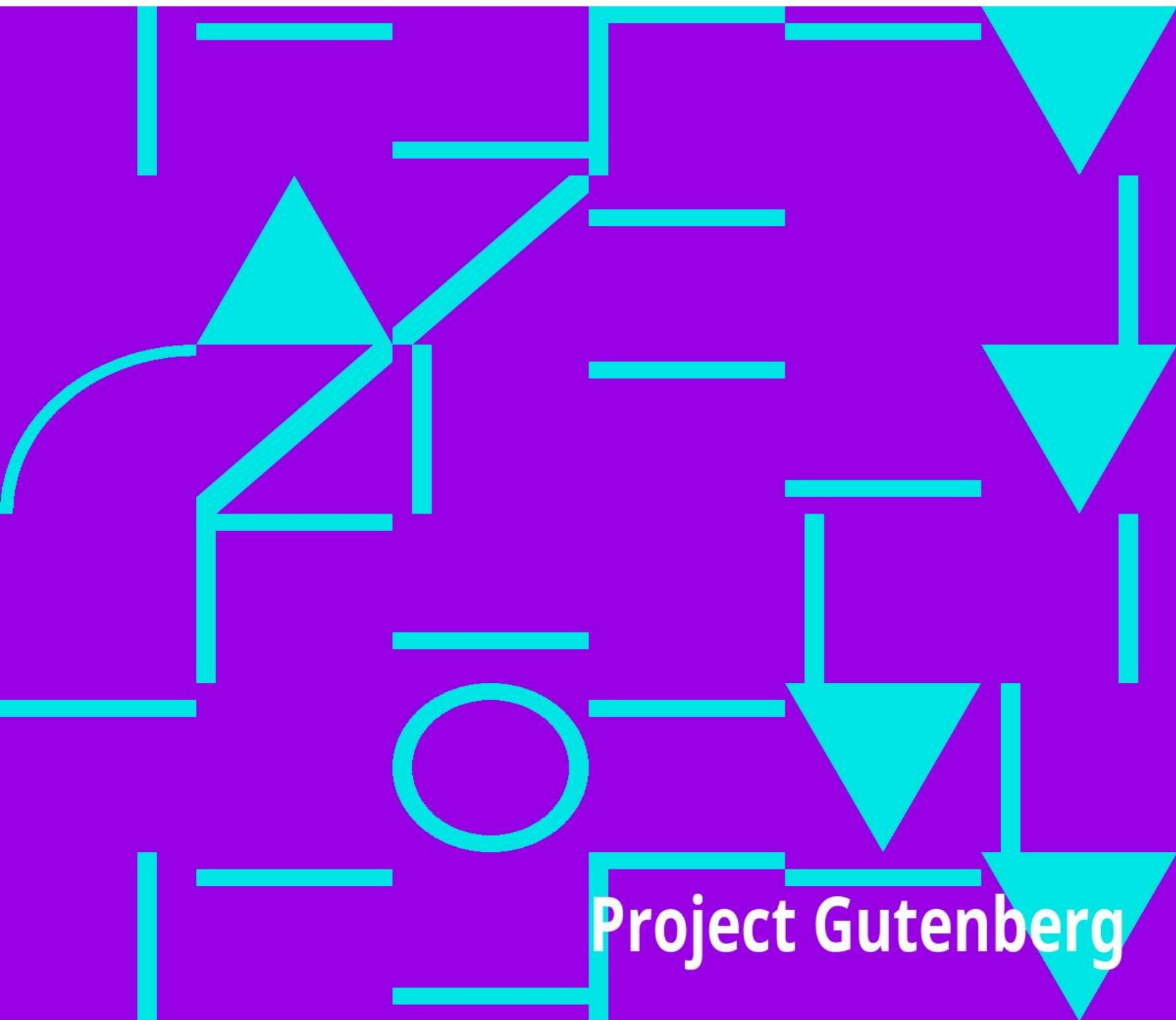


Heroes and Hunters of the West

Comprising Sketches and Adventures of Boone, Kenton, Brady, Logan, Whetzel, Fleehart, Hughes, Johnson, &c.

John Frost



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THE WOUNDED PIONEER.

HEROES
AND
HUNTERS OF THE WEST:
COMPRISING
SKETCHES AND ADVENTURES
OF
BOONE, KENTON, BRADY, LOGAN, WHETZEL,

FLEEHART, HUGHES, JOHNSTON, &c.

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PREFACE.

To the lovers of thrilling adventure, the title of this work would alone be its strongest recommendation. The exploits of the Heroes of the West, need but a simple narration to give them an irresistible charm. They display the bolder and rougher features of human nature in their noblest light, softened and directed by virtues that have appeared in the really heroic deeds of every age, and form pages in the history of this country destined to be read and admired when much that is now deemed more important is forgotten.

It is true, that, with the lights of this age, we regard many of the deeds of our western pioneer as aggressive, barbarous, and unworthy of civilized men. But there is no truly noble heart that will not swell in admiration of the devotion and disinterestedness of Benjamin Logan, the self-reliant energy of Boone and Whetzel, and the steady firmness and consummate military skill of George Rogers Clarke. The people of this country need records of the lives of such men, and we have attempted to present these in an attractive form.

CAPTURE OF BOONE.

HEROES OF THE WEST.

Daniel Boone.

In all notices of border life, the name of Daniel Boone appears first—as the hero and the father of the west. In him were united those qualities which make the accomplished frontiersman—daring, activity, and circumspection, while he was fitted beyond most of his contemporary borderers to lead and command.

Daniel Boone was born either in Virginia or Pennsylvania, and at an early age settled in North Carolina, upon the banks of the Yadkin. In 1767, James Findley, the first white man who ever visited Kentucky, returned to the settlements of North Carolina, and gave such a glowing account of that wilderness, that Boone determined to venture into it, on a hunting expedition. Accordingly, in 1769, accompanied by Findley and four others, he commenced his journey. Kentucky was found to be all that the first adventurer had represented, and the hunters had fine sport. The country was uninhabited, but, during certain seasons, parties of the northern and southern Indians visited it upon hunting expeditions. These parties frequently engaged in fierce conflicts, and hence the beautiful region was known as the “dark and bloody ground.”

BATTLE OF BLUE LICKS.

On the 22d of December, 1769, Boone and one of his companions, named John Stuart, left their encampment on the Red river, and boldly followed a buffalo path far into the forest. While roving carelessly from canebrake to canebrake, they were suddenly alarmed by the appearance of a party of Indians, who, springing from their place of concealment, rushed upon them with a swiftness which rendered escape impossible. The hunters were seized, disarmed, and made prisoners. Under these terrible circumstances, Boone's presence of mind was admirable. He saw that there was no chance of immediate escape; but he encouraged his companion and constrained himself to follow the Indians in all

their movements, with so constrained an air, that their vigilance began to relax.

DANIEL BOONE.

On the seventh evening of the captivity of the hunter, the party encamped in a thick cane-break, and having built a large fire lay down to rest. About midnight, Boone, who had not closed his eyes, ascertained from the deep breathing of all around him, that the whole party, including Stuart, was in a deep sleep. Gently extricating himself from the savages who lay around him, he awoke Stuart, informed him of his determination to escape, and exhorted him to follow without noise. Stuart obeyed with quickness and silence. Rapidly moving through the forest, guided by the light of the stars and the barks of the trees, the hunters reached their former camp the next day, but found it plundered and deserted, with nothing remaining to show the fate of their companions. Soon afterwards, Stuart was shot and scalped, and Boone and his brother who had come into the wilderness from North Carolina, were left alone in the forest. Nay, for several months, Daniel had not a single companion, for his brother returned to North Carolina for ammunition. The hardy hunter was exposed to the greatest dangers, but he contrived to escape them all. In 1771, Boone and his brother returned to North Carolina, and Daniel, having sold what property he could not take with him, determined to take his family to Kentucky, and make a settlement. He was joined by others at "Powel's Valley," and commenced the journey, at the head of a considerable party of pioneers. Being attacked by the Indians, the adventurers were compelled to return, and it was not until 1774, that the indomitable Boone succeeded in conveying his family to the banks of the Kentucky, and founding Boonesborough. In the meantime, James Harrod had settled at the station called Harrodsburgh. Other stations were founded by Bryant and Logan—daring pioneers; but Boonesborough was the chief object of Indian hostility, and was exposed to almost incessant attack, from its foundation until after the bloody battle of Blue Licks. During this time, Daniel Boone was regarded as the chief support and counsellor of the settlers, and in all emergencies, his wisdom and valor was of the greatest service. He met with many adventures, and made some hair-breadth escapes, but survived all his perils and hardships and lived to a green old age, enjoying the respect and confidence of a large and happy community, which his indomitable spirit had been chiefly instrumental in founding. He never lost his love of the woods and the chase, and within a few

weeks of his death might have been seen, rifle in hand, eager in the pursuit of game.

SIMON KENTON.

LOGAN.

Simon Kenton.

Simon Kenton was born in Fauquier county, Virginia, on the 15th of May, 1755. His parents were poor, and until the age of sixteen his days seem to have been passed in the laborious drudgery of a farm. When he was about sixteen, an unfortunate occurrence threw him upon his own resources. A robust young farmer, named Leitchman, and he were rival suitors for the hand of a young coquette, and she being unable to decide between them, they took the matter into their own hands and fought a regular pitched battle at a solitary spot in the forest. After a severe struggle, Kenton triumphed, and left his antagonist upon the ground, apparently in the agonies of death. Without returning for a suit of clothing, the young conqueror fled westward, assumed the name of Butler, joined a party of daring hunters, and visited Kentucky, (1773.) In the wilderness he became an accomplished and successful hunter and spy, but suffered many hardships.

In 1774, the Indian war, occasioned by the murder of the family of the chief, Logan, broke out, and Kenton entered the service of the Virginians as a spy, in which capacity he acted throughout the campaign, ending with the battle of Point Pleasant. He then explored the country on both sides of the Ohio, and hunted in company with a few other, in various parts of Kentucky. When Boonesborough was attacked by a large body of Indians, Simon took an active part in the defence, and in several of Boone's expeditions, our hero served as a spy, winning a high reputation.

In the latter part of 1777, Kenton, having crossed the Ohio, on a horse-catching expedition, was overtaken and made captive by the Indians. Then commenced a series of tortures to which the annals of Indian warfare, so deeply tinged with horrors, afford few parallels. Having kicked and cuffed him, the savages tied him to a pole, in a very painful position, where they kept him till the next morning, then tied him on a wild colt and drove it swiftly through the woods to Chilicothe. Here he was tortured in various ways. The savages then carried him to Pickaway, where it was intended to burn him at the stake, but from this awful death, he was saved through the influence of the renegade, Simon Girty, who had been his

early friend. Still, Kenton was carried about from village to village, and tortured many times. At length, he was taken to Detroit, an English post, where he was well-treated; and he recovered from his numerous wounds. In the summer of 1778, he succeeded in effecting his escape, and, after a long march, reached Kentucky.

SIMON GIRTY.

Kenton was engaged in all the Indian expeditions up to Wayne's decisive campaign, in 1794, and was very serviceable as a spy. Few borderers had passed through so many hardships, and won so bright a reputation. He lived to a very old age, and saw the country, in which he had fought and suffered, formed into the busy and populous state of Ohio. In his latter days, he was very poor, and, but for the kindness of some distinguished friends, would have wanted for the necessaries of life.

George Rogers Clarke.

In natural genius for military command, few men of the west have equalled George Rogers Clarke. The conception and execution of the famous expedition against Kaskaskia and Vincennes displayed many of those qualities for which the best generals of the world have been eulogized, and would have done honor to a Clive.

Clarke was born in Albermarle county, Virginia, in September, 1753. Like Washington, he engaged, at an early age, in the business of land surveying, and was fond of several branches of mathematics. On the breaking out of Dunmore's war, Clarke took command of a company, and fought bravely at the battle of Point Pleasant, being engaged in the only active operation of the right wing of the Virginians against the Indians. Peace was concluded soon after, by Lord Dunmore, and Clarke, whose gallant bearing had been noticed, was offered a commission in the royal service. But this he refused, as he apprehended that his native country would soon be at war with Great Britain.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

Early in 1775, Clarke visited Kentucky as the favorite scene of adventure, and penetrated to Harrodsburgh. His talents were immediately appreciated by the Kentuckians, and he was placed in command of all the irregular troops in that wild region. In 1776, the young commander exerted himself with extraordinary ability to secure a political organization and the means of defence to Kentucky, and was so successful as to win the title of the founder of the commonwealth.^[A]

In partisan service against the Indians, Clarke was active and efficient; but his bold and comprehensive mind looked to checking savage inroads at their sources. He saw at a glance, that the red men were stimulated to outrages by the British garrisons of Detroit, Vincennes and Kaskaskia, and was satisfied that to put an end to them, those posts must be captured. Having sent two spies to

reconnoitre Kaskaskia and Vincennes, and gained considerable intelligence of the situation of the enemy, the enterprising commander sought aid from the government of Virginia to enable him to carry out his designs. After some delay, money, supplies, and a few companies of troops were obtained. Clarke then proceeded to Corn Island, opposite the present city of Louisville. Here the objects of the expedition were disclosed. Some of the men murmured, and others attempted to desert; but the energy of Colonel Clarke secured obedience and even enthusiasm.

The little band soon commenced its march through a wild and difficult country, and on the 4th of July, 1778, reached a spot within a few miles of the town of Kaskaskia. Clarke made his arrangements for a surprise with great skill and soon after dark, the town was captured without shedding a drop of blood. The inhabitants were at first terror-stricken and expected to be massacred, but they were soon convinced of their mistake by the bearing and representations of the Virginia commander. Cahokia was captured shortly afterwards, without difficulty.

Clarke's situation was now extremely critical, and he duly appreciated the fact. Vincennes was still in front, so garrisoned, that it seemed madness to attempt its capture by direct attack. But a bold offensive movement could alone render the conquests which had been made, permanent and advantageous. A French priest, named Gibault, secured the favor of the inhabitants of Vincennes for the American interest, and the Indians of the neighborhood were conciliated by the able management of Colonel Clarke, who knew how to win the favor of the men better than any other borderer; but on the 29th of January, 1779, intelligence was received at Kaskaskia, where Clarke was then posted, that Governor Hamilton had taken possession of Vincennes, and meditated the re-capture of the other posts, preparatory to assailing the whole frontier, as far as Fort Pitt.

BATTLE OF POINT PLEASANT.

Clarke determined to act upon the offensive immediately, as his only salvation. Mounting a galley with two four-pounders and four swivels, and manning it with forty-six men, he dispatched it up the Wabash, to the White River, and on the 7th of February, 1779, marched from Kaskaskia at the head of only one hundred and seventy men, over the drowned lands of the Wabash, against the British post. The march of Arnold by way of the Kennebec to Canada can alone be placed as

a parallel with this difficult expedition. The indomitable spirit of Clarke sustained the band through the most incredible fatigues. On the 28th the expedition approached the town, still undiscovered. The American commander then issued a proclamation, intended to produce an impression that his force was large and confident of success, and invested the fort. So vigorously was the siege prosecuted that the garrison was reduced to straits, and Governor Hamilton compelled to capitulate. (24th of February, 1779.) This was a brilliant achievement and reflected the highest honor upon Colonel Clarke and his gallant band. Detroit was now in full view, and Clarke was confident he could capture it if he had but five hundred men; but he could not obtain that number, till the chances of success were annihilated, and thus his glorious expedition terminated. The object of the enterprise, however, which was the checking of Indian depredations, was accomplished. Clarke afterwards engaged in other military enterprises and held high civil offices in Kentucky; but at the capture of Vincennes his fame reached its greatest brilliancy, and posterity will not willingly let it die.

[A]

Butler.

Benjamin Logan.

The real heroic spirit, which delights in braving the greatest dangers in the cause of humanity, was embodied in Benjamin Logan, one of the first settlers in Kentucky. This distinguished borderer was born in Augusta county, Virginia. At an early age he displayed the noble impulses of his heart; for upon the death of his father, when the laws of Virginia allowed him, as the eldest son, the whole property of the intestate, he sold the farm and distributed the money among his brothers and sisters, reserving a portion for his mother. At the age of twenty-one, Logan removed to the banks of the Holston, where he purchased a farm, and married. He served in Dunmore's war. In 1775, he removed to Kentucky, and soon became distinguished among the hardy frontiersmen for firmness, prudence, and humanity. In the following year he returned for his family, and brought them to a small settlement called Logan's Fort, not far from Harrodsburgh.

LOGAN JOURNEYING INTO KENTUCKY.

On the morning of the 20th of May, 1777, 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 at them. One man was shot dead, and two more wounded, one of them mortally. The whole party instantly ran into the fort, and closed the gate. The enemy quickly showed themselves at the edge of the canebrake, within rifle-shot of the gate, and seemed numerous and determined. A spectacle was now presented to the garrison which awakened interest and compassion. A man, named Harrison, had been severely wounded, and still lay near the spot where he had fallen. The poor fellow strove to crawl towards the fort, and succeeded in reaching a cluster of bushes, which, however, were too thin to shelter his person from the enemy. His wife and children in the fort were in deep distress at his situation. The case was one to try the hearts of men. The numbers of the garrison were so small, that it was thought folly to sacrifice any

more lives in striving to save one seemingly far spent. Logan endeavored to persuade some of the men to accompany him in a sally; but the danger was so appalling that only one man, John Martin, could be induced to make the attempt. The gate was opened, and the two sallied forth, Logan leading the way. They had advanced about five steps, when Harrison made a vigorous attempt to rise, and Martin, supposing him able to help himself, sprang back within the gate. Harrison fell at full-length upon the grass. Logan paused a moment after the retreat of Martin, then sprang forward to the spot where Harrison lay, seized the wounded man in his arms, and in spite of a tremendous shower of balls poured from every side, reached the fort without receiving a scratch, though the gate and picketing near him were riddled and his clothes pierced in several places.

Soon afterwards, the heroic Logan again performed an act of self-devotion. The fort was vigorously assailed, and although the little garrison made a brave defence, their destruction seemed imminent, on account of the scarcity of ammunition. Holston was the nearest point where supplies could be obtained. But who would brave so many dangers in the attempt to procure it? No one but Logan. After encouraging his men to hope for his speedy return, he crawled through the Indian encampment on a dark night, proceeded by by-paths, which no white man had then trodden, reached Holston, obtained a supply of powder and lead, returned by the same almost inaccessible paths, and got safe within the walls of the fort. The garrison was inspired with fresh courage, and in a few days, the appearance of Colonel Bowman, with a body of troops, compelled the savages to retire.

Logan led several expeditions into the Indian country, and won a high renown as one of the boldest and most successful of Kentucky's heroes. When the Indian depredations were, in a great measure, checked, he devoted himself to civil affairs, and exerted considerable influence upon the politics of the country. Throughout his career, he was beloved and respected as a fearless, honest, and intelligent man.

Samuel Brady.

Captain Samuel Brady was the Daniel Boone of Western Pennsylvania. As brave as a lion, as swift as a deer, and as cautious as a panther, he gave the Indians reason to tremble at the mention of his name. As the captain of the rangers he was the favorite of General Brodhead, the commander of the Pennsylvania forces, and regarded by the frontier inhabitants as their eye and arm.

The father and brother of Captain Brady being killed by the Indians, it is said that our hero vowed to revenge their murder, and never be at peace with the Indians of any tribe. Many instances of such dreadful vows, made in moments of bitter anguish, occur in the history of our border, and, when we consider the circumstances, we can scarcely wonder at the number, though, as Christians, we should condemn such bloody resolutions.

GENERAL BRODHEAD.

Many of Brady's exploits are upon record; and they are entitled to our admiration for their singular daring and ingenuity. One of the most remarkable is known in border history as Brady's Leap. The energetic Brodhead, by an expedition into the Indian country, had delivered such destructive blows that the savages were quieted for a time. The general kept spies out, however, for the purpose of guarding against sudden attacks on the settlements. One of the scouting parties, under the command of Captain Brady, had the French creek country assigned as their field of duty. The captain reached the waters of Slippery Rock, without seeing any signs of Indians. Here, however, he came on a trail, in the evening, which he followed till dark, without overtaking the enemy. The next morning the pursuit was renewed, and Brady overtook the Indians while they were at their morning meal. Unfortunately, another party of savages was in his rear, and when he fired upon those in front, he was in turn fired upon from behind. He was now between two fires, and greatly outnumbered. Two of

his men fell, his tomahawk was shot from his side, and the enemy shouted for the expected triumph. There was no chance of successful defence in the position of the rangers, and they were compelled to break and flee.

Brady ran towards the creek. The Indians pursued, certain of making him captive, on account of the direction he had taken. To increase their speed, they threw away their guns, and pressed forward with raised tomahawk. Brady saw his only chance of escape, which was to leap the creek, afterwards ascertained to be twenty-two feet wide and twenty deep. Determined never to fall alive into the hands of the Indians, he made a mighty effort, sprang across the abyss of waters and stood rifle in hand upon the opposite bank. As quick as lightning, he proceeded to load his rifle. A large Indian, who had been foremost in pursuit, came to the opposite bank, and after magnanimously doing justice to the captain by exclaiming "Blady make good jump!" made a rapid retreat.

Brady next went to the place appointed as a rendezvous for his party, and finding there three of his men, commenced his homeward march, about half defeated. Three Indians had been killed while at their breakfast. The savages did not return that season, to do any injury to the whites, and early in the fall, moved off to join the British, who had to keep them during the winter, their corn having been destroyed by General Brodhead. Brady survived all his perils and hardships and lived to see the Indians completely humbled before those whites on whom they had committed so many outrages.

MASSACRE OF MRS. WHETZEL AND HER CHILDREN.

Lewis Whetzel.

The Whetzel family is remembered in the west for the courage, resolution, and skill in border warfare displayed by four of its members. Their names were Martin, Lewis, Jacob, and John. Of these, Lewis won the highest renown, and it is doubtful whether Boone, Brady, or Kenton equaled him in boldness of enterprise.

In the hottest part of the Indian war, old Mr. Whetzel, who was a German, built his cabin some distance from the fort at Wheeling. One day, during the absence of the two oldest sons, Martin and John, a numerous party of Indians surrounded the house, killed, tomahawked and scalped old Mr. Whetzel, his wife, and the small children, and carried off Lewis, who was then about thirteen years old, and Jacob who was about eleven. Before the young captives had been carried far, Lewis contrived their escape. When these two boys grew to be men, they took a solemn oath never to make peace with the Indians as long as they had strength to wield a tomahawk or sight to draw a bead, and they kept their oath.

The appearance of Lewis Whetzel was enough to strike terror into common men. He was about five feet ten inches high, having broad shoulders, a full breast, muscular limbs, a dark skin, somewhat pitted by the small pox, hair which, when combed out, reached to the calves of his legs, and black eyes, whose excited and vindictive glance would curdle the blood. He excelled in all exercises of strength and activity, could load his rifle while running with almost the swiftness of a deer, and was so habituated to constant action, that an imprisonment of three days, as ordered by General Harmar, was nearly fatal to him. He had the most thorough self-reliance as his long, solitary and perilous expeditions into the Indian country prove.

INDIAN CHIEF.

In the year of 1782, Lewis Whetzel went with Thomas Mills, who had been in

the campaign, to get a horse, which he had left near the place where St. Clairsville now stands. At the Indian Spring, two miles above St. Clairsville, on the Wheeling road, they were met by about forty Indians, who were in pursuit of the stragglers from the campaign. The Indians and the white men discovered each other about the same time. Lewis fired first, and killed an Indian; the fire from the Indians wounded Mr. Mills, and he was soon overtaken and killed. Four of the Indians then singled out, dropped their guns, and pursued Whetzel. Whetzel loaded his rifle as he ran. After running about half a mile, one of the Indians having got within eight or ten steps of him, Whetzel wheeled round and shot him down, ran on, and loaded as before. After going about three-quarters of a mile further, a second Indian came so close to him, that when he turned to fire, the Indian caught the muzzle of his gun, and as he expressed it, he and the Indian had a severe wring for it; he succeeded, however, in bringing the gun to the Indian's breast, and killed him on the spot. By this time, he, as well as the Indians, were pretty well tired; the pursuit was continued by the remaining two Indians. Whetzel, as before, loaded his gun, and stopped several times during the chase. When he did so the Indians treed themselves. After going something more than a mile, Whetzel took advantage of a little open piece of ground, over which the Indians were passing, a short distance behind him, to make a sudden stop for the purpose of shooting the foremost, who got behind a little sapling, which was too small to cover his body. Whetzel shot, and broke his thigh; the wound, in the issue, proved fatal. The last of the Indians then gave a little yell, and said, "No catch dat man—gun always loaded," and gave up the chase; glad, no doubt, to get off with his life.

Another of this daring warrior's exploits is worthy of a place beside the most remarkable achievements of individual valor. In the year 1787, a party of Indians crossed the Ohio, killed a family, and scalped with impunity. This murder spread great alarm through the sparse settlements and revenge was not only resolved upon, but a handsome reward was offered for scalps. Major McMahan, who often led the borderers in their hardy expeditions, soon raised a company of twenty men, among whom was Lewis Whetzel. They crossed the Ohio and pursued the Indian trail until they came to the Muskingum river. There the spies discovered a large party of Indians encamped. Major McMahan fell back a short distance, and held a conference when a hasty retreat was resolved upon as the most prudent course, Lewis Whetzel refused to take part in the council, or join in the retreat. He said he came out to hunt Indians; they were now found and he would either lose his own scalp or take that of a "red skin." All arguments were thrown away upon this iron-willed man; he never submitted to the advice or

control of others. His friends were compelled to leave him a solitary being surrounded by vigilant enemies.

LEWIS WHETZEL'S SINGULAR ESCAPE.

As soon as the major's party had retired beyond the reach of danger, Whetzel shouldered his rifle, and marched off into a different part of the country, hoping that fortune would place a lone Indian in his way. He prowled through the woods like a panther, eager for prey, until the next evening, when he discovered a smoke curling up among the bushes. Creeping softly to the fire, he found two blankets and a small copper kettle, and concluded that it was the camp of two Indians. He concealed himself in the thick brush, in such a position that he could see the motions of the enemy. About sunset the two Indians came in, cooked and ate their supper, and then sat by the fire engaged in conversation. About nine o'clock one of them arose, shouldered his rifle, took a chunk of fire in his hand, and left the camp, doubtless in search of a deer-lick. The absence of this Indian was a source of vexation and disappointment to Whetzel, who had been so sure of his prey. He waited until near break of day, and still the expected one did not return. The concealed warrior could delay no longer. He walked cautiously to the camp, found his victim asleep, and drawing a knife buried it in the red man's heart. He then secured the scalp, and set off for home, where he arrived only one day after his companions. For the scalp, he claimed and received the reward.

Here is another of Lewis Whetzel's remarkable exploits. Returning home from a hunt, north of the Ohio, he was walking along in that reckless manner, which is a consequence of fatigue, when his quick eye suddenly caught sight of an Indian in the act of raising his gun to fire. Both sprung like lightning to the woodman's forts, large trees, and there they stood for an hour, each afraid of the other. This quiet mode of warfare did not suit the restless Whetzel, and he set his invention to work to terminate it. Placing his bear-skin cap on the end of his ramrod, he protruded it slightly and cautiously as if he was putting his head to reconnoitre, and yet was hesitating in the venture. The simple savage was completely deceived. As soon as he saw the cap, he fired and it fell. Whetzel then sprang forward to the astonished red man, and with a shot from the unerring rifle brought him to the ground quite dead. The triumphant ranger then pursued his march homeward.

But it was in a deliberate attack upon a party of four Indians that our hero

displayed the climax of daring and resolution. While on a fall hunt, on the Muskingum, he came upon a camp of four savages, and with but little hesitation resolved to attempt their destruction. He concealed himself till midnight, and then stole cautiously upon the sleepers. As quick as thought, he cleft the skull of one of them. A second met the same fate, and as a third attempted to rise, confused by the horrid yells, which Whetzel gave with his blows, the tomahawk stretched him in death. The fourth Indian darted into the darkness of the wood and escaped, although Whetzel pursued him for some distance. Returning to camp, the ranger scalped his victims and then left for home. When asked on his return, "What luck?" he replied, "Not much. I treed four Indians, and one got away." Where shall we look for deeds of equal daring and hardihood? Martin, Jacob, and John Whetzel were bold warriors; and in the course of the Indian war, they secured many scalps; but they never obtained the reputation possessed by their brother, Lewis. All must condemn cruelty wherever displayed, but it is equally our duty to render just admiration to courage, daring, and indomitable energy, qualities in which the Whetzel brothers have rarely if ever been excelled.

LEWIS WHETZEL'S STRATAGEM.

General Clark, the companion of Lewis in the celebrated tour across the Rocky Mountains, having heard much of Lewis Whetzel, in Kentucky, determined to secure his services for the exploring expedition. After considerable hesitation, Whetzel consented to go, 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 relation, named Sikes, living about twenty miles in the interior, from Natchez, and there made his home, until the summer of 1808, when he died, leaving a fame for valor and skill in border warfare, which will not be allowed to perish.

Caffree, M'Clure, and Davis.

About 1784, horse-stealing was as common as hunting to the whites and Indians of the west. Thefts and reprisals were almost constantly made. Some southern Indians having stolen horses from Lincoln county, Kentucky, three young men, named Caffree, M'Clure, and Davis, set out in pursuit of them. Coming in sight of an Indian town, near the Tennessee river, they met three red men. The two parties made signs of peace, shook hands, and agreed to travel together. Both were suspicious, however, and at length, from various indications, the whites became satisfied of the treacherous intentions of the Indians, and resolved to anticipate them. Caffree being a very powerful man, proposed that he himself should seize one Indian, while Davis and M'Clure should shoot the other two. Caffree sprang boldly upon the nearest Indian, grasped his throat firmly, hurled him to the ground, and drawing a cord from his pocket attempted to tie him. At the same instant, Davis and M'Clure attempted to perform their respective parts. M'Clure killed his man, but Davis's gun missed fire. All three, *i. e.* the two white men, and the Indian at whom Davis had flashed, immediately took trees, and prepared for a skirmish, while Caffree remained upon the ground with the captured Indian—both exposed to the fire of the others. In a few seconds, the savage at whom Davis had flashed, shot Caffree as he lay upon the ground and gave him a mortal wound—and was instantly shot in turn by M'Clure who had reloaded his gun. Caffree becoming very weak, called upon Davis to come and assist him in tying the Indian, and directly afterwards expired. As Davis was running up to the assistance of his friend—the Indian released himself, killed his captor, sprung to his feet, and seizing Caffree's rifle, presented it menacingly at Davis, whose gun was not in order for service, and who ran off into the forest, closely pursued by the Indian. M'Clure hastily reloaded his gun and taking the rifle which Davis had dropped, followed them for some distance into the forest, making all signals which had been concerted between them in case of separation. All, however, was vain—he saw nothing more of Davis, nor could he ever afterwards learn his fate. As he never returned to Kentucky, however, he probably perished.

A SOUTHERN INDIAN.

M'Clure, finding himself alone in the enemy's country, and surrounded by dead bodies, thought it prudent to abandon the object of the expedition and return to Kentucky. He accordingly retraced his steps, still bearing Davis' rifle in addition to his own. He had scarcely marched a mile, before he saw advancing from the opposite direction, an Indian warrior, riding a horse with a bell around its neck, and accompanied by a boy on foot. Dropping one of the rifles, which might have created suspicion, M'Clure advanced with an air of confidence, extending his hand and making other signs of peace. The opposite party appeared frankly to receive his overtures, and dismounting, seated himself upon a log, and drawing out his pipe, gave a few puffs himself, and then handed it to M'Clure. In a few minutes another bell was heard, at the distance of half a mile, and a second party of Indians appeared upon horseback. The Indian with M'Clure now coolly informed him by signs that when the horseman arrived, he (M'Clure) was to be bound and carried off as a prisoner with his feet tied under the horse's belly. In order to explain it more fully, the Indian got astride of the log, and locked his legs together underneath it. M'Clure, internally thanking the fellow for his excess of candor, determined to disappoint him, and while his enemy was busily engaged in riding the log, and mimicking the actions of a prisoner, he very quietly blew his brains out, and ran off into the woods. The Indian boy instantly mounted the belled horse, and rode off in an opposite direction. M'Clure was fiercely pursued by several small Indian dogs, that frequently ran between his legs and threw him down. After falling five or six times, his eyes became full of dust and he was totally blind. Despairing of escape, he doggedly lay upon his face, expecting every instant to feel the edge of the tomahawk. To his astonishment, however, no enemy appeared, and even the Indian dogs after tugging at him for a few minutes, and completely stripping him of his breeches, left him to continue his journey unmolested. Finding every thing quiet, in a few moments he arose, and taking up his gun continued his march to Kentucky.

CAFFREE KILLED BY THE INDIAN.

Charles Johnston.

In March, 1790 a boat, containing four men and two women, passing down the Ohio, was induced by some renegade whites to approach the shore, near the mouth of the Sciota, and then attacked by a large party of Indians. A Mr. John May and one of the women were shot dead, and the others then surrendered. The chief of the band was an old warrior, named Chickatommo, and under his command were a number of renowned red men. When the prisoners were distributed, a young man named Charles Johnson, was given to a young Shawnee chief who is represented to have been a noble character. His name was Messhawa, and he had just reached the age of manhood. His person was tall and seemingly rather fitted for action than strength. His bearing was stately, and his countenance expressive of a noble disposition. He possessed great influence among those of his own tribe, which he exerted on the side of humanity. On the march, Messhawa repeatedly saved Johnson from the tortures which the other savages delighted to inflict, and the young captive saw some displays of generous exertion on the part of the chief which are worthy of a place in border history.

MESSHAWA.

The warriors painted themselves in the most frightful colors, and performed a war dance, with the usual accompaniments. A stake, painted in alternate stripes of black and vermilion, was fixed in the ground, and the dancers moved in rapid but measured evolutions around it. They recounted, with great energy, the wrongs they had received from the whites.—Their lands had been taken from them—their corn cut up—their villages burnt—their friends slaughtered—every injury which they had received was dwelt upon, until their passions had become inflamed beyond control. Suddenly, Chickatommo darted from the circle of dancers, and with eyes flashing fire, ran up to the spot where Johnston was sitting, calmly contemplating the spectacle before him. When within reach he

struck him a furious blow with his fist, and was preparing to repeat it, when Johnston seized him by the arms, and hastily demanded the cause of such unprovoked violence. Chickatommo, grinding his teeth with rage, shouted "Sit down, sit down!" Johnston obeyed, and the Indian, perceiving the two children within ten steps of him, snatched up a tomahawk, and advanced upon them with a quick step, and a determined look. The terrified little creatures instantly arose from the log on which they were sitting, and fled into the woods, uttering the most piercing screams, while their pursuer rapidly gained upon them with uplifted tomahawk. The girl, being the youngest, was soon overtaken, and would have been tomahawked, had not Messhawa bounded like a deer to her relief. He arrived barely in time to arrest the uplifted tomahawk of Chickatommo, after which, he seized him by the collar and hurled him violently backward to the distance of several paces. Snatching up the child in his arms, he then ran after the brother, intending to secure him likewise from the fury of his companion, but the boy, misconstruing his intention, continued his flight with such rapidity, and doubled several times with such address, that the chase was prolonged to the distance of several hundred yards. At length Messhawa succeeded in taking him. The boy, thinking himself lost, uttered a wild cry, which was echoed by his sister, but both were instantly calmed. Messhawa took them in his arms, spoke to them kindly, and soon convinced them that they had nothing to fear from him. He quickly reappeared, leading them gently by the hand, and soothing them in the Indian language, until they both clung to him closely for protection.

No other incident disturbed the progress of the ceremonies, nor did Chickatommo appear to resent the violent interference of Messhawa.

CHICKATOMMO.

After undergoing many hardships, Johnston was taken to Sandusky, where he was ransomed by a French trader. Messhawa took leave of his young captive with many expressions of esteem and friendship. This noble chief was in the battle of the Fallen Timber and afterwards became a devoted follower of the great Tecumseh—thus proving that while he was as humane as a civilized man, he was patriotic and high-spirited enough to resent the wrongs of his people. He was killed at the battle of the Thames, where the power of the Shawnees was for ever crushed.

Joseph Logston.

Big Joe Logston was a noted character in the early history of the west. He was born and reared among the Alleghany mountains, near the source of the north branch of the Potomac, some twenty or thirty miles from any settlement. He was tall, muscular, excelled in all the athletic sports of the border, and was a first-rate shot. Soon after Joe arrived at years of discretion, his parents died, and he went out to the wilds of Kentucky. There, Indian incursions compelled him to take refuge in a fort. This pent up life was not at all to Joe's taste. He soon became very restless, and every day insisted on going out with others to hunt up cattle. At length no one would accompany him, and he resolved to go out alone. He rode the greater part of the day without finding any cattle, and then concluded to return to the fort. As he was riding along, eating some grapes, with which he had filled his hat, he heard the reports of the two rifles; one ball passed through the paps of his breast, which were very prominent, and the other struck the horse behind the saddle, causing the beast to sink in its tracks.

INDIANS AMBUSHED FOR JOE LOGSTON.

Joe was on his feet in an instant and might have taken to his heels with the chances of escape greatly in his favor. But to him flight was never agreeable. The moment the guns were fired, an Indian sprang forward with an uplifted tomahawk; but as Joe raised his rifle, the savage jumped behind two saplings, and kept springing from one to the other to cover his body. The other Indian was soon discovered behind a tree loading his gun. When in the act of pushing down his bullet, he exposed his hips and Joe fired a load into him. The first Indian then sprang forward and threw his tomahawk at the head of the white warrior, who dodged it. Joe then clubbed his gun and made at the savage, thinking to knock him down. In striking, he missed, and the gun now reduced to the naked barrel, flew out of his hands. The two men then sprang at each other with no other weapons than those of nature. A desperate scuffle ensued. Joe could throw the

Indian down, but could not hold him there. At length, however, by repeated heavy blows, he succeeded in keeping him down, and tried to choke him with the left hand while he kept the right free for contingencies. Directly, Joe saw the savage trying to draw a knife from its sheath, and waiting till it was about half way out, he grasped it quickly and sank it up to the handle in the breast of his foe, who groaned and expired.

Springing to his feet, Joe saw the Indian he had crippled, propped against a log, trying to raise his gun to fire, but falling forward, every time he made the attempt. The borderer, having enough of fighting for one day, and not caring to be killed by a crippled Indian, made for the fort, where he arrived about nightfall. He was blood and dirt from crown to toe, and without horse, hat, or gun.

The next morning a party went to Joe's battle-ground. On looking round, they found a trail, as if something had been dragged away, and at a little distance they came upon the big Indian, covered up with leaves. About a hundred yards farther, they found the Indian Joe had crippled, lying on his back, with his own knife sticking up to the hilt in his body, just below the breast bone, evidently to show that he had killed himself. Some years after this fight, Big Joe Logston lost his life in a contest with a gang of outlaws. He was one of those characters who were necessary to the settlement of the west, but who would not have been highly esteemed in civilized society.

Jesse Hughes.

Jesse Hughes was born and reared in Clarksburgh, Harrison county, Virginia, on the head-waters of the Monongahela. He was a light-built, active man, and from his constant practice became one of the best hunters and Indian fighters on the frontier. Having a perfect knowledge of all the artifices of the Indians, he was quick to devise expedients to frustrate them. Of this, the following exploit is an illustration. At a time of great danger from Indian incursions, when the citizens in the neighborhood were in a fort at Clarksburgh, Hughes one morning observed a lad very hurriedly engaged in fixing his gun.

“Jim,” said he, “what are you doing that for?”

“I am going to shoot a turkey that I hear gobbling on the hill side,” replied Jim.

“I hear no turkey,” said Hughes.

“Listen,” said Jim. “There, didn’t you hear it? Listen again!”

“Well,” said Hughes, after hearing it repeated, “I’ll go and kill it.”

“No you won’t. It’s my turkey. I heard it first,” said Jim.

“Well,” said Hughes, “but you know I am the best marksman; and besides, I don’t want the turkey, you may have it.”

The lad then agreed that Hughes should go and kill it for him. Hughes went out of the fort on the side that was farthest from the supposed turkey, and running along the river, went up a ravine and came in on the rear, where, as he expected, he saw an Indian, sitting on a chestnut stump, surrounded by sprouts, gobbling and watching to see if any one would come from the fort to kill the turkey. Hughes crept up and shot him dead. The successful ranger then took off the scalp, and went into the fort, where Jim was waiting for the prize.

“There, now,” said Jim, “you have let the turkey go. I would have killed it if I had gone.”

“No,” said Hughes, “I didn’t let it go,” and he threw down the scalp. “There, take your turkey, Jim; I don’t want it.”

The lad nearly fainted, as he thought of the death he had so narrowly escaped, owing to the keen perception and good management of Mr. Hughes.

The sagacity of our border hero was fully proved upon another occasion. About 1790, the Indians visited Clarksburgh, in the night, and contrived to steal a few horses, with which they made a hasty retreat. About daylight the next morning, a party of twenty-five or thirty men, among whom was Jesse Hughes, started in pursuit. They found a trail just outside of the settlement, and from the signs, supposed that the marauding party consisted of eight or ten Indians. A council was held to determine how the pursuit should be continued. Mr. Hughes was opposed to following the trail. He said he could pilot the party to the spot where the Indians would cross the Ohio, by a nearer way than the enemy could go, and thus render success certain. But the captain of the party insisted on following the trail. Mr. Hughes then pointed out the dangers of such a course. Suddenly, the captain, with unreasonable obstinacy, called aloud to those who were brave to follow him and let the cowards go home. Hughes knew the captain's remark was intended for him, but smothered his indignation and went on with the party.

They had not pursued very far when 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 to them, they made a noise, which caused the whites to stop; that instant two of the company were mortally wounded, and before the rangers could get round to the top of the cliff, the Indians made their escape with ease. This was as Hughes had predicted. All then agreed that the plan rejected by the captain was the best, and urged Hughes to lead them to the Ohio river. This he consented to do, though fearful that the Indians would cross before he could reach the point. Leaving some of the company to take care of the wounded men, the party started, and arrived at the Ohio the next day, about an hour after the Indians had crossed. The water was yet muddy in the horses' trails, and the rafts that the red men had used were floating down the opposite shore. The company was now unanimous for returning home. Hughes said he wanted to find out who the cowards were. He said that if any of them would go with him, he would cross the river, and scalp some of the Indians. Not one could be found to accompany the daring ranger, who thus had full satisfaction for the captain's insult. He said he would go by himself, and take a scalp, or leave his own with the savages. The company started for home, and Hughes went up the river three or four miles, then made a raft, crossed the river, and camped for the night. The next day, he found the Indian trail, pursued it very cautiously, and about ten miles from the Ohio, came upon the camp. There was but one Indian in it; the rest were all out

hunting. The red man was seated, singing, and playing on some bones, made into a rude musical instrument, when Hughes crept up and shot him. The ranger then took the scalp, and hastened home in triumph, to tell his adventures to his less daring companions.

FORT HENRY.

Siege of Fort Henry.

The siege of Fort Henry, at the mouth of Wheeling creek, in the year 1777, is one of the most memorable events in Indian warfare—remarkable for the indomitable bravery displayed by the garrison in general, and for some thrilling attendant incidents. The fort stood immediately on the left bank of the Ohio river, about a quarter of a mile above Wheeling creek, and at much less distance from an eminence which rises abruptly from the bottom land. The space inclosed was about three quarters of an acre. In shape the fort was a parallelogram, having a block-house at each corner with lines of pickets eight feet high between. Within the inclosures was a store-house, barrack-rooms, garrison-well, and a number of cabins for the use of families. The principal entrance was a gateway on the eastern side of the fort. Much of the adjacent land was cleared and cultivated, and near the base of the hill stood some twenty-five or thirty cabins, which form the rude beginning of the present city of Wheeling. The fort is said to have been planned by General George Rogers Clarke; and was constructed by Ebenezer Zane and John Caldwell. When first erected, it was called Fort Fincastle but the name was afterwards changed in compliment to Patrick Henry the renowned orator and patriotic governor of Virginia.

At the time of the commencement of the siege, the garrison of Fort Henry numbered only forty-two men, some of whom were enfeebled by age while others were mere boys. All, however, were excellent marksmen, and most of them, skilled in border warfare. Colonel David Shepherd, was a brave and resolute officer in whom the borderers had full confidence. The store-house was well-supplied with small arms, particularly muskets, but sadly deficient in ammunition.

In the early part of September, 1777, it was ascertained that a large Indian army was concentrating on the Sandusky river, under the command of the bold, active, and skilful renegade, Simon Girty. Colonel Shepherd had many trusty and efficient scouts on the watch; but Girty deceived them all and actually brought his whole force of between four and five hundred Indians before Fort Henry before his real object was discovered.

PATRICK HENRY.

On the 26th, an alarm being given all the inhabitants in the vicinity repaired to the fort for safety. At break of day, on the 27th, Colonel Shepherd, wishing to dispatch an express to the nearest settlements for aid, sent a white man and a negro to bring in some horses. While these men were passing through the cornfield south of the fort, they encountered a party of six Indians, one of whom raised his gun and brought the white man to the ground. The negro fled and reached the fort without receiving any injury. As soon as he related his story, Colonel Shepherd dispatched Captain Mason, with fourteen men, to dislodge the Indians from the cornfield. Mason marched almost to the creek without finding any Indians, and was about to return, when he was furiously assailed in front, flank and rear by the whole of Girty's army. Of course, the little band was thrown into confusion, but the brave captain rallied his men, and taking the lead, hewed a passage through the savage host. In the struggle, more than half of the party were slain, and the gallant Mason severely wounded. An Indian fired at the captain at the distance of five paces and wounded, but did not disable him. Turning about, he hurled his gun, felled the savage to the earth, and then succeeded in hiding himself in a pile of fallen timbers, where he was compelled to remain to the end of the siege. Only two of his men survived the fight, and they owed their safety to the heaps of logs and brush which abounded in the cornfield.

As soon as the perilous situation of Captain Mason became known at the fort, Captain Ogle was sent out with twelve men, to cover his retreat. This party fell into an ambuscade and two-thirds of the number were slain upon the spot. Captain Ogle found a place of concealment, where he was obliged to remain until the end of the siege. Sergeant Jacob Ogle, though mortally wounded, managed to escape, with two soldiers into the woods.

The Indian army now advanced to the assault, with terrific yells. A few shots from the garrison, however, compelled them to halt. Girty then changed the order of attack. Parties of Indians were placed in such of the village-houses as commanded a view of the block-houses. A strong party occupied the yard of Ebenezer Zane, about fifty yards from the fort, using a paling fence as a cover, while the main force was posted under cover on the edge of a cornfield to act as occasion might require.

Girty then appeared at the window of a cabin, with a white flag in his hand, and

demanded the surrender of the fort in the name of his Britanic majesty. At this time, the garrison numbered only twelve men and two boys. Yet the gallant Colonel Shepherd promptly replied to the summons, that the fort should never be surrendered to the renegade. Girty renewed his proposition, but before he could finish his harangue, a thoughtless youth fired at the speaker and brought the conference to an abrupt termination. Girty disappeared, and in about fifteen minutes, the Indians opened a heavy fire upon the fort, and continued it without much intermission for the space of six hours. The fire of the little garrison, however, was much more destructive than that of the assailants. About one o'clock, the Indians ceased firing and fell back against the base of the hill.

THE ALARM AT FORT HENRY.

The colonel resolved to take advantage of the intermission to send for a keg of powder, which was known to be in the house of Ebenezer Zane, about sixty yards from the fort. Several young men promptly volunteered for this dangerous service; but Shepherd could only spare one, and the young men could not determine who that should be. At this critical moment, a young lady, sister of Ebenezer Zane, came forward, and asked that she might be permitted to execute the service; and so earnestly did she argue for the proposition, that permission was reluctantly granted. The gate was opened, and the heroic girl passed out. The opening of the gate arrested the attention of several Indians who were straggling through the village, but they permitted Miss Zane to pass without molestation. When she reappeared with the powder in her arms, the Indians, suspecting the character of her burden, fired a volley at her, but she reached the fort in safety. Let the name of Elizabeth Zane be remembered among the heroic of her sex.

About half-past two o'clock, the savages again advanced and renewed their fire. An impetuous attack was made upon the south side of the fort, but the garrison poured upon the assailants a destructive fire from the two lower block-houses. At the same time, a party of eighteen or twenty Indians, armed with rails and billets of wood, rushed out of Zane's yard and made an attempt to force open the gate of the fort. Five or six of the number were shot down, and then the attempt was abandoned. The Indians then opened a fire upon the fort from all sides, except that next the river, which afforded no shelter to besiegers. On the north and east the battle raged fiercely. As night came on the fire of the enemy

slackened. Soon after dark, a party of savages advanced within sixty yards of the fort, bringing a hollow maple log which they had loaded to the muzzle and intended to use it as a cannon. The match was applied and the wooden piece bursted, killing or wounding several of those who stood near it. The disappointed party then dispersed.

Late in the evening, Francis Duke, son-in-law of Colonel Shepherd, arriving from the Forks of Wheeling, was shot down before he could reach the fort. About four o'clock next morning, Colonel Swearingen, with fourteen men, arrived from Cross Creek, and was fortunate enough to fight his way into the fort without losing a single man.

This reinforcement was cheering to the wearied garrison. More relief was at hand. About daybreak, Major Samuel M'Culloch, with forty mounted men from Short Creek, arrived. The gate was thrown open, and the men, though closely beset by the enemy, entered the fort. But Major M'Culloch was not so fortunate. The Indians crowded round and separated him from the party. After several ineffectual attempts to force his way to the gate, he turned and galloped off in the direction of Wheeling Hill.

DARING FEAT OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

When he was hemmed in by the Indians before the fort, they might have taken his life without difficulty, but they had weighty reasons for desiring to take him alive. From the very commencement of the war, his reputation as an Indian hunter was as great as that of any white man on the north-western border. He had participated in so many rencontres that almost every warrior possessed a knowledge of his person. Among the Indians his name was a word of terror; they cherished against him feelings of the most phrenzied hatred, and there was not a Mingo or Wyandotte chief before Fort Henry who would not have given the lives of twenty of his warriors to secure to himself the living body of Major M'Culloch. When, therefore, the man whom they had long marked out as the first object of their vengeance, appeared in their midst, they made almost superhuman efforts to acquire possession of his person. The fleetness of M'Culloch's well-trained steed was scarcely greater than that of his enemies, who, with flying strides, moved on in pursuit. At length the hunter reached the top of the hill, and, turning to the left, darted along the ridge with the intention of making the best of his way to Shor' creek. A ride of a few hundred yards in that

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

After the escape of the major, the Indians concentrated at the foot of the hill, and soon after set fire to all the houses and fences outside of the fort, and killed about three hundred cattle. They then raised the siege and retired.

The whole loss sustained by the whites during this remarkable siege, was twenty-six men killed and four or five wounded. The loss of the enemy was from sixty to one hundred men. As they removed their dead, exact information on the subject could not be obtained.

The gallant Colonel Shepherd deserved the thanks of the frontier settlers for his conduct on this occasion, and Governor Henry appointed him county lieutenant as a token of his esteem. A number of females, who were in the fort, undismayed by the dreadful strife, employed themselves in running bullets and performing various little services; and thus excited much enthusiasm among the men. Perhaps, a more heroic band was never gathered together in garrison than that which defended Fort Henry, and it would be unjust to mention any one as particularly distinguished. We have named the commander only because of his position.

Simon Girty.

During the long warfare maintained between the pioneers of the west and the Indians, the latter were greatly assisted by some renegade white men. Of these, Simon Girty was the most noted and influential. He led several important expeditions against the settlements of Virginia and Kentucky, displayed much courage, energy, and conduct, and was the object of bitter hatred on the frontier. Recent investigations into the stirring events of his career have shown that however bad he might have been, much injustice has been done his memory by border historians.

Simon Girty was born and reared in Western Pennsylvania, near the Virginia line. His parents are said to have been very dissipated, and this, perhaps, had some influence in disgusting him with life in the settlements. Becoming skilled in woodcraft, he served with young Simon Kenton, as a scout upon the frontiers. He joined the Virginia army in Dunmore's wars, and, it is said, showed considerable ambition to become distinguished as a soldier. He was disappointed, and so far from gaining promotion, was, for a trifling offence, publicly disgraced, it is said, through the influence of Colonel Gibson. The proud spirit of Girty could not brook such a blow. With a burning thirst for revenge, he fled from the settlements, and took refuge among the Wyandottes.

The talents of the renegade were of the kind and of the degree to secure influence among the red men. He excelled the majority of them in council and field, and neither forgave a foe, nor forgot a friend. He was successful in many expeditions after plunder and scalps, and spared none because they were of his own race. He was cruel as many of the borderers were cruel. Becoming an Indian, he had an Indian's hatred of the whites. The borderers seldom showed a red man mercy, and they could not expect any better treatment in return.

The exertions of Girty to save his friend, Simon Kenton, from a horrible death, have been noticed in another place. That he did not make such exertions more frequently on the side of humanity is scarcely a matter of wonder—inasmuch as he could not have done so consistently with a due regard to his own safety. After he had become a renegade, the borderers would not permit a return; and as he

was forced to reside among the Indians, he was right in securing their favor. Besides saving Kenton, he posted his brother, James Girty, upon the banks of the Ohio, to warn passengers in boats not to be lured to the shore by the arts of the Indians, or of the white men in their service. This was a pure act of humanity. The conduct of Girty on another memorable occasion, the burning of Colonel William Crawford, was more suspicious.

COLONEL CRAWFORD AND HIS FRIENDS, PRISONERS.

In the early part of the year 1782, the incursions of the Indians became so harassing and destructive to the inhabitants of Western Pennsylvania, that an expedition against the Wyandotte towns was concerted, and the command given to Colonel Crawford. On the 22d of May, the army, consisting of four hundred and fifty men, commenced its march, and proceeded due west as far as the Moravian towns, where some of the volunteers deserted. The main body, however, marched on, with unabated spirit. The Indians, discovering the advance of the invaders gathered a considerable force, and took up a strong position, determined to fight. Crawford moved forward in order of battle, and on the afternoon of the 6th of June, encountered the enemy. The conflict continued fiercely until night, when the Indians drew off, and Crawford's men slept on the field. In the morning, the battle was renewed, but at a greater distance, and, during the day, neither party suffered much. The delay, however, was fatal to Crawford; for the Indians received large reinforcements. As soon as it was dark, a council of war was held, and it was resolved to retreat as rapidly as possible. By nine o'clock, all the necessary arrangements had been made, and the retreat began in good order. After an advance of about a hundred yards, a firing was heard in the rear, and the troops, seized with a panic, broke and fled in confusion, each man trying to save himself. The Indians came on rapidly in pursuit and plied the tomahawk and scalping-knife without mercy. Colonel Crawford and Dr. Knight were captured, at a distance from the main body—which was soon dispersed in every direction.

On the morning of the 10th of June, Crawford, Knight, and nine other prisoners, were conducted to the old town of Sandusky. The main body of the Indians halted within eight miles of the village; but as Colonel Crawford expressed great anxiety to speak with Simon Girty, who was then at Sandusky, he was permitted to go under the care of the Indians. On the morning of the 11th of June, the

colonel was brought back from Sandusky on purpose to march into town with the other prisoners. To Knight's inquiry as to whether he had seen Girty, he replied in the affirmative, and added, that the renegade had promised to use his influence for the safety of the prisoners, though as the Indians were much exasperated by the recent outrages of the whites at Guadenhutten upon the unresisting Moravian red men, he was fearful that all pleading would be in vain.

Soon afterwards, Captain Pipe, the great chief of the Delawares, appeared. This distinguished warrior had a prepossessing appearance and bland manners, and his language to the prisoners was kind. His purposes, however, were bloody and revengeful. With his own hands he painted every prisoner black! As they were conducted towards the town, the captives observed the bodies of four of their friends, tomahawked and scalped. This was regarded as a sad presage. In a short time, they overtook the five prisoners who remained alive. They were seated on the ground, and surrounded by a crowd of Indian squaws and boys, who taunted and menaced them. Crawford and Knight were compelled to sit down apart from the rest, and immediately afterwards the doctor was given to a Shawnee warrior, to be conducted to their town. The boys and squaws then fell upon the other prisoners, and tomahawked them in a moment. Crawford was then driven towards the village, Girty accompanying the party on horseback.

Presently, a large fire was seen, around which were more than thirty warriors, and about double that number of boys and squaws. As soon as the colonel arrived, he was stripped naked, and compelled to sit on the ground. The squaws and boys then fell upon him, and beat him severely with their fists and sticks. In a few minutes, a large stake was fixed in the ground, and piles of hickory poles were spread around it.

Colonel Crawford's hands were then tied behind his back; a strong rope was produced, one end of which was fastened to the ligature between his wrists, and the other tied to the bottom of the stake. The rope was long enough to permit him to walk round the stake several times and then return. Fire was then applied to the hickory poles, which lay in piles at the distance of six or seven yards from the stake.

The colonel observing these terrible preparations, called to Girty, who sat on horseback, at the distance of a few yards from the fire, and asked if the Indians

were going to burn him. Girty replied in the affirmative. The colonel heard the intelligence with firmness, merely observing that he would bear it with fortitude. When the hickory poles had been burnt asunder in the middle, Captain Pipe arose and addressed the crowd, in a tone of great energy, and with animated gestures, pointing frequently to the colonel, who regarded him with an appearance of unruffled composure. As soon as he had ended, a loud whoop burst from the assembled throng, and they all rushed at once upon the unfortunate Crawford. For several seconds, the crowd was so great around him, that Knight could not see what they were doing; but in a short time, they had dispersed sufficiently to give him a view of the colonel.

His ears had been cut off, and the blood was streaming down each side of his face. A terrible scene of torture now commenced. The warriors shot charges of powder into his naked body, commencing with the calves of his legs, and continuing to his neck. The boys snatched the burning hickory poles and applied them to his flesh. As fast as he ran around the stake, to avoid one party of tormentors, he was promptly met at every turn by others, with burning poles, red hot irons, and rifles loaded with powder only; so that in a few minutes nearly one hundred charges of powder had been shot into his body, which had become black and blistered in a dreadful manner. The squaws would take up a quantity of coals and hot ashes, and throw them upon his body, so that in a few minutes he had nothing but fire to walk upon.

CAPTAIN PIPE.

In the extremity of his agony, the unhappy colonel called aloud upon Girty, in tones which rang through Knight's brain with maddening effect: "Girty! Girty!! shoot me through the heart!! Quick! quick!! Do not refuse me!!"

"Don't you see I have no gun, colonel!!" replied the renegade, bursting into a loud laugh, and then turning to an Indian beside him, he uttered some brutal jests upon the naked and miserable appearance of the prisoner. While this awful scene was being acted, Girty rode up to the spot where Dr. Knight stood, and told him that he had now had a foretaste of what was in reserve for him at the Shawnee towns. He swore that he need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all the extremity of torture.

Knight, whose mind was deeply agitated at the sight of the fearful scene before

him, took no notice of Girty, but preserved an impenetrable silence. Girty, after contemplating the colonel's sufferings for a few moments, turned again to Knight, and indulged in a bitter invective against a certain Colonel Gibson, from whom, he said, he had received deep injury; and dwelt upon the delight with which he would see him undergo such tortures as those which Crawford was then suffering. He observed, in a taunting tone, that most of the prisoners had said, that the white people would not injure him, if the chance of war was to throw him into their power; but that for his own part, he should be loath to try the experiment. "I think, (added he with a laugh,) that they would roast me alive, with more pleasure than those red fellows are now broiling the colonel! What is your opinion, doctor? Do you think they would be glad to see me?" Still Knight made no answer, and in a few minutes Girty rejoined the Indians.

The terrible scene had now lasted more than two hours, and Crawford had become much exhausted. He walked slowly around the stake, spoke in a low tone, and earnestly besought God to look with compassion upon him, and pardon his sins. His nerves had lost much of their sensibility, and he no longer shrunk from the firebrands with which they incessantly touched him. At length he sunk in a fainting fit upon his face, and lay motionless. Instantly an Indian sprung upon his back, knelt lightly upon one knee, made a circular incision with his knife upon the crown of his head, and clapping the knife between his teeth, tore the scalp off with both hands. Scarcely had this been done, when a withered hag approached with a board full of burning embers, and poured them upon the crown of his head, now laid bare to the bone. The colonel groaned deeply, arose, and again walked slowly around the stake! But why continue a description so horrible? Nature at length could endure no more, and at a late hour in the night, he was released by death from the hands of his tormentors. ^[B]

Whether Girty really took pleasure in the torture of Colonel Crawford, or was forced by circumstances to seem to enjoy it is a question which historians have generally been in too much haste to determine. It is well known that at the time of Crawford's expedition the Indians were very much exasperated by the cold-blooded slaughter of the Moravian red men at Guadenhutten—an atrocity without a parallel in border warfare, and to have seemed merciful to the whites for a single moment would have been fatal to Girty. Indeed, it is said, that, when he spoke of ransoming the colonel, Captain Pipe threatened him with death at the stake. Let justice be rendered even to the worst of criminals.

Dr. Knight, made bold or desperate by the torture he had witnessed, effected his escape from the Shawnee warrior to whose care he was committed, and after

much suffering, reached the settlements. From him the greater portion of the account of Crawford's death is derived, and corrected by the statements of Indians present on the occasion. Simon Girty never forsook the Indians among whom he had made his home; but his influence gradually diminished. Some accounts say that he perished in the battle of the Thames; while others assert that he lived to extreme old age in Canada, where his descendants are now highly respected citizens.

[B]

M'Clurg.

Joshua Fleehart.

Extraordinary strength and activity, with the most daring courage and a thorough knowledge of life in the woods, won for Joshua Fleehart a high reputation among the first settlers of Western Virginia and Ohio. When the Ohio Company founded its settlement at Marietta, in April, 1778, Fleehart was employed as a scout and a hunter. In this service he had no superior north of the Ohio. At periods of the greatest danger, when the Indians were known to be much incensed against the whites, he would start from the settlement with no companion but his dog, and ranging within about twenty miles of an Indian town, would build his cabin and trap and hunt during nearly the whole season. On one occasion this reckless contempt of danger almost cost the hunter his life.

JOSHUA FLEEART.

Having become tired of the sameness of garrison life, and panting for that freedom among the woods and hills to which he had always been accustomed, late in the fall of 1795, he took his canoe, rifle, traps, and blanket, with no one to accompany him, leaving even his faithful dog in the garrison with his family. As he was going into a dangerous neighborhood, he was fearful lest the voice of his dog might betray him. With a daring and intrepidity which few men possess, he pushed his canoe up the Sciota river a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, into the Indian country, amidst their best hunting-grounds for the bear and the beaver, where no white man had dared to venture. These two were the main object of his pursuit, and the hills of Brush creek were said to abound in bear, and the small streams that fell into the Sciota were well suited to the haunts of the beaver.

The spot chosen for his winter's residence was within twenty-five or thirty miles of the Indian town of Chillicothe, but as they seldom go far to hunt in the winter, he had little to fear from their interruption. For ten or twelve weeks he trapped and hunted in this solitary region unmolested; luxuriating on the roasted tails of

the beaver, and drinking the oil of the bear, an article of diet which is considered by the children of the forest as giving health to the body, with strength and activity to the limbs. His success had equalled his most sanguine expectations, and the winter passed away so quietly and so pleasantly, that he was hardly aware of its progress. About the middle of February, he began to make up the peltry he had captured into packages, and to load his canoe with the proceeds of his winter's hunt, which for safety had been secreted in the willows, a few miles below the little bark hut in which he had lived. The day before that which he had fixed on for his departure, as he was returning to his camp, just at evening, Fleehart's acute ear caught the report of a rifle in the direction of the Indian towns, but at so remote a distance, that none but a backwoodsman could have distinguished the sound. This hastened his preparations for decamping. Nevertheless he slept quietly, but rose the following morning before the dawn; cooked and ate his last meal in the little hut to which he had become quite attached.

FLEEART SHOOTING THE INDIAN.

The sun had just risen, while he was sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, examining the priming and lock of his gun, casually casting a look up the river bank, he saw an Indian slowly approaching with his eyes intently fixed on the ground, carefully inspecting the track of his moccasins, left in the soft earth as he returned to his hut the evening before. He instantly cocked his gun, stepped behind a tree, and waited till the Indian came within the sure range of his shot. He then fired and the Indian fell. Rushing from the cover on his prostrate foe, he was about to apply the scalping knife; but seeing the shining silver broaches, and broad bands on his arms, he fell to cutting them loose, and tucking them into the bosom of his hunting shirt. While busily occupied in securing the spoils, the sharp crack of a rifle and the passage of the ball through the bullet pouch at his side, caused him to look up, when he saw three Indians within a hundred yards of him. They being too numerous for him to encounter, he seized his rifle and took to flight. The other two, as he ran, fired at him without effect. The chase was continued for several miles by two of the Indians, who were the swiftest runners. He often stopped and "treed," hoping to get a shot and kill or disable one of them, and then overcome the other at his leisure. His pursuers also "treed," and by flanking to the right and left, forced him to uncover or stand the

chance of a shot.

He finally concluded to leave the level grounds, on which the contest had thus far been held, and take to the high hills which lie back of the bottoms. His strong, muscular limbs here gave him the advantage, as he could ascend the steep hill sides more rapidly than his pursuers. The Indians, seeing they could not overtake him, as a last effort stopped and fired. One of the balls cut away the handle of his hunting-knife, jerking it so violently against his side, that for a moment he thought he was wounded. He immediately returned the fire, and, with a yell of vexation, they gave up the chase.

Fleehart made a circuit among the hills, and just at dark came in to the river, near where the canoe lay hid. Springing lightly on board, he paddled down stream. Being greatly fatigued with the efforts of the day, he lay down in the canoe, and when he awoke in the morning the boat was just entering the Ohio river. Crossing over to the southern shore, he, in a few days, pushed his canoe up to Farmer's Castle, without further adventure, where he showed the rich packages of peltry, as the proceeds of his winter's hunt, and displayed the brilliant silver ornaments, as trophies of his victory, to the envy and admiration of his less venturous companions.^[C]

[C]

Hildreth's Pioneer History.

A MOUNTED RANGER.

Indian Fight on the Little Muskingum.

In the latter part of September, 1789, an alarm being given that Indians had been seen in the Campus Martius, on the Ohio, a party consisting of five or six rangers, ten volunteer citizens, and twelve regular soldiers was collected for pursuit.

The men went up in canoes to the mouth of Duck creek, where they left their water craft. The more experienced rangers soon fell upon the trail, which they traced across the wide bottoms on to the Little Muskingum. At a point about half a mile below where Conner's mill now stands, the Indians forded the creek. In a hollow, between the hills, about a mile east of the creek, they discovered the smoke of their camp fire. The rangers now divided the volunteers into two flanking parties, with one of the spies at the head of each, and three of their number to act in front. By the time the flankers had come in range of the camp, the Indians discovered their pursuers, by the noise of the soldiers who lagged behind, and were not so cautious in their movement. They instantly fled up the run on which they were encamped. Two of their number leaving the main body, ascended the point of a hill, with a ravine on the right and left of it.

AN INDIAN BRAVE.

The rangers now began to fire, while the Indians, each one taking his tree, returned the shot. One of the two Indians on the spur of the ridge was wounded through the hips, by one of the spies on the right, who pushed on manfully to gain the flanks of the enemy. The men in front came on more slowly, and as they began to ascend the point of the ridge, Ned Henderson, who was posted on high ground, cried out "Kerr! Kerr! there is an Indian behind that white oak, and he will kill some of you." Kerr instantly sprung behind a large tree, and Peter Anderson, who was near him, behind a hickory, too small to cover more than half his body, while John Wiser jumped down into the ravine. At that instant the

Indian fired at Anderson, and as John looked over the edge of the bank to learn the effect of the shot, he saw Peter wiping the dust of the hickory bark out of his eyes. The ball grazed the tree, just opposite his nose, and glancing off did him no serious harm, but filling his eyes with the dust, and cutting his nose with the splinters. At the same time Henderson, with others, fired at the Indian, and he fell with several balls through his body. The brave fellow who was killed lost his life in a noble effort to aid his friend, who had been wounded through the hips, and could not spring up on to the little bench, or break in the ridge, where he was standing.

While occupied in this labor of love, the rangers on his flanks had so far advanced, that the shelter of the friendly tree could no longer secure him from their shots, as it had done while his enemies were more in front of him. The wounded Indian escaped for the present, although it is probable he died soon after. The other five Indians, there being seven in the party, seeing that their enemies outnumbered them so greatly, after firing a few times, made a circuit to the right and came up in the rear of the soldiers, who were occupying themselves with the contents of the kettle of hog meat and potatoes, which the Indians in their hurry had left boiling over the fire. The first notice they had of their danger was the report of their rifles. It made a huge uproar among the musketeers, who taking to flight, ran in great alarm for protection to the rangers. As it happened the Indians were too far off to do much harm, and no one was injured but one poor fellow, who was shot through the seat of his trowsers, just grazing the skin. He tumbled into the brook by the side of the camp, screaming at the top of his voice, "I am kill'd, I am kill'd," greatly to the amusement of the rangers, who were soon at his side, and dragging him out of the water, searched in vain for the mortal wound. The dead Indian was scalped, and his rifle and blanket taken as the legitimate plunder of a conquered foe. The other five retreated out of reach of the rangers, after their feat of frightening the soldiers. They returned to the garrison, well pleased that none of their men were killed, but much vexed with the soldiers, whose indiscretion had prevented their destroying the whole of the Indians, had they encircled them as first arranged by the leaders of the party. It served as a warning to the Indians not to approach too near the Yankee garrison, as their rangers were brave men, whose eyes and ears were always open.^[D]

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THE DEFIANCE.

Escape of Return J. Meigs.

During the continuance of the Indian wars, from 1790 to 1795, it was customary for the inmates of all the garrisons to cultivate considerable fields of Indian corn and other vegetables near the walls of their defences. Although hazardous in the extreme, it was preferable to starvation. For a part of that time no provisions could be obtained from the older settlements above, on the Monongahela and Ohio; sometimes from a scarcity amongst themselves, and always at great hazard from Indians, who watched the river for the capture of boats. Another reason was the want of money; many of the settlers having expended a large share of their funds in the journey on, and for the purchase of lands, while others had not a single dollar; so that necessity compelled them to plant their fields. The war having commenced so soon after their arrival, and at a time when not expected, as a formal treaty was made with them at Marietta, in January, 1789, which by the way was only a piece of Indian diplomacy, they never intended to abide by it longer than suited their convenience, and no stores being laid up for a siege, they were taken entirely unprepared. So desperate were their circumstances at one period, that serious thoughts of abandoning the country were entertained by many of the leading men. Under these circumstances R. J. Meigs, then a young lawyer, was forced to lay aside the gown, and assume the use of both the sword and plough. It is true that but little ploughing was done, as much of the corn was then raised by planting the virgin soil with a hoe, amongst the stumps and logs of the clearing, after burning off the brush and light stuff. In this way large crops were invariably produced; so that nearly all the implements needed were the axe and the hoe. It so happened that Mr. Meigs, whose residence was in Campus Martius, the garrison on the east side of the Muskingum river, had planted a field of corn on the west side of that stream in the vicinity of Fort Harmar. To reach this field the river was to be crossed near his residence in a canoe, and the space between the landing and his crop, a distance of about half a mile, to be passed by an obscure path through a thick wood.

AN INDIAN WARRIOR.

Early in June, 1792, Mr. Meigs, having completed the labor of the day a little before night, set out on his return home in company with Joseph Symonds and a colored boy, which he had brought with him as a servant from Connecticut. Immediately on leaving the field they entered the forest through which they had to pass before reaching the canoe. Symonds and the boy were unarmed; Mr. Meigs carried a small shot-gun, which he had taken with him for the purpose of shooting a turkey, which at that day abounded to an extent that would hardly be credited at this time. Flocks of several hundred were not uncommon, and of a size and fatness that would excite the admiration of an epicure of any period of the world, even of Apicius himself. Meeting, however, with no turkies, he had discharged his gun at a large snake which crossed his path. They had now arrived within a few rods of the landing, when two Indians, who had been for some time watching their movements and heard the discharge of the gun, sprang into the path behind them, fired and shot Symonds through the shoulder. He being an excellent swimmer, rushed down the bank and into the Muskingum river; where, turning on his back, he was enabled to support himself on the surface until he floated down near Fort Harmar, where he was taken up by a canoe. His wound, although a dangerous one, was healed, and he was alive twenty years afterwards. The black boy followed Symonds into the river as far as he could wade, but being no swimmer, was unable to get out of reach of the Indian who pursued them, and was seized and dragged on shore. The Indian who had captured him was desirous of making him a prisoner, which he so obstinately refused, and made so much resistance that he finally tomahawked and scalped him near the edge of the water. To this alternative he was in a manner compelled, rather than lose both prisoner and scalp, as the rangers and men at Campus Martius had commenced firing at him from the opposite shore. The first shot was fired by a spirited black man in the service of Commodore Abraham Whipple, who was employed near the river at the time.

From some accident, it appears that only one of the Indians was armed with a rifle, while the other had a tomahawk and knife. After Symonds was shot, Mr. Meigs immediately faced about in order to retreat to Fort Harmar. The savage armed with the rifle, had placed himself in the path, intending to cut off his escape, but had no time to reload before his intended victim clubbed his gun and rushed upon his antagonist. As he passed, Mr. Meigs aimed a blow at his head, which the Indian returned with his rifle. From the rapidity of the movement, neither of them were seriously injured, although it staggered both considerably,

yet neither fell to the ground. Instantly recovering from the shock, he pursued his course to the fort with the Indian close at his heels. Mr. Meigs was in the vigor of early manhood, and had, by frequent practice in the race, become a very swift runner. His foeman was also very fleet, and amongst the most active of their warriors, as none but such were sent into the settlements on marauding excursions. The race continued for sixty or eighty rods with little advantage on either side, when Mr. Meigs gradually increased his distance ahead, and leaping across a deep run that traversed the path, the Indian stopped on the brink, threw his tomahawk, and gave up the pursuit with one of those fierce yells which rage and disappointment both served to sharpen. It was distinctly heard at both the forts. About sixteen years since, an Indian tomahawk was ploughed up near this spot, and was most probably the one thrown at Mr. Meigs; as the rescue and pursuit from Fort Harmar was so immediate upon hearing the alarm, that he had no time to recover it. With the scalp of the poor black boy, the Indians ascended the abrupt side of the hill which overlooked the garrison, and shouting defiance to their foes, escaped in the forest.

The excitement was very great at the garrison, and taught the inmates a useful lesson; that of being better armed and more on their guard when they went out on agricultural pursuits. Had Mr. Meigs tried any other expedient than that of facing his enemy and rushing instantly upon him, he must have lost his life, as the Indian was well aware of his gun being unloaded. On his right was the river, on his left a very high hill; beyond him the pathless forest, and between him and the fort his Indian foe. To his sudden and unexpected attack, to his dauntless and intrepid manner, and to his activity, he undoubtedly owed his life.

Estill's Defeat.

One of the most remarkable pioneer fights, in the early history of the west, was that waged by Captain James Estill, and seventeen of his associates, on the 22d of March, 1782, with a party of Wyandotte Indians, twenty-five in number. Seventy-one years almost have elapsed since; yet one of the actors in that sanguinary struggle, Rev. Joseph Proctor, of Estill county, Kentucky, survived to the 2d of December, 1844, dying in the full enjoyment of his faculties at the age of ninety. His wife, the partner of his early privations and toils, and nearly as old as himself, deceased six months previously.

On the 19th of March 1782, Indian rafts, without any one on them, were seen floating down the Kentucky river, past Boonesborough. Intelligence of this fact was immediately dispatched by Colonel Logan to Captain Estill, at his station fifteen miles from Boonesborough, and near the present site of Richmond, Kentucky, together with a force of fifteen men, who were directed to march from Lincoln county to Estill's assistance, instructing Captain Estill, if the Indians had not appeared there, to scour the country with a reconnoitring party, as it could not be known at what point the attack would be made.

SLAUGHTER OF MISS INNES.

Estill lost not a moment in collecting a force to go in search of the savages, not doubting, from his knowledge of the Indian character, that they designed an immediate blow at his or some of the neighboring stations. From his own and the nearest stations, he raised twenty-five men. Whilst Estill and his men were on this excursion, the Indians suddenly appeared around his station at the dawn of day, on the 20th of March, killed and scalped Miss Innes, and took Munk, a slave of Captain Estill, captive. The Indians immediately and hastily retreated, in consequence of a highly exaggerated account which Munk gave them of the strength of the station, and number of fighting men in it. No sooner had the

Indians commenced their retreat, than the women in the fort (the men being all absent except one on the sick list,) dispatched two boys, the late General Samuel South and Peter Hacket, to take the trail of Captain Estill and his men, and, overtaking them, give information of what had occurred at the fort. The boys succeeded in coming up with Captain Estill early on the morning of the 21st, between the mouths of Drowning creek and Red river. After a short search, Captain Estill's party struck the trail of the retreating Indians. It was resolved at once to make pursuit, and no time was lost in doing so. Five men of the party, however, who had families in the fort, feeling uneasy for their safety, and unwilling to trust their defence to the few who remained there, returned to the fort, leaving Captain Estill's party thirty-five in number. These pressed the pursuit of the retreating Indians, as rapidly as possible, but night coming on they encamped near the Little Mountain, at present the site of Mount Sterling.

CAPTAIN ESTILL.

Early next morning they put forward, being obliged to leave ten of the men behind, whose horses were too jaded to travel further. They had not proceeded far until they discovered by fresh tracks of the Indians, that they were not far distant. They then marched in four lines until about an hour before sunset, when they discovered six of the savages helping themselves to rations from the body of a buffalo which they had killed. The company was ordered to dismount. With the usual impetuosity of Kentuckians, some of the party fired without regarding orders, and the Indians fled. One of the party, a Mr. David Cook, who acted as ensign, exceedingly ardent and active, had proceeded in advance of the company, and seeing an Indian halt, raised his gun and fired. At the same moment another Indian crossed on the opposite side, and they were both leveled with the same shot. This occurring in view of the whole company, inspired them all with a high degree of confidence. In the meantime, the main body of Indians had heard the alarm and returned, and the two hostile parties exactly matched in point of numbers, having twenty-five on each side, and were now face to face. The ground was highly favorable to the Indian mode of warfare; but Captain Estill and his men, without a moment's hesitation, boldly and fearlessly commenced an attack upon them, and the latter as boldly and fearlessly (for they were picked warriors) engaged in the bloody combat. It is, however, disgraceful to relate, that, at the very onset of the action, Lieutenant Miller, of Captain

Estill's party, with six men under his command, "ingloriously fled" from the field, thereby placing in jeopardy the whole of their comrades, and causing the death of many brave soldiers. Hence, Estill's party numbered eighteen, and the Wyandottes twenty-five.

The flank becoming thus unprotected, Captain Estill directed Cook with three men to occupy Miller's station, and repel the attack in that quarter to which this base act of cowardice exposed the whole party. The ensign with his party were taking the position assigned, when one of them discovered an Indian and shot him, and the three retreated to a little eminence whence they thought greater execution could be effected with less danger to themselves, but Cook continued to advance without noticing the absence of his party until he had discharged his gun with effect, when he immediately retreated, but after running some distance to a large tree, for the purpose of shelter in firing, he unfortunately got entangled in the tops of fallen timber, and halting for a moment, received a ball which struck him just below the shoulder blade, and came out below his collar bone. In the meantime, on the main field of battle, at the distance of fifty yards, the fight raged with great fury, lasting one hour and three-quarters. On either side wounds and death were inflicted, neither party advancing or retreating. "Every man to his man, and every man to his tree." Captain Estill at this period was covered with blood from a wound received early in the action; nine of his brave companions lay dead upon the field; and four others were so disabled by their wounds, as to be unable to continue the fight. Captain Estill's fighting men were now reduced to four. Among this number was Joseph Proctor.

Captain Estill, the brave leader of this Spartan band, was now brought into a personal conflict with a powerful and active Wyandotte warrior. The conflict was for a time fierce and desperate, and keenly and anxiously watched by Proctor, with his finger on the trigger of his unerring rifle. Such, however, was the struggle between these fierce and powerful warriors, that Proctor could not shoot without greatly endangering the safety of his captain. Estill had had his arm broken the preceding summer in an engagement with the Indians; and, in the conflict with the warrior on this occasion, that arm gave way, and in an instant his savage foe buried his knife in Captain Estill's breast; but in the very same moment, the brave Proctor sent a ball from his rifle to the Wyandotte's heart. The survivors then drew off as by mutual consent.—Thus ended this memorable battle. It wanted nothing but the circumstance of numbers to make it the most memorable in ancient or modern times. The loss of the Indians, in killed and wounded, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers after the shameful retreat of Miller, was even greater than that of Captain Estill.

It was afterwards ascertained by prisoners who were recaptured from the Wyandotte, that seventeen of the Indians had been killed, and two severely wounded. This battle was fought on the same day, with the disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, March 22d, 1782.

There is a tradition derived from the Wyandotte towns, after the peace, that but one of the warriors engaged in this battle ever returned to his nation. It is certain that the chief who led on the Wyandottes with so much desperation, fell in the action. Throughout this bloody engagement the coolness and bravery of Proctor were unsurpassed. But his conduct after the battle has always, with those acquainted with it, elicited the warmest commendation. He brought off the field of battle, and most of the way to the station, a distance of forty miles, on his back, his badly wounded friend, the late brave Colonel William Irvine, so long and so favorably known in Kentucky.

A Pioneer Mother.

The mothers of the west deserve as wide a fame as their fearless husbands and brothers. In no situation were courage and resolution so much required in women as in the western wilderness, during the Indian wars, and even the celebrated heroines of European history seem to us ordinary in comparison.

In the fall of 1779, Samuel Daviess, who resided in Bedford county, Virginia, moved with his family to Kentucky, and lived for a time, at Whitley's station, in Lincoln. After residing for some time in the station, he removed for a time to a place called Gilmer's Lick, some six or seven miles distant from said station, where he built a cabin, cleared some land, which he put in corn next season, not apprehending any danger from the Indians, although he was considered a frontier settler. But this imaginary state of security did not last long; for one morning in August, 1782, having stepped a few paces from his door, he was suddenly surprised by an Indian appearing between him and the door, with tomahawk uplifted, almost within striking distance. In this unexpected condition, and being entirely unarmed, his first thought was, that by running round the house, he could enter the door in safety, but to his surprise, in attempting to effect this object, as he approached the door he found the house full of Indians. Being closely pursued by the Indian first mentioned, he made his way into the cornfield, where he concealed himself with much difficulty, until the pursuing Indian had returned to the house.

SCALPING.

Unable as he was to render any relief to his family, there being five Indians, he ran with the utmost speed to the station of his brother, a distance of five miles. As he approached the station, his undressed condition told the tale of his distresses, before he was able to tell it himself. Almost breathless, and with a faltering voice, he could only say, his wife and children were in the hands of the

Indians. Scarcely was the communication made when he obtained a spare gun, and the five men in the station, well armed, followed him to his residence. When they arrived at the house, the Indians, as well as the family were found to be gone, and no evidence appeared that any of the family had been killed. A search was made to find the direction the Indians had taken; but owing to the dryness of the ground, and the adroit manner in which they had departed, no discovery could be made. In this study and perplexity, the party being all good woodsmen, took that direction in pursuit of the Indians, which they thought it most probable they would take. After going a few miles, their attention was arrested by the howling of a dog, which afterwards turned out to be a house-dog that had followed the family, and which the Indians had undertaken to kill, so as to avoid detection, which might happen from his occasionally barking. In attempting to kill the dog, he was only wounded, which produced the howling that was heard. The noise thus heard, satisfied them that they were near the Indians, and enabled them to rush forward with the utmost impetuosity. Two of the Indians being in the rear as spies, discovering the approach of the party, ran forward to where the Indians were with the family—one of them knocked down the oldest boy, about eleven years old, and while in the act of scalping him, was fired at, but without effect. Mrs. Daviess, seeing the agitation and alarm of the Indians, saved herself and sucking child, by jumping into a sink hole. The Indians did not stand to make fight, but fled in the most precipitate manner. In that way the family was rescued by nine o'clock in the morning, without the loss of a single life, and without any injury but that above mentioned. So soon as the boy had risen on his feet, the first words he spoke were, "Curse that Indian, he has got my scalp!" After the family had been rescued, Mrs. Daviess gave the following account of how the Indians had acted.

GOING INTO CAPTIVITY.

A few minutes after her husband had opened the door and stepped out of the house, four Indians rushed in, whilst the fifth, as she afterwards learned, was in pursuit of her husband. Herself and children were in bed when the Indians entered the house. One of the Indians immediately made signs, by which she understood him to inquire how far it was to the next house. With an unusual presence of mind, knowing how important it would be to make the distance as far as possible, she raised both her hands, first counting the fingers of one hand,

then of the other—making a distance of eight miles. The Indian then signed to her that she must rise; she immediately got up, and as soon as she could dress herself, commenced showing the Indians one article of clothing after another, which pleased them very much; and in that way, delayed them at the house nearly two hours. In the meantime, the Indian who had been in pursuit of her husband, returned with his hands stained with poke berries, which he held up, and with some violent gestures, and waving of his tomahawk, attempted to induce the belief, that the stain on his hands was the blood of her husband, and that he had killed him. She was enabled at once to discover the deception, and instead of producing any alarm on her part, she was satisfied that her husband had escaped uninjured.

After the savages had plundered the house of everything that they could conveniently carry off with them, they started, taking Mrs. Daviess and her children—seven in number, as prisoners along with them. Some of the children were too young to travel as fast as the Indians wished, and discovering, as she believed, their intention to kill such of them as could not conveniently travel, she made the two oldest boys carry them on their backs. The Indians, in starting from the house, were very careful to leave no signs of the direction which they had taken, not even permitting the children to break a twig or weed, as they passed along. They had not gone far, before an Indian drew a knife and cut off a few inches of Mrs. Daviess' dress, so that she would not be interrupted in travelling.

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

The boy who had been scalped, was greatly disfigured, as the hair never after grew upon that part of the head. He often wished for an opportunity to avenge himself upon the Indians for the injury he had received. Unfortunately for himself, ten years afterwards, the Indians came to the neighborhood of his father and stole a number of horses.

Himself and a party of men went in pursuit of them, and after following them for

some days, the Indians finding that they were likely to be overtaken, placed themselves in ambush, and when their pursuers came up, killed young Daviess and one other man; so that he ultimately fell into their hands when about twenty-one years old.

The next year after the father died; his death being caused, as it was supposed, by the extraordinary efforts he made to release his family from the Indians.

We cannot close this account, without noticing an act of courage displayed by Mrs. Daviess, calculated to exhibit her character in its true point of view.

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

The Squatter's Wife and Daughter.

On the Illinois river, near two hundred miles from its junction with the Mississippi, there lived in 1812, an old pioneer, known in those days as "Old Parker the squatter." His family consisted of a wife and three children, the oldest a boy of nineteen, a girl of seventeen, and the youngest a boy of fourteen. At the time of which we write, Parker and his oldest boy had gone in company with three Indians on a hunt, expecting to be absent some five or six days.—The third day after the departure, one of the Indians returned to Parker's house, came in and sat himself down by the fire, lit his pipe and commenced smoking in silence. Mrs. Parker thought nothing of this, as it was no uncommon thing for one or sometimes more of a party of Indians to return abruptly from a hunt, at some sign they might consider ominous of bad luck, and in such instances were not very communicative. But at last the Indian broke silence with "ugh, old Parker die." This exclamation immediately drew Mrs. Parker's attention, who directly enquired of the Indian, what's the matter with Parker? The Indian responded Parker sick, tree fell on him, you go, he die. Mrs. Parker then asked the Indian if Parker had sent for her, and where he was? The replies of the Indian somewhat aroused her suspicions. She, however, came to the conclusion to send her son with the Indian to see what was the matter. The boy and Indian started. That night passed, and the next day too, and neither the boy or Indian returned. This confirmed Mrs. Parker in her opinion that there was foul play on the part of the Indians. So she and her daughter went to work and barricaded the door and windows in the best way they could. The youngest boy's rifle was the only one left, he not having taken it with him when he went to hunt after his father. The old lady took the rifle, the daughter the axe, and thus armed they determined to watch through the night; and defend themselves if necessary. They had not long to wait after night fall, for shortly after that some one commenced knocking at the door, crying out "Mother! mother!" but Mrs. Parker thought the voice was not exactly like that of her son—in order to ascertain the fact, she said "Jake, where are the Indians?" The reply which was "um gone," satisfied her on that point. She then said, as if speaking to her son, "Put your ear to the latch-hole of the door I want to tell you something before I open the door." The head was

placed at the latch-hole, and the old lady fired through the same spot and killed an Indian. She stepped back from the door instantly, and it was well she did so, for quicker than I have penned the last two words two rifle bullets came crashing through the door. The old lady then said to her daughter, "Thank God there are but two, I must have killed the one at the door—they must be the three who went on the hunt with your father. If we can only kill or cripple another of them, we will be safe; now we must both be still after they fire again, and they will then break the door down, and I may be able to shoot another one; but if I miss them when getting in, you must use the axe."—The daughter equally courageous with her mother assured her she would. Soon after this conversation two more rifle bullets came crashing through the window. A death-like stillness ensued for about five minutes, when two more balls in quick succession were fired through the door, then followed a tremendous punching with a log, the door gave way, and with a fiendish yell an Indian was about to spring in, when the unerring rifle fired by the old lady stretched his lifeless body across the thresh-hold of the door. The remaining, or more properly the surviving Indian fired at random and ran, doing no injury. "Now" said the old heroine to her undaunted daughter "we must leave." Accordingly with the rifle and the axe, they went to the river, took the canoe, and without a mouthful of provision except one wild duck and two black birds which the mother shot, and which were eaten raw, did these two courageous hearts in six days arrive among the old French settlers at St. Louis. A party of about a dozen men crossed over into Illinois—and after an unsuccessful search returned without finding either Parker or his boys. They were never found. There are yet some of the old settlers in the neighborhood of Peoria who still point out the spot where "old Parker the squatter" lived.

ATTACK ON CAPTAIN HUBBELL'S BOAT.

Captain William Hubbell.

In the year 1791, when the Indians were very troublesome on the banks of the Ohio, Captain William Hubbell, Mr. Daniel Light, Mr. William Plascut, Mrs. Plascut and eight children embarked in a flat-bottomed boat to proceed down the Ohio.

On their progress down the river, and soon after passing Pittsburgh, they saw evident traces of Indians along the banks, and there is every reason to believe that a boat which they overtook, and which, through carelessness, was suffered to run aground on an island, became a prey to these merciless savages. Though Captain Hubbell and his party stopped some time for it in a lower part of the river, it did not arrive, and has never to their knowledge been heard of since. Before they reached the mouth of the Great Kenhawa, they had by several successive additions, increased their number to twenty, consisting of nine men, three women, and eight children. The men, besides those mentioned above, were one John Stoner, an Irishman and a Dutchman, whose names are not recollected, Messrs. Ray and Tucker, and a Mr. Kilpatrick, whose two daughters also were of the party. Information received at Gallipolis confirmed the expectation, which appearance previously raised, of a serious conflict with a large body of Indians; and as Captain Hubbell had been regularly appointed commander of the boat, every possible preparation was made for a formidable and successful resistance of the anticipated attack. The nine men were divided into three watches for the night, which were alternately to continue awake, and be on the look out for two hours at a time. The arms on board, which consisted principally of old muskets, much out of order, were collected, loaded, and put in the best possible condition for service. About sunset on that day, the 23d of March, 1792, the party overtook a fleet of six boats descending the river in company, and intended to continue with them, but as their passengers seemed to be more disposed to dancing than fighting, and as soon after dark, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Captain Hubbell, they commenced fiddling and dancing instead of preparing their arms, and taking the necessary rest preparatory to battle, it was wisely considered more hazardous to be in such company, than to be alone. It was therefore determined

to proceed rapidly forward by the aid of the oars, and leave those thoughtless fellow-travellers behind. One of the boats, however, belonging to the fleet, commanded by a Captain Greathouse, adopted the same plan, and for a while kept up with Captain Hubbell, but all its crew at length falling asleep, that boat also ceased to be propelled by the oars, and Captain Hubbell and his party proceeded steadily forward alone. Early in the night a canoe was dimly seen floating down the river, in which were probably Indians reconnoitering, and other evident indications were observed of the neighborhood and hostile intentions of a formidable party of savages.

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

A SIOUX CHIEF.

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

no interval. On the arrival of the canoes, they were found to contain about twenty-five or thirty Indians each. As soon as they had approached within the reach of musket-shot, a general fire was given from one of them, which wounded Mr. Tucker through the hip so severely that his leg hung only by the flesh, and shot Mr. Light just below his ribs. The three canoes placed themselves at the bow, stern, and on the right side of the boat, so that they had an opportunity of raking in every direction. The fire now commenced from the boat, and had a powerful effect in checking the confidence and fury of the Indians. The captain after firing his own gun, took up that of one of the wounded men, raised it to his shoulder, and was about to discharge it, when a ball came and took away the lock; he coolly turned round, seized a brand of fire from the kettle which served for a caboose, and applying it to the pan, discharged the piece with effect. A very regular and constant fire was now kept up on both sides. The captain was just in the act of raising his gun a third time, when a ball passed through his right arm, and for a moment disabled him. Scarcely had he recovered from the shock, and re-acquired the use of his hand, which had been suddenly drawn up by the wound, when he observed the Indians in one of the canoes just about to board the boat in its bow, where the horses were placed belonging to the party. So near had they approached, that some of them had actually seized with their hands the side of the boat. Severely wounded as he was, he caught up a pair of horsemen's pistols and rushed forward to repel the attempt at boarding. On his approach the Indians fell back, and he discharged a pistol with effect at the foremost man. After firing the second pistol, he found himself without arms, and was compelled to retreat; but stepping back on a pile of small wood which had been prepared for burning in the kettle, the thought struck him, that it might be made use of in repelling the foe, and he continued for some time to strike them with it so forcibly and actively, that they were unable to enter the boat, and at length he wounded one of them so severely that with a yell they suddenly gave way. All the canoes then discontinued the contest, and directed their course to Captain Greathouse's boat, which was in sight. Here a striking contrast was exhibited to the firmness and intrepidity which had been displayed. Instead of resisting the attack, the people on board of this boat retired to the cabin in dismay. The Indians entered it without opposition, and rowed it to the shore, where they killed the captain and a lad of about fourteen years of age. The women they placed in the centre of their canoes, and manning them with fresh hands, again pursued Captain Hubbell and party. A melancholy alternative now presented itself to these brave but almost desponding men, either to fall a prey to the savages themselves, or to run the risk of shooting the women, who had been placed in the canoes in the hope of deriving protection from their presence. But

“self preservation is the first law of nature,” and the captain very justly remarked, there would not be much humanity in preserving their lives at such a sacrifice, merely that they might become victims of savage cruelty at some subsequent period.

There were now but four men left on board of Captain Hubbell’s boat, capable of defending it, and the captain himself was severely wounded in two places. The second attack, however, was resisted with almost incredible firmness and vigor. Whenever the Indians would rise to fire, their opponents would frequently give them the first shot, which in almost every instance would prove fatal. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, and the exhausted condition of the defenders of the boat, the Indians at length appeared to despair of success, and the canoes successively retired to the shore. Just as the last one was departing, Captain Hubbell called to the Indian, who was standing in the stern, and on his turning round, discharged his piece at him. When the smoke, which for a moment obstructed the vision, was dissipated, he was seen lying on his back, and appeared to be severely, perhaps mortally wounded.

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

The boat was now providentially and suddenly carried out into the middle of the stream, and taken by the current beyond the reach of the enemy’s balls. Our little band reduced as they were in numbers, wounded, afflicted, and almost exhausted by fatigue, were still unsubdued in spirit, and being assembled in all their

strength, men, women, and children, with an appearance of triumph gave three hearty cheers, calling to the Indians to come on again, if they were fond of the sport.

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

The boat made the best of its way down the river, and reached Limestone that night. From that time forth no boat was assailed by Indians on the Ohio.

CORNSTALK.

Murder of Cornstalk and his Son.

Cornstalk, the commander of the Indians in the battle of Point Pleasant, was possessed of a noble heart as well as a genius for war and negotiation. He was ever anxious to maintain an honorable place with the whites and they returned his friendly inclination by putting him to death.

A Captain Arbuckle commanded the garrison of the fort, erected at Point Pleasant, after the battle fought by General Lewis with the Indians at that place, in October, 1774. In the succeeding year, when the revolutionary war had commenced, the agents of Great Britain exerted themselves to excite the Indians to hostility against the United States. The mass of Shawnees entertained a strong animosity against the Americans. But, two of their chiefs, Cornstalk and Redhawk, not participating in that animosity visited the garrison at the Point, where Arbuckle continued to command. Cornstalk represented his unwillingness to take a part in the war, on the British side: but stated, that his nation, except himself and his tribe, were determined on war with us, and he supposed, that he and his people would be compelled to go with the stream. On this intimation, Arbuckle resolved to detain the two chiefs, and a third Shawnees, who came with them to the fort, as hostages, under the expectation of preventing thereby any hostile efforts of the nation. On the day before these unfortunate Indians fell victims to the fury of the garrison, Elenipsico, the son of Cornstalk, repaired to Point Pleasant for the purpose of visiting his father, and on the next day, two men belonging to the garrison, whose names were Hamilton and Gillmore, crossed the Kenhawa, intending to hunt in the woods beyond it.—On their return from hunting, some Indians who had come to view the position at the Point, concealed themselves in the weeds near the mouth of the Kenhawa, and killed Gillmore while endeavoring to pass them. Colonel Stewart and Captain Arbuckle were standing on the opposite bank of the river, at that time and were surprised that a gun had been fired so near the fort, in violation of orders which had been issued inhibiting such an act. Hamilton ran down the bank, and cried out that Gillmore was killed. Captain Hall commanded the company to which Gillmore belonged. His men leaped into a canoe, and hastened to the relief of

Hamilton. They brought the body of Gillmore weltering in blood, and the head scalped, across the river. The canoe had scarcely reached the shore, when Hall's men cried out "Let us kill the Indians in the fort." Captain Hall placed himself in front of his soldiers, and they ascended the river's bank, pale with rage, and carrying their loaded fire locks in their hands. Colonel Stewart and Captain Arbuckle exerted themselves in vain, to dissuade these men, exasperated to madness by the spectacle of Gillmore's corpse, from the cruel deed which they contemplated. They cocked their guns, threatening those gentlemen with instant death, if they did not desist, and rushed into the fort.

The interpreter's wife, who had been a captive among the Indians, and felt an affection for them, ran to their cabin and informed them that Hall's soldiers were advancing with the intention of taking their lives, because they believed that the Indians who killed Gillmore, had come with Cornstalk's son the preceding day. This the young man solemnly denied, and averred that he knew nothing of them. His father, perceiving that Elenipsico was in great agitation, encouraged him and advised him not to fear. "If the great Spirit," said he, "has sent you here to be killed, you ought to die like a man!" As the soldiers approached the door, Cornstalk rose to meet them, and received seven or eight balls which instantly terminated his existence. His son was shot dead in the seat which he occupied. The Red Hawk made an attempt to climb the chimney, but fell by the fire of some of Hall's men. The other Indian, says Colonel Stewart, "was shamefully mangled, and I grieved to see him so long dying."

This atrocious deed so exasperated the Shawnees that they immediately took up arms upon the side of the British, expressing their resolution to spare no American who should fall into their hands, and never to lay down arms while there was the remotest chance of successful hostility. Many a family in Virginia and Kentucky had reason to lament the slaughter of the noble Cornstalk and his son.

The Massacre of Chicago.

On the site of the present city of Chicago, a fort was erected in 1803. Feeling secure under this protection, several families built cabins and began to cultivate the ground in the vicinity. The large and powerful tribe of Pottawatomies occupied the neighboring country. When the war of 1812 broke out, the fort at Chicago was garrisoned by about fifty men, under the command of Captain Heald, and as it was so remote from the other American posts, General Hull determined that it should be abandoned. The following account of the subsequent disastrous events is abridged from Brown's History of Illinois.

On the 7th of August, 1812, in the afternoon, Winnemeg, or Catfish, a friendly Indian of the Pottawatomie tribe, arrived at Chicago, and brought dispatches from General Hull, containing the first, and, at that time, the only intelligence of the declaration of war. General Hull's letter announced the capture of Mackinaw, and directed Captain Heald "to evacuate the fort at Chicago, if practicable, and, in that event, to distribute all the United States property contained in the fort, and the United States factory or agency, among the Indians in the neighborhood and repair to Fort Wayne." Winnemeg having delivered his dispatches to Captain Heald, and stated that he was acquainted with the purport of the communication he had brought, urged upon Captain Heald the policy of remaining in the fort, being supplied, as they were, with ammunition and provisions for a considerable time. In case, however, Captain Heald thought proper to evacuate the place, he urged upon him the propriety of doing so immediately, before the Pottawatomies (through whose country they must pass, and who were as yet ignorant of the object of his mission) could collect a force sufficient to oppose them. This advice though given in great earnestness, was not sufficiently regarded by Captain Heald; who observed, that he should evacuate the fort, but having received orders to distribute the public property among the Indians, he did not feel justified in leaving it until he had collected the Pottawatomies in its vicinity, and made an equitable distribution among them. Winnemeg then suggested the expediency of marching out and leaving every thing standing; "while the Indians," said he, "are dividing the spoils, the troops will be able to retreat

without molestation.” This advice was also unheeded, and an order for evacuating the fort was read next morning on parade. Captain Heald, in issuing it, had neglected to consult his junior officers, as it would have been natural for him to do in such an emergency, and as he probably would have done had there not been some coolness between him and Ensign Ronan.

CAPTAIN HEALD IN COUNCIL WITH THE POTTAWATAMIES.

The lieutenant and ensign, after the promulgation of this order, waited on Captain Heald to learn his intentions; and being apprized; for the first time, of the course he intended to pursue, they remonstrated against it. Heald, however, deemed it advisable to assemble the Indians and distribute the public property among them, and ask of them an escort thither, with the promise of a considerable sum of money to be paid on their safe arrival; adding, that he had perfect confidence in the friendly professions of the Indians, from whom, as well as from the soldiers, the capture of Mackinaw had studiously been concealed. From this time forward, the junior officers stood aloof from their commander, and, considering his project as little short of madness, conversed as little upon the subject as possible. Dissatisfaction, however, soon filled the camp; the soldiers began to murmur, and insubordination assumed a threatening aspect.

The savages, in the mean time became more and more troublesome; entered the fort occasionally, in defiance of the sentinels, and even made their way without ceremony into the quarters of its commanding officer. On one occasion an Indian, taking up a rifle fired it in the parlor of Captain Heald; some were of opinion that this was intended as the signal for an attack. The old chiefs at this time passed back and forth among the assembled groups, apparently agitated; and the squaws seemed much excited, as though some terrible calamity was impending. No further manifestations, however, of ill-feeling were exhibited, and the day passed without bloodshed. So infatuated at this time was Captain Heald, that he supposed he had wrought a favorable impression upon the savages, and that the little garrison could now march forth in safety.

The Indians from the adjacent villages having at length arrived, a council was held on the 12th of August. It was attended, however, only by Captain Heald on the part of the military; the other officers refused to attend, having previously learned that a massacre was intended. This fact was communicated to Captain Heald; he insisted, however, on their going, and they resolutely persisted in their

refusal. When Captain Heald left the fort, they repaired to the block-house, which overlooked the ground where the council was in session, and opening the portholes, pointed their cannon in its direction. This circumstance and their absence, it is supposed, saved the whites from massacre.

BATTLE BETWEEN MOUNTED TROOPS AND THE INDIANS.

Captain Heald informed the Indians in council, that he would next day distribute among them all the goods in the United States factory, together with the ammunition and provisions with which the garrison was supplied; and desired of them an escort to Fort Wayne, promising them a reward on their arrival thither, in addition to the presents they were about to receive. The savages assented, with professions of friendship, to all he proposed, and promised all he required.

The council was no sooner dismissed, than several observing the tone of feeling which prevailed, and anticipating from it no good to the garrison, waited on Captain Heald in order to open his eyes, if possible, to their condition. The impolicy of furnishing the Indians with arms and ammunition to be used against themselves, struck Captain Heald with so much force, that he resolved, without consulting his officers, to destroy all not required for immediate use.

On August 13th, the goods in the factory store were distributed among the Indians, who had collected near the fort; and in the evening the ammunition, and also the liquor, belonging to the garrison, were carried, the former into the sally-port and thrown into the well, and the latter through the south gate, as silently as possible, to the river bank, where the heads of the barrels were knocked in, and their contents discharged into the stream. The Indians, however, suspecting the game, approached as near as possible and witnessed the whole scene. The spare muskets were broken up and thrown into the well, together with bags of shot, flints, and gun-screws, and other things; all, however, of but little value.

On the 14th, the despondency of the garrison was for a while dispelled by the arrival of Captain Wells and fifteen friendly Miamies. Having heard at Fort Wayne of the error to evacuate Chicago, and knowing the hostile intentions of the Pottawatomies, he hastened thither in order to save, if possible, the little garrison from its doom. Having, on his arrival, learned that the ammunition had been destroyed, and the provisions distributed among the Indians, he saw there was no alternative. Preparations were therefore made for marching on the

morrow.

In the afternoon a second council was held with the Indians, at which they expressed their resentment at the destruction of the ammunition and liquor in the severest terms. Notwithstanding the precautions which had been observed, the knocking in of the heads of the whisky-barrels had been heard by the Indians, and the river next morning tasted, as some of them expressed it, "like strong grog." Murmurs and threats were everywhere heard; and nothing, apparently, was wanting but an opportunity for some public manifestation of their resentment.

The morning of the 15th dawned as usual; the sun rose with uncommon splendor, and Lake Michigan "was a sheet of burnished gold." Early in the day a message was received in the American camp from To-pee-na-bee, a chief of the St. Joseph's band, informing them that mischief was brewing among the Pottawatomies, who had promised them protection.

TO-PEE-NA-BEE.

About nine o'clock, the troops left the fort with martial music, and in military array. Captain Wells, at the head of the Miamies, led the van, his face blackened after the manner of the Indians. The garrison, with loaded arms, followed, and the wagons with the baggage, the women and children, the sick and the lame, closed the rear. The Pottawatomies, about five hundred in number, who had promised to escort them in safety to Fort Wayne leaving a little space, afterward followed. The party in advance took the beach road. They had no sooner arrived at the sand-hills which separate the prairie from the beach, about a mile and a half from the fort, when the Pottawatomies, instead of continuing in rear of the Americans, left the beach and took to the prairie; the sand-hills of course intervened, and presented a barrier between the Pottawatomies and the American and Miami line of march. This divergence had scarcely been effected, when Captain Wells, who, with the Miamies was considerably in advance, rode back and exclaimed, "They are about to attack us; form instantly and charge upon them." The word had scarcely been uttered, before a volley of musketry from behind the sand-hills was poured in upon them. The troops were brought immediately into a line and charged upon the bank. One man, a veteran of seventy, fell as they ascended. The battle at once became general. The Miamies fled in the outset; their chief rode up to the Pottawatomies, charged them with

duplicity, and, brandishing his tomahawk, said, "he would be the first to head a party of Americans, and return to punish them for their treachery." He then turned his horse and galloped off in pursuit of his companions, who were then scouring across the prairie, and nothing was seen or heard of them more.

The American troops behaved gallantly; though few in number, they sold their lives as dearly as possible. They felt, however, as if their time had come, and sought to forget all that was dear on earth.

While the battle was raging, the surgeon, Doctor Voorhes, who was badly wounded, and whose horse had been shot from under him, approaching Mrs. Helm, the wife of Lieutenant Helm, (who was in the action, participating in all its vicissitudes,) observed, "Do you think," said he, "they will take our lives? I am badly wounded, but I think not mortally. Perhaps we can purchase safety by offering a large reward. Do you think," continued he, "there is any chance?"

"Doctor Voorhes," replied Mrs. Helm, "let us not waste the few moments which yet remain in idle or ill-founded hopes. Our fate is inevitable; we must soon appear at the bar of God; let us make such preparations as are yet in our power."

"Oh," said he, "I cannot die; I am unfit to die! If I had a short time to prepare! Death! oh, how awful!"

At this moment, Ensign Ronan was fighting at a little distance with a tall and portly Indian; the former, mortally wounded, was nearly down, and struggling desperately upon one knee. Mrs. Helm, pointing her finger, and directing the attention of Doctor Voorhes thither, observed, "Look," said she, "at that young man; he dies like a soldier."

"Yes," said Doctor Voorhes, "but he has no terrors of the future; he is an unbeliever."

THE MASSACRE.

A young savage immediately raised his tomahawk to strike Mrs. Helm. She sprang instantly aside, and the blow intended for her head fell upon her shoulder; she thereupon seized him around his neck, and while exerting all her efforts to get possession of his scalping-knife, was seized by another Indian and dragged forcibly from his grasp. The latter bore her, struggling and resisting, toward the lake. Notwithstanding, however, the rapidity with which she was hurried along,

she recognized, as she passed, the remains of the unfortunate surgeon stretched lifeless on the prairie. She was plunged immediately into the water and held there, notwithstanding her resistance, with a forcible hand. She shortly, however, perceived that the intention of her captor was not to drown her, as he held her in a position to keep her head above the water. Thus reassured, she looked at him attentively, and, in spite of his disguise, recognized the “white man’s friend.” It was Black Partridge.

When the firing had ceased, her preserver bore her from the water and conducted her up the sand-bank. It was a beautiful day in August. The heat, however, of the sun was oppressive; and, walking through the sand, exposed to its burning rays, in her drenched condition—wearing, and exhausted by efforts beyond her strength—anxious beyond measure to learn the fate of her friends, and alarmed for her own, her situation was one of agony.

The troops having fought with desperation till two-thirds of their number were slain, the remainder twenty-seven in all, borne down by an overwhelming force, and exhausted by efforts hitherto unequalled, at length surrendered. They stipulated, however, for their own safety and for the safety of their remaining women and children. The wounded prisoners, however, in the hurry of the moment, were unfortunately omitted, or rather not particularly mentioned and were therefore regarded by the Indians as having been excluded.

One of the soldiers’ wives, having frequently been told that prisoners taken by the Indians were subjected to tortures worse than death, had from the first expressed a resolution never to be taken; and when a party of savages approached to make her their prisoner, she fought with desperation; and, though assured of kind treatment and protection, refused to surrender, and was literally cut in pieces and her mangled remains left on the field.

After the surrender, one of the baggage wagons, containing twelve children, was assailed by a single savage and the whole number were massacred. All, without distinction of age or sex, fell at once beneath his murderous tomahawk.

Captain Wells, who had as yet escaped unharmed, saw from a distance the whole of this murderous scene; and being apprized of the stipulation, and seeing it thus violated, exclaimed aloud, so as to be heard by the Pottawatomies around him, whose prisoner he then was, “If this be your game, I will kill too!” and turning his horse’s head, instantly started for the Pottawatomie camp, where the squaws and Indian children had been left ere the battle began. He had no sooner started, than several Indians followed in his rear and discharged their rifles at him as he

galloped across the prairie. He laid himself flat on the neck of his horse, and was apparently out of their reach, when the ball of one of his pursuers took effect, killing his horse and wounding him severely. He was again a prisoner; as the savages came up, Winnemeg and Wa-ban-see, two of their number, and both his friends, used all their endeavors in order to save him; they had disengaged him already from his horse, and were supporting him along, when Pee-so-tum, a Pottawatomie Indian, drawing his scalping-knife, stabbed him in the back, and thus inflicted a mortal wound. After struggling for a moment he fell, and breathed his last in the arms of his friends, a victim for those he had sought to save—a sacrifice to his own rash intentions.

WINNEMEG, OR THE CATFISH.

The battle having ended, and the prisoners being secured, the latter were conducted to the Pottawatomie camp near the fort. Here the wife of Wau-bee-nee-mah, an Illinois chief, perceiving the exhausted condition of Mrs. Helm, took a kettle, and dipping up some water from the stream which flowed sluggishly by them, threw into it some maple sugar, and, stirring it up with her hand, gave her to drink. “It was,” says Mrs. Helm, “the most delicious draught I had ever taken, and her kindness of manner, amid so much atrocity, touched my heart.” Her attention, however, was soon directed to other objects. The fort, after the troops had marched out, became a scene of plunder. The cattle were shot down as they ran at large, and lay dead, or were dying around her. It called up afresh a remark of Ensign Ronan’s, made before; “Such,” said he, “is to be our fate—to be shot down like brutes.”

The wounded prisoners, we have already remarked, were not included in the stipulation made on the battle-field, as the *Indians understood it*. On reaching, therefore, the Pottawatomie camp, a scene followed which beggars description. A wounded soldier, lying on the ground, was violently assaulted by an old squaw, infuriated by the loss of friends or excited by the murderous scenes around her—who, seizing a pitchfork, attacked the wretched victim, now helpless, and exposed to the burning rays of the sun, his wounds already aggravated by its heat, and he writhing in torture. During the succeeding night, five other wounded prisoners were tomahawked.

Those unwounded remained in the wigwams of their captors. The work of plunder being now completed, the fort next day was set on fire. A fair and equal

distribution of all the finery belonging to the garrison had apparently been made, and shawls and ribands and feathers were scattered about the camp in great profusion.

After suffering many hardships, Mrs. Helm, Mrs. Heald, and the surviving male prisoners were ransomed and sent back to their friends. A few of them, however, were not set at liberty until after the battle of the Thames.

The Two Friends.

In August, 1786, Mr. Francis Downing, then a lad, was living in a fort, where subsequently some iron works were erected by Mr. Jacob Myers, which are now known by the name of Slate Creek works. About the 16th, a young man belonging to the fort, called upon Downing, and requested his assistance in hunting for a horse which had strayed away on the preceding evening. Downing readily complied, and the two friends traversed the woods in every direction, until at length, towards evening, they found themselves in a wild valley, at a distance of six or seven miles from the fort. Here Downing became alarmed and repeatedly assured his elder companion, (whose name was Yates,) that he heard sticks cracking behind them, and was confident that Indians were dogging them. Yates, being an experienced hunter, and from habit grown indifferent to the dangers of the woods, diverted himself freely at the expense of his young companion, often inquiring, at what price he rated his scalp, and offering to ensure it for sixpence. Downing, however, was not so easily satisfied. He observed, that in whatever direction they turned, the same ominous sounds continued to haunt them, and as Yates still treated his fears with the most perfect indifference, he determined to take his measures upon his own responsibility. Gradually slackening his pace, he permitted Yates to advance twenty or thirty steps in front of him, and immediately after descending a gentle hill, he suddenly sprung aside and hid himself in a thick cluster of whortleberry bushes. Yates, who at that time was performing some woodland ditty to the full extent of his lungs, was too much pleased with his own voice, to attend either to Downing or the Indians, and was quickly out of sight. Scarcely had he disappeared, when Downing, to his unspeakable terror, beheld two savages put aside the stalks of a canebrake, and looked out cautiously in the direction which Yates had taken. Fearful that they had seen him step aside, he determined to fire upon them, and trust to his heels for safety, but so unsteady was his hand, that in raising his gun to his shoulder, she went off before he had taken aim. He lost no time in following her example, and after having run fifty yards, he met Yates, who, alarmed at the report, was hastily retracing his steps. It was not necessary to inquire what was the matter. The enemy were in full view, pressing forward with

great rapidity, and “devil take the hindmost,” was the order of the day. Yates would not outstrip Downing, but ran by his side, although in so doing, he risked both of their lives. The Indians were well acquainted with the country, and soon took a path that diverged from the one which the whites followed, at one point and rejoined it at another, bearing the same relation to it that the string does to the bow. The two paths were at no point distant from each other more than one hundred yards, so that Yates and Downing could easily see the enemy gaining rapidly upon them. They reached the point of re-union first, however, and quickly came to a deep gully which it was necessary to recross, or retrace their steps. Yates cleared it without difficulty, but Downing being, much exhausted, fell short, falling with his breast against the opposite brink, rebounded with violence, and fell at full length on the bottom. The Indians crossed the ditch a few yards below him, and, eager for the capture of Yates, continued the pursuit, without appearing to notice Downing. The latter who at first had given himself up for lost, quickly recovered his strength, and began to walk slowly along the ditch, fearing to leave it lest the enemy should see him. As he advanced, however, the ditch became more shallow, until at length it ceased to protect him at all. Looking around cautiously, he saw one of the Indians returning apparently in quest of him. Unfortunately, he had neglected to reload his gun, while in the ditch, and as the Indian instantly advanced upon him, he had no resource but flight. Throwing away his gun, which was now useless, he plied his legs manfully, in ascending a long ridge which stretched before him, but the Indian gained upon him so rapidly, that he lost all hope of escape. Coming at length to a large poplar which had been blown up by the roots, he ran along the body of the tree upon one side while the Indian followed it upon the other, doubtless expecting to intercept him at the root. It happened that a large she bear was sucking her cubs in a bed which she had made at the root of the tree, and as the Indian reached that point, she instantly sprung upon him, and a prodigious uproar took place. The Indian yelled, and stabbed with his knife, the bear growled and saluted him with one of her most endearing “hugs;”—while Downing, fervently wishing her success, ran off through the woods, without waiting to see the event of the struggle. Downing reached the fort in safety, and found Yates reposing after a hot chase, having eluded his pursuers, and gained the fort two hours before him. On the next morning, they collected a party and returned to the poplar tree, but no traces either of the Indian or bear were to be found. They both probably escaped with their lives, although not without injury.

DOWNING ALARMED AT THE NOISE OF THE INDIANS.

THE DESERTER ACTING AS A GUIDE.

Desertion of a young White Man, from a party of Indians.

In the year 1787, the following incident occurred in Bourbon county Kentucky. One morning, about sun rise, a young man of wild and savage appearance, suddenly arose from a cluster of bushes in front of a cabin, and hailed the house in a barbarous dialect, which seemed neither exactly Indian nor English, but a collection of shreds and patches from which the graces of both were carefully excluded. His skin had evidently once been white—although now grievously tanned by constant exposure to the weather. His dress in every respect was that of an Indian, as were his gestures, tones and equipments, and his age could not be supposed to exceed twenty years. He talked volubly, but uncouthly, placed his hand upon his breast, gestured vehemently, and seemed very earnestly bent upon communicating something. He was invited to enter the cabin, and the neighbors quickly collected around him. He appeared involuntarily to shrink from contact with them—his eyes rolled rapidly around with a distrustful expression from one to the other, and his whole manner was that of a wild animal, just caught, and shrinking from the touch of its captors.—As several present understood the Indian tongue, they at length gathered the following circumstances as accurately as they could be translated, out of a language which seemed to be an “omnium gatherum” of all that was mongrel, uncouth and barbarous. He said that he had been taken by the Indians, when a child, but could neither recollect his name, nor the country of his birth.—That he had been adopted by an Indian warrior, who brought him up with his other sons, without making the slightest difference between them, and that under his father’s roof, he had lived happily until within the last month. A few weeks before that time, his father, accompanied by himself and a younger brother, had hunted for some time upon the waters of the Miami, about forty miles from the spot where Cincinnati now stands, and after all their meat, skins, &c., had been properly secured, the old man determined to gratify his children by taking them upon a war expedition to Kentucky. They accordingly built a bark canoe, in which they crossed the Ohio, near the mouth of Licking, and having buried it, so as to secure it from the action of the sun, they advanced into the country and encamped at the distance of fifteen miles from the river. Here their father was alarmed by hearing an owl cry in a peculiar

tone, which he declared boded death or captivity to themselves, if they continued their expedition—and announced his intention of returning without delay to the river. Both of his sons vehemently opposed this resolution, and at length prevailed upon the old man to disregard the owl's warning, and conduct them, as he had promised, against the frontiers of Kentucky. The party then composed themselves to sleep, but were quickly awakened by the father, who had again been warned in a dream that death awaited them in Kentucky, and again besought his children to release him from his promise and lose no time in returning home. Again they prevailed upon him to disregard the warning, and persevere in the march. He consented to gratify them, but declared he would not remain a moment longer in the camp which they now occupied, and accordingly they left it immediately, and marched on through the night, directing their course towards Bourbon county. In the evening they approached a house, that which he hailed and in which he was now speaking. Suddenly the desire of rejoining his people occupied his mind so strongly as to exclude every other idea, and seizing the first favorable opportunity, he had concealed himself in the bushes, and neglected to reply to all the signals which had been concerted for the purpose of collecting their party when scattered. This account appeared so extraordinary, and the young man's appearance was so wild and suspicious, that many of the neighbors suspected him of treachery, and thought that he should be arrested as a spy. Others opposed this resolution and gave full credit to his narrative. In order to satisfy themselves, however, they insisted upon his immediately conducting them to the spot where the canoe had been buried. To this the young man objected most vehemently, declaring that although he had deserted his father and brother, yet he would not betray them. These feelings were too delicate to meet with much sympathy from the rude borderers who surrounded him, and he was given to understand that nothing short of conducting them to the point of embarkation, would be accepted as an evidence of his sincerity.—With obvious reluctance he at length complied. From twenty to thirty men were quickly assembled, mounted upon good horses, and under the guidance of the deserter, they moved rapidly towards the mouth of Licking. On the road the young man informed them that he would first conduct them to the spot, where they had encamped when the scream of the owl alarmed his father, and where an iron kettle had been concealed in a hollow tree. He was probably induced to do this from the hope of delaying the pursuit so long as to afford his friends an opportunity of crossing the river in safety. But if such was his intention, no measure could have been more unfortunate.

THE SURPRISE.

The whites approached the encampment in deep silence, and quickly perceived two Indians, an old man and a boy, seated by the fire and busily engaged in cooking some venison.—The deserter became much agitated at the sight of them, and so earnestly implored his countrymen not to kill them, that it was agreed to surround the encampment, and endeavor to secure them as prisoners. This was accordingly attempted, but so desperate was the resistance of the Indians, and so determined were their efforts to escape, that the whites were compelled to fire upon them, and the old man fell mortally wounded, while the boy, by an incredible display of address and activity, was enabled to escape. The deserter beheld his father fall, and throwing himself from his horse, he ran up to the spot where the old man lay bleeding, but still sensible, and falling upon his body, besought his forgiveness for being the unwilling cause of his death, and wept bitterly. His father evidently recognized him, and gave him his hand, but almost instantly afterwards expired. The white men now called upon him to conduct them at a gallop to the spot where the canoe was buried, expecting to reach it before the Indian boy and intercept him. The deserter in vain implored them to compassionate his feelings. He urged that he had already sufficiently demonstrated the truth of his former assertions, at the expense of his father's life, and earnestly entreated them to permit his younger brother to escape. His companions, however, were inexorable. Nothing but the blood of the young Indian would satisfy them, and the deserter was again compelled to act in the capacity of a guide.

Within two hours they reached the designated spot. The canoe was still there, and no track could be seen upon the sand, so that it was evident that their victim had not yet arrived. Hastily dismounting, they tied their horses and concealed themselves within close rifle shot of the canoe. Within ten minutes after their arrival the Indian appeared in sight, walking swiftly towards them. He went straight to the spot where the canoe had been buried, and was in the act of digging it up, when he received a dozen balls through his body, and leaping high into the air fell dead upon the sand. He was scalped and buried where he fell, without having seen his brother, and probably without having known the treachery by which he and his father had lost their lives. The deserter remained but a short time in Bourbon, and never regained his tranquillity of mind. He shortly afterwards disappeared, but whether to seek his relations in Virginia or Pennsylvania, or whether disgusted by the ferocity of the whites, he returned to

the Indians, has never yet been known. He was never heard of afterwards.

MORGAN AND THE INDIAN.

Morgan's Triumph.

In 1779, a Mr. Morgan, of Prickett's Fort, West Virginia, was surprised in the woods by two Indians, who immediately gave chase. Being old and somewhat infirm, he faltered in the race, and was obliged to take refuge behind a tree; the Indians did the same, but one of them exposing his body, was shot by Morgan, and, after falling, stabbed himself. Morgan again fled; but his surviving antagonist gained rapidly upon him, and at length raised his gun to fire. Morgan adroitly stepped aside, and the ball passed him. Then each rushed to closer combat.

Morgan, while striking with his gun, received the Indian's tomahawk, which cut off a finger, and knocked the gun from his grasp. Being an expert wrestler, he closed, and threw his antagonist; but he was speedily overturned, when the Indian, uttering the customary yell of triumph, began feeling for his knife. Its hilt was entangled in a woman's apron, which the savage had tied round his waist; and this apparent trivial circumstance saved the prostrate hunter. During the search, Morgan had seized his antagonist's fingers with his teeth, a position in which he used all becoming exertions to keep them. Meanwhile he assisted in the search for the knife. The Indian at length seized it, but so far towards the blade, that Morgan caught hold of the upper portion of the handle, and drew it through his adversary's hand, inflicting a deep wound. Both sprang erect, Morgan still holding on to the Indian's fingers, and having his body within his grasp. He had therefore all the advantage, and while his foe was struggling to disengage himself, he plunged the knife to the hilt in his body. The daring hunter returned to the fort in triumph.

COLONEL ZEBULON BUTLER.

Massacre of Wyoming.

The following account of the battle and massacre is taken from an interesting history of Wyoming, written by Isaac Chapman, Esq., late of Wilkesbarre. Judge Chapman lived upon the spot, and could hardly fail to have collected ample materials, and to give a correct narrative of the events which transpired there during the Revolutionary war. The inhabitants had collected in Forty Fort—the principal fort in the valley. The number of men was three hundred and sixty-eight.

On the morning of the 3d of July, 1778, the officers of the garrison of Forty Fort held a council to determine on the propriety of marching from the fort, and attacking the enemy wherever found. The debates in this council of war are said to have been conducted with much warmth and animation. The ultimate determination was one on which depended the lives of the garrison and safety of the settlement. On one side it was contended that their enemies were daily increasing in numbers; that they would plunder the settlement of all kinds of property, and would accumulate the means of carrying on the war, while they themselves would become weaker; that the harvest would soon be ripe, and would be gathered or destroyed by their enemies, and all their means of sustenance during the succeeding winter would fail; that probably all their messengers were killed, and as there had been more than sufficient time, and no assistance arrived, they would probably receive none, and consequently now was the proper time to make an attack.

On the other side it was argued, that probably some or all the messengers may have arrived at head-quarters, but that the absence of the commander-in-chief may have produced delay; that one or two weeks more may bring the desired assistance, and that to attack the enemy, superior as they were in number, out of the limits of their own fort, would produce almost certain destruction to the settlements and themselves, and captivity, and slavery, perhaps torture, to their wives and children.

THE MASSACRE OF WYOMING.

While these debates were progressing, five men belonging to Wyoming, but who at that time held commissions in the continental army, arrived at the fort; they had received information that a force from Niagara had marched to destroy the settlements on the Susquehanna, and being unable to bring with them any reinforcement, they resigned their appointments, and hastened immediately to the protection of their families. They had heard nothing of the messengers, neither could they give any certain information as to the probability of relief.

The prospect of receiving assistance became now extremely uncertain. The advocates for the attack prevailed in the council, and at dawn of day, on the morning of the 3d of July, the garrison left the fort, and began their march up the river, under the command of Colonel Zebulon Butler. Having proceeded about two miles, the troops halted for the purpose of detaching a reconnoitering party, to ascertain the situation of the enemy.

The scout found the enemy in possession of Fort Wintermoot, and occupying huts immediately around it, carousing in supposed security; but on their return to the advancing column, they met two strolling Indians, by whom they were fired upon, and upon whom they immediately returned the fire without effect. The settlers hastened their march for the attack, but the Indians had given the alarm, and the advancing troops found the enemy already formed in order of battle a small distance from their fort, with their right flank covered by a swamp, and their left resting upon the bank of a river. The settlers immediately displayed their column and formed in corresponding order, but as the enemy was much superior in numbers, their line was much more extensive. Pine woods and bushes covered the battle-ground, in consequence of which, the movements of the troops could not be so quickly discovered, nor so well ascertained. Colonel Zebulon Butler had command of the right, and was opposed by Colonel John Butler at the head of the British troops on the left, Colonel Nathan Denison commanded the left, opposed by Brant at the head of his Indians on the enemy's right. The battle commenced at about forty rods distant, and continued about fifteen minutes through the woods and brush without much execution. At this time, Brant with his Indians having penetrated the swamp, turned the left flank of the settler's line, and with a terrible war-whoop and savage yell, made a desperate charge upon the troops composing that wing, which fell very fast, and were immediately cut to pieces with the tomahawk. Colonel Denison having

ascertained that the savages were gaining the rear of the left, gave orders for that wing *to fall back*. At the same time, Colonel John Butler, finding that the line of settlers did not extend so far towards the river as his own, doubled that end of his line which was protected by a thick growth of brushwood, and having brought a party of his British regulars to act in column upon that wing, threw Colonel Zebulon Butler's into some confusion. The orders of Colonel Denison for his troops to fall back, having been understood by many to mean a retreat, the troops began to retire in much disorder. The savages considered this a flight, and commencing a most hideous yell, rushed forward with their rifles and tomahawks, and cut the retiring line to pieces. In this situation it was found impossible to rally and form the troops, and the rout became general throughout the line.

The settlers fled in every direction, and were instantly followed by the savages, who killed or took prisoners whoever came within their reach. Some succeeded in reaching the river, and escaped by swimming across; others fled to the mountains, and the savages, too much occupied with plunder, gave up the pursuit.

When the first intelligence was received in the village of Wilkesbarre that the battle was lost, the women fled with their children to the mountains on their way to the settlements on the Delaware, where many of them at length arrived after suffering extreme hardships. Many of the men who escaped the battle, together with their women and children, who were unable to travel on foot, took refuge in Wyoming fort, and on the following day (July 4th,) Butler and Brant, at the head of their combined forces, appeared before the fort, and demanded its surrender. The garrison being without any efficient means of defence, surrendered the fort on articles of capitulation, by which the settlers, upon giving up their fortifications, prisoners, and military stores, were to remain in the country unmolested, provided they did not again take up arms.

In this battle about three hundred of the settlers were killed or missing, from a great part of whom no intelligence was ever afterward received.

The conditions of the capitulation were entirely disregarded by the British and savage forces, and after the fort was delivered up, all kinds of barbarities were committed by them. The village of Wilkesbarre, consisting of twenty-three houses, was burnt; men and their wives were separated from each other, and carried into captivity: their property was plundered, and the settlement laid waste. The remainder of the inhabitants were driven from the valley, and compelled to proceed on foot sixty miles through the great swamp, almost

without food or clothing. A number perished in the journey, principally women and children; some died of their wounds; others wandered from the path in search of food, and were lost, and those who survived called the wilderness through which they had passed, “the shades of death!” a name which it has since retained.

THE BLOCK-HOUSE.

Heroic Women of the West.

The following incidents are taken from a letter addressed by Captain Nathaniel Hart, of Woodford county, Kentucky, to Governor Morehead:

DEAR SIR.—Connected with your address delivered at the celebration of the first settlement of Kentucky, at Boonesborough, the circumstances attending the escape and defence of Mrs. Woods, about the year 1784-5, near the Crab Orchard, in Lincoln county, may not be without interest. I have a distinct recollection of them. Mr. Woods, her husband, was absent from home, and early in the morning, being a short distance from her cabin, she discovered several Indians advancing towards it. She reached it before all but one, who was so far ahead of the others, that before she could close and fasten the door, he entered. Instantly he was seized by a lame negro man of the family, and after a short scuffle, they both fell—the negro underneath. But he held the Indian so fast, that he was unable to use either his scalping knife or tomahawk, when he called upon his young mistress to take the axe from under the bed, and dispatch him by a blow upon the head. She immediately attempted it: but the first attempt was a failure. She repeated the blow and killed him. The other Indians were at the door endeavoring to force it open with their tomahawks. The negro rose, and proposed to Mrs. Woods to let in another, and they would soon dispose of the whole of them in the same way. The cabin was but a short distance from a station, the occupants of which, having discovered the perilous situation of the family, fired on the Indians, and killed another, when the remainder made their escape.

MRS. DUREE OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HER HUSBAND.

This incident is not more extraordinary than one that happened, in the fall or winter of 1781-2, to some families belonging to our own fort at the White Oak Spring. My father settled this fort in 1779. It was situated about a mile above

Boonesborough and in the same bottom of the river. It was composed principally of families from York county, Pennsylvania—orderly, respectable people, and the men good soldiers. But they were unaccustomed to Indian warfare, and the consequence was, that of some ten or twelve men, all were killed but two or three. During this period, Peter Duree, the elder, the principal man of the connection, determined to settle a new fort between Estill's station and the mouth of Muddy Creek, directly on the trace between the Cherokee and Shawnese towns. Having erected a cabin, his son-in-law, John Bullock and his family, and his son Peter Duree, his wife and two children, removed to it, taking a pair of hand mill stones with them. They remained for two or three days shut up in their cabin, but their corn meal being exhausted, they were compelled to venture out to cut a hollow tree in order to adjust their hand mill. They were attacked by Indians—Bullock, after running a short distance, fell. Duree reached the cabin, and threw himself upon the bed. Mrs. Bullock ran to the door to ascertain the fate of her husband—received a shot in the breast, and fell across the door sill. Mrs. Duree, not knowing whether her husband had been shot or had fainted, caught her by the feet, pulled her into the house and barred the door. She grasped a rifle and told her husband, she would help him to fight. He replied that he had been wounded and was dying. She then presented the gun through several port holes in quick succession—then calmly sat by her husband and closed his eyes in death. You would conclude that the scene ought to end here—but after waiting several hours, and seeing nothing more of the Indians, she sallied out in desperation to make her way to the White Oak Spring, with her infant in her arms, and a son, three or four years of age, following her. Afraid to pursue the trace, she entered the woods, and after running till she was nearly exhausted she came at length to the trace. She determined to follow it at all hazards, and having advanced a few miles further, she met the elder Mr. Duree, with his wife, and youngest son, with their baggage, on their way to the new station. The melancholy tidings induced them, of course, to return. They led their horses into an adjoining canebrake, unloaded them, and regained the White Oak Spring fort before daylight.

It is impossible at this day to make a just impression of the sufferings of the pioneers about the period spoken of. The White Oak Spring fort in 1782, with perhaps one hundred souls in it, was reduced in August to three fighting white men—and I can say with truth, that for two or three weeks, my mother's family never unclothed themselves to sleep, nor were all of them, within the time, at their meals together, nor was any household business attempted. Food was prepared, and placed where those who chose could eat. It was the period when

Bryant's station was besieged and for many days before and after that gloomy event, we were in constant expectation of being made prisoners. We made application to Colonel Logan for a guard, and obtained one, but not until the danger was measurably over. It then consisted of two men only. Colonel Logan did everything in his power, as county lieutenant, to sustain the different forts—but it was not a very easy matter to order a married man from a fort where his family was to defend some other—when his own was in imminent danger.

I went with my mother in January, 1783, to Logan's station, to prove my father's will. He had fallen in the preceding July. Twenty armed men were of the party. Twenty-three widows were in attendance upon the court, to obtain letters of administration on the estates of their husbands, who had been killed during the past year. My mother went to Colonel Logan's, who received and treated her like a sister.

GENERAL ST. CLAIR.

Indian Strategem Foiled.

The Chippewas are a numerous people inhabiting the country north of Lake Superior, and about the source of the Mississippi. They are divided into several tribes, and are distinguished by the number of blue or black lines tattooed on their cheeks and foreheads.

Travellers have always described them as “the most peaceable tribe of Indians known in North America.” They are not remarkable for their activity as hunters, and this no doubt is owing to the ease with which they can procure both game and fish.

THE SENTINEL.

In their pursuit of deer, they sometimes drive them into the small lakes, and then spear them from their canoes; or shoot them with the bow and arrow, after having driven them into inclosures constructed for the purpose. Snares made of deer sinews, too, are frequently used for catching large and small game: and as these occupations are not beyond the strength of the old men and boys, they take a share in these toils, which among most of the tribes are left exclusively to the squaws.

In person the Chippewas are not remarkable; they are generally robust, their complexion swarthy, their features broad, and their hair straight and black, which is the case in most of the Indian tribes. But they have not that piercing eye, which so generally animates the Indian countenance.

The aspect of the women is more agreeable than that of the men; they wear their hair of a great length, and pay much attention to its arrangement, greasing it with considerable taste.

They appear to be more attentive to the comforts of dress, and less anxious about its exterior than of their red brethren. Deer and fawn skins, dressed with the hair

on, so skilfully that they are perfectly supple, compose their shirt or coat, which is girt round the waist with a belt, and reaches half way down the thigh. Their moccasins and leggins are generally sewn together, and the latter meet the belt to which they are fastened. A ruff or tippet surrounds the neck, and the skin of the deer's head is formed into a curious sort of cap.

A robe of several deer skins sewn together is throw over the whole; this dress is sometimes worn single, but in winter it is always made double, the hair forming both the lining and the outside.

Thus attired, a Chippewa will lay himself down on the snow and repose in comfort; and if in his wanderings across the numerous lakes with which his country abounds, he should fall short of provisions, he has only to cut a hole in the ice, when he seldom fails of taking a blackfish, or a bass, which he broils over his little wood fire with as much skill as a French cook.

At the time of the French and Indian wars, the American army was encamped on the Plains of Chippewa. Colonel St. Clair, the commander, was a brave and meritorious officer, but his bravery sometimes amounted to rashness, and his enemies have accused him of indiscretion. In the present instance perhaps he may have merited the accusation, for the plain on which he had encamped was bordered by a dense forest, from which the Indian scouts could easily pick off his sentinels without in the least exposing themselves to danger.

CHIPPEWA INDIANS FISHING ON THE ICE.

Five nights had passed, and every night the sentinel, who stood at a lonely outpost in the vicinity of the forest, had been shot; and these repeated disasters struck such dread among the remaining soldiers, that no one would come forward to offer to take the post, and the commander, knowing it was only throwing men's lives away, let it stand for a few nights unoccupied.

At length, a rifleman of the Virginian corps, volunteered his services for this dangerous duty; he laughed at the fears of his companions, and told them he meant to return safe and drink his commander's health in the morning. The guard marched up soon after, and he shouldered his rifle and fell. He arrived at the place which had been so fatal to his comrades, and bidding his fellow soldiers "good night," assumed the duties of his post. The night was dark, thick clouds overspread the firmament, and hardly a star could be seen by the sentinel

as he paced his lonely walk. All was silent except the gradually retreating footsteps of the guard; he marched onwards, then stopped and listened till he thought he heard the joyful sound of "All's well"—then all was still, and he sat down on a fallen tree and began to muse. Presently a low rustling among the bushes caught his ear; he gazed intently towards the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, but he could see nothing save the impenetrable gloom of the forest. The sound grew nearer, and a well-known grunt informed him of the approach of a bear. The animal passed the soldier slowly, and then quietly sought the thicket to the left. At this moment the moon shone out bright through the parting clouds, and the wary soldier perceived the ornamented moccasin of a savage on what an instant before he believed to be a bear! He could have shot him in a moment, but he knew not how many other animals might be at hand; he therefore refrained, and having perfect knowledge of Indian subtilty, he quickly took off his hat and coat, hung them on a branch of a fallen tree, grasped his rifle, and silently crept towards the thicket. He had barely reached it, when an arrow, whizzing past his head, told him of the danger he had so narrowly escaped.

He looked carefully round him, and on a little spot of cleared land he counted twelve Indians, some sitting, some lying full length on the thickly strewn leaves of the forest. Believing that they had already shot the sentinel, and little thinking there was any one within hearing, they were quite off their guard, and conversed aloud about their plans for the morrow.

It appeared that a council of twelve chiefs was now held, in which they gravely deliberated on the most effectual means of annoying the enemy. It was decided that the next evening forty of their warriors should be in readiness at the hour when the sentinel should be left by his comrades, and that when they had retired a few paces, an arrow should silence him for ever, and they would then rush on and massacre the guard.

This being concluded, they rose, and drawing the numerous folds of their ample robes closer round them, they marched off in Indian file through the gloomy forest, seeking some more distant spot, where the smoke of their nightly fire would not be observed by the white men.

The sentinel rose from his hiding-place and returned to his post, and taking down his hat, found that an arrow had passed clean through it. He then wrapt himself in his watch-coat, and returned immediately to the camp; and without any delay demanded to speak to the commander, saying that he had something important to communicate.

GENERAL MORGAN.

He was admitted, and when he had told all that he had seen and heard, the Colonel bestowed on him the commission of lieutenant of the Virginia corps, which had been made vacant by the death of one of his comrades a few nights back, and ordered him to be ready with a picket guard, to march an hour earlier than usual to the fatal out-post, there to place a hat and coat on the branches, and then lie in ambush for the intruders.

The following evening, according to the orders given by Colonel St. Clair, a detachment of forty riflemen, with Lieutenant Morgan at their head, marched from the camp at half past seven in the evening towards the appointed spot, and having arranged the hat and coat so as to have the appearance of a soldier standing on guard, they stole silently away and hid themselves among the bushes.

Here they lay for almost an hour before any signs of approaching Indians were heard. The night was cold and still, and the rising moon shone forth in all her beauty. The men were becoming impatient of their uncomfortable situation, for their clothes were not so well adapted to a bed of snow as the deer-skin robes of the hardy Chippewas.

“Silence!” whispered Lieutenant Morgan—“I hear the rustling of the leaves.”

Presently a bear of the same description as had been seen the night before, passed near the ambush; it crept to the edge of the plain—reconnoitred—saw the sentinel at his post—retired towards the forest a few paces, and then, suddenly rising on his feet, let fly an arrow which brought the sham sentinel to the ground. So impatient were the Virginians to avenge the death of their comrades that they could scarcely wait till the lieutenant gave the word of command to fire—then they rose in a body, and before the Chippewas had time to draw their arrows or seize their tomahawks, more than half their number lay dead upon the plain. The rest fled to the forest, but the riflemen fired again, and killed or wounded several more of the enemy. They then returned in triumph to relate their exploits in the camp.

Ten chiefs fell that night, and their fall was, undoubtedly, one principal cause of the French and Indian wars with the English.

Lieutenant Morgan rose to be a captain, and at the termination of the war returned home, and lived on his own farm till the breaking out of the American

war. And then, at the head of a corps of Virginia rifleman, appeared our hero, the brave and gallant Colonel Morgan, better known by the title of general, which he soon acquired by his courage and ability.

BLACKBIRD.

Blackbird.

Among the first tribes of the Great Oregon Territory, which established friendly intercourse with the United States traders, were the Omahas. The boast of these Indians was a chief named Blackbird, who was a steadfast friend of the white men and the terror of the neighboring hostile tribes. Such were his skill, courage, and success in war, that friends and foes regarded him as enchanted. He delighted in trials of strength or agility, in which he always came off victorious. In addition to these qualities, he possessed a secret which rendered him more than human in the eyes of his barbarous followers. This was an acquaintance with the properties of arsenic, which he had obtained from a white trader. Whenever he was displeased with an Indian, he prophesied his death before a certain day, and the sure accomplishment of the prophecy rendered Blackbird an object of terror and reverence.

On one occasion, the Poncas made an incursion into Blackbird's territory, and carried away a number of women and horses. He immediately collected his warriors and pursued them. The Poncas sheltered themselves behind a rude embankment, but their persevering enemy, gaining a good position, poured upon them a well-directed fire, which did fearful execution. The Ponca chief dispatched a herald, with the calumet, but he was immediately shot; a second herald experienced the same treatment. The chieftain's daughter, a young maiden of much personal beauty, then appeared before the stern foe, dressed with exquisite taste, and bearing the calumet. Blackbird's heart softened, he accepted the sacred emblem, and concluded a peace with his enemy. The pledge given and received was the beautiful Ponca maiden, as wife to the fierce chieftain of Omaha.

For the first time the heart of Blackbird felt the genial influence of love. He loved the young creature who had saved her tribe, with all the ardor of untutored nature. But he was still a savage, and sometimes ungovernable bursts of rage would transport him beyond all bounds of affection or decency. In one of these, his beloved wife unwittingly offended him. He instantly drew his knife and laid her dead with a single blow. The dreadful deed calmed him in a moment. For a

little while he looked at the beautiful corpse in stupid grief, and then, with his head wrapped in his robe, he sat down beside it. He ate no food, spoke no word for three days. The remonstrances of his people were received with silence, and no one dared to uncover his face. At length one of them brought in a small child, and placed the foot of the unhappy warrior on its neck. Blackbird was moved by the significant appeal and throwing aside his robe, he arose and delivered an oration.

The Omaha tribe were greatly thinned by small-pox, and to this loathsome disease their great chieftain fell a victim. His dying request was bold and fanciful. Near the source of the Missouri is a high solitary rock, round which the river winds in a nearly circular direction, and which commands a view of the adjacent country for many miles around. There Blackbird had often sat to watch for the canoes of the white traders, and there it was his dying request to be buried. He was to be mounted upon his horse, completely armed, so as to overlook his lands, and watch for the coming boat of the white men. His orders were obeyed; and on that same high promontory, over the tomb of the Indian warrior was raised his national banner, capped with the scalps which he had taken in battle. Of course the Indians regard the rock with superstitious reverence, and have their own stories of the scenes which occasionally take place on and around it.

A Desperate Adventure.

While encamped on the 24th of April, at a spring near the Spanish Trail, we were surprised by the sudden appearance amongst us of two Mexicans; a man and a boy. The name of the man was Andreas Fuentes, and that of the boy, a handsome lad of eleven years old, Pablo Hernandez. With a cavalcade of about thirty horses, they had come out from Puebla de los Angeles, near the Pacific; had lost half their animals, stolen by the Indians, and now sought my camp for aid. Carson and Godey, two of my men, volunteered to pursue them, with the Mexican; and, well mounted, the three set off on the trail. In the evening, Fuentes returned, his horse having failed; but Carson and Godey had continued the pursuit.

KIT. CARSON.

In the afternoon of the next day, a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise; and soon Carson and Godey appeared driving before them a band of horses, recognised by Fuentes to be a part of those they had lost. Two bloody scalps, dangling from the end of Godey's gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses. They had continued the pursuit alone after Fuentes left them, and towards nightfall entered the mountains into which the trail led. After sunset, the moon gave light until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Here they lay from midnight till morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and at sunrise discovered the horses; and immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians. Giving the war shout, they instantly charged into the camp, regardless of the numbers which the four lodges might contain. The Indians received them with a flight of arrows,

shot from their long bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt collar, barely missing the neck. Our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched upon the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad, who was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off, but in the process, one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, and uttered a hideous howl. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agony of the gory savage. They were now masters of the camp, which was a pretty little recess in the mountain, with a fine spring, and apparently safe from all invasion. Great preparation had been made for feasting a large party, for it was a very proper place for a rendezvous, and for the celebration of such orgies as robbers of the desert would delight in. Several of the horses had been killed, skinned, and cut up—for the Indians living in the mountains, and only coming into the plains to rob and murder, make no other use of horses than to eat them. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse beef, and several baskets containing fifty or sixty pair of moccasins, indicated the presence or expectation of a large party. They released the boy who had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else of the savage character, by commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head as soon as he found he was not to be killed, but only tied as a prisoner.

AN INDIAN CAMP.

Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had rode about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in about thirty hours. The time, place, object and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men in a savage wilderness, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians into the defiles of an unknown mountain—attack them on sight without counting numbers—and defeat them in an instant—and for what?—to punish the robbers of the desert, and revenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat it was Carson and Godey who did this—the former an American, born, in Booneslick county, Missouri; the latter a

Frenchman, born in St. Louis—and both trained to western enterprise from early life.

Adventure of Two Scouts.

As early as the year 1790, the block-house and stockade, above the mouth of the Hockhocking river, was a frontier post for the hardy pioneer of that portion of the state from the Hockhocking to the Sciota, and from the Ohio river to the northern lakes. Then nature wore her undisturbed livery of dark and thick forests, interspersed with green and flowery prairies. Then the axe of the woodman had not been heard in the wilderness, nor the plough of the husbandmen marred the beauty of the green prairies. Among the rich and luxuriant valleys, that of the Hockhocking was pre-eminent for nature's richest gifts—and the portico of it whereon Lancaster now stands, was marked as the most luxuriant and picturesque, and became the seat of an Indian village, at a period so early, that the “memory of man runneth not parallel thereto.” On the green sward of the prairie was held many a rude gambol of the Indians; and here, too, was many an assemblage of the warriors of one of the most powerful tribes, taking counsel for a “war-path,” upon some weak or defenceless post.

THE BLOCK-HOUSE.

Upon one of these stirring occasions, intelligence reached the little garrison above the mouth of the Hockhocking, that the Indians were gathering in force somewhere up the valley, for the purpose of striking a terrible and fatal blow on one of the few and scattered defences of the whites. A council was held by the garrison, and scouts were sent up the Hockhocking, in order to ascertain the strength of the foe, and the probable point of attack. In the month of October, and on one of the balmiest days of our Indian summer, two men could have been seen emerging out of the thick plumb and hazel bushes skirting the prairie, and stealthily climbing the eastern declivity of that most remarkable promontory, now known as Mount Pleasant, whose western summit gives a commanding view to the eye of what is doing on the prairie. This eminence was gained by our two adventurers and hardy scouts, and from this point they carefully observed

the movements taking place on the prairie. Every day brought an accession of warriors to those already assembled, and every day the scouts witnessed from their eyrie, the horse-racing, leaping, running and throwing the deadly tomahawk by the warriors. The old sachems looking on with indifference—the squaws, for the most part, engaged in their usual drudgeries, and the papooses manifesting all the noisy and wayward joy of childhood. The arrival of any new party of savages was hailed by the terrible war-whoop, which striking the mural face of Mount Pleasant, was driven back into the various indentations of the surrounding hills, producing reverberation on reverberation, and echo on echo, till it seemed as if ten thousand fiends were gathered in their orgies. Such yells might well strike terror into the bosoms of those unaccustomed to them. To our scouts these were but martial music strains which waked their watchfulness, and strung their iron frames. From their early youth had they been always on the frontier, and therefore well practised in all the subtlety, craft, and cunning, as well as knowing the ferocity and bloodthirsty perseverance of the savage. They were therefore not likely to be circumvented by the cunning of their foes; and without a desperate struggle, would not fall victims to the scalping-knife.

On several occasions, small parties of warriors left the prairies and ascended the Mount; at which times the scouts would hide in the fissures of the rocks, or lying by the side of some long prostrate tree, cover themselves with the sear and yellow leaf, and again leave their hiding places when their uninvited visitors had disappeared.

A SHAWANESE WARRIOR.

For food they depended on jerked venison, and cold corn bread, with which their knapsacks had been well stored. Fire they dared not kindle, and the report of one of their rifles would bring upon them the entire force of the Indians. For drink they depended on some rain water, which still stood in excavations of the rocks, but in a few days this store was exhausted, and M'Clelland and White must abandon their enterprise or find a new supply. To accomplish this most hazardous affair, M'Clelland being the elder, resolved to make the attempt—with his trusty rifle in his grasp, and two canteens strung across his shoulders, he cautiously descended to the prairie, and skirting the hills on the north as much as possible within the hazel thickets, he struck a course for the Hockhocking river. He reached its margin, and turning an abrupt point of a hill, he found a beautiful

fountain of limpid water, now known as the Cold Spring, within a few feet of the river. He filled his canteens and returned in safety to his watchful companion. It was now determined to have a fresh supply of water every day, and this duty was to be performed alternately.

On one of these occasions, after White had filled his canteens, he sat a few moments, watching the limpid element, as it came gurgling out of the bosom of the earth—the light sound of footsteps caught his practised ear, and upon turning round, he saw two squaws within a few feet of him; these upon turning the jet of the hill had thus suddenly come upon him. The elder squaw gave one of those far-reaching whoops peculiar to the Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation—for if the alarm should reach the camp, he and his companion must inevitably perish. Self-preservation impelled him to inflict a noiseless death upon the squaws, and in such a manner as to leave no trace behind. Ever rapid in thought, and prompt in action, he sprang upon his victims with a rapidity and power of a panther, and grasping the throat of each, with one bound he sprang into the river, and rapidly thrust the head of the elder woman under the water, and making stronger efforts to submerge the younger, who, however, powerfully resisted. During the short struggle, the younger female addressed him in his own language, though almost in inarticulate sounds. Releasing his hold, she informed him, that, ten years before, she had been made a prisoner, on Grave Creek flats, and that the Indians, in her presence, butchered her mother and two sisters; and that an only brother had been captured with her, who succeeded on the second night in making his escape; but what had become of him she knew not.

During the narrative, White, unobserved by the girl, had let go his grasp on the elder squaw, whose body soon floated where it would not, probably soon be found. He now directed the girl hastily to follow him, and with his usual energy and speed, pushed for the Mount. They had scarcely gone two hundred yards from the spring, before the alarm cry was heard some quarter of a mile down the stream. It was supposed that some warriors returning from a hunt, struck the Hockhocking just as the body of the drowned squaw floated past. White and the girl succeeded in reaching the Mount, where M'Clelland had been no indifferent spectator to the sudden commotion among the Indians, as the prairie warriors were seen to strike off in every direction, and before White and the girl had arrived, a party of some twenty warriors had already gained the eastern acclivity of the Mount, and were cautiously ascending, carefully keeping under cover. Soon the two scouts saw the swarthy faces of the foe, as they glided from tree to tree, and rock to rock, until the whole base of the Mount was surrounded, and all hopes of escape were cut off.

A SHAWANESE CHIEF.

In this peril nothing was left, other than to sell their lives as dearly as possible; this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to the Indians, and tell them she had been a captive to the scouts.

She said, “No! Death, and that in presence of my people, is to me a thousand times sweeter than captivity—furnish me with a rifle, and I will show you that I can fight as well as die. This spot I leave not! here my bones shall lie bleaching with yours! and should either of you escape, you will carry the tidings of my death to my remaining relatives.”

Remonstrance proved fruitless; the two scouts matured their plans for a vigorous defence—opposing craft to craft, expedient to expedient, and an unerring fire of the deadly rifle. The attack now commenced in front, where, from the narrow backbone of the Mount, the savages had to advance in single file, but where they could avail themselves of the rock and trees. In advancing the warrior must be momentarily exposed, and two bare inches of his swarthy form was target enough for the unerring rifle of the scouts. After bravely maintaining the fight in front, and keeping the enemy in check, they discovered a new danger threatening them. The wary foe now made every preparation to attack them in flank, which could be most successfully and fatally done by reaching an insulated rock lying in one of the ravines on the southern hill side. This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the scouts under point blank shot of the rifle; and without the possibility of escape.

Our brave scouts saw the hopelessness of their situation, which nothing could avert but brave companions and an unerring shot—they had not. But the brave never despair. With this certain fate resting upon them, they had continued as calm, and as calculating, and as unwearied as the strongest desire of vengeance on a treacherous foe could produce. Soon M’Clelland saw a tall and swarthy figure preparing to spring from a cover so near the fatal rock, that a single bound must reach it, and all hope be destroyed. He felt that all depended on one advantageous shot, although but one inch of the warrior’s body was exposed, and that at a distance of one hundred yards—he resolved to risk all—coolly he raised his rifle to his eyes, carefully shading the sight with his hand, he drew a bead so sure, that he felt conscious it would do—he touched the hair trigger with his finger—the hammer came down, but in place of striking fire, it crushed his flint into a hundred fragments! Although he felt that the savage must

reach the fatal rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the utmost composure, casting many a furtive glance towards the fearful point. Suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for the leap—and with the agility of a deer he made the spring—instead of reaching the rock he sprung ten feet in the air, and giving one terrific yell he fell upon the earth, and his dark corpse rolled fifty feet down the hill. He had evidently received a death shot from some unknown hand. A hundred voices from below re-echoed the terrible shout, and it was evident that they had lost a favorite warrior, as well as been foiled for a time in their most important movement. A very few moments proved that the advantage so mysteriously gained would be of short duration; for already the scouts caught a momentary glimpse of a swarthy warrior, cautiously advancing towards the cover so recently occupied by a fellow companion. Now, too, the attack in front was resumed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both scouts, to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence—and in a short time M'Clelland saw the wary warrior turning a somersets, his corpse rolled down towards his companion: again a mysterious agent had interposed in their behalf. This second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of the assailants; and just as the sun was disappearing behind the western hills, the foe withdrew a short distance, for the purpose of devising new modes of attack. The respite came most seasonably to the scouts, who had bravely kept their position, and boldly maintained the unequal fight from the middle of the day.

THE SCOUT.

Now, for the first time, was the girl missing, and the scouts supposed through terror she had escaped to her former captors, or that she had been killed during the fight. They were not long left to doubt, for in a few moments the girl was seen emerging from behind a rock and coming to them with a rifle in her hand.

During the heat of the fight she saw a warrior fall, who had advanced some fifty yards before the main body in front. She at once resolved to possess herself of his rifle, and crouching in undergrowth she crept to the spot, and succeeded in her enterprise, being all the time exposed to the cross fire of the defenders and assailants—her practised eye had early noticed the fatal rock, and hers was the mysterious hand by which the two warriors had fallen—the last being the most wary, untiring, and bloodthirsty brave of the Shawnese tribe. He it was, who ten years previous had scalped the family of the girl, and been her captor.

In the west, dark clouds were now gathering, and in an hour the whole heavens were shrouded in them; this darkness greatly embarrassed the scouts in their contemplated night retreat, for they might readily lose their way, or accidentally fall on the enemy—this being highly probable, if not inevitable. An hour's consultation decided their plans, and it was agreed that the girl, from her intimate knowledge of their localities, should lead the advance a few steps. Another advantage might be gained by this arrangement, for in case they should fall in with some out-post, the girl's knowledge of the Indian tongue, would, perhaps, enable her to deceive the sentinel: and so the sequel proved, for scarcely had they descended one hundred feet, when a low "whist" from the girl, warned them of present danger.

THE RETURNED CAPTIVE.

The scouts sunk silently to the earth, where, by previous agreement, they were to remain till another signal was given them by the girl,—whose absence for more than a quarter of an hour now began to excite the most serious apprehensions. At length, she again appeared, and told them that she had succeeded in removing two sentinels who were directly in their route to a point some hundred feet distant. The descent was noiselessly resumed—the level gained, and the scouts followed their intrepid pioneer for half a mile in the most profound silence, when the barking of a small dog, within a few feet, apprised them of a new danger. The almost simultaneous click of the scouts' rifles was heard by the girl, who rapidly approached them, and stated that they were now in the midst of the Indian wigwams, and their lives depended on the most profound silence, and implicitly following her footsteps. A moment afterwards, the girl was accosted by a squaw, from an opening in the wigwam. She replied in the Indian language, and without stopping pressed forward.

In a short time she stopped and assured the scouts that the village was cleared and that they were now in safety. She knew that every pass leading out of the prairie was safely guarded by Indians, and at once resolved to adopt the bold adventure of passing through the very centre of their village as the least hazardous. The result proved the correctness of her judgment.

They now kept a course for the Ohio, being guided by the Hockhocking river—and after three days' march and suffering, the party arrived at the block-house in safety.

Their escape from the Indians, prevented the contemplated attack; and the rescued girl proved to be the sister of the intrepid Neil Washburn, celebrated in Indian warfare as the renowned scout to Captain Kenton's bloody Kentuckians.

THE YOUNG HERO CROSSING THE RIVER.

A Young Hero of the West.

To show of what material the boys were made, in the great heroic age of the west, we give the following, which we find in a recent communication from Major Nye, of Ohio. The scene of adventure was within the present limits of Wood county, Virginia.

I have heard from Mr. Guthrie and others, that at Bellville a man had a son, quite a youth, say twelve or fourteen years of age, who had been used to firing his father's gun, as most boys did in those days. He heard, he supposed, turkeys on or near the bank of the Ohio, opposite that place, and asked his father to let him take his gun and kill one. His father knowing that the Indians often decoyed people by such noises, refused, saying it was probably an Indian. When he had gone to work, the boy took the gun and paddled his canoe over the river, but had the precaution to land some distance from where he had heard the turkey all the morning, probably from fear of scaring the game, and perhaps a little afraid of Indians. The banks were steep, and the boy cautiously advanced to where he could see without being seen. Watching awhile for his game, he happened to see an Indian cautiously looking over a log, to notice where the boy had landed. The lad fixed his gun at rest, watching the place where he had seen the Indian's head, and when it appeared again, fired, and the Indian disappeared. The boy dropped the gun and ran for his canoe, which he paddled over the river as soon as possible. When he reached home, he said, "Mother, I have killed an Indian!" and the mother replied, "No, you have not." "Yes, I have," said the boy. The father coming in, he made the same report to him, and received the same reply; but he constantly affirmed it was even so; and, as the gun was left, a party took the boy over the river to find it, and show the place where he shot the Indian, and behold, his words were found verified. The ball had entered the head, where the boy had affirmed he shot, between the eye and ear.

THE END.

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