



MOLUNTHSE.

LIFE OF LEWIS WETZEL.



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LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
LEWIS WETZEL,
THE VIRGINIA RANGER;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF
GENERAL SIMON KENTON, GENERAL BENJAMIN
LOGAN, CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY,
GOVERNOR ISAAC SHELBY,
AND OTHER HEROES
OF THE WEST.

BY CECIL B. HARTLEY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

BY G. G. WHITE.

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P R E F A C E .

THE biographies in this volume have been compiled with great care, from the best authorities. They present to the reader's view the actions of some of the most remarkable men who took part in the great work of laying a secure and solid foundation for the unbounded prosperity of the Great West. These men, too, were prominent leaders in those splendid military actions which broke down the power, not only of the aborigines, but of the British in the western and north-western states of the Union ; and in their several biographies as given in this volume, will be found records of the great battles by which the British and Indians were finally driven from the soil of the western country.

The characters and actions of these men will form a

profitable study for the patriotic young men, who may hereafter be called upon to defend the homes and fire-sides of our country ; and they will not fail to inspire that noble and generous emulation, which has always formed a striking trait in the American character.

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LIFE OF LEWIS WETZEL.

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LEWIS WETZEL was one of the renowned among the heroes who signalized their valor in the Indian wars of the western country. He was not among the earliest settlers of the western wilderness. When Daniel Boone was engaged in exploring the beautiful, but wild hills, vales, and forests of Kentucky, Lewis Wetzel was a child; and his great feats of war did not take place till after the Revolution. But his life was, nevertheless, passed for the most part in the frontier country, where Indian

wars were almost continually raging, from the close of the Revolution till the successful expedition of General Wayne brought a temporary peace to the western and north-western frontiers, to be succeeded by other wars at a later period. While hostilities continued, however, his services were of the utmost importance. One of his recent biographers* says :

Within the recollection of many of our readers, Lewis Wetzel was regarded, by many of the settlers in the neighborhood of Wheeling, as the right arm of their defence. His presence was considered as a tower of strength to the infant settlements, and an object of terror to the fierce and restless savages who prowled about and depredated upon our frontier homes. The memory of Wetzel should be embalmed in the hearts of the people of Western Virginia, for his efforts in defence of their forefathers are without a parallel in border warfare. Among the foremost and most devoted, he plunged into the fearful strife which a bloody and relentless foe waged against the feeble colonists. He threw into the common treasury, a soul as heroic, as adventurous, as full of energy, and exhaustless of resources, as ever animated the human breast. Bold, wary, and active, he stood without an equal in the pursuit to which he had committed himself, mind and body. No man on the western frontier was more dreaded by the enemy, and none did more to beat him back into the heart of the forest, and reclaim the expanseless domain which we now enjoy.

* De Haas. History of the Early Settlement and Indian Wars of Western Virginia.

Unfortunately for the memory of Wetzel, no reliable account of him has ever been published. The present generation know little of his personal history, save as gathered from the exaggerated pages of romance, or the scarcely less painted traditions of the day. With many, he is regarded as having been very little better than a semi-savage; a man whose disposition was that of the enraged tiger, and whose only propensity was for blood. Our information warrants us in stating that these conceptions are all false. Lewis Wetzel was never known to inflict unwonted cruelty upon women and children, as has been charged upon him; and he never was found to torture or mutilate his victim, as many of the traditions would indicate. He was revengeful, because he had suffered deep injury at the hands of that race, and woe to the Indian warrior who crossed his path. Lewis Wetzel was literally a man without fear. He was brave as a lion, cunning as a fox—"daring, where daring was the wiser part—prudent, when discretion was valor's better self." He seemed to possess, in a remarkable degree, that intuitive knowledge which can alone constitute a good and efficient hunter; added to which, he was sagacious, prompt to act, and always aiming to render his actions efficient. Such was Lewis Wetzel, the celebrated Indian hunter of Western Virginia.

John Wetzel, the father of Lewis, was a German by birth, and one of the earliest settlers on Wheeling Creek. The town of Wheeling was settled by Ebenezer Silas and Jonathan Zane, in 1769. Fort Henry, so called in honor of Patrick Henry, was afterwards erected on the left bank of the Ohio, about a quarter of a mile above

Wheeling Creek. John Wetzel, in opposition to the advice of his friends, chose a spot on Big Wheeling, about fourteen miles from the river, in a situation exposed to attacks from the Indians, and out of the reach of prompt aid or protection from the main settlement, and fort at Wheeling. He was a man of the most daring courage, a quality which seems to have been hereditary in the family.

At his residence on the Big Wheeling, John Wetzel reared a family of five sons, Martin, Lewis, Jacob, John, and George, and two daughters, Susan and Christina. The father of this numerous family spent much of his time in locating lands, hunting, and fishing. These pursuits led him to long excursions in the woods, infested often with hostile Indians, and thus exposed himself to great risk of his life. His neighbors expostulated with him for this hardihood, as well as for leaving his wife and growing family exposed to danger; but he disregarded their advice, and ultimately fell a victim to his rash valor, as we shall relate in the sequel.

The families of settlers had many hardships, dangers, and privations to encounter in those times.

Besides their exposure to Indian depredations and massacres, they had other trials to endure, which at the present day cannot be appreciated. One of the most vexatious was, the running away of their horses. As soon as the fly season commenced, the horses seemed resolved on leaving the country, and recrossing the mountains. The river was no barrier. They swam the Monongahela, and often proceeded one hundred and fifty miles before they were taken up. During the husband's

absence in pursuit of his horses, his wife was necessarily left alone with her children in their unfinished cabin, surrounded by forests, in which the howl of the wolf was heard from every hill. If want of provisions, or other causes, made a visit to a neighbor's necessary, she must either take her children with her through the woods, or leave them unprotected, under the most fearful apprehension that some mischief might befall them before her return.

As bread and meat were scarce, milk was the principal dependence for the support of the family. One cow of each family was provided with a bell, which, if good, could be heard from half a mile to a mile. The woman left alone, on getting up in the morning, instead of lacing up her corsets, and adjusting her curls, placed herself in the most favorable position for listening to her cow-bell, which she knew as well as she did the voice of her child, and considered it fortunate if she heard it even at a distance. By her nice and never-failing discrimination of sounds, she could detect her own, even among a clamor of many other bells; thus manifesting a nicety of ear which, with cultivation, might have been envied by the best musicians of the present day. If her children were small, she tied them in bed, to prevent their wandering, and to guard them from danger from fire and snakes, and, guided by the tinkling of the bell, made her way through the tall weeds, and across the ravines until she found the object of her search. Happy on her return to find her children unharmed, and regardless of a thorough wetting from the dew, she hastened to prepare their breakfast of milk boiled with a little

meal or homminy, or in the protracted absence of her husband, it was often reduced to milk alone. Occasionally venison and turkeys were obtained from hunters. Those settlers who were provided with rifles could, with little loss of time, supply their families with fresh meat, but with the new settlers rifles were scarce. They were more accustomed to the musket.

The labor of all the settlers was greatly interrupted by the Indian wars. Although the older settlers had some sheep, yet their increase was slow, as the country abounded in wolves. It was therefore the work of time to secure a supply of wool. Deerskin was a substitute for cloth for men and boys, but not for women and girls, although they were sometimes compelled to resort to it. The women had to spin, and generally to weave all the cloth for their families, and when the wife was feeble, and had a large family, her utmost efforts could not enable her to provide them with anything like comfortable clothing. The wonder is, and I shall never cease to wonder, that they did not sink under their burthens. Their patient endurance of these accumulated hardships did not arise from a slavish servility, or insensibility to their rights and comforts. They justly appreciated their situation, and nobly encountered the difficulties which could not be avoided. Possessing all the affections of the wife, the tenderness of the mother, and the sympathies of the woman, their tears flowed freely for other griefs, while they bore their own with a fortitude which none but a woman could exercise. The entire education of her children devolved on the mother, and notwithstanding the difficulties to be encountered, she did not

allow them to grow up wholly without instruction; but amidst all her numerous cares taught them to read, and instructed them in the principles of Christianity. To accomplish this, under the circumstances, was no easy task. The exciting influences which surrounded them, made the boys restless under restraint. Familiarized as they were to hardships from the cradle, and daily listening to stories of Indian massacres and depredations, and to the heroic exploits of some neighboring pioneer, who had taken an Indian scalp, or by some daring effort had saved his own, ignorant of the sports and toys with which children in other circumstances are wont to be amused, no wonder they desired to emulate the soldier, or engage in the scarcely less exciting adventures of the hunter. Yet even many of these boys were subdued by the faithfulness of the mother, who labored to bring them up in the fear of God.

If the reader would reflect upon the difference between the difficulties of emigration at that early day, and those of the present, he must cast his eyes upon the rugged mountain steeps, then an almost unbroken and trackless wilderness, haunted by all sorts of wild and fierce beasts, and poisonous reptiles—he must then observe that the hand of civilization has since crossed them by the smooth waters of canals, or the gentle and even ascents of turnpikes and railroads, and strewed them thick with the comforts of life; he may then have a faint idea of the difference of the journey; and as to the difference of living after removal then and now, let him consider that then almost every article of convenience and subsistence must be brought with them, or rather could neither be

brought nor procured, and must necessarily be erased from the vocabulary of house-keeping; let him think what has since been done by the power of steam in ascending almost to the very sources of the many ramifications of our various rivers, carrying all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life, and depositing them at points easy of access to almost every new settler, and he will see that if settling is now difficult, it was distressing then. When he further reflects upon the abundant and overflowing products of the West, compared with the absence of agriculture, arts, and manufactures, in those early days, and now that not only our largest rivers and gigantic lakes, but the ocean itself, by the power of increased science, are all converted into mere ferries, he will at once conclude that the emigrants to Liberia, New Holland, Oregon, or California can know nothing of privation compared with the pioneers of the West. Our country now abounds in every thing, and commerce extends over the world. If poverty or suffering exist, benevolence seeks it out, and relieves it, whether it be far off or near, whether in Greece or the islands of the sea.*

* S. Wilkeson, American Pioneer.

CHAPTER II.

Birth of Lewis Wetzel—His Birth-place Uncertain—Major Fowler's Account of the Family—Lewis and Martin Captured by the Indians—Death of their Father—The Boys Escape from the Indians and Return Home—The Oath of Vengeance—Mr. De Haas's Statement Respecting the Death of John Wetzel, and the Adventure of Lewis and Martin Wetzel.

THE precise day of Lewis Wetzel's birth is not on record. By comparison of dates of the age at which his various exploits were performed, with the dates of the years when these exploits are known to have taken place, it appears that he was born in the year 1764. His father appears to have moved to his residence on the Big Wheeling, from Maryland or Pennsylvania; but as the precise date of this removal is not known, the place of the birth of his sons is somewhat uncertain. But the birth of Lewis must have taken place before the removal. He consequently was not born in Virginia; but, probably, in either Maryland or Pennsylvania.

A writer in Cist's *Cincinnati Miscellany*, who appears to have paid much attention to the subject, gives the following particulars respecting the family, as well as the first known adventure, of Lewis:

Among the early settlers who have figured in the pioneer history of the west, one entire family, that of the

Wetzels, figures conspicuously. I have devoted some time to the comparison of various notices of the four brothers, who constituted that family, and re-writing many incidents in their history, to correspond with the corrections of Major Jacob Fowler, still surviving, and a resident of Covington, Kentucky, who was in early days an associate of Lewis and Jacob, two of these brothers. Some of the existing accounts represent old Wetzel, with his wife and small children, to have been killed, tomahawked, and scalped by the Indians. This was true only as respects the old man, but the wife survived and married again, and the children escaped by being providentially absent.

Major Fowler states that the family lived on a farm on the road to Catfishtown, now Washington, Pennsylvania, and Wheeling, Virginia, so close to the line that it was a matter of doubt in those days, which Wetzel belonged to, Pennsylvania or Virginia. Old Wetzel was a Maryland or Pennsylvania German, but had been one of the earliest settlers on the frontiers, and disdaining the usual precaution of placing his family on one of the stations or forts, which were to be found at convenient distances throughout that region of the country, had erected a cabin on his plantation, and occupied it while cultivating the farm.

The family consisted of himself and wife, with his sons, Martin, Lewis, Jacob, and John, respectively 15, 13, 11, and 9 years of age. There were three or four small children besides, who had been left with some friends, that day, in the adjacent fort, to which John had also been despatched on an errand, when a party

of savages surrounded the house, forced open the temporary defences, killing and scalping the old man, and carrying off as prisoners, according to their custom with children of that age, the boys Lewis and Jacob.

The mother made her escape in the confusion of the scene. Martin, the oldest son, had been out hunting at the time. All three of these boys were stout and active for their age, the training on the frontiers at that date, being such as to call out boys to do much of men's work, as soon as they were able to handle an axe, or steady a rifle.

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 their capture, the Indians encamped at the Biglick, twenty miles from the river, in what is now Ohio, and upon the waters of McMahan's Creek.

The extreme youth of the boys induced the savages to neglect their usual precaution 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; "Now," said he, "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 eluded 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. When they got to the Virginia side, and ascertained their father's death, they vowed to shoot every Indian that fell in their way, as long as they lived; and fearfully was this vow kept, as might be expected from the energy and activity displayed at so early an age.

Mr. De Haas, in his memoir of Lewis Wetzel, gives a totally different account of the death of his father, John Wetzel, which carries forward the date of that event to a period some ten years later; and this account of Mr. De Haas is corroborated by the statements of other writers. Mr. De Haas's statement is as follows:

“He was killed near Captina, in 1787, on his return from Middle Island Creek, under the following circumstances. Himself and companion were in a canoe, paddling slowly near the shore, when they were hailed by a party of Indians, and ordered to land. This they of course refused, when immediately they were fired upon, and Wetzel shot through the body. Feeling himself

mortally wounded, he directed his companion to lie down in the canoe, while he (Wetzel), so long as strength remained, would paddle the frail vessel beyond reach of the savages. In this way he saved the life of his friend, while his own was ebbing fast. He died soon after reaching the shore, at Baker's station, and his humble grave can still be seen near the site of that primitive fortress.

"The author, anxious to ascertain with undoubted certainty, the date of Wetzel's death, and learning from a reliable source that the place of his burial was indicated by a stone inscribed with the initials and year, visited the spot in the summer of 1849. With great difficulty he found the place, and identified the grave of the elder Wetzel. A rough stone marks the spot, bearing in rude, but perfectly distinct characters, 'J. W., 1787.'"

Mr. De Haas's statement appears to settle the question as to the time and manner of John Wetzel's death. Of the early adventure of Lewis, which took place, he says, when he was fourteen years old, (others say thirteen,) he varies the account as follows:

"The first event worthy of record in the life of our hero, occurred when he was about fourteen years of age. The Indians had not been very troublesome in the immediate vicinity of his father's house and no great apprehensions were felt, as it was during a season of comparative quietude. On the occasion above referred to, Lewis had just stepped from his father's door, and was looking at his brother Jacob playing, when suddenly turning toward the corn-crib, he saw a gun pointed around the corner. Quick as thought, he jumped back, but not in

time to escape the ball; it took effect upon the breast bone, carrying away a small portion, and cutting a fearful wound athwart the chest. In an instant two athletic warriors sprang from behind the crib, and quietly making prisoners of the lads, bore them off without being discovered."

Mr. De Haas's account of the circumstances which followed are nearly the same as in that which we have given above; but he dates the famous oath of vengeance, of course, ten years later, as having been occasioned by the murder of the father.

CHAPTER III.

Peculiar character of the period when Lewis Wetzel was a youth—
Turbulent times favorable to the formation of a bold and independent character—Martin Wetzel joins Colonel Brodhead's expedition to destroy the Indian towns on the Coshocton—Its success—Treatment of the prisoners—Martin Wetzel's implacable conduct—He kills a messenger—He assists in killing the Indian prisoners—His capture by the Indians—His apparent contentedness with them—He kills his captors and escapes to the settlements.

THE period of Lewis Wetzel's youth was one of peculiar unquiet and turbulence. It was the period of the American Revolution. At that time, the frontier region in which he resided was exposed to frequent inroads of the savage foes, who were always stimulated to acts of cruelty by the British and the Tories, who not unfrequently accompanied the Indians in their plundering and murdering expeditions, and fought by their side in many a battle and siege. Simon Girty and the renegade Butler, so infamous for his deeds of cruelty at Wyoming, had many imitators in those days; and the general state of society on the frontier was such, that every man was obliged to become a soldier in his own defence, and to depend on his own right arm for protection and safety.

Trained in this stern school, Lewis Wetzel and his brothers were all warriors, and deeds of daring achieved

by each of them have been handed down by tradition. But the disturbed state of the country, for a long period, and the carelessness of those who knew these men, has occasioned the loss of nearly all written record of their actions.

The period in which they lived, however, was highly favorable to the development of a bold, manly, and independent character.

Mr. Macpherson, in his remarks on the poems of Ossian, says, "The nobler passions of the mind never shoot forth more free and unrestrained, than in the times we call barbarous. That irregular manner of life, and those manly pursuits, from which barbarity takes its name, are highly favorable to strength of mind unknown in polished times. In advanced society the characters of men are more uniform and disguised. The human passions lie in some degree confined behind forms and artificial manners; and the powers of the soul, without an opportunity of exerting them, lose their vigor."

From our first acquaintance with the history of man to the present time, the art of war has been held in more veneration than any other profession. Were the accounts of destroying life, by murders, by persecutions, by private and public wars, blotted from our books, our libraries could be stowed away in small book-cases. The history of man appears to be a history of revolution, blood, and carnage. Were it not for wars, how many names, which now shine with peculiar lustre, would have been lost in oblivion? War has rendered conspicuous the names of Joshua, David, Cyrus, Alexander, Romulus, Marius, Cæsar, Scipio, Hannibal, Constantine, Crom-

well, Washington, and last, though not least, Napoleon ; with a host of others, all of whom are rendered illustrious, by marching boldly to the temple of fame through rivers of blood.

It is a natural impulse of the human mind to be informed of the condition and doings of man in every age, circumstance, and situation in which he appears to have been placed by Providence. In no situation can he appear more interesting than in the first settling of empires. Those philanthropists who have, by their studies and labor, either in the retirement of the closet, the workshop, or in the cultivation of the earth, richly merited the gratitude of mankind, have been generally passed by as plodding grovelers, unworthy of distinction. If men are careless in commemorating the names of philosophers, chemists, and mechanics, who have brought to such perfection the arts and sciences, by which the condition of man in all the walks of public and private life have been so much improved ; the warrior, at least, has no cause of complaint, as mankind appears anxious, as if by common consent, to place in the front pages of history the fiery, impetuous soldier. Then, as the whole world cannot be supposed to be in error, and to the military profession has been awarded the most dignified station, we will even let it be so ; as a disregard to custom, and a long settled public opinion always betrays a stubborn, or a weak, or an ill-regulated mind. While the historians who have gone before, have recorded the achievements of those generals who have commanded the strength of empires in the battle-field, we will endeavor to give a true narrative of the brilliant exploits of some of the old

pioneers, who fought, frequently, single-handed, without pay or the prospect of emolument, but merely for the sake of fighting.

As the aborigines of our country held peaceable possession of it from time immemorial, it would almost appear unjust to dispossess them. But the practice of the world from the earliest times, appears to have established the principle, that the most powerful have a right to govern; the right of conquest, then, appears to be a legitimate right, sanctioned by the laws of God and man.

Our border war was of a distressing, destructive character—it was a war of extermination. When our frontier men went on scouts or campaigns, their services were wholly voluntary, and their supplies were furnished by themselves. “Campaigns begun and ended without even a newspaper notice, as a printing-press was then unknown in the country.”

“Let the imagination of the reader pursue the track of the adventurer into the solitary wilderness, bending his course towards the setting sun; over undulating hills, under the shade of large forest trees, and wading through rank weeds and grass which covered the earth; now viewing from the top of a hill the winding course of a creek, he ascertained 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 perceiving his approach to a river, by seeing the large ash, sycamore, or sugar tree, beautifully festooned with grape vines. Watchful as Argus, his restless eye catches everything around him. In an unknown region, and

surrounded with danger, 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 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 fire, for repose.”*

Of Lewis Wetzel no remarkable action is recorded from the time of his escape from captivity with the Indians till the year 1782, when he was eighteen years old; but in the meantime, his elder brother, Martin, had signalized his daring courage as well as his hatred of the Indians.

In the year 1780, an expedition was set on foot, to proceed against and destroy the Indian towns situated on the Coshocton, a branch of the Muskingum river. The place of rendezvous for the troops was Wheeling. The command of the expedition was conferred on Col. Brodhead, a soldier of some distinction in those days. Martin Wetzel was a volunteer in this campaign. The officers of the frontier armies were only nominally such; every soldier acted as seemed right in his own judgment. This little army, of four hundred men, went forward rapidly, in order to fall upon the Indian towns by surprise. They were secretly and actively pushed forward, till they surrounded one of their towns before the enemy was apprised of their danger. “Every man, woman, and child were made prisoners, without the firing of a gun.”

* Pritt's Border Life.

“Among the prisoners were sixteen warriors.” “A little after dark a council of war was held, to determine on the fate of the warriors in custody. They were doomed to death, and by the order of the commander were bound, taken a little distance below the town, and despatched with tomahawks and spears, and then scalped.” In this work of death, Martin Wetzel, with a kind of fiendish pleasure, sunk his tomahawk into the heads of the unresisting Indians.

“Early the next morning, an Indian presented himself on the opposite bank of the river, and asked for the ‘Big Captain.’ Colonel Brodhead presented himself, and asked the Indian what he wanted. To which he replied, ‘I want peace.’ ‘Send over some of your chiefs,’ said Brodhead. ‘May be you kill,’ said the Indian. He was answered, ‘They shall not be killed.’ One of the chiefs, a well-looking man, came over the river, and entered into conversation with the commander in the street; but while engaged in conversation, Martin Wetzel came up behind him with a tomahawk concealed in the bosom of his hunting-shirt, and struck him on the back of the head. The poor Indian fell, and immediately expired.” This act of perfidy and reckless revenge the commander had no power, if he had the disposition, to punish, as probably two-thirds of the army approved the vindictive deed.

“The next day the army commenced its retreat from Coshocton. Col. Brodhead committed the prisoners to the militia. They were about twenty in number. After they had marched about half a mile, the men commenced killing them.” Martin Wetzel’s tomahawk upon this

occasion was crimsoned with the blood and brains of the unresisting Indians. Such was his indomitable spirit of revenge, that no place nor circumstance was sacred enough to preserve the life of an Indian, when within his vindictive grasp. "In a short time they were all despatched except a few women and children, who were spared and taken to Fort Pitt, and after some time, exchanged for an equal number of their prisoners."

Some years after the foregoing action took place, Martin Wetzel was surprised and taken prisoner by the Indians, and remained with them a considerable length of time; till by his cheerful disposition, and apparent satisfaction with their mode and manner of life, he disarmed their suspicion, acquired their confidence, and was adopted into one of their families. How much his duplicity overreached the credulity of those sons of the forest, the sequel will show. He was free; he hunted around the town, returned, danced and frolicked with the young Indians, and appeared perfectly satisfied with his change of life.

But all this time, although he showed a cheerful face, his heart was brooding on an escape, which he wished to render memorable by some tragic act of revenge upon his confiding enemies. In the fall of the year, Martin and three Indians set off to make a fall hunt. They pitched their camp, near the head of Sandusky river. When the hunt commenced, he was very careful to return first in the evening to the camp, prepare wood for the night, and do all other little offices of camp duty to render them comfortable. By this means he lulled

any lurking suspicion which they might entertain towards him.

While hunting one evening, some distance from the camp, he came across one of his Indian camp mates. The Indian not being apprised that revenge was rampant in Wetzel's heart, was not the least alarmed at the approach of his friend, the white man. Martin watched for a favorable moment, and as the Indian's attention was called in a different direction, he shot him down, scalped him, and threw his body into a deep hole, which had been made by a large tree torn up by the roots, and covered his body with logs and brush, over which he strewed leaves to conceal the body. He then hurried to the camp to prepare, as usual, wood for the night.

When night came, one of the Indians was missing, and Martin expressed great concern on account of the absence of their comrade. The other Indians did not appear to be the least concerned at the absence of their companion; they all alleged that he might have taken a large circle, looking for new hunting ground, or that he might have pursued some wounded game till it was too late to return to camp.

In this mood the subject was dismissed for the night; they ate their supper, and lay down to sleep. Martin's mind was so full of the thoughts of home, and of taking signal vengeance of his enemies, that he could not sleep; he had gone too far to retreat, and whatever he did, must be done quickly.

Being now determined to effect his escape at all hazards, the question he had to decide was, whether he should make an attack on the two sleeping Indians, or

watch for a favorable opportunity of despatching them one at a time. The latter plan appeared to him to be less subject to risk or failure.

The next morning he prepared to put his determination into execution. When the two Indians set out on their hunt the next morning, he determined to follow one of them (like a true hunting dog on a slow trail) till a fair opportunity should present itself of despatching him without alarming his fellow. He cautiously pursued him till near evening, when he openly walked to him, and commenced a conversation about their day's hunt.

The Indian being completely off his guard, suspecting no danger, Martin watched for a favorable moment, when the Indian's attention was drawn to a different direction, and with one sweep of his vengeful tomahawk laid him lifeless on the ground, scalped him, tumbled his body into a sink-hole, and covered it with brush and logs; and then made his way for the camp, with a firm determination of closing the bloody tragedy by killing the third Indian. He went out, and composedly waited at the camp for the return of the Indian.

About sunset he saw him coming with a load of game that he had killed, swung on his back. Martin went forward under the pretence of aiding to disencumber him of his load. When the Indian stooped down to be detached of his load, Martin, with one fell swoop of his tomahawk, laid him in death's eternal sleep. Being now in no danger of pursuit, he leisurely packed up what plunder he could conveniently carry with him, and made his way for the white settlements, where he safely ar-

rived with the three Indian scalps, after an absence of nearly a year.

The frontier men of that day could not anticipate any end to the Indian war, till one of the parties should be exterminated. Martin Wetzel's conduct upon this, as well as on every similar occasion, met with the decided approbation of his countrymen. Successful military achievements, which displayed unusual boldness and intrepidity in the execution, not only met the approbation of the men, but also, what was more grateful and soul-cheering to the soldier's feelings after returning from a successful Indian tour, he was sure of receiving the animating smiles of the fair sex. The soldier's arm was considered the life-guard of the country, and such were the Wetzels in an eminent degree.

CHAPTER IV.

Lewis Wetzel engaged in Crawford's campaign—Notice of the preceding campaign of Williamson—The Moravian settlements—Some of the people taken to Fort Pitt—Prejudices against them—Warned by Delaware Chief—Moravian settlements on Muskingum broken up—Removal to Sandusky—False charges—Williamson's expedition—Treacherous conduct towards the Christian Indians—They are made prisoners—They are slaughtered in cold blood—Escape of the Indians of Shoenbrunn.

LEWIS WETZEL was one of the soldiers who served in the disastrous campaign of Colonel Crawford in 1782, when our hero was eighteen years of age. As a preliminary to the narrative of this campaign, we give from the early history of Western Pennsylvania an account of Williamson's campaign, and the massacre of the Moravian Indians. This led to Crawford's campaign, in which the Moravian Indians were terribly revenged.

About the year 1772, some missionaries of the order of Moravian brethren succeeded in establishing a community of Indians, who embraced their faith, and who were collected into three villages on the Muskingum. These villages were called Salem, Gnadenhuetten, and Shoenbrunn. Here they were induced to live in peace, and to engage in the cultivation of the soil, and had increased their numbers to four hundred people.

Occupying a position midway between the advanced settlements of the whites and the villages of some of the hostile Indians, and practising a pacific demeanor, which both parties alike despised, they were suspected by each alternately of secretly favoring the other.*

In the latter end of the year 1781, the militia of the frontier came to a determination to break up the Moravian villages on the Muskingum. They were called "The Half-way House of the Warriors;" and this phrase began to be used in fierce derision, by the stern and lawless men on the frontier, who despised the peaceable Indians, who opened their doors alike to all comers. A detachment of men went out under the command of Colonel Daniel Williamson, for the purpose of inducing the Indians with their teachers to move farther off, or bring them prisoners to Fort Pitt. When they arrived at the villages they found but few Indians, the greater number of them having removed to Sandusky. Those few were well treated, taken to Fort Pitt, and delivered to the commandant of that station, who, after a short detention, sent them home again.

This procedure gave great offence to the people of the country, who thought the Indians ought to have been killed. Colonel Williamson, who, before this little campaign, had been very popular on account of his activity and bravery in war, now became the subject of severe animadversions on account of his lenity to the Moravian Indians.†

On the other hand, these peaceable Indians fell under

* Hall's Sketches of the West, p. 208-'9.

† Doddridge's Notes, p. 262

the suspicion of the Indian warriors who were in the service of the British, and also of the English commandant at Detroit, to whom it was reported that their teachers were in close confederacy with the American Congress, for preventing, not only their own people, but also the Delawares, and some other nations, from entering into war against the American colonies.*

The frequent failures of the war expeditions of the Indians against the white settlements, were attributed to the Moravians, who often sent runners to Fort Pitt to give notice of their approach, and this charge was certainly true.

In the spring of 1781, the War Chief of the Delawares fully apprized the missionaries and their followers of their danger, both from the whites and hostile Indians, and requested them to remove to a place of safety from both. This request was not complied with, and the almost prophetic predictions of this chief were literally fulfilled.†

In the fall of 1781, the settlements of the Moravians upon the Muskingum, were broken up by upwards of three hundred Indian warriors, their villages destroyed, their fields desolated, and these unhappy converts to Christianity turned into the wilderness upon the plains of Sandusky, where many of them perished by famine during the ensuing winter. The missionaries were taken prisoners, robbed of almost everything, and sent to Detroit, where, after being strictly examined by a Council of British officers, they were permitted to return to their

* Doddridge's Notes. p. 260. † Doddridge's Notes, p. 259.

people at Sandusky.* This removal of the Moravians, by the hostile Indians, from their happy homes on the Muskingum to Sandusky, was at the instigation of three white men—Alexander McKee, Matthew Elliott, and Simon Girty. These three men, whose hostility to the American colonies was unbounded, were continually plotting the destruction of the Christian Indian settlements, as the only means of drawing the Delaware nation, and with these, the Christian Indians, into a war with the Americans. A plot was laid at Sandusky to take off the missionary *Zeisberger*, or bring in his scalp; and Simon Girty conducted a murdering party to Sandusky for the purpose; the discovery of which prevented it.†

In the latter part of February following, the famishing state of the Moravian Indians at Sandusky, compelled about one hundred and fifty to return to their deserted villages on the Muskingum, to seek among the desolated hearth-stones, some remnants of their once plentiful stores ‡ of food, for their perishing families. Here, while peaceably gathering their corn, without any provocation, and without the least resistance, more than ninety of these unoffending creatures were barbarously and deliberately murdered, not by hostile Indians, but by worse than savage white men!!! §

It appears that some murders had been committed by the hostile Indians, near the Ohio river, in the month of

* Hall's Sketches of the West, I., p. 211.

† Heckewelder's Narrative, pp. 170, 205, 230.

‡ Hall's Sketches of the West, I., p. 211.

§ Heckewelder, p.—Loskiel, p.—Hall, I., p. 211. Doddridge, p. 252.

February. The early period of these fatal visits by the Indians, created a pretext for charging the Moravians with being the murderers, or affording winter quarters to the hostile warriors. But it is more than probable that motives of plunder and a desire for innocent blood was, with many, the cause of the charge.

Accordingly, between eighty and ninety men were hastily collected together, for the purpose of destroying the Christian Indians, and were commanded by Colonel John Williamson. They encamped the first night on the Mingo bottom, on the west side of the Ohio river, about sixty miles below Fort Pitt. The second day's march brought them to within one mile of the middle Moravian town, where they encamped for the night. In the morning the men were divided into two equal parties, one of which was to cross the river about a mile above the town. The other party was divided into three divisions, one of which was to take a circuit in the woods, and reach the river a little distance below the town, on the east side; and another division was to fall into the middle of the town, and a third was to enter at its upper end.

When sixteen of the party, designed to make the attack, had crossed the river, their two sentinels discovered an Indian whose name was Shabosh. One of them broke one of his arms by a shot; the other sentinel fired, and killed him. These heroes then scalped and tomahawked him. Fearing that the firing of the guns which killed Shabosh would lead to an instant discovery, they sent word to the party designed to attack the town to move on instantly, which they did. In the mean time, the

small party which had crossed the river, marched to the main town, on the west side.

Here they found a large company of the Christian Indians gathering the corn which they had left in their fields the preceding fall, when driven away by the British Indians, to Sandusky. On the arrival of the murderers at the town, they professed peace and good will to the Christian Indians, and informed them that they had come to take them to Fort Pitt, for their safety.* The Christian Indians, not doubting their sincerity in the least, walked up to them and thanked them for being so kind,† delivered up their arms, and appeared highly delighted with the prospect of their removal, and began with all speed to prepare victuals for the white men, and for themselves on their journey.‡

A party of white men and Indians was immediately dispatched to Salem, a short distance from Gnadenhuetten, where the Indians were also gathering in their corn, to bring them to Gnadenhuetten.§

The language of the white people being the same at Salem as at Gnadenhuetten, the brethren and sisters were easily persuaded to go with them, especially as many of them professed to be very religious, admiring their fine and spacious place of worship, and discoursing constantly on religion, both here and on their way to Gnadenhuetten, frequently saying to the Indians: "You are indeed good Christians!" and made use of the same language to one another, in their hearing. Some of them, on leaving Salem, set fire to the houses and

* Doddridge's Notes, p. 250. † Heckewelder's Narrative, p. 314.

‡ Doddridge's Notes, p. 251. § Heckewelder's Narrative, p. 316.

church, which was disapproved of by the Christian Indians; they, however, pretended that they meant no harm, but had merely done it to deprive the enemy of a harboring place.*

On arriving at the bank of the river, opposite Gnadenhuetten, their eyes began to open; but it was now too late. They saw where one had been murdered. They had given up their arms, like their brethren on the opposite side of the river, to those who had solemnly promised, that on their arrival at Pittsburg, they should be returned to them again. But had they been in possession of their arms, they could not conscientiously, and probably would not, have attempted to resort to them for defence.

They were then taken over to the town, where the murderers threw off the masks, divided the men from the women and children, and shut them up in two houses some distance apart, where their friends of Gnadenhuetten had before been divided and confined, and placed under guards. These they called slaughter-houses.

The prisoners being thus secured, a council of war was held to decide on their fate. The officers, unwilling to take on themselves the whole responsibility of the awful decision, agreed to refer the question to the whole number of the men. The men were accordingly drawn up in a line. The commandant of the party, Col. Daniel Williamson, then put the question to them in form, "Whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Pittsburg, or put to death?"—and requested that all those who were in favor of saving their lives,

* Doddridge's Notes, p. 251.

should step out of the line, and form a second rank. On this, sixteen, some say eighteen, stepped out of the rank, and formed themselves into a second line; but alas! this line of mercy was far too short for that of vengeance.

The fate of the Moravians was thus decided, and they were told to prepare for death.

The prisoners, from the time they were placed in the guard-houses, foresaw their fate, and began their devotions by singing hymns, praying and exhorting each other to place a firm reliance in the mercy of the Saviour of men.* On being accused of having aided the hostile Indians, they declared their innocence. They were told that they had the property of the white people in their possession. They were prepared to render a satisfactory account of every article—where, or from what trader, they had purchased it. But the number of horses, and other property which the Christian Indians possessed, was an object with these murderers, who concluded that—“when they killed the Indians, the country would be theirs; and the sooner this was done, the better!” Accordingly, they told the poor creatures that they must die.†

“Finding that all entreaties to save their lives were to no purpose—and that some, more bloodthirsty than their companions, were anxious to commence the slaughter, they united in begging a short delay, that they might prepare themselves for death—which request, at length, was granted. Then asking pardon for whatever offence they had given, or grief they had occasioned to each other, they kneeled down, offering fervent prayers to

* Doddridge's Notes, p. 252. † Heckewelder's Narrative, p. 318.

God their Saviour—and kissing one another, under a flood of tears, fully resigned to his will, they sang praises unto him, in the joyful hope that they would soon be relieved from all pains, and join their Redeemer in everlasting bliss.”

“During the time of their devotion, the murderers were consulting on the manner in which they should put them to death. Some were for setting fire to the houses they were in, and burning them alive. Others wanted to take their scalps home with them, as a signal of victory; while others remonstrated against either of these plans, declaring that they never would be guilty of murdering a people, whose innocence was so satisfactorily evinced; and these proposed to set them at liberty, or, if they would not do that, at least to take them as prisoners and deliver them up to the proper authority; but finding that they could not prevail on these monsters to spare their lives, they wrung their hands—and calling God to witness that they were innocent of the blood of these harmless Christian Indians, they withdrew to some distance from the scene of slaughter.”

“The murderers, impatient to make a beginning, came again to them, while they were singing, and inquiring whether they were now ready for dying, they answered in the affirmative, adding, ‘that they had commended their immortal souls to God, who had given them the assurance in their hearts, that He would receive their souls.’ One of the party, now taking up a cooper’s mallet, saying, ‘How exactly this will do for the business!’ he began with Abraham, and continued knocking down one after another, until he had counted fourteen

that he had killed with his own hands. He now handed the instrument to one of his fellow-murderers, saying, 'My arm fails me! Go on in the same way! I think I have done pretty well!' In the other house, where mostly women and children were confined, Judith, a remarkably pious aged widow, was the first victim.* Christina, who had formerly lived with the sisters in Bethlehem, and spoke English and German well, fell on her knees, and begged for life in vain.† Only two lads escaped, each between fifteen and sixteen years of age—one, hiding himself in the cellar of the house where the women and children were murdered, beheld the blood run in streams into the cellar, and waiting until night, escaped through the window. The other, receiving but one blow, and not being scalped, recovered his senses; but seeing the murderers return and kill a man by the name of Abel, who was endeavoring to raise himself up, he lay still until evening, when the doors being open, he escaped into the woods." ‡

The particulars of this dreadful catastrophe are too horrid to relate. In addition to what is narrated, it is sufficient to say, that in a few minutes these two slaughter houses, as they were called, exhibited in their ghastly interior the mangled, bleeding remains of these poor unfortunate people, of all ages and sexes, from the aged gray-headed parents down to the helpless infant at its mother's § breast, dishonored by the fatal wounds of the tomahawk, mallet, war-club, spear, and scalping-knife.

* Heckewelder's Narrative, pp. 318, 319, 320.

† Loskiel's History of Missions of U. B. P., ch. X, p. 180.

‡ Loskiel, Part III, Chap. X, p. 321.

§ Doddridge's Notes, p. 252.

“Thus! O Brainerd and Zeisberger! faithful missionaries, who devoted your whole lives to incessant toil and sufferings, in your endeavors to make the wilderness of paganism ‘rejoice and blossom as the rose,’ in faith and piety to God!—thus perished your faithful followers, by the murderous hands of more than savage white men. Faithful pastors! Your spirits are again associated with those of your flocks,—‘where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!’” *

The number of the slain was ninety-six: forty-one men, twenty-one women, and thirty-four children.

The Indians in the upper town, Shoenbrunn, ten miles further up the river, were apprised of their danger, and providentially made their escape, just in time to avoid the fate of their brethren below. A division of murderers arrived at Shoenbrunn just after the Indians left, but finding the place deserted, took what plunder they could find, and returned to their companions.

After the work of death was finished and the plunder secured, all the buildings in the town were set on fire, and the slaughter-houses among the rest. The dead bodies were thus consumed to ashes. They then returned to the settlements, and proceeded to Pittsburg; where, on the opposite side of the Ohio river, they attacked the camps of the peaceable Delaware chiefs, with a number of friendly families, all under the protection of the government; killed a number, and among them a promising young chief, and went off. Fortunately, the chief Gellemend and others saved their lives by taking to the river, and reaching the town. †

* Heckewelder, p. 325.

† Loskiel, Part III, p. 183.

Such are the principal events of this horrid affair. A massacre of innocent, unoffending people, dishonorable not only to our country, but to human nature itself. There may have been some brave men who composed this campaign, but those who controlled them were far from being such. For it cannot be supposed for a moment, that any white man who can harbor a thought of using his arms for killing women and children, *in any case*, can be a *brave* man. No! He is a murderer.

CHAPTER V.

Crawford's campaign—Its objects—The soldiers equip themselves—All volunteers—Colonel Crawford chosen commander—The march—Early symptoms of want of discipline—Indians well informed of their movements—Attacked by the Indians—The battle—Retreat ordered and commenced—Dreadfully harassed on the retreat—Dr. Knight's account of his own and Colonel Crawford's retreat—They are captured by the Indians—Colonel Crawford seeks aid of Simon Girty who makes fair promises to Crawford and insults Dr. Knight—The Colonel stripped and beaten—Girty now threatens to burn the Colonel—Horrid circumstances attending the burning—Escape of Dr. Knight—End of the campaign—Remarks—Lewis Wetzel meets with Mills in the retreat and goes with him after his horse—They are attacked by Indians and Mills is killed—Lewis escapes after killing two Indians and wounding a third in his retreat.

WE now come to Crawford's campaign, in which Lewis Wetzel, and most probably one or more of his brothers were engaged as partisan soldiers. Crawford's campaign, says Doddridge, in his "Notes," in one point of view at least, is to be considered as a second Moravian campaign, as one of its objects was that of finishing the work of murder and plunder with the Christian Indians at their new establishment on the Sandusky. The next object was that of destroying

the Wyandot towns on the same river. It was the resolution of all those concerned in this expedition not to spare the life of any Indian that might fall into their hands, whether friends or foes. It will be seen in the sequel that the result of this campaign was widely different from that of the Moravian campaign the preceding March.

It should seem that the long continuance of the Indian war had debased a considerable portion of our population to the savage state of our nature. Having lost so many relatives by the Indians, and witnessed their horrid murders and other depredations on so extensive a scale, they became subjects of that indiscriminating thirst for revenge which is such a prominent feature in the savage character, and having had a taste of blood and plunder without risk or loss on their part, they resolved to go on and kill every Indian they could find, whether friend or foe.

Preparations for this campaign commenced soon after the return of the Moravian campaign in the month of March, and as it was intended to make what was called at that time "a dash," that is an enterprise conducted with secrecy and dispatch, the men were all mounted on the best horses they could procure. They furnished themselves with all their outfits except some ammunition, which was furnished by the Lieutenant Colonel of Washington county, [Pennsylvania.]

On the 25th of May, 1782, 480 men mustered at the old Mingo towns, on the western side of the Ohio river. They were all volunteers from the immediate neighborhood of the Ohio, with the exception of one company from Ten Mile in Washington county. Here an election

was held for the office of commander-in-chief for the expedition. The candidates were Col. Williams and Col. Crawford; the latter was the successful candidate. When notified of his appointment it is said that he accepted it with apparent reluctance.*

The army marched along "Williamson's trail" as it was then called, until they arrived at the upper Moravian town, in the fields belonging to which there was still plenty of corn on the stalks, with which their horses were plentifully fed during the night of their encampment there.

Shortly after the army halted at this place, two Indians were discovered by three men, who had walked some distance out of the camp. Three shots were fired at one of them, but without hurting him. As soon as the news of the discovery of Indians had reached the camp, more than one half of the men rushed out, without command, and in the most tumultuous manner, to see what had happened. From that time, Col. Crawford felt a presentiment of the defeat which followed.

The truth is, that notwithstanding the secrecy and dispatch of the enterprise, the Indians were beforehand with our people. They saw the rendezvous on the Min-

* Col. William Crawford was born in Virginia, in 1732, the same year with Washington. In 1758, he was a captain in Forbes' expedition, which took possession of Fort Duquesne, on the site of Pittsburg. Washington was the friend of Crawford, and often in his visits to the then west, was an inmate of his humble dwelling, in Fayette county. He was a brave and energetic man, and, at the commencement of the revolution, raised a regiment by his own exertions, and received the commission of Colonel of Continentals. He often led parties against the Indians across the Ohio.

go bottom, knew their number and destination. They visited every encampment immediately on their leaving it, and saw from the writing on the trees and scraps of paper that "no quarter was to be given to any Indian, whether man, woman, or child."

Nothing material happened during their march until the sixth of June, when their guides conducted them to the site of the Moravian villages, on one of the upper branches of the Sandusky river; but here, instead of meeting with Indians and plunder, they met with nothing but vestiges of desolation. The place was covered with high grass, and the remains of a few huts alone announced that the place had been the residence of the people whom they intended to destroy, but who had moved off to Scioto some time before.

In this dilemma what was to be done? The officers held a council, in which it was determined to march one day longer in the direction of Upper Sandusky, and if they should not reach the town in the course of the day, to make a retreat with all speed.

The march was commenced the next morning through the plains of Sandusky, and continued until about two o'clock, when the advance guard was attacked and driven in by the Indians, who were discovered in large numbers, in the high grass, with which the place was covered. The Indian army was at that moment about entering a piece of woods, almost entirely surrounded by plains; but in this they were disappointed by a rapid movement of our men. The battle then commenced by a heavy fire from both sides. From a partial possession of the woods which they had gained at the onset of the battle,

the Indians were soon dislodged. They then attempted to gain a small skirt of wood on our right flank, but were prevented from doing so by the vigilance and bravery of Major Leet, who commanded the right wing of the army at that time. The firing was incessant and heavy until dark, when it ceased. Both armies lay on their arms during the night. Both adopted the policy of kindling large fires along the line of battle, and then retiring some distance in the rear of them to prevent being surprised by a night attack. During the conflict of the afternoon, three of our men were killed and several wounded.

In the morning our army occupied the battle ground of the preceding day. The Indians made no attack during the day, until late in the evening, but were seen in large bodies traversing the plains in various directions. Some of them appeared to be employed in carrying off their dead and wounded.

In the morning of this day a council of the officers was held, in which a retreat was resolved on, as the only means of saving their army. The Indians appeared to increase in number every hour. During the sitting of this council, Col. Williamson proposed taking one hundred and fifty volunteers, and marching directly to Upper Sandusky. This proposition the commander-in-chief prudently rejected, saying, "I have no doubt but that you would reach the town, but you would find nothing there but empty wigwams; and having taken off so many of our best men, you would leave the rest to be destroyed by the host of Indians with which we are now surrounded, and on your return they would attack and destroy you.

They care nothing about defending their towns; they are worth nothing. Their squaws, children, and property, have been removed from them long since. Our lives and baggage are what they want, and if they can get us divided they will soon have them. We must stay together and do the best we can."

During this day preparations were made for a retreat by burying the dead, burning fires over their graves to prevent discovery, and preparing means for carrying off the wounded. The retreat was to commence in the course of the night. The Indians, however, became apprized of the intended retreat, and about sundown attacked the army with great force and fury, in every direction excepting that of Sandusky.

When the line of march was formed by the commander-in-chief, and the retreat commenced, our guides prudently took the direction of Sandusky, which afforded the only opening in the Indian lines and the only chance of concealment. After marching about a mile in this direction, the army wheeled about to the left, and by a circuitous route gained the trail by which they came, before day. They continued their march the whole of the next day, with a trifling annoyance from the Indians, who fired a few distant shots at the rear guard, which slightly wounded two or three men. At night they built fires, took their suppers, secured the horses and resigned themselves to repose, without placing a single sentinel or vidette for safety. In this careless situation, they might have been surprised and cut off by the Indians, who, however, gave them no disturbance during the night, nor afterwards during the whole of their re-

treat. The number of those composing the main body in the retreat was supposed to be about three hundred.

Most unfortunately, when a retreat was resolved on, a difference of opinion prevailed concerning the best mode of effecting it. The greater number thought best to keep in a body and retreat as fast as possible, while a considerable number thought it safest to break off in small parties and make their way home in different directions, avoiding the route by which they came. Accordingly many attempted to do so, calculating that the whole body of the Indians would follow the main army; in this they were entirely mistaken. The Indians paid but little attention to the main body of the army, but pursued the small parties with such activity that but very few of those who composed them made their escape.

The only successful party who were detached from the main army was that of about forty men under the command of a Captain Williamson, who, pretty late in the night of the retreat, broke through the Indian lines under a severe fire, and with some loss, and overtook the main army on the morning of the second day of the retreat.

For several days after the retreat of our army, the Indians were spread over the whole country, from Sandusky to the Muskingum, in pursuit of the straggling parties, most of whom were killed on the spot. They even pursued them almost to the banks of the Ohio. A man of the name of Mills was killed, two miles to the eastward of the site of St. Clairsville, in the direction of

Wheeling from that place.* The number killed in this way must have been very great, the precise amount, however, was never fairly ascertained.

At the commencement of the retreat Colonel Crawford placed himself at the head of the army. It was in the night, and they hoped that their movement would escape the notice of the enemy. But in this calculation they were woefully deceived. Doctor Knight, the companion of Colonel Crawford in his captivity, thus relates the incidents which followed :

“We had not got a quarter of a mile from the field of action, when I heard Col. Crawford calling for his son John, his son-in-law Major Harrison, Major Rise and William Crawford, his nephews, upon which I came up and told him I believed they were before us. He asked, ‘Is that the doctor?’ I told him it was. He then replied that they were not in front, and begged of me not to leave him; I promised him I would not.

“We then waited, and continued calling for these men till the troops had passed us. The Colonel told me his horse had almost given out, that he could not keep up with the troops, and wished some of his best friends to remain with him: he then exclaimed against the militia for riding off in such an irregular manner, and leaving some of the wounded behind, contrary to his orders. Presently there came two men riding after us, one of them an old man, the other a lad. We inquired if they had seen any of the above persons, and they answered they had not.

* This took place in the presence of Lewis Wetzel, as will be hereafter related.

“About day break, Colonel Crawford’s and the young man’s horses gave out, and they left them. We pursued our journey eastward, and about two o’clock fell in with Captain Biggs, who had carried Lieutenant Ashly from the field of action who had been dangerously wounded.

“We then went on about the space of an hour, when a heavy rain came up; we concluded it was best to encamp, as we were encumbered with the wounded officer. We then barked four or five trees, made an encampment and a fire, and remained there all night.

“Next morning we again prosecuted our journey, and having gone about three miles, found a deer which had been recently killed. The meat was sliced from the bones, and bundled up in the skin with a tomahawk lying by it. We carried all with us, and in advancing about one mile further, espied the smoke of a fire. We then gave the wounded officer into the charge of the young man, desiring him to stay behind, whilst the colonel, the captain, and myself, walked up as cautiously as we could toward the fire. When we came to it, we concluded, from several circumstances, some of our people had encamped there the preceding night. We then went about roasting the venison, and when just about to march, observed one of our men coming upon our tracks. He seemed at first very shy, but having called to him, he came up and told us he was the person who had killed the deer; but upon hearing us come up, was afraid of Indians, hid in a thicket and made off. Upon this, we gave him some bread and roasted venison, proceeded together on our journey, and about two o’clock came upon the paths by which we had gone out. Captain Biggs

and myself did not think it safe to keep the road, but the colonel said the Indians would not follow the troops farther than the plains, which we were then considerably past. As the wounded officer rode Captain Biggs' horse, I lent the captain mine; the colonel and myself went about one hundred yards in front, the captain and the wounded officer in the centre, and the two young men behind. After we had travelled about one mile and a half, several Indians started up within fifteen or twenty steps of the colonel and I. As we at first discovered only three, I immediately got behind a large black oak, made ready my piece and raised it up to take sight, when the colonel called to me twice not to fire; upon that, one of the Indians ran up to the colonel and took him by the hand. The colonel then told me to put down my gun, which I did. At that instant, one of them came up to me, whom I had formerly seen very often, calling me doctor, and took me by the hand.

“They were Delaware Indians, of the Wingenim tribe. Captain Biggs fired amongst them, but did no execution. They then told us to call those people, and make them come there, else they would go and kill them, which the colonel did, but they four got off and escaped for that time. The colonel and I were then taken to the Indian camp, which was about half a mile from the place where we were captured. On Sunday evening, five Delawares, who had posted themselves at some distance further on the road, brought back to the camp where we lay, Captain Biggs' and Lieutenant Ashly's scalps, with an Indian scalp which Captain Biggs had taken in the field of

action; they also brought in Biggs's horse and mine; they told us the two other men got away from them.

“Monday morning, the 10th of June, we were prepared to march to Sandusky, about thirty-three miles distant; they had eleven prisoners of us, and four scalps, the Indians being seventeen in number.

“Colonel Crawford was very desirous to see a certain Simon Girty, who lived among the Indians, and was on this account permitted to go to town the same night, with two warriors to guard him, having orders at the same time to pass by the place where the colonel had turned out his horse, that they might, if possible, find him. The rest of us were taken as far as the old town, which was within eight miles of the new.

“Tuesday morning, the 11th, Colonel Crawford was brought out to us on purpose to be marched in with the other prisoners. I asked the colonel if he had seen Mr. Girty? He told me he had, and that Girty had promised to do everything in his power for him, but that the Indians were very much enraged against the prisoners, particularly Captain Pipe, one of the chiefs; he likewise told me that Girty had informed him that his son-in-law, Colonel Harrison, and his nephew, William Crawford, were made prisoners by the Shawanese, but had been pardoned. This Captain Pipe had come from the towns about an hour before Colonel Crawford, and had painted all the prisoners' faces black.

“As he was painting me, he told me I should go to the Shawanese towns and see my friends. When the colonel arrived, he painted him black also, told him he was glad to see him, and that he would have him shaved when he

came to see his friends at the Wyandot town. When we marched, the colonel and I were kept between Pipe and Wyngenim, the two Delaware chiefs; the other nine prisoners were sent forward with a party of Indians. As we went along we saw four of the prisoners lying by the path, tomahawked and scalped; some of them were at the distance of half a mile from each other. When we arrived within half a mile of the place where the colonel was executed, we overtook the five prisoners that remained alive; the Indians had caused them to sit down on the ground, as they did, also, the colonel and myself, at some distance from them; I was then given in charge to an Indian fellow to be taken to the Shawanese towns.

“In the place where we were now made to sit down, there was a number of squaws and boys, who fell on the five prisoners and tomahawked them. There was a certain John McKinley amongst the prisoners, formerly an officer in the 13th Virginia Regiment, whose head an old squaw cut off, and the Indians kicked it about upon the ground. The young Indian fellows came often where the colonel and I were, and dashed the scalps in our faces. We were then conducted along toward the place where the colonel was afterwards executed. When we came within half a mile of it, Simon Girty met us, with several Indians on horseback. He spoke to the colonel, but as I was about one hundred and fifty yards behind, I could not hear what passed between them.

“Almost every Indian we met struck us either with sticks or their fists. Girty waited till I was brought up, and then asked, Was that the doctor? I answered him

Yes, and went towards him, and reached out my hand; but he bid me begone, and called me a damned rascal; upon which the fellow who had me in charge pulled me along. Girty rode up after me and told me that I was to go to the Shawanese towns.

“When we came 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 to walk around 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, consisting of 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 as his neck. I think not less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him, and to the best of my observations 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 burned black with powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him, so that which ever way he ran round the post they met him with the burning fagots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards, upon which they would put a quantity of burning coals and hot embers, and throw them 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: 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.

“Colonel Crawford, at this period of his suffering, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three quarters or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last being almost spent, he lay down on his belly; they then scalped him and re-

peatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me 'That was my great captain's.' 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 to pain than before."

Colonel Crawford was about fifty years of age when he suffered at the stake. His son-in-law and nephew were executed about the same time; John escaped. What became of the other members of his family cannot satisfactorily be ascertained.*

Dr. Knight was doomed to be burned at a town about forty miles distant from Sandusky, and committed to the care of a young Indian to be taken there. The first day they traveled about twenty-five miles, and encamped for the night. In the morning the gnats being very troublesome, the doctor requested the Indian to untie him that he might help him to make a fire to keep them off. With this request the Indian complied. While the Indian was on his knees and elbows, blowing the fire, the doctor caught up a piece of a tent pole which had been burned in two, about eighteen inches long, with which he struck the Indian on his head with all his might, so as to knock him forward into the fire. The stick, however, broke, so that the Indian, although severely hurt, was not killed, but immediately sprang up;

* De Haas. History of the Early Settlement and Indian Wars of Western Virginia.

on this the doctor caught up the Indian's gun to shoot him, but drew back the cock with so much violence, that he broke the main spring. The Indian ran off with a hideous yelling. Doctor Knight then made the best of his way home, which he reached in twenty-one days, almost famished to death. The gun being of no use, after carrying it a day or two, he left it behind. On his journey he subsisted on roots, a few young birds and berries

Thus ended this disastrous campaign. It was the last one which took place in this section of the country during the revolutionary contest of the Americans with the mother country. It was undertaken with the very worst of views, those of plunder and murder; it was conducted without sufficient means to encounter, with any prospect of success, the large force of Indians opposed to ours in the plains of Sandusky. It was conducted without that subordination and discipline so requisite to insure success in any hazardous enterprise, and it ended in a total discomfiture. Never did an enterprise more completely fail of attaining its object. Never, on any occasion, had the ferocious savages more ample revenge for the murder of their pacific friends, than that which they obtained on this occasion.

Should it be asked what considerations led so great a number of people into this desperate enterprise? Why with so small a force and such slender means they pushed on so far as the plains of Sandusky?

The answer is, that many believed that the Moravian Indians, taking no part in the war, and having given offence to the warriors on several occasions, their belli-

LEWIS WETZEL KILLING ONE OF HIS PURSUERS.



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gerent friends would not take up arms in their behalf. In this conjecture they were sadly mistaken. They did defend them with all the force at their command, and no wonder, for notwithstanding their Christian and pacific principles, the warriors still regarded the Moravians as their relations, whom it was their duty to defend.*

On the scattered retreat of the troops which followed Crawford's defeat, a man named Thomas Mills, who had been engaged in that unfortunate expedition, reached the Indian Spring, about nine miles from Wheeling, on the present National road, where he was compelled to leave his horse and proceed to Wheeling on foot. Thence he went to Van Metre's Fort, and after a day or two's rest he fell in with Lewis Wetzel, and induced him to go with him to the Spring for his horse. Lewis cautioned him against the danger, but Mills was determined, and the two started. Approaching the Spring, they discovered the horse tied to a tree, and Wetzel at once comprehended their danger. Mills walked up to unfasten the animal, when instantly a discharge of rifles followed, and the unfortunate man fell, mortally wounded. Wetzel now turned, and knowing his only escape was in flight, plunged through the enemy and bounded off at the very extent of his speed. Four fleet Indians followed in rapid pursuit, whooping in proud exultation of soon overhauling their intended victim. After a chase of half a mile, one of the most active savages approached so close that Wetzel was afraid he might throw his tomahawk; and instantly wheeling, shot the fellow dead in his tracks. In his early youth, Lewis had acquired the

* Deddridge's "Notes."

habit of loading his gun while at a full run, and now he felt the great advantage of it. Keeping in advance of his pursuers during another half mile, a second Indian came up, and turning to fire, the savage caught the end of his gun, and for a time the contest was doubtful. At one moment the Indian, by his great strength and dexterity, brought Wetzel to his knee, and nearly wrenched the rifle from the hands of his antagonist, when Lewis, by a renewed effort, drew the weapon from the grasp of the savage, and thrusting the muzzle against the side of his neck, pulled the trigger, killing him instantly. The two other Indians by this time had nearly overtaken him, but leaping forward, he kept ahead until his unerring rifle was a third time loaded. Anxious to have done with that kind of sport, he slackened his pace, and even stopped once or twice to give his pursuers an opportunity to face him. Every time, however, he looked round, the Indians tree'd, unwilling any longer to encounter his destructive weapon. After running a mile or two further in this manner, he reached an open piece of ground, and wheeling suddenly, the foremost Indian jumped behind a tree, but which not screening his body, Wetzel fired, and dangerously wounded him. The remaining Indian made an immediate retreat, yelling as he went, "*No catch dat man, him gun always loaded.*"

CHAPTER VI.

Erection of Fort Harmar—General Harmar attempts to conciliate the Indians—Lewis Wetzel goes to Fort Harmar, in hopes to kill an Indian—He waylays and shoots one—Captain Kingsbury sent to arrest him—He returns, without effecting his object—Lewis Wetzel goes on a visit to Hamilton Carr—He is made prisoner in Carr's house, and loaded with irons—He makes a singular proposition to General Harmar, which is not accepted—Wetzel escapes from his captivity—By the aid of a friend, he reaches Virginia, and then goes to Kentucky—General Harmar goes to Fort Washington, and issues a proclamation, offering a reward for the apprehension of Lewis Wetzel.

IN the autumn of 1785, Major Doughty descended the Ohio to the mouth of the Muskingum, and upon the point north of the former, and west of the latter, began the erection of Fort Harmar.* The completion of this work appears to have been made by General Harmar,†

* Perkins' Annals of the West.

† Brigadier-General Josiah Harmar died in August, 1813. He, in 1784, conveyed to France the ratification of the definite treaty. In 1785, he was appointed Colonel, and commander of the forces on the northwestern frontier. In the war against the Indians, he marched, Sept. 30, 1790, from Fort Washington, and had an army of 1453 men. His detachment had several engagements with Indians. In the last, Col. Harding was defeated, near Chillicothe, with the loss of

who was appointed commander of the forces on the northwestern frontier the same year. Soon after this, he employed some white men to go with a flag among the nearest Indian tribes, to prevail with them to come to the fort, and there to conclude a treaty of peace. A large number of Indians came on the general invitation, and encamped on the Muskingum river, a few miles above its mouth. General Harmar issued a proclamation, giving notice that a cessation of arms was mutually agreed upon between the white and red men, till an effort for a treaty of peace should be concluded.

As treaties of peace with Indians had been so frequently violated, but little faith was placed in the stability of such engagements by the frontiersmen; notwithstanding that they were as frequently the aggressors as were the Indians. Half the backwoodsmen of that day had been born in a fort, and grew to manhood, as it were, in a siege. The Indian war had continued so long, and was so bloody, that they believed war with them was to continue as long as both survived to fight.

With these impressions, as they considered the Indians faithless, it was difficult to inspire confidence in the stability of treaties.

While General Harmar was diligently engaged with the Indians, endeavoring to make peace, Lewis Wetzel

Maj. Fontaine, aid to the General, and Maj. Wyllys, and upwards of 180 men. The Indians lost 120 warriors, and 300 wigwams burnt. After this defeat, called Harmar's defeat, he returned to Fort Washington. St. Clair was in command the next year. He died on the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia.—*Allen's American Biographical Dictionary.*

concluded to go to Fort Harmar, and as the Indians would be passing and repassing between their camp and the fort, would have a fair opportunity of killing one. He associated with himself in this enterprise, a man by the name of Veach Dickerson, who was only a small grade below him in restless daring. As soon as the enterprise was resolved on, they were impatient to put it in execution. The more danger, the more excited and impatient they were to execute their plan. They set off without delay, and arrived at the desired point, and sat themselves down in ambush, near the path leading from the fort to the Indian camp.

Shortly after they had concealed themselves by the wayside, they saw an Indian approaching on horseback, running his horse at full speed. They called to him, but owing to the clatter of the horse's feet, he did not hear or heed their call, but kept on at a sweeping gallop. When the Indian had nearly passed, they concluded to give him a shot as he rode. They fired; but as the Indian did not fall, they thought they had missed him. As the alarm would soon be spread that an Indian had been shot at, and as large numbers of them were near at hand, they commenced an immediate retreat to their home.

As their neighbors knew the object of their expedition, as soon as they returned, they were asked what luck. Wetzel answered, that they had bad luck—they had seen but one Indian, and he on horseback—that they fired at him as he rode, but he did not fall, but went off scratching his back, as if he had been stung by a yellowjacket. The truth was, they had shot him through the hips and lower

part of the belly. He rode to the fort, and that night expired of his wound.

It was soon rumored to General Harmar, that Lewis Wetzel was the murderer. General Harmar sent a Captain Kingsbury, with a company of men, to the Mingo Bottom, with orders to take Wetzel, alive or dead—a useless and impotent order. A company of men could as easily have drawn Beelzebub out of the bottomless pit, as take Lewis Wetzel by force from the Mingo Bottom settlement.

On the day that Captain Kingsbury arrived, there was a shooting match in the neighborhood, and Lewis was there. As soon as the object of Captain Kingsbury was ascertained, it was resolved to ambush the Captain's barge, and kill him and his company.

Happily, Major M'Mahan was present to prevent this catastrophe, who prevailed on Wetzel and his friends to suspend the attack, till he would pay Captain Kingsbury a visit, perhaps he would induce him to return, without making an attempt to take Wetzel. With a great deal of reluctance, they agreed to suspend the attack till Major M'Mahan should return.

The resentment and fury of Wetzel and his friends, were boiling and blowing, like the steam from a scape-pipe of a steamboat. "A pretty affair, this," said they, "to hang a man for killing an Indian, when they are killing some of our men almost every day."

Major M'Mahan informed Captain Kingsbury of the force and fury of the people, and assured him that if he persisted in the attempt to seize Wetzel, he would have all the settlers in the country upon him; that nothing

could save him and his company from massacre, but a speedy return. The Captain took his advice, and forthwith returned to Fort Harmar. Wetzel considered the affair now as finally adjusted.

As Lewis was never long stationary, but ranged at will along the river from Fort Pitt to the falls of the Ohio, and was a welcome guest, and perfectly at home wherever he went, shortly after the attempt to seize him by Captain Kingsbury, he got into a canoe, with the intention of proceeding down the Ohio to Kentucky. He had a friend by the name of Hamilton Carr, who had lately settled on the island, near Fort Harmar.

Here he stopped, with the view of lodging for the night. By some means, which never were explained, General Harmar was advised of his being on the island. A guard was sent, who crossed to the island, surrounded Mr. Carr's house, went in, and as Wetzel lay asleep, he was seized by numbers; his hands and feet securely bound, and he was hurried into a boat, and from thence placed in a guard-room, where he was loaded with irons.

The ignominy of wearing iron handcuffs and hobbles, and being chained down, to a man of his independent and resolute spirit, was more painful than death. Shortly after he was confined, he sent for General Harmar, and requested a visit. The General went. Wetzel admitted without hesitation "that he had shot the Indian."

As he did not wish to be hung like a dog, he requested the General to give him up to the Indians, there being a large number of them present. "He might place them all in a circle, with their scalping knives and tomahawks

—and give him a tomahawk, and place him in the midst of the circle, and then let him and the Indians fight it out the best way they could.”

The General told him, “that he was an officer appointed by the law, by which he must be governed. As the law did not authorize him to make such a compromise, he could not grant his request.” After a few days longer confinement, he again sent for the General to come and see him; and he did so. Wetzel said “he had never been confined, and could not live much longer, if he was not permitted some room to walk about in.”

The General ordered the officer on guard to knock off his iron fetters, but to leave on his handcuffs, and permit him to walk about on the point at the mouth of the Muskingum; but to be sure and keep a close watch upon him. As soon as they were outside the fort gate, Lewis began to caper about like a wild colt broke loose from the stall.

He would start and run a few yards, as if he was about to make an escape, then turn round and join the guards. The next start, he would run farther, and then stop. In this way he amused the guard for some time, at every start running a little farther. At length, he called forth all his strength, resolution, and activity, and determined on freedom or an early grave. He gave a sudden spring forward, and bounded off at the top of his speed for the shelter of his beloved woods.

His movement was so quick, and so unexpected, that the guard were taken by surprise, and he got nearly a hundred yards, before they recovered from their astonishment. They fired, but all missed; they followed in

pursuit; but he soon left them out of sight. As he was well acquainted with the country, he made for a dense thicket, about two or three miles from the fort. In the midst of this thicket, he found a tree which had fallen across a log, where the brush was very close. Under this tree he squeezed his body. The brush was so thick, that he could not be discovered, unless his pursuers examined very closely.

As soon as his escape was announced, General Har-mar started the soldiers and Indians in pursuit. After he laid about two hours in his place of concealment, two Indians came into the thicket, and stood on the same log under which he lay concealed; his heart beat so violently, he was afraid they would hear it thumping. He could hear them hallooing in every direction, as they hunted through the brush.

At length, as the evening wore away the day, he found himself alone in the friendly thicket. But what should he do? His hands were fastened with iron cuffs and bolts, and he knew of no friend on the same side of the Ohio to whom he could apply for assistance.

He had a friend who had recently put up a cabin on the Virginia side of the Ohio, who, he had no doubt, would lend him every assistance in his power. But to cross the river, was the difficulty. He could not make a raft, with his hands bound, and though an excellent swimmer, it would be risking too much to trust himself to the stream in that disabled condition.

With the most gloomy forebodings of the future, he left the thicket as soon as the shades of night began to

gather, and directed his way to the Ohio by a circuitous route, which brought him to a lonely spot, three or four miles below the fort. He made to this place, as he expected guards would be set at every point where he could find a canoe.

On the opposite shore, he saw an acquaintance, Isaac Wiseman by name, fishing in a canoe. Not daring to call to him, as he could not know whether his enemies were not within sound of his voice, he waved his hat for some time, to attract the notice of his friend, having previously induced him to direct his eye that course by a gentle splashing in the water. This brought Wiseman to his assistance, who readily aided his escape.

Once on the Virginia shore, he had nothing to fear, as he had well wishers all through the country, who would have shed blood, if necessary, for his defence. It was not, however, until years had elapsed, and General Harmar returned to Philadelphia, that it became safe for Wiseman to avow the act, such was the weakness of civil authority, and the absolute supremacy of military rule on the frontier. A file and hammer soon released him from the heavy handcuffs.

After the night's rest had recruited his energies, he set out for fresh adventures; his friend having supplied him with a rifle, ammunition, and blanket. He took a canoe, and went down the river for Kentucky, where he should feel safe from the grasp of Harmar and his myrmidons.

Subsequently to Wetzel's escape, General Harmar removed his headquarters to Fort Washington, Cincin-

nati. One of his first official acts there was to issue a proclamation, offering considerable rewards for the apprehension and delivery of Lewis, at the garrison there. No man, however, was found base or daring enough to attempt this service.

CHAPTER VII.

Lewis Wetzel joins Major M'Mahan's expedition against the Indians—They meet a strong party of Indians—The party retreats, leaving Wetzel—He comes to an Indian camp—Kills an Indian, and returns home with his scalp—He kills an Indian who imitates the turkey call, as a decoy to the people in the fort at Wheeling.

THE next incident in the history of Lewis was his attaching himself to a body of scouts, which set out in pursuit of Indians. A party of the savages in the spring of 1787* had crossed the Ohio river at what was called the Mingo Bottom, three miles below the present town of Steubenville. Here they killed a family, but as they did not penetrate into the country, and retreated for some reason or other immediately, they made their escape with impunity. This inroad took the settlers by surprise; the Indians not having crossed the Ohio in that neighborhood for the previous twelve or eighteen months, and filled them in their unprotected state with fearful apprehensions.

A subscription was drawn up, headed by those who were in easy circumstances, for the purpose of stimulating the young and active, which pledged more than one hundred dollars as a bounty to the scout who would

* Mr. De Haas dates this adventure in 1786.

bring in the first Indian scalp. Major M'Mahan, who frequently led the hardy frontier men in those perilous times, soon raised a company of about twenty men, among whom was Lewis Wetzel. They crossed the Ohio, and pursued the Indian trail with unerring tact, till they came to the Muskingum river. There the advance, or spies, discovered a party of Indians far superior to their own in number, encamped on the bank of the river.

As the Indians had not yet discovered the white men, Major M'Mahan retreated with his party to the top of the hill, where they might consult about their future operations. The conclusion of the conference was, "that discretion was the better part of valor;" and a hasty retreat was prudently resolved on.

While the party were consulting on the propriety of attacking the Indians, Lewis Wetzel sat on a log, with his gun laid across his lap, and his tomahawk in his hand; he took no part in the council.

As soon as the resolution was adopted to retreat, it was without delay put in execution, and the party set off, leaving Lewis sitting on a log. Major M'Mahan 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."

Arguments were without avail. His stubborn, unyielding disposition being 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, in his disposition was displayed the cunning of a fox, as well as the boldness of a 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 encamped. He prowled through the woods with a noiseless tread, and the keen glance of the eagle, that day and the next evening, when he discovered a smoke curling up from 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 and 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 Wetzel, was about stealing a march upon them. Lewis kept a keen watch on their movements. About 9 or 10 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 musketoos.

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 songsters begin their morning carol, 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 slumber, lying 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 his final sleep. He then scalped him, and set off for home. He arrived at

the Mingo Bottom only one day after his unsuccessful companions.

He claimed, and, as he deserved, received the promised reward.*

A most fatal decoy on the frontier, was the turkey call. On several different occasions, men from the fort at Wheeling had gone across the hill in quest of a turkey, whose painful cries had elicited their attention, and on more than one occasion the men never returned. Wetzel suspected the cause, and determined to satisfy himself. On the east side of the Creek hill, and at a point elevated at least sixty feet above the water, there is a capacious cavern, the entrance to which at that time was almost obscured by a heavy growth of vines and foliage. Into this the alluring savage would crawl, and could there have an extensive view of the hill front on the opposite side. From that cavern issued the decoy of death to more than one incautious soldier and settler. Wetzel knew of the existence and exact locality of the cave, and accordingly started out before day, and by a circuitous route, reached the spot from the rear. Posting so as to command a view of the opening, he waited patiently for the expected cry. Directly the twisted tuft of an Indian warrior slowly rose in the mouth of the cave, and looking cautiously about, sent forth the long, shrill, peculiar cry, and immediately sunk back out of view. Lewis screened himself in his position, cocked his gun, and anxiously waited for a reappearance of the head. In a few minutes up rose the tuft, Lewis

* Cincinnati Miscellany.

drew a fine aim at the polished head, and the next instant the brains of the savage were scattered about the cave. *That* turkey troubled the inhabitants no longer, and tradition does not say whether the place was ever after similarly occupied.*

* De Haas. Cincinnati Miscellany. Pritt's Border Life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lewis Wetzel goes down the Ohio towards the Kanawha—Meets Lieutenant Kingsbury, who does not arrest him—Lewis goes to Limestone and Washington—Goes on hunting excursions—Goes to Maysville—Is arrested and put in irons by Lieutenant Lawler—Delivered to General Harmar—Great excitement in the neighborhood on account of Wetzel's detention in prison—Wetzel tried and discharged—His personal appearance at this time.

GENERAL HARMAR'S pursuit of Lewis Wetzel had not yet ceased. His officers had standing orders to arrest him wherever they might find him. It appears that after having received his reward for taking the Indian scalp, after the inglorious termination of Major McMahan's expedition, he proceeded down the Ohio river towards the Kanawha.*

On his way down, Wetzel landed at Point Pleasant, and following his usual humor, when he had no work among Indians on the carpet, ranged the town for a few days with as much unconcern as if he were on his own farm. Lieutenant Kingsbury, attached to Harmer's own command, happened to be at the mouth of Kanawha at the time, and scouting about, while ignorant of Wetzel's presence, met him,—unexpectedly to both parties.

Lewis, being generally on the *qui vive*, saw Kingsbury

* Cincinnati Miscellany.

first, and halted with great firmness in the path, leaving to the Lieutenant to decide his own course of procedure, feeling himself prepared and ready, whatever that might be. Kingsbury, a brave man himself, had too much good feeling towards such a gallant spirit as Wetzel, to attempt his injury, if it were even safe to do so. He contented himself with saying, "*Get out of my sight, you Indian killer!*" And Lewis, who was implacable to the savage only, retired slowly and watchfully, as a lion draws off, measuring his steps in the presence of the hunters, being as willing to avoid unnecessary danger as to seek it, when duty called him to act.

He regained his canoe and put off for Limestone, at which place, and Washington the county town, he established his head quarters for some time. Here he engaged on hunting parties, or went out with the scouts after Indians. When not actually engaged in such service, he filled up his leisure hours at shooting matches, foot racing, or wrestling with other hunters. Major Fowler, who knew him well during this period, described him as a general favorite, no less from his personal qualities than for his services.

While engaged in these occupations at Maysville, Lieutenant Lawler of the regular army, who was going down the Ohio to Fort Washington, in what was called a Kentucky boat, full of soldiers, landed at Maysville, and found Wetzel sitting in one of the taverns. Returning to the boat, he ordered out a file of soldiers, seized Wetzel and dragged him on board of the boat, and without a moment's delay pushed off, and that same night delivered him to General Harmar at Cincinnati, by whom the pri-

soner was again put in irons, preparatory to his trial, and consequent condemnation, for what Lewis disdained to deny or conceal, the killing of the Indian at Marietta. But Harmar, like St. Clair, although acquainted with the routine of military service, was destitute of the practical good sense, always indispensable in frontier settlements, in which such severe measures were more likely to rouse the settlers to flame, than to intimidate them, and soon found the country around him in arms.

The story of Wetzel's captivity, captured and liable to punishment for shooting an Indian merely—spread through the settlements like-wild fire, kindling the passions of the frontier men to a high pitch of fury. Petitions for the release of Wetzel came into General Harmar from all quarters, and all classes of society. To these at first, he paid little attention.

At length the settlements along the Ohio, and some even of the back counties, began to embody in military array to release the prisoner *vi et armis*. Representations were made to Judge Symmes, which induced him to issue a writ of *habeas corpus* in the case. John Clawson and other hunters of Columbia, who had gone down to attend his trial, went security for Wetzel's good behavior; and being discharged, he was escorted with great triumph to Columbia, and treated at that place to his supper, &c. Judge Foster who gave these last particulars, described him at this period—August 26th, 1789—as about 26 years of age, about 5 feet 9 inches high. He was full breasted, very broad across the shoulders, his arms were large, skin darker than the other brothers, his face heavily pitted with the small pox

—his hair, of which he was very careful, reached when combed out, to the calves of the legs; his eyes remarkably black, and when excited, sparkling with such a vindictive glance as to indicate plainly it was hardly safe to provoke him to wrath. He was taciturn in mixed company, although the fiddle of the party among his social friends and acquaintances. His morals and habits compared with those of his general associates, and the tone of society in the west of that day, were quite exemplary.

CHAPTER IX.

Lewis Wetzel goes on an Indian hunt—He finds a camp with four Indians—Watches them—Attacks them in the night—Kills three of them—The fourth escapes—Wetzel's characteristic remark on his return home—Lewis's adventure with six Indians in a cabin—He kills one of them and makes his escape unhurt.

It appears to have been a custom of Lewis Wetzel to go out in the woods at certain seasons, and hunt for Indians as other men in those days were accustomed to hunt for buffaloes or deer; and to shoot them down, wherever he might meet with them, with as little compunction as he would have shot a deer or a panther. Of one of his excursions we find the following record.*

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, unsuspecting of any enemies prowling about them so late in the season, were completely off their guard, keeping neither watch nor sentinels.

Wetzel at first hesitated about the propriety of attacking such overwhelming numbers. After some reflection,

* Cincinnati Miscellany.

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 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 spirit, seeking mischief, and the keen glance of the fabled Argus, and then you can imagine to your mind Wetzel's silent and stealthy approach upon 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 him off 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, into the woods.

Wetzel pursued him some distance, but he finally made his escape. This successful enterprise places our hero, for "deeds of noble daring" without a rival. From the pursuit he returned to the camp, scalped the three Indians, and then returned home. What Ossian said of some of his heroes, might with equal propriety be said of Wetzel—the western "clouds were hung around with ghosts." When he came home, he was asked what luck he had on his expedition? He replied, "Not very good; that he had treed four Indians, and one got away from him; that he had taken but three scalps, after all his pains and fatigue."

During another of his scouts in the neighborhood of Wheeling, our hero took shelter, on a stormy evening, in a deserted cabin on the bottom, not far from the present residence of Mr. Hamilton Woods. Gathering a few broken boards he prepared a place on the loft to sleep. Scarcely had he got himself adjusted for a nap, when six Indians entered, and striking a fire, commenced preparing their homely meal. Wetzel watched their movements closely, with drawn knife, determined, the moment he was discovered, to leap into their midst, and in the confusion endeavor to escape. Fortunately they did not see him, and soon after supper, the whole six fell asleep. Wetzel now crawled noiselessly, and hid himself behind a log, at a convenient distance from the door of the cabin. At early dawn, a tall savage stepped from the door, and stretching up both hands in a long, hearty

yawn, seemed to draw in new life from the pure invigorating atmosphere. In an instant Wetzels had his finger upon the trigger, and the next moment the Indian fell heavily to the ground, his life's blood gushing upon the young grass brilliant with the morning dew drops. The report of his rifle had not ceased echoing through the valley ere the daring borderer was far away, secure from all pursuit.

CHAPTER X.

Lewis Wetzel's popularity not diminished by his imprisonment—He makes a visit to a friend on Dunkard's Creek—They find the house of his friend in ruins, and his intended wife is missing, having been captured by the Indians—Wetzel and his friend set off in pursuit of the Indians—A long march through the woods—They come upon the camp of the Indians at night—They watch them till morning—They attack the Indians—They recover the captive, and kill all the Indians.

LEWIS WETZEL'S imprisonment by General Harmar, had by no means diminished his popularity among the hardy denizens of the western frontier. When he had been discharged home, after his detention at Fort Washington,* he was received by his compatriots with open arms, and was caressed by young and old, with undiminished respect.† “The vast number of scalps which he had taken, proved his invincible courage, as well as his prowess in war; the sufferings and persecutions by which he had been pursued by General Harmar, secured for him the sympathy of the frontier men. The higher he was esteemed, the lower sank the character of General Harmar with the fiery spirits of the frontier.”

* Fort Washington was situated on the present site of Cincinnati.

† De Haas.

Had Harmar possessed a tithe of the courage, skill, and indomitable energy of Wetzel, the gallant soldiers under his command, in the memorable and disastrous campaign against the Miamis, might have shared a different fate.*

Shortly after his return from Kentucky, a relative from Dunkard Creek invited Lewis home with him. The invitation was accepted, and the two leisurely wended their way along, hunting and sporting as they traveled. On their reaching the home of the young man, what should they see, instead of the hospitable roof, a pile of smoking ruins! Wetzel instantly examined the trail, and found that the marauders were three Indians, and one white man, and that they had taken one prisoner. That captive proved to be the betrothed of the young man, whom nothing could restrain from pushing on in immediate pursuit. Placing himself under the direction of Wetzel, the two strode on, hoping to overhaul the enemy before they had crossed the Ohio. It was found, after proceeding a short distance, that the savages had taken great care to obliterate their trail; but the keen discernment of Wetzel, once on the track, and there need not be much difficulty.

He knew they would make for the river by the most expeditious route, and therefore, disregarding the trail, he pushed on so as to head them at the crossing-place.

After an hour's hard travel, they struck a path which the deer had made, and which their sagacity had taught them to carry over knolls in order to avoid the great curves of ravines. Wetzel followed the path because he

* De Haas.

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

* De Haas.

companion to take good aim at the white renegade, while he would make sure work of one of the Indians. They fired at the same moment, and with fatal effect. Instantly, the young man rushed forward to release the captive ; and Wetzel reloading, pursued the two Indians who had taken to the woods, to ascertain the strength of the attacking party. Wetzel pursued a short distance, and then fired his rifle at random, to draw the Indians from their retreat. The trick succeeded, and they made after him with uplifted tomahawks, yelling at the height of their voices. The adroit hunter soon had his rifle loaded, and wheeling suddenly, discharged its contents through the body of his nearest pursuer. The other Indian now rushed impetuously forward, thinking to despatch his enemy in a moment. Wetzel, however, kept dodging from tree to tree, and, being more fleet than the Indian, managed to keep ahead until his unerring gun was again loaded, when, turning, he fired, and the last of the party lay dead before him.

CHAPTER XI.

Adventure of John Wetzel—He goes with six others to an Indian town to steal horses—They cross the Ohio and reach the town, where they obtain fifteen horses—They are detained at Wells' Creek—An alarm—The party encamp for the night—The Indians attack them and kill three of their number—John Wetzel and the other three survivors make good their retreat—John Wetzel goes on a scout with Veach Dickerson—They meet two Indians—Wetzel kills and scalps one, and they capture the other—He refuses to go with them—They beat him with hickory sticks, but he still refuses to accompany them, and they finally tomahawk and scalp him.

THE reader will now permit us to turn aside from the straightforward course of our narrative for the purpose of giving some adventures of Lewis Wetzel's brothers.*

In the year 1791 or '92, the Indians having made frequent incursions into the settlements, along the river Ohio, between Wheeling and the Mingo Bottom, sometimes killing or capturing whole families, at other times stealing all the horses belonging to a station or fort, a company, consisting of seven men, rendezvoused at a place called the Beech Bottom, on the Ohio river, a few miles below where Wellsburg has been erected.

This company were John Wetzel, William M'Cullough, John Hough, Thomas Biggs, Joseph Hedges, Kinzie

* Border Life.

Dickerson, and a Mr. Linn. Their avowed object was to go to the Indian town to steal horses. This was then considered a legal, honorable business, as we were then at open war with the Indians. It would only be retaliating upon them in their own way.

These seven men were all trained to Indian warfare, and a life in the woods from their youth. Perhaps the western frontier, at no time, could furnish seven men whose souls were better fitted, and whose nerves and sinews were better strung to perform any enterprise which required resolution and firmness.

They crossed the Ohio, and proceeded with cautious steps, and vigilant glances, on their way through the cheerless, dark, and almost impenetrable forest, in the Indian country, till they came to an Indian town, near where the head waters of the Sandusky and Muskingum rivers interlock. Here they made a fine haul, and set off homeward with about fifteen horses. They traveled rapidly, only making a short halt, to let their horses graze, and breathe a short time, to recruit their strength and activity.

In the evening of the second day of their rapid retreat, they arrived at Wells Creek, not far from where the town of Cambridge has been since erected. Here Mr. Linn was taken violently sick, and they must stop their march, or leave him alone, to perish in the dark and lonely woods. Our frontier men, notwithstanding their rough and unpolished manners, had too much of my Uncle Toby's "sympathy for suffering humanity," to forsake a comrade in distress. They halted, and placed sentinels on their back trail, who remained there

till late in the night, without seeing any signs of being pursued.

The sentinels on the back trail returned to the camp, Mr. Linn still lying in excruciating pain. All the simple remedies in their power were administered to the sick man, without producing any effect. Being late in the night, they all lay down to rest, except one, who was placed as guard. Their camp was on the bank of a small branch.

Just before daybreak the guard took a small bucket, and dipped some water out of the stream; on carrying it to the fire he discovered the water to be muddy. The muddy water waked his suspicion that the enemy might be approaching them, and were walking down in the stream, as their footsteps would be noiseless in the water. He waked his companions, and communicated his suspicion. They arose, examined the branch a little distance, and listened attentively for some time; but neither saw nor heard anything, and then concluded it must have been raccoons, or some other animals, puddling in the stream.

After this conclusion the company all lay down to rest, except the sentinel, who was stationed just outside of the light. Happily for them, the fire had burned down, and only a few coals afforded a dim light to point out where they lay. The enemy had come silently down the creek, as the sentinel suspected, to within ten or twelve feet of the place where they lay, and fired several guns over the bank. Mr. Linn, the sick man, was lying with his side towards the bank, and received nearly all the balls which were at first fired. The Indians then,

with tremendous yells, mounted the bank with loaded rifles, war clubs, and tomahawks, and rushed upon our men, who fled barefooted, and without arms.

Mr. Linn, Thomas Biggs, and Joseph Hedges, were killed in or near the camp. William M'Cullough had run but a short distance when he was fired at by the enemy. At the instant the firing was given, he jumped into a quagmire and fell; the Indians supposing that they had killed him, ran past in pursuit of others. He soon extricated himself out of the mire, and so made his escape. He fell in with John Hough, and came into Wheeling.

John Wetzel and Kinzie Dickerson met in their retreat, and returned together. Those who made their escape were without arms, without clothing or provision. Their sufferings were great; but this they bore with stoical indifference, as it was the fortune of war. Whether the Indians who defeated our heroes followed in pursuit from their towns, or were a party of warriors, who accidentally happened to fall in with them, has never been ascertained.

From the place they had stolen the horses, they had traveled two nights and almost two entire days, without halting, except just a few minutes at a time, to let the horses graze. From the circumstance of their rapid retreat with the horses, it was supposed that no pursuit could possibly have overtaken them, but that fate had decreed that this party of Indians should meet and defeat them.

As soon as the stragglers arrived at Wheeling, Captain John M'Cullough collected a party of men, and

went to Wells Creek, and buried the unfortunate men who fell in and near the camp. The Indians had mangled the dead bodies at a most barbarous rate. Thus was closed the horse-stealing tragedy.

Of the four who survived this tragedy, none are now living to tell the story of their suffering. They continued to hunt and to fight as long as the war lasted. John Wetzel and Dickerson died in the country near Wheeling. John Hough died a few years since, near Columbia, Hamilton county, Ohio. The brave Captain William M'Cullough fell in 1812, in the battle of Brownstown, in the campaign with General Hull.

John Wetzel and Veach Dickerson associated to go on an Indian scout. They crossed the Ohio at the Mingo Bottom, three miles below where the town of Steubenville has since been constructed. They set off with the avowed intention of bringing an Indian prisoner. They painted and dressed in complete Indian style, and could talk some in their language. What induced them to undertake this hazardous enterprise is now unknown; perhaps the novelty and danger of the undertaking prompted them to action. No reward was given for either prisoners or scalps; nor were they employed or paid by government. Every man fought on his own hook, furnished his own arms and ammunition, and carried his own baggage.

This was, to all intents, a democratic war, as every one fought as often and as long as he pleased; either by himself, or with such company as he could confide in. As the white men on the frontier took but few prisoners, Wetzel and Dickerson concluded to change the practice,

and bring in an Indian to make a pet. Whatever whim may have induced them, they set off with the avowed intention of bringing in a prisoner, or losing their own scalps in the attempt.

They pushed through the Indian country with silent tread and a keen look out, till they went near the head of the Sandusky river, where they came near to a small Indian village. They concealed themselves near to a path which appeared to be considerably traveled.

In the course of the first day of their ambush, they saw several small companies of Indians pass them. As it was not their wish to raise an alarm among the enemy, they permitted them to pass undisturbed. In the evening of the next day, they saw two Indians coming sauntering along the road in quite a merry mood. They immediately stepped into the road, and with a confident air, as if they were meeting friends, went forward until they came within reach of the enemy.

Wetzel drew his tomahawk, and with one sweep knocked an Indian down; at the same instant Dickerson grasped the other in his arms, and threw him on the ground. By this time Wetzel had killed the other, and turned his hand to aid in fastening the prisoner. This completed, they scalped the dead Indian, and set off with the prisoner for home. They traveled all that night on the war-path leading towards Wheeling. In the morning they struck off from the path, and making diverse courses, and keeping on the hardest ground, where their feet would made the least impression, as this would render their trail more difficult to follow in

case they should be pursued. They pushed along till they had crossed the Muskingum some distance, when their prisoner began to show a restive, stubborn disposition; he finally threw himself on the ground and refused to rise. He held down his head, and told them they might tomahawk him as soon as they pleased, for he was determined to go no farther. They used every argument they could think of to induce him to proceed, but without any effect. He said "he would prefer dying in his native woods, than to preserve his life a little longer, and at last be tortured by fire, and his body mangled for sport, when they took him to their towns."

They assured him his life would be spared, and that he would be well used and treated with plenty. But all their efforts would not induce him to rise to his feet. The idea that he would be put to death for sport, or in revenge, in presence of a large number of spectators, who would enjoy with raptures the scenes of his torture and death, had taken such a strong hold of his mind, that he determined to disappoint the possibility of their being gratified at his expense. As it was not their wish to kill him, from coaxing, they concluded to try if a hickory well applied would not bend his stubborn soul.

This, too, failed to have any effect. He appeared to be as callous and indifferent to the lash, as if he had been a cooper's horse. What invincible resolution and fortitude was evinced by this son of the forest! Finding all their efforts to urge him forward ineffectual. they

determined to put him to death. They then tomahawked and scalped him, and left his body a prey to the wild beasts of the forest, and to the birds of the air. Our heroes then returned home with their two scalps; but vexed and disappointed that they could not bring with them the prisoner.

CHAPTER XII.

Adventure of Lewis Wetzel's brother, Jacob, and General Simon Kenton—They go on a fall hunt and fall upon an Indian trail—They seek and discover the Indian camp at night—They wait 'till morning, and then make the attack—Two Indians fall at the first fire—Wetzel kills a third—They then leave their ambush and rush on the remaining Indians who take to flight—They pursue, and finally kill and scalp both of the other Indians.

THE following incident, in which that illustrious patriot General Simon Kenton appears as the companion of Lewis Wetzel's brother, Jacob, is given by Mr. Pritts, in his "Border Life."

Kenton and Wetzel made arrangements to make a fall hunt together; and for that purpose they went into the hilly country, near the mouth of the Kentucky river. When they arrived in that part of the country in which they intended to make their hunt, they discovered some signs of Indians having pre-occupied the ground. It would have been out of character in a Kenton and a Wetzel to retreat, without first ascertaining the description and number of the enemy. They determined to find the Indian camp, which they believed was at no great distance from them, as they had heard reports of guns late in the evening, and early the next morning, in the

same direction. This convinced them that the camp was at no great distance from the firing.

Our heroes moved cautiously about, making as little sign as possible, that they might not be discovered by the enemy. Towards evening of the second day after their arrival on the ground, they discovered the Indian camp. They kept themselves concealed, determined as soon as night approached to reconnoitre the situation and number of the enemy, and then govern their future operations as prudence might dictate. They found five Indians in the camp.

Having confidence in themselves, and in their usual good fortune, they concluded to attack them boldly. Contrary to military rules, they agreed to defer the attack till light. In military affairs it is a general rule to avoid night fights, except where small numbers intend to assault a larger force. The night is then chosen, as in the darkness, the number of the assailants being uncertain, may produce panics and confusion, which may give the victory to far inferior numbers.

Our heroes chose daylight and an open field for the fight. There was a large fallen tree lying near the camp; this would serve as a rampart for defence, and would also serve to conceal them from observation till the battle commenced. They took their station behind the log, and there they lay till broad day light, when they were able to draw a clear bead.

Jacob Wetzel had a double-barrelled rifle. Their guns were cocked—they took aim, and gave the preconcerted signal—fired, and two Indians fell. As quick as thought, Wetzel fired his second load, and down fell the third In-

dian. Their number was now equal, and they bounded over the log, screaming and yelling at the highest pitch of their voices, to strike terror into their remaining enemies; and were among them before they recovered from the sudden surprise. The two remaining Indians, without arms, took to their heels, and ran in different directions. Kenton pursued one, whom he soon overhauled, tomahawked, and scalped, and then returned with the bloody trophy to the camp. Shortly after, Wetzel returned with the scalp of the fifth Indian. This was a wholesale slaughter, that but few except such men as a Kenton and a Wetzel would have attempted.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lewis Wetzel starts for New Orleans—He is imprisoned there—Charge unknown—He is released by the intervention of the government, and goes to Philadelphia—Great change in his appearance—He returns to Wheeling Creek—He returns to the South to revenge himself on the enemy who had caused his imprisonment—He returns to Wheeling—Goes to the woods to hunt—Encounters an Indian—Singular stratagem—Kills the Indian—Lewis Wetzel goes on a land survey with the brother of President Madison—Madison killed—Wetzel engaged in the famous expedition of Lewis and Clarke—He quits the expedition and returns home—He goes to the neighborhood of Natchez—His death—His personal appearance and character.

“SOON after the occurrence just narrated, Lewis Wetzel determined to visit the extreme South; and for that purpose, engaged on a flat-boat about leaving for New Orleans.* Many months elapsed before his friends heard anything of his whereabouts, and then it was to learn that he was in close confinement at New Orleans, under some weighty charge. What the exact nature of this charge was, has never been fully ascertained, but it is very certain he was imprisoned, and treated like a felon for nearly two years. The charge is supposed to have been of some trivial character, and has been justly re-

* De Haas.

garded as a great outrage. It was alleged, at the time of his arrest, to have been for uttering counterfeit coin ; but this being disproved, it was then charged that he had been guilty of illicit connection with the wife of a Spaniard. Of the nature of these charges, however, we know but little, and it may, therefore, be unsafe to say more. He was finally released by the intervention of our government, and reached home by way of Philadelphia, to which city he had been sent from New Orleans.

“ Mr. Rodefer says he saw him immediately after his return, and that his personal appearance had undergone great change from his long confinement. He remained but two days on Wheeling Creek after his return, one at his mother's, and the other at Captain Bennet's, (the father of Mrs. Rodefer.) Many of the older citizens have told us,* that they saw him during his brief visit, and conversed freely with him about the infamous manner he had been treated.

“ Jacob Keller, Esq., who now owns the old Bennett farm, says he saw him, and gathered many particulars of his imprisonment. From the settlement, he went to Wheeling, where he remained a few days, and then left again for the South, vowing vengeance against the person whom he believed to have been accessory to his imprisonment, and degrading his person with the vile rust of a felon's chain.

“ During his visit to Wheeling, he remained with George Cookis, a relative. Our informant says she met him there, and heard Mrs. Cookis plague him about getting married, and jocularly asked whether he ever in-

* De Haas.

tended to take a wife? "No," he replied, "there is no woman in this world for me, but I expect there is one in heaven."

"After an absence of many months, he again returned to the neighborhood of Wheeling; but whether he avenged his real or imaginary wrongs upon the person of the Spaniard alluded to, the biographers at this time have not the means of saying. His propensity to roam the woods was still as great as ever, and soon after his return, an incident occurred which showed that he had lost none of his cunning while undergoing incarceration at New Orleans.

"Returning home from a hunt, north of the Ohio, somewhat fatigued, and a little careless of his movements, he suddenly espied an Indian in the very act of raising his gun to fire.

"Both immediately sprung to trees, and there they stood for an hour, each afraid of the other. What was to be done? To remain there during the whole day, for it was then early in the morning, was out of the question. Now it was that the sagacity of Wetzel displayed itself over the childlike simplicity of the savage. Cautiously adjusting his bear-skin cap to the end of his ramrod with the slightest, most dubious, and hesitating movement, as though afraid to venture a glance, the cap protruded. An instant, a crack, and off was torn the fatal cap by the sure ball of the ever vigilant savage. Leaping from his retreat, our hero rapidly advanced upon the astonished Indian, and ere the tomahawk could be brought to its work of death, the tawny foe sprang

convulsively into the air, and straightening as he descended, fell upon his face quite dead.

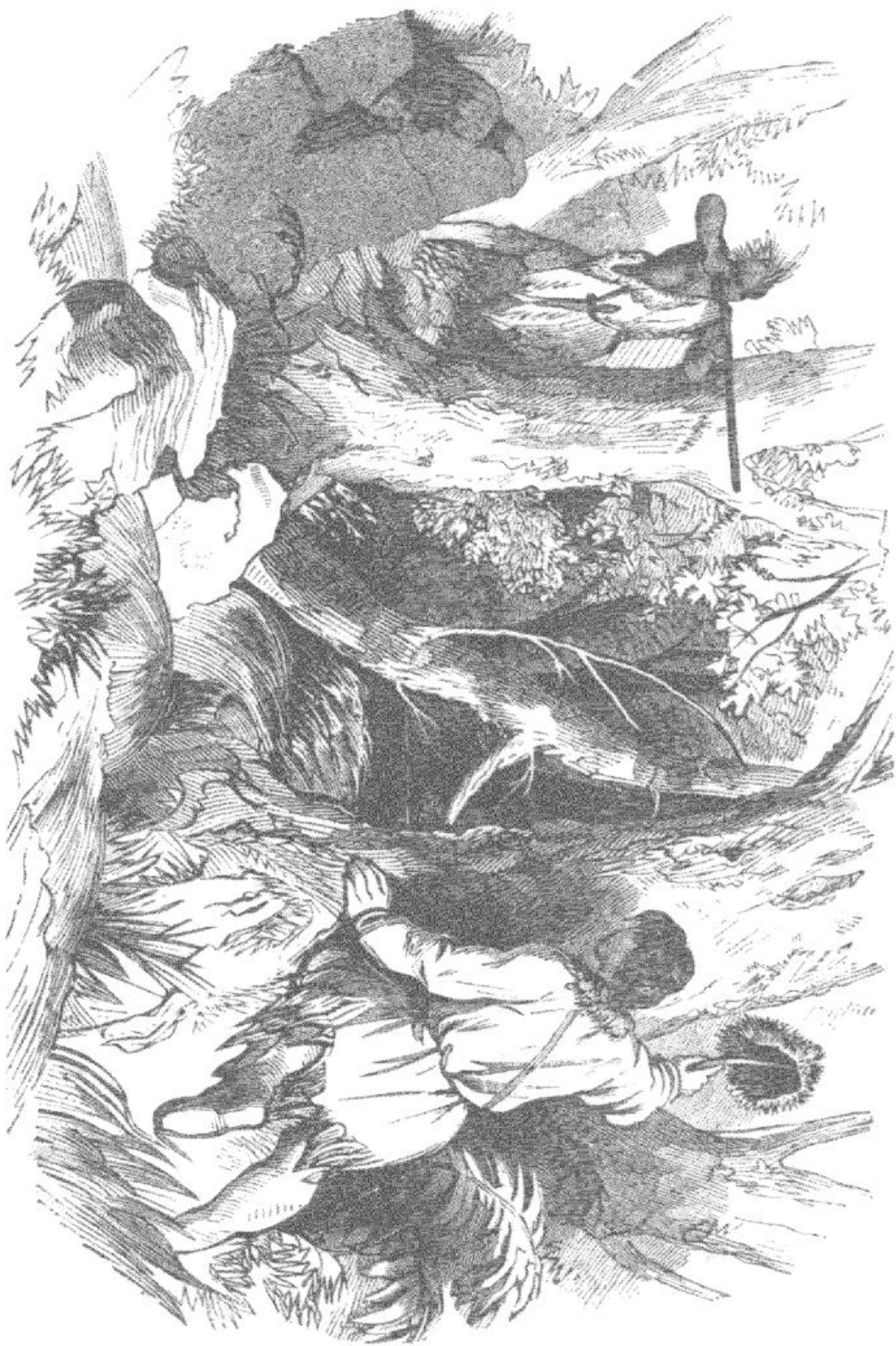
“Wetzel was universally regarded as one of the most efficient scouts and most practiced woodmen of his day. He was frequently engaged by parties who desired to hunt up and locate lands, but were afraid of the Indians. Under the protection of Lewis Wetzel, however, they felt safe, and thus he was often engaged for months at a time. Of those who became largely interested in western lands, was John Madison, brother of James, afterwards President Madison. He employed Lewis Wetzel to go with him through the Kanawha region. During their expedition they came upon a deserted hunter's camp, in which were concealed some goods. Each of them helped himself to a blanket, and that day in crossing Little Kanawha, they were fired upon by a concealed party of Indians, and Madison killed.

“General Clarke, the companion of Lewis in the celebrated tour across the Rocky Mountains, had heard much of Lewis Wetzel in Kentucky, and determined to secure his services in the perilous enterprise. A messenger was accordingly sent for him, but he was reluctant to go. However, he finally consented, and accompanied the party during the first three months' travel, but then declined going any further, and returned home.

“Shortly after this, he left again on a flat boat, and never returned. He visited a relative named Philip Sikes, living about twenty miles in the interior from Natchez, and there made his home until the summer of 1808, when he died.

“The personal appearance of this distinguished bor-

SINGULAR STRATAGEM OF LEWIS WEITZEL.



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derer was, says Mr. De Haas, very remarkable. He was five feet ten inches in height, very erect, broad across the shoulders, an expansive chest, and limbs denoting great muscular strength. His complexion was very dark, and eyes of the most intense blackness, wild, rolling, and 'piercing as the dagger's point;' emitting, when excited, such fierce and withering glances, as to cause the stoutest adversary to quail beneath their power. His hair was of raven jetness, and very luxuriant, reaching, when combed out, below his knees. This would have been a rare scalp for the savages, and one for which they would at any time have given a dozen of their best warriors.

"When Lewis Wetzel professed friendship, he was as true as the needle to the pole. He loved his friends, and hated their enemies. He was a rude, blunt man, of few words before company; but with his friends, not only sociable, but an agreeable companion. Such was Lewis Wetzel; his name and fame will long survive, when the achievements of men vastly superior in rank and intellect, will slumber with the forgotten past.*"

* De Haas.

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BRIGADIER GENERAL SIMON KENTON

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BRIGADIER GENERAL SIMON KENTON.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and early life of Kenton—No school education—Unfortunate adventure—Kenton flogs a rival, and leaving him for dead flies from his home—Falls in with Johnson—Kenton takes the name of Simon Butler—Joins an exploring expedition—Meets Yager and Strader—Goes down the Ohio—They hunt for two years on the Kenawha.

SIMON KENTON was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, on the 15th of May, 1755, the ever memorable year of Braddock's defeat. Of his early years nothing is known. His parents were poor, and until the age of sixteen, his days seem to have passed away in the obscure and laborious drudgery of a farm. He was never taught to read or write, and to this early negligence or inability on the part of his parents, is the poverty and desolation of his old age, in a great measure, to be attributed. At the age of sixteen, by an unfortunate adventure, he was launched into life with no other fortune, than a stout heart, and a robust set of limbs. It seems, that young as he was, his

heart had become entangled in the snares of a young coquette in the neighborhood, who was grievously perplexed by the necessity of choosing *one* husband out of *many* lovers.

Young Kenton, and a robust farmer by the name of Leitchman, seem to have been the most favored suitors, and the young lady not being able to decide upon their respective merits, they took the matter into their own hands, and, in consequence of foul play on the part of Leitchman's friends, young Kenton was beaten with great severity. He submitted to his fate, for the time, in silence, but internally vowed, that as soon as he had obtained his full growth, he would take ample vengeance upon his rival, for the disgrace which he had sustained at his hands. He waited patiently until the following spring, when finding himself six feet high, and full of health and action, he determined to delay the hour of retribution no longer.*

He accordingly walked over to Leitchman's house one morning, and finding him busily engaged in carrying shingles from the woods to his own house, he stopped him, told him his object, and desired him to adjourn to a spot more convenient for the purpose. Leitchman, confident in his superior age and strength, was not backward in testifying his willingness to indulge him in so amiable a pastime, and having reached a solitary spot in the wood, they both stripped and prepared for the encounter. The battle was fought with all the fury, which mutual hate,

* Collins, in his Historical Sketches of Kentucky, says that Kenton's rival was William Veach, and that the contest took place a few days after the wedding. Our account is from McCheyn's Western Adventures.

jealousy, and herculean power on both sides, could supply, and after a severe round, in which considerable damage was done and received, Kenton was brought to the ground.

Leitchman (as usual in Virginia) sprung upon him without the least scruple, and added the most bitter taunts to the kicks with which he saluted him, from his head to his heels, reminding him of his former defeat, and rubbing salt into the raw wounds of jealousy by triumphant allusions to his own superiority both in love and in war. During these active operations on the part of Leitchman, Kenton lay perfectly still, eyeing attentively a small bush which grew near them. It instantly occurred to him, that if he could wind Leitchman's hair (which was remarkably long) round this bush, he would be able to return those kicks which were now bestowed upon him in such profusion. The difficulty was to get his antagonist near enough.

This he at length effected in the good old Virginia style, viz: by biting him *en arriere*, and compelling him, by short springs, to approach the bush, much as a bullock is goaded on to approach the fatal ring, where all his struggles are useless. When near enough, Kenton suddenly exerted himself violently, and succeeded in wrapping the long hair of his rival around the sapling. He then sprung to his feet, and inflicted a terrible revenge for all his past injuries. In a few seconds Leitchman was gasping, apparently in the agonies of death. Kenton instantly fled, without even returning for an additional supply of clothing, and directed his steps westward.

During the first day of his journey, he traveled in

much agitation. He supposed that Leitchman was dead, and that the hue and cry would instantly be raised after himself as the murderer. The constant apprehension of a gallows lent wings to his flight, and he scarcely allowed himself a moment for refreshment, until he had reached the neighborhood of the Warm Springs, where the settlements were thin, and the immediate danger of pursuit was over. Here he fortunately fell in with an exile from the state of New Jersey, of the name of Johnson, who was traveling westward on foot, and driving a single pack horse, laden with a few necessaries, before him. They soon became acquainted, related their adventures to each other, and agreed to travel together.

They plunged boldly into the wilderness of the Alleghany mountains, and subsisting upon wild game and a small quantity of flour, which Johnson had brought with him, they made no halt until they arrived at a small settlement on Cheat river, one of the prongs of the Monongahela. Here the two friends separated, and Kenton (who had assumed the name of Simon Butler) attached himself to a small company headed by John Mahon and Jacob Greathouse, who had united for the purpose of exploring the country. They quickly built a large canoe, and descended the river as far as the Province's settlement. There Kenton became acquainted with two young adventurers, Yager and Strader, the former of whom had been taken by the Indians when a child, and had spent many years in their village.

He informed Benton that there was a country below, which the Indians called Kan-tuck-ee, which was a perfect Elysium; that the ground was not only the richest,

and the vegetation the most luxuriant in the world; but, that the immense herds of buffalo and elk, which ranged at large through its forests, would appear incredible to one who had never witnessed such a spectacle. He added that it was entirely uninhabited, and was open to all who chose to hunt there; that he himself had often accompanied the Indians in their grand hunting parties through the country, and was confident that he could conduct him to the same ground, if he was willing to venture.

Kenton eagerly closed with the proposal, and announced his readiness to accompany him immediately. A canoe was speedily procured, and the three young men committed themselves to the waters of the Ohio, in search of the enchanted hunting ground, which Yager had visited in his youth, while a captive among the Indians. Yager had no idea of its exact distance from Province's settlement. He recollected only that he had crossed the Ohio in order to reach it, and declared that, by sailing down the river for a few days, they would come to the spot where the Indians were accustomed to cross, and assured Kenton that there would be no difficulty in recognizing it, that its appearance was different from all the rest of the world, &c. &c.

Fired by Yager's glowing description of its beauty, and eager to reach this new El Dorado of the west, the young men rowed hard for several days, confidently expecting that every bend of the river would usher them into the land of promise. No such country, however, appeared; and at length Kenton and Strader became rather sceptical as to its existence at all. They rallied

Yager freely upon the subject, who still declared positively that they would soon witness the confirmation of all that he had said. After descending, however, as low as the spot where Manchester now stands, and seeing nothing which resembled Yager's country, they held a council, in which it was determined to return, and survey the country more carefully; Yager still insisting, that they must have passed it in the night. They, accordingly, retraced their steps, and successively explored the land about Salt Lick, Little and Big Sandy, and Guyandotte. At length, being totally wearied out in searching for what had no existence, they turned their attention entirely to hunting and trapping, and spent nearly two years upon the great Kenawha, in this agreeable and profitable occupation. They obtained clothing in exchange for their furs, from the traders of Fort Pitt, and the forest supplied them abundantly with wild game for food.

CHAPTER II.

Kenton's party attacked by Indians—Kenton and Yager escape—Sufferings in the woods—Relieved by traders—Joins Dr. Wood's party—Adventure—The party breaks up—Kenton serves in Dunmore's war—Expedition to the Lower and Upper Blue Licks—Meeting with Fitzpatrick and Hendricks—Terrible fate of Hendricks.

WHILE Kenton and his party were leading the agreeable lives of huntsmen in the forest, Indian hostilities were beginning on the borders of Virginia and the Carolinas, and to this cause we are to attribute the sudden interruption of their hunting sports.

In March, 1773, while reposing in their tent, after the labors of the day, they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians. Strader was killed at the first fire, and Kenton and Yager with difficulty effected their escape, being compelled to abandon their guns, blankets, and provisions, and commit themselves to the wilderness, without the means of sheltering themselves from the cold, procuring a morsel of food, or even kindling a fire. They were far removed from any white settlement, and had no other prospect than that of perishing by famine, or falling a sacrifice to the fury of such Indians as might chance to meet them. Reflecting, however, that it was never too late for men to be utterly lost, they determined to strike

through the woods for the Ohio river, and take such fortune as it should please heaven to bestow.

Directing their route by the barks of trees, they pressed forward in a straight direction for the Ohio, and during the two first days allayed the piercing pangs of hunger by chewing such roots as they could find on their way. On the third day, their strength began to fail, and the keen appetite which, at first, had constantly tortured them, was succeeded by a nausea, accompanied with dizziness and a sinking of the heart, bordering on despair. On the fourth day, they often threw themselves upon the ground, determined to await the approach of death, and as often were stimulated, by the instinctive love of life, to arise and resume their journey. On the fifth, they were completely exhausted, and were able only to crawl at intervals. In this manner, they traveled about a mile during the day, and succeeded, by sunset, in reaching the banks of the Ohio. Here, to their inexpressible joy, they encountered a party of traders, from whom they obtained a comfortable supply of provisions.

The traders were so much startled at the idea of being exposed to perils, such as those which Kenton and Yager had just escaped, that they lost no time in removing from such a dangerous vicinity, and instantly returned to the mouth of the Little Kenawha, where they met with Dr. Briscoe at the head of another exploring party. From him, Kenton obtained a rifle and some ammunition, with which he again plunged alone into the forest, and hunted with success until the summer of 1773 was far advanced. Returning, then, to the Little Kenawha, he found

a party of fourteen men under the direction of Dr. Wood and Hancock Lee, who were descending the Ohio with the view of joining Captain Bullitt, who was supposed to be at the mouth of the Scioto, with a large party.

Kenton instantly joined them, and they descended the river in canoes, as far as the Three Islands, landing frequently and examining the country on each side of the river. At the Three Islands they were alarmed by the approach of a large party of Indians, by whom they were compelled to abandon their canoes and strike diagonally through the wilderness for Greenbriar county, Virginia. They suffered much during this journey from fatigue and famine, and were compelled at one time, (notwithstanding the danger of their situation,) to halt for fourteen days and wait upon Dr. Wood, who had unfortunately been bitten by a copper-head snake, and rendered incapable of moving for that length of time. Upon reaching the settlements the party separated.

Kenton, not wishing to venture to Virginia, (having heard nothing of Leitchman's recovery,) built a canoe on the banks of the Monongahela, and returned to the mouth of the great Kenawha, hunted with success until the spring of 1774, when a war broke out between the Indian tribes and the colonies, occasioned, in a great measure, by the murder of the celebrated chief, Logan's family, by Captain Cressup. Kenton was not in the great battle near the mouth of the Kenawha, but acted as a spy throughout the whole of the campaign, in the course of which, he traversed the country around Fort Pitt, and a large part of the present state of Ohio.

When Dunmore's forces were disbanded, Kenton, in

company with two others, determined on making a second effort to discover the rich lands bordering on the Ohio, of which Yager had spoken. Having built a canoe, and provided themselves abundantly with ammunition, they descended the river as far as the mouth of Big Bone Creek, upon which the celebrated Lick of that name is situated. They there disembarked, and explored the country for several days; but not finding the land equal to their expectations, they reascended the river as far as the mouth of Cabin Creek, a few miles above Maysville.

From this point, they set out with a determination to examine the country carefully, until they could find land answering, in some degree, to Yager's description. In a short time, they reached the neighborhood of May's Lick, and for the first time were struck with the uncommon beauty of the country and fertility of the soil. Here they fell in with the great buffalo trace, which, in a few hours, brought them to the Lower Blue Lick. The flats upon each side of the river were crowded with immense herds of buffalo, that had come down from the interior for the sake of the salt; and a number of elk were seen upon the bare ridges which surrounded the springs. Their great object was now achieved. They had discovered a country far more rich than any which they had yet beheld, and where the game seemed as abundant as the grass of the plain.

After remaining a few days at the Lick, and killing an immense number of deer and buffalo, they crossed the Licking, and passed through the present counties of Scott, Fayette, Woodford, Clarke, Montgomery, and

Bath; when, falling in with another buffalo trace, it conducted them to the Upper Blue Lick, where they again beheld elk and buffalo in immense numbers. Highly gratified at the success of their expedition, they quickly returned to their canoe, and ascended the river as far as Green Bottom, where they had left their skins, some ammunition, and a few hoes, which they had procured at Kenawha, with the view of cultivating the rich ground, which they expected to find.

Returning as quickly as possible, they built a cabin on the spot where the town of Washington now stands, and having cleared an acre of ground in the centre of a large canebrake, they planted it with Indian corn. Strolling about the country in various directions, they one day fell in with two white men, near the Lower Blue Lick, who had lost their guns, blankets, and ammunition, and were much distressed for provisions and the means of extricating themselves from the wilderness. They informed them that their names were Fitzpatrick and Hendricks; that, in descending the Ohio, their canoe had been upset by a sudden squall; and that they were compelled to swim ashore, without being able to save anything from the wreck; that they had wandered thus far through the woods, in the effort to penetrate through the country, to the settlements above, but must infallibly perish, unless they could be furnished with guns and ammunition.

Kenton informed them of the small settlement which he had opened at Washington, and invited them to join him and share such fortune as Providence might bestow. Hendricks consented to remain, but Fitzpatrick, being heartily sick of the woods, insisted upon returning to the

Monongahela. Kenton and his two friends accompanied Fitzpatrick to "the point," as it was then called, being the spot where Maysville now stands, and having given him a gun, &c., assisted him in crossing the river, and took leave of him on the other side.

In the meantime, Hendricks had been left at the Blue Lick, without a gun, but with a good supply of provisions, until the party could return from the river. As soon as Fitzpatrick had gone, Kenton and his two friends hastened to return to the Lick, not doubting for a moment that they would find Hendricks in camp as they had left him. Upon arriving at the point where the tent had stood, however, they were alarmed at finding it deserted, with evident marks of violence around it. Several bullet-holes were to be seen in the poles of which it was constructed, and various articles belonging to Hendricks were tossed about in too negligent a manner to warrant the belief that it had been done by him.

At a little distance from the camp, in a low ravine, they observed a thick smoke, as if from a fire just beginning to burn. They did not doubt for a moment that Hendricks had fallen into the hands of the Indians, and believing that a party of them were then assembled around the fire which was about to be kindled, they betook themselves to their heels, and fled faster and farther, than true chivalry perhaps would justify. They remained at a distance until the evening of the next day, when they ventured cautiously to return to camp. The fire was still burning, although faintly, and after carefully reconnoitering the adjacent ground, they ventured

at length to approach the spot, and there beheld the skull and bones of their unfortunate friend!

He had evidently been roasted to death by a party of Indians, and must have been alive at the time when Kenton and his companions approached on the preceding day. It was a subject of deep regret to the party, that they had not reconnoitered the spot more closely, as it was probable that their friend might have been rescued. The number of Indians might have been small, and a brisk and unexpected attack might have dispersed them. Regret, however, was now unavailing, and they sadly retraced their steps to their camp at Washington, pondering upon the uncertainty of their own condition, and upon the danger to which they were hourly exposed from the numerous bands of hostile Indians, who were prowling around them in every direction.

CHAPTER III.

Kenton at Boonesborough—He goes on an expedition with Boone—Adventure with Indians—Kenton and Montgomery steal horses, and go to Logan's Fort—Kenton sent on a scouting expedition, by Colonel Bowman—Horse stealing—Flight—Capture of Kenton—Tied to a horse, Mazeppa fashion—Taken to Chillicothe—At the stake—Runs the gauntlet—Attempt to escape—Council on Kenton's fate—Recognized and saved by Simon Girty—Lives with Girty—Another council—Kenton condemned—Sent off with a Guard—Meets Logan, who intercedes for him in vain—He is sent to Detroit.

KENTON was now to form the acquaintance of no less a personage than the celebrated pioneer, Daniel Boone. We left him, at the close of the last chapter, at the camp at Washington, with his hunting companions.

They remained at Washington, entirely undisturbed, until the month of September, when again visiting the Lick, they saw a white man, who informed them that the interior of the country was already occupied by the whites, and that there was a thriving settlement at Boonesborough. Highly gratified at this intelligence, and anxious once more to enjoy the society of men, they broke up their encampment at Washington, and visited the different stations which had been formed in the country. Kenton sustained two sieges in Boonesborough,

and served as a spy, with equal diligence and success, until the summer of 1778, when Boone, returning from captivity, as has already been mentioned, concerted an expedition against the small Indian town on Paint Creek.

Kenton acted as a spy on this expedition, and after crossing the Ohio, being some distance in advance of the rest, he was suddenly startled by hearing a loud laugh from an adjoining thicket, which he was just about to enter. Instantly halting, he took his station behind a tree, and waited anxiously for a repetition of the noise. In a few minutes, two Indians approached the spot where he lay, both mounted upon a small pony, and chatting and laughing in high good humor. Having permitted them to approach within good rifle distance, he raised his gun, and aiming at the breast of the foremost, pulled the trigger. Both Indians fell—one shot dead, the other severely wounded.

Their frightened pony galloped back into the cane, giving the alarm to the rest of the party who were some distance in the rear. Kenton instantly ran up to scalp the dead man, and to tomahawk his wounded companion, according to the usual rule of western warfare; but when about to put an end to the struggles of the wounded Indian, who did not seem disposed to submit very quietly to the operation, his attention was attracted by a rustling of the cane on his right, and turning rapidly in that direction, he beheld two Indians within twenty steps of him, very deliberately taking aim at his person. A quick spring to one side, on his part, was instantly followed by the flash and report of their rifles; the balls

whistled close to his ears, causing him involuntarily to duck his head, but doing him no injury.

Not liking so hot a neighborhood, and ignorant of the number which might yet be behind, he lost no time in regaining the shelter of the wood, leaving the dead Indian unscalped, and the wounded man to the care of his friends. Scarcely had he treed, when a dozen Indians appeared on the edge of the canebrake, and seemed disposed to press upon him with more vigor than was consistent with the safety of his present position. His fears, however, were instantly relieved by the appearance of Boone and his party, who came running up as rapidly as a due regard to the shelter of their persons would permit, and opening a brisk fire upon the Indians, quickly compelled them to regain the shelter of the canebrake, with the loss of several wounded, who, as usual, were carried off. The dead Indian, in the hurry of the retreat, was abandoned, and Kenton at last had the gratification of taking his scalp!

Boone, as has already been mentioned, instantly retraced his steps to Boonesborough; but Kenton and his friend Montgomery determined to proceed alone to the Indian town, and at least obtain some recompense for the trouble of their journey. Approaching the village with the cautious and stealthy pace of the cat or panther, they took their stations upon the edge of the cornfield, supposing that the Indians would enter it as usual to gather roasting-ears. They remained here patiently all day, but did not see a single Indian, and heard only the voices of some children who were playing near them. Being disappointed in the hope of getting a shot, they

entered the Indian town in the night, and stealing four good horses, made a rapid night's march for the Ohio, which they crossed in safety, and on the second day afterwards, reached Logan's fort with their booty.

Scarcely had he returned, when Colonel Bowman ordered him to take his friend Montgomery, and another young man named Clark, and go on a secret expedition to an Indian town on the Little Miami, against which the Colonel meditated an expedition, and of the exact condition of which he wished to have certain information. They instantly set out, in obedience to their orders, and reached the neighborhood of the town, without being discovered. They examined it attentively, and walked around the houses during the night with perfect impunity. Thus far all had gone well; and had they been contented to return after the due execution of their orders, they would have avoided the heavy calamity which awaited them.

But, unfortunately, during their nightly promenade, they stumbled upon a pound in which were a number of Indian horses. The temptation was not to be resisted. They each mounted a horse, but not satisfied with that, they could not find it in their hearts to leave a single animal behind them; and as some of the horses seemed indisposed to change masters, the affair was attended with so much fracas, that at last they were discovered. The cry ran through the village at once, that the Long Knives were stealing their horses right before the doors of their wigwams, and old and young, squaws, boys, and warriors, all sallied out with loud screams to save their property from these greedy spoilers. Kenton and his

friends quickly discovered that they had overshot the mark, and that they must ride for their lives ; but even in this extremity, they could not bring themselves to give up a single horse which they had haltered, and while two of them rode in front and led I know not how many horses, the other brought up the rear, and plying his whip from right to left, did not permit a single animal to lag behind.

In this manner they dashed through the woods at a furious rate with the hue-and-cry after them, until their course was suddenly stopped by an impenetrable swamp. Here, from necessity, they paused for a few moments and listened attentively. Hearing no sounds of pursuit, they resumed their course, and skirting the swamp for some distance, in the vain hope of crossing it, they bent their course in a straight direction towards the Ohio. They rode during the whole night without resting a moment—and halting for a few minutes at daylight, they continued their journey throughout the day, and the whole of the following night, and by this uncommon expedition, on the morning of the second day they reached the northern bank of the Ohio.

Crossing the river would now ensure their safety, but this was likely to prove a difficult undertaking, and the close pursuit which they had reason to expect, rendered it necessary to lose as little time as possible. The wind was high, and the river rough and boisterous. It was determined that Kenton should cross with the horses, while Clark and Montgomery should construct a raft in order to transport their guns, baggage, and ammunition, to the opposite shore. The necessary preparations were

soon made, and Kenton, after forcing his horses into the river, plunged in himself and swam by their side. In a very few minutes the high waves completely overwhelmed him and forced him considerably below the horses, that stemmed the current much more vigorously than himself.

The horses being thus left to themselves, turned about, and swam again to the Ohio shore, where Kenton was compelled to follow them. Again he forced them into the water, and again they returned to the same spot, until Kenton became so exhausted by repeated efforts, as to be unable to swim. A council was then held, and the question proposed "what was to be done?" That the Indians would pursue them, was certain; that the horses would not, and could not be made to cross the river in its present state, was equally certain. Should they abandon their horses and cross on the raft, or remain with their horses, and take such fortune as heaven should send them? The latter alternative was unanimously adopted. Death or captivity might be tolerated but the loss of so beautiful a lot of horses, after having worked so hard for them, was not to be thought of for a moment.

As soon as it was determined that themselves and horses were to share the same fate, it again became necessary to fix upon some probable plan of saving them. Should they move up or down the river, or remain where they were? The latter course was adopted. It was supposed that the wind would fall at sunset, and the river become sufficiently calm to admit of their passage; and as it was supposed probable that the Indians might

be upon them before night, it was determined to conceal the horses in a neighboring ravine, while they should take their stations in the adjoining wood. A more miserable plan could not have been adopted. If they could not consent to sacrifice their horses in order to save their own lives, they should have moved either up or down the river, and thus have preserved the distance from the Indians which their rapidity of movement had gained.

The Indians would have followed their trail, and being twenty-four hours' march behind them, could never have overtaken them. But neglecting this obvious consideration, they stupidly sat down until sunset, expecting that the river would become more calm. The day passed away in tranquility, but at night the wind blew harder than ever, and the water became so rough, that even their raft would have been scarcely able to cross. Not an instant more should have been lost in moving from so dangerous a post; but, as if totally infatuated, they remained where they were until morning; thus wasting twenty-four hours of most precious time in total idleness. In the morning, the wind abated, and the river became calm—but it was now too late. Their horses, recollecting the difficulty of the passage on the preceding day, had become as obstinate and heedless as their masters, and positively and repeatedly refused to take the water.

Finding every effort to compel them entirely unavailing, their masters at length determined to do what ought to have been done at first. Each resolved to mount a horse, and make the best of his way down the

river to Louisville. Had even this resolution, however tardily adopted, been executed with decision, the party would probably have been saved; but after they were mounted, instead of leaving the ground instantly, they went back upon their own trail, in the vain effort to regain possession of the rest of their horses, which had broken from them, in the last effort to drive them into the water. They wearied out their good genius, and literally fell victims to their love for horse-flesh.

They had scarcely ridden one hundred yards, (Kenton in the centre, the others upon the flanks, with an interval of two hundred yards between them,) when Kenton heard a loud halloo, apparently coming from the spot which they had just left. Instead of getting out of the way as fast as possible, and trusting to the speed of his horse and the thickness of the woods for safety, he put the last capping stone to his imprudence, and dismounting, walked leisurely back to meet his pursuers, and thus give them as little trouble as possible. He quickly beheld three Indians, and one white man, all well mounted. Wishing to give the alarm to his companions, he raised his rifle to his shoulder, took a steady aim at the breast of the foremost Indian, and drew the trigger. His gun had become wet on the raft, and flashed.

The enemy were instantly alarmed, and dashed at him. Now, at last, when flight could be of no service, Kenton betook himself to his heels, and was pursued by four horsemen at full speed. He instantly directed his steps to the thickest part of the wood, where there

was much fallen timber, and a rank growth of under-wood, and had succeeded, as he thought, in baffling his pursuers, when, just as he was leaving the falling timber and entering the open wood, an Indian on horseback galloped round the corner of the wood, and approached him so rapidly, as to render flight useless. The horseman rode up, holding out his hand and calling out, "Brother! brother!" in a tone of great affection. Kenton observes that if his gun would have made fire, he would have "brothered" him to his heart's content; but being totally unarmed, he called out that he would surrender if they would give him quarter and good treatment.

Promises were cheap with the Indian, and he showered them out by the dozen, continuing all the while to advance with extended hands and a writhing grin upon his countenance, which was intended for a smile of courtesy. Seizing Kenton's hand, he grasped it with violence. Kenton, not liking the manner of his captor, raised his gun to knock him down, when an Indian who had followed him closely through the brushwood, instantly sprung upon his back and pinioned his arms to his side. The one who had just approached him, then seized him by the hair, and shook him until his teeth rattled; while the rest of the party coming up, they all fell upon Kenton with their tongues and ramrods, until he thought they would scold or beat him to death. They were the owners of the horses which he had carried off, and now took ample revenge for the loss of their property. At every stroke of their ramrods over his head, (and they were neither few nor far between,) they would

repeat, in a tone of strong indignation, "Steal Indian hoss!! hey!!"

Their attention, however, was soon directed to Montgomery, who, having heard the noise attending Kenton's capture, very gallantly hastened up to his assistance; while Clark very prudently consulted his own safety in betaking himself to his heels, leaving his unfortunate companions to shift for themselves. Montgomery halted within gunshot, and appeared busy with the pan of his gun, as if preparing to fire. Two Indians instantly sprung off in pursuit of him, while the rest attended to Kenton. In a few minutes Kenton heard the crack of two rifles in quick succession, followed by a halloo, which announced the fate of his friend. The Indians quickly returned, waving the bloody scalp of Montgomery, and with countenances and gestures which menaced him with a similar fate.

They then proceeded to secure their prisoner. They first compelled him to lie upon his back, and stretched out his arms to their full length. They then passed a stout stick at right angles across his breast, to each extremity of which his wrists were fastened by thongs made of buffalo's hide. Stakes were then driven into the earth, near his feet, to which they were fastened in a similar manner. A halter was then tied around his neck, and fastened to a sapling which grew near, and finally a strong rope was passed under his belly, lashed strongly to the pole which lay transversely upon his breast, and finally wrapped around his arms at the elbows, in such a manner as to pinion them to the pole with a painful violence, and render him literally inca-

pable of moving hand, foot, or head, in the slightest manner.

During the whole of this severe operation, neither their tongues nor hands were by any means idle. They cuffed him from time to time with great heartiness, until his ears rung again, and abused him for a "tief!—a hoss steal!—a rascal!" and finally, for a "d—d white man!" I may here observe, that all the western Indians had picked up a good many English words, particularly our oaths, which, from the frequency with which they were used by our hunters and traders, they probably looked upon as the very root and foundation of the English language. Kenton remained in this painful attitude throughout the night, looking forward to certain death, and most probably torture, as soon as he should reach their towns. Their rage against him seemed to increase rather than abate, from indulgence, and in the morning it displayed itself in a form at once ludicrous and cruel.

Among the horses which Kenton had taken, and which their original owners had now recovered, was a fine, but wild young colt, totally unbroken, and with all his honors of mane and tail undocked. Upon him Kenton was mounted, without saddle or bridle, with his hands tied behind him, and his feet fastened under the horse's belly. The country was rough and bushy, and Kenton had no means of protecting his face from the brambles, through which it was expected that the colt would dash. As soon as the rider was firmly fastened to his back, the colt was turned loose with a sudden lash, but after executing a few curvetts and caprioles, to the great distress of his rider, but to the infinite amusement of the

Indians, he appeared to take compassion on his rider, and falling into a line with the other horses, avoided the brambles entirely, and went on very well. In this manner he rode through the day. At night he was taken from the horse and confined as before.

On the third day, they came within a few miles of Chillicothe. Here the party halted, and despatched a messenger to inform the village of their arrival, in order, I suppose, to give them time to prepare for his reception. In a short time Blackfish, one of their chiefs, arrived, and regarding Kenton with a stern countenance, thundered out, in very good English, "You have been stealing horses?" "Yes, sir." "Did Captain Boone tell you to steal our horses?" "No, sir; I did it of my own accord." This frank confession was too irritating to be borne. Blackfish made no reply, but brandishing a hickory switch, which he held in his hand, he applied it so briskly to Kenton's naked back and shoulders, as to bring the blood freely, and occasion acute pain.

Thus, alternately beaten and scolded, he marched on to the village. At the distance of a mile from Chillicothe, he saw every inhabitant of the town, men, women, and children, running out to feast their eyes with a view of the prisoner. Every individual, down to the smallest child, appeared in a paroxysm of rage. They whooped, they yelled, they hooted, they clapped their hands, and poured upon him a flood of abuse to which all that he had yet received, was gentleness and civility. With loud cries, they demanded that their prisoner should be tied to the stake. The hint was instantly complied with.

A stake was quickly fastened into the ground. The remnant of Kenton's shirt and breeches were torn from his person, (the squaws officiating with great dexterity in both operations,) and his hands being tied together, and raised above his head, were fastened to the top of the stake. The whole party then danced around him until midnight, yelling and screaming in their usual frantic manner, striking him with switches, and slapping him with the palms of their hands. He expected every moment to undergo the torture of fire, but *that* was reserved for another time. They wished to prolong the pleasure of tormenting him as much as possible, and after having caused him to anticipate the bitterness of death, until a late hour of the night, they released him from the stake and conveyed him to the village.

Early in the morning he beheld the scalp of Montgomery stretched upon a hoop, and drying in the air, before the door of one of their principal houses. He was quickly led out and ordered to run the gauntlet. A row of boys, women, and men, extended to the distance of a quarter of a mile. At the starting-place stood two grim-looking warriors, with butcher knives in their hands; at the extremity of the line, was an Indian beating a drum; and a few paces beyond the drum, was the door of the council house. Clubs, switches, hoe handles, and tomahawks, were brandished along the whole line, causing the sweat involuntarily to stream from his pores, at the idea of the discipline which his naked skin was to receive during the race.

The moment for starting arrived; the great drum at the door of the council house was struck; and Kenton

sprung forward in the race. A scene, precisely resembling a splendid picture in the *Last of the Mohicans*, now took place. Kenton avoided the row of his enemies, and turning to the east, drew the whole party in pursuit of him. He doubled several times with great activity, and at length observing an opening, he darted through it, and pressed forward to the council house with a rapidity which left his pursuers far behind. One or two of the Indians succeeded in throwing themselves between him and the goal, and from these alone he received a few blows, but was much less injured than he could at first have supposed possible.

As soon as the race was over, a council was held, in order to determine whether he should be burnt to death on the spot, or carried round to the other villages, and exhibited to every tribe. The arbiters of his fate sat in a circle on the floor of the council house, while the unhappy prisoner, naked and bound, was committed to the care of a guard in the open air. The deliberation commenced. Each warrior sat in silence, while a large war club was passed round the circle. Those who were opposed to burning the prisoner on the spot, were to pass the club in silence to the next warrior, those in favor of burning, were to strike the earth violently with the club before passing it.

A teller was appointed to count the votes. This dignitary quickly reported that the opposition had prevailed; that his execution was suspended for the present; and that it was determined to take him to an Indian town on Mad river, called Waughcotomoco. His fate was quickly announced to him by a renegade white

man, who acted as interpreter. Kenton felt rejoiced at the issue—but naturally became anxious to know what was in reserve for him at Waughcotomoco. He accordingly asked the white man, “what the Indians intended to do with him, upon reaching the appointed place?” “BURN YOU! G—d d—n you!!!” was the ferocious reply. He asked no farther question, and the scowling interpreter walked away.

Instantly preparations were made for his departure, and to his great joy, as well as astonishment, his clothes were restored to him, and he was permitted to remain unbound. Thanks to the ferocious intimation of the interpreter, he was aware of the fate in reserve for him, and secretly determined that he would never reach Waughcotomoco alive, if it was possible to avoid it. Their route lay through an unpruned forest, abounding in thickets and undergrowth. Unbound as he was, it would not be impossible to escape from the hands of his conductors; and if he could once enter the thickets, he thought that he might be enabled to baffle his pursuers. At the worst, he could only be retaken—and the fire would burn no hotter after an attempt to escape, than before. During the whole of their march, he remained abstracted and silent; often meditating an effort for liberty, and as often shrinking from the peril of the attempt.

At length he was aroused from his reverie, by the Indians firing off their guns, and raising their shrill scalp halloo. The signal was soon answered, and the deep roll of a drum was heard far in front, announcing to the unhappy prisoner, that they were approaching an Indian

town, where the gauntlet, certainly, and perhaps the stake, awaited him. The idea of a repetition of the dreadful scenes which he had already encountered, completely banished the indecision which had hitherto withheld him, and with a sudden and startling cry, he sprung into the bushes and fled with the speed of a wild deer. The pursuit was instant and keen, some on foot, some on horseback. But he was flying for his life; the stake and the hot iron, and the burning splinters, were before his eyes, and he soon distanced the swiftest hunter that pursued him.

But fate was against him at every turn. Thinking only of the enemy behind, he forgot that there might also be enemies before; and before he was aware of what he had done, he found that he had plunged into the centre of a fresh party of horsemen, who had sallied from the town at the firing of the guns, and happened unfortunately to stumble upon the poor prisoner, now making a last effort for freedom. His heart sunk at once from the ardor of hope, to the very pit of despair, and he was again haltered and driven before them to town like an ox to the slaughter-house.

Upon reaching the village, (Pickaway,) he was fastened to a stake near the door of the council house, and the warriors again assembled in debate. In a short time they issued from the council house, and surrounding him, they danced, yelled, &c., for several hours, giving him once more a foretaste of the bitterness of death. On the following morning, their journey was continued, but the Indians had now become watchful, and gave him no opportunity of even attempting an escape. On the se-

cond day, he arrived at Waughcotomoco. Here he was again compelled to run the gauntlet, in which he was severely hurt; and immediately after this ceremony, he was taken to the council house, and all the warriors once more assembled to determine his fate.

He sat silent and dejected upon the floor of the cabin, awaiting the moment which was to deliver him to the stake, when the door of the council house opened, and Simon Girty, James Girty, John Ward, and an Indian, came in with a woman (Mrs. Mary Kennedy) as a prisoner, together with seven children and seven scalps. Kenton was instantly removed from the council house, and the deliberations of the assembly were protracted to a very late hour, in consequence of the arrival of the last named party with a fresh drove of prisoners.

At length he was again summoned to attend the council house, being informed that his fate was decided. Regarding the mandate as a mere prelude to the stake and fire, which he knew was intended for him, he obeyed it with the calm despair which had now succeeded the burning anxiety of the last few days. Upon entering the council house, he was greeted with a savage scowl, which, if he had still cherished a spark of hope, would have completely extinguished it. Simon Girty threw a blanket upon the floor, and harshly ordered him to take a seat upon it. The order was not immediately complied with, and Girty impatiently seizing his arm, jerked him roughly upon the blanket, and pulled him down upon it.

In the same rough and menacing tone, Girty then interrogated him as to the condition of Kentucky. "How



KENTON AT THE STAKE

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many men are there in Kentucky?" "It is impossible for me to answer that question," replied Kenton, "but I can tell you the number of officers and their respective ranks; you can then judge for yourself." "Do you know William Stewart?" "Perfectly well; he is an old and intimate acquaintance." "What is your own name?" "Simon Butler!" replied Kenton. Never did the annunciation of a name produce a more powerful effect. Girty and Kenton, (then bearing the name of Butler,) had served as spies together, in Dunmore's expedition. The former had not then abandoned the society of the whites for that of the savages, and had become warmly attached to Kenton during the short period of their services together. As soon as he heard the name he became strongly agitated; and, springing from his seat, he threw his arms around Kenton's neck, and embraced him with much emotion.

Then turning to the assembled warriors, who remained astonished spectators of this extraordinary scene, he addressed them in a short speech, which the deep earnestness of his tone, and the energy of his gesture, rendered eloquent. He informed them that the prisoner, whom they had just condemned to the stake, was his ancient comrade and bosom friend: that they had traveled the same war path, slept upon the same blanket, and dwelt in the same wigwam. He entreated them to have compassion upon his feelings; to spare him the agony of witnessing the torture of an old friend, by the hands of his adopted brothers; and not to refuse so trifling a favor as the life of a white man, to the earnest intercession of one who had proved by three years' faithful service, that

he was sincerely and zealously devoted to the cause of the Indians.

The speech was listened to in unbroken silence. As soon as he had finished, several chiefs expressed their approbation by a deep guttural interjection, while others were equally as forward in making known their objections to the proposal. They urged that his fate had already been determined in a large and solemn council, and that they would be acting like squaws to change their minds every hour. They insisted on the flagrant misdemeanors of Kenton; that he had not only stolen their horses, but had flashed his gun at one of their young men; that it was in vain to suppose that so bad a man could ever become an Indian at heart, like their brother Girty; that the Kentuckians were all alike, very bad people, and ought to be killed as fast as they were taken; and, finally, they observed that many of their people had come from a distance, solely to assist at the torture of the prisoner, and pathetically painted the disappointment and chagrin with which they would hear that all their trouble had been for nothing.

Girty listened with obvious impatience to the young warriors, who had so ably argued against a reprieve—and starting to his feet, as soon as the others had concluded, he urged his former request with greater earnestness. He briefly, but strongly, recapitulated his own services, and the many and weighty instances of attachment which he had given. He asked if *he* could be suspected of partiality to the whites? When had he ever before interceded for any of that hated race? Had he not brought seven scalps home with him from the last

expedition? and had he not submitted seven white prisoners that very evening to their discretion? Had he expressed a wish that a single one of the captives should be saved? *This* was his first, and should be his last request: for if they refused to *him*, what was never refused to the intercession of one of their natural chiefs, he would look upon himself as disgraced in their eyes, and considered as unworthy of confidence. Which of their own natural warriors had been more zealous than himself? From what expedition had he ever shrunk? What white man had ever seen his back? Whose tomahawk had been bloodier than his? He would say no more. He asked it as a first and last favor; as an evidence that they approved of his zeal and fidelity, that the life of his bosom friend might be spared. Fresh speakers arose upon each side, and the debate was carried on for an hour and a half with great heat and energy.

During the whole of this time, Kenton's feelings may readily be imagined. He could not understand a syllable of what was said. He saw that Girty spoke with deep earnestness, and that the eyes of the assembly were often turned upon himself with various expressions. He felt satisfied that his friend was pleading for his life, and that he was violently opposed by a large part of the council. At length the war club was produced and the final vote taken. Kenton watched its progress with thrilling emotion, which yielded to the most rapturous delight, as he perceived, that those who struck the floor of the council house, were decidedly inferior in number to those who passed it in silence. Having thus succeeded in his benevolent purpose, Girty lost no time in

attending to the comfort of his friend. He led him into his own wigwam, and from his own store gave him a pair of moccasins and leggings, a breech-cloth, a hat, a coat, a handkerchief for his neck, and another for his head.

The whole of this remarkable scene is in the highest degree honorable to Girty, and is in striking contrast to most of his conduct after his union with the Indians. No man can be completely hardened, and no character is at all times the same. Girty had been deeply offended with the whites; and knowing that his desertion to the Indians had been universally and severely reprobated, and that he himself was regarded with detestation by his former countrymen, he seems to have raged against them from these causes, with a fury which resembled rather the paroxysm of a maniac, than the deliberate cruelty of a naturally ferocious temper. Fierce censure never reclaims, but rather drives to still greater extremities; and this is the reason that renegadoes are so much fiercer than natural foes—and that when females fall, they fall irretrievably.

For the space of three weeks, Kenton lived in perfect tranquillity. Girty's kindness was uniform and indefatigable. He introduced Kenton to his own family, and accompanied him to the wigwams of the principal chiefs, who seemed all at once to have turned from the extremity of rage to the utmost kindness and cordiality. Fortune, however, seemed to have selected him for her foot ball, and to have snatched him from the frying pan only to throw him into the fire. About twenty days after his most providential deliverance from the stake, he was

walking in company with Girty and an Indian named Redpole, when another Indian came from the village towards them, uttering repeatedly a whoop of peculiar intonation. Girty instantly told Kenton that it was the distress halloo, and that they must all go instantly to the council house. Kenton's heart involuntarily fluttered at the intelligence, for he dreaded all whoops, and hated all council houses, firmly believing that neither boded him any good. Nothing, however, could be done to avoid whatever fate awaited him, and he sadly accompanied Girty and Redpole back to the village.

Upon approaching the Indian who had halloed, Girty and Redpole shook hands with him. Kenton likewise offered his hand, but the Indian refused to take it, at the same time scowling upon him ominously. This took place within a few paces of the door of the council house. Upon entering, they saw that the house was unusually full. Many chiefs and warriors from the distant towns were present; and their countenances were grave, severe, and forbidding. Girty, Redpole, and Kenton, walked around, offering their hands successively to each warrior. The hands of the two first were cordially received; but when poor Kenton anxiously offered *his* hand to the first warrior, it was rejected with the same scowling eye as before. He passed on to the second, but was still rejected: he persevered, however, until his hand had been refused by the first six; when, sinking into despondence, he turned off and stood apart from the rest.

The debate quickly commenced. Kenton looked eagerly towards Girty, as his last and only hope. His friend looked anxious and distressed. The chiefs from

a distance arose one after another, and spoke in a firm and indignant tone, often looking at Kenton with an eye of death. Girty did not desert him, but his eloquence appeared wasted upon the distant chiefs. After a warm debate, he turned to Kenton and said, "Well! my friend; *you must die!*" One of the stranger chiefs instantly seized him by the collar, and the others surrounding him, he was strongly pinioned, committed to a guard, and instantly marched off.

His guard were on horseback, while the prisoner was driven before them on foot, with a long rope round his neck, the other end of which was held by one of the guard. In this manner they had marched about two and a half miles, when Girty passed them on horseback, informing Kenton that he had friends at the next village, with whose aid he hoped to be able to do something for him. Girty passed on to the town, but finding that nothing could be done, he would not see his friend again, but returned to Waughcotomoco by a different route.

They passed through the village without halting, and at the distance of two and a half miles beyond it, Kenton had again an opportunity of witnessing the fierce hate with which these children of nature regard an enemy. At the distance of a few paces from the road, a squaw was busily engaged in chopping wood, while her lord and master was sitting on a log, smoking his pipe and directing her labors, with the indolent indifference common to the natives, when not under the influence of some exciting passion. The sight of Kenton, however, seemed to rouse him to fury. He hastily sprung up with a sudden yell, snatched the axe from the squaw, and rushing

upon the prisoner so rapidly as to give him no opportunity of escape, dealt him a blow with the axe, which cut through his shoulder, breaking the bone and almost severing the arm from his body. He would instantly have repeated the blow, had not Kenton's conductors interfered and protected him, severely reprimanding the Indian for attempting to rob them of the amusement of torturing the prisoner.

They soon reached a large village upon the head waters of Scioto, where Kenton, for the first time, beheld the celebrated Mingo Chief, Logan, so honorably mentioned in Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. Logan walked gravely up to the place where Kenton stood, and the following short conversation ensued: "Well, young man, these young men seem very mad at you?" "Yes, sir, they certainly are." "Well, don't be disheartened, I am a great chief; you are to go to Sandusky; they speak of burning you there, but I will send two runners to-morrow, to speak good for you." Logan's form was striking and manly, his countenance calm and noble, and he spoke the English language with fluency and correctness. Kenton's spirits instantly rose at the address of the benevolent chief, and he once more looked upon himself as providentially rescued from the stake.

On the following morning, two runners were despatched to Sandusky, as the chief had promised, and until their return, Kenton was kindly treated, being permitted to spend much of his time with Logan, who conversed with him freely, and in the most friendly manner. In the evening, the two runners returned, and were closeted with Logan. Kenton felt the most burning anxiety to

know what was the result of their mission, but Logan did not visit him again until the next morning. He then walked up to him, accompanied by Kenton's guards, and giving him a piece of bread, told him that he was instantly to be carried to Sandusky; and without uttering another word, turned upon his heel and left him.

Again, Kenton's spirits sunk. From Logan's manner, he supposed that his intercession had been unavailing, and that Sandusky was destined to be the scene of his final suffering. This appears to have been the truth. But fortune, who, to use Lord Lovat's expression, had been playing at cat and mouse with him for the last month, had selected Sandusky for the display of her strange and capricious power. He was driven into the town, as usual, and was to have been burnt on the following morning, when an Indian agent, named Drewyer, interposed, and once more rescued him from the stake. He was anxious to obtain intelligence for the British commandant at Detroit, and so earnestly insisted upon Kenton's being delivered up to him, that the Indians at length consented upon the express condition that, after the required information had been obtained, he should again be placed at their discretion. To this Drewyer consented, and without further difficulty, Kenton was transferred to his hands. Drewyer lost no time in removing him to Detroit.

On the road, he informed Kenton of the condition upon which he had obtained possession of his person, assuring him, however, that no consideration should induce him to abandon a prisoner to the mercy of such wretches. Having dwelt at some length upon the generosity of his

own disposition, and having sufficiently magnified the service which he had just rendered him, he began, at length, to cross-question Kenton as to the force and condition of Kentucky, and particularly as to the number of men at Fort McIntosh. Kenton very candidly declared his inability to answer either question, observing, that he was merely a private, and by no means acquainted with matters of an enlarged and general import; that his great business had heretofore been, to endeavor to take care of himself, which he had found a work of no small difficulty. Drewyer replied that he believed him, and from that time Kenton was troubled with no more questions.

CHAPTER IV.

Kenton works for the garrison at Detroit—Escapes from captivity by the aid of Mrs. Harvey—Goes to Vincennes and Harrod's Station—Commands a company in Clark's expedition—Fights at Chillicothe—Hears joyful news from home—Again commands a company under Clark—Fifty years' anniversary appointed—Account of the anniversary—Kenton's letter.

KENTON was now a prisoner at Detroit.* Here he remained working for the garrison on half pay, until the summer of 1779, when he effected his escape, by the assistance of Mrs. Harvey, the wife of an Indian trader. Kenton was at this time but twenty-four years of age, according to one who served with him, "was fine looking, with a dignified and manly deportment, and a soft, pleasing voice, and was wherever he went a favorite among the ladies." This lady had become interested in him, and upon his solicitation, promised to assist him and two other Kentuckians, prisoners with him, to procure rifles, ammunition, &c., without which a journey through the wilderness could not be performed. Engaging in their cause with all the enthusiasm of her sex, she only awaited an opportunity to perform her promise. She had not long to wait.

On the 3rd of June, 1779, a large concourse of Indians

* Collins's Historical Sketches of Kentucky.

assembled at Detroit to take "a spree." Preparatory to getting drunk, they stacked their guns near Mrs. Harvey's house, who, as soon as it was dark, stole silently out to the guns, selected three of the best looking, and quickly hid them in her garden in a patch of peas. Avoiding all observation, she hastened to Kenton's lodgings and informed him of her success. She told him at midnight to come to the back of her garden, where he would find a ladder, by means of which he could climb over and get the guns. She had previously collected such articles of food, clothing, ammunition, &c., as would be necessary in their adventure. These she had hid in a hollow tree well known to Kenton, some distance out of town. No time was now to be lost, and the prisoners at once set about getting things in order for their flight.

At the appointed hour Kenton with his companions appeared at the designated place, discovered the ladder, and climbed into the garden, where he found Mrs. Harvey sitting by the guns awaiting his arrival. To the eyes of the grateful young hunter, no woman ever looked so beautiful. There was little time however for compliments, for all around could be heard the yells of the drunken savages, the night was far advanced, and in the morning both guns and prisoners would be missed. Taking an affectionate leave of him, with many tender wishes for his safety, she now urged him to be gone. Heaping thanks and blessings on her, he left her and rejoined his companions.

Kenton never saw her afterwards, but he never forgot her; for more than half a century afterwards, when the wilderness and the savages who peopled it, were alike

exterminated before the civilizing march of the Anglo-Saxon, the old pioneer, in words that glowed with gratitude and admiration, delighted to dwell on the kindness, and expatiate on the courage and virtue of his benefactress, the fur trader's wife. In his reveries, he said he had seen her "a thousand times sitting by the guns in the garden."

After leaving Detroit, the fugitives, departing from the usual line of travel, struck out in a western direction towards the prairies of the Wabash. At the end of thirty-three days, having suffered incredible hardships, the three adventurers, Kenton, Bullit, and Copper, safely arrived at Louisville some time in July 1779.

Here he stayed but a short time to recruit his strength. He had been long a prisoner and thirsted for action and adventure. Shouldering his rifle he set out through the unbroken wilderness to visit his old companion in arms, Major Clark, then at Vincennes. This post he found entirely quiet, too much so for him. He had been treading the wilderness and fighting the savages since his sixteenth year, and was yet too young and strong to be contented with a life of inaction. He had no family or connection to bind him to a particular spot in the West, and by a deed utterly repugnant to his generous nature, he was exiled, as he yet believed, from his home and friends in the East; it was therefore his destiny, as it was his wish, to rove. Striking again into the pathless wilderness, then lying between Vincennes and the Falls of the Ohio, he soon reached the latter place, whence he immediately proceeded to Harrod's station, where he was joyfully welcomed by his old companions.

The winter 1779—80 was a peaceful one to the Kentuckians; but in the spring the Indians and British invaded the country, under Captain Byrd, with two pieces of cannon, by means of which two stations, Martin's and Rudell's, fell into their hands; whereupon the allied savages immediately retreated. When General Clark heard of the disaster, he hastened from Vincennes to concert measures for present retaliation and the future safety of the settlements. Clark was no doubt one of the greatest men ever furnished by the West, in military capacity. He believed, with Washington, that the best way to prevent the depredations of the Indians, was to carry the war into their own country, burning down their villages and destroying their corn, and thus give them sufficient employment to prevent their incursions among the settlements. Accordingly an expedition consisting of 1100 of the most courageous men that the most adventurous age of history could furnish, inured to hardships and accustomed to the Indian mode of fighting, assembled at the mouth of the Licking.

Kenton commanded a company of volunteers from Harrod's Station, and shared in all the dangers and success of this little army. Commanded by Clark, and piloted by one of the most expert woodsmen and the greatest spy of the West, Simon Kenton, the Kentuckians assailed the savages in their dens with complete success. Chillicothe, Pickaway, and many other towns were burnt, and the crops around them destroyed. At Pickaway, the Indians were brought to stand. Here where he had run the gauntlet and afforded the Indian squaws and warriors so much *fun*, two years before,

Kenton, now at the head of his gallant company, had the satisfaction of dashing into the thickest of the fight and repaying with usury the blows he had received at their hands. After an obstinate resistance the savages were defeated and fled in all directions, leaving their killed and wounded on the field.

This was the first invasion of Ohio by the Kentuckians in any force, and the red men long remembered it. For two years the stations enjoyed comparative peace, and Kenton passed away his time as a hunter, or spy, or with surveying parties, heavily enough until the fall of 1782. Then for the first time he heard that his old father lived, and learned the joyful intelligence that he had not killed his old playmate and friend Leitchman. It is impossible to describe his feelings upon hearing this news. For eleven years he had wandered in the wilderness filled with remorse for his rash though unpremeditated crime, the brand of murder upon his heart if not upon his brow, isolated from his home and friends, about whom he dared not even inquire, and his very name forbidden to him. At length after expiating his crime by these long sufferings, unexpectedly the weight of murder is removed from his mind—his banishment from home and family revoked and his long abandoned name restored. Kenton was Simon Butler now no longer, and he felt like a new man.

In the fall of 1782, General Clark, to revenge the disaster of the Blue Licks, led another army, 1500 strong, against the Indian towns, which spread destruction far and wide through the country.

Kenton again commanded a company on this occasion, and was again the pilot for the army, as his knowledge of the country was unsurpassed, and his skill in woodcraft unequalled. It was upon the return of the expedition, opposite the mouth of the Licking, Nov. 4th, 1782, that the pioneers composing it, entered into the romantic engagement, that fifty years thereafter, the survivors "should meet and talk over the affairs of the campaign," and the dangers and hardships of the past. It was first suggested by Captain McCracken, of the Kentucky light horse, who was then dying from the mortification of a slight wound received in the arm while fighting, immediately by the side of Kenton, in the attack on Piqua town. To carry out the request of the dying soldier, Colonel Floyd, from the Falls of the Ohio, brought forward a resolution, and the semi-centennial meeting was determined upon. All around was the unbroken wilderness; but as they bore the dying McCracken down the hill above Cincinnati, the future stood revealed to his fast closing eyes, the cities and villas peopled with tens of thousands, crowning the valleys and the hill tops, the noise of abounding commerce in the streets and on the rivers—building rising upon building—palace and temple, and all the magnificent panorama of fifty years, passed in review before him. The desire to link one's name with all this greatness was pardonable in him who had shed his blood in the struggle to achieve it. The interesting day that was to witness the reunion of the surviving heroes of '82, fell upon the 4th of November, 1832. At that time

many were still surviving, among the rest was General Simon Kenton.*

As the day drew near, the old hero was deeply affected at the prospect of meeting his old brothers in arms, as well as solicitous to keep the solemn appointment. To encourage a large attendance, he published an interesting and feeling "address to the citizens of the western country." It is a fair type of his kind heart, dictated to a friend who wrote it for him, and signed with his own hand. The following is the only extract the limits of this work will permit us to make :*

"FELLOW CITIZENS!—Being one of the first, after Colonel Daniel Boone, who aided in the conquest of Kentucky, and the West, I am called upon to address you. My heart melts on such an occasion; I look forward to the contemplated meeting with melancholy pleasure; it has caused tears to flow in copious showers. I wish to see, once more before I die, my few surviving friends. My *solemn promise*, made fifty years ago, binds me to meet them. I ask not for myself; but you may find in our assembly some who have never received any pay or pension, who have sustained the cause of their country equal to any other service; who, in the decline of life, are poor. Then, you prosperous sons of the West, forget not those old and gray-headed veterans on this occasion; let them return to their families with some little manifestations of your kindness to cheer their hearts. I add my prayer: May kind heaven grant us a clear sky, fair and pleasant weather, a safe journey, and a happy meeting, and a smile upon us and our fami-

* Collins.

lies, and bless us and our nation on the approaching occasion.

SIMON KENTON.

URBANA, *Ohio*, 1832.

The day at last came, so long looked for by our "old fathers of the West," and the terrible cholera, more barbarous than the savages, who fifty years before battled the pioneers, spread death far and wide over the west, sparing neither age nor sex. Cincinnati was wrapt in gloom, yet many of the veteran patriots assembled, and the corporation voted them a dinner. General Kenton, in spite of his ardent desire, was unable from sickness and old age, to attend. He met his beloved companions no more until he met them in the spirit land.*

* Collins.

CHAPTER V.

Kenton returns to Harrod's Station—Builds houses and plants corn—Death of his father—Kenton removes the family to Kentucky—Settles near Maysville—Parts with some land—Commands a company in Logan's expedition, and in Todd's—Last incursion of the Indians.

AFTER the volunteers disbanded at the mouth of Licking,* Kenton returned to Harrod's Station. He had acquired many valuable tracts of land, now becoming of importance, as population began to flow into the country with a rapid increase, as the sounds of savage warfare grew fainter in the distance. He settled on his lands on Salt river, and being joined by a few families in 1782-83, he built some rude block houses, cleared land, and planted corn. His settlement thrived wonderfully. In the fall, having gathered his corn, he determined to visit his father, ascertain his circumstances, and bring him to Kentucky. He had not seen his family for thirteen years, a period to him full of dangers, sufferings, and triumphs. Who can paint the joy of the returning adventurer, young in years, but old in deeds and reputation, on reaching home, to find that his aged father "yet lived?" The reunion was joyful to all, especially so to

* Collins.

his friends, who had considered him dead. He visited with delight the friends and the scenes of his early childhood, so different from his boisterous manhood; and the gauntlet, the stake, and the fierce foray, and the wild war-whoop were to him as the confused image of some uneasy dream. Leitchman and the ungracious fair one, his first love, were still living; he saw them, and each forgot the old feud.

He gathered up his father and family, and proceeded as far as Red Stone Fort, journeying to Kain-tuck-ec, where his old father died, and was buried on the winding banks of the Monongahela, without marble or inscription to mark the last resting place of the father of the great pioneer. Kenton, with the remainder of his father's family, reached his settlement in safety, in the winter of 1784.

Kentucky was now a flourishing territory, and emigrants came flocking in to appropriate her fertile lands. Kenton determined to occupy his lands, around his old camp, near Maysville, remarkable for their beauty and fertility. This part of Kentucky was still uninhabited, and infested by the Indians. In July, 1784, collecting a small party of adventurers, he went to his old camp, one mile from Washington, in Mason county. The Indians being too troublesome, the party returned to Salt river. In the fall of the same year, Kenton returned, built some block-houses, and was speedily joined by a few families. In the spring of '85, many new settlements were made around Kenton's station, and that part of the country soon assumed a thriving appearance, in spite of the incursions of the savages. In 1786,

Kenton sold (or, according to M'Donald, *gave*) Arthur Fox and William Wood, one thousand acres of land, on which they laid out the town of Washington; "Old Ned Waller" had settled at Limestone (Maysville) the year before. The Indians were too badly crippled, by Clark's last expedition, to offer any considerable opposition to the settlers; nevertheless they were exceedingly troublesome, during their many small predatory excursions, and plied the fashionable trade of horse-stealing with praiseworthy activity. To put a stop to such proceedings, on the part of their red neighbors, an expedition, seven hundred strong, composed of volunteers from all the surrounding stations, assembled at Washington, under the command of Colonel Logan. Fighting, in those days, cost the government very little, as every man paid his own war expenses. Kenton commanded a company from his settlement, and, as usual, piloted the way into the enemy's country. The expedition fell upon Mocha-check and Pickaway very suddenly, defeated the Indians with considerable loss, burnt four other towns, without resistance, and returned to Washington, with only ten men killed and wounded.

Notwithstanding this successful blow, the Indians, all next year, kept the inhabitants around Kenton's station in perpetual alarm. Kenton again called on the stations to rendezvous at Washington, for the purpose of punishing the Indians, by "carrying the war into Africa;" a trick he had learned from his old commander, General Clark. It was essential to the interest of the interior stations to see Kenton's well sustained, as thereby the savages were kept at a distance from them. They were, consequently,

always ready to render their more exposed brethren any assistance required. Several hundred hardy hunters, under Colonel Todd, assembled again at Washington. Kenton again commanded his company, a gallant set of young men, trained by himself, and piloted the expedition. Near Chillicothe, a detachment, led by Majors Henkston and Kenton, fell upon a large body of Indians, about daybreak, and defeated them before Todd came up. Chillicothe was burned down, and the expedition returned without losing a man.

The pioneers had now become formidable to the Indians, and kept them at bay. Kenton's station was a frontier for the interior settlements, and manfully beat back the foe, in his incursions into the State. The country around Washington was fast filling up, and bade fair soon to be in a condition to set the Indians at defiance. Kenton, universally esteemed and beloved, was acknowledged to be the chief man in the community. His great experience and reputation as a frontier man; his superior courage and skill in the fight, as well as the extent of his possessions, rendered him conspicuous. In all the incursions made to the country of the enemy, and the many local contests that took place with the Indians, Captain Kenton was invariably the leader selected by the settlers.

From 1788 to 1793, many small but bloody conflicts came off around the settlements in Mason county, in which the Indians were severely punished by Captain Kenton and his volunteers. In 1793, the Indians made the last incursion into this, or perhaps any other part of Kentucky. On that occasion, Kenton ambushed them

at the place where they crossed the Ohio, killed six of the party, and dispersed the remainder. They never afterwards invaded the long-contested shore of their beloved hunting-ground. After a desperate and sanguinary struggle for more than twenty years, Kaintuck-ee, "the dark and bloody ground," was lost to the red man forever. The Saxon, in his insatiable thirst for land, had felled her forests, driven out her elk and buffalo, ploughed up her virgin sod, polluted her soil with the unfamiliar city and village, and in the blood of the red man written his title to the country, which he held with a grasp of iron. Cornstalk, Blackfish, Logan, Little Turtle, Elenipsico, Meshawah, the young Tecumseh, and the thousand northwestern braves, bled in vain. Equal courage, superior intellect, and the destiny of the Saxon, overthrew the heroism, the perseverance, and the despair of the sons of the forest.*

* Collins.

CHAPTER VI.

Kenton a Major under General Wayne—Kenton's wealth—How it was lost—Settles at Urbana—His magnanimity—Moves to Mad River—He applies to the Legislature for aid—General Floyd's kindness to him—His lands are released, and a pension granted to him—His death—Personal appearance and character.

IN 1793, General Wayne came down the Ohio to prepare for his successful expedition. Kenton, at that time a major, joined Wayne with his battalion, and proceeded to Greenville, where he was conspicuous among the hardy hunters composing the army, on account of his superior reputation, courage, skill, and activity. He was not in the battle of the Fallen Timber, having been discharged with his battalion the winter previous. The Indians, being defeated by Wayne, and their power completely broken, sued for peace, which was granted, and the war was over.

Kentucky and the West, after the peace of Greenville, rushed forward with rapid strides in the career of population and wealth. Emigrants came pouring over the Alleghanies into the fertile valleys of the Ohio, to occupy the beautiful "land of the cane." These fertile lands rose rapidly in price and importance, and Kenton was now thought to be one of the wealthiest men in his

State, and deserved to be so, for he had purchased his wealth by many a bloody conflict, and by many incredible hardships. But behold the gratitude of his countrymen!

The crafty offspring of peace, who slept in the lap of Eastern ease and security, while this noble pioneer was enduring the hardships of the wilderness, and braving the gauntlet, and stake, and tomahawk of the Indian, to redeem the soil of the West, creep in when the fight, and toil, and danger are past, and by dishonorable trick, miserable technicality, and cunning procedure, wrest the possessions bought at such a terrible price from the gallant, unlettered, simple-hearted man, unversed in the rascality of civilization. He lost his lands, acre after acre, the superior skill of the speculator prevailing over the simplicity and ignorance of the hunter. What a burning, deep disgrace to the West, that the hero who had suffered so much, and fought so well to win the soil of his glorious "cane land" from the savage, should, when the contest was ended, be compelled to leave it to those who never struck a blow in its defence! Together with Boone, and numerous other brave old frontier men, who bore "the heat and burden of the day," Kenton, like an old shoe, was kicked aside when he was no longer of any use, or had become too antiquated for the fashion of the times. Kentucky treated her earliest and staunchest defenders scarcely so well as *they treated* their dogs—after running down the game, she denied them the very offal.*

The fate of General Simon Kenton was still more hard

* Collins.

than that of the other simple-hearted fathers of the west. His body was taken for debt upon the covenants, in deeds to lands, which he had, in effect, given away, and for twelve months he was imprisoned upon the very spot where he first built his cabin, in '75, where he planted the first corn ever planted on the north of the Kentucky river, by the hand of any white man, where he ranged the pathless forest in freedom and safety, where he subsequently erected his foremost station-house and battled the Indians in a hundred encounters, and nearly alone endured the hardships of the wilderness, while those who then reaped the fruits of his former sufferings, was yet unborn, or dwelt afar in the lap of peace and plenty.

In 1802, beggared by law-suits and losses, he moved into Ohio, and settled in Urbana. He was no longer young, and the prospect of spending his old age in independence, surrounded by plenty and comfort, which lightened the toils and sufferings of his youth, was now succeeded by cheerless anticipations of poverty and neglect. Thus, after thirty years of the prime of his life, spent faithfully in the cause of Kentucky, and the West, all that remained to him was the recollection of his services, and a cabin in the wilderness of Ohio. He himself never repined, and such was his exalted patriotism that he would not suffer others to upbraid his country in his presence, without expressing a degree of anger altogether foreign from his usual mild and amiable manner. It never occurred to his ingenuous mind that *his* country could treat anybody, much less him, with ne-

glect, and his devotion and patriotism continued to the last unimpaired.

In 1805, he was elected a brigadier general in the Ohio militia,* and in 1810 he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is a consoling fact, that nearly all the "old fathers of the West" devoted the evenings of their stormy lives to the service of their Maker, and died in the triumphs of the Christian faith. In 1813, the gallant old man joined the Kentucky troops under Governor Shelby, into whose family he was admitted as a privileged member, and was in the battle of the Thames. This was his last battle, and from it the old hero returned to obscurity and poverty in his humble cabin in the woods. He remained in Urbana till 1820, when he moved to the head of Mad river, Logan county, Ohio, in sight of Wapatomika, where he had been tied to the stake by the Indians when a prisoner in their hands. Here he was harassed by judgments and executions from Kentucky, and to prevent being driven from his cabin by his white *brethren* (as formerly by the savages) to the forest for a shelter, he was compelled to have some

* The following document, published in the American Pioneer, shows that Kenton resigned his office the same year :

APRIL 18th, 1805.

GENL. GANO :—Sir : Having taken a resolution of making a tour through the late acquired lands of the United States, in consequence of which think proper to resign up my commission of brigadier of the militia ; and you are hereby requested to regard this as full notice of the same, given under my hand.

SIMON KENTON.

To John S. Gano, Major Genl. of the 1st Division of Militia, in the State of Ohio.

[Endorsed, "General Kenton's resignation, April, 1805."]

land entered in the name of his wife and children. He still had many tracts of mountain land in Kentucky, of little value, which, however, were forfeited to the State for taxes. In 1824, then seventy years of age, he undertook a journey to Frankfort, in tattered garments and on a sorry horse, to endeavor to get the Legislature, then in session, to release the claim of the State on his mountain lands.

Here, where he had roved in an unbroken wilderness in his early days, now stood a flourishing city, but he walked up and down the streets, an object of curiosity to the boys, a stranger, recognized by no one. A new generation had arisen to people and possess the land which he had defended, and his old friends and companions were gone. At length General Thomas Fletcher, from Bath county, saw and knew him, and by his means the old pioneer was clothed in a decent suit, and entertained in a kind and becoming manner. When it became known that Simon Kenton was in the town, numbers speedily assembled to see the celebrated warrior and hunter, and testify their regard for him. He was taken to the capitol and placed in the Speaker's chair, "and then was introduced the second great adventurer of the West, to a crowded assembly of legislators, judges, officers of the government, and citizens generally." This the simple-hearted old man was wont to call "the proudest day" of his life. His lands were at once released, and shortly afterwards, by the exertions of Judge Burnet and General Vance, of Congress, a pension of two hundred and forty dollars a year was obtained for him, securing his old age from absolute want.

Without any further reward from his government, or particular notice from his fellow-citizens and contemporaries, General Kenton lived in his quiet and obscure home to the age of eighty-one, beloved and respected by all who knew him. In April, 1836, in sight of the place where the Indians, fifty-eight years before, proposed to torture him to death, he breathed his last, surrounded by his family and neighbors, and supported by the consolations of the gospel.*

The following is a description of the appearance and character of this remarkable man, by one who often shared with him in the dangers of the forest and the fight:

“General Kenton was of fair complexion, six feet one inch in height. He stood and walked very erect; and, in the prime of life, weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds. He never was inclined to be corpulent, although of sufficient fullness to form a graceful person. He had a soft, tremulous voice, very pleasing to the hearer. He had laughing, gray eyes, which appeared to fascinate the beholder, and dark auburn hair. He was a pleasant, good-humored, and obliging companion. When excited, or provoked to anger (which was seldom the case), the fiery glance of his eye would almost curdle the blood of those with whom he came in contact. His rage, when roused, was a tornado. In his dealing, he was perfectly honest; his confidence in man, and his credulity, were such, that the same man might cheat him twenty times; and if he professed friendship, he might cheat him still.” †

* Collins.

† Collins.

GENERAL BENJAMIN LOGAN.

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GENERAL BENJAMIN LOGAN.

CHAPTER I.

Parentage of General Logan—Relinquishes his paternal property to his mother, brothers, and sisters—Removes to the Holston—Engages in Dunmore's war—Removes to Kentucky—His education imperfect—Settles at Logan's Fort—Removes to Harrodsburgh—Returns to Logan's Fort—Attack on the Fort—Logan rescues Harrison from the Indians—Siege of the Fort—Logan goes for a supply of ammunition and returns safely to the Fort—Fort relieved by Colonel Bowman's party.

AMONG the earliest and most respectable of the emigrants to Kentucky, was General Benjamin Logan. His father was an Irishman, who had left his own country early in the 18th century, and settled in Pennsylvania, from which he subsequently removed to Augusta county, Virginia. Here he shortly afterwards died. Young Logan, as the eldest son, was entitled by the laws of Virginia, to the whole of the landed property, (his father having died intestate.) He refused, however, to avail himself of this circumstance, and as the farm upon which

the family resided was too small to admit of a division, he caused it to be sold, and the money to be distributed among his brothers and sisters, reserving a portion for his mother. At the age of twenty-one, he removed from Augusta county to the banks of the Holston, where, shortly afterwards, he purchased a farm and married.

In 1774, he accompanied Dunmore in his expedition, probably as a private. In 1775, he removed to Kentucky, and soon became particularly distinguished. His person was striking and manly, his hair and complexion very dark, his eye keen and penetrating, his countenance grave, thoughtful, and expressive of a firmness, probity, and intelligence, which were eminently displayed throughout his life. His education was very imperfect, and confined, we believe, simply, to the arts of reading and writing. Having remained in Kentucky, in a very exposed situation, until the spring of 1776, he returned for his family, and brought them out to a small settlement, called Logan's Fort, not far from Harrodsburgh. The Indians during this summer were so numerous and daring in their excursions, that Logan was compelled to remove his wife and family for safety, to Harrodsburgh, while he himself remained at his cabins, and cultivated a crop of corn.

In the spring of 1777, his wife returned to Logan's Fort; and several settlers having joined him, he determined to maintain himself there at all risk. His courage was soon put to the test. On the morning of the 20th May, a few days after his wife had rejoined him, the women were milking the cows at the gate of the little fort, and some of the garrison attending them, when a

party of Indians appeared and fired upon them. One man was shot dead, and two more wounded, one of them mortally. The whole party, including one of the wounded men, instantly ran into the fort and closed the gate. The enemy quickly showed themselves upon the edge of a canebrake, within close rifle shot of the gate, and seemed numerous and determined. Having a moment's leisure to look around, they beheld a spectacle, which awakened the most lively interest and compassion.

A man, named Harrison, had been severely wounded, and still lay near the spot where he had fallen, within full view both of the garrison and the enemy. The poor fellow was, at intervals, endeavoring to crawl in the direction of the fort, and had succeeded in reaching a cluster of bushes, which, however, were too thin to shelter his person from the enemy. His wife and family were in the fort, and in deep distress at his situation. The enemy undoubtedly forbore to fire upon him, from the supposition that some of the garrison would attempt to save him, in which case, they held themselves in readiness to fire upon them from the canebrake. The case was a very trying one. It seemed impossible to save him without sacrificing the lives of several of the garrison, and their numbers already were far too few for an effectual defence, having originally amounted only to fifteen men, three of whom had already been put *hors de combat*.

Yet the spectacle was so moving, and the lamentation of his family so distressing, that it seemed equally impossible not to make an effort to relieve him. Logan endeavored to persuade some of his men to accompany

him in a sally, but so evident and appalling was the danger, that all at first refused; one Herculean fellow observing that he was a "weakly man," and another declaring that he was sorry for Harrison, "but that the skin was closer than the shirt." At length, John Martin collected his courage, and declared his willingness to accompany Logan, saying, that "he could only die once, and that he was as ready now as he ever would be." The two men opened the gate and started upon their forlorn expedition, Logan leading the way.

They had not advanced five steps, when Harrison perceiving them, made a vigorous effort to rise, upon which Martin, supposing him able to help himself, immediately sprung back within the gate. Harrison's strength almost instantly failed, and he fell at full length upon the grass. Logan paused a moment after the desertion of Martin, then suddenly sprung forward to the spot where Harrison lay, rushing through a tremendous shower of rifle balls, which was poured upon him from every spot around the fort, capable of covering an Indian. Seizing the wounded man in his arms, he ran with him to the fort, through the same heavy fire, and entered it unhurt, although the gate and wicketing near him were riddled with balls, and his hat and clothes pierced in several places.

The fort was now vigorously assailed in the Indian manner, and as vigorously defended by the garrison. The women were all employed in moulding bullets, while the men were constantly at their posts. The weakness of the garrison was not their only grievance. A distressing scarcity of ammunition prevailed, and no sup-

ply could be procured nearer than Holston. But how was it to be obtained? The fort was closely blockaded, the Indians were swarming in the woods, and chances were sadly against the probability of the safe passage of any courier through so many dangers! Under these circumstances, Logan determined to take the dangerous office upon himself. After encouraging the men, as well as he could, with the prospect of a safe and speedy return, he took the advantage of a dark night, and crawled through the Indian encampment without discovery.

Shunning the ordinary route through Cumberland Gap, he arrived at Holston by by-paths which no white man had yet trodden; through canebrakes and thickets; over tremendous cliffs and precipices, where the deer could scarcely obtain footing, and where no vestige of any of the human family could be seen. Having obtained a supply of powder and lead, he returned through the same almost inaccessible paths to the fort, which he found still besieged, and now reduced to extremity. The safe return of their leader inspired them with fresh courage, and in a few days, the appearance of Colonel Bowman's party compelled the Indians to retire.

CHAPTER II.

Incursions of the Indians—Logan serves as second in command under Colonel Bowman in the expedition against Chillicothe—Logan attacks the town—Bowman fails to support him, and orders a retreat—Logan rejoins Bowman—Disorder—Bowman's strange conduct—Second action with the Indians, who are defeated and dispersed—Logan conducts an expedition against the North-western Indians—Affair of Moluntha—Logan returns to his farm—Assists in convention for framing constitution of Kentucky—Member of the Legislature—Death of Logan.

DURING the whole of this and the next year, the Indians were exceedingly troublesome. The Shawnees particularly distinguished themselves by the frequency and inveterate nature of their incursions; and as their capital, Chillicothe, was within striking distance, an expedition was set on foot against it in 1779, in which Logan served as second in command. Captain James Harrod and John Bulger accompanied the expedition; the former of whom, shortly afterwards, perished in a lonely ramble; and the latter was killed at the Blue Licks. Colonel Bowman commanded in chief. The detachment amounted to one hundred and sixty men, consisted entirely of volunteers, accustomed to Indian warfare, and was well officered, with the exception of its commander.

They left Harrodsburgh in July, and took their prelimi-

nary measures so well, that they arrived within a mile of Chillicothe, without giving the slightest alarm to the enemy. Here the detachment halted at an early hour in the night, and as usual, sent out spies to examine the condition of the village. Before midnight they returned, and reported that the enemy remained unapprised of their being in the neighborhood, and were in the most unmilitary security. The army was instantly put in motion. It was determined that Logan, with one half of the men, should turn to the left and march half way around the town, while Bowman, at the head of the remainder, should make a corresponding march to the right; that both parties should proceed in silence, until they had met at the opposite extremity of the village, when having thus completely encircled it, the attack was to commence.

Logan, who was bravery itself, performed his part of the combined operation, with perfect order, and in profound silence; and having reached the designated spot, awaited with impatience the arrival of his commander. Hour after hour stole away, but Bowman did not appear. At length daylight appeared. Logan, still expecting the arrival of his colonel, ordered the men to conceal themselves in the high grass, and await the expected signal to attack. No orders, however, arrived. In the mean time, the men, in shifting about through the grass, alarmed an Indian dog, the only sentinel on duty. He instantly began to bay loudly, and advanced in the direction of the man who had attracted his attention. Presently a solitary Indian left his cabin, and walked cau-

tiously towards the party, halting frequently, rising upon tiptoes, and gazing around him.

Logan's party lay close, with the hope of taking him, without giving the alarm; but at that instant a gun was fired in an opposite quarter of the town, as was afterwards ascertained by one of Bowman's party, and the Indian, giving one shrill whoop, ran swiftly back to the council house. Concealment was now impossible. Logan's party instantly sprung up from the grass, and rushed upon the village, not doubting for a moment that they would be gallantly supported. As they advanced, they perceived Indians of all ages and of both sexes running to the great cabin, near the center of the town, where they collected in full force, and appeared determined upon an obstinate defence. Logan instantly took possession of the houses which had been deserted, and rapidly advancing from cabin to cabin, at length established his detachment within close rifle shot of the Indian redoubt.

He now listened impatiently for the firing which should have been heard from the opposite extremity of the town, where he supposed Bowman's party to be, but to his astonishment, everything remained quiet in that quarter. In the mean time his own position had become critical. The Indians had recovered from their panic, and kept up a close and heavy fire upon the cabins which covered his men. He had pushed his detachment so close to the redoubt, that they could neither advance nor retreat without great exposure. The enemy outnumbered him, and gave indications of a disposition to turn both flanks of his position, and thus endanger his retreat.

Under these circumstances, ignorant of the condition

of his commander, and cut off from communication with him, he formed the bold and judicious resolution, to make a moveable breastwork of the planks which formed the floor of the cabins, and under cover of it, to rush upon the stronghold of the enemy and carry it by main force. Had this gallant determination been carried into effect, and had the movement been promptly seconded, as it ought to have been by Bowman, the conflict would have been bloody, and the victory decisive. Most probably not an Indian would have escaped, and the consternation which such signal vengeance would have spread throughout the Indian tribes, might have repressed their incursions for a considerable time. But before the necessary steps could be taken, a messenger arrived from Bowman, with orders "to retreat!"

Astonished at such an order, at a time when honor and safety required an offensive movement on their part, Logan hastily asked if Bowman had been overpowered by the enemy? No! Had he ever beheld an enemy? No! What then was the cause of this extraordinary abandonment of a design so prosperously begun? He did not know: the Colonel had ordered a retreat! Logan, however reluctantly, was compelled to obey. A retreat is always a dispiriting movement, and with militia, is almost certain to terminate in a complete rout. As soon as the men were informed of the order, a most irregular and tumultuous scene commenced. Not being buoyed up by the mutual confidence which is the offspring of discipline, and which sustains regular soldiers under all circumstances, they no longer acted in concert.

Each man selected the time, manner, and route of his

retreat for himself. Here a solitary Kentuckian would start up from behind a stump, and scud away through the grass, dodging and turning to avoid the balls which whistled around him. There a dozen men would run from a cabin, and scatter in every direction, each anxious to save himself, and none having leisure to attend to their neighbors. The Indians, astonished at seeing men rout themselves in this manner, sallied out of their redoubts and pursued the stragglers, as sportsmen would cut up a scattered flock of wild geese. They soon united themselves to Bowman's party, who from some unaccountable panic of their commander, or fault in themselves, had stood stock still near the spot where Logan had left them the night before.

All was confusion. Some cursed their colonel; some reproached other officers: one shouted one thing; one bellowed another; but all seemed to agree that they ought to make the best of their way home, without the loss of a moment's time. By great exertions on the part of Logan, well seconded by Harrod, Bulger, and the gallant Major Bedinger, of the Blue Licks, some degree of order was restored, and a tolerably respectable retreat commenced. The Indians, however, soon surrounded them on all sides, and kept up a hot fire, which began to grow fatal. Colonel Bowman appeared totally demented, and sat upon his horse like a pillar of stone, neither giving an order nor taking any measure to repel the enemy. The sound of the rifle shots had, however, completely restored the men to their senses, and they readily formed in a large hollow square, took trees, and returned the fire with equal vivacity. The

enemy was quickly repelled, and the troops recommenced their march.

But scarcely had they advanced half a mile, when the Indians reappeared, and again opened a fire upon the front, rear, and both flanks. Again a square was formed and the enemy repelled; but scarcely had the harassed troops recommenced their march, when the same galling fire was opened upon them from every tree, bush, and stone capable of concealing an Indian. Matters now began to look serious. The enemy were evidently endeavoring to detain them, until fresh Indians could come up in sufficient force to compel them to lay down their arms. The men began to be unsteady, and the panic was rapidly spreading from the colonel to the privates. At this crisis, Logan, Harrod, Bedinger, &c., selected the boldest and best mounted men, and dashing into the bushes on horseback, scoured the woods in every direction, forcing the Indians from their coverts, and cutting down as many as they could overtake.

This decisive step completely dispersed the enemy, and the weary and dispirited troops continued their retreat unmolested. They lost nine killed, and a few others wounded. But the loss of reputation on the part of the colonel was incalculable, for, as usual, *he* was the scapegoat upon whose head the disgrace of the miscarriage was laid. No good reason has ever been assigned for the extraordinary failure of his own detachment; and the subsequent panic which he displayed when harassed in the wood, affords room for suspicion, that either the darkness of the night, or the cry of an owl, (for he did

not see the face of an enemy,) had robbed the colonel of his usual courage.

It may be here remarked, that the propriety of combined operations with irregular troops, is at least doubtful. Different corps, moving by different routes upon the same point, are liable to miscarriage from so many different causes, that the measure is scarcely ever attended with success, unless when the troops are good, the officers intelligent and unanimous, and the ground perfectly understood. The intervention of a creek, the ignorance of a guide, or the panic of an officer, as in the case of Bowman, may destroy the *unity* of the operation, and expose the detachment which has reached its station in proper time to be cut off.

The signal failure of Washington at Germantown, may, in a great measure, be attributed to the complicated plan of attack, as the several divisions arrived at different times, attacked without concert, and were beaten in detail. I can scarcely recollect a single instance, save the affair of Trenton, in which raw troops have succeeded by combined operations; and many miscarriages in our own annals may be attributed to that circumstance. Logan returned to Kentucky with a reputation increased, rather than diminished, by the failure of the expedition. His conduct was placed in glaring contrast to that of his unfortunate commander, and the praise of the one was in exact correspondence to the censure of the other.

No other affair of consequence occurred, until the rash and disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, in which as we have seen, Logan was unable to share. He seems

to have remained quietly engaged in agricultural pursuits, until the summer of 1788, when he conducted an expedition against the north-western tribes, which, as usual, terminated in burning their villages, and cutting up their cornfields, serving to irritate, but not to subdue the enemy. A single incident attending this expedition, deserves to be commemorated. Upon approaching a large village of the Shawnese, from which, as usual, most of the inhabitants had fled, an old chief named Moluntha, came out to meet them, fantastically dressed in an old cocked hat, set jauntily upon one side of his head, and a fine shawl thrown over his shoulders. He carried an enormous pipe in one hand, and a tobacco pouch in the other, and strutted out with the air of an old French beau, to smoke the pipe of peace with his enemies, whom he found himself unable to meet in the field.

Nothing could be more striking than the fearless confidence with which he walked through the foremost ranks of the Kentuckians, evidently highly pleased with his own appearance, and enjoying the admiration which he doubted not that his cocked hat and splendid shawl inspired. Many of the Kentuckians were highly amused at the mixture of dandyism and gallantry which the poor old man exhibited, and shook hands with him very cordially. Unfortunately, however, he at length approached Major McGary, whose temper, never particularly sweet, was as much inflamed by the sight of an Indian, as that of a wild bull by the waving of a red flag. It happened, unfortunately too, that Moluntha had been one of the chiefs who commanded at the

Blue Licks, a disaster which McGary had not yet forgotten.

Instead of giving his hand as the others had done, McGary scowled upon the old man, and asked him if "he recollected the Blue Licks?" Moluntha smiled, and merely repeated the word "Blue Licks!" when McGary instantly drew his tomahawk and cleft him to the brain. The old man received the blow without flinching for a second, and fell dead at the feet of his destroyer. Great excitement instantly prevailed in the army. Some called it a ruthless murder; and others swore that he had done right; that an Indian was not to be regarded as a human being, but ought to be shot down as a wolf whenever and wherever he appeared. McGary himself raved like a madman at the reproach of his countrymen, and declared, with many bitter oaths, that he would not only kill every Indian whom he met, whether in peace or war, at church or market, but that he would equally as readily tomahawk the man who blamed him for the act.

From this time until the period of his death, General Logan devoted himself to the cultivation of his farm, and engaged actively in the civil and political contests which had begun to occupy a large share of public attention. He was a member of the convention of 1792, which formed the first constitution of Kentucky; and when in 1799, a convention was called for the purpose of remodelling that instrument, he was a delegate from the county of Shelby, and assisted in the formation of the present constitution. He was repeatedly a member of the State Legislature, and it is scarcely necessary

to add, stood high in the esteem and confidence of his legislative compeers.

After having discharged faithfully and with ability all the duties of the man, the soldier, the patriot, and statesman, he died at an advanced age, full of years and full of honors, beloved and mourned by all who knew him. General Logan was the father of the Honorable William Logan, twice a Judge of the court of appeals.

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CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY.

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CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY

CHAPTER I.

Birth and parentage of Brady—His father moves to the West Branch of the Susquehanna—Samuel Brady's gallantry at the siege of Boston—Appointed First Lieutenant—His father a Captain—Samuel hears of his father's death—Vows vengeance against all Indians—At battle of Princeton—At Paoli massacre.

Who has not heard of Brady—captain of the spies?—Of his perilous adventures by field and flood?—Of his hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach?—Of his chivalrous courage?—Of his unmatched personal activity?—Yet where do we read his history? It is to be learned only from the aged settlers of Western Pennsylvania, or, peradventure, from a time-worn ranger;—for a few of Brady's warriors still survive.

Actuated by a desire to preserve from oblivion, such portions of his life and actions as may yet be obtained, I have made several attempts to procure from individuals the most interesting events in his military career,

but hitherto without success. At length an aged friend has kindly offered to furnish such details as an intimate acquaintance with Captain Brady enables him to give. We trust that the subject will be deemed of such interest, that others will contribute their mite, and that a historian will be found to place Brady, of the Rangers, by the side of Wayne, Marion, Lee, of the Legion, and other distinguished patriots whose memories are immortal.

He is emphatically the hero of Western Pennsylvania ; and future bards of this region, when time shall have mellowed the facts of history, will find his name the personification of all that was fearless and fruitful of resource in the hour of danger. His, the step that faltered not—the eye that quailed not, even in the terrific scenes of Indian warfare. Many a mother has quieted the fears, and lulled to sleep her infant family, by the assurance that the broad Allegheny, the dividing line between the Indians and the Whites, was watched by the gallant captain and his rangers ; and to their apprehensions of death or captivity by the Indians, has replied encouragingly, “They dare not move on the river, for there lie Brady and the rangers.”

John Brady, the father of Captain Samuel Brady, was born in the State of Delaware, A. D., 1733. Hugh Brady, the father of John, had emigrated from Ireland. At a very early period, Hugh Brady settled within five miles of where Shippensburg now stands. The country was then a wilderness, thinly settled by Irish emigrants, simple, sincere, and religious. Many anecdotes are col-

lected, evincive of this, but they would be out of place here.

During the French and Indian wars, that part of the country was much harassed by the Indians. John Brady and several other young men had been active against them, and as a mark and reward of merit, he was appointed captain in the provincial line, which at that time was no small distinction. He married Mary Quigly, and Samuel, their first child, was born in the town of Shippensburg, A. D., 1758.

After the war, and a purchase had been made from the Indians in 1768, John Brady moved with his family to the West Branch of the Susquehanna, where Samuel resided with him till June, 1775. Captain John Lowden, a widower, raised a company of volunteer riflemen, seventy in number, and all unmarried, and marched to Boston. Samuel Brady was one of this band, and the captain intended that he should be an officer, but his father objected, saying, "Let him first learn the duty of a soldier, and then he will know how to act as an officer."

While the riflemen lay in the "Leaguer of Boston," frequent skirmishes took place. On one occasion, Lowden was ordered to select some able-bodied men, and wade to an island, when the tide was out, and drive out some cattle belonging to the British. He considered Brady too young for this service, and left him out of his selection; but to the captain's astonishment, Brady was the second man on the island, and behaved most gallantly. On another occasion, he was sitting on a fence, with his captain, viewing the British works, when a can

non ball struck the fence under them. Brady was first up, caught the captain in his arms and raised him, saying, with great composure, "We are not hurt, captain." Many like instances of his coolness and courage happened while the army lay at Boston.

In 1776, Samuel Brady was appointed a first lieutenant in Captain Thomas Doyle's company, raised in Lancaster county. He continued with the army, and was in all the principal engagements until after the battle of Monmouth, when he was promoted to a captaincy, and ordered to the West under General Brodhead. On their march he had leave to visit his friends in Northumberland county. His father, in 1776, had accepted a captaincy in the 12th Pennsylvania Regiment, was badly wounded at the battle of Brandywine, and was then at home. Whilst there, he heard of his brother's death, who had been murdered by the Indians on the 9th day of August, 1778. He remained at his father's until the beginning of 1779, when he started for Pittsburg and joined his regiment.

Shortly after he had arrived at Pittsburg, he heard the news of his father being murdered by the Indians, on the 11th day of April, 1779. He then vowed vengeance against *all Indians*, and he never altered his mind. Here commenced his western exploits.

At the battle of Princeton he was under Colonel Hand, of Lancaster, and had advanced too far; they were nearly surrounded—Brady cut a horse out of a team, got his Colonel on, jumped on behind him, and they made their escape.

At the massacre at Paoli, Brady had been on guard, and had laid down with his blanket buckled round him. The British were nearly on them before the sentinel fired. Brady had to run; he tried to get clear of his blanket coat, but could not. As he jumped a post and rail fence, a British soldier struck at him with his bayonet, and pinned the blanket to the rail, but so near the edge that it tore out. He dashed on; a horseman overtook him and ordered him to stop. Brady wheeled, shot him down, and ran on. He got into a small swamp in a field. He knew of no person but one being in it beside himself; but in the morning there were fifty-five, one of whom was a lieutenant. They compared commissions; Brady's was the oldest; he took the command and marched them to headquarters.

CHAPTER II.

Captain Brady sent on a scout to the Indian country—Arrives at Sandusky—Makes his *reconnoissance*—Sufferings on his return—Singular adventure—Brady kills an Indian, and saves the squaw and child—Brady returns to Pittsburg—Anecdote of his retreat through the woods.

IN 1780, a small fort, within the present limits of Pittsburg, was the headquarters of General Brodhead, who was charged with the defence of this quarter of the frontier. The country north and west of the Allegheny river was in possession of the Indians. General Washington, whose comprehensive sagacity foresaw and provided against all dangers that menaced the country, wrote to General Brodhead to select a suitable officer and dispatch him to Sandusky, for the purpose of examining the place, and ascertaining the force of British and Indians assembled there, with a view to measures of preparation and defence, against the depredations and attacks to be expected from thence.

General Brodhead had no hesitation in making the selection of an officer qualified for this difficult and dangerous duty. He sent for Brady, now a captain, showed him Washington's letter, and a draft or map of the country he must traverse; very defective, as Brady

afterwards discovered, but the best, no doubt, that could be obtained at that time.

Captain Brady was not insensible to the danger, or ignorant of the difficulty of the enterprise. But he saw the anxiety of the father of his country to procure information that could only be obtained by this perilous mode, and knew its importance. His own danger was of inferior consideration. The appointment was accepted, and selecting a few soldiers, and four Chickasaw Indians as guides, he crossed the Allegheny river, and was at once in the enemy's country.

It was in May, 1780, that he commenced his march. The season was uncommonly wet. Every considerable stream was swollen; neither road, bridge, nor house facilitated their march, or shielded their repose. Part of their provision was picked up by the way as they crept, rather than marched through the wilderness by night, and lay concealed in its branches by day. The slightest trace of his movement, the print of a white man's foot on the sand of a river, might have occasioned the extermination of the party. Brady was versed in all the wiles of Indian "strategie," and, dressed in the full war dress of an Indian warrior, and well acquainted with their languages, he led his band in safety near to the Sandusky towns, without seeing a hostile Indian.

The night before he reached Sandusky he saw a fire, approached it, and found two squaws reposing beside it. He passed on without molesting them. But his Chickasaws now deserted. This was alarming, for it was probable they had gone over to the enemy. However, he determined to proceed. With a full knowledge of

the horrible death that awaited him if taken prisoner, he passed on, until he stood beside the town and on the bank of the river.

His first care was to provide a place of concealment for his men. When this was effected, having selected one man as the companion of his future adventures, he waded the river to an island partially covered with drift-wood, opposite the town, where he concealed himself and comrade for the night.

Leonidas was brave, and in obedience to the institutions of his country, he courted death and found it in the pass of Thermopylæ. But he was surrounded by his three hundred Spartans, and cheered by the Spartan battle hymn, mingled in concert with the sweet tones of the flute.

Napoleon was brave, but his bravest acts were performed in the presence of embattled thousands; and when, at the bridge of Lodi, he snatched the tri-color from its terrified bearer, and uttering the war cry of his enthusiastic soldiers, "Vive la Republique," he breasted the fire of thirty pieces of Austrian cannon, and planted it in the midst of its enemies, he was seen and followed by the gallant remains of the consular guard, and lauded with the cries and tears of his whole army.

In constancy of purpose, in cool, deliberate courage, the captain of the rangers will compare with the examples quoted, or any other. Neither banner nor pennon waved over him. He was hundreds of miles in the heart of an enemy's country. An enemy who, had they possessed it, would have given his weight in gold for the pleasure of burning him to death with a slow fire;

adding to his torments, both mental and physical, every ingredient that savage ingenuity could supply.

Who that has poetry of feeling, or feeling of poetry, but must pause o'er such a scene, and in imagination contemplate its features!

The murmuring river; the Indian village wrapt in sleep; the sylvan landscape; as each was gazed upon by that lonely, but dauntless warrior, in the still midnight hour.

The next morning a dense fog spread over hill and dale, town and river. All was hid from Brady's eyes, save the logs and brush around him. About 11 o'clock it cleared off, and afforded him a view of about three thousand Indians engaged in the amusements of the race ground.

They had just returned from Virginia or Kentucky with some very fine horses. One grey horse in particular attracted his notice. He won every race until near evening, when, as if envious of his speed, two riders were placed on him, and thus he was beaten. The starting post was only a few rods above where Brady lay, and he had a pretty fair chance of enjoying the amusement, without the risk of losing anything by betting on the race.

He made such observation through the day as was in his power, waded out from the island at night, collected his men, went to the Indian camp he had seen as he came out; the squaws were still there, he took them prisoners, and continued his march homeward.

The map furnished by General Brodhead was found to be defective. The distance was represented to be much

less than it really was. The provisions and ammunition of the men were exhausted by the time they had reached the Big Beaver, on their return. Brady shot an otter, but could not eat it. The last load was in his rifle. They arrived at an old encampment, and found plenty of strawberries, which they stopped to appease their hunger with. Having discovered a deer track, Brady followed it, telling the men he would perhaps get a shot at it. He had gone but a few rods when he saw the deer standing broadside to him. He raised his rifle and attempted to fire, but it flashed in the pan, and he had not a priming of powder. He sat down, picked the touch hole, and then started on. After going a short distance the path made a bend, and he saw before him a large Indian on horseback, with a child before, and its mother behind him on the horse, and a number of warriors marching in the rear. His first impulse was to shoot the Indian on horseback, but as he raised the rifle he observed the child's head to roll with the motion of the horse. It was fast asleep and tied to the Indian. He stepped behind the root of a tree, and waited until he could shoot the Indian, without danger to the child or its mother.

When he considered the chance certain he shot the Indian, who fell from his horse, and the child and its mother fell with him. Brady called to his men with a voice that made the forest ring, to surround the Indians and give them a general fire. He sprung to the fallen Indian's powder horn, but could not pull it off. Being dressed like an Indian, the woman thought he was one, and said, "Why did you shoot your brother?" He caught up the child

saying, "Jenny Stupes, I am Captain Brady, follow me, and I will secure you and your child." He caught her hand in his, carrying the child under the other arm, and dashed into the brush. Many guns were fired at him by this time, but no ball harmed him, and the Indians, dreading an ambuscade, were glad to make off. The next day he arrived at Fort M'Intosh with the woman and her child. His men had got there before him. They had heard his war whoop and knew it was Indians he had encountered, but having no ammunition they had taken to their heels and ran off. The squaws he had taken at Sandusky, availing themselves of the panic, had also made their escape.

In those days Indian fashions prevailed in some measure with the Whites, at least with rangers. Brady was desirous of seeing the Indian he had shot, and the officer in command of Fort M'Intosh gave him some men in addition to his own, and he returned to search for the body. The place where he had fallen was discovered, but nothing more. No pains were spared to search, but the body was not found. They were about to quit the place when the yell of a *pet* Indian, that came with them from the fort, called them to a little glade, where the grave was discovered. The Indians had interred their dead brother there, carefully replacing the sod in the neatest manner. They had also cut brushes and stuck them into the ground; but the brushes had withered, and instead of concealing the grave they led to the discovery.

He was buried about two feet deep, with all his implements of war about him.

“ He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his powder-horn and pouch about him.”

All his savage jewelry, his arms and ammunition were taken from him, and the scalp from the head, and then they left him thus stripped alone in his grave. It is painful to think of such things being done by American soldiers, but we cannot now know all the excusing circumstances that may have existed at the time. Perhaps the husband of this woman, the father of this child, was thus butchered before his wife and children; and the younger members of the family unable to bear the fatigues of travelling, had their brains dashed out on the threshold. Such things were common, and a spirit of revenge was deeply seated in the breasts of the people of the frontiers. Captain Brady's own family had heavily felt the merciless tomahawk. His brave and honored father, and a beloved brother had been treacherously slain by the Indians, and he had vowed vengeance.

After refreshing himself and men, they went up to Pittsburg by water, where they were received with military honors. Minute guns were fired from the time Brady came in sight until he landed.

The Chickasaw Indians had returned to Pittsburg and reported that the captain and his party had been cut off near Sandusky town by the Indians. When General Brodhead heard this, he said Brady was an aspiring young man and had solicited the command. But on Brady's arrival at Pittsburg, the general acknowledged that the captain had accepted the command with much diffidence.

A few days after Brady had left Sandusky with his

squaw prisoners, keeping a sharp look out in expectation of being pursued, and taking every precaution to avoid pursuit, such as keeping on the driest ridges and walking on logs whenever they suited his course, he found he was followed by Indians. His practised eye would occasionally discover in the distance, an Indian hopping to or from a tree, or other screen, and advancing on his trail. After being satisfied of the fact, he stated it to his men and told them no Indian could thus pursue him, after the precautions he had taken, without having a dog on his track. "I will stop," said Brady, "and shoot the dog, and then we can get along better.

He selected the root of a tall chestnut tree which had fallen westward, for his place of ambush. He walked from the west end of the tree or log to the east, and sat down in the pit made by the raising of the root. He had not been long there when a small slut mounted the log at the west end and with her nose to the trunk approached him. Close behind her followed a plumed warrior. Brady had his choice. He preferred shooting the slut, which he did, she rolled off the log stone dead, and the warrior, with a loud whoop, sprung into the woods and disappeared. He was followed no further.

CHAPTER III.

Captain Brady sent with a party to catch Indians—Watches an Indian camp—Surprise and destruction of the Indians.

MANY of Captain Brady's adventures occurred at periods of which no certainty as to dates can now be had. The following is of that class :

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

The Indians made an inroad into the Sewickly settlement, committing the most barbarous murders of men, women, and children; stealing such property as was portable, and destroying all else. The alarm was brought to Pittsburg, and a party of soldiers under the command of the emulous officers dispatched for the protection of

the settlements, and chastisement of the foe. From this expedition Brady was, of course, excluded; but the restraint was irksome to his feelings.

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

Instead of moving toward Sewickly, as the first detachment had done, he crossed the Allegheny at Pittsburg, and proceeded up the river. Conjecturing that the Indians had descended that stream in canoes, till near the settlement; he was careful to examine the mouths of all creeks coming into it, particularly from the southeast. At the mouth of Big Mahoning, about six miles above Kittanning, the canoes were seen drawn up to its western bank. He instantly retreated down the river, and waited for night. As soon as it was dark, he made a raft, and crossed to the Kittanning side. He then proceeded up the creek, and found that the Indians had, in the meantime, crossed the creek, as their canoes were drawn to its upper or north-eastern bank.

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

pitched on the second bank of the river. Brady placed his men at some distance on the lower or first bank.

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

At length the Indians seemed quiet, and the captain determined to pay them a closer visit; and if, in doing so, he met with a ludicrous adventure, gentle reader, it is no fault of mine.

He got quite near their fires; his pet Indian had caught him by the hair, and gave it a pluck, intimating the advice to retire, which he would not venture to whisper; but finding Brady regardless of it, he crawled off; when the captain, who was scanning their numbers and the position of their guns, observed one throw off his blanket and rise to his feet. It was altogether impracticable for Brady to move, without being seen. He instantly decided to remain where he was, and risk what might happen. He drew his head slowly beneath the brow of the bank, putting his forehead to the earth for concealment. His next sensation was that of *warm water* poured into the hollow of his neck, as from the spout of a tea-pot, which, trickling down his back over the

chilled skin, produced a feeling that even his iron nerves could scarce master. He felt quietly for his tomahawk, and had it been about him, he probably would have used it; but he had divested himself even of that, when preparing to approach the fires, lest by striking against the stones or gravel, it might give alarm. He was compelled, therefore, "nolens volens," to submit to this very unpleasant operation, until it should please his warriorship to refrain, which he soon did, and returning to his place wrapped himself up in his blanket, and composed himself for sleep as if nothing had happened.

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

remains three weeks afterwards, being led to the place by ravens that were preying on the carcass.

The horse was unfettered, the plunder gathered, and the party commenced their return to Pittsburg, most of them descending in the Indian canoes.

Three days after their return, the first detachment came in. They reported that they had followed the Indians closely, but that the latter had got into their canoes and made their escape.

CHAPTER IV.

Captain Brady commands the advance guard, under General Brodhead
—Battle—Insolent Indian punished—Brady's vow of vengeance.

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

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

tened to seize a narrow pass, higher up the river, where the rocks, nearly perpendicular, approached the river, and where a few determined men might successfully combat superior numbers.

In a short time, the Indians encountered the main body under Brodhead, and were driven back. In full and swift retreat, they pressed on to gain the pass between the rocks and the river, but it was occupied by their daring and relentless foes, Brady and his rangers, who failed not to pour into their flying columns a most destructive fire.

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

Indeed, we have been told by an officer of the American army, who is no stranger to Indian battles, that Walter Scott's description of the battle of “Beal An Duine,” from which we have ventured to make the above extract, would suit very well for that of any battle with the Indians, by changing a few names, and substituting plumes for bonnets, bayonets for spears, &c.

Be that as it may, the Indians on this occasion were again broken, routed, and forced to jump into the river. Many were killed on the bank, and many more in the

stream. Cornplanter, chief of the Senecas, then a young man, saved himself by swimming, as did several others of the party.

After they had crossed the river, Brady was standing on the bank, wiping his rifle. An Indian, exasperated at the unexpected defeat, and disgraceful retreat of his party, and supposing himself now safe from the well-known and abhorred enemy of his race, commenced a species of conversation with him in broken English, which we call *blackguarding*—calling Brady and his men cowards, squaws, and the like—and putting himself in such attitudes as he probably thought would be most expressive of his utter contempt of them. When the main army arrived, a canoe was manned, and Brady and a few men crossed to where the Indian had been seen. They found blood on the ground, and had followed it but a short distance, till the Indian jumped up, struck his breast, and said, “I am a man.” It was Brady’s wish to take him prisoner, without doing him further harm. The Indian continuing to repeat, “I am a man,”—“Yes,” said an Irishman who was along, “by J——s, you’re a purty boy,”—and, before Brady could arrest the blow, sunk his tomahawk into the Indian’s brain.

The army moved onward, and after destroying all the Indians’ corn, and ravaging the Kenjua flats, returned to Pittsburg.

It has been stated that Captain John Brady, the father of Captain Samuel, had been wounded at the battle of Brandywine; that his son John was also wounded there (who was but a lad of sixteen at the time), and that in consequence of their wounds, both had

permission to return to their home, which was on the west branch of the Susquehanna. It was farther stated, that Captain John Brady and one of his sons were killed by the Indians, soon after Samuel had left home for Bedford or Pittsburg.

Although not immediately connected with the personal adventures of Captain Samuel Brady, we propose giving a sketch of events of the Susquehanna, prior and up to the death of his father and brother.

The transactions on the Susquehanna have, it is true, this connection with the biography of Captain Samuel Brady, that, on hearing of the murder of his youngest brother, and that of his father, by the Indians there, he did, it is said, raise his hand on high and vow—"Aided by Him who formed yonder sun and heavens, I will revenge the murder of my father and brother: nor while I live will I ever be at peace with the Indians, of any tribe." This exclamation, uttered in a moment of anguished feeling, the recital of his brother's sufferings being fresh in his mind, has been assigned as the principal cause of his daring and unparalleled courage and address in the various conflicts he had with the Indians afterwards.

This representation has rather obscured his character than otherwise. He has been considered a devoted man-killer, reckless of all sympathy, and destitute of all humanity towards the Indian race. This is by no means true. Brady, as we have been informed by one who became acquainted with him on the occasion of his being indicted for the murder of certain Indians in time of peace, was a gentlemanly, fine looking man, possessed

of a noble heart, and intellect of a high order. His conduct on that occasion, when investigated, was found to be correct; and that he had used his influence as far, probably, as was safe with an infuriated band, to protect the Indians with whose murder he was charged. But of this hereafter.

Another cause than blind revenge might be assigned for that heroic devotedness of courage—that eagerness to solicit dangerous commands—that contempt for all that is allied to fear—by which he was distinguished. But it is of little moment now, further than to authorize the assertion that it was honorable in its origin, though unpropitious in its termination.

After having pursued our statement of the occurrences at Susquehanna, and retaining in his mind the intimation contained in the above lines, the reader will be satisfied that the excitement which prompted the vow, was not of that *savage* character it has generally been supposed to bear; but that it was the unpremeditated exclamation of one

“ Upon whose ear the signal word
Of strife and death was hourly breaking,
Who slept with head upon the sword
His fevered hand must grasp in waking.”

CHAPTER V.

Some details respecting Captain Brady's father—Fort Augusta garrisoned—Treaty with the Seneca and Muncy tribes attempted—A rum affair at Derr's trading house.

WHEN Captain John Brady left Shippensburg, he located himself at the Standing Stone, a celebrated Indian town at the confluence of the Standing Stone creek and the Juniata river; the present town of Huntingdon, in Huntingdon county, stands in part on the site of the Standing Stone. From thence he removed to the west branch of the Susquehanna, opposite the spot on which Lewisburg or Derrstown, in Union county, stands. Derr had a small mill on the run that empties into the river below the town, and a trading house, from whence the Indians were supplied with powder, lead, tobacco, and rum. In the commencement of the strife between the colonies and the mother country, Brady discovered that the Indians were likely to be tampered with by the British.

The Seneca and Muncy tribes were in considerable force, and Pine and Lycoming creeks were navigable almost to the State line for canoes. Fort Augusta had been built on the east side of the north branch, immediately where it connects with the west, about a mile

above the present town of Sunbury. It was garrisoned by a "fearless few," and commanded by Captain, afterwards Major Hunter, a meritorious officer. He had under his command about fifty men. In the season for tillage, some attention was paid to farming, but the women and children mostly resided in the fort, or were taken there on the slightest alarm.

It was known that the Wyoming Flats were full of Indians, of the Delaware and Shamokin tribes. The latter, since extinct, were then a feeble people, and under the protection of the Delawares. In this state of affairs, Captain John Brady suggested to his neighbors and comrades, under arms at Fort Augusta, the propriety of making a treaty with the Seneca and Muncy tribes; knowing them to be at variance with the Delawares. This course was approved of, and petitions sent on to the proper authorities, praying the appointment of commissioners for the purpose of holding a treaty.

Commissioners were appointed, and Fort Augusta was designated as a place of conference; and notice of that, and of the time fixed for the arrival of the commissioners, was directed to be given to the two tribes. Captain John Brady, and two others, were selected by the people in the fort to seek the Senecas and Muncies, and communicate to them the proposal.

The Indians met the "ambassadors" of the settlers, to wit, Captain John Brady and his companions, in a very friendly manner: the chiefs listened with apparent pleasure to the proposal for a treaty, and after smoking the pipe of peace, and promising to attend at Fort Augusta on the appointed day, led our men out of their

camp, and, shaking hands with them cordially, parted in seeming friendship.

Brady feared to trust the friendship so warmly expressed, and took a different route in returning with his company from that they had gone, and arrived safe at home.

On the day appointed for holding the treaty the Indians appeared, with their wives and children. There were about one hundred men, all warriors, and dressed in war costume. Care had been taken that the little fort should look as fierce as possible, and every man was on the alert.

In former treaties the Indians had received large presents, and were expecting them here; but finding the fort too poor to give anything of value, (and an Indian never trusts,) all efforts to form a treaty with them proved abortive. They left the fort, however, apparently in good humor, and well satisfied with their treatment, and taking to their canoes, proceeded homeward. The remainder of the day was chiefly spent by the officers and people of the fort in devising means of protection against the anticipated attacks of the Indians.

Late in the day, Brady thought of Derr's trading house, and foreboding evil from that point, mounted a small mare he had at the fort, and crossing the north branch he rode with all possible speed. On his way home he saw the canoes of the Indians on the bank of the river near Derr's. When near enough to observe the river, he saw the squaws exerting themselves to the utmost, at their paddles, to work canoes over to this side of the river; and that when they landed, they made for

the thickets of sumach, which grew in abundance on his land to the height of a man's head, and very thick upon the ground. He was not slow in conjecturing the cause. He rode on to where the squaws were landing, and saw that they were conveying rifles, tomahawks, and knives into the sumach thickets, and hiding them. He immediately jumped into a canoe and crossed to Derr's trading house, where he found the Indians brutally drunk. He saw a barrel of rum standing on end before Derr's door, with the head out. He instantly overset it, and spilled the rum, saying to Derr, "My God, Frederick, what have you done?" Derr replied, "Dey dells me you gif um no dreet town on de fort, so I dinks as I gif um one here, als he go home in bease."

One of the Indians, who saw the rum spilled, but was unable to prevent it, told Brady that he would one day rue the spilling of that barrel. Being well acquainted with the Indian character, he knew death was the penalty of this offence, and was constantly on his guard for several years.

Next day the Indians started off. They did not soon attack the settlements, but carried arms for their allies, the English, in other parts. Meanwhile, emigration to the west branch continued; the settlement extended, and Freelyng's, or Freelan's Fort was built, near the mouth of Warrior Run, about eight miles above Derr's trading house.

CHAPTER VI.

Fort Freelyng, a Rallying Point—Alarm of Indian Hostilities—Captain Dougherty in command—Attack of the Indians—They force the works and massacre the Garrison—Escape of Brady and Dougherty.

CONTRARY to expectation, the tomahawk remained at rest for several years on the Susquehanna. Fort Freelyng was the rallying point in case of alarm. Spies were out in the wilderness and margin of the settlements, and even ventured a great distance into the Indian country without discovering signs of hostility. The cloud that for a while had threatened and then rolled away, was about to return, however, darker than before, and charged with destructive fury.

One evening a scouting party came in who had seen signs of Indians making their way toward the Susquehanna. The neighborhood was alarmed, and fled for safety to the fort. A council of war was held, and a decision made, that all the women and children should be sent down the river to Fort Augusta immediately, and spies sent out to observe the approaching force. The spies soon returned with intelligence that the enemy were near two hundred strong, and that there were *white men* among them.

Fort Freelyng was commanded by Captain Dougherty, (than whom no braver man ever lived,) who had under his command about sixty men. After hearing the force of the enemy, the officers agreed upon evacuating that fort, and retiring to Fort Augusta, where, on uniting the whole force of the country, it was there determined to make a last and desperate defence. The Indians had been seen skulking around the fort, and the men were preparing for a march, when an *old tory* who was in the fort, exclaimed, "Captain Dougherty, I always knew the continental troops would not fight." Dougherty was a man of impetuous feeling: he instantly replied, "You d—d old rascal, we will show you we can fight; and if the fort is betrayed, and I survive, I will sacrifice you."

The Indians attacked the fort early in the morning, on the upper side. On the lower was a kind of glade, covered over thickly with large bushes, from six to seven feet high, having a small path through to the river. The fire of the Indians was of no great account, as they chose to keep at a safe distance. The fire from the fort was well directed by the best marksmen, and proved very galling. A British officer was seen busily engaged directing the Indians; but a lad in the fort taking deliberate aim at him, fired, and he was seen to fall—supposed to be killed or badly wounded. The attack was suspended from a little before sunset till the next morning. The Indians during the night had hid themselves in the bushes in order to draw the men out of the fort, but finding the little band too circumspect for the snare, came again to the attack with a most tremendous yell.

They finally succeeded in getting into the fort, when a dreadful massacre ensued. Captain Dougherty kept his eye on the old tory, and finding all was over, sent a bullet through him, with the imprecation—"Damn the traitor!"

Every man sold his life as dear as possible; none escaped but Captain Dougherty and Samuel Brady, brother to Captain John Brady, and uncle to Captain Samuel. They left the fort together, pursued by a host of Indians. The hazel bushes being so thick on the side of the fort at which they came out, it was impossible for the enemy to follow them. Captain Dougherty, who was an uncommonly active man, could load his rifle whilst under the cover of the brush, and when he heard the noise of an Indian, he could leap high enough to see and fire upon him. Samuel Brady (known in his day as uncle Sam) had made his way through the large thicket and came upon a plain below. He thought it best, as he was heard to say afterwards, to "*make his eternal escape.*"

He had already run a considerable distance, when on looking back, he beheld two Indians in pursuit, one of them, a large, dangerous looking fellow, the other of small stature. He renewed his speed, and was getting along pretty well, when his foot slipped into a hole, and he fell down. The large Indian was foremost and armed. But Brady had fallen with a loaded rifle in his hand, with which he shot the savage, who gave a wild yell and fell dead. The little warrior, thinking perhaps there were more rifles about, wheeled and made for the fort. At the edge of the thicket it was his fortune to

meet Captain Dougherty, who split his skull with the butt of his rifle, and ran on. These two only, Dougherty and Brady, survived that day's massacre, and brought the news to Fort Augusta. It may be supposed that that night was one of gloom and sorrow in the little fortress. The reader can sketch the picture according to his own fancy

CHAPTER VII.

Effects of the massacre at Fort Freelyng—Retreat of the Indians—Captain John Brady commands the fort at the Muncy Hills—James Brady commands a small party of men—Attacked by Indians—Scalped—His narrative and death—New war with the Indians—Particular account of the death of Captain John Brady—Captain Samuel Brady kills the Bald Eagle.

THE massacre at Fort Freelyng cast a damp on the settlement at the West Branch, but the hardy settlers prepared for the worst, by such measures of precaution as their means afforded. The Indians, after committing some further depredations, and murdering some families in Buffalo Valley, retreated. The settlement increased, and had reached the Muncy Hills. A fort was built at the mouth of Muncy creek, near where Pennsboro' now stands, the command of which was given to Captain John Brady.

Frequent skirmishes took place between the Whites and Indians, who resumed their old practice of harassing the settlers by dividing themselves into small squads; taking some prisoners, scalping others, and carrying away or destroying the cattle and movable property of their victims. Brady, it appears, left the fort for the regular service, prior to the battle of Brandywine.

Shortly after the return from camp of Captain Brady

and his son, a company of men formed for the purpose of aiding a friend to cut his oats, near the mouth of the Loyalsock creek. James Brady, son of Captain John, and a younger brother of Captain Samuel of the rangers, went along. According to a custom in those days, which was, that if no commissioned officer were present, the company selected a leader, whom they styled "Captain," and readily obeyed as such, James was selected leader or captain of this little band of about twenty men. After arriving on the ground, they placed two sentinels at opposite sides of the field; the other sides, having clear land around, were not thought to require any. The guns were all placed together at one side of the field, and the order was, that in case of alarm, all were to run to the rifles.

The first day, which was spent in cradling the oats, nothing remarkable happened; during the night, a strict watch was kept. The next day, in the evening, one of the sentinels fired, and cried, "Indians!" The young captain, without looking around for his men, ran for his rifle. When near the guns, he was fired upon by a *white man*, with a pistol. Happening to stumble over a sheaf of oats, he fell, and the ball missed him. The Indians, supposing him dead, ran to secure his scalp. He fell within reach of the guns, and seizing one, he shot the first Indian who approached him. He now discovered that his men had fled, and left him to contend with the savages alone. Despair rendered him but the more determined to die gallantly. He caught another gun, and brought down the second Indian. They then rushed in upon him in numbers; he was a stout, active man, and

struggled with them for some time. At length, one of them struck his tomahawk into his head. He was stunned with the blow, and for a time remained altogether powerless; yet, strange as it may seem, he retained his senses. They tore the scalp from his head as he lay in apparent death, and it was quite a trophy to them, for he had long red hair.

After they had scalped him, as he related afterwards, a little Indian was called and made to strike the tomahawk into his head in four separate places; then leaving him for dead, they took the guns and fled to the woods.

After coming to himself, he attempted, between walking and creeping, to reach a little cabin, where was an old man who had been employed to cook for the working party. On hearing the report of the guns, the old man had hid himself, but when he saw Brady return, he came to him. James begged the old man to fly to the fort, saying, "The Indians will soon be back, and will kill you." The old man refused to leave him. Brady then requested to be taken down to the river, where he drank large quantities of water. He still begged the old man to leave him, and save himself, but he would not. He next directed his old friend to load the gun that was in the cabin, which was done, and put into his hands; he then lay down and appeared to sleep. A noise was suddenly heard on the bank above them; he jumped to his feet, and cocked the gun. It was soon discovered that the noise was made by some troops who had come from the fort, on horseback, in pursuit of the Indians. They carried the brave young "Captain" to the fort, where he lived for five days. The first four days he

was delirious; on the fifth, his reason returned, and he described the whole scene he had passed through, with great minuteness. He said the Indians were of the Seneca tribe, and amongst them were two chiefs: that one of those two chiefs was a very large man, and, by the description, was supposed to be CORNPLANTER: the other he personally knew to be the celebrated chief "Bald Eagle," from whom certain creeks, and the Ridge so called, in Centre and Huntingdon counties, have their name. "The Bald Eagle's Nest," as his camp was called, was for part of the year at the mouth of the creek called "Bald Eagle," which empties into the Susquehanna near the Great Island, and about thirty miles, by water, from the scene of action.

On the evening of the fifth day, the young captain died, deeply regretted by all within the fort. Vengeance, "not loud, but deep," was breathed against the Bald Eagle; but he laughed it to scorn, till the fatal day at Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny.

War with the Indians again broke out all along the frontiers, and men of activity and courage were sent to the forts on the West Branch, and every precaution taken for the security of the settlements. It became necessary to go up the river some distance to procure supplies for the fort, and Captain John Brady, taking with him a wagon team and guard, went himself and procured what could be had; on his return, in the afternoon, riding a fine mare, and within a short distance of the fort, where the road forked, and being some distance behind the team and guard, and in conversation with a man named Peter Smith, he recommended it to Smith not to take

the road the wagon had, but the other, as it was shorter. They traveled on together till they came near a run where the two roads joined. Brady observed, "This would be a good place for Indians to secrete themselves." Smith said, "Yes." That instant, three rifles cracked, and Brady fell; the mare ran past Smith, who threw himself on her, and was carried in a few seconds to the fort. The people in the fort heard the rifles, and seeing Smith on the mare, coming at full speed, all ran to ask for Captain Brady, his wife along with, or rather before the rest. To their question, Where is Captain Brady? Smith replied, "In Heaven, or Hell, or on his way to Tioga,"—meaning, he was either dead, or a prisoner to the Indians.

The men in the fort ran to the spot; the wagon guard had also been attracted by the firing. They found the captain lying on the road, his scalp taken off, his rifle gone, but the Indians were in such haste that they had not taken either his watch or his shot-pouch.

Samuel Brady, Captain of the Rangers, or Spies, for the people called him by both names, was in Pittsburg when he heard of his father's death.

It chanced that the party of Indians, one hundred strong, he encountered at Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny, several years after the death of his father and his brother James, was a war party of Senecas, under the command of Cornplanter, on their march to the Bald Eagle's nest, and that the Bald Eagle himself was in company with them.

Captain Samuel Brady recognized the Bald Eagle on that day in the pass, and fired at him, but with what ef-

fect he knew not till afterwards. When the battle was over, he searched for the Eagle's body, and found it: a ball had pierced his heart, and the blood of the young "Captain" at Loyalsock, was found to have been fatally avenged by the hand of his brother, on the bank of the Allegheny.

CHAPTER VIII.

Captain Samuel Brady proposes to a Dutchman, Phouts, to go on a scouting expedition—Phouts accepts the proposition, and they set out—Discover an Indian Camp—Capture an Indian who is left with Phouts—His treachery and its punishment—Captain Brady reports to the General.

CAPTAIN BRADY had returned from Sandusky, perhaps a week, when he was observed one evening by a man of the name of Phouts, sitting in a solitary part of the fort, apparently absorbed in thought. Phouts approached him unregarded, and was pained to the bottom of his honest heart to perceive that the countenance of his honored captain bore traces of deep care, and even melancholy. He accosted him, however, in the best English he had, and soothingly said, "Gabtain, was ails you?" Brady looked at him for a short time without speaking; then resuming his usual equanimity, replied, "I have been thinking about the red skins, and it is my opinion there are some above us on the river. I have a mind to pay them a visit. Now, if I get permission from the general to do so, will you go along?" Phouts was a stout, thick Dutchman, of uncommon strength and activity. He was also well acquainted with the woods. When Brady had ceased speaking, Phouts raised him-

self on tip-toe, and bringing his heels hard down on the ground, by way of emphasis, his eyes full of fire, said, "By dunder und lightnin, I would rader go mit you, Gabtain, as to any of te finest weddins in tis guntry." Brady told him to keep quiet, and say nothing about it, as no man in the fort must know anything of the expedition except General Brodhead, bidding Phouts call at his tent in an hour. He then went to the general's quarters, whom he found reading. After the usual topics were discussed, Brady proposed for consideration, his project of ascending the Allegheny, with but one man in company; stating his reasons for apprehending a descent from that quarter by the Indians. The general gave his consent; at parting, took him by the hand in a friendly manner, advising him how to proceed, and charging him particularly to be careful of his own life, and that of the men or man whom he might select to accompany him; so affectionate were the general's admonitions, and so great the emotion he displayed, that Brady left him with tears in his eyes, and repaired to his tent where he found Phouts in deep conversation with one of his *pet* Indians.

He told Phouts of his success with the general, and that, as it was early in the light of the moon, they must get ready and be off betimes.

They immediately set about cleaning their guns, preparing their ammunition, and having secured a small quantity of salt, they lay down together, and slept soundly until about two hours before daybreak. Brady awoke first, and stirring Phouts, each took down the "deadly rifle," and whilst all but the sentinels were

wrapt in sleep, they left the little fort, and in a short time found themselves deep buried in the forest. That day they marched through woods never traversed by either of them before; following the general course of the river, they reached a small creek that put in from the Pittsburg side; it was near night when they got there, and having no provision, they concluded to remain there all night.

Phouts struck a fire, and after having kindled a little, they covered it up with leaves and brush, to keep it in. They then proceeded up the creek to look for game. About a mile from the mouth of the creek, a run comes into it; upon this run was a lick apparently much frequented by deer. They placed themselves in readiness, and in a short time two deer came in; Phouts shot one, which they skinned and carried over to their fire, and during the night jerked a great part of it. In the morning they took what they could carry of jerked, and hung the remainder on a small tree, in the skin, intending, if they were spared to return, to call for it on their way homeward.

Next morning they started early and traveled hard all day; near evening they espied a number of crows hovering over the tops of the trees, near the bank of the river. Brady told Phouts that there were Indians in the neighborhood, or else the men who were expected from Susquehanna at Pittsburg where they encamped, or had been some time before.

Phouts was anxious to go down and see, but Brady forbade him, telling him at the same time, "We must secrete ourselves till after night, when fires will be made

by them, be they whom they may." Accordingly, they hid themselves amongst fallen timber, and remained so till about ten o'clock at night. But even then they could still see no fire. Brady concluded there must be a hill or thick woods between him and where the crows were seen, and decided on leaving his hiding place to ascertain the fact; Phouts accompanied him. They walked with the utmost caution down towards the river bank, and had gone about two hundred yards, when they observed the twinkling of a fire, at some distance on their right. They at first thought the river made a very short bend, but on proceeding further they discovered that it was a fork or branch of the river, probably the Kiskeminetas. Brady desired Phouts to stay where he was, intending to go himself to the fire, and see who was there; but Phouts refused, saying, "No, by George, I vill see too." They approached the fire together, but with the utmost care; and from appearances judged it to be an Indian encampment, much too large to be attacked by them.

Having resolved to ascertain the number of the enemy, the captain of the spies and his brave comrade went close up to the fire, and discovered an old Indian sitting beside a tree near the fire, either mending or making a pair of moccasins.

Phouts, who never thought of danger, was for shooting the Indian immediately; but Brady prevented him. After examining carefully around the camp, he was of opinion that the number by which it was made had been large, but that they were principally absent. He determined on knowing more in the morning; and forcing

Phouts away with him, who was bent on killing the old Indian, he retired a short distance into the woods to await the approach of day. As soon as it appeared, they returned to the camp again, but saw no living thing, except the old Indian, a dog, and a horse.

Brady wished to see the country around the camp, and understand its features better; for this purpose he kept at some distance from it, and examined about, till he got on the river above it. Here he found a large *trail* of Indians, who had gone up the Allegheny: to his judgment it appeared to have been made one or two days before. Upon seeing this, he concluded on going back to the camp, and taking the old Indian prisoner.

Supposing the old savage to have arms about him, and not wishing to run the risk of the alarm the report of a rifle might create, if Indians were in the neighborhood, Brady determined to seize the old fellow single handed, without doing him further "scathe," and carry him off to Pittsburg. With this view both crept toward the camp again very cautiously. When they came so near as to perceive him, the Indian was lying on his back, with his head towards them.

Brady ordered Phouts to remain where he was, and not to fire at all, unless the dog should attempt to assist his master. In that case he was to shoot the dog, but by no means to hurt the Indian. The plan being arranged, Brady dropped his rifle, and, tomahawk in hand, silently crept towards the "old man of the woods," till within a few feet, then raising himself up, he made a spring like a panther, and with a yell that awakened the echoes round, seized the Indian hard and fast by the throat. The old

man struggled a little at first, but Brady's was the grip of a lion; holding his tomahawk over the head of his prisoner, he bade him surrender, as he valued his life. The dog behaved very civilly; he merely growled a little. Phouts came up and they tied their prisoner. On examining the camp they found nothing of value except some powder and lead, which they threw into the river. When the Indian learned that he was to be taken to Pittsburg, and would be kindly treated, he showed them a canoe which they stepped into with their prisoner and his dog, and were soon afloat on the smooth bosom of the Allegheny.

They paddled swiftly along for the purpose of reaching the mouth of the run on which they had encamped coming up; for Brady had left his wiping rod there. It was late when they got to the creek's mouth. They landed, made a fire, and all laid down to sleep.

As soon as day light appeared, the captain started to where their jerk was hanging, leaving Phouts in charge of the prisoner and his canoe. He had not left the camp long, till the Indian complained to Phouts that the cords upon his wrist hurt him. He had probably discovered that in Phout's composition there was a much larger proportion of *kindness* than of *fear*. The Dutchman at once took off the cords, and the Indian was, or pretended to be, very grateful.

Phouts was busied with something else in a minute, and had left his gun standing by a tree. The moment the Indian saw that the eye of the other was not upon him, he sprung to the tree, seized the gun, and the first Phouts knew was that it was cocked, and at his breast,

whereupon he let out a most magnificent *roar* and jumped at the Indian. But the trigger was pulled, and the bullet whistled past him, taking with it a part of his shot-pouch belt. One stroke of the Dutchman's tomahawk settled the Indian forever, and nearly severed the head from his body.

Brady heard the report of the rifle, and the yell of Phouts; and supposing all was not right, ran instantly to the spot, where he found the latter sitting on the body of the Indian, examining the rent in his shot-pouch belt. "In the name of Heaven," said Brady, "what have you done!" "Yust look, Gabtain," said the fearless Dutchman, "vas dis d——d black b——h vas apout;" holding up to view the hole in his belt. He then related what has been stated with respect to his untying the Indian, and the attempt of the latter to kill him. They then took off the scalp of the Indian, got their canoe, took in the Indian's dog, and returned to Pittsburg, the fourth day after their departure.

The captain related to the general what he had seen, and gave it as his opinion, that the Indians whose camp he had discovered, were about making an attack upon the Susquehanna settlement. The general was of the same opinion, and was much affected by the information; for he had just made a requisition upon the country for men, and he had been expecting them on every day. He now feared that the Indians would either draw them into an ambuscade and cut them off, or fall upon their families, rendered defenceless by their absence.

CHAPTER IX.

† Captain Brady acts as leader of a scouting party in the French Creek country—Falls on a trail—Attacks the Indians in front and rear—Peril and flight—Brady's famous leap—Return to Pittsburg—Amusing instance of Indian superstition—Brady's marriage and family—His character.

THE injuries inflicted on the Indians by the troops under General Brodhead, quieted the country for some time; he kept spies out, however, for the purpose of watching their motions, and guarding against sudden attacks on the settlements. One of these parties, under the command of Captain Brady, had the French creek country assigned as their field of duty.

The captain had reached the waters of Slippery Rock, a branch of Beaver, without seeing any signs of Indians; here, however, he came on an Indian trail in the evening, which he followed till dark, without overtaking the Indians. The next morning, he renewed the pursuit, and overtook them while they were engaged at their morning meal.

Unfortunately for him, another party of Indians were in his rear; they had fallen upon his trail, and pursued him doubtless with as much ardor as characterized his pursuit, and at the moment he fired upon the Indians in

his front, he was, in turn, fired upon by those in his rear. He was now between two fires, and vastly outnumbered. Two of his men fell, his tomahawk was shot from his side, and the battle yell was given by the party in his rear, and loudly returned and repeated by those in his front.

There was no time for hesitation, no safety in delay, no chance for successful defence in their present position; the brave captain and his rangers had to flee before their enemies, who pressed on their flying footsteps with no lagging speed.

Brady ran towards the creek. He was known by many, if not all of them, and many and deep were the scores to be settled between him and them. They knew the country well; he did not; and from his running towards the creek, they were certain of taking him prisoner. The creek was, for a long distance above and below the point he was approaching, washed in its channel to a great depth. In the certain expectation of catching him there, the private soldiers of his party were disregarded, and throwing down their guns, and drawing their tomahawks, all pressed forward to seize their victim.

Quick of eye, fearless of heart, and determined never to be a captive to the Indians, Brady comprehended their object and his only chance of escape, the moment he saw the creek; and by one mighty effort of courage and activity, defeated the one, and effected the other. He sprang across the abyss of waters, and stood, rifle in hand, on the opposite bank, in safety. As quick as lightning his rifle was primed, for it was his invariable

practice to prime first; the next minute, the powder-horn was at the gun's muzzle, when, as he was in this act, a large Indian, who had been foremost in pursuit, came to the opposite bank, and with the manliness of a generous foe, who scorns to undervalue the qualities of an enemy, said, in a loud voice and tolerable English, "Blady make good jump."

It may indeed be doubted whether the compliment was uttered in derision, for the moment he had said so, he took to his heels, and, as if fearful of the return it might merit, ran as crooked as a worm fence—sometimes leaping high, at others suddenly squatting down, he appeared no ways certain that Brady would not answer from the mouth of his rifle, but the rifle was not yet loaded.

The Captain was at the place afterwards, and ascertained that his leap was about twenty-three feet, and that the water was twenty feet deep.

Brady's next effort was to gather up his men; they had a place designated at which to meet, in case they should happen to be separated; and thither he went and found the other three. They immediately commenced their homeward march, and returned to Pittsburg, about half defecated. Three Indians had been seen to fall, from the fire they gave them at breakfast.

The Indians did not return that season to do any injury to the Whites; and early that fall, moved off to their friends, the British, who had to keep them all winter, their corn having been destroyed by Brodhead.

When the General found the Indians were gone, at the suggestion of Brady, three companies were ordered out, with a sufficient number of pack-horses, to kill game for

the supply of the garrison. These companies were commanded by Captains Harrison, Springer, and Brady. Game was very plenty, for neither Whites nor Indians ventured to hunt, and great quantities were put up.

In putting up his tent, Captain Brady's tomahawk had slipped and cut his knee, by which he was lamed for some time. This occasioned him to remain at the tents until he got well, which afforded him the opportunity of witnessing some of the peculiar superstitions of his Indian allies, for he had his Indians and their families along with him.

One of these Indians had assumed the name of Wilson. The captain was lying in his tent one afternoon, and observed his man Wilson coming home in a great hurry, and that as he met his squaw, he gave her a kick, without saying a word, and began to unbreech his gun. The squaw went away, and returned soon after, with some roots, which she had gathered; and, after washing them clean, she put them into a kettle to boil. While boiling, Wilson corked up the muzzle of his gun, and stuck the breech into the kettle, and continued it there until the plug flew out of the muzzle. He then took it out and put it into the stock. Brady, knowing the Indians were very "superstitious," as we call it, did not speak to him until he saw him wiping his gun. He then called to him, and asked what was the matter. Wilson came to the captain, and said, in reply, that his gun had been very sick—that she could not shoot; he had been just giving her a vomit, and she was now well. Whether the vomit helped the gun, or only strengthened Wilson's nerves,

the Captain could not tell, but he averred that Wilson killed ten deer the next day.

Beaver valley, says Mr. De Haas, was the scene of many of Captain Brady's stirring adventures. We have recently visited some of the interesting localities celebrated as Brady's theatre of action, and heard from many of the older citizens their accounts of his thrilling exploits. They speak in unbounded terms of admiration of his daring and success; his many hair-breadth escapes by "field and flood;" and always concluded by declaring that he was a greater man than Daniel Boone or Lewis Wetzel, either of whom, in the eyes of the old pioneers, were the very embodiment of dare-devilism.

The following, illustrating one of Brady's adventures in the region referred to, we give from a published source. In one of his trapping and hunting excursions, he was surprised and taken prisoner by Indians who had closely watched his movements.

"To have shot or tomahawked him would have been but a small gratification to that of satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire, in presence of all the Indians of their village. He was therefore taken alive to their encampment, on the west bank of the Beaver river, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gauntlet, a fire was prepared, near which Brady was placed, after being stripped, and with his arms unbound.

Previous to tying him to the stake, a large circle was formed around of Indian men, women, and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats

and abuses that their small knowledge of the English language could afford. The prisoner looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foe with a firm countenance, and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with truly savage fortitude. In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs came near him with a child in her arms. Quick as thought and with intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her, and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror-stricken at the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the fire. In the midst of this confusion, Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thicket, with the Indians yelling at his heels. He ascended the steep side of a hill amidst a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles to the west. His knowledge of the country and wonderful activity enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements in safety."

Captain Brady married a daughter of Captain Van Swarengen, of Ohio county, who bore him two children, John and Van S., both of whom are still living. Captain Brady possessed all the elements of a brave and successful soldier. Like Marion, "he consulted with all his men respectfully, heard them patiently, weighed their suggestions, and silently approached his own conclusions. They knew his determination 'only by his actions.'" Brady had but few superiors as a woodsman: he would strike out into the heart of the wilderness, and with no guide, but the sun by day, and the stars by night, or in

their absence, then by such natural marks as the bark and tops of trees he would move on steadily, in a direct line toward the point of his destination. He always avoided beaten paths and the borders of streams; and never was known to leave his track behind him. In this manner he eluded pursuit, and defied detection. He was often vainly hunted by his own men, and was more likely to find them, than they him.

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GOVERNOR ISAAC SHELBY.

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GOVERNOR ISAAC SHELBY.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and parentage of Isaac Shelby—The old French war—Evan Shelby, Isaac's father, serves in it as a captain of rangers—Isaac Shelby's education—Appointed deputy Sheriff—Removal of the family to the West—Dunmore's war—Isaac and Evan Shelby at the battle of Point Pleasant.

ISAAC SHELBY was born December 11th, 1750, near Hagerstown, Maryland. His father was General Evan Shelby, a native of Wales, but who came with his father to America when but a boy, and settled in the above-mentioned colony. The constant danger to which every emigrant was then exposed, from the incursions of the Indians, made his life one of continued activity and danger. Nature had fitted him for such scenes, and he soon became one of the most distinguished in resisting and avenging the outrages of the savages. Soon after a more formidable foe appeared, and the colonies became involved in the old French war. The horrors of that terrible period are familiar to all; men were called from

their peaceful cottages, not to face a regular foe in regular battle, but to wander through wilds, and swamps, and forests in vain quest of a few straggling savages, who perhaps the evening before had fired the dwelling of their neighbor, and butchered the inmates. In such scenes as these Shelby won for himself a high reputation for coolness, bravery, and unremitting labor. Before the war ended, we find him a captain of rangers. He behaved himself handsomely in the expeditions against Fort du Quesne, and in the one under Forbes he was intrusted with the command of the advance. Throughout his subsequent career, and especially in the revolution, he continued to serve his country in a manner creditable to himself, and beneficial to it.

The education, then, of young Shelby, like that of most other heroes of the revolution, was derived from the scenes of activity and danger around him; and although sent to school at a tender age, his attainments in learning do not seem to have advanced further than the rudiments of a plain English education. His habits and character were similar to those of his parent. Before he was twenty-one years old, we find him acting as deputy sheriff for Frederick county, an office which he seems to have filled with ability. When of age, he removed with his father to the Western waters of Virginia, beyond the Allegheny mountains, where he was principally engaged in tending cattle.

Early in the year 1774, difficulties took place among the north-western Indians, in consequence of their ill-treatment by the Whites. Several parties were murdered in cold blood by some colonists under Cresap and Great-

house; no age nor sex were spared. Among the slain were some relatives of the distinguished warrior, Logan, and he immediately determined on revenge. Through his influence the Delawares, Shawanese, Cayugas, and other tribes, united in an attack upon a settlement on the Muskingum, where one man was killed and two were taken. On the reception of this news, the Virginia legislature ordered the raising of three thousand troops, part of whom were to act on the Great Kanhawa, and the other against the settlements more remote. The first, consisting of eleven hundred men, under General Lewis, marched to Point Pleasant, and encamped to wait the arrival of Governor Dunmore, who led the other division. On the 10th of October, intelligence reached the general that a large body of Indians was rapidly approaching, and soon after a reconnoitering party, which had been advanced by the commander, was driven back, with the loss of Colonel Lewis, brother of the general, and some others. Another regiment was now advanced, and the Indians took refuge in a log breast-work, from whence they poured a heavy fire upon the provincials. A savage combat ensued, which lasted till late in the afternoon, during which General Lewis lost many men, including Colonels Field and Fleming. The Indians were commanded by Red Eagle, Logan, Cornstalk, and other chiefs, and fought with such determined bravery that the commander found it necessary to throw a detachment in their rear. The care of this body was intrusted to Captain Shelby, assisted by Captains Stewart and Matthews. He attacked the enemy with such vigor that they fled in dismay across the river, supposing that a

reinforcement had arrived. The Americans lost fifty-five killed, and eighty-seven wounded; the loss of the Indians was never ascertained.

Both Isaac Shelby and his father were in this battle, and the former acted as lieutenant in his parent's company. A fortification was subsequently erected on the ground, and the defence of it intrusted to young Shelby. This post he occupied about nine months, when it was destroyed by order of the governor.

CHAPTER II.

Shelby in favor of the Revolution—Appointed commissary of supplies—Ferguson's riflemen—Shelby raises a force and marches into the Carolinas—Shelby, Clark, and Sevier, capture the British garrison at Pacolet—The march towards King's Mountain—Affair at Cedar Spring—Affair on the Enoree river—News of the battle of Camden—Retreat to the mountains—A force raised and marched to attack Ferguson—Arrival at King's Mountain—The battle of King's Mountain—Total defeat of Ferguson—Shelby's important services.

SHELBY was a warm advocate of the rights of the colonists against the aggressions of the mother country. He thought much upon the subject, and although possessing little influence beyond the circle of his personal acquaintance, yet he exerted himself with them in a manner altogether praiseworthy. In 1777, he was appointed commissary of supplies for a large body of militia, which, though an arduous task, was performed with satisfaction to all. He was also intrusted with the defence of the back settlements, and with the provisions of a treaty soon to be concluded with the Cherokee Indians. In the two following years he was chiefly occupied in obtaining supplies for different portions of the army, when he acted with his usual energy and sound judgment.

In 1780, the distressed condition of the southern

country made the services of every true patriot doubly valuable. The success of Cornwallis and his officers, together with the dissatisfaction existing in that portion of the Union, caused many of the friends of Congress to despair of ultimate success. A few there were, however, whom no misfortune could dampen, no danger intimidate. They maintained the conflict amid swamps, forests, and mountains, and though not obtaining any decisive victory, tended to harass the enemy and keep alive the spirit of opposition.

In the summer of this year, Colonel Ferguson's riflemen had become very famous for their success against American scouting parties, and their general conduct in battle. They were considered the best marksmen of Cornwallis's army, and being used to success, considered themselves as invincible.

This officer was detached to raise a royal militia from among the disaffected inhabitants, and was so active and successful, that in a short time he found himself at the head of about twenty-five hundred men. At the same time, his efforts incited corresponding exertion among the friends of Congress, and active partisans had collected a small force and united with each other, to act as circumstances might warrant. Shelby was then in Virginia; but receiving notice of these movements, he exerted himself in raising a small force, with which he marched into the Carolinas. He joined the camp of General McDowell, with three hundred men, and soon after, in company with Lieutenant-Colonels Clark and Sevier, he was sent to attack a British garrison on the Pacolet. The enemy were commanded by Captain Patrick Moore,

and occupied a strong and well-defended fort. Moore surrendered without firing a shot, and nearly a hundred royalists, with two hundred and fifty muskets, fell into the hands of the Americans.

This affair gave renewed energy to the patriots of that quarter, and numbers of militia joined themselves to the different commanders. Colonels Clark and Shelby hastened on toward Ferguson's force, to harass his movements and intercept supplies. Meanwhile, Colonels Campbell, of Virginia, Cleveland and McDowell, of North Carolina, and Lacey, Hill, and Hawthorn, of South Carolina, were actively engaged in the same enterprise. The difficulties undergone by these gallant officers and their men were appalling. "Some of them subsisted," says Ramsay, "for weeks together without tasting bread, or salt, or spirituous liquors, and slept in the woods without blankets. The running stream quenched their thirst; at night the earth afforded them a bed, and the heavens, or at most, the limbs of trees, were their only covering. Ears of corn or pumpkins thrown into the fire, with occasional supplies of beef or venison, killed and roasted in the woods, were the chief articles of their provisions."

Some attempts of the British officer to attack Colonel Shelby at a disadvantage were unsuccessful. On the first of August, however, his van engaged the American force at Cedar Spring, and a skirmish took place, which lasted half an hour. The British main body then approached, and Shelby and Clark retreated, with about fifty prisoners. A rapid pursuit commenced, but the

enemy were baffled, and the two colonels, with their prisoners, placed beyond danger.

This affair gained the commendation of General McDowell, who, soon after, sent Shelby, Clark, and Williams, against a body of tories and mounted militia stationed on the Enoree river. On the 19th of August, after riding all night, they encountered a party of Ferguson's army, with whom they exchanged shots, and a few were killed on both sides. The colonels were on the point of advancing, when a farmer arrived with the intelligence, that on the previous day, Ferguson had been reinforced by six hundred regulars. This news disconcerted the original plan, and it became equally dangerous to advance or retreat.

Captain Inman was sent with twenty-five men to harass the enemy, and the remainder determined to construct a fort of logs and brush, and await the arrival of the British. Inman soon became engaged, and by an artful retreat, drew the whole force of the enemy in disorder after him, while fondly hoping that they had defeated the whole American force. The colonel led them to within one hundred yards of the log fort; when the next moment they received a heavy fire from the concealed garrison. A fierce battle then ensued, and the Americans were driven from their breastwork; but at this critical moment, the British commander, Innes, their last surviving officer, was shot down, together with the leader of the tories, Captain Hawsey, and the enemy broke in disorder. They were pursued across the Enoree. In this spirited action they lost one hundred and fifty wounded and captured, and sixty-three killed. The

Americans had four killed, including the lamented Captain Inman, and nine wounded. Among the latter were Colonel Clark and Captain Clark.

As soon as Ferguson received notice of this defeat, he hurried on his whole force in hope of overtaking the victors, and recovering the prisoners. The party hurried to their horses, and were on the point of starting on another enterprise, when an express reached them with news of the total defeat of General Gates at Camden, and urging immediate retreat, as the British were maturing plans to cut off all the partisan corps. Their situation was now one of imminent danger. A vastly superior enemy was before and behind, men and horses were worn down by excessive labor and privation, and they were encumbered with prisoners. Their plan was soon formed; they resolved to retreat by the mountains, and in order to receive as little interruption as possible from the prisoners, they divided them equally among the parties, assigning one to every three men. They marched a night and two days without dismounting for a single moment, while the army of Ferguson was in close pursuit. The Americans, however, gained the mountains, and were safe. The prisoners were secured, and Shelby pushed on to the Western Waters in Virginia. Baffled of the fruits of his toilsome march, Ferguson established himself at Gilbert-town, and issued proclamations against the rebels of the surrounding district. He was soon to feel that the spirit of opposition, though smothered, was not extinguished. At the instigation of Shelby, himself, Sevier, and Campbell, collected about one thousand men at Doe Run, among the Alleghenies,

and determined to fall upon Ferguson at night. On the 26th of September they commenced their march, and were soon joined by Colonels Cleveland, Lacey, and Williams, with six hundred men, all burning to avenge late outrages of the tories. By the recommendation of Colonel Shelby, Colonel Campbell was appointed commander, and immediately set out with nine hundred and ten horsemen.

Undoubtedly for devotedness to the object, and unflinching perseverance, this pursuit had few equals during the war. A great part of the time they rode through rain so excessive, as to compel the men to wrap their clothing around their firelocks, to prevent the spoiling of the powder; and although within convenient distance of several bodies of tories, they did not turn from their course to attack them. On the 7th of October, 1780, they came up with Ferguson, strongly encamped on King's Mountain. He had taken up this position, preparatory to attacking Colonel Clark, who was returning from an unsuccessful assault upon Augusta. The Americans formed themselves into three divisions; the right was led by Sevier, and included the companies of McDowell and Winston; the left by Cleveland, and the centre by Campbell and Shelby. When near the enemy, the whole force dismounted, and the right wing marched to the attack, while the remaining columns took a circuitous route in order to fall upon the enemy at different points. Cleveland's men opened a galling fire from behind trees, but were furiously charged with the bayonet, and compelled to give way. At this moment, Colonel Shelby opened his fire, also from among the trees; Ferguson

met this new danger with unshaken fortitude, and the colonel was obliged to retire. Campbell had now gained the summit, and he opened with deadly effect, but was also forced from his position. The whole American force then returned together, and the battle raged with great fury for nearly an hour. Ferguson then received a ball and fell dead; and soon after the enemy beat a parley. Terms were immediately adopted, and the whole force became prisoners of war. *

The loss of the British in this affair was three hundred killed and wounded, and one hundred regulars, and seven hundred royalists taken. The Americans lost about sixty. Colonel Williams of South Carolina, a most active and esteemed officer, was killed. Fifteen hundred muskets and a large quantity of stores fell into the hands of the victors.

The news of this important event filled the patriots of the south with exultation, and tended to atone in a small degree for the defeat of Gates. The legislature of North Carolina voted their thanks to the men and officers, together with a sword to each of the latter.

A large share of the glory of this battle is justly due to Colonel Shelby, not only for his undaunted courage and general good conduct while before Ferguson, but inasmuch as its plan originated with him. He is also said to have suggested the detaching of Morgan from the main army, which advice was followed by General Greene, and resulted in the battle of the Cowpens.

CHAPTER III.

Shelby sent on special service by General Greene—Shelby at Monk's Corner—Shelby a member of the North Carolina Assembly—His services there—His marriage—Settles in Kentucky—Civil services—Elected first governor of Kentucky—Services in the war of 1812—Governor Shelby raises an army and marches to Canada—Governor Shelby at the battle of the Thames—Testimonies of General Harrison and President Monroe to Shelby's merit—He retires to private life—Declines to be Secretary of War—Assists at the Chickasaw treaty—His death.

WHEN Lord Cornwallis had been driven into Virginia by General Greene, the latter officer ordered Colonel Shelby to march from the Western waters with five hundred riflemen, in order to join Marion, and assist in cutting off the anticipated retreat of his lordship through North Carolina. This was in the autumn of 1781. Shelby joined the American general, but the fall of Yorktown soon after changed the proposed plan, and Marion was ordered to the south.

At this time the British held a strong post near Monk's Corner, but where a number of Hessians were understood to be in a state of mutiny. In order to take advantage of this circumstance, Marion detached Colonel Mayhem with a strong body of dragoons, who were ordered to push their operations with vigor, as the army

of the enemy was within a few miles. Shelby was the second in command. On arriving before the enemy, the colonel ascertained that the disaffected soldiers had been sent to Charleston. The British regulars surrendered. This was the last active service performed by Colonel Shelby during the Revolution. He obtained leave to attend the North Carolina Assembly, and the acknowledgment of our independence by Great Britain soon terminated the war.

While a member of the assembly, he gave repeated proofs of legal and diplomatic ability, and was appointed on several important committees. When the war closed, he married a daughter of Captain Nathaniel Hart, and settled in Kentucky. He assisted at the Convention which separated that territory from Virginia, and the one that formed a constitution; and was elected the first governor of Kentucky.

From this period until the war of 1812, Governor Shelby seldom appears on the stage of public events. At that time he was recalled from retirement by a second election to the office of chief magistrate of the state. This was, perhaps, the most trying period of his life; the western frontier, for hundreds of miles, was bordered by tribes of hostile Indians, urged on to deeds of barbarism by Tecumseh and British emissaries, and safe from retaliation in impenetrable forests. It was the duty of the governor to defend his territory, to do which an army was to be raised immediately from among men who had never been in battle, and had no knowledge of military operations.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, the governor assidu-

ously labored at his difficult task, and although still further embarrassed by the surrender of General Hull, he succeeded in organizing an army of four thousand men, with which he marched in person into Canada. He fought under General Harrison at the Thames, where his conduct, notwithstanding his advanced age, elicited the greatest applause. "The venerable governor of Kentucky," says Harrison, in his official dispatch, "at the age of sixty-six, preserves all the vigor of youth, the ardent zeal which distinguished him in the revolutionary war, and the undaunted bravery which he manifested at King's Mountain." And again, "In communicating to the President my opinion of the conduct of the officers who served under my command, I am at a loss how to mention that of Governor Shelby, being convinced that no eulogium of mine can reach his merits. The governor of an independent state, greatly my superior in years, in experience, and in military character, he placed himself under my command, and was not more remarkable for his zeal and activity, than for the promptitude and cheerfulness with which he obeyed my orders."

In President Madison's annual message of December 7th, 1813, he says, "This result [the victory of the Thames] is signally honorable to Major-General Harrison, by whose military talents it was prepared, and to the spirit of the volunteer militia, equally brave and patriotic, who bore an interesting part in the scene; more especially to the chief magistrate of Kentucky at the head of them, whose heroism, signalized in the war which established the independence of his country, sought, at

an advanced age, a share in hardships and battles for maintaining its rights and its safety.

At the close of the war he retired to private life, and for about three years lived in domestic seclusion. He thought proper to decline the office of Secretary of War, tendered to him at the accession of President Monroe, but was subsequently engaged with General Jackson in negotiating the "Chickasaw treaty," by which the possessions of that tribe, west of the Tennessee, were ceded to the United States.

Governor Shelby died on the 18th of July 1826, at the age of seventy-six. His disease was apoplexy; but he had been for some years afflicted by lameness, resulting from a paralytic attack.

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JESSE HUGHES AND ELIAS HUGHES

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JESSE HUGHES AND ELIAS HUGHES.

CHAPTER I.

Jesse Hughes and his brother, Elias, among the frontier heroes of Western Virginia—Elias the last survivor of the battle of Point Pleasant—Thomas Hughes settled at Clarksburg—Jesse and Elias in a company of Rangers—Surprise and escape—Affair with the Indians at West's Fort—Jesse Hughes appointed Captain, to succeed Captain Booth—Relieves the garrison at West's Fort—Surprise of the party at Leading Creek—Chastisement of the Indians—A party of horse-stealing Indians punished—Elias Hughes' contest with an Indian—Capture and ransom of Jesse Hughes's daughter.

THE noble and disinterested men who first settled the West, have now nearly all passed from the theatre of life. Their equals in courage and patriotism can scarcely be found in the records of history.

Among these heroic spirits two brothers, Jesse and Elias Hughes, figured in the frontier wars of Western Virginia. They were both remarkable men. As early as 1774, Elias bore arms at the age of 18, and was, doubtless, at the period of his death, which occurred as

lately as the 22d of March, 1845, the last survivor of the memorable battle of Point Pleasant, on the 10th of October, 1774. This was the hardest fight ever sustained with the Indians, it having lasted from early in the morning till near night, several persons perishing from exhaustion in the course of the day.

Thomas Hughes, the head of the family, had emigrated from the south branch of the Potomac, and established himself with his wife and children at Clarksburg, Harrison county, on the head waters of the Monongahela, at that period on the frontiers of the white settlements. In this region, periodically invaded by Indians, the brothers, Jesse and Elias, served their apprenticeship to border warfare.

In 1777, Jesse, who was twenty-two, and Elias twenty years of age, attached themselves to a company of spies, or rangers, raised by Captain James Booth for the protection of the settlements. At one time, the brothers being out on a scout, they examined the localities of the enemy near the steep bank of a run, made a smoke of rotten wood to keep off the gnats, and lay down upon their arms for the night, their moccasins tied to the breech of their guns. Some time after, hearing something like the snapping of a stick, and looking in the direction, they saw at a distance three Indians approaching. Instantly the young men sprang to their feet, leaped down the bank and over the run. The Indians in pursuit, not knowing the place so well, fell down the bank. The Whites hearing the splash, stopped an instant, put on their moccasins, raised a yell, and put off at full speed, leaving the Indians to take care of themselves.

In the middle of June, three women went out from West's Fort to gather greens in an adjoining field, and while thus engaged, were fired on by one individual of a party of four Indians. The ball passed through the bonnet of a Mrs. Hacker, who screamed, and with the others ran towards the fort. An Indian having in his hand a long staff mounted with a spear, pursuing closely after them, thrust it with so much violence at a Mrs. Freeman, another of the women, that, entering her back just below the shoulder, it came out at her left breast. With his tomahawk, he cleft the upper part of the head, and carried it off to save the scalp.

The screams of the women alarmed the men in the fort, and seizing their rifles, they ran out just as Mrs. Freeman fell; a few shots were fired at the Indian while he was tugging away at the scalp, but without effect, except so far as to warn the men outside of the fort that danger was at hand, and they quickly came in. Among these were Jesse Hughes, and a comrade named John Schoolcraft, who, while they were getting in, discovered two Indians standing by the fence, and looking so intently towards the men at the fort as not to perceive any one else. Hughes and Schoolcraft being unarmed—having left their guns in the fort, stepped to one side and made their way in safely. Hughes, his brother, and four others, armed themselves and went out to bring in the dead body, and while Jesse was pointing out to the rest of the party how near he had approached the Indians before noticing them, one of the Indians made a howl like a wolf, and the whole party moved off in the direction whence the sound proceeded until, supposing them—

selves near the spot, and stopping in a suitable place, Jesse howled also. He was answered, and two Indians were soon seen advancing. An opportunity offering, Elias Hughes shot one and the other took to flight. Being pursued by the Whites, he took shelter in a thicket of brush, and while they were proceeding to intercept him at his coming out, he returned the way he entered and made his escape. The wounded Indian also got off. In their pursuit of the others, the party passed by where the wounded man lay, and one of the men was for stopping and finishing him, but Hughes called out, "He is safe! let us have the others," and they all pressed forward into the thicket. On their return, the savage was gone, and although his free bleeding enabled them to pursue his track readily for a while, a heavy shower of rain falling while they were in pursuit, all traces of him were finally lost.

On the 16th of June, Captain Booth, who was a well educated man, as well as an efficient leader in scouting parties, being at work in his field, was surprised and shot by the savages. Jesse Hughes, by common consent, succeeded to his post.

In 1780, West's Fort was again visited by the Indians. The frequent incursions of the savages during the year 1778, had led the inhabitants to desert their homes, and shelter themselves in places of greater security; but being unwilling to give up the improvements which they had already made, and commence anew in the woods, some few families returned to their farms during the winter, and on the approach of spring moved into forts. In this case, the settlers had been in only a

short time, when the enemy made his appearance, and continued to invest the fort for some time. Ignorant when to expect relief, the feeble band shut up there were becoming desperate, when Jesse Hughes resolved at all hazards to obtain assistance from abroad. Leaving the fort at night, he eluded their sentinels, and made his way to the Buchanan fort. Here he prevailed on a party of the men to accompany them to West's and relieve those who had been so long shut up there. They arrived before day, and on consultation, it was thought advisable to abandon the place once more and remove to Buchanan fort. On their way, the Indians resorted to every artifice to separate the party so as to cut them up in detachments, but to no purpose. All their stratagems were frustrated, and the entire body reached the fort in safety.

In March, 1781, a party of Indians surprised the inhabitants on Leading Creek, Tygart's Valley, nearly depopulating the settlement. Among others they killed Alexander Roney, Mrs. Dougherty, and carried away Mrs. Roney and son, and Mr. Dougherty prisoners. On receipt of these tidings at Clarksburg, a party was promptly made up to chastise the savages, and, if possible, rescue the prisoners, and pursuit being immediately made, the advance of the party discovered the Indians on a branch of Hughes' river. Colonel Lowther and the brothers, Jesse and Elias Hughes, led the pursuing force. It was concluded to leave the Hugheses to watch the enemy, while the residue of the party retired a short distance to rest, with the design to attack them in the morning. As soon as day dawned, on a preconcerted

signal being made, the Whites crawled through the brush, and a general fire was poured in on the Indians, of whom one only made his escape. Young Roney unfortunately lay sleeping in the bosom of one of the Indians, and the same bullet that passed through the head of the savage deprived the boy of life. Mrs. Roney, ignorant of the fate of her son, and in the prospect of deliverance, losing the recollection of the recent murder of her husband, ran to the Whites repeating, "I am Aleck Roney's wife of the valley, I am Aleck Roney's wife of the valley, and a pretty little woman, too, if I was well dressed!" Dougherty, who was tied down and unable to move, was discovered by the whites as they rushed into the camp. Fearing that he was one of the enemy, and might do them injury, as they advanced, one of the party stopping demanded who he was. Benumbed with cold, and discomposed by the firing, he could not make himself known or understood. The white man raised his gun, directing it towards him, and called out that if he did not say who he was, he would put a ball through him, be he white man or Indian. Fears supplying him with energy, he exclaimed at last, "J——! am I to be killed by white people at last?" Colonel Lowther then recognized him and saved his life. The plunder recovered on this occasion was so abundant as to divide fourteen pounds seventeen shillings and six pence—nearly forty dollars to each of the recaptors.

In September, 1785, a party of Indians who had been stealing horses near Clarksburg were followed by a company raised on the spot out of the border warriors, com-



ELIAS HUGHES KILLING AN INDIAN.

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manded, as before, by Lowther, and the brothers Hughes, Jesse and Elias. On the third night after starting, the Whites and Indians, unknown to the fact, had encamped within a short distance of each other. In the morning the pursuers divided, taking two different routes. Elias Hughes and his party discovered the Indians by the smoke of their fires, and creeping cautiously up through the brush were enabled to get near enough for Hughes to shoot, when one of the savages fell and the residue took to flight. One of the Indians passing near where Colonel Lowther stood, was fired at by him as he ran, and killed on the spot. The horses and other plunder regained from the savages were taken home by the Whites, who were, however, waylaid on the route, and one of their number, John Barnet, so badly wounded, that he died before reaching home.

At another time, Elias Hughes and his men, discovering a party of Indians, fired upon them. The Indians ran in different directions. Hughes made after one, and was gaining upon him fast, in a bottom piece of land in which were no trees, when the Indian turned quickly about with loaded gun uplifted. Hughes' gun was empty, and there were no trees to spring behind. But instantly springing obliquely to the right and left, with a bound and outstretched arm, he flung the muzzle of the Indian's gun to one side, and the next moment had his long knife in him up to the hilt.

On the 5th of December of the same year, the Indians made another inroad into these devoted regions, and

marking their progress with blood and plunder, massacred several of the men and women, and carried off some prisoners, a daughter of Jesse Hughes among the rest. She remained in captivity a year, when she was ransomed by her father.

CHAPTER II.

Jesse Hughes in a Party of Drovers attacked by the Indians—Narrow Escape—Story of the Boy saved from an Indian by Hughes—The Turkey Call—Jesse joins a Party in pursuit of Indian Raiders—Advises a Change of Course to avoid Ambush—His Advice disregarded and Two Men Shot in consequence—They come upon the Indian Trail, and all refuse to go on except Hughes who follows the Indian Party—Kills one of them and brings off his Scalp—Recent Death of Jesse Hughes—Elias Hughes settles on the Licking River—He goes in pursuit of Indian Raiders—Singular Stratagem—Last Days and Death of Elias Hughes.

IN September 1789, Jesse Hughes being one of a party of drovers who were taking cattle into Marietta, for the supply of the settlers there, the company encamped for the night, when within a few miles of the Ohio river. In the morning, while dressing, they were alarmed by a discharge of guns which killed one and wounded another of the drovers. The most of the party escaped by flight. Nicholas Carpenter and his son, who had hid in a pond of water, were discovered, tomahawked, and scalped. George Leggett, another of the drovers, was never heard of afterwards, having doubtless lost his life there. Hughes himself, although taken at great disadvantage, effected his escape. He wore long leggings,

and when the firing commenced, they were fastened to his belt, but were hanging loose below. Although an active runner, he found his pursuers were gaining on him, and that his safety depended in getting rid of these incumbrances. In as brief a space of time as possible, he halted, stepping on the lower part of the leggings and broke the strings attaching them to the belt, which he had no time to untie, or even to get out his knife and cut. As little time as this cost, it was at the hazard of his life. One of the Indians approached and flung a tomahawk at him, which, however, only grazed his head. Once disencumbered of the leggings, he soon made his escape.

On one occasion during this period of danger, which kept such men as the Hugheses in constant employment, Jesse observed a lad intently engaged fixing his rifle. "Jim," said he, "what are you doing there?" "I am going to shoot a gobbler that I hear on the hillside," said Jim. "I hear no turkey," replied Hughes. "Listen," said Jim; "there, don't you hear it; listen again." "Well," said Hughes, after hearing it repeated, "I'll go and kill it." "No, you won't," exclaimed the lad, "it is my turkey; I heard it first." "Well," said Hughes, "you know I am the best marksman, and besides I don't want the turkey; you may have it." Jim then acquiescing, Hughes went out with his own rifle, from the side of the fort which was furthest from the supposed turkey, and skirting a ravine came in on the rear, and, as he expected, discovered an Indian who was seated on a chesnut stump, surrounded and partly hid by sprouts, gobbling at intervals, and watching in the

direction of the fort, to see whom he would be able to decoy out. Hughes crept up behind him, and the first notice given the savage of his presence, was a shot which deprived him of life. He took off the scalp and went into the fort where Jim was waiting for the prize. "There now," said the lad, "you have let the turkey go; I should have killed it if I had gone." "No," said Hughes, "I did not let it go;" and taking out the scalp and throwing it down, "there take your turkey, Jim, I don't want it." The lad was overcome and nearly fainted in view of the narrow escape he had made.

In 1790, the hostilities of the Indians had been reduced to stealing horses, merely. The Ohio above Marietta was their crossing place to Clarksburg, the route from that river being through a dense forest. All was quiet in the settlements, as they had been for some time without alarms on the score of Indians. One night a man who had a horse in an enclosure, heard the fence fall; he jumped up and ran out and saw an Indian spring on the horse and dash off. An hour or two sufficed to rouse the neighborhood, and a company of twenty-five or thirty persons agreed to assemble and start by daylight. They took a circle round the settlement, and soon struck the trail of ten or twelve horses, ridden off, as they judged probable, by the same number of Indians. The captain called a halt for consultation. Jesse Hughes, who was one of the party, was opposed to following their trace, alleging he could pilot them a nearer way to the Ohio, where they would be able to intercept their retreat. A majority, including the captain, advo-

cated pursuit. Hughes then insisted that the Indians would waylay their trail, in order to know if they were followed, and could choose spots where they would be able to shoot two or three of the Whites, and put their own friends upon their guard, and that the savages once alarmed, would keep the start they had already got. These arguments appearing to shake the purpose of the party, the commander, jealous of Hughes' influence, broke up the council, calling on the men to follow him, and let all cowards go home. He dashed on then, the men all following him. Hughes felt the insult keenly, but kept on with the rest. They had not proceeded many miles till the trail went down a drain, where the ridge on one side was very steep, with a ledge of rocks for a considerable distance. On the top of the cliff, two Indians lay in ambush, and when the company got opposite, they made some noise which induced the men to halt; that instant two of the company were shot and mortally wounded. Before any of them could ride round and ascend the cliff, the Indians were out of reach and sight.

The party of Whites then agreed that Hughes was in the right, and although fearful they were too late, changed their route to intercept them at their crossing place. They gave the wounded men in charge of some of their numbers; and making a desperate push, reached the Ohio river next day about an hour after the savages had crossed it. The water was yet muddy with the horses' trails, and the rafts the Indians had crossed on, were yet floating on the opposite shore. The company were then unanimous for abandoning all pursuit. Hughes

had now full satisfaction for the insult. It seemed, he said, as if they were going to prove the captain's words and show who were the cowards. As for himself, he said he would cross with as many as were willing, half their party being, as he supposed, enough to take the enemy's scalps. They all refused. He then said if but one man would cross with him he would keep on, but still no one would consent. He then said he would go by himself, and take a scalp or leave his own.

After his party had got out of sight, Hughes made his way up the river, three or four miles, keeping out of view from the other shore, as he supposed the Indians were watching to see if the party would cross. He then made a raft and crossed the river, and encamped for the night. He struck their trail next day, and pursuing it very cautiously, some ten miles from the river found their camp.

There was but one Indian in it, the rest being out hunting. In order to pass his time pleasantly, he had made a sort of fiddle out of bones, and was sitting at ease singing and playing. Hughes crept up and shot him. He then took his scalp and made his way home. This is the last we have been able to learn of Jesse Hughes, except that he survived many years, and died not long since.

After General Wayne's treaty, Elias Hughes and family settled upon the waters of the Licking, in Ohio. The Indians having, at an early day, killed a young woman whom he highly esteemed, and subsequently his father, the return of peace did not eradicate his antipathy to the race. In the month of April, 1800, two In-

dians, having collected a quantity of fur on the Rocky Fork of Licking, proceeded to the Bowling Green, stole three horses and put off for Sandusky. The next morning Hughes, Ratcliff, and Bland, going out for the horses and not finding them, did not return to apprise the families, but continued upon their trail, and at night discovering the Indians' fire on Granny's creek, some few miles N. W. of where Mount Vernon stands, lay down for the night, and the next morning walked up to the Indians as they were cooking their morning repast.

At first the Indians looked somewhat embarrassed, proposed restoration of the horses, and giving part of their furs by way of conciliation, from which the whites did not dissent, but were thinking of the whole of their furs and the future safety of the horses.

It being a damp morning, it was proposed to shoot off all their guns and put in fresh loads. A mark was made, Hughes raised his gun ostensibly to shoot, which attracted the attention of the Indians to the mark, and was a signal. Ratcliff downed one, Bland's gun flashed, but Hughes turning quickly round, emptied his gun in the other Indian's head, setting fire at the same time to the handkerchief around it. On returning, they kept their expedition a secret for some time.

Hughes's memory failed him considerably the last three or four years. Previously his eyesight failed him entirely, but partially returned again. With patience he waited his approaching end, firmly believing that his Redeemer lived, and that through Him he should enjoy the life to come.

His decease occurred, as I have stated, on March

22nd, 1845. With him, doubtless, disappeared the last survivor of those who bore a part in the memorable battle of Point Pleasant, at the mouth of Kenawha, seventy-one years since. The body was attended to the grave with every demonstration of the respect due to his past services, by several military corps, and a concourse of his fellow citizens.*

* Cincinnati Miscellany.

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ISAAC WILLIAMS.

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ISAAC WILLIAMS.

CHAPTER I.

Early reminiscences should be preserved—Isaac Williams' birth and adventures—A distressing occurrence—Settlement and explorations—Land entries—Marries Rebecca Martin—Her prowess—Her medical skill—Their Wedding—Indian troubles.

To us who are now enjoying the benefits of the toils and dangers of the early explorers and pioneers of the valley of the Ohio, there ought to be no more pleasant employment than that of recounting their exploits, and preserving the remembrances of their names. It is a duty we owe to their memory. Amongst that hardy list of adventurers, on the left bank of the Ohio, I know the name of no one more worthy of preservation than that of Isaac Williams.

He was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, the 16th day of July, 1737. While he was quite a boy his parents moved to Winchester, Virginia, then a frontier town. Soon after this event his father died, and his mother married Mr. Buckley. When he was about eighteen years old, the colonial government employed him as a

ranger, or spy, to watch and observe the movements of the Indians, for which his early acquaintance with a hunter's life eminently fitted him. In this capacity he served in the army of General Braddock. He also formed one of the party who guarded the first convoy of provisions to Fort Du Quesne, after its surrender to General Forbes in 1758.

The stores were carried on pack horses over the rough declivities of the mountains, continually exposed to the attack of the Indians, for which the deep ravines and narrow ridges of the mountain ranges afforded every facility.

After the peace made with the Indians in 1765, by Colonel Bouquet, the country on the waters of the Monongahela began to be settled by the people east of the mountains. Amongst the early emigrants to this region were the parents of Mr. Williams, whom he conducted across the mountains in 1768, but did not finally locate himself in the West till the following year, when he settled on the waters of Buffalo creek, near the present town of West Liberty. He accompanied Ebenezer and Jonathan Zane, when they explored and located the country about Wheeling, in 1769. Previous to this period, however, he made several hunting excursions to the waters of the Ohio.

In returning from one of these adventurous expeditions in company with two other men in the winter of 1767, the following incident befell him. Early in December, as they were crossing the glades of the Allegheny mountains, they were overtaken by a violent snow storm. This is always a stormy cold region, but on the present

occasion the snow fell to the depth of five or six feet, and put a stop to their further progress. It was followed by intensely cold weather. While confined in this manner to their camp, with a scanty supply of food and no chance of procuring more by hunting, one of his companions was taken sick and died, partly from disease and partly from having no food but the tough indigestible skins of their peltry, from which the hair had been singed off at the camp fire and then boiled in their kettle. Soon after the death of this man, his remaining companion, from the difficulty of procuring fuel, became so much frozen in the feet that he could render Mr. Williams no further assistance. He contrived, however, to bury the dead man in the snow. The feet of this man were so badly frosted that he lost all his toes and a part of each foot, thus rendering him entirely unable to travel for a period of nearly two months. During this time their food consisted of the few remnants of their skins, and their drink of melted snow. The kind heart of Mr. Williams would not allow him to leave his friend in this suffering condition while he went to the nearest settlement for aid, lest he should be attacked by wild beasts or perish for want of sustenance. With a patience and fortitude that would have awarded him a civic crown in the best days of the chivalrous Romans, he remained with his helpless friend until he was so far restored to health as to enable him to accompany him in his return to his home. So much reduced was his own strength, from starvation and cold, that it was many months before his usual health was restored.

In 1769, he became a resident of the western wilds,

and made his home on the waters of Buffalo creek. Here he found himself in a wide field for the exercise of his darling passion, hunting. From his boyhood he had displayed a great relish for a hunter's life, and in this employment he for several years explored the recesses of the western wilds, and followed the water courses of the great valley to the mouth of the Ohio; and from thence along the shores of the Mississippi to the banks of the turbid Missouri. As early as the year 1770 he trapped the beaver on the tributaries of this river, and returned in safety with a rich load of furs.

During the prime of his life he was occupied in hunting and in making entries of lands. This was done by girdling a few trees and planting a small patch of corn. This operation entitled the person to four hundred acres of land. Entries of this kind were very aptly called "Tomahawk improvements." An enterprising man could make a number of these in a season, and sell them to persons who, coming later into the country, had not so good an opportunity to select prime lands as the first adventurers. Mr. Williams sold many of these "rights" for a few dollars, or the value of a rifle gun, which was then thought a fair equivalent, of so little account was land then considered; and besides, like other hunters of his day, he thought wild lands of little value except as hunting grounds. There was, however, another advantage attached to these simple claims; it gave the possessor the right of entering one thousand acres of land adjoining the improvement, on condition of his paying a small sum per acre into the treasury of the state of Virginia. These entries were denominated "pre-emption rights,"

and many of the richest lands on the left bank of the Ohio river are now held under these early titles. As Virginia then claimed all the lands on the north-west side of the Ohio, many similar entries were made at this early day on the right bank, and also on the rich alluvions of the Muskingum, as high up as the Falls—one tract, a few miles above Marietta, is still known as “Wiseman’s Bottom,” after the man who made a “tomahawk entry” at that place. After the cession of the lands or the territory north-west of the river Ohio to the United States, these early claims were forfeited.

While occupied in these pursuits, he became acquainted with Rebecca Martin, the daughter of Mr. Joseph Tomlinson, of Grave creek, then a young widow, and married her in October, 1775. Her former husband, John Martin, had been a trader among the Indians, and was killed on the Big Hockhocking in the year 1770. A man by the name of Hartness, her uncle on the mother’s side, was killed with him at the same time by the Shawanee Indians. As a striking proof of the veneration of the Indians for William Penn and the people of his colony, two men from Pennsylvania who were with them were spared. The two killed were from Virginia. The fact is referred to by Lord Dunmore, in his speech at the Indian treaty near Chillicothe, in the year 1774. Mr. Williams accompanied Dunmore in this campaign, and acted as a ranger until its close.

By this marriage Mr. Williams became united to a woman whose spirit was congenial to his own. She was born the 14th of February, 1754, at Will’s creek, on the Potomac, in the province of Maryland, and had removed

with her father's family to Grave creek in 1771. Since her residence in the western country, she had lived with her brothers, Samuel and Joseph, as their house keeper, near the mouth of Grave creek; and for weeks together, while they were absent on tours of hunting, she was left entirely alone. She was now in her twenty-first year; full of life and activity, and as fearless of danger as the man who had chosen her for his companion.

One proof of her courageous spirit is related by her niece, Mrs. Bukey. In the spring of the year 1774, she made a visit to a sister, who was married to a Mr. Baker, then living on the Ohio river, opposite the mouth of Yellow creek. It was soon after the time of the massacre of Logan's relatives, at Baker's Station. Having finished her visit, she prepared to return home in a canoe by herself, the traveling being chiefly done by water. The distance from her sister's to Grave creek was about fifty miles. She left there in the afternoon, and paddled her light canoe along until dark. Knowing that the moon would rise at a certain hour, she landed, and fastening the slender craft to the willows, she leaped on shore; and, lying down in a thick clump of bushes, waited patiently the rising of the moon. As soon as it had cleared the tops of the trees, and began to shed its cheerful rays over the dark bosom of the Ohio, she prepared to embark. The water being shallow near the shore, she had to wade a few paces before reaching the canoe; when just in the act of stepping on board, her naked foot rested on the dead cold body of an Indian, who had been killed a short time before; and which, in the gloom of the night, she had not discovered in landing.

Without flinching or screaming, she stepped lightly into the canoe, with the reflection that she was thankful he was not alive. Resuming the paddle, she reached the mouth of Grave creek in safety early the following morning.

Walter Scott's Rebecca, the Jewess, was not more celebrated for her cures and skill in treating wounds, than was Rebecca Williams amongst the honest borderers of the Ohio river. About the year 1785, while living a short time at Wheeling, on account of Indian depredations, she, with the assistance of Mrs. Zane, dressed the wounds of Thomas Mills, who was wounded in fourteen places by rifle shots. He with three other men were spearing fish by torch light, about a mile above the garrison, when they were fired on by a party of Indians secreted on the shore, Mills stood in the bow of the canoe, holding a torch, and, as he was a fair mark, received the most of the shots—the others escaped unhurt—one arm and one leg were broken, in addition to the flesh wounds. Had he been in the regular service, with plenty of surgeons, he probably would have lost one or both limbs by amputation. But this being out of the question here, where no surgeon could be procured, these women, with their fomentations and simple applications of slippery elm bark, not only cured his wounds, at the time deemed impossible, and restored him to health, but also saved both his limbs. Many years after this, while the writer of this article was attending on a man with a compound fracture of the leg, from the kick of a horse, and who was lying near her residence, she was present at one of the dressings, and related several of her cures

in border times. She said her principal dressings were made of slippery elm, the leaves of stramonium, or "jimson," and daily ablutions with warm water.

Their marriage was as unostentatious and as simple as the manners and habits of the party. A traveling preacher happening to come into the settlement, as they sometimes did, though rarely, they were married, without any previous preparation of nice dresses, bride cakes, or bride maids—he standing up in a hunting dress, and she in a short gown and petticoat of homespun, the common wear of the country.

In the summer of 1774, the year before her marriage, she was one morning busily occupied in kindling a fire preparatory to breakfast, with her back to the door, on her knees, puffing away at the coals. Hearing some one step cautiously on to the floor, she looked round, and beheld a tall Indian close to her side. He made a motion of silence to her, at the same time shaking his tomahawk in a threatening manner if she made any alarm. He, however, did not offer to harm her; but looking carefully around the cabin, he espied her brother Samuel's rifle, hanging on the hooks over the fire place. This he seized upon, and fearing the arrival of some of the men, hastened his departure, without any further damage.

While he was with her in the house, she preserved her presence of mind, and betrayed no marks of fear; but no sooner was he gone, however, than she left the cabin, and secreted herself in the corn, till her brother came in. Samuel was lame at the time, but happened to be out of the way; so that it is probable his life might have been

saved from this circumstance. It was but seldom that the Indians killed unresisting women or children, except in the excitement of an attack, and when they had met with opposition from the men.

In 1777, two years after their marriage, the depredations and massacres by the Indians were so frequent, that the settlement at Grave creek, now consisting of several families, was broken up. It was the frontier station, and lower on the Ohio than any other, above the mouth of the Big Kenawha. It was in this year that the Indians made their great attack on the fort at Wheeling. Mr. Williams and his wife, with her father's family, Mr. Joseph Tomlinson, moved on to the Monongahela river above Redstone, old fort. Here he remained until the spring of the year 1783, when he returned with his wife and Mr. Tomlinson to their plantations on Grave creek. In the year 1785, he had to remove again from his farm into the garrison at Wheeling.

CHAPTER II.

Capture of John Wetzel—His release—Williams settles opposite Fort Harmer—New settlements—Great famine among the settlers—The benevolence of our hero—Famine ends—Beaver trapping—Peculiarities in Mr. Williams' character—His death.

SOME time in the spring of the succeeding year, Williams had the following adventure with the Indians.

John Wetzel, a younger brother of Lewis, the celebrated Indian hunter, then about sixteen years old, with a neighboring boy of about the same age, was in search of horses that had strayed away in the woods, on Wheeling creek, where the parents of John resided. One of the stray animals was a mare with a young foal, belonging to John's sister, and she had offered the colt to John, as a reward for finding the mare. While on this service, they were captured by a party of four Indians, who, having come across the horses, had seized upon them, and placed them in a thicket, expecting that their bells would attract the notice of their owners, and they should then easily capture them or take their scalps. The horse was ever a favorite object of plunder with the savages; as not only facilitating his own escape from pursuit, but also assisting him in carrying off the spoil. The boys hearing the well known tinkle of the bells,

approached the spot where the Indians lay concealed, congratulating themselves on their good luck in so readily finding the strays, and were immediately seized by the savages. John, in attempting to escape, was shot through the arm. On their march to the Ohio, his companion made so much lamentation and moaning on the account of his captivity, that the Indians dispatched him with the tomahawk, while John, who had once before been taken prisoner and escaped, made light of it, and went along cheerfully with his wounded arm.

The party struck the Ohio river early the following morning, at a point near the mouth of Grave creek, and just below the clearing of Mr. Tomlinson. Here they found some hogs, and killing one of them with the rifle, put it into a canoe they had stolen. Three of the Indians took possession of the canoe with their prisoner, while the other Indian was busied in swimming the horses across the river. It so happened that Isaac Williams, Hamilton Carr, and Jacob, a Dutchman, had come down that morning from Wheeling, to look after the cattle and hogs left at the deserted settlement at the mouth of the creek. While at the outlet of Little Grave creek, about a mile above, they heard the report of a rifle in the direction of the plantation. "Dod rot 'em," exclaimed Mr. Williams, "a Kentuck boat has landed at the creek, and they are shooting my hogs." Immediately quickening their pace to a smart trot, they in a few minutes were within a short distance of the creek, when they heard the loud snort of a horse.

Carr being in the prime of life, and younger than Mr. Williams, was several rods ahead, and reached the bank

first. As he looked down into the creek, he saw three Indians standing in a canoe; one was in the stern, one in the bow, and one in the middle of the boat. At the feet of the latter lay four rifles, and a dead hog; while a fourth Indian was swimming a horse across the Ohio, a few rods from the shore. The one in the stern had his paddle in the edge of the water, in the act of turning and shoving the canoe from the mouth of the creek into the river.

Before they were aware of his presence, Carr drew up and shot the Indian in the stern, who instantly fell into the water. The crack of his rifle had scarcely ceased, when Mr. Williams came on to the bank and shot the Indian in the bow of the canoe, who also fell overboard, as Jacob came up. Carr dropped his own rifle, and seizing that of the Dutchman, shot the remaining Indian in the waist of the boat. He fell over into the water, but still held on to the side of the canoe with one hand. So amazed was the last Indian at the fall of his companions, that he never offered to lift one of the rifles which lay at his feet in self-defence, but acted like one bereft of his senses.

By this time the canoe, impelled by the impetus given to it by the first Indian, had reached the current of the Ohio, and was some rods below the mouth of the creek. Carr now reloaded his own gun, and seeing another man lying in the bottom of the canoe, raised it to his face in the act of firing, when he, seeing the movement, called out, "Don't shoot, I am a white man." Carr told him to knock loose the Indian's hand from the side of the canoe, and paddle to the shore. In reply, he said his

arm was broken, and he could not. The current, however, set it near some rocks not far from land, on to which he jumped and waded out. Carr now aimed his rifle at the Indian on horseback, who by this time had reached the middle of the Ohio. The shot struck near him, splashing the water on to his naked skin.

The Indian seeing the fate of his companions, with the bravery of an ancient Spartan, immediately slipped from the back of the horse, and swam for the abandoned canoe, in which were the rifles of the whole four warriors. This was, in fact, an act of necessity, as well as of noble daring, as he well knew he could not reach his country without the means of killing game by the way. He also was aware that in this act there was little or no hazard, as his enemies could not cross the creek without a canoe; and to ford it, they must run up it nearly a mile, and before that could be done, he would be out of their reach. He soon gained possession of the canoe, unmolested, crossed with the arms to his own side of the Ohio, mounted the captive horse, which had swam to the Indian shore, and with a yell of defiance escaped into the woods. The canoe was turned adrift to spite his enemies, and was taken up near Maysville, with the dead hog still in it, which had caused the discovery by their shooting, and being the source of all their misfortunes.

It has been stated that Rebecca Martin, before her marriage to Mr. Williams, acted as housekeeper for her brothers for several years. In consideration of her service, her brothers, Joseph and Samuel, made an entry of four hundred acres of land on the Virginia shore of the Ohio river, directly opposite to the mouth of the

Muskingum, for their sister ; girdling the trees, building a cabin, and planting and fencing four acres of corn, on the high second bottom, in the spring of the year 1773. They spent the summer on the spot, occupying their time with hunting, during the growth of the crop. In this time they had exhausted their small stock of salt and bread stuff, and lived for two or three months altogether on boiled turkeys, which were eaten without salt. So accustomed had Samuel become to eating his meat without this condiment, that it was some time before he could again relish the taste of it.

The following winter the two brothers hunted on the Big Kenawha. Some time in March, 1774, they reached the mouth of the river on their return. They were detained here a few days by a remarkably high freshet in the Ohio river, which, from certain fixed marks on Wheeling Creek, is supposed to have been fully equal to that of February 1832. That year was long known as that of Dunmore's war, and noted for Indian depredations.

The renewed and oft repeated inroads of the Indians led Mr. Williams to turn his thoughts towards a more quiet retreat than that at Grave creek. Fort Harmer, at the mouth of the Muskingum, having been erected in 1786, and garrisoned by United States troops, he came to the conclusion that he would now occupy the land belonging to his wife, and located by her brothers, as before noted. This tract contained four hundred acres, and embraced a large share of rich alluvions. The piece opened by the Tomlinsons in 1773, had grown up with young saplings, but could be easily reclaimed. Having

previously visited the spot, and put up log cabins, he finally removed his family and effects thither, the 26th of March, A. D. 1787, being the year before the Ohio company took possession of their purchase at the mouth of the Muskingum.

In the January following the removal to his forest domain, his wife gave birth to a daughter, and was the only issue by this marriage. He was now fifty-two years old, so that she might be called the child of his old age. This daughter was named Drusilla, and married Mr. John Henderson. She died, when about twenty years old, leaving no issue.

Soon after the Ohio company emigrants had established themselves at Marietta, a pleasing and friendly intercourse was kept up between Mr. Williams and them; and as he had now turned his attention more especially to clearing and cultivating his farm than to hunting, he was glad to see the new openings springing up around him, and the rude forest changing into the home of civilized man. Settlements had been commenced at Belprie and Waterford, the year after that at Marietta. As yet little had been done in cultivating the soil; their time was chiefly occupied in building cabins and clearing the land.

From the destructive effects of an untimely frost in September of the year 1789, the crops of corn were greatly injured, and where late planted, entirely ruined. In the spring and summer of 1790, the inhabitants began to suffer from want of food, especially wholesome bread-stuffs. The Indians were also becoming troublesome, and rendered it hazardous boating provisions from

the older settlements on the Monongahela, or hunting for venison in the adjacent forests. Many families, especially at Belprie, had no other meal than that made from musty or mouldy corn; and were sometimes destitute even of this for several days in succession. This mouldy corn commanded nine shillings, or a dollar and a half a bushel; and when ground in their hand-mills, and made into bread, few stomachs were able to digest it, or even to retain it for a few minutes.

The writer of this sketch has often heard his early friend, C. Devoll, Esqr., who was then a small boy, narrate with much feeling his gastronomic trials with this mouldy meal made into a dish called "sap porridge," and which when made of sweet corn meal, and the fresh saccharine juice of the maple, afforded both a nourishing and a savory dish. The family, then living at Belprie, had been without food for two days, when his father returned from Marietta, just at evening, with a scanty supply of mouldy corn. The hand-mill was immediately put in operation, and the meal cooked into sap porridge, as it was then the season of sugar making. The famished children swallowed eagerly the unsavory mess, which was almost as instantly rejected; reminding us of the deadly pottage of the children of the prophet, but lacking the healing power of an Elijah, to render it salutary and nutritious. Disappointed of expected relief, the poor children went supperless to bed, to dream of savory food and plenteous meals, unrealized in their waking hours.

It was during this period of want, that Mr. Williams displayed his benevolent feelings for the suffering colo-

nists. From the circumstance of his being in the country earlier, he had more ground cleared, and had raised a large crop of several hundred bushels of corn. This he now distributed amongst the inhabitants at the low rate of three shillings, or fifty cents a bushel, when at the same time he had been offered, and urged, to take a dollar per bushel, by speculators, for his whole crop; for man has ever been disposed to fatten on the distresses of his fellows. "Dod rot 'em," said the old hunter, "I would not let them have a bushel." He not only parted with his corn at this cheap rate, but he also prudently proportioned the number of bushels, according to the number of individuals in a family. An empty purse was no bar to the needy applicant; but his wants were equally supplied with those who had money, and a credit given until more favorable times should enable him to discharge the debt.

Captain Jonathan Devoll, the father of Charles Devoll, Esq., who resided at the mouth of the Big Hockhocking, hearing of Mr. Williams' corn, and the cheap rate at which he sold it, made a trip to Marietta, directly after the adventure with the sap-porridge, to procure some of it. The journey was made by land, and in the night, traveling on the ridges adjacent to the river, as the stream itself was so swollen by the spring flood, as to prevent his traveling by water in a canoe. He chose to come in the night, on account of the danger from Indians. The intrepidity of the man may be estimated from his making this journey alone, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles. He reached Fort Harmar at daylight. Major Doughty, the commander, after giving him a warm

breakfast, ordered two soldiers to set him across the Ohio, in the garrison boat. Mr. Williams treated him with much kindness, and after letting him have several bushels of corn at the moderate rate of three shillings a bushel, the usual price at that day in plentiful years, also furnished him with his only canoe, in which to transport it to his home. Captain Devoll felt unwilling to take it, but he urged it upon him, saying he could soon make another.

During this season of want, some of the present inhabitants, who were then children, to this day relate, with what anxiety, from week to week, they watched the tardy growth of the corn, beans, and squashes, and with what delight they partook of the first meal prepared from vegetables of their own raising. Disinterested benevolence, such as every one must admire in Mr. Williams, is confined to no country and no age; but flourishes with the greatest vigor in the hut of the forester, and amidst the inhabitants of an exposed frontier. Common danger creates a community of feeling and of interest; and there is no doubt that our forefathers, could they again speak, would say that the years passed by them in garrison, and surrounded by dangers and privations, were some of the most interesting, if not the most happy, of their lives.

Mr. Williams retained a relish for hunting to his latest years, and whenever a little unwell, forsaking his comfortable home, would take his rifle and favorite old dog "Cap," accompanied by one of his black servants, retire to the woods, and encamping by some clear stream, remain there, drinking the pure water, and

eating such food as his rifle procured. Medicine he never took, except such simple remedies as the forest afforded. The untrodden wilderness was to him full of charms, and before the close of the Revolutionary war, he had hunted over all parts of the valley of the Ohio, sometimes with a companion, but oftener alone.

From his sedate manners and quiet habits, the trapping of the beaver was his most favorite pursuit. This was a great art amongst the early pioneers and hunters of the West, and he who was the most successful and adroit in this mystery, was accounted a fortunate man; it was many times quite lucrative, the proceeds of a few months' hunt often realizing three or four hundred dollars to the trapper. Mr. Williams stood high in this branch of the hunter's occupations, and few men could entrap more beavers than himself.

To be a successful trapper required great caution, as well as a perfect knowledge of the habits of the animal. The residence of the beaver was often discovered by seeing bits of green wood, and gnawed branches of the bass-wood, slippery elm, and sycamore, their favorite food, floating on the water, or lodged on the shores of the stream below, as well as by their tracks or footmarks. They were also sometimes discovered by their dams, thrown across creeks and small sluggish streams, forming a pond, in which were erected their habitations.

The hunter, as he proceeded to set his traps, generally approached by water, in his canoe. He selected a steep, abrupt spot in the bank of the creek, in which a hole was excavated with his paddle, as he sat in the canoe, sufficiently large to hold the trap, and so deep as

to be about three inches below the surface of the water, when the jaws of the trap were expanded. About two feet above the trap, a stick, three or four inches in length, was stuck in the bank. In the upper end of this, the trapper excavated a small hole with his knife, into which he dropped a small quantity of the essence, or perfume, used to attract the beaver to the spot. This stick was attached by a string of horse hair to the trap, and with it was pulled into the water by the beaver. The reason for this was, that it might not remain after the trap was sprung, and attract other beavers to the spot, and thus prevent their going to where there was another trap ready for them.

The scent, or essence, was made by mingling the fresh castor of the beaver, with an extract of the bark of the roots of the spice-bush, and kept in a bottle for use. The making of this essence was held a profound secret, and often sold for a considerable sum to the younger trappers, by the older proficient in the mystery of beaver hunting. Where they had no proper bait, they sometimes made use of the fresh roots of sassafras, or spice-bush; of both these, the beaver was very fond.

It is said by old trappers that they will smell the well prepared essence the distance of a mile. Their sense of smell is very acute, or they would not so readily detect the vicinity of man by the smell of his trail. The aroma of the essence having attracted the animal into the vicinity of the trap, in his attempt to reach it, he has to climb up on to the bank where it is sticking. This effort leads him directly over the trap, and he is usually

taken by one of the fore legs. The trap was connected by a chain of iron, six feet in length, to a stout line made of the bark of leatherwood, twisted into a neat cord, of fifteen or twenty feet. These were usually fabricated at home or at their camps; cords of hemp or flax were scarce in the days of beaver hunting. The end of the line was secured to a stake driven into the bed of the creek under water. In his struggles to escape, the beaver was usually drowned before the arrival of the trapper. Sometimes, however, he freed himself by gnawing off his own leg, though this was rarely the case. If there was a prospect of rain, or it was raining at the time of setting the trap, a leaf, generally of sycamore, was placed over the essence stick to protect it from the rain.

The beaver being a very sagacious and cautious animal, it required great care in the trapper, in his approach to its haunts to set his traps, that no scent of his feet or hands was left on the earth or bushes that he touched. For this reason he generally approached in a canoe. If he had no canoe, it was necessary to enter the stream thirty or forty yards below, and walk in the water to the place, taking care to return in the same manner, or the beaver would take alarm and not come near the bait, as his fear of the vicinity of man was greater than his sense of appetite for the essence. It also required caution in kindling a fire near their haunts, as the smell of smoke alarmed them. The firing of a gun, also, often marred the sport of the trapper. Thus it will be seen that to make a successful beaver hunter, required more qualities or natural gifts than fall to the share of most men. Mr.

Williams was eminently qualified for the calling of a hunter, both by disposition and by practice. He was a close observer of nature; taciturn in his manners, and slow and cautious in his movements: never in a hurry, or flurried by an unexpected occurrence. In many respects he was an exact portrait of Cooper's "beau ideal" of a master hunter, so finely portrayed in "the Pioneer," and other back woods legends.

During the Indian war, from 1791 to 1795, Williams remained unmolested in his cabin, protected in some measure from attack, by the Ohio river and the proximity of Fort Harmar, as well as by the stockade around his own dwellings, which sheltered several families besides his own. Mr. Williams seldom spoke of his own exploits, and when related, they generally came from the lips of his companions. There was only one situation in which he could be induced to relax his natural reserve, and freely narrate the romantic and hazardous adventures which had befallen him in his hunting and war excursions in all parts of the western wilderness, and that was when encamped by the evening fire, in some remote spot, after the toils of the day were closed, and the supper of venison and bear meat finished.

Here, while reclining on a bed of fresh leaves, beneath the lofty branches of the forest, with no listener but the stars and his companion, the spirit of narration would come upon him, and for hours he would rehearse the details of his youthful and hazardous adventures by forest,

flood, and field. In such situations, surrounded by the works of God, his body and his mind felt a freedom that the hut and the clearing could not give. In this manner, the late Alexander Henderson informed the writer, he had passed some of the most interesting hours of his life, while hunting with Mr. Williams on the head of the Little Kenawha.

In person, he was of the middle size, with an upright frame, and robust, muscular limbs; his features firm and strongly marked, with a taciturn and quiet manner. In his youth, he does not appear to have been attached to the rude sports, and rough plays, so congenial to most of the borderers of those early days, but preferred social converse, and an interchange of good offices with his fellows. Although he lived at a time and in a situation where he was deprived of all opportunity for religious instruction, yet he appears to have had an intuitive dread of all vicious words or actions. The writer distinctly recollects hearing him reprove a keel boatman, a class of men whose language was intermingled with oaths, in the most severe manner for his profanity, as he was passing the boat where the man was at work.

Like Isaac and Rebecca of old, this modern Isaac and Rebecca were given to good deeds; and many a poor, sick, and abandoned boatman has been nursed and restored to health beneath their humble roof. Many years before his death, he liberated all his slaves; and by his will left valuable tokens of his love and good feeling for the oppressed and despised African. Full of days and good deeds, and strong in the faith of a blessed immortality,

Mr. Williams resigned his spirit to Him who gave it, the 25th of September, A. D., 1820, aged eighty-four years; and was buried in a beautiful grove on his own plantation, surrounded by the trees he so dearly loved when living.*

* S. P. Hildreth, in *American Pioneer*.

COLONEL ROBERT PATTERSON.

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COLONEL ROBERT PATTERSON.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Colonel Patterson—His father a Ranger—Robert emigrates to Kentucky—Helps to build a house at Georgetown—Settles at Lexington—Settling of McLelland's Station—Patterson assists in defending the fort—Starts for Pittsburg—Attacked by Indians on the way—Subsequent adventures.

COLONEL ROBERT PATTERSON was born March 15th, 1753, in the neighborhood of the Cove Mountain, in the State of Pennsylvania. His father was a native of Ireland. In 1774, being twenty-one years old, he served six months with the Rangers against the Indians on the frontiers of Pennsylvania. This was the year of Dunmore's war, and his treaty quieted the settlements until the close of the next year.

In October, 1775, in company with John McLelland and family, Robert Patterson, and six other young men, left the neighborhood of Pittsburg for Kentucky, taking their moveable property in canoes, and driving their cattle by land. At the mouth of Salt Lick creek, he

and three of the young men left the Ohio river, intending to meet the families and canoes at Leestown. They went up the creek to its head, crossed Cabin creek, and struck the Stone Lick where Francis McDermond afterwards located his settlement and pre-emption. From thence they proceeded by May's Lick to the Lower Blue Licks, where they met with Simon Kenton and John Williams, who knew of no other white persons in the country. They then proceeded across the Licking, and several branches of the Elkhorn, to Leestown. As soon as the canoes arrived, they went with John McLelland and his family to the Royal Spring, now Georgetown, where they helped to build a house, and made it their home until April, 1776. The young men of the party then built a cabin two miles below, where Lexington now is, where William McConnell afterwards lived, the place being near the centre of their improvements; and they continued there until the corn was laid by.

During that summer, the inhabitants on the north side of the Kentucky river, in consequence of the Indians having renewed their hostilities, formed a military organization, by choosing a committee who enrolled the militia. A battalion was formed, the officers of which were soon afterwards commissioned by the State of Virginia, and drew pay and rations until the conclusion of the war. Some of the families collected from the mouth of Kentucky river, from Kingston's settlement, and from Drennan's Lick, and built a fort at Royal Spring, where Georgetown now is, which was known by the name of McLelland's fort or station. It was attacked by the Indians on the 29th of December following, and,

about a month afterwards, was abandoned by its occupants, who retired to the defences on the southern side of the Kentucky river.

Colonel Patterson had assisted in building the fort, and was one of its defenders until the beginning of October, 1776. The supply of powder had been nearly exhausted, and he and six others started to Pittsburg to procure ammunition and other necessaries. They went by the Lower Blue Licks, where they spent three or four days curing buffalo jerk and tallow, for their journey up the river. They procured a canoe at Limestone, commenced their voyage, and arrived at Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kenawha, without any trouble on the way. Point Pleasant was the only place occupied by the Americans between McLelland's station and Grave creek, a few miles below Wheeling. The State of Virginia supported a garrison there under the command of Captain Arbuckle, from whom the party received some despatches for the commandant at Wheeling. They traveled very cautiously, on account of the danger from the Indians, starting before daybreak and going on until after dark, and sleeping without fire.

Late in the evening of the 12th of October, they landed a couple of miles from the mouth of the Hockhocking, and, contrary to their usual practice, made a fire; having become less cautious in consequence of their approach to the settlements. They laid upon their arms around the fire, and in the night were attacked by a party of eleven Indians, who gave them a volley, and then fell upon them with their tomahawks.

Colonel Patterson received two balls in his right arm

above the elbow, by which it was broken, and a tomahawk was struck into his side between two of his ribs, penetrating into the cavity of the body. He sprang out into the darkness and got clear, supposing all his companions were killed. He made for the river, in hopes of getting into the canoe and floating down to Point Pleasant; but as he approached it, he discovered that there was an Indian in it. After some time the whole party of Indians went on board and floated off down the river.

Colonel Patterson then made an attempt to get to the fire, in which he succeeded. He found a companion named Templeton wounded in a manner very similar to his own case, and another named Wernock wounded dangerously, and another named Perry, slightly. Of the other three, one was killed, one was missing, and the other, named Mitchell, was unhurt. They had saved one gun and some ammunition. They remained on the ground until morning, when they attempted to proceed up the river on foot; but Wernock was unable to move, and they were forced to leave him. They, however, found themselves unable to go any farther after they had gone a little more than a quarter of a mile from the camp, and it was then agreed that Perry should endeavor to reach Grave creek and bring them aid, while Mitchell was to remain and take care of the others.

Wernock, who was left behind, died in the evening, and Mitchell, who had gone back to assist him, lost his way in returning to Patterson and Templeton, and did not find them until next morning. They then moved a couple of hundred yards further from the river, and the

next day got under a cliff, which sheltered them from the rain, where they remained until Perry returned from Grave creek with assistance. They were removed to that place after lying eight days in their suffering condition. He lay twelve months under the surgeon's care.

CHAPTER VI.

Patterson joins Clark's expedition to Illinois—Taking of Kaskaskia—Patterson settles at Harrodsburg—He lays out the town of Lexington—Joins Bowman's expedition—Serves as Captain under Colonel Clark against the Shawanees—Battle of Pickaway—Destruction of Indian settlements and crops—Colonel Patterson second to Colonel Boone in the battle of Blue Licks—His peril—His life saved by Aaron Reynolds—His gift of land to Reynolds—Colonel Patterson serves as Colonel in Clark's expedition to the Miami—Serves under General Logan in an expedition against the Shawanese towns—Severely wounded—Settles near Dayton—Death of Colonel Patterson.

IN April, 1778, with ten other volunteers, Colonel Robert Patterson joined Colonel George Rogers Clark, at Pittsburg, who was then about starting on his celebrated Illinois campaign. They descended to the falls of Ohio, where they built a fort, and were joined by a portion of the Kentucky militia. They descended the falls on the 24th of June, and on the evening of the 28th landed at a creek just above Fort Massac. The next morning, without cannon and without a single horse, they commenced their march through the wilderness, every man carrying provisions for six days.

On the 4th of July, about midnight, they surprised and took Kaskaskia, and on the next night Coho, and

the country was reduced under the government of Virginia. Colonel Patterson returned to Kentucky in September, with about seventy of the Kentuckians, and settled at Harrodsburg, and enrolled himself with the militia.

In April, 1779, being then an ensign, he was ordered to proceed from Harrodsburg, with twenty-five men, and establish a garrison at some convenient site, north of the Kentucky river. On the 17th, he accordingly commenced the erection of a fort at the place where Lexington now stands, and about that time laid off the town. On the 15th of May following, he joined the expedition of Colonel Bowman against the Shawanee town, Chillicothe, on the Little Miami, near the present town of Xenia, Ohio. He was an ensign under the command of Captain Levi Todd. His memoranda generally agree with the "Notes on Kentucky," published some years ago in the Kentucky Gazette; but in this case he puts the number of men under Bowman's command at four hundred, and the Notes on Kentucky say one hundred and sixty.

In August, 1780, he served as a captain under Colonel Clark in his expedition against the Shawanees on the Little Miami and Mad river. They reached Chillicothe, the town attacked by Colonel Bowman the year before, on the 6th, and found it in flames, having been set on fire by the Indians. On the 8th, they had a battle with the Indians, in the prairie at the lower end of the Pickaway town, on the west side of Mad river, seventeen miles above the present town of Dayton. They defeated the Indians, destroyed their town and their

crops, and for the next year freed Kentucky from their molestations.

At the battle of the Lower Blue Licks, on the 19th of August, 1782, Colonel Patterson was second to Colonel Boon, who commanded one of the lines. During the retreat, he was on foot, entirely exhausted, and the enemy was close at hand. A young man, named Aaron Reynolds, overtook him, and, seeing him in such a desperate situation, dismounted, gave him his horse, assisted him into the saddle, and risked his own safety on foot. Colonel Patterson escaped; but Reynolds, after swimming the river, was taken prisoner by three Indians. In a short time two of them started in pursuit of some white men who came in sight, and Reynolds shortly afterwards knocked the other one over with his fist and took to his heels and made his escape. Colonel Patterson afterwards presented him with a tract of land, in gratitude for his timely aid and generous service.

In the latter part of September, General Clark assembled an army at the mouth of Licking, to revenge the defeat of the Blue Licks by an invasion of the Indian country. Colonel Patterson served as colonel in the expedition. The towns on the little Miami and Mad river, and the Pickaway town on the Great Miami, were destroyed, but the Indians retired before the army without giving them battle.

In 1786, he was under the command of General Logan, as colonel, in an expedition against the Shawanee towns. They surprised Mecocheck, Moluntha, and McKee's town, on the head waters of Mad river. In the assault upon Mecocheck, which took place on the 5th of

November, he had a personal contest with an Indian. As he was making a stroke at the Indian's head with his sword, the Indian knocked it off by a blow with his rifle, which he was aiming at the colonel's head. The rifle struck the back of his hand and broke two of the bones. Not having proper surgical aid, inflammation ensued, and caused the old wound in his arm, which had been partially healed, to break out afresh, and it never healed again, but remained open until his death, more than forty years afterwards.

In 1804, colonel Patterson removed from Lexington to the vicinity of Dayton, Ohio, where he resided upon a farm until his death, which took place on the 5th of August, 1827.*

* John W. VanCleve, in *American Pioneer*.

A N E C D O T E S .

FOR the following anecdotes of border warfare, we are indebted to Howe's Historical Collections of Virginia.

There is living upon Thirteen Mile creek, Mr. Jesse Van Bebber, an aged pioneer in this county. His life, like his own mountain-stream, was rough and turbulent at its commencement; but as it nears its close, calm and peaceful, beautifully reflecting the Christian virtues. From conversation with him, we gathered many interesting anecdotes and incidents, illustrating the history of this region, Marion county, Virginia, some of which here follow:

BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT. — During the action, those troops from the more eastern part of the state, unaccustomed to fighting with the Indians, were all the day engaged in making a breastwork at the junction of the Kanawha with the Ohio, so that the army, if defeated, should have a secure retreat. Ignorant of how the action would terminate, they worked as if for their lives, and before the day was finished had a strong for-

ification erected. When the alarm was given that the Indians were near, General Lewis deliberately lighted his pipe, and then coolly gave the orders to his brother, Colonel Charles Lewis, to advance upon them. The soldiers in Colonel Fleming's regiment used a stratagem that proved very effectual. They concealed themselves behind trees, and then held out their hats, which the Indians mistakingly shot at. The hat being at once dropped, the Indian would run out from his covert to scalp his victim, and thus met a sure death from the tomahawk of his adversary. The Whites in this action being all backwoodsmen, were more successful marksmen than the savages; a fact in part owing to the want of the mechanical skill in the Indians, requisite to keeping their rifles in order. At the close of the action, the Indians went off hallooing, as if coming on to renew the attack. This stratagem deceived the Whites, and enabled them to retreat in more safety. They recrossed the Ohio on rafts, three miles above, near the old Shawanee town.

FORT AT POINT PLEASANT.—A fort was erected at Point Pleasant just after the battle, at the mouth of the Kanawha. It was a rectangular stockade, about eighty yards long, with blockhouses at two of its corners. It was finally destroyed, and a smaller one erected about fifty rods further up the Ohio, on the site of the store of James Capehart. It was composed of a circle of cabins, in which the settlers lived.

EULEN'S LEAP.—In the spring of '88 or '89, Ben Eulen, who was then insane, was out hunting in the woods below Point Pleasant, when he was discovered and

pursued by an Indian. He threw away his rifle, an elegant silver-mounted piece, to arrest the attention of the Indian and gain time. The Indian stopped to pick it up. Eulen unexpectedly came to a precipice, and fell head foremost through a buckeye, struck a branch, which turned him over, and he came upon his feet. The fall was fifty-three feet perpendicular. He then leaped another precipice of twelve feet in height, and escaped.

ANECDOTES OF THE VAN BEBBERS. — A few years after the close of the revolution, a daughter of Captain John Van Bebber, named Rhoda, aged 17, and Joseph Van Bebber, a young lad of 13, a brother of our informant, had crossed over in a canoe one morning, to the west side of the Ohio, opposite Point Pleasant, on an errand to Rhoda's father, then living temporarily in a house that side of the stream, when a party of Indians suddenly made their appearance. Dave, a black man belonging to Captain Van Bebber, gave the alarm, and rushed into the house. The Indians attacked the house, but were driven off by Dave and Captain Van Bebber, with the loss of two or three of their number. Joseph and Rhoda, in their terror, hastened to the canoe, whither the Indians pursued them, killed and scalped the young lady, and took Joseph a prisoner to Detroit. Rhoda's scalp the Indians divided into two, and sold them to the Indian traders at Detroit for \$30 each; their object in purchasing them was to encourage the savages in their incursions, so as to prevent a settlement of the country by the Whites, and thus monopolize the Indian trade. Joseph afterwards stated that the barrel in which the scalps were put was nearly full of the horrid trophies.

He remained with the Indians two years, during which he learned their language, and acted as interpreter between them and the traders. He at length made his escape, and lived with a trader until after Wayne's victory, when he returned home. While at Detroit, he became acquainted with the notorious Simon Girty, then a British pensioner for services in the revolution. He said Girty was an affable man, but extremely intemperate. Girty denied to him that he was the instigator of the death of Colonel Crawford, but that he went so far to save him that his own life was in danger.

In the fall of '88 or '89, Matthias Van Bebber, aged 18, and Jacob, aged 12 years, were out a short distance from Point Pleasant, with a horse, when they were waylaid by four Indians. Jacob was leading the horse, and Matthias was a short distance ahead, with a rifle across his shoulder, when the Indians fired two guns at Matthias. One of the balls struck him over the eyes, and rendered him momentarily blind; he sprang one side, and fell into a gully. The boy Jacob, on hearing the report of the guns, fled, and three of the Indians went in pursuit. Matthias, in the meantime, sprang up and took to a tree. The remaining Indian did the same. Matthias brought up his gun to an aim, the Indian dodged, and the former took the opportunity and escaped into the fort. The Indians, after a tight chase of half a mile, caught the lad, who, being very active, would have escaped had his moccasins not been too large. The Indians retreated across the Ohio with their prisoner. He was a sprightly little fellow, small of his age, and the Indians, pleased with him, treated him kindly. On the

first night of their encampment, they took him on their knees, and sang to him. He turned away his head to conceal his tears. On arriving at their town, while running the gauntlet between the children of the place, one Indian boy, much larger than himself, threw a bone, which struck him on the head. Enraged by the pain, Jacob drew back, and running with all his force, butted him over, much to the amusement of the Indian warriors. He was adopted into an Indian family, where he was used with kindness. On one occasion his adopted father whipped him, though slightly, which affected his Indian mother and sister to tears. After remaining with the Indians about a year, he escaped, and for five days travelled through the wilderness to his home. When he had arrived at maturity, he was remarkable for his fleetness. None of the Indians who visited the Point could ever equal him in that respect.

INDIAN INCURSION.—In May, 1791, a party of eighteen Whites were attacked by about thirty Indians, about one mile north of the fort at Point Pleasant, near the field now belonging to David Long. The Whites were defeated. Michael See and Robert Sinclair were killed. Hampton and Thomas Northrop, and a black boy, belonging to See, were taken prisoners. This boy was a son of Dick Pointer, who acted so bravely a few years before at the attack on Donnally's fort, in Greenbrier. He became an Indian chief, and in the late war with Great Britain took part with the friendly Indians against the enemy.

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