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AMERICAN ADVENTURE

BY

LAND AND SEA

BEING

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF ENTERPRISE AND FOR-
TITUDE AMONG AMERICANS

SHIPWRECKS, ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD,

INDIAN CAPTIVITIES, ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

A. L. FOWLE

NEW YORK

1900

Bancroft

400-500181

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AMERICAN
VOLUME
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P R E F A C E.

THE title of this work sufficiently indicates that its character is essentially desultory. From the mass of material presented, it has been the object of the compiler to select such instances of adventure as were at once most peculiarly American, and, at the same time calculated to "point a moral" as well as "adorn a tale." Authenticity has also been a main consideration; and it is believed that whatever interest these volumes may possess is due to simplicity and truth.

The existing works, of which most frequent use has been made in the present compilation, have been M'Clung's excellent Sketches of Western Adventure; Hoyt's American Antiquarian Researches; Audubon's Ornithological Adventures; the Illinois Magazine; General Lee's Memoirs; Wilkinson's Memoirs; Governor Morehead's Address on the Settlement of Kentucky; Life of Boone; Bradbury's Travels; Redding's Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea;

Riley's Narrative; Mariner's Library; the English and American Annual Registers.

A volume of Harper's District School Library has already been devoted to a full account of the whale-fishery. That fertile field of enterprise and adventure has consequently been left untouched in the present collection.

The narratives here presented of adventure by land and sea are well fitted to impress upon the mind the importance of the heroic virtues of self-possession and fortitude, in sustaining and saving life in moments of extreme peril, when there is apparently no earthly hope remaining. "Providence helps those who help themselves" is a truth, which will be found amply illustrated in these pages.

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AMERICAN ADVENTURE

CHAPTER I.

CHARACTER OF EARLY AMERICAN ADVENTURE BY
LAND.—ADVENTURES OF THE REGICIDES IN NEW
ENGLAND.

EXAMPLES of individual enterprise and adventure abound in our early annals. They are mostly however of a uniform character. The same features have always distinguished the struggles of our frontier inhabitants with the original occupants of the soil; and these struggles afforded the principal field for courage and adventure to our forefathers. Instances of heroic fortitude, sagacity, and daring, may be quoted, which are full of interest and instruction. Such adventures possess not an historic value only. They convey lessons by which all may benefit, and furnish hints which, in moments of emergency, may recur to the mind and prove of invaluable assistance

Immediately after the restoration of King Charles the Second to the throne of England in 1660, a number of the judges, who sat on the trial of King Charles the First, were seized, tried and condemned at the Old Bailey, and promptly executed. Others foreseeing their fate fled from the realm before the king was proclaimed. Two of those regicides, as they were termed, Colonel Edward Whalley and William Goffe, sailed for New England, and arrived at Boston, July, 1660. Whalley had served as a lieutenant-general, and Goffe as a major-general, in Cromwell's army. Both had distinguished themselves in various battles as well as many other important transactions, and had been much in the confidence of the lord-protector. Both were commissioners appointed for the trial of the king, and both signed the warrant for his execution. They had therefore little expectation of escaping the rigid punishment for treason, should they fall into the hands of the English government. Goffe had married a daughter of Whalley, and was not less attached to his father-in-law from principle than from his family connexion.

At Boston they were courteously received by Governor Endicott and the principal gentlemen of the town; and though they did not secrete

themselves, they chose a more retired place and resided some time at Cambridge. In the meantime, they visited many of the adjacent towns, were openly seen at public worship and at several public places, and appear to have been much esteemed by the people.

On learning that several of the regicides had been condemned and executed in England, and that Whalley and Goffe were not included in the act of pardon, the people of Boston, who had harbored them, began to be alarmed. The governor assembled a court of assistants to consult upon measures for the apprehension of the judges; but a majority would not consent to the project, and several even declared that they would protect them at all hazards. Finding themselves unsafe at Cambridge, and being advised by their friends to remove, the judges left the place, and proceeded to Hartford in Connecticut, and thence to New Haven, where they arrived the seventh of March, 1661, and took lodging at the house of the Rev. Mr. Davenport. Here they were treated with marked attention by the leading people, not only as men of great minds, but of unfeigned piety and religion; and finding themselves among such friends they flattered themselves they were out of danger

It was soon known in England, that the two judges had landed at Boston, and the king's proclamation was afterward received there, requiring that they should be apprehended. The governor of Massachusetts accordingly issued his warrant for this purpose, and a slight search was made through the towns in the province, and particularly at Springfield, and other villages on Connecticut river, but the judges had previously left the province, and were secure among their friends at New Haven.

Sometime after, the governor of Massachusetts received a royal mandate, requiring him to apprehend the regicides, accompanied by some intimations that their friendly reception at Boston had been noticed. This produced an alarm, and a more thorough search was made through the towns. Hadley, at this time, is said to have been examined by officers sent on the service, but not with a very close scrutiny.

In the meantime the judges, secretly apprized of the measures taken for their apprehension, removed to Milford, where they appeared openly in the daytime, but at night often returned to New Haven, and were secreted at Mr. Davenport's. At length two English merchants, Kellond and Kirk, both zealous royalists, were com-

missioned to go through the colonies as far as Manhattan in search of the regicides. Seasonably informed of the plan to apprehend them, the harassed judges removed from Mr. Davenport's, and secreted themselves in various places about New-Haven; first at a mill, then in the woods, and at last in a singular natural cave on West Rock, where they continued for some time, and were provided with the means of subsistence by their friends.

During this time Kellond and Kirk arrived at New Haven, and with the reluctant aid of the officers of government, made search for the judges, but without effect. They then passed on to Manhattan, and gaining no information of the objects of their pursuit, returned to Boston, and made report of their proceedings, in which the magistrates at New Haven were represented as friendly to the judges, and as having used secret means to prevent their apprehension. Davenport and Lieutenant-Governor Leet were implicated in the affair, and some apprehensions were entertained for their safety. Informed of this, the judges offered to surrender themselves rather than expose their friends to punishment, and they actually appeared openly at New Haven. But through the advice of friends they changed their

determination, and again retired to their cave, and other secluded hiding-places in the vicinity, and were seen occasionally by a few persons in whom they could confide.

During this seclusion in the cave on West Rock, to their fear of apprehension was added that of the Indians and ferocious animals. One night as they reposed on their hard couch, a huge catamount, with blazing eyes and furious grin, thrust his head into the aperture of the rock, giving a horrible growl; but the creature departed without injury to the proscribed fugitives. At another time, during their absence from the cave, a party of Indians on a hunting excursion accidentally discovered the cave and the couch on which the unfortunate exiles reposed. The circumstance being reported by the Indians, it was deemed dangerous to continue longer in the place, and the regicides abandoned it for another more secluded.

In 1664, several commissioners arrived at Boston on business relating to the colonies; and, as they were instructed by King Charles, to make inquiry for the two regicides, and as the places of the seclusion of these harassed men were now known to many at New Haven, they resolved to remove to some more distant spot. The Rev

Mr. Russel of Hadley consented to receive them into his house. After having endured a dreary pilgrimage of three years and seven months, at and about New Haven, they undertook the journey to Hadley on the thirteenth of October, 1664. Travelling in the night only, they eluded discovery, and arrived at Mr. Russel's hospitable mansion, after a tedious march of about one hundred miles.

The house of the friendly clergyman, situated on the east side of the main street, near the centre of the village, was of two stories, with a kitchen attached, and ingeniously fitted up for the reception of the judges. The east chamber was assigned for their residence, from which a door opened into a closet, back of the chimney, and a secret trap-door communicated with an under-closet, from which was a private passage to the cellar, into which it was easy to descend in the event of a search being made after them.

Here, unknown except to a few confidential friends, and the family of Mr. Russel, the judges remained fifteen or sixteen years secluded from the world, constantly exposed to discovery from some unfaithful person or from some unfortunate circumstance, in which case an ignominious death was inevitable. And when it is known

that Hadley became the headquarters of the army, employed for the defence of the towns on Connecticut river, in the war with Philip, in 1675 and 1676, while the judges were in the place—that soldiers were billeted on the inhabitants and vigilant officers quartered in the village—the escape of the exiles is truly astonishing, and evinces that the faithful minister possessed resources of concealment beyond most men. It is not known with certainty, that more than one gentleman of the village beside Mr. Russel's family, was in the dangerous secret of the judges' concealment. This was Peter Tilton, whose house stood on the same side of the street; and with him the regicides are said to have occasionally resided. A Mr. Smith is also said to have been in the secret, and to have occasionally admitted the exiles to his house.

Mr. Tilton was a magistrate and a man of note in his part of the country; and much employed in public business, having been often a member of the colonial legislative assembly from Hadley. As he was frequently in Boston, attending to his official duties, donations to the judges were made through his hands with safety. Richard Saltonstall, who was in the secret, on his departure for England in 1672, sent them

fifty pounds. They received donations also from others; and their wives remitted them money from England, through their secret friends, for whom Tilton was the trusty agent.

During his residence at Hadley, Goffe held a correspondence with his wife in England, under the feigned name of Walter Goldsmith; but his letters were written so enigmatically, that none but an intimate acquaintance could fully comprehend them. By one of the letters dated April second, 1679, it appears that Whalley died some time previously at Mr. Russel's. He was buried in a sort of tomb formed of masonwork and covered with flags of hewn stone, just without the cellar-wall of Russel's house, where his bones were recently found by a Mr. Gaylord, who built a house on the spot as late as 1794.

Not long after the decease of Whalley, Goffe left Hadley, and travelled to the southward. No certain information of him was afterward obtained. Vague rumors, however, say that he went to Manhattan or New York, where he tarried some time in disguise, and supported himself by conveying vegetables to market. Where, when, or how he died is unknown. There is one event in his history, however, which partakes

of the character of romance. It occurred during his residence with the hospitable Mr. Russel.

In May, 1675, six hundred hostile Indians, under Philip, appeared at Hatfield, rushing suddenly into the place. Twelve unfortified buildings were immediately fired, and several palisaded dwellinghouses violently attacked, and bravely defended by a few people. Being with difficulty repulsed, the Indians renewed the attack on the twelfth of June with additional forces. Having laid an ambuscade the preceding night, they commenced the attack at daylight with great spirit. Though warmly opposed they seemed determined on carrying the place. They pressed on with the greatest fury. The Americans were on the point of giving way, and flying in confusion. At a critical moment, however, a re-enforcement appeared in the person of a man of venerable aspect, who differed from the rest of the inhabitants in his apparel. No one remembered to have seen him before.

The stranger placed himself at the head of the people, as if he had been habituated to the command of armies. His eye kindled as with the enthusiasm of past years, and he issued his directions with that air of authority, which one naturally acquires, who knows not what it is to

be disobeyed. His arrangements for the defence of the place evinced a thorough acquaintance with military tactics, and his undaunted coolness and courage in the midst of danger served to reanimate the men. Calling upon them to follow him, and not even glancing behind to see whether he was obeyed, he rushed like a destroying agent upon the foe, who regarded him with superstitious amazement, and soon fled precipitately.

As soon as the battle was ended and the Indians had retired, the stranger suddenly disappeared, nor could any one tell where or how. Who was this brave and mysterious deliverer? His departure had been as abrupt and unaccountable as his coming. The good people of Hadley, unable to arrive at any other solution, came to the conclusion that he was an angelic auxiliary commissioned by the great Ruler of the universe. His grave and noble visage, his air of confident authority, his unshrinking courage, activity, and skill, and the mystery which attended the circumstance of his appearance—all tended to confirm them in this belief.

It will be recollected that, at this time, the two judges Whalley and Goffe, were secreted in the village, at the house of Mr. Russel. The supposed angel was then no other than General

Goffe, who, seeing the village in imminent danger, risked his own safety, quitted his place of concealment, assumed the command of the inhabitants, and animated them to a vigorous defence. Whalley being then superannuated, probably remained in his secluded chamber.

Not long after the two judges came to Hadley, Colonel John Dixwell, another of the judges, joined them at Mr. Russel's, where he resided some time; but departing from that place, and wandering about the country, he at length settled down at New Haven, under the assumed name of Davids, where he married and had several children. His real name and character were not made known to the public until his death, which happened in 1689; nor was it known in England that he had fled to America. He was buried at New Haven, and his gravestone, marked with his initials, "J. D., Esq., deceased March 18, in the 82d year of his age—1688, -'9," is often visited as a curiosity.

The story of the judges was first given to the world in 1764, by Governor Hutchinson, who obtained it from manuscripts found among the papers of the Mather family of Boston; by whom they are supposed to have been procured from the descendants of Mr. Russel. Its devel-

opment during the lives of the actors in the scene, would have exposed them to imminent danger, and perhaps have cost them their lives. Among the papers procured by Hutchinson, was a journal kept by Goffe, from the time he left England, to the year 1667. This and other papers relating to the regicides were probably destroyed at the time the governor's house was rifled by the mob in Boston in 1765.

Of the motives and the conduct of the regicides in ordering the execution of King Charles I., different opinions are entertained. They appear to have been men of pure lives, and we can readily believe that they were actuated by conscientious dictates. If we regard their act as merely one of policy in the upholding of their own views of government, we cannot find fault with their decision. Let us hope, however, that the day of such bloody revolutions has gone by. May those which remain to be accomplished, be brought about by the resistless but peaceable and benignant influence of public opinion.

CHAPTER II.

EXPEDITION OF CAPTAIN TURNER AGAINST THE
INDIANS OF THE CONNECTICUT—PERSONAL AD
VENTURES OF WELLS AND ATHERTON.

No river in New England was wont to afford a greater abundance of fish than the Connecticut and no place on the river presented a more favorable station for taking them than the falls between the towns of Gill and Montague. Many of the present generation can recollect when upward of five thousand shad have been taken in a day, by dipping nets at Burnham's rock near that place. This rock was situated at the bend of the cataract, and none but the most skilful watermen attempted to navigate a light canoe or batteau to it; and even by these the task was considered extremely perilous. It was approached from above by a dexterous and delicate use of the paddle, and an eye that could measure a mite, and resolve compound forces at

a glance. A deviation of a few feet in steering was certain to plunge the adventurer down the rugged cataract, in which case drowning must ensue.

This rock is now covered by the water raised by a lofty dam, constructed below, for the purpose of diverting the stream from its natural course into a canal. The river for some distance above, flowing smoothly in a southwest direction, makes a sudden turn to the northwest, about half a mile above the fall, and curving to the right assumes nearly a north course. Here it meets with a chain of rocks, stretching across the whole channel, crowned by two rocky islands, and falls abruptly forty or fifty feet into a cavity, in wild confusion. Continuing its boiling course a short distance, it receives Fall river, a small stream from the north, and then making a sharp flexure to the left, and passing over a smaller bar below, and several islands, it takes its usual southerly course a little below Deerfield river.

Toward the close of the year 1675, several hundred Indians had taken up their station on an elevated ground on the right bank of the river at the head of the fall. A smaller party occupied the opposite bank, and another was

stationed at what is now called Smead's island, more than a mile below. As the American forces at Hadley and the adjacent towns were not at this time very numerous, the Indians considered themselves little exposed to an attack, and had become remiss in guarding their station. Two lads, Stebbins and Gilbert, who had been taken prisoners on the river below, and carried to the falls, fortunately escaped, and informed the colonists of the positions and the remissness of the Indians.

On the reception of this intelligence, it was determined to collect a force from Springfield, Northampton, Hadley, and Hatfield, and strike at the enemy at the falls. About one hundred and sixty mounted men assembled at Hatfield under Captain Turner of the colony troops, as commander, and Captain Holyoke of the Springfield, and Ensign Lyman of the Northampton militia, and, under the direction of two skilful guides, commenced their march for the falls. The distance was about twenty miles.

Passing the ruins of Deerfield, and the river at the northerly part of the meadow in that town, they were heard by a lodge of Indians, seated at a spot now called Cheapside. The Indians immediately turned out, and made an explora-

tion, but finding no trail they concluded that the noise proceeded from moose wading in the river, and returned to their lodge. Eluding these Indians, Turner continued his march into what is now Greenfield meadow, and passing Green river and a trackless forest of about four miles, he halted on elevated land, a small distance west of Fall river, about half a mile from the Indian camp at the falls, where his men dismounted and left their horses tied to saplings, under a small guard.

Day was now about to dawn, but all was still in the Indian camp. Preparations for the attack were quickly made, and the march was instantly commenced. Crossing Fall river, and climbing a steep hill, the colonists rapidly traversed an intervening wood and rushed upon the back of the Indian camp. The unconscious savages were in a profound sleep, not having even taken the precaution to place sentinels. Roused from their slumbers by the sudden roar of musketry, they fled toward the river, vociferating, "Mohawks! Mohawks!" believing this furious enemy was upon them. Many leaped into their canoes. Some in their haste forgot their paddles, and were shot in the attempt to cross the river.

Some were precipitated down the dreadful cataract and drowned, while others were killed in their wigwams, or took shelter under the shelving rocks of the river bank, where they were cut down by the colonists without offering much resistance.

Captain Holyoke is said to have despatched five of these Indians with his own sword ; nor did the soldiers manifest less activity. All performed their duty in a most gallant manner, and the affair was soon over, with the loss of only one man on the part of the assailants. The loss of the Indians was severe. One hundred were left dead on the ground, and one hundred and forty were seen to pass down the cataract, of whom but one escaped drowning. A few gained the opposite shore, and joined their companions. The whole loss, as was afterward acknowledged, amounted to about three hundred, among whom were many of their principal sachems.

Having thus effected his principal object, collected his men, and destroyed the Indian cabins, Turner commenced his march toward the spot, where the party had left their horses. At this moment a number of Indians were seen crossing the river a little above the fall. Twenty brave fellows volunteered to attack them ; but they

were soon forced to retire, and with some difficulty reached Turner's main body.

Having recovered the horses, and mounted, Turner commenced his march for Hatfield — Holyoke, with a part of the force, covering the rear. By this time the Indians from the east side of the river had joined those at Smead's island, crossed over, and were advancing on the left and rear of the colonists. Holyoke received them with resolution, and repulsed them several times. In one of these onsets, his horse was shot down, upon which the Indians rushed up to seize him; but, drawing his pistol, he shot the foremost, which checked the others, and one of his own men coming up to his aid he escaped the grasp of the enemy.

By a captive the colonists had been informed that Philip was now approaching with a thousand Indians. This, with several attacks from different quarters, produced a panic among the men, and the main body at length fell into confusion, and separated into different parties with different leaders. A thickly-covered morass, commencing in the vicinity of the falls, extended along the left flank of the retreating troops, nearly to Green river, affording a cover for the enemy. Attempting to cross this, one of the re-

treating parties was cut off by the Indians. Another party got bewildered, and, wandering from the course, was captured. The prisoners, as was afterward learned, were burnt at the stake. Captain Turner, at the head of the van, was much enfeebled by previous illness, and unable to act with his usual vigor, or, with his disordered troops, to afford aid to the rear. At length, with much difficulty, he reached Green river, where the enemy came up and attacked him as he was passing over, and he fell mortally wounded by a musket-shot. Captain Holyoke, upon whom the command devolved, continued the retreat through the meadow bordering Green river, and, crossing a pine plain and Deerfield river, he entered the meadow in that town hard pressed by the Indians. After sustaining several warm attacks, he arrived at Hatfield with the loss of thirty-eight men.

A case of individual suffering occurred in this expedition, which deserves notice. Mr. Jonathan Wells, of Hatfield, one of the twenty who remained in the rear when Turner began his march from the falls, soon after mounting his horse, received a shot in one of his thighs, which had previously been fractured and badly healed. Another shot wounded his horse. With much

difficulty, Wells kept his saddle, and, after several narrow escapes, joined the main body just at the time it was separating into different parties, as has been related. Attaching himself to one that was making toward the swamp on the left, and perceiving the enemy in that direction, he altered his route, and joined another party flying in a different direction.

Unable to keep up with the party, he was soon left alone, but shortly afterward fell in with one Jones, who was also wounded. The woods being thick, and the weather cloudy, they soon got bewildered. Wells lost his companion, and after wandering in various directions, accidentally struck Green river, and proceeding up the stream arrived at a place since called *the country farms*, in the northerly part of Greenfield. Passing the river and attempting to ascend an abrupt hill bordering the shore, he fell from his horse exhausted.

After lying senseless for some time, Wells revived and found his faithful horse still standing patiently by his side. Making him fast to a tree, he again lay down to rest himself, but finding he should not be able to remount, he turned the horse loose, and, making use of his gun as a crutch, hobbled up the river, directly opposite to

the course he ought to have taken. His progress was slow and painful, and being much annoyed by moschetoës, he kindled a fire toward night, which soon spread in all directions, so that it was with some difficulty he avoided the flames. New fears now were suggested. The fire would probably guide the Indians to the spot, and he should be sacrificed to their fury. Under these impressions he divested himself of his ammunition, that it might not fall into their hands—bound up his thigh with a handkerchief, and stanchèd the blood—and composing himself as well as he could, soon fell asleep. Probably, before this, he had conjectured that he was pursuing a wrong course, for in a dream he imagined himself bewildered, and was impressed with the idea that he must turn *down* the stream to find his home.

The rising of the sun the next morning convinced him that his sleeping impressions were correct—that he had travelled *from* instead of *toward* Hatfield, and that he was then farther from that place than the falls, where the action took place. He was now some distance up Green river, where the high lands closed down to the stream. Reversing his course, he at length regained the level interval in the upper

part of Greenfield, and soon found a footpath which led him to the trail of his retreating comrades: this he pursued to Deerfield river, which, with much difficulty, he forded by the aid of his gun. Ascending the bank he laid himself down to rest, and being overcome with fatigue he fell asleep. On awaking he discovered an Indian making directly toward him in a canoe.

Unable to flee, and finding his situation desperate, Wells presented his gun as if in the act of firing, although it was wet and filled with sand and gravel. The Indian, leaving his own gun, instantly leaped from his canoe into the water, escaped to the opposite shore, and disappeared. Wells now concluded that he should be sacrificed by others, who he knew were but a small distance down the river; but determining if possible to elude them, he gained an adjacent swamp, and secreted himself under a pile of driftwood. The Indians were soon heard in search of him, traversing the swamp, and passing over the driftwood; but by lying close, the fugitive fortunately avoided discovery, and, after they had given up the search and left the place, he continued his painful march through Deerfield meadows. Hunger now began to prey upon him, and looking about he accidentally discover-

ed the skeleton of a horse, from the bones of which he gathered some animal matter, which he eagerly devoured. He afterward found a few bird's-eggs and some decayed beans, which in some measure allayed the cravings of nature, and added to his strength.

Passing the ruins of Deerfield at dusk, Wells arrived the next morning at Lathrop's battleground at Bloody brook, in the south part of Deerfield, where he found himself so exhausted that he concluded he must give up farther efforts, lie down, and die. But after resting a short time, and recollecting that he was within about eight miles of Hatfield, his resolution returned, and he resumed his march over pine woods, then smoking with a recent fire. Here he found himself in great distress from a want of water to quench his thirst, and almost despaired of reaching home. But once more rousing himself, he continued his march, and, about mid-day on Sunday, reached Hatfield, to the inexpressible joy of his friends, who had supposed him dead. After a long confinement, Mr. Wells's wound was healed, and he lived to an advanced age, a worthy member of the town.

The Rev. Hope Atherton, minister of Hatfield, also shared in the expedition under Captain

Turner, of which he went out as chaplain. In the confusion of the retreat, he was separated from the troops and lost in the woods. After wandering at random until morning he despaired of finding the route home, and came to the resolution of surrendering himself to the enemy. Approaching a party, by signs he offered himself as a prisoner. Strange as it may appear, the Indians refused to receive him. When he approached and called to them they fled from his presence. None offered to molest him or discovered the least hostility. Fear seemed rather to predominate in their minds, and Mr. Atherton was left to his own fate.

In this strange dilemma, he determined, if possible, to find the river, and follow it to Hatfield. This he effected, and, after a devious march of several days, during which he endured hunger, fatigue, and anxiety, he was restored to his people. This singular conduct of the Indians was attributed to some of their religious superstitions. Probably, Mr. Atherton's dress indicated his profession: and, having some knowledge of the sacredness of his office, these superstitious notions led them to consider him as a superior being.

CHAPTER III

THE RIFLEMAN OF CHIPPEWA — THE INDIAN AND
THE HOSTESS — HOW TO ELUDE TORTURE —
DUPLICITY REWARDED.

AT the time of the French and Indian wars the American army was encamped on the plains of Chippewa. Col. St. Clair, the commander was a bold and meritorious officer; but there was mixed with his bravery a large share of rashness or indiscretion. His rashness in this case consisted in encamping upon an open plain beside a thick wood, from which an Indian scout could easily pick off his outposts without being exposed, in the least, to the fire of the sentinel.

Five nights had passed, and every night he had been surprised by the disappearance of a sentry, who stood at a lonely post in the vicinity of the forest. These repeated disasters had struck such a dread into the breasts of the remaining soldiers, that no one would volunteer

to take the post, and the commander, knowing it would be throwing away their lives — let it stand unoccupied, for a night or two.

At length a rifleman of the Virginia corps volunteered his services. He was told the danger of the duty, but he laughed at the fears of his comrades, saying he would return safe, to drink the health of his commander in the morning. The guard marched up soon after, and he shouldered his rifle, and fell in. He arrived at his bounds, and, bidding his fellow-sentinels “good-night,” assumed the duties of his post.

The night was dark, from the thick clouds that overspread the firmament. No star shone on the sentinel as he paced his lonely path, and naught was heard but the mournful hoot of the owl, as she raised her nightly wail from the withered branch of the venerable oak. At length, a low rustling among the bushes on the right, caught his ear. He gazed long toward the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, but saw nothing save the impenetrable gloom of the thick forest which surrounded the encampment. Then, as he marched onward, he heard the joyful cry of “all’s well,” after which he seated himself upon a stump, and fell into a revery. While he thus sat, a savage entered the open

space behind, and, after buckling his tunic, with its numerous folds, tight around his body, drew over his head the skin of a wild boar, with the natural appendages of those animals. Thus accoutred, he walked past the soldier, who, seeing the object approach, quickly stood upon his guard. But a well-known grunt eased his fears, and he suffered it to pass, it being too dark for any one to discover the cheat. The beast, as it appeared to be, quietly sought the thicket to the left; it was nearly out of sight, when through a sudden break in the clouds, the moon shone bright upon it. The soldier then perceived the ornamented moccasin of an Indian, and quick as thought, prepared to fire. But, fearing lest he might be mistaken, and thus needlessly alarm the camp—and also supposing, if he were right, that other savages would be near at hand, he refrained, and having a perfect knowledge of Indian subtlety and craft, quickly took off his coat and cap, and, after hanging them on the stump where he had reclined, secured his rifle, and softly groped his way toward the thicket. He had barely reached it, when the whizzing of an arrow passed his head, and told him of the danger he had so narrowly escaped.

Turning his eyes toward a small spot of clear-

ed land within the thicket, he perceived a dozen of the same *animals* sitting on their hind legs, instead of feeding on the acorns, which at this season lay plentifully upon the surface of the leaves; and, listening attentively, he heard them conversing in the Iroquois tongue. The substance of their conversation was, that if the sentinel should not discover them, the next evening, as soon as the moon should afford them sufficient light for their operations, they would make an attack upon the American camp. They then quitted their rendezvous, and soon their tall forms were lost in the gloom of the forest. The soldier now returned to his post, and found the arrow sunk deep in the stump, it having passed through the breast of his coat.

He directly returned to the encampment, and desired the orderly at the marquee to inform the commander of his wish to speak with him, having information of importance to communicate. He was admitted, and, having been heard, the colonel bestowed on him the vacant post of lieutenant of the corps, and directed him to be ready, with a picket-guard, to march at eight o'clock in the evening to the spot he had occupied the night before, where he was to place his hat and coat upon the stump, and then lie in

ambush for the intruders. Accordingly the party proceeded, and obeyed the colonel's orders. The moon rose, but shone dimly through the thick branches of the forest.

While the new lieutenant was waiting the result of his manœuvre, an arrow whizzed from the same quarter as before. The mock soldier fell on his face. ' A dozen subdued voices sounded from within the thicket, which were soon followed by the sudden appearance of the Indians themselves. They barely reached the stump, when our hero gave the order to fire, and the whole band were stretched dead upon the plain. After stripping them of their arms and trappings, the Americans returned to the camp.

Twelve chiefs fell at the destructive fire of the white men, and their fall was, undoubtedly, one great cause of the French and Indian wars with the English. The fortunate rifleman, who had originated and conducted the ambuscade, returned from the war, at its termination, with a competency. He was not again heard of, until the parent-country raised her arm against the infant colonies. Then was seen, at the head of a band of Virginia riflemen our hero as the brave and gallant Colonel Morgan.

The Indians of North America manifest in

many of their remarks a singular talent for satire and sarcasm. Their sense of the ridiculous is acute, and their retorts are often bitter and keen as well as witty. Soon after Litchfield began to be settled by the English, an unknown Indian came into an inn at dusk, and requested the hostess to furnish him with food and drink, stating that he had had no success in hunting, and could not pay till he had better fortune. The woman refused, and began to scold him, calling him a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing fellow. A man who sat by, noticed the poor savage as he turned away from the unfeeling shrew, and generously ordered her to furnish him with a good supper, for which he himself would pay.

The Indian, having finished his meal, thanked his benefactor again and again, assuring him he should never forget his kindness. He added that he had a short story to tell, should the woman be willing to hear him. The hostess, now made good-natured by the money, readily consented. The Indian, addressing his benefactor, said, "I suppose you read your bible?" The man assented.

"Well," rejoined the Indian, "the Bible says, God make de world, and den he took him, and looked on him, and say, 'all very good.' Den

he made light ; and took him and looked on him, and say, ‘ all very good.’ Den he made land and water, sun and moon, grass and trees ; and he took him and looked on him, and say, ‘ all very good.’ Den he made beasts, and birds, and fishes ; and he took him and looked on him, and say, ‘ all very good.’ Den he made man ; and took him, and looked on him, and say, ‘ all very good.’ Den he made woman ; and took him and looked on him, and, *he no say any such thing more.*”

Many years after this event, the Indian’s benefactor was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried into Canada. He was saved from death by one of the tribe, who asked leave to adopt him in place of his son, who had fallen in battle. Through the winter he encountered the customary effects of savage hospitality. The following summer as he was at work in the forest alone, an unknown Indian came to him and appointed a meeting at a certain place on a fixed day.

The prisoner consented ; but afterward, fearing that mischief might be intended, neglected the engagement. The Indian again sought him, reproved him for his want of confidence, and assured him the meeting would be for his benefit.

Encouraged by his apparent friendship, the white man followed his directions. He found the Indian provided with muskets and knapsacks, and was ordered to arm himself and follow him. Their course lay toward the south; and, day after day, the white man followed without being able to conjecture the motives of his guide.

After a tedious journey he arrived at the top of an eminence commanding a view of a country somewhat cultivated and populous. "Do you know that country?" asked the Indian, with a significant smile. "Oh yes; it is Litchfield," replied the white man, as he cordially pressed the hand of his companion. "Many years ago, you gave weary Indian supper there," said the latter. "He promise to pay you, and he pay you now. Go home and be happy."

Several soldiers of Montgomery's Highland regiment were taken prisoners by the Indians. One of them named Allan Macpherson witnessed the miserable fate of his fellows, who had been tortured to death by the savages, and seeing preparations making to subject him to the same cruel sufferings, he made signs that he had something of importance to communicate.

An interpreter was brought. Macpherson told them, that, provided his life was spared for

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a few minutes, he would communicate the secret of an extraordinary medicine, which, if applied to the skin, would cause it to resist the strongest blow of a tomahawk or sword ; and that if they would allow him to go to the woods with a guard to collect the plants, proper for this medicine, he would prepare it and allow the experiment to be tried on his own neck, by the strongest and most expert warrior among them.

The story was readily credited by the superstitious savages. The request was complied with. The highlander returned from the woods with a parcel of plants. Having boiled them he rubbed his neck with the juice, laid his head upon a block of wood, and desired that the strongest man among them would strike a hard blow on his neck with a tomahawk, when he would find that he could not make the slightest impression. A stout Indian accordingly came forward, took his tomahawk, and inflicted a blow with all his might. Off flew the head.

The savages stood amazed and angry at having been outwitted. They were ashamed of their own credulity. The prisoner was, by his ingenuity and presence of mind, relieved from the agonizing and protracted tortures, which his captors had intended to inflict upon him.

Early in the war of the American revolution, a sergeant, who was travelling through the woods of New Hampshire, on his way to join the American army, met with a singular adventure, which resulted much to the credit of his sagacity.

He had twelve men with him. Their route was far from any settlement, and they were obliged every night to encamp in the woods. The sergeant had seen a good deal of the Indians, and was well acquainted with their character and customs. Early one afternoon, as he was proceeding with his party over bogs, swamps, and brooks, under towering maple-trees, a body of Indians, exceeding his men in number, rushed out upon a hill in front of them.

They appeared to be pleased at meeting with the sergeant and his party. They considered them, they said, as their best friends. As for themselves, they had taken up the hatchet for the Americans, and would scalp and strip those rascally English for them, like so many wildcats. "How do you do, pro?" (meaning brother) said one. "How do you do, pro?" said another; and so they went about, shaking hands with the sergeant and his twelve men.

They went off at last, and the sergeant, having marched onward a mile or two, halted his

men, and addressed them. — “ My brave fellows,” said he, “ we must use all possible caution, or before morning we shall all of us be dead men. You are amazed, but depend upon me, these Indians have tried to put our suspicion to sleep ; you will see more of them by-and-by.”

It was concluded, finally, to adopt the following scheme for defence ; they encamped for the night near a stream of water, which protected them from behind. A large oak was felled, and a brilliant fire kindled. Every man cut a log of wood about the size of his body, rolled it nicely up in his blanket, placed his hat on the end of it, and laid it before the fire, that the enemy might take it for a man.

Thirteen logs were fitted out in this way, representing the sergeant and his twelve men. They then placed themselves, with loaded guns, behind the fallen tree. By this time it was dark, but the fire was kept burning till midnight. The sergeant knew that if the savages ever came, they would come now.

A tall Indian was at length seen through the glimmering fire, which was getting low. He moved cautiously toward them, skulking, as an Indian always does. He seemed to suspect at first, that a guard might be watching, but seeing

none, he came forward more boldly, rested on his toes, and was seen to move his finger, as he counted the thirteen men, sleeping, as he supposed, by the fire. He counted them again, and retired; another came up, and did the same. Then the whole party, sixteen in number, came up, and glared silently at the logs, till they seemed to be satisfied that the party of white men were fast asleep. Thereupon they took aim, fired their whole number of guns upon the logs, yelled the horrid warwhoop, and rushed forward to murder and scalp their supposed victims. The sergeant and his men were ready for them. They fired, and not one of the Indians was left to tell the story of that night. The sergeant reached the army in safety, and was much commended for his gallantry and prudence.

CHAPTER IV.

ESCAPE OF TWO DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN PRISONERS
FROM THE BRITISH.

AFTER the failure of the expedition against the British garrison at Penobscot, General Peleg Wadsworth was appointed in the spring of 1830, to the command of a party of state troops in Camden, in the district of Maine.

At the expiration of the period for which the troops were engaged in February following, General Wadsworth dismissed his troops, retaining six soldiers only as his guard, and began to make preparations to depart from the place. A neighboring inhabitant communicated the intelligence of his situation to the British commander at Penobscot, and a party of twenty soldiers, commanded by Lieutenant Stockton, was sent to make him a prisoner. They embarked in a small schooner, and landing within four miles of the general's quarters, they were con-

cealed at the house of one Snow, a methodist preacher, professedly a friend to the Americans, but in reality a traitor. Here they remained till eleven o'clock in the evening, and made their arrangements for the attack upon the general's quarters.

Issuing from their place of concealment, the assailing party rushed suddenly on the sentinel, who gave the alarm. One of his comrades instantly opened the door of the kitchen, but the enemy were so near as to enter with the sentinel. The lady of the general, and her friend, Miss Fenno of Boston, were in the house at the time, and Mrs. Wadsworth escaped from the room of her husband into that of Miss Fenno. The assailants soon became masters of the whole house, except the room where the general was, which was strongly barred; and they kept up a constant fire of musketry into the windows and doors, except into those of the ladies' rooms.

General Wadsworth was provided with a pair of pistols, a blunderbuss, and a fusee, which he employed with great dexterity, being determined to defend himself to the last. With his pistols, which he discharged several times, he defended the windows of his room and a door which opened into the kitchen. His blunderbuss he snapped

several times, but unfortunately it missed fire. He then seized his fusee, which he discharged on some who were breaking through one of the windows, and obliged them to flee. He next defended himself with his bayonet, till he received a ball through his left arm, when he surrendered, and the contest terminated. The firing, however, did not cease from the kitchen till the general unbarred the door, when the soldiers rushed into the room, and one of them, who had been badly wounded, pointing a musket at his breast, exclaimed with an oath, "You have taken my life, and I will take yours." But Lieutenant Stockton turned the musket aside, and saved his life.

The commanding officer of the British now applauded the general for his admirable defence, and assisted in putting on his clothes, saying, "You see we are in a critical situation; you must excuse haste." Mrs. Wadsworth threw a blanket over him, and Miss Fenno applied a handkerchief closely round his wounded arm. In this condition, though much exhausted, he, with a wounded American soldier, was directed to march on foot, while two British soldiers, also wounded, were mounted on a horse taken from the general's barn. They departed in great

haste. When they had proceeded about a mile, they met, at a small house, a number of people, who inquired if they had taken General Wadsworth. They said no, and added that they must leave a wounded man under their care, and if they paid proper attention to him, they should be compensated, but if not, their house should be burnt down. The man, however, appeared to be dying. General Wadsworth was now mounted on the horse behind the other wounded soldier, and was warned that his safety depended on his silence.

Having crossed over a frozen mill-pond about a mile in length, they were met by some of their party, who had been left behind. Here they found the British privateer which brought the party from the fort. The captain of the vessel, on being told that he must return there with the prisoner and the party, and seeing some of his men wounded, became outrageous, and damned the general for a rebel, demanding how he dared to fire on the king's troops, and ordering him to help launch the boat or he would put his hanger through his body. The general replied that he was a prisoner, and badly wounded, and that he could not assist in launching the boat. Lieutenant Stockton, on hearing of this abusive treat-

ment, in a manner honorable to himself, told the captain that the prisoner was a gentleman; that he had made a brave defence, and was to be treated respectfully; adding that the captain's conduct should be represented to General Campbell. After this the captain treated the prisoner with great civility, and afforded him every comfort in his power.

The ladies of General Wadsworth's family had been left in the house, not a window of which had escaped destruction. The doors were broken down, and two of the rooms were in flames—the floors covered with blood, while on one of them lay a brave old soldier dangerously wounded, begging for death to release him from his misery. The anxiety and distress of Mrs. Wadsworth were inexpressible; and that of the general was greatly increased by the uncertainty in his mind respecting the fate of his little son, only five years old, who had been exposed to every danger by the firing into the house. The father afterward had the happiness to hear of the lad's safety.

The party having arrived at the British post, the capture of General Wadsworth was soon announced, and the shore was thronged with spectators to see the man, who, through the prece-

ding year, had disappointed all the designs of the British in that quarter. Loud shouts were heard from the rabble, but when the prisoner reached the fort, and was conducted into the officers' guard-room, he was treated with politeness. General Campbell, the commandant of the British garrison, sent his compliments to him and a surgeon to dress his wounds, assuring him that his situation should be made comfortable. The next morning, General Campbell invited him to breakfast, and at table paid him many compliments on the defence he had made, observing, however, that he had exposed himself in a degree not perfectly justifiable. General Wadsworth replied, that, from the manner of the attack, he had no reason to suspect any design of taking him alive, and that he intended therefore to sell his life as dearly as possible.

“ But, sir,” says General Campbell, “ I understand that the captain of the privateer treated you very ill ; I shall see that matter set right.”

He then informed the prisoner, that a room in the officers' barracks within the fort was prepared for him, and that he should send his orderly sergeant daily to attend him to breakfast and dinner at his table. Having retired to his solitary apartment, and while his spirits were ex-

tremely depressed by a recollection of the past, and by his present situation, he received from General Campbell several books of amusement, and soon afterward a visit—the general endeavoring to cheer the spirits of his prisoner by conversation. Not long after, the officers of the party called, and among others the redoubtable captain of the privateer, who came to ask pardon for what had fallen from him when in a passion, protesting, that it was not in his nature to treat a gentleman prisoner ill, but that the unexpected disappointment of his cruise had thrown him off his guard, and he hoped that this would be deemed a sufficient apology. This General Wadsworth accepted. At the hour of dining he was invited to the table of the commandant, where he met all the principal officers of the garrison, and received from them particular attention and politeness.

General Wadsworth soon made application to the commandant for a flag of truce, by which means he could transmit a letter to the Governor of Massachusetts, and another to Mrs. Wadsworth. This was granted on condition that the letter to the governor should be inspected. The flag was intrusted to Lieutenant Stockton, and on his return, the general was relieved from

all anxiety respecting his wife and family. General Campbell and the officers of the garrison, continued their civilities for some time, and endeavored, by books and personal visits, to render his situation as agreeable as circumstances would permit. At the end of five weeks, his wound being nearly healed, he requested of General Campbell, the customary privilege of a parole, and was informed in reply, that his case had been reported to the commanding officer, at New York, and that no alteration could be made in his condition, till orders were received from that quarter.

In about two months, Mrs. Wadsworth and Miss Fenno arrived, and General Campbell and his officers contributed all in their power to render their visit pleasant to all parties. About the same time, orders were received from the commanding general at New York, which were concealed from General Wadsworth; but he finally learned that he was not to be liberated on his parole nor exchanged, but was to be sent to England as a rebel of too much consequence to be at liberty.

Not long afterward, Major Benjamin Burton, a brave and worthy man, who had served under General Wadsworth the preceding summer, was

taken and brought into the fort and lodged in the same room with Wadsworth. He had been informed, that both himself and the general were to be sent, immediately after the return of a privateer then out on a cruise, either to New York or Halifax, and thence to England. The prisoners immediately resolved to make a desperate attempt to effect their escape.

They were confined in a grated room in the officers' barracks within the fort. The walls of this fortress, exclusively of the depth of the ditch surrounding it, were twenty feet high, with fraising on the top, and chevaux-de-frise at the bottom. Two sentinels were always in the entry, and their door, the upper part of which was of glass, might be opened by these watchmen whenever they thought proper, and was actually opened at seasons when it was particularly dark and silent. At the exterior doors of the entries, sentinels were also stationed, as were others in the body of the fort, and at the quarters of General Campbell. At the guardhouse, a strong guard was daily mounted. Several sentinels were stationed on the walls of the fort, and a complete line occupied them by night. Without the ditch, glacis and abattis, another complete file of soldiers also patrolled through

the night. The gate of the fort was shut at sunset, and a picket-guard was placed on or near the isthmus leading from the fort to the main land.

The room in which the prisoners were confined was railed with boards. One of these they determined to cut off, so as to make a hole large enough to pass through, and then to creep along till they should come to the next or middle entry; and then lower themselves down into this entry by a blanket. If they should not be discovered, the passage to the walls of the fort was easy. In the evening, after the sentinels had seen the prisoners retire to bed, General Wadsworth got up, and standing in a chair, attempted to cut with his knife the intended opening, but soon found the operation impracticable. The next day by giving a soldier a dollar they procured a gimlet. With this instrument they proceeded cautiously and as silently as possible to perforate the board, and, in order to conceal every sign of their labors from their servants and from the officers their visitors, they carefully covered the gimlet holes with chewed bread. At the end of three weeks their labors were so far completed, that it only remained to cut with a knife the parts which were left to hold the piece in its

place When their preparations were finished, they learned that the privateer in which they were to embark was daily expected.

In the evening of the eighteenth of June, a very severe storm of rain, with great darkness and almost incessant lightning, came on. This the prisoners considered as the propitious moment. Having extinguished their lights, they began to cut the corners of the board, and in less than an hour the intended opening was effected. The noise produced by the operation was drowned by the rain falling on the roof. Major Burton first ascended to the ceiling, and pressed himself through the opening. General Wadsworth next, having put the corner of his blanket through the hole and made it fast by a strong wooden skewer, attempted to make his way through, standing on a chair below, but it was with extreme difficulty that he at length effected it, and reached the middle entry. From this he passed through the door, which he found open, and made his way to the wall of the fort. He had to encounter the greatest difficulty before he could ascend to the top. He had now to creep along between the sentry-boxes at the very moment when the relief was shifting sentinels, but the falling of heavy rain kept the sentinels with-

in their boxes, and favored his escape. Having now fastened his blanket round a picket at the top, he let himself down through the chevaux-de-frise to the ground; and, in a manner astonishing to himself, made his way into the open field. Here he was obliged to grope his path among rocks, stumps, and brush, in the darkness of the night, till he reached the cove. Happily the tide had ebbcd, and he was enabled to cross the water, which was about a mile in breadth and not more than three feet deep.

About two o'clock in the morning, General Wadsworth found himself a mile and a half from the fort, and he proceeded through a thick wood and brush to the Penobscot river. After passing some distance along the shore, being seven miles from the fort, he saw, to his unspeakable joy, his friend Burton, advancing toward him. Major Burton had been obliged to encounter in his course equal difficulties with his companion; and such were the perils and obstructions they surmounted, that their escape may be considered almost miraculous. It was now necessary that they should cross the Penobscot river. Very fortunately they discovered a canoe with oars, on the shore suited to their purpose. While on the river they saw to their dismay a barge with a

party of British from the fort in pursuit of them, but by taking an oblique course, and plying their oars with all their strength, they happily eluded the eyes of their pursuers, and arrived in safety on the western shore.

After having wandered in the wilderness for several days and nights, exposed to extreme fatigue and cold, and with no other food than a little dry bread and meat, which they brought in their pockets from the fort, they reached the settlements on the river St. George, and no farther difficulties attended their return to their families.

CHAPTER V.

ADVENTURES OF SERGEANT CHAMPE IN HIS ATTEMPT
TO CAPTURE THE TRAITOR ARNOLD.

THE treason of General Arnold, the capture of Andre, and the intelligence received by Washington through his confidential agents in New York, that many of his officers, and especially a major-general, whose name was given, were connected with Arnold, could not fail to arouse the anxiety and vigilance of the commander-in-chief. The moment he reached the army, then under the orders of Major-General Greene, encamped in the vicinity of Tappan, he sent for Major Lee, who was posted with the light troops some distance in front.

Lee repaired to headquarters, and found Washington in his marquee alone, busily engaged in writing. Lee was requested to take a seat; and a bundle of papers, lying on the table, was given to him for perusal. The purport of these

tended to show that Arnold was not alone in his base conspiracy, but that a major-general, whose name was not concealed, was also implicated. This officer had enjoyed, without interruption, the confidence of the commander-in-chief, nor did there exist a single reason in support of the accusation. It altogether rested on the intelligence derived from the papers before him.

Major Lee was naturally shocked at these suspicions, and suggested that they were an invention of the enemy. Washington admitted the plausibility of the suggestion, but remarked that he had the same confidence in Arnold a few days before, which he now placed in the persons accused.

After some further conversation, Washington disclosed a project, which he had maturely revolved in his own mind. "I have sent for you," he remarked to Lee, "to learn if you have in your corps any individual capable of undertaking a delicate and hazardous enterprise. Whoever comes forward on this occasion will lay me under great obligations personally; and, in behalf of the United States, I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost. He must proceed if possible this night. My object is to probe to

the bottom the afflicting suspicions suggested by the papers you have just read—to seize Arnold, and by getting him, to save Andre. While my emissary is engaged in preparing means for the seizure of Arnold, the agency of others can be traced; and the timely delivery of Arnold to me, will possibly put it into my power to restore the amiable and unfortunate Andre to his friends. My instructions are ready, in which you will find express orders, that Arnold is not to be hurt; but that he be permitted to escape, if it can be prevented only by killing him, as his public punishment is the only object in view. This you cannot too forcibly press on the person who may engage in the enterprise; and this fail not to do. With my instructions, are two letters to be delivered as ordered, and here are some guineas to defray expenses.”

Lee replied, that, as the first step to the enterprise was pretended desertion, it would be difficult to find a commissioned officer, who would undertake it. He knew, however, a sergeant-major of the cavalry named Champe, who was in all respects qualified for the delicate and adventurous project. Champe was a native of Loudon county in Virginia, about twenty years of age. He had enlisted in 1776; was rather

above the common size, full of bone and muscle, with a saturnine countenance, grave, thoughtful, and taciturn; of tried courage and inflexible perseverance.

Washington was satisfied with this description, and exclaimed that Champe was the very man for the enterprise. Lee promised to persuade him to undertake it, and, taking leave of the general, returned to the camp of the light corps, which he reached about eight o'clock at night. Sending instantly for the serjeant-major, he informed him of the project of the commander-in-chief; and urged upon him, that, by succeeding in the capture and safe delivery of Arnold, he would not only gratify his general in the most acceptable manner, but would be hailed as the avenger of the reputation of the army, stained by a foul and wicked perfidy; and, what could not but be highly pleasing, he would be the instrument of saving the life of Major Andre.

Champe listened with attention to the plan unfolded by Lee, and replied that it met his approbation. Even its partial success was likely to lead to great good, as it would give relief to Washington's mind, and do justice, as he hoped, to suspected innocence. Champe added, that he was not deterred by the danger and difficulty to

be encountered, but by the ignominy of desertion, consequent upon his enlisting with the enemy. It did not comport with his feelings, to be even suspected of such a crime.

Lee combated the objections of the sergeant with his usual address, and finally subdued his prejudices so far, that Champe consented to undertake the enterprise. The instructions of Washington were then read to him; and Lee particularly cautioned him to exercise the utmost circumspection in delivering the letters, and to take care to withhold from the two individuals addressed under feigned names, knowledge of each other. He was further urged to bear in constant recollection the solemn injunction, so pointedly expressed in the instructions, of forbearing to kill Arnold in any event.

It now remained to arrange the mode of Champe's desertion, for in order to be received favorably by the British, it was necessary that he should desert under circumstances, which should assure them of his sincerity. To cross the numerous patrols of horse and foot, was no small difficulty, which was now increased in consequence of the swarms of irregulars, who sometimes ventured down to the very point of Paulus Hook, with the hope of picking up booty. Evi-

dent, as were the difficulties in the way, no relief could be afforded by Major Lee, lest it might induce a belief that he was privy to the desertion, which opinion getting to the enemy, would peril the life of Champe. The sergeant was left to his own resources and management, Lee agreeing that in case Champe's departure should be discovered before morning, he would take care to delay pursuit as long as practicable.

Lee placed in the hands of the sergeant some gold for his expenses, and enjoining it upon him to apprise him of his arrival in New York as soon as practicable, bade the adventurous Virginian farewell. Champe pulling out his watch, compared it with that of Lee, reminding him of the importance of holding back pursuit, which he was convinced would take place during the night, and which might be fatal, as he would be obliged to adopt a zigzag course in order to avoid the patrols, which would consume time. It was now nearly eleven. The sergeant returned to camp, and taking his cloak, valise, and orderly-book, he drew his horse from the picket, and mounting, set out upon his novel expedition.

Hardly half an hour had elapsed when Captain Carnes, officer of the day, waited on Major Lee, and, with considerable emotion, told him that one

of the patrol had fallen in with a dragoon, who, on being challenged, put spur to his horse and escaped though vigorously pursued. Lee complaining of the interruption, and pretending to be extremely fatigued, answered as if he did not understand what had been said, which compelled the captain to repeat his remark.

“Who can the fellow be that was pursued?” said Lee; “a countryman probably.”

“No,” replied the captain; “the patrol sufficiently distinguished him to know that he was a dragoon; probably, one from the army, if not, certainly one of our own.”

This idea was ridiculed by Lee as improbable, as during the whole campaign but a single dragoon had deserted from the legion. Carnes was not convinced. Much apprehension was felt at that time of the effect of Arnold’s example. The captain withdrew to examine the squadron of horse, whom he had ordered to assemble in pursuance of established usage on similar occasions. He speedily returned, stating that the deserter was known; he was no less a person than the sergeant-major, who was gone off with his horse, baggage, arms, and orderly-book. Sensibly affected at the supposed baseness of a soldier, who was generally esteemed,

Carnes added, that he had ordered a party to prepare for pursuit, and that he had come for written orders from the major.

In order to gain time for Champe, Lee expressed his belief, that the sergeant had not deserted, but had merely taken the liberty to leave camp upon private business or pleasure ; an example, said Lee, too often set by the officers themselves, destructive as it was of discipline, opposed as it was to orders, and disastrous as it might prove to the corps in the course of the service.

Some little delay was thus interposed. Carnes began to grow impatient at what seemed the long-winded and unseasonable discourse. It being at length announced, that the pursuing party were in readiness, Major Lee directed a change in the officer, giving the command to Cornet Middleton. His object was to add to the delay. He knew, moreover, that, from the tenderness of his disposition, Middleton would be reluctant to do any personal injury to Champe in the event of a pursuit.

Within ten minutes Middleton appeared to receive his orders, which were delivered to him, made out in the customary form, and signed by the major. The directions were, to pursue as

far as could be done with safety, Sergeant Champe, who was suspected of deserting to the enemy, and of having taken the road to Paulus Hook; — to bring him alive to camp, that he might suffer in the presence of the army, but to kill him if he resisted or attempted to escape after being taken.

Detaining the cornet a few minutes longer, in advising him what course to pursue — urging him to take care of the horse and accoutrements if taken — and enjoining him to be on his guard lest he might, by a too eager pursuit, improvidently fall into the hands of the enemy — Lee dismissed Middleton and his party. A shower of rain had fallen soon after Champe's departure, which enabled the pursuing dragoons to find the trail of his horse; for at that time the horses being all shod by our own farriers, the shoes were made in the same form; which, with a private mark annexed to the fore shoes, and known to the troopers, pointed out the trail of our dragoons, and in this way was often useful.

When Middleton departed it was a few minutes past twelve, so that Champe had the start of his pursuers by little more than an hour. Lee was very anxious, and passed a sleepless night. The pursuing party were, on their part.

occasionally delayed by the necessary halts to examine the road, as the impressions of the horse's shoes directed their course. These were, unfortunately, too evident, no other horse having passed over the road since the shower. When the day broke, Middleton was no longer obliged to halt, and he passed on with rapidity.

As the pursuers ascended an eminence to the north of the village of Bergen, Champe was descried not more than half a mile in front. Resembling an Indian in his vigilance, the sergeant at the same moment discovered Middleton and his men, to whose object he was no stranger, and giving spur to his horse, he determined to outstrip them. Middleton, at the same instant, put his horses to the top of their speed; and being, as the legion all were, well acquainted with the country, he recollected a short route through the woods to the bridge below Bergen, which diverged from the great road near the Three Pigeons. Reaching the point of separation, he halted, and dividing his party, directed a sergeant with a few dragoons to take the near cut, and possess with all possible despatch the bridge, while he with the rest of his men, followed Champe. He could not doubt but that Champe being thus enclosed between

him and his sergeant, would deliver himself up. Champe did not forget the short cut, and would have taken it, had he not remembered that it was the usual route of our parties when returning in the day from the neighborhood of the enemy. He consequently avoided it, and wisely resolved to abandon his intention of getting to Paulus Hook, and to seek refuge from two British galleys, lying a few miles to the west of Bergen.

This was a station generally occupied by one or two galleys. Passing through the village of Bergen, Champe took the road toward Elizabeth-town Point. Middleton's sergeant gained the bridge where he concealed himself ready to intercept Champe as soon as he appeared. In the meantime, Middleton, pursuing his course through Bergen, soon arrived also at the bridge, when, to his mortification, he found that Champe had escaped. Returning up the road, he inquired of the villagers of Bergen, whether a dragoon had been seen that morning preceding his party. He was answered in the affirmative, but could learn nothing satisfactory as to the route taken by the fugitive. While engaged in inquiries himself, he spread his party through the village to discover the trail of Champe's horse. Some

of the dragoons hit it, just as the sergeant leaving the village, reached the road to the point

Pursuit was now vigorously renewed, and again Champe was descried. Apprehending the event, he had prepared himself for it by lashing his valise and orderly-book on his shoulders, and holding his drawn sword in his hand, having thrown away the scabbard. The chase became rapid and close. The delay occasioned by Champe's preparations for swimming had brought Middleton within two or three hundred yards. As soon as Champe got abreast of the galleys, he dismounted, and running through the marsh to the river, plunged into it, calling on the people in the galley for help. This was readily given. They fired on our horsemen, and sent a boat to meet Champe, who was taken in, carried on board, and conveyed to New York, with a letter from the captain of the galley, describing the scene, which he had himself witnessed of Champe's escape.

The horse belonging to Champe, with his equipments, cloak, and sword-scabbard, was recovered by Middleton. About three o'clock in the afternoon our party returned, and the soldiers seeing the horse in the possession of the pursuing party, exclaimed that the deserter had been killed

Major Lee, at this heart-rending announcement, rushed from his tent, saw the sergeant's horse led by one of Middleton's dragoons, and began to reproach himself with having been the means of spilling the blood of the faithful and intrepid Champe. Concealing his anguish, he advanced to meet Middleton, but was immediately relieved on seeing the downcast countenances of the officer and his companions. From their looks of disappointment, it was evident that Champe had escaped, and this suspicion was soon confirmed by Middleton's narrative of the issue of their pursuit.

Lee's joy was now as great as his depression had been a moment before. He informed Washington of the affair, who was sensibly affected by the account of Champe's hairbreadth escape, but was rejoiced that it was of a character to put at rest the suspicions of the enemy, in regard to the supposed deserter.

On the fourth day after Champe's departure, Lee received a letter from him, written the day before, in a disguised hand, without any signature, and stating what had passed, after he got on board the galley, where he was kindly received. He was immediately conducted to New York, and introduced to the British commandant, to

whom he presented a letter from the captain of the galley. Being asked to what corps he belonged, and a few other general questions, he was sent under charge of an orderly-sergeant to the adjutant-general, who was rejoiced to find that he was sergeant-major of the legion of horse, hitherto remarkable for their fidelity.

The adjutant-general noted down in a large folio book some particulars in regard to Champe — his size, figure, place of birth, countenance, the color of his hair, and the name of the corps to which he had belonged. After this was finished, he was sent to the commander-in-chief in charge of one of the staff, with a letter from the adjutant-general. Sir Henry Clinton received him very kindly, and detained him more than an hour, asking many questions in regard to the probable fate of Andre — whether the example of Arnold's defection had not contaminated many of the American officers and troops — whether Washington was popular with the army, and what means might be employed to induce the men to desert. To these various interrogatories, some of which were perplexing, Champe answered warily; exciting, nevertheless, hopes that the adoption of proper measures to encourage desertion, would probably bring off

hundreds of the American soldiers, including some of the best troops, horse as well as foot. Respecting the fate of Andre, he said he was ignorant, though there appeared to be a general wish in the army that his life might not be taken; and that he believed that it would depend more on the disposition of Congress, than on the will of Washington.

After the close of this long conversation, Sir Henry presented Champe with a couple of guineas, and recommended him to wait on General Arnold, who was engaged in raising an American legion for the service of his majesty. Arnold expressed much satisfaction on being informed of the effect of his example and the manner of Champe's escape. He concluded his numerous inquiries by assigning quarters to the sergeant. He afterward proposed to Champe to join his legion, promising him the same station he had held in the rebel service and further advancement. Expressing his wish to retire from service, and his conviction of the certainty of his being hung, if ever taken by the rebels, he begged to be excused from enlistment; assuring the general, that should he change his mind, he would accept his offer.

Retiring to the assigned quarters, Champe

now turned his attention to the delivery of his letters, which he could not effect till the next night, and then only to one of the two incogniti, to whom he was recommended. This man received the sergeant with attention, and having read the letter, assured him of his faithful cooperation. The object, for which the aid of this individual was required, regarded those persons implicated in the information sent to Washington. Promising to enter with zeal upon the investigation, and engaging to transmit Champe's letters to Major Lee, he fixed the time and place of their next meeting, when they separated. A day or two afterward, Champe accepted the appointment of recruiting sergeant to Arnold, for the purpose of securing uninterrupted ingress and egress at the house which the general occupied.

The letters, which Lee received from Champe, announced that the difficulties in his way were numerous and stubborn, and that his prospect of success was by no means cheering. With respect to the charges against certain officers and soldiers in the American army of an intention to follow Arnold's example, he expressed his decided conviction that they were unfounded; that they had taken their rise in the enemy's camp,

and that they would be satisfactorily confuted. The pleasure which the latter part of this communication afforded was damped by the tidings it imparted respecting Arnold, as on his speedy capture and delivery depended Andre's relief.

The interposition of Sir Henry Clinton, who was extremely anxious to save his much loved aide-de-camp, still continued. It was expected that the examination of witnesses in Andre's case and the defence of the prisoner, would protract the decision of the court of inquiry then assembled, and give sufficient time for the consummation of the project confided to Champe. This hope was disappointed in a manner wholly unexpected. The honorable and accomplished Andre disdained defence, and prevented the examination of witnesses by confessing the character of the mission, in the execution of which he was arrested. The court reassembled on the second of October. Andre was declared to be a spy, and condemned to suffer accordingly.

The painful sentence was executed on the subsequent day, in the usual form, the commander-in-chief deeming it improper to interpose any delay. In this decision he was warranted by the unpromising intelligence received from Champe — by the still existing implication of

other officers in Arnold's conspiracy — by a due regard to public opinion, and by the inexorable necessity of a severe example.

The fate of Andre, hastened by himself deprived the enterprise committed to Champe of a feature which had been highly prized by the projector, and which had engaged the heart of the individual selected for its execution. Washington ordered Major Lee to communicate what had passed to the sergeant, with directions to encourage him to prosecute with vigor the remaining objects of his instructions. Champe bitterly deplored the fate of Andre and confessed that the hope of saving the unfortunate young man had been his main inducement in undertaking his dangerous enterprise. Nothing now remained but to attempt the seizure of Arnold. To this object Champe gave his undivided attention. Ten days elapsed before he could conclude his arrangements, at the end of which time, Lee received from him his final communication, appointing the third subsequent night for a party of dragoons to meet him at Hoboken, when he hoped to deliver Arnold to the officer.

From the moment of his enlistment into Arnold's corps, Champe had every opportunity he could desire for watching the habits of ~~that~~

individual. He discovered that it was his custom to return home about twelve every night, and that previous to going to bed, he generally walked in his garden. During this visit, the conspirators were to seize him, gag him, and carry him across the river.

Adjoining the house in which Arnold resided, and in which it was designed to seize and gag him, Champe had taken out several of the palings and replaced them, so that they might be readily removed, and open a way to the neighboring alley. Into this alley he meant to have conveyed his prisoner, aided by his companion, one of two associates who had been introduced by the friend to whom Champe had been originally made known by letter from the commander-in-chief, and with whose aid and counsel he had so far conducted the enterprise. His other associate was in readiness with the boat at one of the wharves on the Hudson river, to receive the party.

Champe and his friend intended to have placed themselves each under Arnold's shoulder, and to have thus borne him through the most unfrequented alleys and streets to the boat; representing Arnold, in case of being questioned, as a drunken sailor, whom they were conveying to

the guard-house. The passage across the river could be easily accomplished.

These particulars were communicated by Lee to Washington, who directed the former to meet Champe and to take care that Arnold should not be hurt. The appointed day arrived, and Lee with a party of dragoons left camp late in the evening with three led horses, one for Arnold, one for the sergeant, and the third for his associate. From the tenor of the last communication from Champe, no doubt was entertained of the success of the enterprise. The party from the American camp reached Hoboken about midnight, where they were concealed in the adjoining wood—Lee, with three dragoons, stationing himself near the river shore.

Hour after hour passed. No boat approached. At length the day broke, and the major retired with his party back to the camp, much chagrined at the failure of the project.

In a few days, Lee received an anonymous letter from Champe's patron and friend, informing him, that on the day preceding the night for the execution of the plot, Arnold had removed his quarters to another part of the town, to superintend the embarkation of troops preparing, as was rumored, for an expedition to be placed

under his own direction. The American legion, consisting chiefly of American deserters, had been transferred from the barracks to one of the transports; it being apprehended that if left on shore till the expedition was ready, many of them might desert.

Thus it happened that John Champe, instead of crossing the Hudson that night, was safely deposited on board one of the transports, from which he never departed till the troops under Arnold landed in Virginia. Nor was he able to escape from the British army till after the junction of Lord Cornwallis at Petersburg, when he deserted, and passing through Virginia into North Carolina, safely joined the American army soon after it had passed the Congaree, in pursuit of Lord Rawdon.

Champe's appearance excited extreme surprise among his former comrades, which was not a little increased when they witnessed the cordial reception, which he met with from the late Major now Lieutenant-Colonel Lee. His whole story soon became known to the corps, and he became an object of increased respect and regard.

Champe was munificently rewarded, and General Washington gave him a discharge from fur-

ther service, lest in the vicissitudes of war he might fall into the enemy's hands, in which event, if recognised, he could expect no mercy. Champe resided in Loudon county, Virginia, after leaving the army. He afterward removed to Kentucky, where he died. For a full account of his adventures, we may refer the reader to Major Lee's Memoirs, to which we have been largely indebted.

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTURE OF JAMES SMITH BY A TRIBE OF INDIANS
IN PENNSYLVANIA — HIS ADVENTURES AMONG
THEM.

IN the spring of the year 1755, James Smith, then a youth of eighteen, accompanied a party of three hundred men from the frontiers of Pennsylvania, who advanced in front of Braddock's army for the purpose of opening a road over the mountain. When within a few miles of the Bedford Springs, he was sent back to the rear, to hasten the progress of some wagons laden with provisions and stores for the use of the road-cutters.

Having delivered his orders, Smith was returning in company with another young man, when they were suddenly fired upon by a party of three Indians from a cedar thicket, which skirted the road. Smith's companion was killed on the spot; and, although he himself was unhurt, yet his horse was so much frightened by the

flash and report of the guns, as to become totally unmanageable, and, after a few plunges, threw him with violence to the ground. Before he could recover his feet, the Indians sprung upon him, and, overpowering his resistance, secured him as a prisoner.

One of them demanded in broken English, whether more white men were coming up ; and upon his answering in the negative, he was seized by each arm, and compelled to run with great rapidity over the mountain until night, when the small party encamped and cooked their supper. An equal share of their scanty stock of provisions was given to the prisoner ; and, in other respects, although strictly guarded, he was treated with great kindness.

On the evening of the next day, after a rapid walk of fifty miles through cedar thickets and over very rocky ground, they reached the western side of the Laurel mountain, and beheld at a little distance the smoke of an Indian encampment. The captors now fired their guns, and raised the terrible *scalp-halloo*. This is a long yell for every scalp that has been taken, followed by a rapid succession of shrill, quick, piercing shrieks, somewhat resembling laughter in its most excited tones. They were answered from

the Indian camp below, by a discharge of rifles, and a long whoop, followed by cries of joy. All thronged out to meet the party.

Smith expected instant death at their hands, as they crowded round him. To his surprise, no one offered him any violence. They belonged to another tribe, and entertained the party in their camp with great hospitality, respecting the prisoner as the property of their guests.

The next morning Smith's captors continued their march, and on the evening of the next day arrived at Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburgh. When within half a mile of the fort, they again raised the interesting scalp-halloo, and fired their guns as before. Instantly the whole garrison was in commotion. The cannon were fired, the drums were beaten, and French and Indians ran out in great numbers to meet the party, and partake of their triumph. Smith was again surrounded by a multitude of savages, painted with various colors, and shouting with delight; but their demeanor was by no means as pacific as that of the last party he had encountered. They rapidly formed in two long lines, and, brandishing their hatchets, ramrods, and clubs, called upon him to run the gauntlet

Never having heard of this Indian ceremony before, he stood amazed for some time, not knowing what to do. One of his captors explained to him, that he was to run between the two lines, and receive a blow from every Indian as he passed. His informant concluded the information by exhorting him to "run his best," as the faster he run the sooner the sport would be over.

This truth was very plain; and young Smith entered upon his race with spirit. He was switched very handsomely along the lines, for about three fourths of the distance, the stripes only acting as a spur to greater exertions, and he had almost reached the opposite extremity of the line, when a tall chief struck him a furious blow with a club upon the back of the head, and instantly felled him to the ground. Recovering himself instantly, Smith sprang to his feet, and started forward again, when a handful of sand was thrown in his eyes, which, in addition to the great pain, completely blinded him. He still attempted to grope his way through; but was again knocked down and beaten with merciless severity. He soon became insensible under such barbarous treatment.

On recovering his senses, he found himself,

beaten to a jelly, and unable to move a limb, in the hospital of the fort, under the hands of a French surgeon. Here he was soon visited by one of his captors, the same, who had given him the advice on commencing the race, and who now inquired, with some appearance of interest, if he "felt very sore."

Young Smith replied, that he had been bruised almost to death; and his savage friend assured him, that he had merely experienced the customary greeting of the Indians to their prisoners.

Smith rapidly recovered, and was soon able to walk on the battlements of the fort. On the morning of the ninth of July, he observed an unusual bustle. The Indians, armed and painted, stood in crowds at the great gate. Many barrels of powder, ball and flints, were brought out to them, from which the warriors helped themselves to such articles as they required. They were soon joined by a small detachment of French regulars, when the whole party marched off together. He soon learned, that they were proceeding against Braddock, who was now within a few miles of the fort. In the afternoon an Indian runner arrived, announcing that the battle had not yet ended, but that Braddock's men had been surrounded and were shot

down in heaps by an invisible enemy ; that instead of flying at once, or rushing upon their concealed foe, they appeared completely bewildered, and huddled together in the centre of the ring. It was probable that, before sundown, there would not be a man of them alive.

This intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon Smith, who now saw no hope of rescue from the savages, and looked forward to nothing but torture, or endless captivity. About sunset, he heard at a distance the well-known scalp-halloo, followed by wild, quick, joyful shrieks, and accompanied by long firing. This, too surely, announced the fate of the day. About dusk, the party returned to the fort, driving before them twelve British regulars, stripped naked, and with their faces painted black — a sign that the unhappy wretches were devoted to death.

Next came the Indians displaying their bloody scalps, of which they had immense numbers, and dressed in the scarlet coats, sashes, and military hats of the officers and soldiers. Behind all came a train of baggage-horses, laden with piles of scalps, canteens, and all the accoutrements of war. The savages appeared frantic with joy, and when Smith beheld them entering the fort, dancing, yelling, brandishing their red toma-

hawks, and waving their scalps in the air, while the great guns of the fort replied to the incessant discharge of rifles without, he says, that it looked as if the infernal regions had given a holyday, and turned loose their inhabitants upon the upper world.

The most melancholy spectacle was the band of prisoners. They appeared dejected and anxious. Poor fellows! They had but a few months before left London at the command of their superiors, and we may imagine their feelings at the strange and dreadful spectacle around them. The yells of delight and congratulation were scarcely over, when those of vengeance began. The devoted prisoners, British regulars, were led out from the fort to the banks of the Allegany, and, to the eternal disgrace of the French commandant, were there burnt to death, one after the other, with the most awful torments. Smith stood upon the battlements and witnessed the horrid spectacle. It took place so near the fort, that the screams of anguish from the victims must have rung in the ears of the inhuman Frenchman!

Two or three days after this affair, most of the Indian tribes dispersed and returned to their homes, as is usual with them after a great and

decisive battle. Young Smith was demanded of the French by the tribe by whom he had been captured, and was immediately surrendered into their hands.

The party embarked in canoes, and ascended the Allegany river, as far as a small Indian town about forty miles above Fort Du Quesne. There they abandoned their canoes, and striking into the woods, travelled in a western direction until they arrived at a considerable Indian town, in what is now the state of Ohio. This village was called Tullahas, and was situated upon the western branch of the Muskingum.

During the whole of this period, Smith suffered much anxiety, from the uncertainty of his future fate, but at this town all doubt was removed. On the morning of his arrival, the principal members of the tribe gathered around him; and one old man, with much gravity, began to pluck out his hair by the roots, while the others looked on in silence, smoking their pipes with great deliberation.

Smith did not understand the design of this singular ceremony, but submitted very patiently to the man's labors, who performed the operation of *picking* him, with great dexterity, dipping his fingers in ashes, occasionally, in

order to take a better hold. In a very few moments Smith's head was bald, with the exception of a single long tuft upon the centre of his crown, called the *scalp-lock*. This was carefully planted in such a manner as to stand upright, and was ornamented with several silver brooches. His ears and nose were then bored by the old Indian, with his usual gravity, and ornamented with rings and jewels. He was then ordered to strip; which being done, his naked body was painted with various fantastic colors, and a breech-cloth fastened round his loins. A belt of wampum was placed around his neck, and silver bands around his right arm.

To all this, Smith submitted with much anxiety, being totally ignorant of their customs, and dreading lest, like the British prisoners, he had been stripped and painted for the stake. His alarm was increased, when an old chief arose, took him by the arm, and leading him out into the open air, gave three shrill whoops, and was immediately surrounded by all the inhabitants of the village, warriors, women, and children.

The chief then addressed the crowd in a long speech, still holding Smith by the hand. When he had ceased speaking, he led the captive for-

ward, and delivered him into the hands of three young Indian girls, who, grappling him without ceremony, pulled him toward the river which ran at the foot of the hill, dragged him into the water up to his breast, and, all three suddenly clapping their hands upon his head, attempted to put him under. Utterly desperate at the idea of being drowned by these forward young ladies, Smith made a manful resistance. The squaws persevered, and a prodigious splashing of water took place amid loud peals of laughter from the shore.

At length one of the squaws became alarmed at the furious struggles of the young white man, and cried out earnestly several times, "No hurt you! no hurt you!" Upon this agreeable intelligence, Smith's resistance ceased; and these gentle creatures plunged him under the water, and scrubbed him from head to foot with equal zeal and perseverance. As soon as they had finished, they led him ashore, and presented him to the chief, shivering with cold and dripping with water.

The Indians then dressed him in a ruffled shirt, leggins and moccasins, variously ornamented; seated him upon a bearskin, and gave him a pipe, tomahawk, some tobacco, a pouch, flint

and steel. The chiefs then took their seats by his side, and smoked for several minutes in deep silence, when the eldest delivered a speech, through an interpreter, in the following words : “ My son, you are now one of us. Hereafter you have no thing to fear. By an ancient custom, you have been adopted in the room of a brave man, who has fallen ; and every drop of white blood has been washed from your veins. We are now your brothers, and are bound by our law to love you, to defend you, and to avenge your injuries, as much as if you had been born among us.”

He was then introduced to the members of the family, into which he had been adopted, and was received by the whole of them with lively demonstrations of regard. In the evening he received an invitation to a great feast ; and was there presented with a wooden bowl and spoon, and directed to fill the former from a huge kettle of boiled corn and hashed venison. The evening concluded with a war-dance, and the next morning, the warriors of the tribe assembled, and leaving one or two hunters to provide for their families in their absence, the rest marched for the frontiers of Virginia. In leaving the village, the warriors observed the most profound silence, with the exception of their leader, who

sung the travelling-song, as it is called ; and when some distance off, they discharged their rifles slowly, and in regular succession, beginning in front and ending with the rear.

As soon as the warriors had left them, Smith was invited to a dance, in which the Indian boys and young unmarried squaws assembled, and amused themselves for several hours. They formed in two lines, facing each other, at the distance of about twenty feet. One of the young men held a gourd in his hand, filled with pebbles or beads, which he rattled in such a manner as to produce music. All the dancers singing in concert with their leader, moved forward in a line until the parties met ; then they retired, and repeated the same exercise for hours without the least variation.

With the Indians, it is uniformly the custom to invite every visiter to eat, as soon as he enters the wigwam ; and, if he refuses, they are much offended, regarding it as an evidence of hostility to them, and contempt for their housekeeping. Smith, ignorant of this circumstance, was sometimes pressed to eat twenty times in a day, and, observing their dark and suspicious glances when he declined their hospitality, he endeavored at length to satisfy them, at the risk of stuffing

himself to death. Making it a point to eat with all who invited him, he soon found himself in great favor, and in the course of a week after his adoption, an old chief honored him with an invitation to dine with him. Smith readily consented.

At the distance of a few miles from the village, they discovered a number of buffalo-tracks. The old Indian regarded them attentively, and followed them with great caution, stopping frequently to listen, and rolling his eyes keenly in every direction. Smith, surprised at this singular conduct, asked him why he did not push on more rapidly, and endeavor to get a shot. "Hush!" said the Indian, shaking his head, "may be buffalo — may be Catawba."

Having at length satisfied himself that they were really buffalo, he pushed on more rapidly, and on the way assigned his reasons for his hesitation. He said, that the Catawbas had long been at war with his tribe, and were the most cunning and wicked nation in the world. That a few years ago, they had secretly approached his camp in the night, and sent out a few of their spies, mounted upon buffalo-hoofs, who walked round their camp and then returned to the main body. That, in the morning, he and his war-

riors, perceiving their tracks, supposed a herd of buffalo to be ahead of them, and moved on rapidly in pursuit. That they soon fell into the ambuscade, were fired on by the Catawbias, and many of them killed. The Catawbias, however, quickly gave way, and were pursued by his young men with great eagerness. But they had taken the precaution to stick a number of slender reeds in the grass, sharpened like a pen, and dipped in rattlesnake's poison, so that, as his young men pursued them eagerly, most of them were artificially *snakebitten* and lamed. That the Catawbias turned upon them, overpowered them, and took the scalps of all who had been lamed by the reeds. The old man concluded by shaking his head, and declaring, that "Catawba was very bad Indian — a perfect devil for mischief."

A few days afterward, Smith was so unfortunate as to fall into discredit with these simple people. He had been directed to go out and kill some venison for the squaws and children, who had suffered for several days, during the absence of the greater part of the warriors. As this was the first time that he had been intrusted with so weighty a commission alone, he was anxious to signalize his hunt by an unusua.

display of skill and enterprise. He, therefore, struck boldly into the woods, and, at a few miles' distance, falling upon a fresh buffalo trail, he pushed on for several miles with great eagerness. Despairing at length, however, of overtaking them, as the evening came on, he began to retrace his steps, and, as he had taken a considerable circuit, he determined to cut across the hills, and reach the village by a shorter way. He soon became inextricably involved in the mazes of the forest, and at dark found himself completely bewildered. He fired his gun repeatedly, in the hope of being heard, but his signal was unanswered, and he wandered through the woods the whole night, unable to find his way home.

Early in the morning, the Indians, suspecting that he had deserted, started in pursuit, but observing the zigzag manner in which the young woodsman had marched, they soon became satisfied of the truth, and their anger was changed to laughter and contempt. Smith was found but his rifle was taken from him, and a bow and arrow, the weapons of a boy, were placed in his hands. Though still treated with undiminished kindness by all, yet it was evidently mingled

with compassion and contempt for his ignorance of the woods.

He was now placed under the particular care of Tontileaugo, his adopted brother, and a renowned hunter and warrior. With the aid of his directions, he soon learned all the mysteries of hunting. He trapped beaver, killed deer, bear, and buffalo, with great skill and readiness, and, in the course of the winter, rose considerably in reputation. The warriors were still absent, and the women and children depended on them entirely for subsistence.

At times they were three days without food, particularly when the snow became hard, and the noise, which they made in walking on the crust frightened the deer, so that they would not come within gunshot. Their only resource then was, to seek for bear-trees; that is, for large hollow trees in which bears lay concealed during the winter. The hole is generally from thirty to fifty feet from the ground, and the hunters are often compelled to climb up and apply fire, in order to drive bruin out, who obstinately maintains his ground, until nearly stifled with smoke; and then, snuffing and growling, he shows himself at the mouth of the hole for a little fresh air. The hunter stations himself below, and fires upon

him as soon as he appears. Toward spring, the survivors generally return, and game is then killed in abundance.

During the months of August and September, the warriors, as Smith found, were accustomed to abandon themselves to laziness, dancing, and gaming. They could rarely be roused even to hunt, so long as their cornfields furnished them food. They might generally be seen lying down in idle contemplation, dancing with their squaws, playing at football, or engaged in a game resembling dice, of which they were immoderately fond. War and hunting were their only serious occupations, and all the drudgery of life devolved upon the squaws. One day, Smith gave great offence to the warriors by taking a hoe into his hands, and working with the squaws for half an hour at a time when they were engaged in planting corn. The men reprimanded him with some severity for his industry, observing that it was degrading to a warrior to be engaged in labor like a squaw; and, for the future, he must learn to demean himself more loftily, always remembering that he was a member of a warlike tribe and a noble family.

If a warrior, upon entering a strange wigwam, is not immediately invited to eat, he considers

himself deeply affronted, although he may have just risen from a meal at home. It is thought rude and churlish not to set before the guest their greatest delicacies, such as sugar, bear's oil, honey, and rum. If there is no food of any kind in the house, which is often the case, the fact is instantly mentioned, and is at once accepted as a sufficient apology. Smith was so unfortunate as to incur some reproach on this subject also. While he and his adopted brother, Tontileaugo, were encamped in the woods, hunting, there came a hunter of the Wyandot tribe, who entered their camp, faint and hungry, having had no success in hunting, and consequently having fasted for several days.

Tontileaugo was absent at the time, but Smith received the visiter with great hospitality, as he thought, and gave him an abundant meal of hommony and venison. Shortly after the Wyandot's departure. Tontileaugo returned, and Smith informed him of the visit of the stranger and of his hospitable reception. Tontileaugo listened with gravity, and replied: "And I suppose, of course, you brought up some of the sugar and bear's oil, which was left below in the canoe?"

"No," replied Smith, "I never thought of it. It was at too great a distance."

“ Well, brother,” returned Tontileaugo, “ you have behaved just like a Dutchman ! I can excuse it in you for this time, as you are young, and have been brought up among the white people ; but you must learn to behave like a warrior, and not be caught in such *little* actions ! Great actions alone can ever make a great man !”

The power of these people in sustaining long-continued fatigue is extraordinary. Even their squaws will travel as fast as an ordinary horse, and carry an incredible quantity of baggage upon their backs. In the spring of 1756, a great quantity of game had been killed, at a considerable distance from the village ; and all the inhabitants, including squaws and boys, turned out to bring it home. Smith was loaded with a large piece of buffalo, which, after carrying two or three miles, he found too heavy for him, and was compelled to throw down. One of the squaws laughed heartily, and coming up, relieved him of a large part of it, adding it to her own pack, which was before as large as Smith's. This, he says, stimulated him to greater exertions than the severest punishment would have done.

Their warriors, for a short distance, are not

swifter than the whites, but are capable of sustaining the exercise for an incredible length of time. An Indian warrior can run for twelve or fourteen hours without refreshment, and, after a hasty meal and very brief repose, appear completely refreshed and ready for a second course. Smith found it more difficult to compete with them in this practice than in any other. For, although he could run with great swiftness for a few miles, he could not continue such violent exertion for a whole day. While he and his brother Tontileaugo were encamped at a distance from the others, they were much distressed from having to pack their meat from such a distance; and, as three horses were grazing near them — for there was grass under the snow — Tontileaugo proposed that they should run them down, and catch them, it having been found impossible to take them in any other way.

Smith, having but little relish for the undertaking, urged that it would be impossible to catch the horses, which were wild and swift. But Tontileaugo replied, that he had frequently run down bear, deer, elk, and buffalo, and believed, that in the course of a day and night, he could run down any fourfooted animal except the wolf. Smith observed, that, although deer

were swifter than horses for a short distance, yet that a horse could run much longer than either the elk or the buffalo, and that he was confident that they would tire themselves to no purpose. The other insisted upon making the experiment at any rate ; and, at daylight, on a cold day in February, and over a hard snow several inches deep, the race began. The two hunters stripped themselves to their moccasins, and started at full speed. The horses were in good condition and very wild, but contented themselves with running in a circle of six or seven miles circumference, and would not entirely abandon their grazing ground.

At ten o'clock, Smith had dropped considerably behind, and before eleven, Tontileaugo and the horses were out of sight. The Indian kept close at their heels and allowed them no time for rest. Smith, naked as he was, and glowing with exercise, threw himself upon the hard snow, and having cooled himself in this manner, he remained stationary until three o'clock in the afternoon, when the horses again came in view, their flanks smoking like a seething kettle, and Tontileaugo close behind them, running with undiminished speed. Smith being now refreshed, struck in ahead of Tontileaugo, and compelled the horses

to quicken their speed, while his Indian brother from behind, encouraged him to do his utmost, shouting, "Chako! chokoa-nough!" which was as much as to say, "Pull away, my hearty!"

Had Tontileaugo rested and committed the chase to Smith alone for some hours, and then, in his turn, relieved him, they might have succeeded; but neglecting this plan, they both continued the chase until nightfall, when, perceiving that the horses ran still with great vigor, they despaired of catching them, and returned to the camp, having tasted nothing since morning, and, one of them at least having run about one hundred miles. Tontileaugo was somewhat crest-fallen at the result of the race, and grumbled not a little; but Smith assured him, that they had attempted an impossibility, and he became reconciled to their defeat.

The discipline exercised by the Indians over their children is not remarkably strict. Whipping is rare with them, and is considered the most disgraceful of all punishments. Ducking in cold water is the ordinary punishment for misbehavior; and, as might be expected, the children are more obedient in winter than in summer. Smith, during his first winter's residence among them, was an eyewitness to a

circumstance, which affords a lively example of Indian manners. His brother, Tontileaugo, was married to a Wyandot squaw, who had had several children by a former husband. One of these children offended his stepfather in some way, who, in requital, gave him the "strappado," with a whip made of buffalo-hide.

The discipline was quite moderate, but the lad shouted lustily, and soon brought out his Wyandot mother. She instantly took the child's part with great animation. It was in vain that the husband explained the offence, and protested that he had inflicted a very moderate punishment. All would not do. "The child," she said, "was no slave, to be scourged with a whip. His father had been a warrior, and a Wyandot, and his child was entitled to honorable usage. If he had offended his stepfather, there was cold water enough to be had; let him be ducked until he should be brought to reason, and she would not utter a word of complaint; but a buffalo-hide was not a weapon with which the son of a warrior should be struck; his father's spirit was frowning in the skies at the degradation of his child."

To this indignant remonstrance, poor Tontileaugo listened with exemplary patience, and

having lit his pipe, strolled away in order to give his squaw an opportunity of cooling off. The offence, however, had been of too serious a nature, and his squaw, shortly after his departure, caught a horse, and, taking her children with her, rode off to the Wyandot village, about forty miles distant. In the afternoon, Tontileaugo returned to his wigwam, and found no one there but Smith, an old man, and a boy. He appeared much troubled at his wife's refractory conduct, and finally followed to make his peace.

We have seen, that, for losing himself in the woods, Smith was degraded from the rank of a warrior, and reduced to that of a boy. Two years afterward, he regained his rank, and was presented with a rifle as a reward for an exhibition of hardihood and presence of mind. In company with an old chief, and several other Indians, he was engaged in hunting. A deep snow was on the ground, and the weather was tempestuous. On their way home, a number of raccoon tracks were seen in the snow, and Smith was directed to follow them and observe where they *treed*. He did so, but they led him off to a much greater distance than was anticipated; and the hunters were several miles ahead of him, when he attempted to rejoin them

At first, these tracks were quite plain in the snow, and although night approached, and the camp was distant, Smith felt no anxiety. But, about dusk, his situation became critical. The weather grew suddenly much colder. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and eddies of snow blinded his eyes, and covered over the tracks of his companions. He had with him no gun, neither flint nor steel; no shelter but a blanket, and no weapon but a tomahawk. He plodded on for several hours, ignorant of his route, stumbling over logs, and chilled with cold, until the snow became so deep as seriously to impede his progress, and the flakes fell so thick as to render it impossible for him to see where he was going. He shouted for help, but no answer was returned, and, as the storm every moment increased in violence, he began to think that his last hour was nigh.

Providentially, in stumbling on through the snow, he came to a large sycamore, with a considerable opening on the windward side. He hastily crept in, and found the hollow sufficiently large to accommodate him for the night, if the weather side could be closed so as to exclude the snow and wind, which were beating against it with great severity

Instantly setting to work with his tomahawk, Smith cut a number of sticks, which he placed upright against the hole, and piled brush against it in great quantities, leaving a space open for himself to creep in. He then broke up a decayed log, and cutting it into small pieces, pushed them one by one into the hollow of the tree, and, lastly, crept in himself. With these loose pieces he stopped up the remaining holes of his den, until not a chink was left to admit the light. The snow, drifting in large quantities, was soon banked up around the tree, completely sheltering him from the storm, which still continued to rage with undiminished fury. He then danced violently in the centre of his den for two hours, until he was sufficiently warmed, when, wrapping himself in his blanket, he slept soundly until morning.

He awoke in utter darkness, and groping about, found his door, which he attempted to push away ; but the snow had drifted against it to such a degree, that it resisted his utmost efforts. His hair now began to bristle, and he feared that he had, with great ingenuity, contrived to bury himself alive. He lay down again for several hours, meditating upon what he should do, and whether he should not attempt to cut through the

tree with his tomahawk ; but at length he made one desperate effort to push away the door, and succeeded in moving it several inches, when a great bank of snow fell in upon him from above, convincing him at once of the immense quantity that had fallen. He at length burrowed his way into the upper air, and found it broad daylight, and the weather clear and mild. The snow lay nearly four feet deep ; but he was now enabled to distinguish his way, and, by examining the barks of the trees, returned safely to camp.

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

An old chief, named Tecaughnetanego then presented him with his own pipe, and they remained silent until Smith had smoked. When they saw him completely refreshed, the venerable chief addressed him in a mild and affectionate manner, and desired to hear a particular account of the manner in which he had passed the night. Not a word was spoken until Smith concluded his story, and then he was greeted on all sides with shouts of approbation.

Tecaughnetanego rose and addressed him in a short speech, highly commending the courage,

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

On one occasion, after the party, to which Smith belonged, had sold their beaver-skins, and provided themselves with ammunition and blankets, all their surplus cash was expended in rum, which was bought by the keg. They then held a council, in which a few strong-bodied hunters were selected to remain sober, and protect the rest during the revel, for which they were preparing. Smith was courteously invited to get drunk, but he refused, and was told that he must then join the sober party, and assist in keeping

order. This, as he quickly found, was an extremely dangerous office.

Before engaging in the serious business of drinking, the warriors carefully removed their tomahawks and knives, and took every precaution against bloodshed. A shocking scene then commenced. Rum was swallowed in immense quantities, and the wild passions of the drinkers were stimulated to phrensy. Smith and the sober party were exposed to the most imminent peril, and were compelled to risk their lives every moment. Much mischief was done, but no lives were lost.

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

Tecaughnetanego, the veteran chief, whom we have already mentioned, appears to have been a favorable specimen of the Indian character. His religious notions had a strong influence upon his conduct. It so happened, that Smith, together with Tontileaugo and Tecaughnetanego, were encamped at a great distance from the rest of the tribe, and, during the early part of the winter, they were very successful in hunting, and were abundantly supplied with all necessaries. Upon

the occasion of the breach between Tontileaugo and his wife, however, Smith and the old chief were left in the woods with no other company than that of Nungany, a little son of the latter, not more than ten years old. Tecaughnetanego, notwithstanding his age exceeded sixty, was still a skilful hunter, and capable of great exertion when in good health; but, unfortunately, he was subject to dreadful attacks of rheumatism, during which, in addition to the most excruciating pain, he was incapable of moving his limbs or helping himself in any way. Smith was but a young hunter, and Nungany, totally useless except as a cook; but while Tecaughnetanego retained the use of his limbs, notwithstanding the absence of Tontileaugo, they killed game in abundance.

About the middle of January, however, the weather became excessively cold, and the old chief was stretched upon the floor of his wigwam, totally unable to move. The whole care of the family now devolved upon Smith, and his exertions were not wanting. But, from his youth and inexperience, he was unable to provide as plentifully as Tontileaugo had done, and they were reduced to a very short allowance.

The old chief, though constantly racked by the severest pains, always strove to entertain

Smith at night with agreeable conversation, and instructed him carefully, and repeatedly in the art of hunting. At length, the snow became hard and crusty ; and the noise of Smith's footsteps frightened the deer, so that, with the utmost caution, he was unable to get within gunshot. The family, in consequence, were upon the verge of starvation.

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

The old man remained silent for a moment, and then, in the same mild tone, asked him if he were hungry. Smith replied, that the keenness of his appetite seemed gone, but that he felt sick and dizzy, and scarcely able to walk.

“ I have made Nungany hunt up some food

for you, brother," said the old man kindly, and bade the boy produce it.

This food was nothing more than the bones of a fox and wildcat, which had been thrown into the woods a few days before, and which the buzzards had already picked almost bare. Nungany had collected and boiled them, until the sinews were stripped of the flesh; intending them for himself and the old man, both of whom were nearly famished; but the latter had put them away for Smith in case he should again return without food.

Smith eagerly received this savory soup, and swallowed spoonful after spoonful, with the voracity of a wolf. Tecaughnetanego waited patiently until he had finished his meal, and then, handing him a pipe, invited him to smoke. Little Nungany, in the meantime, removed the kettle, after looking in vain for some remnant of the feast for his own supper. He had watched every mouthful which Smith swallowed, with eager longing, but in perfect silence, and finding, that, for the third night, he must remain supperless, he sat down quietly at his father's feet, and was soon asleep.

As soon as Smith had finished smoking, Tecaughnetanego asked him if he felt refreshed;

and upon receiving an animated assurance in the affirmative, he addressed him mildly in these words : —

“ I saw, my brother, when you first came in, that you had been unfortunate in hunting, and were ready to despair. I should have spoken at the time, what I am now about to say, but I have always observed, that hungry people are not in a temper or condition to listen to reason. You are now refreshed, and can listen patiently to the words of your e’der brother.

“ I was once young like you, but am now old. I have seen sixty snows fall, and have often been in a worse condition, from want of food, than we now are; yet I have always been supplied, and that too at the very time I was ready to despair.

“ Brother, you have been brought up among the whites, and have not had the same opportunities of seeing how wonderfully Owaneeyo* provides food for his children in the woods! He sometimes lets them be in great want to teach them that they are dependant upon him, and to remind them of their own weakness; but he never permits them absolutely to perish.

* In the language of Smith’s tribe, the Great Spirit was known by the title of “Owaneeyo,” or the Possessor of all Things.

“Rest assured that your brother is telling you no lie; but be satisfied that Owaneeyo will do as I have told you. Go now; sleep soundly; rise early in the morning and go out to hunt. Be strong and diligent — do your best; and trust to Owaneeyo for the rest.”

These sentiments, though from the lips of an untutored savage, will find a response in the bosom of a Christian. How often in our extremest need, is the hand of Providence unexpectedly interposed to guide and to save us!

Smith was powerfully impressed by the old man's remarks, and still more affected by the patience and firmness, with which he sustained himself under the complicated suffering which he experienced. In the morning, at daylight, the young adventurer seized his gun, and commenced the duties of the day with great spirit. He saw several deer, but the crashing of the snowy rime alarmed them as heretofore; and, after hunting until noon without success, he began to suspect that Tecaughnetanego must have been mistaken, and that they were certainly destined to starve. His hunger seemed rather whetted than allayed by his sumptuous repast upon wildcat bones the evening before, and now, became so ravenous as to divest him of all reason,

and he determined to run back to Pennsylvania. True, the intervening country was crowded with hostile Indians, but the edge of the tomahawk was not keener than that of famine; and a sharp, quick death was preferable to the slow, torturing ravages of starvation.

Having hastily adopted this desperate resolution, he quickened his pace, and moved off steadily in the direction of Pennsylvania. He had not gone more than seven or eight miles, before he heard the lowing of buffalo in front, and, in a few minutes, came in view of a noble herd, marching leisurely ahead of him. He ran with great rapidity in such a direction as to head them, and, concealing himself in a thicket, awaited their approach.

The buffalo-herd passed within a few yards of him, so that he had an opportunity of selecting a fat heifer, which he killed at the first fire. He quickly struck fire from his flint, and cutting a few slices from the fleshiest part, he laid them upon the coals, but could not wait till they were cooked. After gorging himself with raw beef, which, with the exception of the soup *à la wild-cat* of the preceding night, he thought the most delicious meal he had ever tasted, he began to be anxiously concerned for the old man and the

boy, whom he had left in a famishing condition at the wigwam.

His conscience reproached him for leaving them to perish ; and he instantly loaded himself heavily with the fattest and fleshiest pieces of the buffalo, and having secured the rest from the wolves, returned hastily homeward. It was late at night when he entered the wigwam. Tecaughnetanego received him with the same mild equanimity, which had hitherto distinguished his manner, and thanked him very affectionately for the exertions he had made.

The eyes of the famished boy were fastened on the beef, as if he would devour it raw. His father ordered him to hang on the kettle, and cook some beef for them all ; but Smith said that he himself would cook for the old man, while Nungany broiled some meat upon the coals for himself. The boy looked eagerly at his father for his consent, and receiving a nod in reply, he sprung upon the meat as a kite would pounce upon a pullet, and, unable to wait for the slow operation of the fire, began to eat it raw.

Smith, in the meantime, had cut several very thin slices and placed them in the kettle to boil ; but supposing Tecaughnetanego as impatient as

ne had been, he was about to take them off the fire before they were thoroughly cooked, when the old man, in a tone as calm and quiet as if he had not fasted for three whole days, desired him to "let them be done enough." At the same time he ordered Nungany, who was still eating like a shark, to take no more for the present, but to sit down, and, after a few minutes, he might sup a little broth.

The old man then reminded Smith of their conversation the night before, and of the accomplishment of his assurance that Owaneeyo would provide for them in their extremity. At length he desired Smith to give him the beef, observing that it had been boiled enough; and, as if he had reserved all his appetite for that moment, he fell upon the food with a keenness and perseverance, which showed that the gifts of Owaneeyo were appreciated.

In the morning, Tecaughnetanego requested Smith to return to the spot where he had killed the buffalo, and bring in the rest of it to the camp. He accordingly took down his rifle and entered the wood, intending to hunt on the road. At the distance of a few miles from the camp, he saw a large elm, which had been much scratched, and, perceiving a hole in it some forty

feet from the ground, he supposed that a bear had selected it for his winter-quarters, and instantly determined to rouse him from his slumbers.

With his tomahawk, he cut down a sapling which grew near the tree, in such a manner as to lodge it against the den. He then cut a long pole, and tied a few bunches of rotten wood to the end of it. Taking it then in his hand, he climbed the sapling, until he reached the mouth of the den; and setting fire to the rotten wood, put it into the hollow as far as he could reach.

Poor Bruin soon began to sneeze and cough, as if in great trouble; and Smith, rapidly sliding down the sapling, seized his gun at the moment the bear showed himself. He instantly shot him, and having loaded himself with the hind quarters, he marched back in high spirits to the wigwam. They were now well provided with food for a week; and, in a few days, the snow thawed so as to render it easy to approach the deer; and during the rest of the winter the little party fared sumptuously.

Early in April, the old Indian's rheumatism abated so much as to permit him to walk; upon which they all three built a bark canoe, and descended the Ollentaugy until the water be-

came so shallow as to endanger their frail bark among the rocks. Tecaughnetanego proposed to go ashore and pray for rain to raise the creek or river, so as to enable them to continue their journey. Smith readily consented, and they accordingly disembarked, drawing their canoe ashore after them. Here the old Indian built a "sweating-house" in order to purify himself, before engaging in his religious duties.

He stuck a number of semi-circular hoops in the ground, and laid a blanket over them. He then heated a number of large stones, and placed them under the blanket, and finally crawled in himself, with a kettle of water in his hand, directing Smith to draw down the blanket after him, so as almost entirely to exclude the external air. He then poured the water upon the hot stones, and began to sing aloud with great energy, the steam rising in clouds from the blanket.

In this hot place he continued for fifteen minutes, singing the whole time, and then came out dripping with perspiration from head to foot. As soon as he had taken breath, he began to burn tobacco, throwing it into the fire by handfuls, and at the same time repeating the follow-

ing prayer, in a tone of deep and solemn earnestness:—

“ Oh, great Owaneeyo ! I thank thee that I have regained the use of my legs once more ; that I am now able to walk about and kill turkeys, without feeling exquisite pain.

“ Oh ! ho ! ho ! ho ! Grant that my knees and ankles may be right well, that I may be able, not only to walk, but to run and jump logs, as I did last fall !

“ Oh ! ho ! ho ! ho ! Grant that, upon this voyage, we may frequently kill bears as they may be crossing the Sandusky and Scioto.

“ Oh ! ho ! ho ! ho ! Grant that we may also kill a few turkeys to stew with our bear’s meat !

“ Oh ! ho ! ho ! ho ! Grant that rain may come to raise the Ollentaugy a few feet, that we may cross in safety down to Scioto, without splitting our canoe upon the rocks.

“ And now, O Great Owaneeyo ! thou knowest how fond I am of tobacco, and though I do not know when I shall get any more, yet you see that I have freely given up all I have for a burnt-offering ; therefore, I expect that thou wilt be merciful and hear all my petitions ; and I, thy

servant, will thank thee and love thee for all thy gifts.”

Smith held the old chief in great veneration, and he listened to the first part of this prayer with respect and gravity ; but when the attention of Owaneeyo was called to the tobacco, his muscles gave way, and, in spite of his efforts to restrain himself, he burst into a low, half-stifled laugh. Ridicule is at all times formidable, but particularly so in a moment of enthusiasm and sincere devotion. Tecaughnetanego, was seriously offended, and rebuked his young companion in the following words : —

“ Brother, I have somewhat to say to you ! When you were reading your books in our village, you know I would not let the boys plague you, or laugh at you, although we all thought it a foolish and idle occupation in a warrior. I respected your feelings *then* ; but just now I saw you laughing at me.

“ Brother, I do not believe that you look upon praying as a silly custom, for you sometimes pray yourself. Perhaps you think my mode of praying foolish, but if so, would it not be more friendly to reason with me, and instruct me, than to sit on that log and laugh at an old man ?”

Smith apologized with great earnestness, declaring that he respected and loved him sincerely. The old man, without saying a word, handed him his pipe as a token of friendship, although it was filled only with willow bark. The little offence was soon forgotten.

A few days afterward, there came a fine rain, and the Ollentaugy was soon sufficiently deep to admit of their passage in safety. After reaching the Sandusky, they killed four bears and a great many wild turkeys. Tecaughnetanego gravely assured Smith, that this was a clear and direct answer to his prayer.

In the summer of 1759, and in the fourth year of his captivity, or rather adoption, Smith, accompanied by Tecaughnetanego and Nungany, sailed in a bark canoe down the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal.

Here he privately left his Indian companions, and went on board a French transport, which he had heard was about to sail, with a number of English prisoners on board, intended to be exchanged. After having been detained some time in Montreal, in consequence of the English fleet being below, he was at length exchanged, and returned to his native country. His family and sweetheart received him with great joy; but

to his inexpressible mortification, poor Smith found that the latter had been married only a few days before his arrival.

CHAPTER VII.

THE KENTUCKY ADVENTURERS AND DANIEL BOONE.

THE first successful attempt to explore the Kentucky country was made by John Finley, a backwoodsman of North Carolina, in 1767. He was attended by a few companions as adventurous as himself, whose names have escaped the notice of history. They passed over the Cumberland, and through the intermediate country to the Kentucky river, and penetrated the beautiful valley of the Elkhorn.

The return of the hunters to North Carolina, created a general sensation. The glowing accounts they gave of the country they had visited, of its extraordinary beauty, its surpassing fertility, and above all, of the inexhaustible abundance of wild game which it furnished, fired the hearts of the inhabitants of the frontier. After a twelvemonth or more had elapsed, Finley's roving habits conducted him to the Yadkin river in the vicinity of the residence of Daniel Boone, whose

life, although he was then but twenty-two years of age, had already developed those extraordinary traits of character, by which he was afterward distinguished.

The simple narrative of Finley's adventures, was sufficient to inflame the imagination of Boone, and to fix his resolution. The two backwoodsmen agreed to explore Kentucky together. In the ensuing spring they set off on their journey.

"It was on the first of May, 1769," says Boone himself, "that I resigned my domestic happiness, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin river in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America, in quest of the country of Kentucke, in company with John Finley, John Stuart, Joseph Holden, James Mooney, and William Cool."

On the seventh of June, this little party, with no other equipage than their knapsacks, and no weapons but their rifles, reached Red river, and, from a neighboring eminence, surveyed the vast and beautiful plain of Kentucky. Here they built a cabin and remained, in a great measure stationary, until December, killing a great quantity of game immediately around them. Im-

mense herds of buffalo ranged through the forest in every direction, feeding upon the leaves of the cane, or the rich and spontaneous fields of clover.

On the twenty-second of December, as Boone and Stuart rambled on the banks of the Kentucky river, a company of Indians rushed out upon them from a thick canebrake, with a rapidity which rendered escape impossible. They were almost instantly seized, disarmed, and made prisoners.

After seven days of captivity and confinement, their captors encamped in a thick canebrake, and, having built a large fire, lay down to rest. The Indians, whose duty it was to watch, were weary and negligent, and, about midnight, Boone, who had not closed an eye, ascertained from the deep breathing all around him, that the whole party, including Stuart, were in a sound sleep. Gently and gradually extricating himself from the Indians, who lay near him, he walked cautiously to the spot where Stuart lay, and having succeeded in awakening him, without alarming the rest, he briefly exhorted him to rise, make no noise, and follow him. Stuart, although ignorant of the design, and suddenly roused from sleep, fortunately obeyed with equal silence and

celerity, and, in a few minutes, they were beyond hearing.

Rapidly traversing the forest by the light of the stars and the barks of the trees, they ascertained the direction in which the camp lay; but, upon reaching it the next day, to their great grief, they found it deserted and plundered. Nothing remained to disclose the fate of their companions. Neither history nor tradition furnishes any information in regard to it —

“Nor trace, nor tidings of their doom declare,
Where lived their grief, or perished their despair.”

Finley was one of them, and his name appears no more in the annals of the region, of which he was one of the earliest pioneers.

“About this time,” says Boone, “my brother, Squire Boone, and another adventurer, who came to explore the country shortly after us, were wandering through the forest, and accidentally found our camp.” Soon after this fortunate accession, John Stuart was shot and scalped by the savages; and the “other adventurer” was benighted in a hunting excursion, and, while encamped in the woods alone, was attacked and devoured by wolves

The brothers were now left alone. The winter was far advanced, and it was necessary that something should be done to protect them from the weather. They built a small cottage of such materials as their tomahawks could supply, and occupied it, without molestation, until the spring. Then the intrepid hunters found themselves in a very serious dilemma. Their store of ammunition was nearly exhausted, and their rifles were their only means of security and support. Without them they must starve, or fall defenceless under the hatchets of the savages. It was resolved that Squire Boone should revisit the settlements, and return with all possible expedition to his brother's camp bringing horses and ammunition. The brothers exchanged a mournful leave, and, in a few days, Daniel Boone was a solitary wanderer in the wilderness of Kentucky.

The wild and natural grandeur of the country around, where not a tree had been cut, nor a house erected, was an inexhaustible source of admiration and delight to the isolated hunter. He says himself, that some of the most delightful moments of his life, were spent in those lonely rambles. The utmost caution was necessary to avoid the savages, and scarcely less to escape

the ravenous hunger of the wolves, that prowled nightly around him in immense numbers. He was compelled frequently to shift his lodging, and, by undoubted signs, saw that the Indians had repeatedly visited his hut, during his absence. He sometimes lay in canebrakes, without fire, and heard the yells of the Indians around him. Fortunately, however, he never encountered them.

On the twenty-seventh of July, 1770, his brother returned with a supply of ammunition, and, with a hardihood almost unexampled, they ranged through the country in every direction, and without injury, until March, 1771. They then returned to North Carolina, where Daniel rejoined his family after an absence of nearly three years, during the whole of which time he had never tasted bread or salt, nor seen the face of a single white man, with the exception of his brother, and the two friends, who had been killed. He now determined to sell his farm, and to remove with his family to the wilderness of Kentucky. Accordingly, on the twenty-fifth of September, 1771, having disposed of all the property which he could not take with him, he bade farewell to his friends, and commenced his journey to the west

A number of milch-cows, and horses, laden with a few necessary household-utensils, formed the whole of his baggage. His wife and children were mounted on horseback, and accompanied him, every one regarding them as devoted to destruction. In Powell's valley they were joined by five more families, and forty men well armed. Encouraged by this accession of strength, they advanced with renewed confidence, but had soon a severe warning of the dangers which awaited them. When near Cumberland mountain, their rear was suddenly attacked with great fury by a scouting party of Indians and thrown into considerable confusion.

The party, however, soon rallied, and being accustomed to Indian warfare, returned the fire with such spirit and effect, that the Indians were repulsed with slaughter. Their own loss, however, had been severe. Six men were killed upon the spot, and one wounded. Among the killed was Boone's eldest son, to the unspeakable affliction of his family. The disorder and grief occasioned by this rough reception, seem to have affected the emigrants deeply, as they instantly retraced their steps to the settlements on Clinch river, forty miles from the scene of action. Here they remained until June, 1774, probably, at the

request of the women, who must have been greatly alarmed at the prospect of traversing a country, upon the skirts of which they had witnessed so keen and bloody a contest.

It was under the auspices of Colonel Richard Henderson, that Boone's next visit to Kentucky was made. Leaving his family, he set out at the head of a few men, to mark out a road for the pack-horses or wagons of Henderson's party. This laborious and dangerous duty, he executed with his usual fortitude and success, until he came within fifteen miles of the spot, where Boonesborough afterward was built. Here, on the twenty second of March, his small party was attacked by the Indians, and suffered a loss of four men killed and wounded. The Indians, although repulsed with loss in this affair, renewed the attack with equal fury the next day, and killed and wounded five more of his party. On the first of April, the survivors began to build a small fort on the Kentucky river, afterward called Boonesborough, and, on the fourth, they were again attacked by the Indians, and lost another man. The Indians seemed enraged to madness at the prospect of having houses built upon their hunting-grounds; but the bold pioneers, notwithstanding the harassing attacks

to which they were exposed, prosecuted their labors with diligence, and, on the fourteenth, the fort was completed.

Boone instantly returned to Clinch river for his family, determined to bring them with him at every risk. This was accomplished; and Mrs. Boone and her daughters were the first white women who stood upon the banks of the Kentucky river, as Boone himself had been the first white man who ever built a cabin upon the borders of the state. The first house, however, which ever stood in the *interior* of Kentucky, was erected at Harrodsburgh in the year 1774, by James Harrod, who conducted to that place a party of hunters from the banks of the Monongahela. This settlement was, therefore, a few months older than Boonesborough. Both soon became distinguished, as the only places in which hunters and surveyors could find security from the fury of the Indians.

Within a few weeks after the arrival of Mrs. Boone and her daughters, the infant colony was reinforced by the addition of three more families, at the head of which were Mrs. McGary, Mrs. Hogan, and Mrs. Denton. Boonesborough, however, was the central object of Indian hostilities; and, scarcely had the families become

domesticated in their new possessions, when they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians, and lost one of their garrison.

A much more alarming incident occurred in July, 1775. A daughter of Boone, and a Miss Calloway, were amusing themselves in the immediate neighborhood of the fort, when a party of Indians rushed from a canebrake, and, intercepting their return, took them prisoners. The screams of the terrified girls quickly alarmed the family. Boone hastily collected a party of eight men, and pursued the enemy. So much time, however, had been lost, that the Indians had got several miles the start of them. The pursuit was urged through the night with great keenness by woodsmen capable of following a trail at all times. On the following day they came up with the fugitives, and fell upon them so suddenly and so furiously as to allow them no leisure for tomahawking their prisoners. The girls were rescued, without having sustained any other injury, than excessive fright and fatigue. The Indians lost two men, while Boone's party were uninjured.

In January, 1778, accompanied by thirty men, Boone went to the Blue Licks to make salt for the different stations; and on the seventh of

February following, while out hunting, he fell in with one hundred and two Indian warriors, on their march to attack Boonesborough. He instantly fled, but, being upward of fifty years old, was unable to contend with the fleet young men who pursued him, and was a second time taken prisoner. He was treated with kindness and led back to the Licks, where his men were still encamped. Here his whole party, to the number of twenty-seven, surrendered themselves, upon promise of life and good treatment, both of which conditions were faithfully observed.

Boone and his party were conducted to the old town of Chillicothe, where they remained until the following March. No journal was written during this period, by either Boone or his companions. We are only informed, that his mild equanimity and fortitude wrought powerfully upon the Indians; that he was adopted into a family, and uniformly treated with the utmost affection. One fact illustrates Boone's knowledge of human nature. At the various shooting matches to which he was invited, he took care not to beat his savage friends too often. He knew that no feeling is more painful than that of inferiority, and that the most effectual way of keeping them in good humor with *him*, was to

keep them in good humor with themselves. He, therefore, only shot well enough, to make it an honor to beat him, and found himself a universal favorite.

On the tenth of March, 1778, Boone was conducted to Detroit, when Governor Hamilton himself offered one hundred pounds sterling for his ransom; but so great was the affection of the Indians for their prisoner, that it was positively refused. Boone's anxiety on account of his wife and children was incessant, and the more intolerable as he dared not excite the suspicions of his captors by any indication of a wish to return home.

The Indians were now preparing for a violent attack upon the settlements in Kentucky. Early in June, four hundred and fifty of the choicest warriors were ready to march against Boonesborough, painted and armed in a fearful manner. Alarmed at these preparations, he determined to make his escape. He hunted and shot with the Indians as usual, until the morning of the sixteenth of June, when, taking an early start, he left Chillicothe and directed his steps to Boonesborough. The distance exceeded one hundred and sixty miles, but he performed it in four days, during which he ate only one meal. He appeared

before the garrison like one risen from the dead. He found the fortress in a bad state, and lost no time in rendering it more capable of defence. He repaired the flanks, gates, and posterns, formed double bastions, and completed the whole in ten days.

On the eighth of August, the enemy appeared. They consisted of about five hundred warriors, and were commanded by Captain Duquesne and eleven other Frenchmen, in addition to their own chiefs. The British colors were displayed, and an officer, with a flag, was sent to demand the surrender of the fort, with a promise of quarter and good treatment in case of compliance, and a threat of the "hatchet" in the event of a storm. Two days were allowed them to consider the proposition, during which, Boone made active preparations for resistance, by bringing cattle into the fort and securing the horses. The gallant pioneers resolved to defend their position to the last.

Boone then appeared at the gate of the fortress, and communicated to Captain Duquesne the resolution of his men. The Canadian was evidently much chagrined at the answer; and insidiously requested that nine of the principal inhabitants of the fort would come out into the

plain and treat with him—he promising them protection and safety. Here Boone's habitual sagacity seemed to forsake him. He complied with the Canadian's proposal, and came forth himself, attended by eight of his men. The Indians crowded around them. A mock treaty was proposed by Duquesne and concluded; when, after many pretty periods about the "*bienfaisance et humanité*," which should accompany the warfare of civilized beings, the wily Canadian at length informed Boone, that it was a custom with the Indians, upon the conclusion of a treaty with the whites, for two warriors to take hold of the hand of each white man.

Boone thought this rather a singular custom, but there was no time to dispute about etiquette, particularly, as he could not be more in their power than he already was; so he signified his willingness to conform to the Indian mode of cementing friendship. Instantly two warriors approached every white man, with the word "brother" upon their lips, but a very different expression in their eyes, and, grappling them with violence, attempted to bear them off. The Americans, however, were on the alert, and dashing their assailants to the ground, they ran to the fort under a heavy fire, which fortunately

wounded only one man. This puerile artifice utterly failed.

The attack upon the fort instantly commenced; and the siege lasted nine days, during which, an almost incessant firing was kept up. On the twentieth of August, the enemy retired with a loss of thirty-seven killed and a great many wounded. The loss of the garrison was, two men killed and four wounded. This affair was highly creditable to the spirit and skill of the pioneers.

In the autumn of 1780, Boone, accompanied by his brother, made another visit to the Blue Licks, for the purpose of procuring salt. This spot seemed to have been fatal to Boone. Here he had once been taken prisoner, and here he lost his youngest son, and witnessed the slaughter of many of his dearest friends. His present visit was not free from calamity. They were encountered by a party of Indians, and his brother, who had shared with him many privations, and been his faithful companion for many years of toil and danger, was killed and scalped before his eyes.

Unable either to prevent, or avenge his death, Boone was compelled to fly, and, by his superior knowledge of the country, contrived to elude his

pursuers. They followed his trail, however, by the scent of a dog, that pressed him closely, and prevented his concealing himself. This was one of the most critical moments of his life, but his habitual coolness and presence of mind enabled him to meet it. He halted until the dog, baying loudly upon his trail, came within gunshot, when he deliberately turned and shot him dead. The thickness of the woods and the approach of darkness then enabled him to escape.

In the spring of 1782, a party of twenty-five Wyandots secretly approached Estill's station, and committed shocking outrages. Entering a cabin, they tomahawked and scalped a woman and her two daughters. The neighborhood was instantly alarmed. Captain Estill speedily collected a body of twenty-five men, and pursued the hostile trail with great rapidity. He came up with the savages on Hinkston fork of Licking, immediately after they had crossed it; and a most severe and desperate conflict ensued.

Estill, unfortunately, sent six of his men under Lieutenant Miller, to attack the enemy's rear. The Indian leader immediately availed himself of this diminution of force, rushed upon the weakened line of his adversaries, and compelled him to give way. A total rout ensued. Cap-

tain Estill was killed, together with his gallant lieutenant, South. Four men were wounded and fortunately escaped. Nine fell under the tomahawk, and were scalped. The Indians also suffered severely, and are believed to have lost half of their warriors.

Seven years of incessant strife and hardship had now elapsed since the pioneers had entered the wilderness, to which the Kentuckians have given the name of "the dark and bloody ground." Scarcely had they recovered from the shock of Estill's disaster, when they were threatened with new and appalling dangers, in the sudden incursion of a larger force than had at any time threatened the settlements. It consisted of a combination of Shawnese, Wyandots, Miamis, and Pottawatamies, stimulated by the counsels of Simon Girty, an abandoned white renegade.

Girty was an American by birth. He had lived in Pennsylvania, and having been thwarted in his schemes of promotion and aggrandizement, he abandoned civilized society, and, swelling with indignation and projects of revenge, joined the Wyandots, one of the most ferocious of the frontier tribes. He became an Indian by adoption, acquired their habits, and goaded them to deeds of inhuman atrocity

Such was the man who conducted the swarm of northern savages on this expedition. They marched with such celerity and caution, that their movements were wholly unobserved, until, on the night of the fourteenth of August, Bryant's station was surrounded by an army of about six hundred warriors. The fort, consisting of about forty cabins, placed in parallel lines, stands upon a gentle rise on the southern bank of the Elkhorn, a few paces to the right of the road from Maysville to Lexington.

Girty concealed a considerable body of Indians near the spring which supplied the station with water. Another party assumed a position in full view of the fort. At dawn of day, the garrison, who had been engaged in preparing to march to the relief of a neighboring station, opened their gates, when a sudden firing announced the presence of the enemy. The gates were instantly closed. All ran hastily to the picketing and saw in full view a small party of Indians, firing, yelling, and making the most furious gestures. The more wary members of the garrison immediately concluded that it was a decoy party, the object of which was to lure the garrison from the defence of the fort, in order to

place it in the power of the main body which lay concealed.

The greatest distress of the occupants of the fort, arose from the prospect of suffering for water. Their leaders felt satisfied that a powerful party were in ambuscade. They summoned the women, and explained the circumstances of their situation. Were the *men* to go down to the spring, the Indians would suspect that their ambuscade was discovered, but the appearance of the women would quiet their suspicion; and the savages would not unmask themselves for the purpose of doing them harm.

Some of the boldest of the women readily acceded to the proposal, and at length they all rallied their courage, and marched down in a body to the spring, within point-blank shot of more than five hundred Indian warriors! Not a shot was fired. The party were permitted to fill their buckets, one after another, without interruption; and, although their steps became quicker and quicker on their return, and, when near the gate, degenerated into a rather unmilitary celerity, attended with some little crowding, in passing the gate, yet not more than one fifth of the water was spilt.

Being now amply supplied with water thir-

teen young men were sent out to attack the decoy-party, with orders to fire with great rapidity, but not to pursue the enemy too far ; while the remainder of the garrison, consisting of not more than thirty men, would stand in readiness to fire upon the ambuscade. The manœuvre succeeded. Girty supposed that the whole garrison had quitted the fort ; and, springing up at the head of his five hundred warriors, he rushed with precipitate fury to the nearest gate. He was received with well-directed volleys of rifle-balls, which made great havoc among the Indians. The renegade saw that he himself was the dupe of an artifice, and his army, struck with consternation, fled, uttering wild cries. The gallant young backwoodsmen, who had rallied forth to attack the decoy-party, returned in high spirits, and were joyfully welcomed by their companions.

The siege was now commenced and prosecuted without disguise. Upon the first appearance of the Indians in the morning, two of the garrison had been mounted upon fleet steeds, and sent at full speed to Lexington to demand re-enforcements. At two o'clock in the afternoon, a re-enforcement of fifty men, some on horseback and some on foot, started to assist the besieged. The

Indians were apprized that they were on the march, and prepared to receive them.

The road from Lexington ran alongside of a fence, which formed one line of enclosure to a large field of corn. Opposite to it was a dense forest. On each side of the road a detachment of three hundred Indians lay concealed, awaiting the arrival, and confident of the sacrifice of the whole re-enforcement. The attack upon the fort had subsided when the horsemen came in sight. Not an Indian was to be discovered.

Seeing no enemy, and hearing no noise, the horsemen entered the avenue. Instantly they were saluted with a shower of rifle-balls. Putting spurs to their horses they dashed on amid volleys of bullets from both lines of the ambuscade, which were not more than thirty feet apart. Strange as it may seem, they reached the gate without the loss of a man.

The remainder of the party being on foot, were not so fortunate. They attempted to pass through the cornfield, and might have reached the fort in safety, had they not, at the first fire of the Indians, hurried impetuously to the spot, where they supposed their companions were engaged. They rushed into the very arms of danger. The Indians, whose guns were un-

charged, instantly turned upon them with uplifted tomahawks. An immediate retreat was the consequence. The larger number of the pioneers succeeded in making their escape out of the field, and concealed themselves in an adjoining canebrake. Six only were killed and wounded. Girty joined in the pursuit. A ball from the rifle of one of the retreating party struck him on the side, and he fell, apparently dead. But the measure of his crime was not yet full. The ball lodged in his shot-pouch, and his life was prolonged.

The day was now closing. A severe loss had been sustained by the Indians; and the chiefs were in favor of retiring. But Girty, foiled in his efforts to reduce the garrison by force, resolved to try his talents at diplomacy. He had the vanity to believe, that he could obtain the fort by negotiation. Crawling to a stump near one of the bastions he asked to be heard. He commended the courage of the garrison, but assured them that their successful resistance was impracticable; that his followers were very numerous, and that he hourly expected the arrival of artillery, which would instantly blow their cabins into the air; that if the fort were taken by storm they would be killed, but, if they

surrendered at once, he pledged his *honor* that no one should be injured. He told them his name, inquired whether they knew him, and assured them they might trust to his word.

The garrison listened in silence to his speech, and some of them looked blank at the mention of the artillery, as the Indians had, on one occasion, brought cannon with them and destroyed two stations. But a young man named Reynolds, highly distinguished for courage, energy, and a frolicsome gayety of temper, perceiving the effects of Girty's speech, took it upon himself to reply.

To Girty's inquiry "whether the garrison knew him," Reynolds retorted, that "he was very well known; that he himself had a worthless dog, to which he had given the name of *Simon Girty*, in consequence of his striking resemblance to the man of that name; that if he had either artillery or re-enforcements, he might bring them up; but that if either he, or any of the naked rascals with him, found their way into the fort, they would disdain to use their guns against them, but would drive them out again with switches, of which they had collected a great number for that purpose alone; and finally he declared, that *they* also expected re-enforce-

ments ; that the whole country was marching to their assistance ; and that, if Girty and his gang of murderers remained twenty-four hours longer before the fort, their scalps would be found drying in the sun upon the roofs of their cabins.”

Offended at the language of the young backwoodsman, Girty returned to his quarters ; and immediate preparations were made for the abandonment of the siege. Morning dawned upon a deserted camp. The renegade and his warriors were on their retreat to their villages.

Information of the attack upon Bryant's station, having spread with great rapidity through the settlements, the militia were immediately summoned to its defence, and, on the eighteenth of August, a respectable force from the adjoining stations was upon the ground. Col. John Todd from Lexington was the commanding officer. The officers next to him in rank were Lieutenant-Colonel Trigg of Harrodsburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel Boone of Boonesborough, and Majors Harland, McGary, and Levi Todd. Col. Logan had been notified of the siege, and it was believed that he was on the march with a considerable re-enforcement. But, eager for a conflict, and ignorant of the strength of the enemy, the ma-

jority of the officers determined to pursue them forthwith, without awaiting Logan's arrival.

The result of this determination was most disastrous. Boone urgently advised that they should wait for the re-enforcement; but scarcely had he given his opinion, when Major McGary, suddenly interrupted the consultation with a loud whoop, resembling the warcry of the Indians, spurred his horse into the stream, and shouted aloud: "Let all who are not cowards, follow me!" The words and the action produced an electrical effect. The mounted men dashed tumultuously into the river, every one striving to be foremost. The footmen were mingled with them in one rolling and irregular mass.

Boone had expressed his apprehension that the enemy were lying in ambush at a spot near the Lick, where two ravines ran in such a manner that a concealed enemy might assail them at once both in front and flank. As the Kentuckians approached this spot, it became apparent that Boone's anticipations were correct. The enemy lay concealed in great numbers. The columns marched up within forty yards of the Indian line before a gun was fired.

The battle immediately commenced with great fury, and most destructive effect on both sides.

The advantage of position and overwhelming numbers, soon decided it in favor of the savages, whose first fire was very severe upon the right. Col. Trigg fell, and with him nearly the whole of the Harrodsburg troops. Boone manfully sustained himself on the left. Major Harlan defended the front until three only of his men remained. He also fell, covered with wounds. The Indians now rushed upon them with their tomahawks, spreading confusion and dismay through their broken and disabled ranks. The whole right, left, and centre, gave way, and a mingled and precipitate retreat commenced.

Colonel Todd was shot through the body, and when last seen he was reeling in his saddle, while the blood gushed from his wound. Many brave men perished on that day. Of the one hundred and eighty-two, who went into the battle, one third were killed and seven were made prisoners.

Boone, after witnessing the death of his son, and many dear friends, found himself almost entirely surrounded at the very commencement of the retreat. Being intimately acquainted with the ground, he, with a few friends, dashed into the ravine, which the Indians had quitted. After baffling many pursuers, he crossed the

river below the ford, by swimming, and, entering the wood at a point where there was no pursuit, returned by a circuitous route to Bryant's station. The news of this disaster threw all Kentucky into mourning.

The reader remembers young Reynolds, who replied with such rough and ready humor to the pompous summons of Girty at the siege of Bryant's. This young man, after bearing his share in the action with distinguished gallantry, was galloping with several other horsemen in order to reach the ford. The great body of fugitives had preceded them, and their situation was critical and dangerous.

About halfway between the battle-ground and the river, the party overtook Captain Patterson, on foot, exhausted by the rapidity of the flight, and, in consequence of his wounds, so disabled, that he could not keep up with the main body of the men on foot. The Indians were close behind him, and his fate seemed inevitable. Reynolds, upon coming up with this brave officer, instantly sprang from his horse, aided Patterson to mount, and continued his own flight on foot. Being remarkably active and vigorous, he continued to elude his pursuers, and, turning off from the main road, plunged into

the river near the spot where Boone had crossed, and swam in safety to the opposite side. Unfortunately he wore a pair of buckskin breeches, which had become so heavy and full of water, as to encumber him, and, while sitting down to pull them off, he was overtaken by a party of Indians and captured.

A prisoner, unless wounded and infirm, is rarely put to death by the Indians until they return to their own country. Young Reynolds was treated kindly, and compelled to accompany his captors in the pursuit. A small party of Kentuckians soon attracted their attention; and he was left in charge of three Indians, who, in their turn, committed him to one of their number, while they followed their companions. Reynolds took an occasion, when his guard was stooping to tie his moccasin, to knock him down, dart into a thicket, and escape. For his generosity and courage, Captain Patterson afterward made Reynolds a present of two hundred acres of firstrate land.

An expedition under General Clark, of one thousand Kentuckians, was set on foot to revenge this disaster. They destroyed the villages of the Indians and laid their land waste, but the savages themselves contrived to escape. Boone

accompanied this expedition, which returned with the loss of only four men. This was the last affair in which the old pioneer was engaged for the defence of the settlements.

Boone was now advanced in years. The remainder of his life was devoted partly to the society of his children, but principally to the employments of the chase. He was in the habit of remaining for days at a time in the forest, at a distance from the abodes of men, armed with a rifle, hatchet, and knife, and subsisting upon the wild game which he shot. When too old to rove through the woods, he would ride to a lick, and there lay in ambush all day, for the sake of getting a shot at the herds of deer that were accustomed to visit the spot for the salt.

In 1819, the distinguished artist of Boston, Chester Harding, Esq., visited the old forester at his dwelling, near the Missouri river, and painted his portrait. He found Boone, in a small, rude cabin, indisposed, and lying on his bed. A slice from the loin of a buck, twisted round the rammer of his rifle, within reach of him as he lay, was roasting before the fire. Several other cabins, arranged in the form of a parallelogram, marked the spot of a dilapidated station. They were occupied by the descendants of the vener

able pioneer. Here he lived in the midst of his posterity. His withered energies, and locks of snow, indicated that the sources of existence were nearly exhausted. On the twenty-sixth of September, 1820, at the Charette village, he breathed his last.

Governor Morehead, of Kentucky, to whom we have been indebted for many interesting particulars in regard to Boone, says of him: "His manners were simple and unobtrusive, exempt from the rudeness characteristic of the backwoodsman. In his person there was nothing striking. He was five feet, ten inches in height, and of robust and powerful proportions. His countenance was mild and contemplative, indicating a frame of mind altogether different from the restlessness and activity that distinguished him. His ordinary habiliments were those of a hunter—a hunting-shirt and moccasins uniformly composing a part of them. Throughout his life he was careless of his pecuniary interests. The loss of his lands in Kentucky was chiefly attributable to inattention. When he emigrated to Louisiana, he omitted to secure a title to a princely estate on the Missouri, because it would have cost him the trouble of a trip to New Orleans. He would have travelled a much greater

distance, to indulge his cherished propensities as an adventurer and a hunter. He died as he had lived, in a cabin; and, perhaps, his trusty rifle was the most valuable of his chattels.

“Such was the man to whom has been ascribed the principal merit of the discovery of Kentucky Resting on the solid advantages of his services to his country, his fame will survive when the achievements of men, greatly his superiors in rank and intellect, will be forgotten.”

CHAPTER VIII.

KENTON THE SPY, AND HIS HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES

A SECRET expedition had been planned by Colonel Bowman of Kentucky against an Indian town on the little Miami. Simon Kenton and two young men, named Clark and Montgomery, were employed to proceed in advance, and reconnoitre. Kenton was a native of Fauquier county, Virginia, where he was born the fifteenth of May, 1755. His companions were roving backwoodsmen, denizens of the wood, and hunters like himself.

These adventurers set out in obedience to their orders, and reached the neighborhood of the Indian village without being discovered. They examined it attentively, and walked around the cabins during the night with perfect impunity. Had they returned after reconnoitring the place they would have accomplished the object of their

mission, and avoided a heavy calamity. They fell martyrs, however, to their passion for horseflesh.

Unfortunately, during their nightly promenade, they stumbled upon a pound, in which were a number of Indian horses. The temptation was not to be resisted. They severally seized a horse and mounted. But there still remained a number of fine animals; and the adventurers cast longing, lingering looks behind. It was melancholy — the idea of forsaking such a goodly prize. Flesh and blood could not resist the temptation. Getting scalped was nothing to the loss of such beautiful specimens of horseflesh. They turned back, and took several more. The horses, however, seemed indisposed to change masters, and so much noise was made in the attempt to secure them, that at last the thieves were discovered.

The cry rang through the village at once, that the Long-Knives were stealing their horses right before the doors of their wigwams. A great hubbub ensued; and Indians, old and young, squaws, children, and warriors, all sallied out with loud screams to save their property from the greedy spoilers. Kenton and his friends saw that they had overshot their mark, and that

they must ride for their lives. Even in this extremity, however, they could not reconcile their minds to the surrender of a single horse which they had haltered; and while two of them rode in front and led a great number of horses, the other brought up the rear, and plying his whip from right to left, did not permit a single animal to lag behind.

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

Crossing the river would now ensure their

safety, but this was likely to prove a difficult undertaking, and the close pursuit, which they had reason to expect, rendered it expedient to lose as little time as possible. The wind was high, and the river rough and boisterous. It was determined that Kenton should cross with the horses, while Clark and Montgomery should construct a raft, in order to transport their guns, baggage, and ammunition, to the opposite shore. The necessary preparations were soon made, and Kenton, after forcing his horses into the river, plunged in himself and swam by their side.

In a few minutes the high waves completely overwhelmed him and forced him considerably below the horses, who stemmed the current much more successfully than he.

The horses being left to themselves, turned about and made for the Ohio shore, where Kenton was compelled to follow them. Again he forced them into the water, and again they returned to the same spot, until Kenton became so exhausted by repeated efforts, as to be unable to swim. What was to be done?

That the Indians would pursue them was certain. That the horses would not and could not be made to cross the river in its present state was equally certain. Should they abandon their

norses and cross on the raft, or remain with their norses, and brave the consequence? The latter alternative was adopted unanimously. Death or captivity might be tolerated, but the loss of such a beautiful lot of horses, after working so hard for them, was not to be thought of for a moment.

Should they now move up or down the river, or remain where they were? The latter plan was adopted and a more indiscreet one could hardly have been imagined. They supposed that the wind would fall at sunset, and the river become sufficiently calm to admit of their passage; and, as it was thought probable, that the Indians might be upon them before night, it was determined to conceal their horses in a neighboring ravine, while they should take their stations in the adjoining wood.

The day passed away in tranquillity; but at night the wind blew harder than ever, and the water became so rough, that they would hardly have been able to cross in their raft. As if totally infatuated, they remained where they were until morning; thus wasting twenty-four hours of most precious time in idleness. In the morning, the wind abated, and the river became calm; but, it was now too late. Their horses had become obstinate and intractable

and positively and repeatedly refused to take to the water.

Their masters at length determined to do what ought to have been done at first. They severally resolved to mount a horse, and make the best of their way down the river to Louisville. But their unconquerable reluctance to lose their horses overcame even this resolution. Instead of leaving the ground instantly, they went back upon their own trail, in the vain effort to regain possession of the rest of the horses, which had broken from them in their last effort to drive them into the water. They literally fell victims to their love for horseflesh.

They had scarcely ridden one hundred yards when Kenton, who had dismounted, heard a loud halloo. He quickly beheld three Indians and one white man, all well mounted. Wishing to give the alarm to his companions, he raised his rifle, took a steady aim at the breast of the foremost Indian, and drew the trigger. His gun had become wet on the raft, and flashed.

The enemy were instantly alarmed, and dashed at him. Kenton took to his heels, and was pursued by four horsemen at full speed. He instantly directed his steps to the thickest part of the wood, and had succeeded, as he thought, in baf-

fling his pursuers, when, just as he was entering the wood, an Indian on horseback galloped up to him with such rapidity as to render flight useless. The horseman rode up, holding out his hand, and calling out "Brother! brother!" in a tone of great affection. Kenton observes that if his gun would have made fire, he would have "brothered" him to his heart's content, but, being totally unarmed, he called out that he would surrender if they would give him quarter and good treatment.

Promises were cheap with the Indian, who, advancing with extended hands and a withering grin upon his countenance, which was intended for a smile of courtesy, seized Kenton's hand and grasped it with violence. Kenton, not liking the manner of his captor, raised his gun to knock him down, when an Indian, who had followed him closely through the brushwood, sprung upon his back and pinioned his arms to his side. The one, who had been grinning so amiably, then raised him by the hair and shook him until his teeth rattled, while the rest of the party coming up, fell upon Kenton with their tongues and ramrods, until he thought they would scold or beat him to death. They were the owners of the horses which he had carried

off, and now took ample revenge for the loss of their property. At every stroke of their ramrods over his head, they would exclaim in a tone of strong indignation, "Steal Indian hoss! hey!"

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

They then proceeded to secure their prisoner, by pinioning him with stout sticks, and fastening him with ropes to a tree. During the operation, they cuffed him from time to time with great heartiness, and abused him for a "tief! — a hoss steal! — a rascal!"

Kenton remained in this painful position throughout the night, looking forward to certain

death, and most probably torture, as soon as he should reach their towns. Their rage against him displayed itself the next morning, in rather a singular manner.

Among the horses, which Kenton had taken, was a wild young colt, wholly unbroken, and with all his honors of mane and tail undocked. Upon him Kenton was mounted, without saddle or bridle, with his hands tied behind him, and his feet fastened under the horse's belly. The country was rough and bushy, and Kenton had no means of protecting his face from the brambles, through which it was expected that the colt would dash. As soon as the rider was firmly fastened to his back, the colt was turned loose with a sudden lash, but after curvetting and capricoling for a while, to the great distress of Kenton, but to the infinite amusement of the Indians, he appeared to take compassion on his rider, and falling into a line with the other horses, avoided the brambles entirely, and went on very well. In this manner he rode through the day. At night he was taken from the horse, and confined as before.

On the third day, they came within a few miles of Chillicothe. Here the party halted, and sent forward a messenger to prepare for

their reception. In a short time, Blackfish, one of their chiefs, arrived, and regarding Kenton with a stern countenance, thundered out in very good English: "You have been stealing horses?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Captain Boone tell you to steal our horses?"

"No, sir; I did it of my own accord."

Blackfish made no reply to this frank confession; but, brandishing a hickory switch, he applied it so briskly to Kenton's naked back and shoulders, as to bring the blood freely, and occasion acute pain.

Thus, alternately scolded and beaten, Kenton was conducted to the village. All the inhabitants, men, women, and children, ran out to feast their eyes with a sight of the prisoner; and all, down to the smallest child, appeared in a paroxysm of rage. They whooped, they yelled, they hooted, they clapped their hands, and poured upon him a flood of abuse, to which all that he had yet experienced was courteous and civil. With loud cries they demanded that their prisoner should be tied to the stake. The hint was instantly complied with; but after being well thrashed and tormented, he was released for the

purpose of furnishing further amusement to his captors.

Early in the morning, he beheld the scalp of Montgomery stretched upon a hoop, and drying in the air, before the door of one of their principal houses. He was led out and ordered to run the gauntlet. A row of boys, women, and men, extended to the distance of a quarter of a mile. At the starting-place stood two grim warriors with butcher-knives in their hands. At the extremity of the line, was an Indian beating a drum; and a few paces beyond the drum was the door of the council-house. Clubs, switches, hoe-handles, and tomahawks, were brandished along the whole line, and as Kenton saw these formidable preparations, the cold sweat streamed from his pores.

The moment for starting arrived. The great drum at the door of the council-house was struck; and Kenton sprang forward in the race. He, however, avoided the row of his enemies, and turning to the east drew the whole party in pursuit of him. He doubled several times with great activity, and at length observing an opening, he darted through it, and pressed forward to the council-house with a rapidity which left his pursuers far behind. One or two of the Indians

succeeded in throwing themselves between him and the goal, and from these alone he received a few blows, but was much less injured than he could at first have supposed possible.

After the race was over, a council to decide his fate was held, while he was handed over naked and bound to the care of a guard in the open air. The deliberation commenced. Every warrior sat in silence, while a large warclub was passed round the circle. Those who were opposed to burning the prisoner on the spot, were to pass the club in silence to the next warrior. Those in favor of burning were to strike the earth violently with the club before passing it.

A teller was appointed to count the votes. This dignitary reported that the opposition had prevailed; and that it was determined to take the prisoner to an Indian town on Mad river, called Waughcotomoco. His fate was announced to him by a renegado white man, who acted as interpreter. Kenton asked "what the Indians intended to do with him upon reaching Waughcotomoco."

"Burn you!" replied the renegado, with a ferocious oath.

After this pleasant assurance, the laconic and scowling interpreter walked away.

The prisoner's clothes were restored to him, and he was permitted to remain unbound. Thanks to the intimation of the interpreter, he was aware of the fate in reserve for him, and resolved that he would never be carried alive to Waughcoto-moco. Their route lay through an unpruned forest, abounding in thickets and undergrowth. During the whole of the march, Kenton remained abstracted and silent; often meditating an effort for the recovery of his liberty, and as often shrinking from the peril of the attempt.

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

The idea of a repetition of the dreadful scenes he had just encountered, overcame his indecision, and, with a sudden and startling cry, he sprung into the bushes and fled with the speed of a wild deer. The pursuit was instant and keen. Some of his pursuers were on horseback, some on foot. But he was flying for his life. The stake and the hot iron, and the burn-

ing splinters were before his eyes, and he soon distanced the swiftest hunter in pursuit.

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

On the second day he arrived at Waughcoto-moco. Here he was again compelled to run the gauntlet, in which he was severely hurt. Immediately after this ceremony, he was taken to the council-house, and all the warriors once more assembled to determine his fate.

He sat silent and dejected upon the floor of the cabin, when the door of the council-house opened, and Simon Girty, James Girty, John Ward, and an Indian, came in with a woman as a prisoner, together with seven children and seven scalps. Kenton was immediately removed from the council-house, and the deliberations of the

assembly were protracted to a very late hour, in consequence of the arrival of the last-named party with a fresh drove of prisoners.

At length he was again summoned to attend the council-house, being informed that his fate was decided. Upon entering, he was greeted with a savage scowl, which, if he had still cherished a spark of hope, would have completely extinguished it. Simon Girty threw a blanket upon the floor, and harshly ordered him to take a seat upon it. The order was not immediately complied with, and Girty impatiently seizing his arm, jerked him roughly upon the blanket and pulled him down.

In a menacing tone, Girty then interrogated him as to the condition of Kentucky.

“How many men are there in Kentucky?”

“It is impossible for me to answer that question,” replied Kenton; “but I can tell you the number of officers, and their respective ranks, and you can then judge for yourself.”

“Do you know William Stewart?”

“Perfectly well; he is an old and intimate acquaintance.”

“What is your own name?”

“Simon Butler!” replied Kenton, who had formerly been known by that name.

Never did the announcement of a name produce a more powerful effect. Girty and Kenton had served as spies together in Dunmore's expedition. The former had not then abandoned the society of the whites, for that of the savages, and had become warmly attached to Kenton during the short period of their services together. As soon as he heard the name, he threw his arms around Kenton's neck, and embraced him with much emotion.

Then turning to the assembled warriors, who had witnessed this scene with much surprise, Girty informed them that the prisoner, whom they had just condemned to the stake, was his ancient companion and bosom-friend; that they had travelled the same war-path, slept upon the same blanket, and dwelt in the same wigwam. He entreated them to spare him the anguish of witnessing the torture by his adopted brothers of an old comrade; and not to refuse so trifling a favor as the life of a white man to the earnest intercession of one, who had proved, by three years' faithful service, that he was zealously devoted to the cause of the Indians.

The speech was listened to in silence, and some of the chiefs were disposed to grant Girty's request. But others urged the flagrant misde-

meanors of Kenton ; that he had not only stolen their horses, but had flashed his gun at one of their young men ; that it was in vain to suppose that so bad a man could ever become an Indian at heart, like their brother Girty ; that the Kentuckians were all alike, very bad people, and ought to be killed as fast as they were taken ; and, finally, they observed that many of their people had come from a distance, solely to assist at the torture of the prisoner ; and pathetically painted the disappointment and chagrin, with which they would hear that all their trouble had been for nothing.

Girty continued to urge his request, however, with great earnestness, and the debate was carried on for an hour and a half, with much energy and heat. The feelings of Kenton during this suspense may be imagined.

At length the warclub was produced, and the final vote taken. It was in favor of the prisoner's reprieve. Having thus succeeded in his benevolent purpose, Girty lost no time in attending to the comfort of his friend. He led him into his own wigwam, and, from his own store, gave him a pair of moccasins and leggins, a breechcloth, a hat, a coat, a handkerchief for his neck, and another for his head.

For the space of three weeks, Kenton lived in tranquillity, treated with much kindness by Girty and the chiefs. But at the end of that time, as he was one day with Girty and an Indian named Redpole, another Indian came from the village toward them, uttering repeatedly a whoop of peculiar intonation. Girty instantly told Kenton that it was the distress-halloo, and that they must all go instantly to the council-house. Kenton's heart fluttered at the intelligence, for he dreaded all whoops, and heartily hated all council-houses, firmly believing that neither boded him any good. Nothing, however, could be done, to avoid whatever fate awaited him, and he sadly accompanied Girty and Redpole back to the village.

On entering the council-house, Kenton perceived from the ominous scowls of the chiefs that they meant no tenderness toward him. Girty and Redpole were cordially received, but when poor Kenton offered his hand, it was rejected by six Indians successively, after which, sinking into despondence, he turned away and stood apart.

The debate commenced. Kenton looked eagerly toward Girty as his last and only hope. His friend seemed anxious and distressed. The chiefs from a distance arose one after another

and spoke in a firm and indignant tone, often looking at Kenton with an eye of death. Girty did not desert him, but his eloquence was wasted. After a warm discussion, he turned to Kenton, and said, "Well, my friend, *you must die!*"

One of the stranger chiefs instantly seized him by the collar, and the others surrounding him, he was strongly pinioned, committed to a guard, and marched off. His guard were on horseback, while he was driven before them on foot, with a long rope round his neck. In this manner they had marched about two and a half miles, when Girty passed them on horseback, informing Kenton that he had friends at the next village, with whose aid he hoped to be able to do something for him. Girty passed on to the town, but finding that nothing could be done, he would not see his friend again, but returned to Waughcoto moco by a different route.

The Indians with their prisoner soon reached a large village upon the head waters of the Scioto, where Kenton, for the first time, beheld the celebrated Mingo chief, Logan, so honorably mentioned in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia. Logan walked gravely up to the place where Kenton stood, and the following short conversation ensued:—

“Well, young man, these people seem very mad at you?”

“Yes, sir, they certainly are.”

“Well; do n't be disheartened. I am a great chief. You are to go to Sandusky. They speak of burning you there. But I will send two runners to-morrow to help you.”

Logan's form was manly, his countenance calm and noble, and he spoke the English language with fluency and correctness. Kenton's spirits revived at the address of the benevolent chief, and he once more looked upon himself as providentially rescued from the stake.

On the following morning, two runners were despatched to Sandusky, as the chief had promised. In the evening they returned, and were closeted with Logan. Kenton felt the most burning anxiety to know the result of their mission, but Logan did not visit him until the next morning. He then walked up to him, accompanied by Kenton's guards, and giving him a piece of bread, told him that he was instantly to be carried to Sandusky; and left him without uttering another word.

Again Kenton's spirits sunk. From Logan's manner, he supposed that his intercession had been unavailing, and that Sandusky was to be

the scene of his final suffering. This appears to have been the truth. But fortune had not finished her caprices. On being driven into the town, for the purpose of being burnt on the following morning, an Indian agent from Canada, named Drewyer, interposed, and once more was he rescued from the stake. Drewyer wished to obtain information for the British commandant at Detroit; and so earnestly did he insist upon Kenton's being delivered to him, that the Indians at length consented, upon the express condition that, after the required information had been obtained, he should be again restored to their possession. To this Drewyer consented, and, without further difficulty, Kenton was transferred to his hands. Drewyer lost no time in removing him to Detroit. On the road, he informed Kenton of the condition upon which he had obtained possession of his person, assuring him, however, that no consideration should induce him to abandon a prisoner to the mercy of such wretches.

At Detroit, Kenton's condition was not unpleasant. He was obliged to report himself every morning to an English officer; and was restricted to certain boundaries through the day. In other respects he scarcely felt that he was a

prisoner. His wounds were healed, and his emaciated limbs were again clothed with a fair proportion of flesh. He remained in this state of easy restraint from October, 1777, until June, 1778, when he meditated an escape.

He cautiously broached his project to two young Kentuckians, then at Detroit, who had been taken with Boone at the Blue Licks, and had been purchased by the British. He found them as impatient as himself of captivity, and resolute to accompany him. He commenced instant preparations. Having formed a close friendship with two Indian hunters, he deluged them with rum, and bought their guns for a mere trifle. These he hid in the woods, and, returning to Detroit, managed to procure powder and balls, with another rifle.

The three prisoners then appointed a night for their attempt, and agreed upon a place of rendezvous. They met at the time and place appointed, without discovery, and, taking a circuitous route, avoiding pursuit by travelling only during the night, they at length arrived safely at Louisville, after a march of thirty days

CHAPTER IX.

A GALLANT DEED AND A RUTHLESS ONE—LOGAN AND MCGARY

AMONG the earliest and most respectable of the emigrants to Kentucky, was General Benjamin Logan, a Virginian by birth. In the spring of 1776 he removed his family to a small settlement called Logan's fort, not far from Harrodsburgh. Here his courage and generosity were honorably put to the test.

In the month of May, 1777, the women of his family were milking the cows at the gate of the little fort, and some of the garrison attending them, when a party of Indians appeared and fired upon them. One man was shot dead, and two more wounded, one of them mortally. The whole party, including one of the wounded men, instantly ran into the fort, and closed the gate. The enemy quickly showed themselves upon the edge of a canebrake, within close rifle-shot of the

gate, and seemed numerous and determined. Having a moment's leisure to look around, Logan beheld a spectacle, which awakened his most lively interest and compassion.

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

Yet the spectacle was so moving, and the lamentations of the wounded man's family so distressing, that it was difficult to resist making

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

They had not advanced five steps, when Harrison perceiving them, made a vigorous effort to rise, upon which Martin, supposing him able to help himself, immediately sprang back within the gate.

Harrison's strength almost instantly failed, and he fell at full length upon the grass. Logan paused a moment after the desertion of Martin, then suddenly sprang forward to the spot where Harrison lay, rushing through a tremendous shower of rifle-balls, which was poured upon him from every quarter around the fort, capable of covering an Indian. Seizing the wounded man in his arms, he ran with him to the fort,

through another heavy fire, and entered it unhurt, although the gate and picketing near him were riddled with balls, and his hat and clothes pierced in several places.

We do not hesitate to pronounce this one of the most gallant and courageous acts recorded in history, ancient or modern. When we consider how near the Indians were, and how rarely they miss their aim in firing, the escape of Logan seems almost miraculous. He was afterward engaged in numerous actions with the Indians, in which he displayed a similar highhearted daring, fortitude, and defiance of danger.

In the summer of 1788, Logan conducted an expedition against the northwestern tribes, which terminated, however, in merely burning their villages, and cutting up their cornfields, serving to irritate, but not to subdue the enemy. A single incident attending this expedition deserves to be commemorated.

Upon approaching a large village of the Shawnese, from which, as usual, most of the inhabitants had fled, an old chief named Moluntha, came out to meet them, fantastically accoutred in an old cocked hat, set jauntily upon one side of his head, and a fine shawl thrown over his shoulders. He carried an enormous

pipe in one hand, and a tobacco-pouch in the other, and strutted about, with the air of an old French beau, to smoke the pipe of peace with his enemies.

Nothing could be more amusing than the fearless confidence with which he walked through the foremost ranks of the Kentuckians, evidently highly pleased with his own appearance, and enjoying the admiration, which he doubted not, that his cocked hat and splendid shawl excited. Many of the Kentuckians were highly entertained at the mixture of dandyism and dignity, which the poor old man exhibited, and shook hands with him very cordially.

Unfortunately, however, he at length approached Major McGary, whose temper, never particularly sweet, was as much inflamed by the sight of an Indian, as that of a wild bull by the waving of a red flag. It happened, unhappily too, that Moluntha had been one of the chiefs, who commanded at the Blue Licks; the disastrous defeat at which place, McGary had not forgotten.

Instead of giving his hand as the others had done, McGary scowled upon the old man, and asked him, if "he recollected the Blue Licks!"

Moluntha smiled, and merely repeated the word "Blue Licks!" when McGary instantly drew his tomahawk, and cleft him to the brain.

The old man received the blow without flinching for a second, and fell dead at the feet of his destroyer. Great excitement instantly prevailed in the army. Some called it a ruthless murder. Others swore that McGary had done right; that an Indian was not to be regarded as a human being, but ought to be shot down as a wolf whenever and wherever he appeared. McGary himself raved like a madman at the reproach of his countrymen, and declared, with many bitter oaths, that he would not only kill every Indian whom he met, whether in peace or war, at church or market, but that he would equally as readily tomahawk the man who blamed him for the act.

Nothing else, worthy of being mentioned, occurred during this expedition; and Logan, upon his return, devoted himself exclusively to the civil affairs of the country, which about this time began to assume an important aspect.

CHAPTER X.

CRAWFORD'S DISASTROUS EXPEDITION — HIS MELANCHOLY END — ADVENTURES AND ESCAPE OF DR. KNIGHT.

IN the early part of the year 1782, the Indians were so troublesome to the back counties of Pennsylvania and Virginia, that an expedition, under Colonel William Crawford was sent against them. It proved unsuccessful. The American officers believing that they were greatly outnumbered by the enemy, resolved upon a retreat; it was commenced, but soon degenerated into a rout. The cavalry were broken, and every man strove to save himself as he best could.

Dr. Knight, the surgeon of the detachment, was in the rear when the flight began, but seeing the necessity of despatch, he put spurs to his horse, and galloped through the wood as fast as the darkness of the night would permit. He had

not advanced far, when he heard the voice of Colonel Crawford, calling aloud for his son John Crawford, his son-in-law Major Harrison, and his two nephews, Major Rose, and William Crawford. Dr. Knight replied in the same loud tone, that he believed the young men were in front.

“Is that you, doctor?” asked Crawford, eagerly; for no features could be recognised in the darkness.

“Yes, colonel! I am the hindmost man, I believe.”

“No, no!” replied Crawford, anxiously, “my son is in the rear yet. I have not been able to hear of him in front. Do not leave me, doctor. My horse has almost given out. I cannot keep up with the troops, and wish a few of my best friends to stay with me.”

Knight assured him, that he might rely upon his support in any extremity, and drew up his horse by his side. Presently, an old man and a lad joined them. Crawford eagerly asked if they had seen his son or nephew. They assured him they had not, upon which he sighed deeply, but made no reply.

Crossing Sandusky creek, they proceeded on foot, and fell in with Captain Biggs, an expert

woodsman and gallant officer, who, in the universal scattering had generously brought off a wounded officer, Lieutenant Ashley, upon his own horse, and was now composedly walking by his side, with a rifle in his hand and a knapsack on his shoulders. This casual meeting was gratifying to both parties, and they continued their flight with renewed spirits.

At three o'clock in the afternoon a heavy rain fell, compelling them to encamp. A temporary shelter was formed by barking several trees, after the manner of the Indians, and spreading the bark over holes so as to form a roof. A fire was kindled, and the rain continued to pour down in torrents. They remained here through the night, without any accident.

Continuing their route the next morning, they found a deer, which had recently been killed and skinned. They cooked it, and made a hearty breakfast.

By noon, they had reached the path, by which the army had marched a few days before. Biggs and the doctor strongly advised that they should avoid all beaten paths, and continue their course through the woods; but Crawford overruled them, assuring them, that the Indians would not urge the pursuit beyond the plains, which were

already far behind. Unfortunately, Crawford prevailed. The party took the beaten path. Crawford and Knight moved one hundred and fifty yards in front. Biggs and his wounded friend Ashley were in the centre, the doctor having lent Biggs his horse. Two men on foot brought up the rear

They soon had reason to repent of their temerity. Scarcely had they advanced a mile, when several Indians sprung up within twenty yards of Knight and Crawford, presented their guns, and, in good English, ordered them to stop. Knight instantly sprung behind a large tree, cocked his gun, and began to take aim at the foremost. Crawford, however, did not attempt to conceal himself; but calling hastily to Knight, ordered him twice not to fire. Instantly, the Indian, at whom Knight had taken aim, ran up to the colonel with every demonstration of friendship, shook his hand cordially, and asked him how he did. Knight still maintaining a hostile attitude behind the tree, Crawford called to him again, and ordered him to put down his gun. The doctor reluctantly obeyed.

Biggs and Ashley, seeing the condition of their friends, halted, while the two men in the rear very prudently took to their heels and

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

In the morning, Crawford and Knight, together with nine more prisoners, were conducted by their captors to the old town of Sandusky, about thirty-three miles distant. The main body halted at night, within eight miles of the village, but as Colonel Crawford expressed great anxiety to speak with Simon Girty who was then at Sandusky, he was permitted to go there that evening, under the care of two Indians. On Tuesday morning, the eleventh of June, he was brought back from Sandusky solely for the purpose of being marched into the town with the other

prisoners. Knight eagerly accosted him, asking if he had seen Girty.

The colonel replied in the affirmative, and added that Girty had promised to use his utmost influence for his safety, but was fearful of the consequences, as the Indians generally, and particularly Captain Pipe, one of the Delaware chiefs, were much incensed against the prisoners, and were endeavoring to have them all burnt. The colonel added, that he had heard of his son-in-law, Colonel Harrison, and his nephew, William Crawford, both of whom had been taken by the Shawnese and admitted to mercy. Soon after this communication, their arch-enemy, Captain Pipe, entered. His appearance was by no means unprepossessing, and he exhibited none of the ferocity, which, from Girty's account, they had been led to expect.

His manners, on the contrary, were bland, and his language flattering. But one ominous circumstance attended his visit. With his own hands, he *painted every prisoner black*. While in the act of painting the doctor, he was as polite as a French valet, assuring him that he should soon go to the Shawnee town and see his friends; and, while painting the colonel, he gave him to understand that he should be adopted

as soon as he arrived at the Wyandot town. The prisoners having now been painted were conducted toward the town, Captain Pipe walking by the side of Crawford, and treating him with the utmost politeness, while the other prisoners, with the exception of Doctor Knight, were pushed on ahead of him.

As they advanced, they were shocked at observing the bodies of four of their friends, who had just left them, tomahawked and scalped, with an interval of nearly a mile between them severally. They had evidently been killed in running the gauntlet. This spectacle was regarded as a sad presage of their own fate.

In a short time they overtook the five prisoners who remained alive. They were seated on the ground, and appeared much dejected. Nearly seventy squaws and Indian boys surrounded them, menacing them with knives and tomahawks, and exhausting upon them every abusive epithet, which their language afforded. Crawford and Knight were compelled to sit down apart from the rest, and, immediately afterward, the doctor was given to a Shawnese warrior, to be conducted to their town, while the colonel remained stationary.

The boys and squaws then fell upon the other

prisoners and tomahawked them in a moment. Among them was Captain McKinley, who had served with reputation throughout the revolutionary war until the capture of Cornwallis. An old withered hag approached him, brandishing a long knife; and, seizing him by the hair, instantly cut off his head, and kicked it near the spot where Crawford sat, in momentary expectation of a similar fate. Another destiny, however, was reserved for him. He was marched toward the village.

Presently, Girty appeared on horseback, coming from Sandusky. He stopped for a few moments and spoke to Crawford; then, passing to the rear of the party, addressed Knight:—

“Is this the doctor?” inquired he, with an insulting smile.

“Yes, Mr. Girty; I am glad to see you!” replied poor Knight, advancing and anxiously extending his hand.

But Girty cursed him in a savage tone, and ordered him to be gone. Upon this, the Shawnese warrior, who had him in custody, dragged him along by a rope. Girty followed on horseback, and informed him that he was to go to Chilli-cothe. Presently, they came to a spot where there was a large fire, around which about thirty

warriors and more than double that number of boys and squaws were collected.

As soon as Crawford arrived, they surrounded him, stripped him naked, and compelled him to sit on the ground near the fire. They then fell upon him, and beat him severely with sticks, and their fists. In a few minutes a large stake was fixed in the ground, and piles of hickory poles 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. Fire was now applied to the hickory poles, which lay at the distance of six or seven yards from the stake.

The colonel, observing these terrible preparations, called to Girty, who sat on horseback, at the distance of a few yards from the fire, and asked if the Indians were going to burn him. Girty very coolly replied in the affirmative. The colonel received the intelligence with firmness.

When the hickory poles had been burnt asunder in the middle, Captain Pipe rose 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 the speaker 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 dispersed sufficiently to give him a view of the horrid spectacle.

The ears of the prisoner 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 hickory poles and applied them to his flesh. As fast as he ran around the stakes, 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 he had soon nothing but fire to walk upon.

In the extremity of his agony, the unhappy Crawford called aloud upon Girty, in tones which rang through Knight's brain for years with maddening effect:—

“Girty! Girty!! shoot me through the heart! Now! Quick! quick! Do not refuse me!”

“Don't you see I have no gun, colonel?” replied the monster, bursting into a 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 proceeding, Girty rode up to Knight, and told him, that he now had a foretaste of what was in reserve for himself, at the Shawnee town.

Knight, who was deeply agitated at the sight, kept silence. Girty then indulged in a bitter invective against a certain Colonel Gibson, from whom he said he had received deep injuries; and dwelt upon the delight with which he would see him undergo such torments 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 were 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 Girty, in a few minutes, 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 fire-brands. At length he sank in a fainting fit and remained 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 his 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. Crawford groaned deeply, arose,

and again walked slowly round the stake. But why continue so horrible a description? Nature at length could endure no more, and at a late hour in the night, he was relieved from his sufferings by death.

At sunset, Knight was removed from the ground, and taken to the house of Captain Pipe, where, after having been securely bound, he was permitted to sleep unmolested. The next morning, the Indian, to whose care he had been committed, unbound him, again painted him black, and told him he must instantly march off for the Shawnee village. The doctor was a small, weak man, or he probably would have had more than one guard placed over him. He was on foot, his conductor well armed and mounted; yet the doctor determined to effect his escape, or compel his enemy to shoot him dead upon the spot.

After travelling about twenty five miles, they encamped for the night, when Knight permitted himself to be bound. The Indian, who, by the way, seems to have been something of a simpleton, then informed him, that they would reach the Shawnee village about the middle of the next day. He then composed himself as if to sleep. Knight frequently attempted to untie

nimself, but was as often frustrated by the incessant vigilance of the Indian, whose dark eyes were rolling around him throughout the whole night.

At daylight, the Indian rose and unbound his prisoner, who instantly determined to attempt an escape without further delay. His conductor did not immediately leave the spot, but began to rekindle their fire, which had burnt low, and employed himself diligently in giving battle to the myriads of gnats, that swarmed around him, and fastened upon his naked body with high relish. Knight seeing him rub his back with great energy, muttering petulantly in the Indian tongue, asked if he should make a smoke behind him, in order to drive the gnats away.

The Indian told him to do so, and Knight, rising from his seat, took the end of a dogwood fork about eighteen inches in length, and putting a coal of fire between it and another stick, went behind the Indian as if to kindle a fire. Gently laying down the coal, he paused a moment to collect his strength, and then struck the Indian a furious blow upon the back of the head, with the dogwood stick. The fellow stumbled forward, and fell with his hands in the fire, but instantly rising again, ran off with great rapidity,

howling most dismally. Knight thereupon seized the rifle which his enemy had abandoned, and pursued him, intending to shoot him dead on the spot, and thus prevent pursuit ; but, in drawing back the cock of the gun too violently, he injured it so much that it would not go off ; and the Indian, frightened out of his wits, and leaping and dodging with the activity of a wildcat, at length effected his escape.

On the same day about noon, as Knight afterward learned from a prisoner who effected his escape, the Indian arrived at the Shawnee village, with his head dreadfully cut, and his legs torn by the briars. He proved to be a happy mixture of the braggadocio and coward, and treated his fellows with a magnificent description of his contest with Knight, whom he represented as a giant in stature, and a buffalo in strength and fierceness. He said that Knight prevailed upon him to untie him, and that while they were conversing like brothers, the former suddenly seized a dogwood sapling, and belabored him until he was scarcely able to stand. That, nevertheless, he made a manful resistance, and stabbed his gigantic antagonist twice, once in the back, and once in the belly, but seeing that his knife made no impression upon the strength

of the prisoner, he was at length compelled to leave him, satisfied that the wounds he had inflicted must at length prove mortal. The Indians were much diverted at this story, and laughed loud and long, evidently not believing a word of it, at least so far as the fellow's prowess was concerned.

In the meantime, Knight lost no time in moving off toward the northeast. For twenty-one days he managed to subsist upon berries, herbs, and such animal food as he could pick up. He swam the Muskingum a few miles below Fort Lawrence, and directed his steps to the Ohio river. He struck it a few miles below Fort McIntosh, on the evening of the twenty-first day and, on the morning of the twenty-second reached the fort in safety.

CHAPTER XI.

▲ TUSSELE WITH A WILDCAT—REMARKABLE CONFLICT
WITH AN INDIAN—FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

IN 1781, Lexington was only a cluster of cabins, one of which, near the spot where the courthouse now stands, was used as a school-house. One morning in May, McKinley, the teacher, was sitting alone at his desk, busily engaged in writing, when, hearing a slight noise at the door, he turned and beheld an enormous wildcat, with her forefeet upon the step, her tail curled over her back, her bristles erect, and her eyes glaring rapidly about the room, as if in search of a mouse.

McKinley's position at first completely concealed him, but a slight and involuntary motion of his chair attracted puss's attention, and their eyes met. McKinley having heard much of the

powers of "the human face divine," in quelling the audacity of wild animals, attempted to disconcert the intruder by a frown. But puss was not to be bullied. Her eyes flashed fire, her tail waved angrily, and she began to gnash her teeth "cantankerously." She was evidently bent on mischief. Seeing his danger, McKinley hastily rose, and attempted to snatch a cylindrical rule from a table which stood within reach, but the cat was too quick for him.

Darting furiously upon him, she fastened upon his side with her teeth, and began to rend and tear with her claws. McKinley's clothes were soon in tatters, and his flesh dreadfully mangled by the enraged animal, whose strength and ferocity filled him with astonishment. He in vain attempted to disengage her from his side. Her long sharp teeth were fastened between his ribs, and his efforts served but to enrage her the more. Seeing his blood flow very copiously from the numerous wounds in his side, he became seriously alarmed, and not knowing what else to do, he threw himself upon the edge of the table and pressed her against the sharp corner with the whole weight of his body.

The cat now began to utter the most wild and discordant cries, and McKinley, at the same time,

lifting up his voice in concert, the two together sent forth notes so doleful as to alarm the whole town. Women, who are generally the first to hear and spread news, were now the first to come to McKinley's assistance. But so strange and unearthly was the harmony within the school-house, that they hesitated long before venturing to enter. At length the boldest of them rushed in, and seeing poor McKinley bending over the corner of the table, she at first supposed that he was laboring under a severe fit of the colic; but quickly perceiving the cat, which was now in the agonies of death, she screamed out, "Why, good heavens, Mr. McKinley, what is the matter?"

"I have caught a cat, madam!" replied he, gravely turning round, while the sweat streamed from his face under the mingled operations of fright, fatigue, and pain.

Most of the neighbors had now arrived. They attempted to disengage the dead cat; but so firmly were her tusks locked between his ribs, that this was a work of no small difficulty. McKinley suffered severely for a time from the effects of his wounds, but at length fully recovered, and lived to a good old age. He was heard to say, that of all the pupils that ever came to his school, the wildcat was the most intracta-

ble; that he would at any time rather fight two Indians than one wildcat

About the same time, a conflict more unequal and equally remarkable, took place in another part of the country. David Morgan had settled upon the Monongahela during the early part of the revolutionary war, and at this time had ventured to occupy a cabin at the distance of several miles from any settlement.

One morning, having sent his younger children out to a field at a considerable distance from the house, he became uneasy about them, and repaired to the spot where they were working. He was armed as usual with a good rifle. While sitting upon the fence and giving some directions as to their work, he observed two Indians upon the other side of the field gazing earnestly upon the party. He instantly called to the children to make their escape, while he should attempt to cover their retreat.

The odds were greatly against him, as in addition to other circumstances, he was nearly seventy years of age, and of course, unable to contend with his enemies in running. The house was more than a mile distant, but the children, having two hundred yards the start, and being effectually covered by their father, were soon so

far in front, that the Indians turned their attention entirely to the old man. He ran for several hundred yards with an activity which astonished himself, but perceiving that he would be overtaken, long before he could reach his home, he fairly turned at bay, and prepared for a strenuous resistance. The woods through which they were running were very thin and consisted almost entirely of small trees, behind which, it was difficult to obtain proper shelter.

Morgan had just passed a large walnut, and, in order to resist with advantage, it became necessary to run back about ten steps in order to regain it. The Indians were startled at the sudden advance of the fugitive, and halted among a cluster of saplings, where they anxiously strove to shelter themselves. This, however, was impossible; and Morgan, who was an excellent marksman, saw enough of the person of one of them to justify him in risking a shot. His enemy instantly fell mortally wounded.

The other Indian, taking advantage of Morgan's empty gun, sprung from the shelter and advanced rapidly upon him. The old man, having no time to reload, was compelled to fly a second time. The Indian gained rapidly upon him, and, when within twenty steps, fired, but with so unsteady

an aim, that Morgan was wholly unhurt, the ball having passed over his shoulder.

He now again stood at bay, clubbing his rifle for a blow, while the Indian, dropping his empty gun, brandished his tomahawk and prepared to throw it at his enemy. Morgan struck with the butt of his gun, and the Indian hurled his tomahawk at one and the same moment. Both blows took effect; and both of the combatants were at once wounded and disarmed. The breech of the rifle was broken against the Indian's scull, and the edge of the tomahawk was shattered against the barrel of the rifle, having first cut off two of the fingers of Morgan's left hand. The Indian then attempting to draw his knife, Morgan grappled him and bore him to the ground. A furious struggle ensued, in which the old man's strength failed, and the Indian succeeded in turning him.

Planting his knee on the breast of his enemy, and yelling loudly, as is usual with the barbarians upon any turn of fortune, he again felt for his knife, in order to terminate the struggle at once; but having lately stolen a woman's apron and tied it round his waist, his knife was so much confined, that he had great difficulty in finding the handle.

Morgan, in the meantime, being an accomplished pugilist, and perfectly at home in a ground struggle, took advantage of the awkwardness of the Indian, and got one of the fingers of his right hand between his teeth. The Indian tugged and roared in vain, struggling to extricate it. Morgan held him fast, and began to assist him in hunting for the knife. Each seized it at the same moment, the Indian by the blade, and Morgan by the handle, but with a very slight hold.

The Indian having the firmest hold, began to draw the knife further out of its sheath, when Morgan suddenly giving his finger a furious bite, twitched the knife dexterously through his hand, cutting it severely. Both now sprung to their feet, Morgan brandishing his adversary's knife, and still holding his finger between his teeth. In vain the poor Indian struggled to get away, rearing, plunging, and bolting, like an unbroken colt. The teeth of the white man were like a vise, and he at length succeeded in giving his savage foe a stab in the side. The Indian received it without falling, the knife having struck his ribs; but a second blow, aimed at the stomach, proved more effectual, and the savage fell. Morgan

thrust the knife, handle and all, into the cavity of the body, directed it upward, and starting to his feet, made the best of his way home.

The neighborhood was quickly alarmed, and, hurrying to the spot where the struggle had taken place, they found the first Indian lying where he had fallen, but the second had disappeared. A broad trail of blood, however, conducted to a fallen tree top, within one hundred yards of the spot, into which the poor fellow had dragged himself, and where he now lay bleeding but still alive. He had plucked the knife from his wound, and was endeavoring to dress it with the stolen apron, which had cost him his life, when his enemies approached.

The love of life appeared strong within him, however. He greeted them with what was intended for an insinuating smile, held out his savage hand, and exclaimed in broken English, "How de do, broder! how de do! glad to see you!"

Poor fellow! The love was all on his side. Their brotherhood extended only to tomahawking, scalping, and skinning him, all of which operations were performed a few minutes after the meeting. To such an extent had mutual injuries inflamed both parties!

We have now a more agreeable instance to

relate, illustrating the courage and patriotism of an American female.

In 1782, Wheeling was besieged by a large number of British and Indians. So sudden and unexpected was the attack, that no time was afforded for preparation. The fort, at the period of the assault, was commanded by Colonel Silas Zane. The senior officer, Colonel Ebenezer Zane, was in a blockhouse some fifty or a hundred yards outside of the wall. The enemy made several desperate assaults to break into the fort, but at every onset they were driven back. The ammunition for the defence of the fort was deposited in the blockhouse, and there had not been time to remove it before the Indians approached.

On the afternoon of the second day of the siege, the powder of the fort was nearly exhausted, and no alternative remained but for some one to pass through the enemy's fire to the blockhouse in order to obtain a supply. When Silas Zane made the proposition to the men, asking if any one would undertake the hazardous enterprise, all at first were silent. After looking at one another for some time, a young man stepped forward, and said he would under-

take the errand. Immediately, half a dozen offered their services in the dangerous enterprise.

While they were disputing as to who should go, Elizabeth, sister of the Zanes, came forward and declared that she would go for the powder. Her brother thought she would flinch from the enterprise, but he was mistaken. She had the intrepidity to dare, and the fortitude to accomplish the undertaking. Her brother then tried to dissuade her from her heroic purpose, by saying that a man would be more fleet, and consequently would run less risk of losing his life.

She replied, that they had not a man to spare from the defence of the fort, and that if she should fall, she would scarcely be missed. Then divesting herself of such articles of clothing as would impede the celerity of her flight, she prepared to start.

The gate was opened, and Elizabeth bounded out at the top of her speed, and ran till she arrived at the door of the blockhouse. Her brother, Colonel Zane, hastened to open the door to his intrepid sister. The Indians did not fire a gun, but exclaimed, as if in astonishment, "*Squaw! squaw! squaw!*"

When she had told her errand, her brother took a tablecloth, fastened it around her waist

and poured into it a keg of powder. She then sallied back to the fort in high spirits. The moment she was outside of the blockhouse, the whole of the enemy's line fired at her, but the shower of balls fell without doing her any injury. She reached the fort in safety, and the garrison was, in consequence, enabled successfully to repel their savage foe. Such an instance of female daring, is worthy of all commemoration.

CHAPTER XII.

ADAM POE'S ENCOUNTER WITH BIG-FOOT — M'CONNELL'S CAPTURE AND ESCAPE.

ABOUT the middle of July, 1782, seven Wyandots crossed the Ohio, a few miles above Wheeling, and committed serious depredations upon the southern shore, killing an old man whom they found alone in the cabin, and spreading terror through the neighborhood.

Within a few hours after their retreat, eight men assembled from different parts of the small settlement, and pursued the enemy with vigor. Among the most active and efficient of the party, were two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe. Adam was particularly popular. In strength, agility, and hardihood, he had no equal, being finely formed and inured to all the perils of the woods. They had not followed the trail far, before they became satisfied that the depredators were conducted by Big-Foot, a renowned chief of the Wyandot

tribe, who derived his name from the immense size of his feet. His height considerably exceeded six feet, and his strength was represented as herculean. He had also, five brothers, but little inferior to himself in size and courage, and as they generally went in company, they were the terror of the whole country

Adam Poe was overjoyed at the idea of measuring his strength with that of so celebrated a chief, and urged the pursuit with a keenness which quickly brought him into the vicinity of the enemy. For the last few miles, the trail had led them up the southern bank of the Ohio, where the footprints in the sand were deep and obvious; but when within a few hundred yards of the point at which the whites as well as the Indians were in the habit of crossing, it suddenly diverged from the stream, and stretched along a rocky ridge, forming an obtuse angle with its former direction.

Here Adam halted for a moment, and directed his brother and the other young men to follow the trail with proper caution, while he himself still adhered to the river path, which led through clusters of willows, directly to the point where he supposed the enemy to lie. Having examined the priming of his gun, he crept cautiously

through the bushes, until he had a view of the point of embarkation. Here lay two canoes, empty and apparently deserted. Being satisfied, however, that the Indians were close at hand, he relaxed nothing of his vigilance, and quickly gained a jutting cliff, which hung immediately over the canoes. Hearing a low murmur below, he peered cautiously over, and beheld the object of his search. The gigantic Big-Foot, lay below him in the shade of a willow, and was talking in a deep low tone to another warrior, who seemed a mere pigmy by his side.

Adam cautiously drew back, and cocked his gun. The mark was fair. The distance did not exceed twenty feet, and his aim was unerring. Raising his rifle slowly and cautiously, he took a steady aim at Big-Foot's breast, and drew the trigger. His gun flashed!

Both Indians sprung to their feet with an exclamation of surprise, and for a second all three stood staring at one another. This inactivity, however, was soon over. Adam was too much hampered by the bushes to retreat, and setting his life upon the cast of the die, he sprung over the bush which had sheltered him, and summoning all his powers, leaped boldly down the

precipice and alighted upon the breast of Big-Foot, with a shock, which bore him to the earth.

At the moment of contact, Adam had also thrown his right arm around the neck of the smaller Indian, so that all three came to the earth together. At the same time a sharp firing was heard among the bushes above, announcing that other parties were engaged, but the trio below were too busy to attend to anything but themselves. Big-Foot was, for an instant, stunned by the violence of the shock, and Adam was enabled to keep them both down. But the exertion necessary for that purpose was so great, that he had no opportunity of using his knife. Big-Foot quickly recovered, and, without attempting to rise, twined his long arms around Adam's body, and pressed him to his breast with the crushing force of a boa-constrictor. Adam, as we have already remarked, was a powerful man, and had seldom encountered his equal, but never had he yet felt a hug like that of Big-Foot.

He instantly relaxed his hold of the small Indian, who sprang to his feet. Big-Foot then ordered him to run for his tomahawk, which lay within ten steps, and kill the white man, while he held him in his arms. Adam, seeing his

danger, struggled manfully to extricate himself from the folds of the giant, but in vain. The smaller Indian approached with his uplifted tomahawk, but Adam watched him closely, and, as he was about to strike, gave him a kick so sudden and violent, as to knock the tomahawk from his hand, and send him staggering back into the water. Big-Foot uttered an exclamation in a tone of deep contempt at the failure of his companion, and raising his voice to its highest pitch, thundered out several words in the Indian tongue, which Adam could not understand, but supposed to be a direction for a second attack.

The smaller Indian now approached again, carefully shunning Adam's heels, and making many motions with his tomahawk, in order to deceive him as to the point where the blow would fall. This lasted several seconds, until a thundering exclamation from Big-Foot, compelled his companion to strike. Such were Adam's vigilance and dexterity, however, that he managed to receive the tomahawk in a glancing direction upon his left wrist, wounding him deeply, but not disabling him. He now made a sudden and desperate effort to free himself from the arms of the giant, and succeeded. The Indian had not ventured to shoot for fear of hurting

his companion ; and Adam, snatching up a rifle, instantly shot the smaller Indian through the body.

But scarcely had he done so, when Big-Foot arose, and placing one hand upon his collar, and the other upon his hip, pitched him ten feet into the air, as he himself would have pitched a child. Adam fell upon his back, at the edge of the water, but before his antagonist could spring upon him, he was again upon his feet, and, stung with rage at the idea of being handled so easily, he attacked his gigantic antagonist with a fury, which, for a time, compensated for inferiority of strength. It was now a fair fist-fight between them, for, in the hurry of the struggle, neither had leisure to draw his knife. Adam's superior activity and experience as a pugilist gave him great advantage. The Indian struck awkwardly, and, finding himself rapidly getting the worse of the combat, he closed with the white man and again hurled him to the ground.

They quickly rolled into the river, and the struggle continued with unabated fury, each attempting to drown the other. The Indian being unused to such violent exertion, and having been much injured by the first shock in his stomach, began to fail ; and Adam seizing him

by the scalp-lock, put his head under water and held it there, until the faint struggles of the Indian induced him to believe that he was drowned: when he relaxed his hold and attempted to draw his knife. The Indian, however, to use Adam's own expression, "had been only *possuming*."

Big-Foot regained his feet, and, in his turn, put his adversary under. In the struggle both were carried out into the current beyond their depth, and each was compelled to relax his hold and swim for his life. There was still one loaded rifle upon the shore, and each swam hard in order to reach it, but the Indian proved the most expert swimmer, and Adam, seeing that he should be too late, turned and swam out into the stream, intending to dive and thus frustrate his enemy's intention. At this instant, Andrew, having heard that his brother was alone in a struggle with two Indians, and in great danger, ran up hastily to the edge of the bank above, in order to assist him. Another white man followed him closely, and seeing Adam in the river, covered with blood, and swimming rapidly from shore, mistook him for an Indian, and fired upon him, wounding him dangerously in the shoulder.

Adam turned, and seeing his brother, called loudly upon him to "shoot the big Indian upon the

shore." Andrew's gun, however, was empty, having just been discharged. Fortunately, Big-Foot had seized the gun, with which Adam had shot the smaller Indian, so that both were upon an equality. The contest now was who should load first.

Big-Foot poured in his powder first, but by drawing his ramrod out of its sheath in too great a hurry, he threw it into the river, and while he ran to recover it, Andrew gained a fatal advantage. Still the Indian was but a second too late, for his gun was at his shoulder, when Andrew's ball entered his breast. The gun dropped from his hands, and he fell forward upon his face upon the very margin of the river.

Andrew now alarmed for his brother, who was scarcely able to swim, threw down his gun, and rushed into the river, in order to bring him ashore; but Adam, more intent upon securing the scalp of Big-Foot, as a trophy, than upon his own safety, called loudly upon his brother to leave him alone, and scalp the Indian, who was now endeavoring to roll himself into the water, from a romantic desire peculiar to the Indian warrior, of securing his scalp from the enemy. Andrew, however, refused to obey, and insisted upon saving the living before attending to the

dead. Big-Foot, in the meantime, had succeeded in reaching the deep water before he expired, and his body was borne off by the waves, without being stripped of the ornament and pride of an Indian warrior.

Not a man of the Indians had escaped. Five of Big-Foot's brothers, the flower of the Wyandot nation, had accompanied him in the expedition, and all perished. It is said, that the news of this calamity, threw the whole tribe into mourning. The remarkable size of the brothers, their courage, and their superior intelligence, gave them immense influence, which, greatly to their credit, was generally exerted on the side of humanity. Their powerful interposition, had saved many prisoners from the stake, and had given a milder character to the warfare of the Indians in that part of the country.

Adam Poe recovered from his wounds, and lived many years after his memorable conflict; but he never forgot the tremendous "hug," which he sustained in the arms of Big-Foot.

Not one of the least remarkable adventures experienced by our frontier settlers, was that, which befell Mr. Alexander M'Connel of Lexington, Kentucky. Early in the spring of 1780, he went into the woods on foot, to hunt deer

He soon killed a large buck, and returned home for a horse in order to bring it in.

During his absence, a party of five Indians, on one of their usual skulking expeditions, accidentally stumbled on the body of the deer, and perceiving that it had been recently killed, they naturally supposed that the hunter would speedily return to secure the flesh. Three of them, therefore, took their stations within close rifle-shot of the deer, while the other two followed the trail of the hunter, in order to waylay him. M'Connel, expecting no danger, rode carelessly along the path, which the two scouts were watching, until he had come within view of the deer, when he was fired upon by the whole party, and his horse killed. While laboring to extricate himself from the dying animal, he was seized by his enemies, instantly overpowered, and borne off as a prisoner.

His captors, however, seemed to be a merry, goodnatured set of fellows, and permitted him to accompany them unbound; and, what was rather extraordinary, allowed him to retain his gun and hunting accoutrements. He accompanied them with great apparent cheerfulness through the day, and displayed his dexterity in shooting deer

for the use of the company, until they began to regard him with partiality.

Having travelled with them in this manner for several days, they at length reached the banks of the Ohio river. Heretofore, the Indians had taken the precaution to bind him at night, although not very securely ; but on that evening, he remonstrated with them on the subject, and complained so much of the pain which the cords gave him, that they merely wrapped the buffalo tug loosely around his wrists, and having tied it in an easy knot, and attached the extremity of the rope to their own bodies, in order to prevent his moving without awakening them, they very composedly went to sleep, leaving the prisoner to follow their example or not, as he pleased.

M'Connel determined to effect his escape that night, if possible, as on the following night, they would cross the river, which would render it much more difficult. He, therefore, lay quietly until midnight, anxiously ruminating upon the best means of effecting his object. Accidentally casting his eyes in the direction of his feet, they fell upon the glittering blade of a knife, which had slipped from its sheath, and was now lying near the feet of one of the Indians. To reach it with his hands, without disturbing the two Indians, to

whom he was fastened, was impossible, and it was very hazardous to attempt to draw it up with his feet. This, however, he attempted. With much difficulty he grasped the blade between his toes, and, after repeated and prolonged efforts, succeeded at length, in bringing it within reach of his hands.

To cut his cords was then but the work of a moment, and gradually and silently extricating his person from the arms of the Indians, he walked to the fire and sat down. He saw that his work was but half done. If he should attempt to return home without destroying his enemies, he would assuredly be pursued, and probably overtaken, when his fate would be certain. On the other hand, it seemed almost impossible for a single man to succeed in a conflict with five Indians, even although unarmed and asleep. He could not hope to deal a blow with his knife so silently and fatally, as to destroy each one of his enemies in turn, without awakening the rest. Their slumbers were proverbially light and restless; and if he failed with a single one, he must instantly be overpowered by the survivors. The knife, therefore, was out of the question.

After anxious reflection for a few minutes, he

formed his plan. The guns of the Indians were stacked near the fire; their knives and tomahawks were in sheaths by their sides. The latter he dared not touch for fear of awakening their owners; but the former he carefully removed, with the exception of two, and hid them in the woods, where he knew the Indians would not readily find them. He then returned to the spot where the Indians were still sleeping, and, taking a gun in each hand, he rested the muzzles upon a log within six feet of his victims, and having taken deliberate aim at the head of one, and the heart of another, he pulled both triggers at the same moment.

Both shots were fatal. At the report of their guns, the others sprang to their feet, and stared wildly around them. McConnel, who had instantly run to the spot where the other rifles were hid, hastily seized one of them and fired at two of his enemies, who happened to stand in a line with each other. His energy and self-possession ensured his success.

The nearest fell dead, being shot through the centre of the body; the second fell also, bellowing loudly, but quickly recovering, limped off into the woods as fast as possible. The fifth, and only one who remained unhurt, darted off

like a deer, with a yell indicative of equal terror and astonishment. McConnel, not wishing to fight any more such battles, selected his own rifle from the stack, and made the best of his way to Lexington, where he arrived safely within two days. His story was at first received by some with incredulity; but subsequent circumstances confirmed it. It shows what may be effected in a moment of extreme peril by boldness and self-possession. Many persons, in their agitation, would have forgotten to conceal the weapons of the Indians, or would have fled without undertaking to place themselves out of the reach of danger, by an act severe but necessary

CHAPTER XIII.

A FAMILY ATTACKED — A WILD WHITE MAN — SINGULAR DEFENCE.

ON the night of the eleventh of April, 1787, the house of a widow in Bourbon county, Kentucky, became the scene of a deplorable adventure. The name of the widow was Scraggs. She occupied what was called a double cabin, in a lonely part of the county. One room was tenanted by the old lady herself, together with two grown sons, and a widowed daughter with an infant. The other room was occupied by two unmarried daughters from sixteen to twenty years of age, together with a little girl.

The hour was eleven o'clock at night. One of the unmarried daughters was still busily engaged at the loom, but the other members of the family, with the exception of one of the sons,

had retired to rest. Some symptoms of an alarming nature had engaged the attention of the young man for an hour before anything of a decided character took place.

The cry of owls was heard in the adjoining wood, answering each other in rather an unusual manner. The horses, which were enclosed as usual in a pound near the house, were more than commonly excited, and by repeated snorting and galloping, announced the presence of some object of terror. The young man was often upon the point of awakening his brother, but was as often restrained by the fear of incurring ridicule, and the reproach of timidity, at that time an unpardonable blemish in the character of a Kentuckian. At length hasty steps were heard in the yard, and quickly afterward several loud knocks at the door, accompanied by the usual exclamation, "Who keeps house?" in very good English.

The young man, supposing from the language that some benighted travellers were at the door, hastily arose, and was advancing to withdraw the bar that secured it, when his mother, who had long lived upon the frontier, and had probably detected the Indian tone in the demand for admission, instantly sprang out of bed, and

ordered her son not to admit them, declaring that they were Indians.

She instantly awakened her other son, and the two young men seizing their guns, which were always charged, prepared to repel the enemy. The Indians, finding it impossible to enter under their assumed characters, began to thunder at the door with great violence ; but a single shot from a loop-hole, compelled them to shift the attack to some less exposed point ; and, unfortunately, they discovered the door of the other cabin, which contained the three daughters. The rifles of the brothers could not be brought to bear on this point, and, by means of several rails taken from the yard fence, the door was forced from the hinges, and the three girls were at the mercy of the savages. One was instantly secured, but the eldest defended herself desperately with a knife, which she had been using at the loom, and stabbed one of the Indians to the heart, before she was tomahawked.

In the meantime, the little girl, who had been overlooked by the enemy in their eagerness to secure the others, ran out into the yard, and might have effected her escape, had she taken advantage of the darkness and fled ; but instead of looking to her own safety, the terrified little

creature ran round the house, wringing her hands and crying that her sisters were killed. The brothers, unable to hear her cries, without risking everything for her rescue, rushed to the door, and were preparing to sally out to her assistance, when their mother threw herself before them, and calmly declared that the child must be abandoned to its fate; that the sally would sacrifice the lives of all the rest, without being of the slightest benefit to the little girl.

Just then the child uttered a loud scream, followed by a few faint moans, and all was silent. Presently the crackling of flames was heard, accompanied by a triumphant yell from the Indians, announcing that they had set fire to that division of the house, which had been occupied by the daughters, and of which they held undisputed possession.

The fire was quickly communicated to the rest of the building, and it became necessary to abandon it or perish in the flames. The rapid approach of the fire cut short their momentary suspense. The door was thrown open, and the old lady, supported by her eldest son, attempted to cross the fence at one point, while her daughter carrying her child in her arms, and attended by the younger of the brothers, ran in a different di-

rection. The blazing roof shed a light over the yard, but little inferior to that of day, and the savages were distinctly seen awaiting the approach of their victims. The old lady was permitted to reach the stile unmolested, but in the act of crossing, received several balls in her breast, and fell dead. Her son, providentially, remained unhurt, and, by extraordinary agility, effected his escape.

The other party succeeded also in reaching the fence unhurt, but in the act of crossing were vigorously assailed by several Indians, who, throwing down their guns, rushed upon them with their tomahawks. The young man defended his sister gallantly, firing upon the enemy as they approached, and then wielding the butt of his rifle with a fury that drew their whole attention upon himself, and gave his sister an opportunity of effecting her escape. He quickly fell, however, under the tomahawks of his enemies, and was found at daylight scalped and mangled in a shocking manner. Of the whole family consisting of eight persons, only three escaped. Four were killed upon the spot, and one, the second daughter, carried off as a prisoner.

The neighborhood was quickly alarmed, and, by daylight, about thirty men were assembled

under the command of Colonel Edwards. A light snow had fallen during the latter part of the night, and the Indian trail could be pursued at a gallop. It led directly into the mountainous country bordering upon Licking, and afforded evidences of great hurry and precipitation on the part of the fugitives. Unfortunately, a hound had been permitted to follow the whites, and as the trail became fresh, and the scent warm, she followed it with eagerness, baying loudly and giving the alarm to the Indians. The consequences of this imprudence were soon manifest. The enemy finding the pursuit keen, and perceiving that the strength of their prisoner began to fail, instantly sunk their tomahawks in her head, and left her, still warm and bleeding, upon the snow.

As the whites came up, she retained strength enough to wave her hand in token of recognition, and appeared desirous of giving them some information, with regard to the enemy, but her strength was too far gone. Her brother sprang from his horse and knelt by her side, endeavoring to stop the effusion of blood, but in vain. She gave him her hand, muttered some inarticulate words, and expired within two minutes of the arrival of the party.

The pursuit was renewed with additional vigor, and, in twenty minutes, the enemy were within view. They had taken possession of a steep narrow ridge and seemed desirous of magnifying their numbers in the eyes of the whites, as they ran rapidly from tree to tree, and maintained a steady yell in their most appalling tones. The pursuers, however, were too experienced to be deceived by so common an artifice, and being satisfied that the number of the enemy must be inferior to their own, they dismounted, tied their horses, and flanking out in such a manner as to enclose the enemy, ascended the ridge as rapidly as was consistent with a due regard to the shelter of their persons.

The firing quickly commenced, and now, for the first time, they discovered that only two Indians were opposed to them. These had voluntarily sacrificed themselves for the safety of the main body, and had succeeded in delaying pursuit until their friends could reach the mountains. One of them was instantly shot dead, and the other was badly wounded, as was evident from the blood upon his blanket, as well as that which filled his tracks in the snow for a considerable distance. The pursuit was recommenced, and

urged keenly until night, when the trail entered a running stream and was lost.

On the following morning, the snow had melted, and every trace of the enemy was obliterated. The affair of the retreat must be regarded as creditable to the skill and activity of the Indians. The self-devotion of their rear-guard, is one of those Roman traits, which, among much that is odious and barbarous, we sometimes find in the Indian character.

A few weeks after this melancholy affair, a very remarkable incident occurred in the same neighborhood. One morning, about sunrise, 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. His skin had evidently once been white, although now tanned by constant exposure to the weather. His dress in every respect was that of an Indian, as were his gestures and tones. His age could not be supposed to exceed twenty years. He talked volubly but uncouthly, placed his hand upon his breast, gesticulated 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 con-

tact 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 learned the following particulars. The stranger 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 sometime upon the waters of the Miami, about forty miles from the spot, where Cincinnati now stands; and, after all their meat and skins 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 their 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 toward Bourbon county.

In the evening, they approached a house, that which he had hailed, and in which he was now speaking. Suddenly, the desire of rejoining his

people occupied his mind so strongly as to exclude every other idea, and, seizing the first favorable opportunity, he had concealed himself in the bushes, and neglected to reply to all the signals, which had been concerted for the purpose of collecting their party when scattered.

This account appeared so extraordinary, and the young man's appearance was so wild and suspicious, that many of the neighbors suspected him of treachery, and thought that he should be arrested as a spy. Others opposed this resolution, and gave full credit to his narrative. In order to satisfy themselves, however, they insisted upon his instantly conducting them to the spot where the canoe had been buried. To this the young man objected most vehemently, declaring that although he had deserted his father and brother, 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 canoe 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 toward the mouth of the Licking. On the road, the young man informed them that he would first conduct them to the spot, where they had encamped, when the scream of the owl alarmed his father, and where an iron kettle had been left concealed in a hollow tree. He was probably induced to do this from the hope of delaying the pursuit so long as to afford his friends an opportunity of crossing the river in safety.

But if such were his intention, no measure could have been more unfortunate. The whites approached the encampment in deep silence, and quickly perceived two Indians, an old man and a boy, seated by the fire and busily employed in cooking some venison. The deserter became much agitated at the sight of them, and so earnestly implored his countrymen not to kill them, that it was agreed to surround the encampment, and endeavor to secure them as prisoners.

This was accordingly attempted; but so desperate was the resistance of the Indians, and so determined were their efforts to escape, that the whites were compelled to fire upon them, and the old man fell mortally wounded, while the boy, by an incredible display of address and

activity, was enabled to escape. The deserter beheld his father fall, and throwing himself from his horse, he ran up to the spot where the old man lay bleeding but still sensible, and falling upon his body, besought his forgiveness for being the unwilling cause of his death, and wept bitterly.

His father evidently recognised him, and gave him his hand, but almost instantly 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 their mercy. He urged that he had already proved the truth of his assertions, at the expense of his father's life, and besought them to permit his younger brother to escape. His companions, however, were inexorable. Nothing but the blood of the young Indian would satisfy them, and the deserter was again compelled to act as a guide.

Within two hours they reached the designated spot. The canoe was still there, and no track could be seen upon the sand, so that it was evident that their victim had not yet arrived.

Hastily dismounting, they tied their horses, and concealed themselves within close rifle-shot

of the canoe. Within ten minutes after their arrival, the Indian appeared in sight, walking hastily toward them. He went straight to the spot where the canoe had been buried, and was in the act of digging it up, when he received a dozen balls through his body, and leaping high into the air, fell dead upon the sand. He was instantly scalped and buried where he fell, without having seen his brother, and probably without being aware of 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 afterward 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 afterward.

During the summer, the house of Mr. John Merrill of Nelson County, Kentucky, was attacked by the Indians, and defended with singular address and good fortune. Merrill was alarmed by the barking of a dog about midnight, and upon opening the door in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, he received the fire of six or seven Indians, by which his arm and thigh

were broken. He instantly sunk upon the floor and called upon his wife to close the door. This had scarcely been done, when it was violently assailed by the tomahawks of the enemy, and a large breach soon effected. Mrs. Merrill, however, being a perfect Amazon both in strength and courage, guarded it with an axe, and successively killed or badly wounded four of the enemy as they attempted to force their way into the cabin.

The Indians then ascended the roof and attempted to enter the house by way of the chimney, but here again they were met by the same determined enemy. Mrs. Merrill seized the only featherbed which the cabin afforded, and, hastily ripping it open, poured its contents upon the fire. A furious blaze and stifling smoke instantly ascended the chimney, and brought down two of the enemy, who lay for a few moments at the mercy of the lady.

Seizing the axe, she quickly despatched them, and was instantly afterward summoned to the door, where the only remaining savage now appeared, endeavoring to effect an entrance while Mrs. Merrill was engaged at the chimney. He soon received a gash in the cheek, which compelled him, with a loud yell, to relinquish his

purpose, and return hastily to Chillicothe, where, from the report of a prisoner, he gave an exaggerated account of the fierceness, strength, and courage of the "long-knife squaw."

What may not be effected in a difficult emergency by self-possession, boldness, and a rapid exercise of the faculties which God has given us?

CHAPTER XIV.

HUBBELL'S ENCOUNTER ON THE OHIO — MALE AND FEMALE DARING — THE DAVIESS FAMILY — COLTER'S ESCAPE.

IN the year 1791, while the Indians were yet troublesome, especially on the banks of the Ohio, Captain William Hubbell, who had previously emigrated to Kentucky from the state of Vermont, and who, after fixing his family in the neighborhood of Frankfort, then a frontier settlement, had been compelled to go to the eastward on business, was a second time on his way to that place.

On one of the tributary streams of the Monongahela, he procured a flat-bottomed boat, and embarked in company with Mr. Daniel Light and Mr. William Plascut and his family, consisting of a wife and eight children, destined for Limestone, Kentucky. On their progress down

the river Ohio, and soon after passing Pittsburgh, they saw evident traces of Indians along the banks, and there is every reason to believe that a boat which they overtook, and which, through carelessness, was suffered to run aground on an island, became a prey to these merciless savages. Though Captain Hubbell and his party stopped some time for it in a lower part of the river, it did not arrive, and it has never to their knowledge been heard of since. Before they reached the mouth of the Great Kenhawa, they had, by several successive additions, increased their number to twenty, consisting of nine men, three women, and eight children. The men, beside those mentioned above, were one John Stoner an Irishman and a Dutchman, whose names are not recollected, Messrs. Ray and Tucker, and a Mr. Kilpatrick, whose two daughters also were of the party. Information received at Gallipolis confirmed the expectation, which appearances previously raised, of a serious conflict with a large body of Indians; and, as Captain Hubbell had been regularly appointed commander of the boat, every possible preparation was made for a formidable and successful resistance of the anticipated attack.

The nine men were divided into three watches

for the night, which were alternately to continue awake, and be on the look out for two hours at a time. The arms on board, which consisted principally of old muskets much out of order, were collected, loaded, and put in the best possible condition for service. At about sunset on that day, the twenty-third of March, 1791, our party overtook a fleet of six boats descending the river in company, and intended to have continued with them; but, as their passengers seemed to be more disposed for dancing than fighting, and as, soon after dark, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Captain Hubbell, they commenced fiddling and dancing instead of preparing their arms and taking the necessary rest preparatory to battle, it was wisely considered more hazardous to be in such company than to be alone.

It was therefore determined to proceed rapidly forward by aid of the oars, and to leave those thoughtless fellow-travellers behind. One of the boats, however, belonging to the fleet, commanded by a Captain Greathouse, adopted the same plan, and for a while kept up with Captain Hubbell; but all its crew at length falling asleep, that boat also ceased to be propelled by the oars, and Captain Hubbell and his party proceeded steadily forward *alone*. Early in the night a

canoe was dimly seen floating down the river, in which were probably Indians reconnoitring; 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 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; but the captain, who had not slept more than one hour since he left Pittsburgh, was too deeply impressed with the imminent danger which surrounded him to obtain any rest at that time.

Just as daylight began to appear in the east, and before the men were up and at their posts agreeably to arrangement, a voice at some distance below them, in a plaintive tone, repeatedly solicited them to come on shore, as there were some white persons who wished to obtain a passage in their boat. This the captain very

naturally and correctly concluded to be an Indian artifice, and its only effect was to rouse the men and place every one on his guard. The voice of entreaty was soon changed into the language of indignation and insult, and the sound of distant paddles announced the approach of the savage foe. At length three Indian canoes were seen through the mist of the morning rapidly advancing. With the utmost coolness the captain and his companions prepared to receive them. The chairs, tables, and other encumbrances, were thrown into the river, in order to clear the deck for action.

Every man took his position, and was ordered not to fire till the savages had approached so near, that (to use the words of Captain Hubbell), "the flash from the guns might singe their eyebrows;" and a special caution was given, that the men should fire successively, so that there might be no interval.

On the arrival of the canoes they were found to contain about twenty-five or thirty Indians each. As soon as they had approached within the reach of musket-shot, a general fire was poured in from one of them, which wounded Mr. Tucker through the hip, so severely, that his leg hung only by the flesh, and shot Mr. Light

just below the ribs. The three canoes ranged 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 regained 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 belonging to the party were placed. So near had the savages 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 horseman's pistols, and rushed forward to repel the attempt to board. On his approach, the Indians fell back, and he discharged a pistol with effect at the foremost man. After firing the second pistol, he found himself without arms, and was compelled to retreat; but stepping back upon a pile of small wood, which had been prepared for burning in the kettle, the thought struck him that it might be made use of in repelling the foe, and he continued for sometime to strike them with it so forcibly and actively, that they were unable to enter the boat; and at length he wounded one of them so severely that, with a yell, they suddenly gave way.

All the canoes instantly discontinued the contest, and directed their course to Captain Great-house's boat, which was then in sight. Here a striking contrast was exhibited to the firmness and intrepidity which had just been displayed.

Instead of resisting the attack, the people on board of this boat retreated to the cabin in dismay. The Indians entered it without opposition, and rowed it to the shore, where they instantly killed the captain and a lad of about fourteen years of age. The women they placed in the centre of their canoes, which they manned with

fresh hands, and again started in pursuit of Captain Hubbell and his 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, for the purpose of preventing the firing of the whites upon the Indians. But "self-preservation is the first law of nature," and the captain very justly remarked, that there would not be much humanity in saving the lives of the females then, when they might be reserved for a fate infinitely more horrid than a quick death.

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 wonderful firmness and vigor. Whenever the Indians would rise to fire, their opponents would commonly give them the first shot, which in almost every instance would prove fatal. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, and the exhausted condition of the defenders of the boat, the Indians at length appeared to despair of success, and the canoes one by one withdrew to the shore. Just as the last one was departing, Captain Hubbell called to the Indian

who was standing on the stern, and on his turning round, discharged his piece at him. When the smoke, which for a moment obstructed the vision, was dissipated, the savage 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 amounting to four or five hundred, were seen rushing down 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 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, and was, almost at the same moment, shot through the heart. He fell among the horses that about the same time were killed—a dreadful spectacle to his afflicted daughters, who were present.

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 exhausted, were still unsubdued in spirit, and being assembled in all their strength, men, women, and children, they 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. 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,

~~was~~

which had passed through the side of the boat, had penetrated the forehead of the little hero, and remained under the skin. The captain took it out.

“That is not all,” said the little lad; and he 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.

“Why did you not tell of this before?” asked his mother with solicitude.

“Because,” replied the intrepid youth, “the captain directed us to be silent during the action, and I thought that you would be likely to make a noise if I told you.”

The party reached Limestone in safety at midnight. The next day, crowds of people came to see the boat and the passengers, who had made so gallant a resistance. On examination, it was found that the sides of the boat were literally filled with bullets and bullet-holes. There was scarcely a space of two feet square in the part above water, which had not either a ball remaining in it, or a hole, through which a ball had passed. Some persons who had the curiosity to count the number of holes in the blankets, which were hung up as curtains in the stern of the boat, affirmed that in the space of

five feet square, there were one hundred and twenty-two. Four horses out of five were killed, and the escape of the fifth, amidst such a shower of balls, appears almost miraculous.

The bodies of Captain Greathouse and several others, men, women, and children, who had been on board of his boat, were subsequently discovered. Most of them appeared to have been whipped to death, as they were found stripped, tied to trees, and covered with stripes; and large rods, which seemed to have been worn with use, were lying near.

The following incidents, were they not well substantiated, might excite the incredulity of the reader. The statement may, however, be relied upon. Mr. Higgins was known as a man of veracity; his companions corroborated his narrative, and his wounds afforded ample proof of his courage and sufferings.

During the last war, Tom Higgins, as he was usually called, enlisted in the Rangers—a corps of mounted men, raised expressly for the protection of the western frontiers. On the thirtieth of August, 1814, he was one of the party of twelve men, under the command of Lieutenant Journey, who were posted at Hill's station—a small stockade, about three miles south of the

present village of Greenville, Illinois, and something more than twenty miles from Vandalia. Those towns were not then in existence, and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness.

During the day last mentioned, signs of Indians were seen about half a mile from the station, and at night the savages were discovered prowling near the fort—but no alarm was given. On the following morning, early, Mr. Journey moved out with his party, in pursuit of the Indians. Passing round the fence of a cornfield, adjoining the fort, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when, in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazel thicket, in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of Indians, who rose suddenly around them, to the number of seventy or eighty, and fired. Four of our party were killed, among whom was Lieutenant Journey; one other fell, badly wounded, and the rest fled, except Higgins.

It was a sultry morning. The day was just dawning. A heavy dew had fallen the preceding night. The air was still and humid; and the smoke from the guns hung in a cloud over the spot. Under the cover of this cloud, Higgins's surviving companion had escaped, sup-

posing all who were left were dead ; or that, at all events, it would be rashness to attempt to rescue them from so overwhelming a force. Higgins's horse had been shot through the neck, fallen to his knees, and risen again several times. Believing the animal mortally wounded, he dismounted, but finding the wound had not greatly disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle ; for, as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired.

He looked around for a tree. There was but one, a small elm, and he made for this, intending to shoot from behind it ; but, at this moment, the cloud of smoke arose partially from before him, disclosing to his view a number of Indians, none of whom discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces, loading his gun, and at him Higgins took a deliberate aim, fired, and the Indian fell. Higgins, still concealed by the smoke, reloaded his gun, mounted, and turned to fly, when a low voice near him hailed him with, " Tom, you won 't leave me ? "

On looking round, he discovered the speaker to be one of his comrades, named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he re-

plied instantly, "No, I'll not leave you; come along, and I'll take care of you."

"I can't come," replied Burgess, "my leg is smashed all to pieces."

Higgins sprang from the saddle, and taking up his comrade — whose ankle bone was broken — in his arms, he proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly, and that he would make his own way on foot. But the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins, with his wounded friend, on foot. Still, the cool bravery of the former was sufficient for every emergency, and setting Burgess down gently, he said, "Now, my good fellow, you must hop off on your three legs, while I stay between you and the Indians, to keep them off," — instructing him, at the same time, to get into the highest grass, and crawl as close to the ground as possible.

Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed. History does not relate a more disinterested act of heroism, than this of Higgins, who, having in his hands the certain means of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily gave them up, by offering his horse to a wounded comrade; and who, when that generous intention was defeated, and his own retreat was

still practicable, remained, at the hazard of his life, to protect his crippled friend.

The cloud of smoke—which had partially opened before him, as he faced the enemy—still lay thick behind; and, as he plunged through this, he left it, together with the ridge and the hazel thicket, between him and the main body of the Indians, and was retiring, unobserved by them. Under these circumstances, it is probable, that if he had retreated in a direct line toward the station, he might very readily have effected his escape. But Burgess was slowly crawling away, in that direction, and the gallant Higgins—who coolly surveyed the whole ground—foresaw, that, if he pursued the same track, and should be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He, therefore, took the heroic resolution of deviating from the true course, so far, as that any of the enemy who should follow him, might not fall in with Burgess.

With this intention, he moved stealthily along, through the smoke and bushes, intending, when he emerged, to retreat at full speed. But, as he left the thicket, he beheld a large Indian near him, and two others on the other side, in the direction of the fort. Tom coolly surveyed his foes, and began to chalk out his track; for

although in the confidence of his own activity and courage, he felt undismayed at such odds, yet he found it necessary to act *the General*. Having an enemy on each flank, he determined to separate them, and fight them singly.

Making for a ravine, which was not far off, he bounded away, but soon found that one of his limbs failed him, having received a ball on the first fire, which, until now, he had scarcely noticed. The largest Indian was following him closely. Higgins turned several times to fire, but the Indian would halt and dance about, to prevent his taking aim, and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were now closing on him, and he found, that, unless he could dispose of the first one, he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, resolved to receive a fire; and the Indian, at a few paces distant, raised his rifle. Higgins watched his adversary's eye, and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, he suddenly threw his side to him. It is probable this motion saved his life, for the ball, which would have pierced his body, entered his thigh.

Tom fell, but rose again and ran; and the largest Indian certain of his prey, loaded again, and then, with the two others, pursued. They

soon came near Higgins, who had again fallen, and, as he rose, they all three fired, and he *received all their balls*. He now fell and rose several times, and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced on him with spears and knives. They frequently charged upon him, but on his presenting his gun at one or the other, they fell back. At last, the largest one—thinking, probably, from Tom's reserving his fire so long, that his gun was empty—charged boldly upon him, and Higgins, with a steady aim, shot him dead.

With four bullets in his body, and with an empty gun, two Indians before him, and a whole tribe but a few rods off, almost any other man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no such notion. The Indian whom he had last slain was the most dangerous of the three, and he felt little fear of the others. He had been near enough to see their eyes, and he knew human nature sufficiently to discover that he was their superior in courage. He, therefore, faced them, and began to load his rifle. They raised a whoop, and rushed on him. "They kept their distance, as long as my rifle was loaded," said he, "but now, when they knew it empty, they were better soldiers."

A fierce and bloody conflict ensued. The Indians, rushing upon Tom, stabbed him in many places; but it happened, fortunately, that the shafts of their spears were thin poles, rigged hastily for the occasion, which bent whenever the point struck a rib, or encountered the opposition of one of Higgins's tough muscles. From this cause, and the continued exertion of his hand and his rifle, in warding off their thrusts, the wounds thus made were not deep, but his whole front was covered with gashes, of which the scars yet remain in honorable proof of his valor.

At last one of them threw his tomahawk. The edge sunk deep into Higgins's cheek, passed through the ear, which it severed, laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him on the plain. The Indians rushed on, but Tom instantly recovered his self-possession, and kept them off with his feet and his hands, until he succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which as the Indian attempted to pull it from him, aided him to rise; and, clubbing his rifle, he rushed upon the nearest of his foes, and dashed his brains out — in doing which, he broke the stock to pieces, retaining only the barrel in his hand.

The other Indian, however warily he had

fought before, now came manfully into battle. It is probable that he felt his character, as a warrior, at stake. To have fled from a man desperately wounded, and almost disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his manhood. Uttering a terrific yell, he rushed on, and attempted to stab the exhausted ranger; while the latter, warding off the spear with one hand, brandished his rifle barrel in the other. The Indian, unwounded, was now by far the more powerful man, but the moral courage of our hero prevailed; and the savage—unable to bear the fierce glance of his untamed eye—began to retreat slowly toward the place where he had dropped his rifle. Tom knew that if the Indian recovered his gun, his own case was hopeless, and, throwing away his rifle barrel, he drew his hunting-knife, and rushed in upon him. A desperate strife ensued, and several deep gashes were inflicted, but the Indian succeeded in casting Higgins from him, and ran to the spot where he had thrown down his gun, while Tom searched for the gun of the other Indian; thus, the two, bleeding and out of breath, were both searching for arms, to renew the conflict.

By this time, the smoke that lay between the

combatants and the main body of the Indians, had cleared away, and a number of the latter having passed the hazel thicket, were in full view. It seemed, therefore, as if nothing could save our heroic ranger;—but relief was a hand.

The little garrison, at the station, six or seven in number, had witnessed the whole of this unparalleled combat. There was among them an heroic woman, a Mrs. Pursley, who, when she saw Higgins contending singly with the foe, urged the men to go to his rescue. The rangers, at first, considered the attempt hopeless; as the Indians outnumbered them, ten to one. But Mrs. Pursley declaring that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be lost for want of help, snatched a rifle out of her husband's hand, and jumping on a horse, sallied out. The men—not to be outdone by a woman—followed at full gallop toward the place of combat.

A scene of intense interest ensued:—the Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom, and were rushing down toward him, with savage yells; his friends were spurring their horses to reach him first. Higgins, exhausted with the loss of blood, had fallen and fainted, while his adversary, too intent on his prey to observe any-

thing else, was looking for a rifle. The rangers reached the battle-ground first.

Mrs. Pursley, who knew Tom's spirit, thought he had thrown himself down, in despair for the loss of his gun, and tendered him the one she carried; but Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him up, threw him across a horse before one of the party, and turned to retreat just as the Indians came up. They made good their retreat, and the Indians retired.

"We repeat this adventure," says a contemporary of the Illinois Magazine, "just as it was related to us, and have not the least doubt that it is literally correct, or as nearly so as Mr Higgins's opportunities for observation would admit. For, as he very properly observes, he was 'in a *desperate bad fix*,' just about that time, and it was a '*powerful bad chance*' for a man to take notice of what was going on around him."

After being carried into the fort, he remained insensible for some days, and his life was preserved with difficulty by his friends, who extracted all the bullets but two, which remained in the thigh; one of which gave him a great deal of pain for several years, although the flesh was healed. At length, hearing that a physician

had settled within a day's ride of him, he went to see him. The physician was willing to extract the ball, but asked the moderate sum of fifty dollars for the operation. This Tom flatly refused to give, as it was more than half a year's pension. As he rode home, he turned the matter in his mind, and determined upon a cheaper plan. On entering the house he requested his wife to hand him a razor. The exercise of riding had so chafed the part, that the ball, which usually was not discoverable to the touch, could be felt. With the assistance of his helpmate, he very deliberately laid open his thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullet; and, inserting his two thumbs into the gash, he "*flirted it out,*" as he termed it, "*without costing a cent.*" The other ball remained in his limb yet, but gave him no trouble, except when he used violent exercise. He continued one of the most successful hunters in the country, and it still took the "*best kind of a man*" to handle him.

There is an incident in the early settlement of Kentucky, but little noticed, a narrative of which was recently furnished by Captain Samuel Daviess to Governor Morehead. In the fall of the year 1779, Samuel Daviess, who resided in Bedford county, Virginia, moved with his family

to Kentucky, and took up his abode at Whitley's station in Lincoln. After residing for some time at this place, he removed with his family to a spot called Gilmer's Lick, some six or seven miles distant, where he built a cabin, and cleared some land, which he planted with corn the 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 on a morning in the month of August, in the year 1782, having stepped a few paces from his door, he was suddenly surprised by an Indian's 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 first Indian, he made his way into the cornfield, where he concealed himself, with much difficulty, until the pursuing Indian had returned to the house.

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 James Daviess — 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 not to be found, and no evidence appeared that any of the family had been killed. A search was made after 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 ensued. In this state of perplexity, the party being all good woodsmen, took that direction in pursuit of the Indians, which they thought it most probable they would adopt. After going a few miles, their attention was arrested by the howling of a dog, which afterward turned out to be a housedog that had followed the family, and which the Indians had undertaken to kill, so as to avoid detection,

which might result from his occasionally barking. In attempting to kill the dog, he only wounded it, 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 where the other 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 stop to secure their prisoners, but fled in the most precipitate manner.

In this 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 the manner in which the Indians had acted. A few minutes after her husband had stepped out of the house, four In-

dians rushed in, while the fifth, as she afterward found out, was in pursuit of her husband. She and the 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 and then 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 pokeberries, 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 in her mind, it satisfied her 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. 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 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 his knife and cut off a few inches of Mrs. Daviess's 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 deliver herself and children by killing as many of the Indians as she could—thinking that in a night attack as many of them as

were spared 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 his head. He often wished for an opportunity to avenge himself upon the Indians for the injury he had received. Unfortunately for himself, ten years afterward, the Indians came to the neighborhood of his father and stole a number of horses. With a party of men he 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.

Another act of courage displayed by Mrs

Daviess, is calculated to exhibit her character in its true point of view.

Kentucky, in its early days, like most new countries, was occasionally troubled by 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 entered 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.

Bradbury, in his "Travels in the Interior of North America," relates the following perilous adventure of John Colter, a hunter:—

Colter came to St. Louis in May, 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri, a distance of three thousand miles, which he traversed in thirty days. I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Lewis and Clarke's party. One of these, for its singularity, I shall relate.

On the arrival of the party at the head waters of the Missouri, Colter, observing an appearance of an abundance of beavers being there, obtained permission to remain, and hunt for some time, which he did, in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country, from St. Louis to the head waters of the Missouri, alone. Soon afterward, he separated from Dixon, and *trapped* in com-

pany with a hunter, named Potts; and, aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians—one of whom had been killed by Lewis—they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from that branch of the Missouri now called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat—but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes—and they proceeded on.

In a few minutes afterward, their doubts were removed by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore. As the retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe, and, at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkably strong man—retook it

immediately, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and, on receiving it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded!" Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come on shore. Instead of complying, he instantly levelled his rifle at the Indian, and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness; but it was, doubtless, the effect of sudden, but sound reasoning: for, if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use Colter's words, "he was made a riddle of." They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner he should be put to death.

They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at; but the chief interfered, and, seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast. Colter—who had been some time among the Keekatso or Crow Indians—had, in a considerable degree, acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs. He knew that he had

now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those armed Indians; he, therefore, cunningly replied, that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary; and he led Colter out on the prairie, three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him, *save himself if he could*.

At this instant, the horrid warwhoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter; who, urged with the hope of preserving his life, ran with a speed at which himself was surprised. He proceeded toward the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain, before he ventured to look back over his shoulder; when he perceived the Indians were very much scattered, and that he gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body: but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than ninety or one hundred yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter. He derived confidence from the belief, that escape was within the bounds of

possibility — but that confidence was nearly fatal to him ; for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the forepart of his body.

He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and, perhaps, by the bloody appearance of Colter — also attempted to stop. But, exhausted with running, he fell while endeavoring to throw his spear, which struck in the ground and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them ; when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton wood trees, on the borders of the Fork. Through this he pushed, and plunged into the river.

Fortunately for him, a little below this place there was an island, against the upper end of which a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and, after several efforts, got his head above water among the trunks of the trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secreted himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, "screeching and yelling," as Colter expressed it, "like so many devils." They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape — until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense, he remained until night; when, hearing no more of the Indians, he dived a second time under the raft, and swam silently down the stream to a considerable distance, where he landed, and travelled all night.

Although happy in having escaped from the savages, his situation was still dreadful: — he was completely naked — the soles of his feet were stuck full with spines of the prickly pear (*opuntia*) — he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, though tantalized with plenty around him — and was at least seven days' journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Big Horn

branch of the Roche Jaune river. These were circumstances under which almost any man, but an American hunter, would have sunk in despair. And yet he arrived at the fort in seven days—having subsisted on a root, much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, and now known to naturalists as *psoralsa esculata*. And here we end the perilous tale.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FOREST ON FIRE — THE REGULATORS — AVALANCHE OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS — DISCOVERY OF A CAVE.

AUDUBON, in his interesting ornithological biography, gives the following characteristic narrative related by a lumberer, whom he met with in Maine. The burning of forests has not been an infrequent accident in Maine, and the less settled districts of our northern states.

“We were sound asleep one night,” said the lumberer, “when, about two hours before day, the snorting of the horses, and lowing of the cattle which I had ranging in the woods, suddenly awakened us. I took my rifle, and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were

leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them with their tails raised straight over their backs. On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming toward us in a far extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle the two best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I guessed that every moment was precious to us.

“ We then mounted and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me ; my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off as I said, I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck, there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us if possible the remainder of my live stock as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while ; but, before an hour had elapsed, they all ran as if mad through the woods, and that, sir, was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in

bodies sprang before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

“ We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbors, as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake some miles off, which might possibly check the flames ; and, urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush-heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

“ By this time we could feel the heat ; and we were afraid that our horses would drop every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child’s face, that when she turned toward either of us our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over on swift horses ; but notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered with sweat and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and

sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shores, however, coasted along the lake for a while, and got round to the lee side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burnt or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness

“On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a sight may we never see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened, for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds of smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching, and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

“The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening

smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night, I really cannot tell, for about some of it I remember nothing.

“Toward morning, although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way to us. When morning came, all was calm, but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. We were now cooled enough, and shivered as if in an ague-fit; so we removed from the water, and went up to a burning log, where we warmed ourselves. What was to become of us I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to him and unmanly to despair now. Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was easily remedied. Several deer were still standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted; and, after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened.

“By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, though the ground was still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go

among the burnt trees. After resting a while, and trimming ourselves, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and, after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the 'hard woods,' which had escaped the fire. Soon after, we came to a house, where we were kindly treated for a while. Since then, sir, I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberer; but, thanks to God, here we are, safe, sound, and happy!"

The population of some parts of America is derived from the refuse of every other country. The most depraved of these emigrants are forced to retreat farther and farther from the society of the virtuous, the restraints imposed by which they find incompatible with their habits and the gratification of their unbridled passions. On the extreme verge of civilization, however, their evil propensities find more free scope, and the dread of punishment for their deeds, or the infliction of that punishment, are the only means that prove effectual in reforming them.

In those remote parts, no sooner is it discovered that an individual has conducted himself in a notoriously vicious manner, or has committed

some outrage upon society, than a conclave of the honest citizens takes place, for the purpose of investigating the case with a rigor, without which no good result could be expected. These citizens, selected from among the most respectable persons in the district, and vested with powers, suited to the necessity of preserving order on the frontiers, are named *regulators*. The accused person is arrested, his conduct exposed, and if he is found guilty of a first crime, he is warned to leave the country, and go farther from society, within an appointed time. Should the individual prove so callous as to disregard the sentence, and remain in the same neighborhood, to commit new crimes, then woe be to him; for the regulators, after proving him guilty a second time, pass and execute a sentence, which, if not enough to make him perish under the infliction, is at least for ever impressed on his memory. The punishment inflicted is generally a severe castigation, and the destruction, by fire, of his cabin. Sometimes, in cases of reiterated theft, or murder, death is considered necessary; and, in some instances, delinquents of the worst species have been shot, after which their heads have been stuck on poles, to deter others from following their example.

The name of Mason is still familiar to many of the navigators of the Lower Ohio and Mississippi. By dint of industry in bad deeds he became a notorious horse-stealer, formed a line of worthless associates from the eastern parts of Virginia to New Orleans, and had a settlement on Wolf island, not far from the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, from which he issued to stop the flat-boats, and rifle them of such provisions and other articles as he and his party needed. His depredations became the talk of the whole western country; and, to pass Wolf island was not less to be dreaded than to anchor under the walls of Algiers. The horses, the negroes, and the cargoes, his gang carried off and sold. At last, a body of regulators undertook, at great peril, and for the sake of the country, to bring the villain to punishment.

Mason was as cunning and watchful as he was active and daring. Many of his haunts were successively found out and searched, but the numerous spies in his employ enabled him to escape in time. One day, however, as he was riding a beautiful horse in the woods, he was met by one of the regulators who immediately recognised him, but passed him as if an utter stranger. Mason, not dreaming of danger

pursued his way leisurely, as if he had met no one. But he was dogged by the regulator, and in such a manner as proved fatal to him. At dusk, Mason having reached the lowest part of a ravine, no doubt well known to him, *hobbled* (tied together the fore-legs of) his stolen horse, to enable it to feed during the night without the chance of straying far, and concealed himself in a hollow log to spend the night. The plan was good, but proved his ruin.

The regulator, who knew every hill and hollow of the woods, marked the place and the log with the eye of an experienced hunter, and as he remarked that Mason was most efficiently armed, he galloped off to the nearest house, where he knew he should find assistance. This was easily procured, and the party proceeded to the spot. Mason, on being attacked, defended himself with desperate valor; and, as it proved impossible to secure him alive, he was brought to the ground with a rifle-ball. His head was cut off and stuck on the end of a broken branch. The gang soon dispersed in consequence of the loss of their leader, and this infliction of punishment deterred others from following a similar predatory life. The necessity must be desperate, indeed, that can justify such proceedings, even where the culprit is ever so guilty.

On the twenty-eighth of August, 1826, there occurred one of the most remarkable floods ever known in the mountainous regions of New Hampshire; and which was attended by the awful calamity of the destruction of a whole family by an avalanche or slide from the mountains.

These avalanches, as they are termed in Switzerland, are produced by heavy rains. They commence generally near the highest limits of vegetation on the mountains, which, on some of them, is near their summits. The slides widening and deepening in their downward course, carry along all the trees, shrubbery, loose rocks and earth, from their granite foundation. At this time, there were probably, thousands of acres reft from the sides of the White mountains and carried to the valley in the notch below.

The house inhabited by Captain Samuel Willey and his family, stood on the westerly side of the road in the Notch, and a few rods distant from the high bluff which rises with fearful rapidity to the height of two thousand feet. Adjoining were a barn and woodhouse; in front was a beautiful little meadow covered with crops, and the Saco passed along at the foot of the easterly precipice.

Nearly in range of the house, a slide from the

extreme point of the westerly hill came down in a deep and horrible mass to within about five rods of the dwelling, where its course appears to have been checked by a large block of granite, which, falling on a flat surface, backed the rolling mass for a moment, until it separated into two streams, one of which rushed down by the north end of the house, crushing the barn, and spreading itself over the meadow; the other passing down on the south side, and swallowing up the unfortunate beings, who probably attempted to fly to a shelter, which, it is said, had been erected a few rods distant. This shelter, whatever it might have been, was completely overwhelmed: rocks weighing forty or fifty tons being scattered about the place, and indeed in every direction, rendering escape utterly impossible. The house remained untouched, though large stones and trunks of trees made fearful approaches to its walls, and the moving mass, which separated behind, *again united in its front!* The house alone could have been their refuge from the horrible uproar around, the only spot untouched by the crumbling and consuming power of the storm.

The family consisted of nine persons, Captain Willey his wife, five children, and two men,

named Nickerson and Allen; and they all of them perished by this strange and sudden calamity.

A letter in a late number of the Norwich (Con.) Aurora, dated Colebrook, Litchfield county, Connecticut, September the twenty fourth, 1841, gives the following interesting account of the discovery of a cave in that place. We need not apologize for adopting the language of the writer:—

“ For several days past, our usually quiet little town has been in quite a ‘ commotion ’ in consequence of a rumored discovery of a large cavern in the northwest part of the town, bordering on Massachusetts. I, at first, supposed the story to be a hoax, and treated it as such, but, being assured to the contrary, by a respectable neighbor, who said he had seen the cave, I was induced to visit the place designated, and have had ocular demonstration of the truth of the report. It may appear incredible that a great cavern should have remained so long unknown in this inhabited region, but it is nevertheless true. It is probably large, but how large is not known, as it has been explored but about a quarter of a mile, and no one can be found who ever heard of its existence before. I have agreed with a number of my neighbors to explore the

cavern as far as practicable, and I propose, with your permission, to give the result of our researches from time to time, through the medium of your paper.

“The mouth of the cavern is on the farm of Mr. Jonas Randall, in the northwest part of the town, within a mile and a half of the Massachusetts line. It is a barren, rocky, unfrequented spot—a projecting cliff of craggy rock full one hundred feet high, hangs over it with an aspect so threatening as to daunt the courage of the less daring. Why it does not fall over no one can tell. It seems to stand against all the known laws of gravitation.

“It is called the ‘Witch’s Retreat,’ but why I know not. When I was a boy, my father lived within one mile of this place, and I have spent hours with other boys, clambering over the rocks, and up the side of this precipice. The mouth of the cavern, at the bottom of the precipice, is covered with a huge mass of rocks which have evidently fallen from the cliff above. Some of them are very large, and from their size and form one may easily discover the place from which they fell. There was nothing in the general appearance of the place indicating the existence of such a cavern, and one might clamber

about there a week and not suspect such a thing. The only opening was under a large rock, and scarcely large enough for a boy to crawl into. It could only have been discovered by accident, as it was.

“Two weeks ago last sabbath, one of Mr Randall’s boys, a bold, adventurous little fellow, and two others scarcely less so, wandering about the fields for pastime, came to this spot. While they were amusing themselves by climbing about and hiding among the rocks, one of the boys, without knowing why, put his head into this hole under the rock, and shouted “halloo!” He started back at the strange sound, and called his companions. Each in turn put his head under the rock and made some noise, which resounded like the response of a hundred voices. Boys though they were, they had hallooded into too many cisterns and vaults not to know that such reverberations indicated room inside. So young Randall proposed they should go in and see what discoveries they could make. This the other boys declined doing. But young Randall, nothing daunted by the fears of his comrades, boldly declared he would go in alone. He crawled in about eight feet, when he found there was room enough to stand upright. A

few straggling rays of light found their way between the rocks, but not sufficient to discover the dimensions of the place he was in. He seemed to feel, however, that he was in a large place, as a man blindfolded will feel the difference between a small room and a large one. He uttered a loud shriek with a view to frighten his companions outside, but the sound was so wild and terrific, it only frightened himself, and he came out much quicker than he went in. This was a discovery just suited to the adventurous dispositions of these boys, and they resolved to make the most of it. Before they parted they agreed to keep the thing a secret from all others, and to meet there on the next Sunday, prepared with old clothes, matches, a lantern, &c., to explore the 'new cave,' as they called it.

"The next Sunday they repaired to their rendezvous, accoutred according to agreement; and provided with the necessary implements, they prepared to enter. Boys, like men, will rarely acknowledge a want of courage, but as each accused the other of being afraid, I conclude they were all half frightened out of their wits, for it had occurred to them that this place was called the 'Witch's Retreat,' and this cave might be full of witches. But with some hesi-

tation and many misgivings, they at length entered. With lantern in hand, they proceeded cautiously forward, taking good care to keep in sight of the hole by which they entered. Having gone about ten rods without meeting with any boundary to their cave, and their small entering place beginning to grow dim in the distance, they judged it prudent to venture no farther. The cavern was much too large for them to explore, and they concluded to confide the secret to older and wiser heads. Before going out, they determined to give a loud shout altogether. I have since tried it. The reverberations are most terrific. Scarcely had the echo of their shout died away, when to their consternation and horror, it was answered by a low, suppressed growl, which seemed within a few rods of them. With one impulse they darted toward the place of entrance. The boy who had the lantern dropped it in his fright, and it was not without much rending of clothes, and many severe contusions of body, that they got themselves out. I state this on the authority of the boys. We have not yet found any animal, nor tracks nor traces of one large enough to have made the noise which the boys assure us they heard.

The boys having reported their discovery, Mr. Randall and several of his neighbors went to the place with guns and crowbars to force an entrance. This, however, they were not able to effect. The rocks were so large as to resist every effort to remove them. They bethought themselves of the expedient of blasting. By this means, on Saturday last they effected an entrance large enough for a man to walk in upright.

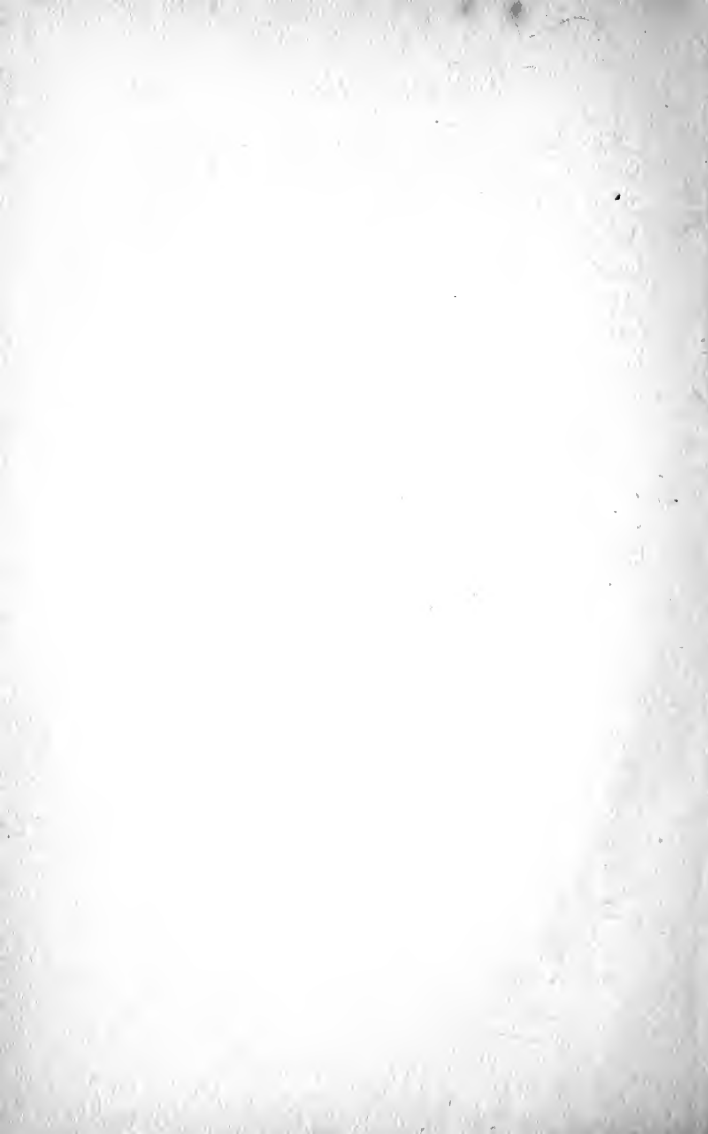
When I arrived, on Monday evening, there were some twenty persons around the cavern, and others in it. I borrowed a lantern and joined those on the inside. The mouth of the cavern is toward the southeast. If all the loose stones in and around it, which seem to have fallen there from the cliff above, were removed, the mouth would be, as near as I can judge, about fifty feet wide and thirty feet high. The air, on entering, has a peculiar smell, which I can compare to nothing. I imagine the candle burnt less brilliantly than in the open air. For the first three or four rods, the way is a good deal obstructed by sharp rocks; then comes a smooth, gravelled floor, as hard as a M'Adamized road. Ten rods from the entrance, we measured and found the width to be eighty-three feet; and again, at thirty rods, we found it six-

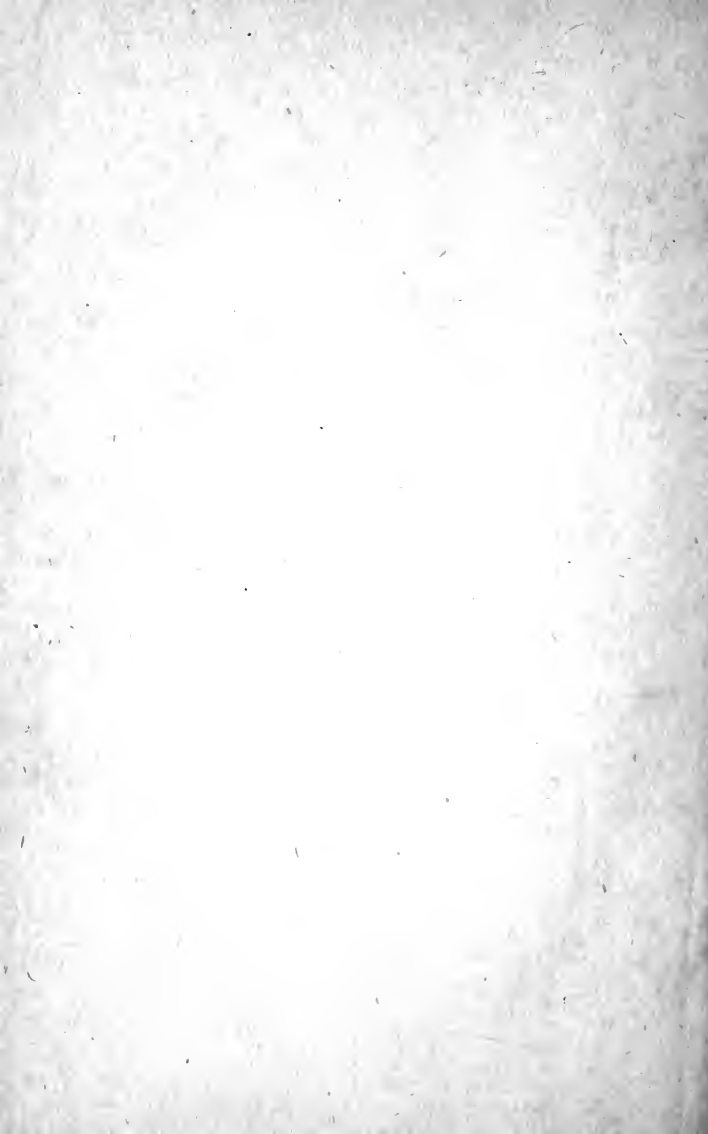
ty-seven feet. The sides are quite even, especially the east side, which is as smooth as if it had been chiseled. The roof is broken and craggy; in some parts rising very high, at others descending within ten feet of the floor. The flooring for the most part is level and smooth, consisting of stone and hard gravel. We met with several deep pits, into one of which we were near falling. Two of them resembled wells. We sounded one to the depth of nine fathoms, and found water, and another to the depth of five and a half fathoms, which appeared to be dry.

The main part of the cave is remarkably straight and uniform in width, for the most part. It runs in a north and northeast direction for a quarter of a mile, where it ends abruptly. We met with numerous openings at the right and left, some large enough to admit a horse and carriage, and others scarcely a man. We only marked them with chalk and passed on to the end of what seemed to be the main part of the cavern. Here we stopped for a few moments. All stood without speaking, gazing about with admiration and wonder. The silence was painful. No dropping of water, or creaking of insects, not a sound could be heard, but the low,

suppressed breathing of the company. It seemed as if I could hear their hearts beat. I looked at my barometer — it had risen several degrees. The thermometer stood at 60 1-2. As we prepared to retrace our steps, we discovered an opening on the west side, a few rods from the termination of the part of the cavern we were in. We drew near and listened. There was a low, murmuring sound, as of a distant waterfall, and the air which issued from it seemed colder and damper. This led us to suppose it must be of very great extent, but we were too cold and weary to prosecute our researches farther at this time.

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