for now nearly twenty years past, whose good citizenship is no subject of discussion with those who have daily business dealings with them. In England, too, they number nearly twice as many adult members as the Baptists in Pennsylvania.

"It is observed to me with a vile meaning, that I have said little about the Mormon women. I have scarcely alluded to them, because my memories of them are such that I cannot think of their character as a theme for discussion. In one word, it was eminently that which for Americans dignifies the names of mother, wife and sister. Of the self-denying generosity which went to ennoble the whole people in my eyes, I witnessed among them the brightest illustrations. I have seen the ideal Charity of the statue gallery surpassed by the young Mormon mother, who shared with the stranger's orphan the breast of milk of her own child.

Notwithstanding the high testimony given in the note below, as to the morality and chastity of the Mormons, we find it impossible to reconcile this with the prevalence of polygamy which is known to be a prominent feature in their system.

In the fall of 1845, the Mormons at Nauvoo finding it impossible to dwell in peace with the neighboring settlers, agreed with them that their chief elders, with others, should set out as an exploring party early in the ensuing spring, to select a new place of settlement beyond the Rocky Mountains in California or elsewhere, on condition that the rest of their people should remain undisturbed in Illinois, until the selection had been made and an opportunity afforded to dispose of their property to the best advantage.

From renewed symptoms of hostility, the exploring party, consisting of volunteers from among their best men, did not wait until the opening of spring, but left Nauvoo in mid-winter of 1846–'7, crossing the Mississippi with their wagons on the ice, taking their families with them. Under the most favorable circumstances, such an expedition undertaken at this inclement season, could scarcely fail to be disastrous. But being hurried off they were but illy supplied with necessaries, and the first night the women camped out, nine children were born. The cold was intense; the keen winds sweeping down from the icy regions of the north across the bare prairies, cut to the marrow. Wood was scarce; they were ill supplied with tents, and after days of fatigue, they often passed their nights in restless efforts to save themselves from freezing. Their stock of food proved inadequate, and catarrhal affections and acute rheumatisms soon exhibited themselves among them. Many were dreadfully frost-bitten, and even the hardiest and strongest became helplessly crippled. Their small supply of provender giving out, their cattle were only kept from starving by feeding on the green bark and tender buds of cotton-wood and other stinted growths of the hollows.

To return to Nauvoo was their only hope, but this would only give occasion for fresh mistrust and trouble, and they wandered on longing for the spring, finding a sort of comfort in the practice of psalmody, "keeping up the Songs of Zion, and passing along doxologies from front to rear, when the breath froze on their eyelashes."

The long-wished for spring came at last, and found them still on the naked prairie, not half-way to the Missouri, with fresh difficulties to combat. Snow, sleet and rain, made the rich prairie soil one vast body of black mud, almost impassable; heavy rains so raised the most trifling streams as to occasion sometimes weeks of delay. The open winds of March brought more mortal sickness than the sharpest freezing weather. The frequent funerals made the hardiest sicken. Coffins of cylindric shape, formed from the barks of trees, were the best they had; and in these were men, women, and children, with prayers and psalms consigned to their last resting-place. Such graves mark all the line of the first year of Mormon travel.

"Can charges, which are so commonly and so circumstantially laid, be without any foundation at all?—I know it. Upon my return from the prairie, I met through the settlements scandalous stories against the President of the Sect, which dated of the precise period when I, myself, was best acquainted with his self-denying and blameless life. I had an experience no less satisfactory with regard to other falsehoods, some of them the most extravagant and most widely believed. During the sickness I have referred to, I was nursed by a dear lady, well connected in New York and New Jersey, whom I sufficiently name to many, by stating that she was the first cousin of one of our most respected citizens, whose conduct as chief magistrate of Philadelphia in an excited time, won for him our general esteem. In her exile, she found her severest suffering in the belief that her friends in the States looked upon her as irreclaimably outcast. It was one of the first duties I performed, on my return, to enlighten them as to her true position, and the character of her exemplary husband; and the knowledge of this fact arrived in time, I believe, to be of comfort to her before she sank under the privation and hardship of the march her frame was too delicate to endure."

"Want developed disease, and made them sink under fatigue and maladies that would otherwise have proved trifling. But only those died of it outright, who fell in out-of-the-way places that the hand of brotherhood could not reach. Among the rest no such thing as plenty was known, while any went a-hungered. If but a part of a group was supplied with provisions, the only result was that the whole went on the half or quarter ration, according to the sufficiency that there was among them; and this so ungrudgingly and contentedly, that until some crisis of trial to their strength, they were themselves unaware that their health was sinking, and their vital force impaired.

"Hale young men gave up their own provided food and shelter to the old and helpless, and walked their way back to parts of the frontier States, chiefly Missouri and Iowa, where they were not recognized, and hired themselves out for wages, to purchase more. Others were sent there to exchange for meal and flour, or wheat and corn, the table and bed furniture, and other last resources of personal property which a few had still retained. In a kindred spirit of fraternal forecast, others laid out great farms in the wilds, and planted in them the grain saved for their own bread; that there might be harvests for those who should follow them. Two of these, in the Sac and Fox country and beyond it, included within their fences about two miles of land a-piece, carefully planted in grain, with a hamlet of comfortable log-cabins in the neighborhood of each.

"Through all this the pioneers found redeeming comfort in the thought, that their own suffering was the price of immunity to their friends at home. But the arrival of spring proved this a delusion. Before the warm weather had made the earth dry enough for easy travel, messengers came in from Nauvoo to overtake the party with fear-exaggerated tales of outrage, and to urge the chief men to hurry back to the city that they might give counsel and assistance there. The enemy had only waited until the emigrants were supposed to be gone on their road too far to return to interfere with them, and then renewed their aggressions.

"The Mormons outside Nauvoo were indeed hard pressed; but inside the city they maintained themselves very well for two or three months longer. Strange to say, the chief part of this respite was devoted to completing the structure of their quaintly devised but beautiful Temple. Since the dispersion of Jewry, probably, history affords us no parallel to the attachment of the Mormons for this edifice. Every architectural element, every most fantastic emblem it embodied, was associated, for them, with some cherished feature of their religion. Its erection had been enjoined upon them as a most sacred duty: they were proud of the honor conferred upon their city, when it grew up in its splendor to become the chief object of the admiration of strangers upon the Upper Mississippi. Beside, they had built it as a labor of love; they could count up to half a million the value of their tithings and free-will offerings laid upon it. Hardly a Mormon woman had not given up to it some trinket or pin-money: the poorest Mormon man had at least served the tenth part of his year upon its walls; and the coarsest artisan could turn to it with something of the ennobling attachment of an artist for his fair creation. Therefore, though their enemies drove on them ruthlessly, they succeeded in parrying the last sword-thrust, until they had completed even the gilding of the angel and trumpet on the summit of its lofty spire. As a closing work, they placed on the entablature of the front, like a baptismal mark on the forehead:

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD:
BUILT BY THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.
HOLINESS TO THE LORD!

"For that one day the Temple stood resplendent in all its typical glories of sun, moon, and stars, and other abounding figured and lettered signs, hieroglyphs and symbols: but that day only. The sacred rites of consecration ended, the work of removing the sacrosancta proceeded with the rapidity of magic. It went on through the night; and when the morning of the next day dawned, all the ornaments and furniture, everything that could provoke a sneer, had been carried off; and except some fixtures that would not bear removal, the building was dismantled to the bare walls.

"It was this day saw the departure of the last elders, and the largest band that moved in one company together. The people of Iowa have told me, that from morning to night, they passed westward like an endless procession. They did not seem greatly out of heart, they said; but, at the top of every hill, before they disappeared, they were to be seen looking back, like banished Moors, on their abandoned homes, and the far-seen Temple and its glittering spire. After this consecration, which was construed to indicate an insincerity on the part of the Mormons as to their stipulated departure, or at least a hope of return, their foes set upon them with renewed bitterness."*

Delayed by their own wants and by their exertions to provide for the wants of those who were to come after them, it was not until June, before the pioneer party arrived at the Missouri. They were soon after joined by thousands of others who had left Nauvoo later in the season. This was just at the commencement of the war with Mexico. Gen. Kearney, who was at this time recruiting an army for the conquest of New Mexico and California, was at Fort Leavenworth, and considered it desirable to march a body of reliable infantry thither at as early a period as practicable. For this service the known hardihood and habits of the Mormons were supposed peculiarly to fit them.

"As California was supposed also to be their ultimate destination, the long march might cost them less than other citizens. They were accordingly invited to furnish a battalion of volunteers early in the month of July. The call could hardly have been more inconveniently timed. The young, and those who could best have been spared, were then away from the main body, either with pioneer companies in the van, or, their faith unannounced, seeking work and food about the north-western settlements, to support them until the return of the season for commencing emigration. The force was therefore to be recruited from among fathers of families, and others whose presence it was most desirable to retain.

"There were some, too, who could not view the invitation without jealousy. They had twice been persuaded by (State) Government authorities in Illinois and Missouri, to give up their arms on some special appeals to their patriotic confidence and had then been left to the malice of their enemies. And now they were asked, in the midst of the Indian country, to surrender over five hundred of their best men for a war-march of thousands of miles to California, without the hope of return until after the conquest of that country. Could

* The Mormon Temple was totally destroyed by an incendiary, the year after, Oct. 19th, 1848.

they view such a proposition with favor? But the feeling of country triumphed. The Union had never wronged them: "You shall have your battalion at once, if it has to be a class of our elders," said one, himself a ruling elder. A central 'mass meeting' for Council, some harangues at the more remotely scattered camps, an American flag brought out from the store-house of things rescued, and hoisted to the top of a tree mast—and, in three days, the force—five hundred and twenty in number, was reported, mustered, organized, and ready to march.

"There was no sentimental affection at their leave-taking. The afternoon before was appropriated to a farewell ball; and a more merry dancing rout I have never seen, though the company went without refreshments, and their ball-room was of the most primitive. It was the custom, whenever the larger camps rested for a few days together, to make great arbors, or bowers, as they called them, of poles and brush and wattling, as places of shelter for their meetings of devotion or conference. In one of these, where the ground had been trodden firm and hard by the worshipers of the popular Father Taylor's precinct, were gathered now the youth and beauty of the Mormon Israel.

"If anything told the Mormons had been bred to other lives, it was the appearance of the women, as they assembled here. Before their flight, they had sold their watches and trinkets as the most available resource for raising ready money; and hence, like their partners, who wore waistcoats cut with useless watch-pockets, they, although their ears were pierced and bore the loop-marks of rejected pendants, appeared without ear-rings, chains or brooches. Except such ornaments, however, they lacked nothing most becoming the attire of decorous maidens. The neatly darned white stocking, and clean bright petticoat, the artistically clear-starched collar and chemisette, the something faded, only because too well washed, lawn or gingham gown, that fitted modishly to the waist of its pretty wearer,—these, if any of them spoke of poverty, spoke of a poverty that had known its better days.

"With the rest, attended the elders of the church within call, including nearly all the chiefs of the High Council, with their wives and children. They, the gravest and most trouble-worn, seemed the most anxious of any to be first to throw off the burden of heavy thoughts. Their leading off the dancing in a great double cotillion was the signal for the festivity to commence. Light hearts, lithe figures and light feet, had it their own way from an early hour until after the sun had dipped behind the sharp sky line of the Omaha hills. Silence was then called, and a well cultivated mezzosoprano voice, belonging to a young lady with fair face and dark eyes, gave with quartette accompaniment a little song,—a version of the text, touching to all earthly wanderers:

"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept."
"We wept when we remembered Zion."

"There was danger of some expression of feeling when the song was over, for it had begun to draw tears; but breaking the quiet with his hard voice, an elder asked the blessing of Heaven on all who, with purity of heart and brotherhood of spirit, had mingled in that society, and then, all dispersed, hastening to cover from the falling dews.

"Well as I knew the peculiar fondness of the Mormons for music, their orchestra in service on this occasion astonished me by its numbers and fine drill. The story was, that an eloquent Mormon missionary had converted its members in a body at an English town, a stronghold of the sect, and that they took up their trumpets, trombones, drums and hautboys together, and followed him to America.

"When the refugees from Nauvoo were hastening to part with their tableware, jewelry, and almost every other fragment of metal wealth they possessed that was not iron, they had never even thought of giving up the instruments of this favorite band. And when the battalion was enlisted, though high inducements were offered some of the performers to accompany it, they all refused. Their fortunes went with the Camp of the Tabernacle. They had led the Farewell service in the Nauvoo Temple. Their office now was to guide the monster choruses and Sunday hymns; and like the trumpets of silver, made of a whole piece 'for the calling of the assembly, and for the journeying of the camps,' to knoll the people into church. Some of their wind instruments, indeed, were uncommonly full and pure toned, and in that clear dry air could be heard to a great distance. It had the strangest effect in the world, to listen to their sweet music winding over the uninhabited country; something in the style of a Moravian death-tune blown at day-break, but altogether unique. It might be when you were hunting a ford over the Great Platte, the dreariest of all wild rivers, perplexed among the far-reaching sandbars and curlew shallows of its shifting bed—the wind rising would bring you the first faint thought of a melody; and, as you listened, borne down upon the gust that swept past you, a cloud of the dry sifted sands, you recognized it—perhaps a home-loved theme of Henry Proch or Mendelssohn Bartholdy, away there in the Indian Marches!"

The summer camps of the Mormons formed interesting spectacles. They were gay with bright white canvas, and alive with the busy stir of swarming occupants. In the clear blue morning air, the smoke streamed up from more than a thousand cooking fires. Countless roads and by-paths checkered all manner of geometric figures on the hill sides. On the slopes, herd boys were seen lazily watching immense herds of cattle, sheep, horses, cows and oxen. Along the creeks—where they were sometimes pitched—women, in great force, would be washing and rinsing all manner of white muslins, red flannels, and parti-colored calicoes, and covering acres of grass-plat with their variously hued garments. Groups of merry children were playing among the tents.

"The romantic, devotional observance of the Mormons, and their admirable concert of purpose and action, met the eye at once. After these, the stranger was most struck, perhaps, by the strict order of march, the unconfused closing up to meet attack, the skillful securing of the cattle upon the halt, the system with which the watches were set at night to guard them and the lines of *corral*—with other similar circumstances indicative of the maintenance of a high state of discipline. Every ten of their wagons was under the care of a captain. This captain of ten, as they termed him, obeyed a captain of fifty; who, in turn, obeyed his captain of a hundred, or directly a member of what they call the High Council of the Church. All these were responsible and determined men, approved of by the people for their courage, discretion and experience. So well recognized were the results of this organization, that bands of hostile Indians have passed by comparatively small parties of Mormons, to attack much larger, but less compact bodies of other emigrants.

"The most striking feature, however, of the Mormon emigration, was undoubtedly their formation of the Tabernacle Camps and temporary stakes, or settlements, which renewed in the sleeping solitudes everywhere along their road, the cheering signs of intelligent and hopeful life.

"I will make this remark plainer by describing to you one of these camps, with the daily routine of its inhabitants. I select at random, for my purpose, a large camp upon the delta between the Nebraska and Missouri, in the territory disputed between the Omaha and Otto and Missouri Indians. It re-

mained pitched here for nearly two months, during which period I resided in it. It was situated near the Petit Papillon, or Little Butterfly River, and upon some finely rounded hills that encircle a favorite cool spring. On each of these a square was marked out; and the wagons, as they arrived, took their positions along its four sides in double rows, so as to leave a roomy street or passageway between them. The tents were disposed also in rows, at intervals between the wagons. The cattle were folded in high-fenced yards outside. The quadrangle inside was left vacant for the sake of ventilation, and the streets, covered in with leafy arbor-work and kept scrupulously clean, formed a shaded cloister walk. This was the place of exercise for slowly recovering invalids, the day-home of the infants, and the evening promenade of all.

"From the first formation of the camp, all its inhabitants were constantly and laboriously occupied. Many of them were highly educated mechanics, and seemed only to need a day's anticipated rest to engage them at the forge, loom, or turning lathe, upon some needed chore of work. A Mormon gunsmith is the inventor of the excellent repeating rifle, that loads by slides instead of cylinders; and one of the neatest finished fire-arms I have ever seen was of this kind, wrought from scraps of old iron, and inlaid with the silver of a couple of half dollars, under a hot July sun, in a spot where the average height of the grass was above the workman's shoulders. I have seen a cobbler, after the halt of his party on the march, hunting along the river bank for a lap-stone in the twilight, that he might finish a famous boot sole by the camp-fire; and I have had a piece of cloth, the wool of which was sheared, and dyed, and spun, and woven, during a progress of over three hundred miles.

"Their more interesting occupations, however, were those growing out of their peculiar circumstances and position. The chiefs were seldom without some curious affair on hand to settle with the restless Indians; while the immense labor and responsibility of the conduct of their unwieldy moving army, and the commissariat of its hundreds of famishing poor, also devolved upon them. They had good men they called Bishops, whose special office it was to look up the cases of extremest suffering; and their relief parties were out night and day to scour over every trail.

"At this time, say two months before the final expulsion from Nauvoo, there were already, along three hundred miles of the road between that city and our Papillon Camp, over two thousand emigrating wagons, beside a large number of nondescript turn-outs, the motley make-shifts of poverty; from the unsuitably heavy cart that lumbered on mysteriously with its sick driver hidden under its counterpane cover, to the crazy two-wheeled trundle, such as our poor employ for the conveyance of their slop barrels—this pulled along it may be by a little dry drugged heifer, and rigged up only to drag some such light weight as a baby, a sack of meal, or a pack of clothes and bedding.

"Some of them were in distress of losses upon the way. A strong trait of the Mormons was their kindness to their brute dependents, and particularly to their beasts of draught. They gave them the holiday of the Sabbath whenever it came round; I believe they would have washed them with old wine, after the example of the emigrant Carthaginians, had they had any. Still, in the slave-coast heats, under which the animals had to move, they sometimes foundered. Sometimes, too, they strayed off in the night, or were mired in morasses;—or oftener were stolen by Indians, who found market covert for such plunder among the horse-thief whites of the frontier. But the great mass of these pilgrims of the desert was made up of poor folks, who had fled in destitution from Nauvoo, and been refused a resting-place by the people of Iowa. It is difficult fully to understand the state of helplessness in

which some of these would arrive, after accomplishing a journey of such extent, under circumstances of so much privation and peril. The fact was, they seemed to believe that all their trouble would be at an end if they could only come up with their comrade at the Great Camps. For this they calculated their resources, among which their power of endurance was by much the largest and most reliable item, and they were not disappointed if they arrived with these utterly exhausted.

"Beside the common duty of guiding and assisting these unfortunates, the companies in the van united in providing the highway for the entire body of emigrants. The Mormons have laid out for themselves a road through the Indian Territory, over four hundred leagues in length, with substantial, well-built bridges, fit for the passage of heavy artillery, over all the streams, except a few great rivers where they have established permanent ferries. The nearest unfinished bridging to the Papillon Camp, was that of the Corne a Cerf, or Elkhorn, a tributary of the Platte, distant may be a couple of hours' march. Here, in what seemed to be an incredibly short space of time, there rose the seven great piers and abutments of a bridge, such as might challenge honors for the entire public spirited population of lower Virginia. The party detailed to the task worked in the broiling sun, in water beyond depth, and up to their necks, as if engaged in the perpetration of some pointed and delightful practical joke. The chief sport lay in floating along with the logs, cut from the overhanging timber up the stream, guiding them until they reached their destination, and then plunging them under water in the precise spot where they were to be secured.

"After the sorrowful word was given out to halt, and make preparations for winter, a chief labor became the making hay; and with every day dawn brigades of mowers would take up the march to their positions in chosen meadows—a prettier sight than a charge of cavalry—as they laid their swaths, whole companies of scythes abreast. Before this time the manliest, as well as most general daily labor, was the herding of the cattle; the only wealth of the Mormons, and more and more cherished by them, with the increasing pastoral character of their lives. A camp could not be pitched in any spot without soon exhausting the freshness of the pasture around it; and it became an ever recurring task to guide the cattle, in unbroken droves, to the nearest places where it was still fresh and fattening.

"Inside the camp, the chief labors were assigned to the women. From the moment when, after the halt, the lines had been laid, the spring wells dug out, and the ovens and fire-places built, though the men still assumed to set the guard and enforce the regulations of Police, the Empire of the Tented Town was with the better sex. They were the chief comforters of the severest sufferings, the kind nurses who gave them in their sickness those dear attentions with which pauperism is hardly poor, and which the greatest wealth often fails to buy. And they were a nation of wonderful managers. They could hardly be called housewives in etymological strictness, but it was plain that they had once been such, and most distinguished ones. Their art availed them in their changed affairs. With almost their entire culinary material limited to the milk of their cows, some store of meal or flour, and a very few condiments, they brought their thousand and one receipts into play with a success that outdid for their families, the miracle of the Hebrew widow's cruse. They learned to make butter on a march, by the dashing of the wagon, and so nicely to calculate the working of barm in the jolting heats, that as soon after the halt as an oven could be dug in the hill side and heated, their well kneaded loaf was ready for baking, and produced good leavened bread for supper.

"But the first duty of the Mormon women was, through all change of place and fortune, to keep alive the altar fire of home. Whatever their manifold labors for the day, it was their effort to complete them against the sacred hour of evening fall. For by that time all the out-workers, scouts, ferrymen or bridgemen, roadmakers, herdsmen or haymakers, had finished their tasks and come into their rest. And before the last smoke of the supper fire curled up reddening in the glow of sunset, a hundred chimes of cattle bells announced their looked-for approach across the open hills, and the women went out to meet them at the camp gates, and with their children in their laps sat by them at the cherished family meal, and talked over the events of the well-spent day.

"But every day closed as every day began, with an invocation of the Divine favor; without which, indeed, no Mormon seemed to dare to lay him down to rest. With the first shining of the stars, laughter and loud talking hushed, the neighbor went his way, you heard the last hymn sung, and then the thousand-voiced murmur of prayer was heard like babbling water falling down the hills. There was no austerity, however, about the religion of Mormonism. Their fasting and penance, it is no jest to say, was altogether involuntary. They made no merit of that. They kept the Sabbath with considerable strictness: they were too close copyists of the wanderers of Israel in other respects not to have learned, like them, the value of this most admirable of the Egypto-Mosaic institutions. But the rest of the week, their religion was independent of ritual observance.

"The Mormons took the young and hopeful side of discouraging mishaps. They could make sport and frolic of their trials, and often turn right sharp suffering into right round laughter against themselves. I certainly heard more jests and Joe Millers while in this Papillon Camp, than I am likely to hear in all the remainder of my days. This, too, was at a time of serious affliction. Beside the ordinary suffering from insufficient food and shelter, distressing and mortal sickness, exacerbated, if not originated by these causes, was generally prevalent. In the camp nearest us on the west, which was that of the bridging party near the Corne, the number of its inhabitants being small enough to invite computation, I found, as early as the 31st of July, that thirty-seven per cent. of its inhabitants were down with the fever and a sort of strange scorbutic disease, frequently fatal, which they named the Black Canker. The camps to the east of us, which were all on the eastern side of the Missouri, were yet worse fated.

"In some of these, the fever prevailed to such an extent that hardly any escaped it. They let their cows go unmilked. They wanted for voices to raise the psalm of Sundays. The few who were able to keep their feet, went among the tents and wagons with food and water, like nurses through the wards of an infirmary. Here at one time the digging got behind hand: burials were slow; and you might see women sit in the open tents keeping the flies off their dead children, sometime after decomposition had set in.

"Though the season was late, when they first crossed the Missouri, some of them moved forward with great hopefulness, full of the notion of viewing and choosing their new homes that year. But the van had only reached Grand Island and the Pawnee villages, when they were overtaken by more ill news from Nauvoo. Before the summer closed, their enemies set upon the last remnant of those who were left behind in Illinois. They were a few lingerers, who could not be persuaded but there might yet be time for them to gather up their worldly goods before removing, some weakly mothers and their infants, a few delicate young girls, and many cripples and bereaved and sick people. These had remained under shelter, according to the Mormon

statement at least, by virtue of an express covenant in their behalf. If there was such a covenant, it was broken. A vindictive war was waged upon them, from which the weakest fled in scattered parties, leaving the rest to make a reluctant and almost ludicrously unavailing defense, until the 17th day of September, when 1625 troops entered Nauvoo, and drove all forth who had not retreated before that time.

"Like the wounded birds of a flock fired into toward nightfall, they came straggling on with faltering steps, many of them without bag or baggage, beast or barrow, all asking shelter or burial, and forcing a fresh repetition of the already divided rations of their friends. It was plain now, that every energy must be taxed to prevent the entire expedition from perishing. Further emigration for the time was out of the question, and the whole people prepared themselves for encountering another winter on the prairie.

"Upon the Pottawatamie lands, scattered through the border regions of Missouri and Iowa, in the Sac and Fox country, a few among the Iowas, among the Poncahs in a great company upon the banks of the L'Eau qui Coule, or Running Water River, and at their Omaha* winter quarters, the Mormons sustained themselves through the heavy winter of 1846–'47. It was the severest of their trials. And if I aimed at rhetorical effect, I would be bound to offer you a minute narrative of its progress, as a sort of climax to my history. But I have, I think, given you enough of the Mormons' sorrows.

"This winter was the turning point of the Mormon fortunes. Those who lived through it were spared to witness the gradual return of better times; and they now liken it to the passing of a dreary night, since which they have watched the coming of a steadily brightening day.

"Before the grass growth of 1847, a body of one hundred and forty-three picked men, with seventy wagons drawn by their best horses, left the Omaha quarters, under the command of the members of the High Council who had wintered there. They carried little with them but seed and farming implements, their aim being to plant spring crops at their ultimate destination. They relied on their rifles to give them food, but rarely left their road in search of game. They made long daily marches, and moved with as much rapidity as possible.

"Against the season when ordinary emigration passes the Missouri, they were already through the South Pass; and a couple of short days' travel beyond it, entered upon the more arduous portion of their journey. It lay in earnest through the Rocky Mountains. They turned Fremont's Peak, Long's Peak, the Twins, and other king summits, but had to force their way over other mountains of the rugged Utah range, sometimes following the stony bed of torrents, the head-waters of some of the mightiest rivers of our continent, and sometimes literally cutting their road through heavy and ragged timber. They arrived at the grand basin of the Great Salt Lake, much exhausted, but without losing a man, and in time to plant for a partial autumn harvest.

"Another party started after these pioneers, from the Omaha winter quarters in the summer. They had five hundred and sixty-six wagons, and carried large quantities of grain, which they were able to put in the ground before it froze.

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* This was the head-quarters of the Mormon Camps of Israel. The miles of rich prairie inclosed and sowed with the grain they could contrive to spare, and the houses, stocks, and cattle shelters, had the seeming of an entire county, with its people and improvements transplanted there unbroken. On a pretty plateau overlooking the river, they built more than seven hundred houses in a single town, neatly laid out with highways and byways, and fortified with breast-work, stockade, and block-houses. It had, too, its place of worship, "Tabernacle of the Congregation," and various large workshops, and mills and factories, provided with water-power.

"The same season also, these were joined by a part of the battalion an other members of the Church, who came eastward from California and the Sandwich Islands. Together, they fortified themselves strongly with sun-brick wall and block-houses, and living safely through the winter, were able to tend crops that yielded ample provision for the ensuing year.

"In 1848, nearly all the remaining members of the Church left the Missouri country in a succession of powerful bands, invigorated and enriched by their abundant harvests there; and that year saw fully established their Commonwealth of the New Covenant, the future State of DESERET."

UTAH was formed into a territory of the United States in 1850. Its extreme length, east and west, is seven hundred and eighty, and breadth north and south, three hundred and fifty miles, and it contains about 240,000 square miles.

The main geographical characteristic of Utah is, that anomalous feature in our continent, which is more Asiatic than American in its character, known as the GREAT BASIN. It is about five hundred miles long, east and west, by two hundred and seventy-five in breadth, north and south, and occupies the greater part of the central and western portions of the territory. It is elevated near 5000 feet above the level of the sea, and is shut in all around by mountains with its own system of lakes and rivers; and what is a striking feature, none of which have any connection with the ocean. The general character of the basin is that of a desert. It has never been fully explored, but so far as it has been, a portion of it is found to consist of arid and sterile plains, another of undulating table-lands, and a third of elevated mountains, a few of whose summits are capped with perpetual snow. Those range nearly north and south, and rise abruptly from a narrow base, to a height of from 2000 to 5000 feet. Between these ranges of mountains are the arid plains, which deserve and receive the name of desert. From the snow on their summits and the showers of summer originate small streams of water from five to fifty feet wide, which eventually lose themselves, some in lakes, some in the alluvial soil at their base, and some in dry plains. Among the most noted of these streams, is Humboldt's or Mary's River, well remembered by every California emigrant, down which he pursues his course for three hundred miles, until it loses itself in the ground, at a place called St. Mary's Sink, where its waters are of a poisonous character.

The *Great Salt Lake* and the Utah Lake are in this basin, toward its eastern rim, and constitute its most interesting feature—one a saturated solution of common salt—the other fresh—the Utah about one hundred feet above the Salt Lake, which is itself 4200 above the level of the sea: they are connected by Utah River—or, as the Mormons call it, the Jordan—which is forty-eight miles in length. These lakes drain an area of from 10 to 12,000 square miles.

The Utah is about thirty-five miles long, and is remarkable for the numerous and bold streams which it receives, coming down from the mountains on the southeast, all fresh water, although a large formation of rock-salt, imbedded in red clay, is found within the area on the southeast, which it drains. The lake and its affluents afford large trout and other fish in great numbers, which constitute the food of the Utah Indians during the fishing season. The Great Salt Lake has a very irregular outline, greatly extended at time of melting snows. It is about seventy miles in length; both lakes ranging north and south, in conformity to the range of the mountains, and is remarkable for its predominance of salt. The whole lake waters seem thoroughly saturated with it, and every evaporation of the water leaves salt behind. The rocky shores of the islands are whitened by the spray, which leaves salt on

everything it touches, and a covering like ice forms over the water which the waves throw among the rocks. The shores of the lake, in the dry season, when the waters recede, and especially on the south side, are whitened with incrustations of fine white salt; the shallow arms of the lake, at the same time, under a slight covering of briny water, present beds of salt for miles, resembling softened ice, into which the horses' feet sink to the fetlock. Plants and bushes, blown by the wind upon these fields, are entirely incrusted with crystallized salt, more than an inch in thickness. Upon this lake of salt the fresh water received, though great in quantity, has no perceptible effect. No fish or animal life of any kind is found in it.

The Rio Colorado, with its branches, is about the only stream of note in Utah which is not within the Great Basin. The only valleys supposed to be inhabitable in the vast country between the eastern rim of the Great Basin and the Rocky Mountains, are the valleys of the Uintah and Green River, branches of the Colorado, and whether even these are so, is extremely problematical. The country at the sources of this great river is incapable of supporting any population whatever.

The climate of Utah is milder and drier, in general, than it is in the same parallel on the Atlantic coast. The temperature in the Salt Lake valley in the winter, is very uniform, and the thermometer rarely descends to zero. There is but little rain in Utah, except on the mountains, from the 1st of May until the 1st of October; hence agriculture can only be carried on by irrigation.

In every portion of the territory where it has been attempted, artificial irrigation has been found to be indispensable; and it is confidently believed that no part of it, however fertile, will mature crops without it, except, perhaps, on some small patches on low bottoms. But limited portions, therefore, of even the most fertile and warmest valleys can ever be made available for agricultural purposes, and only such as are adjacent to streams and are well located for irrigation. Small valleys surrounded by high mountains are the most abundantly supplied with water, the streams being fed by melting snows and summer showers.

The greater part of Utah is sterile and totally unfit for agriculture, and is uninhabited and uninhabitable, except by a few trappers and some roaming bands of Indians, who subsist chiefly upon game, fish, reptiles, and mountain crickets. The general sterility of the country is mainly owing to the want of rain during the summer months, and partly from its being elevated several thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The whole country is almost entirely destitute of timber. The little which there is, may be found on the side of the high, rocky mountains, and in the deep mountain gorges, whence issue the streams. On the table-lands, the gently undulating plains and the isolated hills, there is none. There are, however, small groves of cotton-wood and box-alder on the bottoms of some of the principal streams.

A species of artemisia, generally known by the name of wild sage, abounds in most parts of the country, where vegetation of any kind exists, but particularly where there is not warmth and moisture sufficient to produce grass.

The white population of Utah in 1850, was estimated at 15,000, who were principally located in Salt Lake, Utah, and Sanpeech valleys. The last named, the southernmost settlement of the Mormons, is about two hundred miles south of Salt Lake City. It was made at the request of Walker, a distinguished chief of the Utah tribe, who wished the Mormons to settle in his valley, in order to learn his people the arts of civilized life, and to educate and bring up their children as were those of the whites. The inhabit-

able portions of the Great Basin, according to Mormon authority, are supposed to be capable of supporting a population of about 200,000.

The Great Salt Lake Valley is the largest known in the Great Basin, being about one hundred and twenty miles long, and from twenty to forty broad, but the Salt Lake occupies much of its northern portion. The surface of its center is level, ascending gently on either side toward the mountains. This valley is regarded as one of the healthiest portions of the globe; the air is very pure. Its altitude is 4300 feet above the level of the sea; and some of the mountains on the east of the valley are more than a mile and a quarter high, and are covered with perpetual snow; while in the valley the thermometer frequently rises above one hundred degrees. Near the city, are two saline mineral springs, respectively of the temperature of 108 and 125 degrees. The character of the soil of each of the valleys that are inhabitable, is as follows:—One portion of them is a vegetable loam, another a marly loam, and a third, a gravelly stratum, containing some silicia. The other valleys bear a general resemblance to that named, except being smaller.

By means of irrigation the Mormon valleys are made exceedingly productive. Wheat, rye, barley, buckwheat, oats, and Indian corn, are their agricultural products, and all the garden vegetables peculiar to the middle and western States are produced in great perfection. Tobacco and sweet potatoes can be produced in limited quantities. So fertile is their soil, that an average crop of wheat is fifty bushels to the acre. The system of irrigation prevents rust or smut striking the crop, and renders it sure.

The territory of the Mormons is unequaled as a stock-raising country, and they are to a great extent, a pastoral people. The finest pastures of Lombardy are not more estimable than those on the east side of the Utah Lake and Jordan River. We find here that cereal anomaly, the Bunch grass. It grows only on the bottoms of the streams, and on the table-lands of the warmest and most fertile valleys. It is of a kind peculiar to cold climates and elevated countries, and is, we presume, the same as the *grama* (see page 376) of New Mexico. In May, when the other grasses start, this fine plant dries upon its stalk, and becomes a light yellow straw, full of flavor and nourishment. It continues thus, through what are the dry months of the climate, until January, and then starts with a vigorous growth, like that of our own winter wheat in April, which keeps on until the return of another May. Whether as straw or grass, the cattle fatten on it the year round. The numerous little dells and sheltered spots that are found in the mountains, are excellent sheep-walks. Hogs fatten on a succulent bulb or tuber, called the Seacoe, or Seegose Root, which is highly esteemed as a table vegetable by the Mormons.

Salt Lake City is pleasantly situated on a gentle declivity near the base of a mountain, about two miles east of the Utah outlet, or the River Jordan, and about twenty-two miles southeast of the Salt Lake. It is nearly on the same latitude with New York City, and is, by air lines, distant in miles from New York, two thousand one hundred miles; from St. Louis, one thousand two hundred; from San Francisco, five hundred and fifty; and from Oregon City and Santa Fe, each six hundred. During five months of the year, it is shut out from all communication with the north, east or west, by mountains rendered impassable from snow. Through the town runs a beautiful brook of cool, limpid water, called City Creek. The city is laid out regularly, on an extensive scale; the streets crossing each other at right angles, and being each eight rods wide. Each lot contains an acre and a quarter of ground, and each block or square, eight lots. Within the city are four public squares. The city and all the farming lands are irrigated by streams of beautiful water,

which flow from the adjacent mountains. These streams have been, with great labor and perseverance, led in every direction. In the city they flow on each side of the different streets, and their waters are let upon the inhabitants' gardens at regular periods, so likewise upon the extensive fields of grain lying to the south.

The greater part of the houses which had been built up to the close of 1850, were regarded as merely temporary; most of them were small, but commodious, being, in general, constructed of *adobe* or sun-dried bricks. Among the public buildings are, a house for public worship, a council-house, a bath-house at the Warm Spring; and it is in contemplation to erect another temple more magnificent than that they formerly had at Nauvoo. On the temple square they intend to have a garden that will cost, at least, $100,000 at the commencement. Their missionaries have already made arrangements in the Eastern States, in Great Britain, France, Italy, Denmark, the German States, and in the islands of the sea, to gather the choicest seeds and fruits, and everything that can beautify and adorn it.

Public free-schools are established in the different wards into which the city is divided, in which the ordinary branches are taught, and in some the Latin, Greek, French and German languages, and that of the Society Islands. East of the city, a mile square is laid off for a State University, and the Mormons have appropriated for this object, $5000 a year for twenty years, to be paid out of the public treasury.

The pioneer party of the Mormons left Council Bluffs, Iowa, early in April 1847. On the 23d of July, the first camp moved into the city. In the afternoon of the same day, they had three plows and one harrow at work, and commenced building the first dam for irrigation. The next day they planted five acres of potatoes, and, four days later, proceeded to lay off the city; and so rapid had been their progress that in 1850, three years after, it contained about eleven thousand inhabitants, who were mostly engaged in agriculture.

The city of Provo is on Provo River, on the east side of Utah Lake, and about fifty miles south of Salt Lake city. At the settlement in Sanpeech valley, are about one hundred and fifty families. In that valley are, it is said, many ruins covered with hieroglyphics. One place in particular, is called by the Indians, "God's Temple." Here also, remains of ancient pottery, both glazed and unglazed, are found in great abundance, and large quantities of bituminous coal.

The number of acres under cultivation in Utah is very great, considering the short time which has elapsed since its first settlement. One field, in 1850, alone contained over six thousand acres, and was girted around by a fence fifteen miles long. At that time, there was a printing press, four grist and six saw-mills in operation. A general impression prevails that property is held in common among the inhabitants. This is an error; every Mormon holds his property in his own right. One-tenth of the produce of the land, or the accumulation of each individual, as well as one-tenth of his time, is contributed to the support of the church, and for objects of public welfare.

These settlements being on the highway to California, thousands of emigrants from the United States find therein a place to rest their wearied limbs, as well as to recruit their animals and stores of provisions, previous to entering the deserts which they have to cross before reaching the goal of their desires. Between two and three thousand California emigrants, who had arrived late in the season of 1849, remained all winter among the Mormons, fearing to undertake the toilsome journey which still remained. For these, the rich grain lands of the Mormons had produced abundance of supplies. Most of them had been reduced to great straits, and turned aside to seek

the Salt Lake colony, in pitiable plights of fatigue and destitution. Several hundreds of them received gratuitous assistance from the Mormons, who seemed anxious to exert themselves to the utmost in ministering to their wants. They had been overtaken by the cholera in their journey over the plains, and were in a suffering condition. The order, the industry, and the systematized manner in which the community proceed, must render their progress certain. They are to be the chief workers and contractors upon "Whitney's Railroad," or whatever scheme is to unite the Atlantic and Pacific. They have already raised a "Perpetual Fund" for "the final fulfillment of the covenant made by the saints in the Temple at Nauvoo," which "is not to cease until all the poor are brought to the valley." All the poor still lingering behind, will be brought there: so at an early period will the fifty thousand communicants, the Church already numbers in Great Britain, with all the other "increase among the Gentiles." Their place of rendezvous is upon what were formerly the Pottawatamie lands, on the frontiers of Iowa.

THE GREAT SALT DESERT OF UTAH.

The Great Salt Desert is situated just beyond the Great Salt Lake, on one of the routes of emigration to California. Its exact extent is unknown, but it covers a surface of several thousand square miles. A vivid sketch of a journey across this dreary waste is given by a gentleman who crossed it on the 3d of August, 1846, on his way to California, from which we extract a description of some of the wonderful phenomena which he witnessed.

The mirage, a beautiful phenomenon, here displayed its wonderful illusions, in a perfection and with a magnificence surpassing any presentation of the kind I had previously seen. Lakes, dotted with islands, and bordered by groves of gently waving timber, whose tranquil and limpid waves reflected their sloping banks and the shady islands in their bosoms, lay spread out before us, inviting us by their illusory temptations to stray from our path and enjoy their cooling shades and refreshing waters. These, fading away as we advanced, beautiful villas adorned with edifices, decorated with all the ornaments of suburban architecture, and surrounded by gardens, shaded walks, parks and stately avenues, would succeed them, renewing the alluring temptations to repose, by enticing the vision with more than Calypsan enjoyments or Elysian pleasures. These, also, melting from our view, as those before, would give place to a vast city with countless columned edifices of marble whiteness, and studded with domes, spires and turreted towers, rising upon the horizon of the plain, astonishing us with its stupendous grandeur and sublime magnificence. But it is in vain to attempt a description of these singular and extraordinary phenomena. Neither prose nor poetry, nor the pencil of the artist, can adequately portray their beauties. The whole distant view around, at this point, seemed like the creations of a sublime and gorgeous dream, or the effect of enchantment.

As we moved onward, a member of our party in the rear called our attention to a gigantic moving object on our left, at an apparent distance of six or eight miles. It is very difficult to determine distances accurately on these plains. Your estimate is based upon the probable dimensions of an object, and unless you know what the object is, and its probable size, you are liable to great deception. The atmosphere frequently seems to act as a magnifier; so much so that I have often seen a raven, perched upon a low shrub or an undulation of the plain, answering to the outlines of a man on horseback. But this object was so enormously large, considering its apparent distance,

and its movement forward parallel with ours so distinct, that it greatly excited our wonder and curiosity.

About two o'clock, P. M., we discovered through the smoky vapor, the dim outlines of the mountains before us, at the foot of which was to terminate our day's march, if we were so fortunate as to reach it. But still we were a long and weary distance from it, and from the "water and grass" which we expected to find there. A cloud rose soon afterward from the south, accompanied by several distant peals of thunder, and a furious wind making across the plain, and filling the whole atmosphere around us with fine particles of salt, drifted it in heaps like the newly fallen snow. Our eyes became nearly blinded and our throats choaked with the saline matter, and the very air we breathed tasted of salt.

During the subsidence of this tempest, there appeared upon the plain one of the most extraordinary phenomena, I dare to assert, ever witnessed. Diagonally in point, to the right—our course being west—there appeared the figures of a number of men and horses, some fifteen or twenty. Some of these figures were mounted and others dismounted; and appeared to be marching on foot. Their faces and the heads of their horses were turned toward us, and at first they appeared as if they were rushing down upon us. Their apparent distance, judging from the horizon, was from three to five miles. But their size was not correspondent, for they seemed nearly as large as our own bodies, and consequently were of gigantic stature. At the first view I supposed them to be a small party of Indians—probably the Utahs—marching from the opposite side of the plain. But this seemed to me scarcely probable, as no hunting or war-party would be likely to take this route. I called to some of our party nearest me to hasten forward, as there were men in front coming toward us. Very soon the fifteen or twenty figures were multiplied into three or four hundred, and appeared to be marching forward with the greatest action and speed. I then conjectured that they might be Capt. Fremont and his party with others from California, returning to the United States by this route, although they seemed to be too numerous even for this. I spoke to the one who was nearest to me, and asked him if he noticed the figures of men and horses in front? He answered that he did, and that he had observed the same appearances several times previously, but that they had disappeared, and he believed them to be optical illusions, similar to the mirage. It was then, for the first time, so perfect was the deception, that I conjectured the probable fact that these figures were the reflection of our own images by the atmosphere, filled as it was by fine particles of crystallized matter, or by the distant horizon covered by the same substance. This induced a more minute observation of the phenomenon, in order to detect the deception, if such it were. I noticed a single figure, apparently in front, in advance of all others, and was struck with its likeness to myself. Its motions, too, I thought, were the same as mine. To test the hypothesis above suggested, I wheeled suddenly around, at the same time stretching my arms out their full length, and turned my face sideway, to notice the movements of this figure. It went through precisely the same motions. I then marched deliberately, and with long strides, several paces; the figure did the same. To test it more thoroughly, I repeated the experiment, and with the same result. The fact was then clear. But it was more verified still, for the whole array of this numerous shadowy host, in the course of an hour, melted entirely away, and was seen no more. The phenomenon, however, explained and gave the history of the gigantic specters which appeared and disappeared so mysteriously at an early hour of the day. The figures were our own shadows, produced and re-produced by the mirror-like composition impregnating the atmosphere and cover-

ing the plain. I cannot here more particularly explain or refer to the subject. But this phantom population, springing out of the ground, as it were, and arraying itself before us as we traversed this dreary and heaven-condemned waste, although we were entirely convinced of the cause of the apparition, excited those supernatural emotions so natural to all mankind.

MINNESOTA.

MINNESOTA derives its name from the Minnesota or St. Peter's River. The water of this river is clear, but has a milky hue, owing to the peculiar colored clay of its bed. *Mini*, in the Dacotah language, means "water," and that of *sotah*, signifies this peculiarity of its color, but its precise shade of meaning cannot be translated in a single word; it is, however, sometimes rendered muddy or turbid.

In 1679, Father Hennepin and two others, when taken prisoner in La Salle's expedition (see pages 34 and 61), accompanied the Indians to their villages, one hundred and eighty miles above the Falls of St. Anthony. Before the termination of that century, other Frenchmen also visited Minnesota. In 1695, M. Le Seur discovered, as he supposed, a copper mine on Blue Earth River, a tributary of the Minnesota. He returned in 1700, built a fort, remained during the winter, and in the spring descended the Mississippi with one hundred tons of blue and green earth destined for France; but it is not known that he ever returned. Within the succeeding sixty years it was frequently visited by the French fur-traders. After them came the British fur-traders. The British North West Fur Company occupied trading-posts at Sandy Lake, Leech Lake, and other central points within the limits of Minnesota. That at Sandy Lake was built in 1794, the year of Wayne's victory. It was a large stockade, and contained two rows of buildings used as dwellings, provision-store, and workshops. Fort William, on the north side of Lake Superior, eventually became their principal depot.

The first actual settlement for permanent objects was made in 1811, by Lord Selkirk on Red River, a stream which, rising in Minnesota, runs north into Lake Winnipeg. (See page 156.) The village he established, Pembina, is still flourishing. In 1805, Lieut. Pike was sent by government to explore the sources of the Mississippi. Winter overtaking him ere he reached Crow Wing, he was unable to accomplish this object, and returned in the spring, after having first purchased the site of Fort Snelling, where in 1819, barracks were erected and a garrison stationed by the U. S., which was the first American establishment in the country. Further explorations were made in 1820, by Gov. Cass; in 1823, by Major Long, and in 1832, by Henry R. Schoolcraft, the last of whom discovered the source of the Mississippi. (See page 298.)

From 1836 to 1839, M. Nicollet (under whom was John C. Fremont), was engaged in making geographical surveys in this region, and ten years later, a scientific corps under Dr. Dale Owen, by their explorations, revealed much additional information respecting the topography and geology of this northern country. All these surveys and explorations were by order of government.

Minnesota, from its earliest discovery, has been the residence of two powerful tribes, the Chippewas or Ojibbeways, and the Sioux—pronounced *Sooz*—or Dacotahs. The word Chippewa is a corruption of the term Ojibbeway, and that of Dacotah signifies allied tribes. The Winnebago from Iowa, and the Menonomies from Wisconsin have recently been removed to Minnesota They are both small tribes compared to the above.

The Sioux claim a country equal in extent to some of the most powerful empires of Europe, including the greater part of the country between the Upper Mississippi and the Missouri. The country from Rum River to the River De Corbeau has been alike claimed by them and the Chippewas, and has been the source of many bloody encounters within the last two hundred years. The Sioux have destroyed immense numbers of their race, and are one of the most warlike tribes of North America. They are divided into six bands, comprising in all, 28,000 souls. Beside these, a revolted band of the Sioux 8000 strong, called Osinipoilles, reside just east of the Rocky Mountains upon Saskatchawan River of British America.

The Sioux subsist upon buffalo meat and the wild fruits of their forests. The former is called *pemmican*, and is prepared in winter for traveling use in the following manner. The lean parts of the buffalo are cut into thin slices, dried over a slow fire in the sun, or by exposing it to frost,—pounded fine, and then with a portion of berries, mixed with an equal quantity of fat from the hump and brisket, or with marrow in a boiling state and sowed up tightly in sacks of green hide, or packed closely in baskets of wicker-work. This "pemmican" will keep for several years.

They also use much of the *wild rice*, which grows in great abundance in the lakes and head streams in the Upper Mississippi country. The rivers and lakes of the Sioux and Chippewa country are said to produce annually several millions of bushels of it. It is said to be equally as nutritious and palatable as the Carolina rice. It grows in water from four to seven feet deep, which nas a muddy bottom. The plant rises from four to eight feet above the surface of the water, about the size of the red cane of Tennessee, full of joints and of the color and texture of bulrushes. The stalks above the water, and the branches which bear the grain resemble oats. To these strange grain fields, wild ducks and geese resort for food in the summer; and to prevent it being devoured by them, the Indians tie it, when in the milky state, just below the head, into large bunches. This arrangement prevents these birds from pressing the heads down when within their reach. When ripe, the Indians pass among it with canoes lined with blankets, intc which they bend the stalks and whip off the grain with sticks; and so abundant is it that an expert squaw will soon fill a canoe. After being gathered it is dried and put into skins or baskets for use. They boil or parch it, and cut it in the winter season with their pemmican. Beside the pemmican and wild rice, the country abounds in sugar-maple, from which the Indians make immense quantities of sugar. Their country abounds with fine groves, interspersed with open plains clothed with rich wild grasses—their lakes and rivers of pure water are well stored with fish, and their soil with the whortleberry, blackberry, wild plum, and crab-apple; so that this talented and victorious race possess a very desirable and beautiful territory.

The Chippewas inhabit the head-waters of the Mississippi, Ottertail and Leach, De Corbeau and Red Rivers, and Winnipeg Lake. They are a very powerful tribe, almost equaling the Sioux in numbers: they speak a copious language, and are of low stature and coarse features. The women have an awkward side-at-a-time gait; which proceeds from their being accustomed, nine months in the year, to wear snow-shoes, and drag sledges of a weight from two hundred to four hundred pounds. No people are more attentive to comfort in dress than the Chippewas. It is composed of deer and fawn-skins, dressed with the hair on for the winter, and without the hair for summer wear.

They are superstitious in the extreme. Almost every action of their lives is influenced by some whimsical notion. They believe in the existence of a

good and an evil spirit that rule in their several departments over the fortunes of men; and in a state of future rewards and punishments.

MINNESOTA was erected into a territory of the United States in 1849. The whole white population in June of that year, amounted to only four thousand seven hundred and eighty. Its average measurement north and south, as well as east and west, is about four hundred miles, and its area is not far from one hundred and sixty-six thousand square miles.

Minnesota has some peculiar natural features; the most remarkable of which is the immense number of lakes of all sizes, which adorn its surface, many of which are of exquisite beauty. Another peculiarity is its uniformity of surface. There are a few elevations above the general average, called mounds; but with these exceptions, the surface is marked only by ravines running from the general level down to the beds of the streams. It is a beautiful arrangement of upland and lowland plains that give it an aspect peculiar to itself: it is neither a mountainous, nor a hilly, nor a flat country; but exhibiting undulations of surface that are not entitled to these usual appellations. The French, who first explored it, were so forcibly impressed with this, that they employed new terms to designate it.

But there is still sufficient variety in the irregularities of the surface, and the distribution of the water courses, woodlands and prairies. Another most prominent feature is the vegetable covering of the surface. These are immense tracts of land entirely destitute of tree or shrub, and covered only with a luxuriant hue of wild grass; and, from April to October, adorned with flowers of every hue and variety.

The Mississippi has its source in Itasca Lake, a beautiful sheet of pure water, about eight miles in extent, and elevated one thousand five hundred and seventy-five feet above the Mexican Gulf, and distant from it two thousand eight hundred and ninety miles. Where it issues from the lake, the river is sixteen feet wide, and four inches deep, very transparent, with a swift current. From this point it traverses, by a very circuitous route, a distance of seven hundred miles to the falls of St. Anthony, the last three hundred miles of which can be rendered navigable for steamboats of a light draught: in its course it expands into several beautiful lakes. For two hundred miles north of the mouth of the St. Croix, it meanders through a rich valley of prairie and oak openings. The banks above the Falls of St. Anthony are from ten to thirty feet high. The river runs over a gravelly bed, and is fed by innumerable small rivers of clear and rapid water; the soil is rich and well adapted to raising wheat, corn, oats and potatoes, the last of which are much superior to those of the middle States. Above the mouth of the Crow Wing, on the Mississippi, the *pinery* extends north for three or four hundred miles, forming an extensive forest. The country bordering upon the headwaters of this river, is interspersed with large and beautiful lakes, which teem with excellent fish. The white fish are found in them, especially in the large lakes, in great abundance. Red Lake exceeds one hundred miles in circumference; Leech Lake, more than fifty miles, and probably one-quarter of Minnesota is covered with a diversity of lakes of all sizes and forms, sparkling with the purest water.

There are two falls on the Mississippi. The upper is two hundred and sixty-one miles from its source; there it plunges over the Little Falls, or Kabikon rapids, falling nine feet in eighty yards. St. Anthony's Falls are about two hundred and fifty miles above the northern boundary of Illinois. They were named by Father Hennepin, in honor of St. Anthony, the patron saint of fishes. The river here is a little over one-third of a mile in width, and falls perpendicularly sixteen and a half feet: it is there divided into two

channels by a small islet called Cataract Island. Above and below, the river is exceedingly rapid. About fifty miles below the falls, is Lake Pepin, called by Father Hennepin "The Lake of Tears," a beautiful expansion of the river, some twenty-five miles long, and from three to five miles wide. On the east side of this lake is a bold rock, over four hundred feet in height, called Lover's Leap.*

The Missouri bounds Minnesota on the west and southwest. The Minnesota or St. Peter's River rises in a region of lakes, and flowing through a beautiful and fertile valley, after a course of four hundred and seventeen miles, enters the Mississippi eight miles below the Falls of St. Anthony; it is navigable, at times, one hundred and sixteen miles from its mouth for steamers. The James River flows through a broad and fertile valley, and enters the Missouri. The Sioux enters the same stream, after a course of three hundred and fifty miles, through an extensive and fertile valley. The St. Croix and Crow Wing are also important streams. The Red River of the North, rises in the central part of Minnesota, drains a large extent of territory, and, flowing north, enters Winnipeg Lake, and thence into Hudson's Bay. Its valley is exceedingly productive, mostly rich prairie, skirted with fine groves of timber. The principal settlements in this valley, are mostly north of the line in the British territory. In the northern part of Minnesota, canoe navigation, in almost every direction, with short portages, is practicable by means of the numerous rivers, whose sources are nearly interlocked or connected by chains of lakes.

Minnesota has ever been a favorite resort for the prosecution of the fur trade. Buffalo, elk, deer, bear, beaver, and other wild animals have abounded, but are fast disappearing before the Indian's rifle. Much of the soil is very fertile, and the climate is well adapted to the culture of wheat, barley, oats, and particularly potatoes. Indian corn thrives as well as in northern New York, or in New England. The lakes abound in wild rice, which is gathered in great quantities by the Indians; but which, owing to their method of drying, has a very smoky taste. They also make immense quantities of maple-sugar. Cranberries grow in great abundance in the marshes and swamps, and are gathered to a considerable extent for exportation.

The natural productions of Minnesota, its beautiful lakes, its fine forests of pine, and groves of hard and soft wood, its copious springs, and abundance of water power, render it peculiarly adapted to a rapid settlement. The climate is salubrious; bilious and intermittent fevers are comparatively unknown. The temperature is remarkably uniform, sudden changes from heat to cold rarely occurring; the air is exceedingly pure and bracing, and the winters very dry, so that there is far less suffering from cold, than in the damp and changeable weather of the winters farther south. Frosts sufficiently severe to injure vegetation, rarely occur before about from the 15th to the 20th of September, and sometimes not before October, that is as far south as St. Anthony's Falls.

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* This rock received its name from a melancholy occurrence, which took place a half a century since. An Indian maiden, of the Wapasha tribe of the Dacotah nation, named Winona, which signifies "*first-born*," formed an ardent attachment to a young hunter, which was reciprocated. Her parents determined, however, that she should marry a young warrior who had signalized himself in battle against the Chippewas. Rather than submit to this, she ascended this rock, and, with a loud voice, commenced upbraiding her parents and friends—who were below—for their cruel conduct. She then commenced singing her dirge, and, regardless of their entreaties and promises to relinquish all compulsory measures, she threw herself from the precipice, and fell a lifeless corpse at their feet. It is said that no Indian passes the spot without involuntarily casting his eyes toward the giddy height to contemplate the place where the unfortunate girl fell a victim to the cruelty of her relentless parents.

Steamboat navigation usually continues between St. Pauls and St. Louis from about the 1st of April until some time in November.

The principal settlements are on the Mississippi and its branches, in the vicinity of the Falls of St. Anthony. St. Pauls, the capital, is three hundred and twenty-seven miles above Galena, Illinois, and eight miles below the Falls of St. Anthony: it is principally on a beautiful level plateau, about eight feet above the Mississippi, and has 1200 inhabitants: it is about on the same latitude with the northern boundary-line of New York. Stillwater, at the head of Lake St. Croix, is eighteen miles from St. Pauls. Population, six hundred. St. Anthony, at the falls, has one thousand inhabitants.

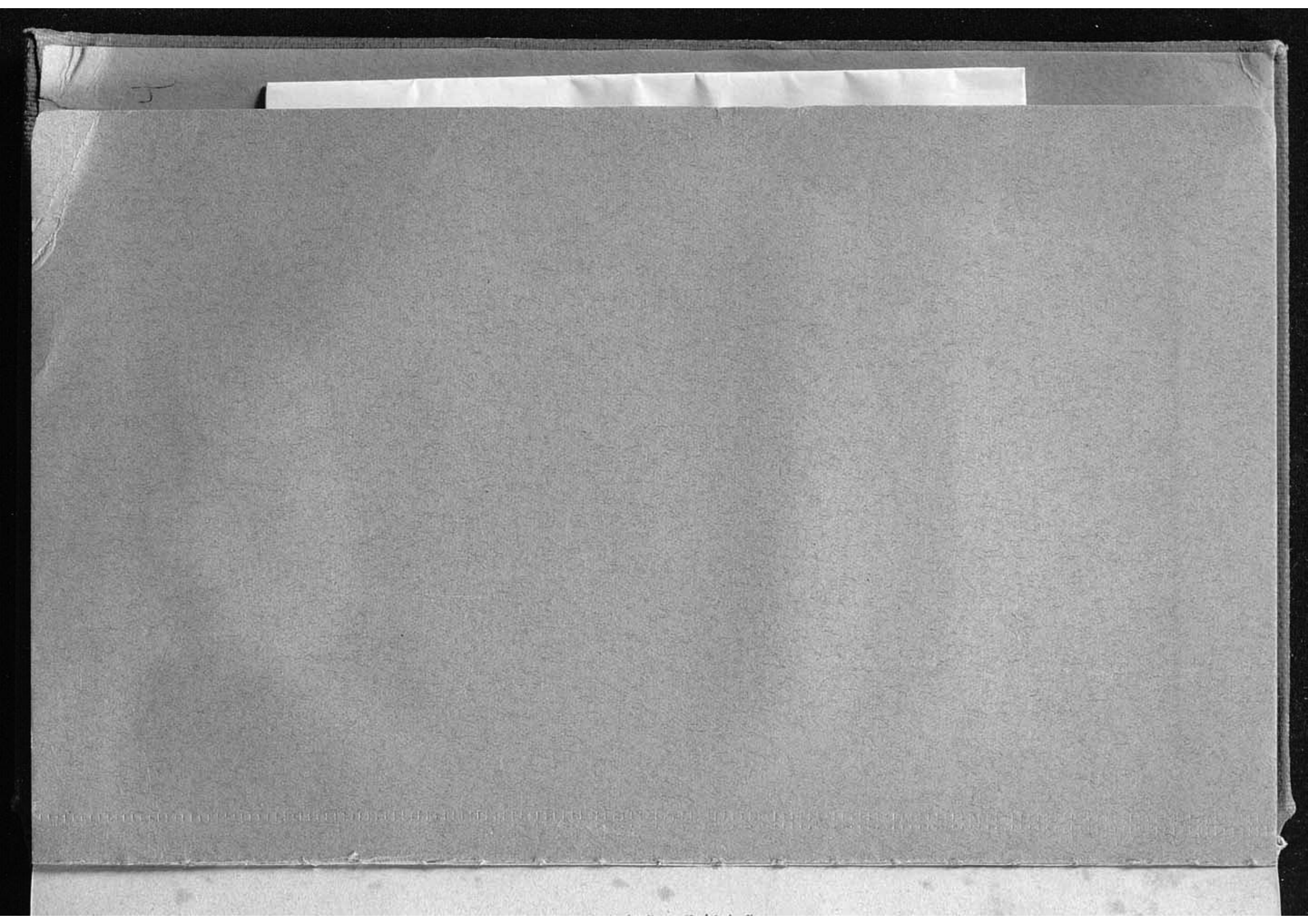
There are numerous other towns newly laid out, and the country is rapidly improving, emigration being so great as to furnish the farmers with an excellent market at high prices. Lumbering is a most important business to the permanent prosperity of the country. In 1850, the entire white population of Minnesota was about eight thousand.

The village of Pembina, the lowest or most southern point of Selkirk's settlement, on Red River, is in an air-line, three hundred and sixty miles northwest of St. Pauls, and contains a population of over six hundred. The settlement—which contains about seven thousand inhabitants—is flourishing, and agriculture is prosecuted by the hardy settlers there with considerable success. The greater part of the inhabitants are half natives and descendants of fur-traders and their servants by native women.

Generally every summer, with a team of carts drawn by oxen, and loaded with pemmican, furs, &c., they come down to St. Pauls on a trading excursion, employing about six weeks in making the journey down. Their singularly constructed carts,—composed entirely of wood, without any tire—their peculiar dress, manners and complexion, render them an object of curiosity to those unfamiliar with the various shades of society intermediate between the savage and civilized.

Minnesota is peculiarly adapted to emigrants from the more northern parts of Europe, and of our own country. Its natural beauties, and its pure, bracing air, will make it a favorite resort for summer travel, as well as the permanent abode of those whose constitutions are debilitated by the fevers of more southern climes.

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