CONTRIBUTIONS

TO THE

EARLY HISTORY OF THE NORTH-WEST,

INCLUDING THE

MORAVIAN MISSIONS IN OHIO.

BY

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following sketches of pioneer life and times were written by the late Samuel P. Hildreth, M. D., and by him given some years since to Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, first Controller of the Treasury. On Mr. Whittlesey's death they came by bequest into the possession of T. B. Tait, of Ashtabula county, Ohio, by whom they were sent to our Agents for publication. They relate mainly to scenes and incidents in North-Eastern Ohio, and include a brief account of the Moravian Mission.

The author, Dr. Hildreth, was himself a pioneer and the historian of pioneers. He was a native of Methuen, Essex county, Massachusetts. In 1806 he commenced the practice of medicine at Marietta, when the place contained

but six hundred inhabitants, and continued it fifty-five years. In 1861, as he said, "I laid it entirely aside, and am now waiting the time of my departure with resignation and hope." He died at his home in Marietta, July 28, 1863, aged eighty years.

The reader will find these pages entertaining and instructive. Some of the events recorded have occurred within the life-time and memory of those yet living, and a few of the actors or witnesses of these scenes still survive. One of them, Joseph Kelly, died since these pages were in the printers' hands. A daughter of the missionary Heckewelder yet lives in Pennsylvania, having reached a ripe old age. Doubtless others whose stories are given, are yet with us; but one by one the aged pioneers are passing away, and we welcome this volume to perpetuate their names and deeds to those who enjoy the fruit of their labors.

THE EDITOR.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST, 1864.

PREFACE.

On the appearance of a new book before the public every reader has the right to inquire the object of the writer in presenting it. In this instance the author's only plea is the desire of preserving from utter loss a few of the many interesting events connected with the early history of this country, which in a few brief years would have been entirely forgotten. They are at present tolerably fresh in the memories of some of the actors themselves, but are fast fading away before the touch of time. Another object was to compare past things with present, and thus better enable the generation of these days to appreciate the trials and sufferings of those who inhabited this now beautiful land when it was covered with

vast forests, and tenanted by savages and wild beasts. The achievements of these men ought not soon to be forgotten. And last, not least, was a desire to bring to the light the trials and sufferings of the Moravian missionaries and their Indian converts in Ohio. Very few of the present inhabitants even know that such a mission ever existed, and still fewer are acquainted with the particular events connected therewith. Copious extracts have been taken from Loskiel's history, to whom I am indebted for the facts relating to the mission, and many of them in his own language.

With these brief remarks the following pages are presented to the rising generations of the West, accompanied with the wish that they may afford to them as much satisfaction in the reading as they have to me in the writing.

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CONTRIBUTIONS

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CHAPTER I.

SUMMER RAMBLINGS.

FACTS GATHERED.

For a number of years past it has been my practice, during the vernal months, to make rambling excursions into distant and remote parts of the Western settlements, for the double purpose of amusement and the collection of useful facts in relation to geology, and to the early history of the country. There is a freshness and youthfulness over the face of the earth during this season of the year which is gratifying to the senses, and highly promotive of cheerfulness and kindly affections. During these

periods I have been enabled to gather up many interesting facts connected with the early settlement of the "near West," especially that portion of it lying east of the Muskingum River. It is only in this way that some few of "the thousand and one adventures," and sufferings of that brave and hardy race of men, who first settled on the western side of the Alleghanies, can be preserved from the oblivion to which they are rapidly hastening. The period of human life is so short, that most of the actors in and the cotemporaries of those events have already passed away; a few, however, are still living.

A VENERABLE PIONEER.

Only a few days since I saw and conversed with one of these venerable and aged pioneers—Peter Anderson—who had resided on the banks of the Ohio for sixty-six years, or since the year A. D. 1770. He was then a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age, and lived with his

parents near the Ohio River, a few miles above the present town of Wellsburg, in Virginia. At that time their nearest neighbor was ten miles distant, and the next nearest, thirty miles. The first year the family lived in a hut constructed of the bark of trees, and it was only in the second year that a force sufficient to raise the walls of a log one could be collected.

Within the life of this man what changes have passed over the face of the West, and that of the United States generally! We were then feeble colonists, and the vassals of a foreign power—now a great and independent nation. The whole region, from Fort Pitt to the Mississippi, was covered with one continued forest, and the red man not only claimed the right to, but possessed unlimited control over this vast region. The canoe of the savage navigated its numerous and mighty rivers; the wild beasts of the forest tenanted the wild domain—within the brief life of a single individual, how vast the changes that have taken place! The steam-

boat, like a Leviathan, dashing the waters from her bows, and causing even the earth to tremble on the adjacent shores as she moves, now navigates those streams over which the light barge of the savage once silently glided. The forests, then filled with the buffalo, the deer, the bear, and the wolf, have fallen before the ax of the woodman; and lowing herds and bleating flocks cover the fields opened to cultivation.

Mighty cities and innumerable villages, with their attendant spires and piles of massive buildings, now cover the ground once occupied by the lowly hut of the Indian; and in all this wide space, so lately teeming with wild game, from Fort Pitt to the Mississippi, the hunter with difficulty finds a single victim for his rifle; and where he once lived in plenty on the spoils of the chase, would now starve with no other resource. Even the fishes, apparently so safely protected by the element in which they move from the depredation of man, have partaken of the general destruction of the aboriginal races,

and the waters, which in early days were filled and teeming with the finny tribes, are now nearly deserted and desolate. From a cause as yet unexplained, even the molluscous animals are nearly or quite extinct in the Muskingum River, from above Zanesville to its mouth. In the months of May and June, 1836, the river was partially covered with the floating bodies of clams, *uniones* and *anadontæ*, that had died in their oozy beds, and, as the specific gravity changed by incipient putrefaction, had risen to the surface, leaving the empty shell open on the bottom of the river. Some disease more fatal than the cholera has attacked this secluded race; perhaps induced by the change in their element, from the mixture of salt water and bittern, draining from the numerous salt wells on the shores of the river. Even a slight change in the ingredients of our atmosphere induces in man disease and death.

Four millions of whites now occupy the ancient domains of the savages of the eastern

portion of the valley of the Mississippi. How little the present inhabitants know or dream of the privations and sufferings of the pioneers of this fair valley! For more than thirty years they lived in almost continual contests with the aboriginals. Every tree they felled, every rod they plowed, and every hour they traversed the forest in search of game, was at the hazard of life and limb. If they visited the mill, or attended a neighboring meeting to hear the preaching of an itinerant minister of the Gospel, it was with the trusty rifle in their hands; and he who lay down in peace and apparent safety, was often awakened by the yell of the savage; the morning sun rose on the smoking ruins of his hut and the reeking limbs of his murdered family. But, as the old proverb hath it, "the back is fitted to the burden." These heroes were men of steel, whose courage no dangers could appall, and whose perseverance no difficulties could obstruct. Even the females were equally hardy

and gifted with fortitude fitted to the emergency. To preserve the remembrance of these days from the oblivion to which they are hastening, I have recorded a few of the feats of individuals, whose names are only known in the vicinity of the spots where the events took place, and to a few of the descendants of the old inhabitants, whom the unceasing tide of emigration has not yet swept away to the regions of the "far West.'

A STORY OF EARLY TIMES.

In the month of May, in the year 1835, as I was gliding along the smooth waters of the Ohio, between the town of Steubenville and the mouth of Beaver River, the site of old Fort M'Intosh, in one of those beautiful inventions of modern days, a steamboat, the following story of early times was narrated by a passenger, who received it from an old settler, intimately acquainted with the hero of the adventure. This region and the settlements at Wheeling were

for many years the western frontier, and more individual prowess was displayed, and more blood shed, within a space of forty miles square, than in any other portion of the valley of the Ohio of equal extent. Many powerful tribes of savages lived on the north-west side of the Ohio River within a few days' march, and the Mingoes, a vindictive race, possessed the rich alluvion, commencing a short distance below the present town of Steubenville, for many miles along the banks of the river, till within a few years of this time. These lands still retain the name of "the Mingo Bottoms." Within this district the family of Logan, the celebrated Indian chief, were murdered in cold blood by a party under Captain Greathouse, at Baker's Bottom, opposite the mouth of Yellow Creek, near the upper portion or north-east extremity of the present State of Virginia. The particulars of this odious and much-contested transaction have been recently published, as related by Henry Jolly, Esq., who is so kindly and honor-

ably mentioned in some of the communications of Mark Bancroft to the "Casket," published in Philadelphia. But I must return to the promised narrative.

CHAPTER II.

LEWIS WETZEL.*

EARLY TRAINING.

Among the heroes of border warfare Lewis Wetzel held no inferior station. Inured to hardships while yet in boyhood, and educated in all the various arts of woodcraft—from that of hunting the beaver and the bear to that of the wily Indian—he became in manhood one of the most celebrated marksmen of the day. His form was erect, and of that hight best adapted to activity, being very muscular and possessed of great bodily strength. His frame was warmed by a heart that never palpitated

* This story and two others of Samuel Brady were recently published in the American Journal of Science; but so few readers have access to that work in the West that it was thought best to republish them here.

with fear, and animated by a spirit that quailed not, nor became confused in the midst of danger and death.

From constant practice he could bear prolonged and violent exercise, especially that of running and walking, without fatigue; and had also acquired the art of loading his rifle when moving at full speed through the forests, and wheeling on the instant could discharge a bullet with unerring aim, the distance of eighty or one hundred yards, into a mark not larger than a shilling. This art he has been known, more than once, to practice with success on his savage foes. A celebrated marksman in those days was estimated by the other borderers in the same way that a knight templar or a knight of the cross was valued by his cotemporaries who excelled in the tournament or the charge, in the days of chivalry. Challenges of skill often took place, and marksmen frequently met by appointment, who lived at the distance of fifty miles or more from each other, to try the

accuracy of their aim, on bets of considerable amount.

A SINGULAR ENCOUNTER.

Wetzel's fame had spread far and wide through the adjacent settlements as the most expert rifleman of the day. In the Spring of the year A. D. 1784, it chanced that a young man, a few years younger than Wetzel, who lived on the waters of Dunkard's Creek, a tributary of the Monongahela River, heard of his fame; and as he was also an expert woodsman and a first-rate shot—the best in his settlement—he became very desirous of an opportunity for a trial of skill. So great was his anxiety that he very early one morning shouldered his rifle, and, whistling his faithful dog to his side, started for the neighborhood of Wetzel, who then lived near the forks of Wheeling Creek, a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, although the two streams rise in the vicinity of each other.

When about half-way on his journey a fine buck started up just before him. He leveled his rifle with his usual accuracy, but the deer did not fall dead in his tracks, although mortally wounded. His stout dog soon seized him and brought him to the ground; but while in the act of so doing another dog sprang from the forest upon the same deer, and his master made his appearance at the same time from behind a tree, and with loud voice claimed the deer as his property; having, as he said, been brought down by his shot, and seized by his dog.

It so happened that they had both fired at the same instant and at the same deer—a fact which may very well happen where two active men are hunting on the same ground, although one of them may fire at fifty yards and the other at double that distance. The dogs, feeling a similar spirit to that of their masters, soon quit the deer, which was already dead, and fell to worrying and tearing each other.

In separating the dogs the stranger hunter happened to strike that of the young man. The old adage, "Strike my dog, strike me," arose in full force; and without further ceremony, except a few hasty oaths, he fell upon the stranger hunter and hurled him to the ground. This was no sooner done than he found himself turned, and under his stronger and more powerful antagonist.

Perceiving that he was no match at this play, he appealed to the trial by rifle, saying it was too much like dogs for men and hunters to fight in this manner. The stranger assented to the trial, but told the young man that before he proceeded to put it to the test he had better witness what he was able to do with that weapon; saying that he was as much superior in the use of the rifle as he was in bodily strength. In proof, he bid him place a mark the size of a dollar on the side of a huge poplar that stood beside them, from which he would start with his rifle unloaded, and running a hundred yards

at full speed he would load it as he ran, and, wheeling, discharge it instantly to the center of the mark. The feat was no sooner proposed than performed; the ball striking the center of the diminutive target.

RECOGNITION AND RECONCILIATION.

Astonished at his skill, his antagonist now inquired his name. "Lewis Wetzel, at your service," answered the stranger. Forgetting his animosity, the young hunter seized him by the hand with all the ardor of youthful admiration, and at once acknowledged his own inferiority. So charmed was he with Wetzel's frankness, skill, and fine personal appearance, that he insisted on his returning with him to the Dunkard settlement, that he might exhibit his dexterity to his own family, and to the hardy backwoodsmen, his neighbors. Nothing loth to such an exhibition, and pleased with the energy of his new acquaintance, Wetzel agreed to accompany him; shortening the way with

their mutual tales of hunting excursions, and hazardous contests with the common enemies of the country.

TELLING AN INDIAN BY HIS TRACKS.

Among other things, Wetzel stated his manner of distinguishing the footsteps of a white man from those of an Indian, although covered with moccasins and intermixed with the tracks of the savages. He had acquired this tact from closely examining the manner of placing the feet; the Indian stepping in parallel lines, and first bringing the toe to the ground, while the white man almost invariably first touches the heel to the earth, and places the feet at an angle with the line of march.

THEORY TESTED.

An opportunity they little expected soon gave him a chance of putting his skill to the trial. On reaching the young man's home, which they did late in the afternoon, they

found the dwelling a smoking ruin, and all the family murdered and scalped except a young woman, who had been brought up by his parents, and to whom the young man was tenderly attached. She had been taken away alive, as was ascertained by examining the trail of the savages.

Wetzel soon discovered, by a close inspection of the footmarks, that the party consisted of three Indians and a renegade white man—an occurrence not uncommon in those early days, when for crime, or the baser purpose of revenge, the white outlaw fled to the savages, and was adopted on trial into their tribe. As it was late in the day, the nearest help still at some considerable distance, and as there were *only four* to contend with, they decided on immediate pursuit. And, moreover, as the deed had very recently been done, they hoped to overtake them in their camp that night, or perhaps before they could cross the Ohio River; to which the Indians always retreated after effect-

ing a successful foray, considering themselves in a manner safe from pursuit when they had crossed to its right bank, at that time wholly occupied by the Indian tribes.

THE PURSUIT.

Ardent and unwearied was the pursuit; the one to recover his lost love, and the other to assist his new friend, and take revenge for the slaughter of his countrymen—slaughter and revenge being at that period the daily business of the borderers. Wetzel followed the trail of the retreating savages with the unerring sagacity of a blood-hound, and just at dusk traced them to the Ohio, some miles below Wheeling, nearly opposite the mouth of Captina Creek. Much to their disappointment, they soon found that the Indians had crossed the river by constructing a raft of logs and brush—their usual manner of passing a stream when at a distance from their villages. By carefully examining "the signs" on the opposite shore, Wetzel

directly discovered the fire of the Indian camp, in a hollow way, a few rods from the river.

THE ENEMY OVERTAKEN.

Lest the noise of constructing a raft should alarm the Indians, and give notice of the pursuit, the two hardy adventurers determined to swim the stream a few rods below. This they easily accomplished, being both excellent swimmers. Fastening their clothes in a bundle on the tops of their heads, with their rifles and ammunition above, they reached the opposite shore in safety. After carefully inspecting their arms, and putting every article of attack or defense in its proper place, they crawled very cautiously to a position which gave them a full view of their enemies; who, believing themselves safe from pursuit, were carelessly reposing around the fire, thoughtless of the fate that awaited them. They soon discovered the young woman, alive and seated by the fire, but making much moaning and complaint; while

the white man, whose voice they could distinctly hear from their position, was trying to console her with the promise of kind usage, and an adoption into the tribe.

The young man could hardly restrain his rage, but was for firing and rushing instantly upon the foe. Wetzel, more cautious, told him to wait till daylight appeared, when they could make the attack with a better chance of success, and of also killing the whole party; while, if they attacked in the dark, a part of them would certainly escape.

SKILLFUL AND SUCCESSFUL ATTACK.

With the earliest dawn the Indians arose and prepared to depart. The young man selecting the white renegade, and Wetzel one of the stoutest Indians, they both fired at the same instant, each killing his man. His companion rushed forward, knife in hand, to release the young woman, while Wetzel reloaded his piece, and pushed in pursuit of the two Indians

who had taken to the woods till they could discover the number of their enemies. When he found he was seen by the savages, Wetzel discharged his rifle at random, in order to draw them from their cover.

Directly they heard the report and found themselves unhurt, they rushed upon him before he could again reload, thinking on an easy conquest. Taking to his heels, he loaded his gun as he ran, unnoticed by his pursuers, and suddenly wheeling about discharged its contents through the body of his nearest and unsuspecting enemy. The remaining Indian, seeing the fate of his companion, and that his antagonist's gun was now certainly empty, rushed forward with all energy, the prospect of revenge fairly before him. Wetzel led him on, dodging from tree to tree, till his rifle was again ready, when, suddenly facing about, he shot his remaining enemy dead at his feet. After taking their scalps and recovering the lost plunder, Wetzel and his friend returned

with their rescued captive unharmed to the settlements.

DEATH OF WETZEL.

Like honest Joshua Fleehart, after the peace of 1795, the country becoming filled with new settlers, Wetzel pushed for the distant frontiers on the Mississippi, where he could trap the beaver, hunt the buffalo and the deer, and occasionally shoot an Indian, whom he mortally hated. He died, as he had always lived, "a free man of the forest."

CHAPTER III.

BORDER SETTLEMENTS.

OLD FORT M'INTOSH.

At the close of the foregoing narrative, the boat had reached the mouth of Beaver River, where I disembarked at a spot called "the Point," about a mile from Beavertown, the county seat of Beaver county, Pennsylvania. It stands near the site of old Fort M'Intosh, on an elevated alluvion of several square miles in extent, composed of clay, gravel, and large bowlders of sand rock, thrown up by the river in ancient ages, but which has subsequently retreated to its present bed, some eighty or one hundred feet below the surface of the plain. This elevated alluvion was once doubtless the bed of the Ohio. It is now covered with a fertile soil, and was clothed with forest trees at

the period of the erection of Fort M'Intosh, which was built in the year 1778, by a military force from the garrison at Fort Pitt, under the command of General M'Intosh. It stood near the verge of the plain, commanding a view of the Ohio River and the mouth of Beaver. The walls of the fort formed a square, covering about half an acre of ground, regularly stockaded, and built of timber from the adjacent forest. Here were four bastions mounted with field pieces, from four to nine pounders, one in each bastion, and two in the center of the fort. A covered way led down to the river for the supply of water for the troops, and to protect them from the attacks of the Indians. Fort M'Intosh was twenty-eight miles below Fort Pitt, and was a rallying point for the borderers when assembling for a foray against the Indian towns on the Muskingum and Scioto Rivers, and also for the pursuit of war parties when returning from their depredations on the white settlements. I love to linger round these an-

cient relics of by-gone days, and call up the shades of the departed warriors who once traversed these forests, and to ruminate on the deeds, both of the battle and the chase, that excited the admiration and the praise of their cotemporaries. In those days every hunter was also a warrior. Their neighborhood was a favorite haunt with the savage, both on account of the abundance of fish found below the falls of the Beaver, and for the fine hunting grounds in the vicinity. It was also geographically favorable for ingress to the white settlements on the Monongahela and intermediate country; the Ohio here taking a wide sweep to the northwest, formed a semi-circle or peninsula, to which this was the gate. It is now equally favorable to the pursuits of civilization, and the names and the feats of the borderers are already swallowed up in the vortex of commercial and agricultural avocations. Two canals and a railroad center at this place, and already several large and bustling villages have sprung up on the

banks of the Beaver—Bridgewater, about a mile from the mouth, near the lower bridge, and Brighton and Fallstown, five miles up at the falls of the Beaver. These will shortly be towns of great manufacturing importance, from the double advantage of one of the finest water privileges in the State, and the immense deposits of coal found in the adjacent hills. A bed of cannel coal, lately opened, is said to be twelve feet in thickness.

BRADY'S HILL.

At eleven, A. M., I took a seat in the mail coach for Poland, in Trumbull county, Ohio, thirty-eight miles northerly from Beavertown. Directly on leaving Bridgewater, and crossing a small stream on a neat bridge, we began to ascend a long, steep hill, called "Brady's Hill." It took its name from an interesting border adventure which occurred near its base, "in early times," about the year 1777.

Captain Samuel Brady was one of that band

of brave men, who, in the trying days of the Revolutionary war, lived on the western borders of Pennsylvania, exposed to all the horrors and dangers of Indian warfare. He held a commission from the Congress of the United States, and for a part of the time commanded a company of rangers, who traversed the country below Pittsburg, bordering the Ohio River. He was born, as I learn from one of his sons, in Shippensburg, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, in the year 1758, and must have removed when quite young across the mountains into the valley of the Monongahela to have become so thoroughly versed in woodcraft and Indian adventures. He was over six feet in hight, remarkably erect, and active in his movements, with light blue eyes, fair skin, and dark hair.

In personal and hand-to-hand conflict with the Indians he is said to have exceeded any other man west of the mountains excepting Daniel Boone. Several interesting sketches were published in the Blairsville Recorder, a year or

two since, detailing some of his adventures, which in the hands of a Weems would make a most interesting volume. At the period of this event, Captain Brady lived on Chartier Creek, about twelve miles below Pittsburg, a stream much better known, however, to pilots and keel-boat men of modern days, by the significant name of "*Shirtee.*" He had become a bold and vigorous backwoodsman, inured to all the toils and hardships of a borderer's life, and very obnoxious to the savages from his numerous successful attacks on their war parties, and from shooting them in his hunting excursions whenever they crossed his path or came within reach of his rifle. He was in fact that which many of the early borderers were, "an Indian hater." His hatred was not without cause—his father, one brother, wife, and two or three children having been slain by the savages. This class of men seem to have been more numerous in the region of the Monongahela than in any other portion of the frontiers, which doubtless

arose from the slaughter at Braddock's defeat, and the numerous murders and attacks on defenseless families that followed that defeat for many years. Brady was also a very successful trapper and hunter, and took more beaver than any of the Indians themselves.

TRAPPING EXCURSION.

In one of his adventurous trapping excursions on the waters of the Beaver, or Mahoning, which so greatly abounded in the animals of this species in early days that it took its name from this fact, it so happened that the Indians surprised him in his camp and took him prisoner. To have shot or tomahawked him on the spot would have been but a small gratification to that of satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire after having run the gantlet in presence of all the Indians of their village. He was therefore taken alive to their encampment, on the right bank of the Beaver, about two miles from its mouth. After

the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and the ceremony of the gantlet was gone through with, a fire was prepared by which Brady was placed, stripped naked, and his arms unbound. Around him the Indians formed a large circle of men, women, and children, dancing, and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuse, that their small knowledge of the English language could afford, previous to tying him to the stake. Brady looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foes, with a firm countenance and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with a truly-savage fortitude.

In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, the squaw of one of their chiefs came near him with a child in her arms. Quick as thought, and a presence of mind with which few mortals are gifted, he snatched it from her and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror-struck at the sudden transaction, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue it from the fire. In

the midst of this confusion Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thickets with the Indians yelling at his heels. He ascended the steep side of the present hill amid the discharge of fifty rifles, and sprung down the opposite declivity into the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for some miles to the west. His knowledge of the country, and wonderful activity and strength, enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements on the south side of the Ohio.

He lived many years after this escape, and gratified his hatred by killing numbers of his foes in the several rencounters which ensued. The hill near whose base this adventure was achieved still goes by his name, and the incident is often referred to by the traveler as the coach is slowly dragged up its side. In looking down upon the laurel thickets which still cluster round the rugged cliffs of sand rock, and by their evergreen foliage perpetuate the memory

of Brady, I fancied I could still hear the shrill whoop of the savage, as he pursued with desperate energy his escaping foe.

NEW CONNECTICUT.

After leaving the vicinity of Brady's Hill the road passes over rather a hilly country, which, as we progress northerly, gradually becomes more level. The whole region is rich in materials for legendary lore, many of which are already lost in the lapse of time and the negligence of oral tradition. I reached Poland that evening. It is a thriving village, located on a small tributary branch of the Mahoning, in the south-east corner of Trumbull county, Ohio. The soil, climate, and face of the country constituting what is called "New Connecticut," and of which this county forms a part, are as favorable to agriculture as any portion of Ohio. The inhabitants are chiefly from the State of Connecticut—that land of industry and economy.

The improvements already made show that a removal to the West has in no way diminished their habits of diligence and love of cultivation. Nearly every settler is the owner of the soil he tills; and in no portion of the United States is there a more uniform equality of property or union in supporting measures for the promotion of the public weal. School-houses are seen at short intervals along the roads, and well-built churches in the center of every town, showing that the two great pillars of the Republic—*religion* and *learning*—are liberally and carefully sustained.

Most of the counties in New Connecticut are without poor-houses, and in several of them scarcely a single individual is supported at the public charge. After leaving Trumbull county we enter Portage on the west, so named from the circumstance of the grand carrying place, or portage between the waters of Lake Erie and the Muskingum River, being within this county.

RAVENNA.

Ravenna is the county seat, and is a beautiful village, fast rising into importance. It stands directly on the dividing line between the waters of the Ohio and those of Lake Erie; so that while one portion of the rain which falls within the village runs into the Cuyahoga and is discharged finally into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, another part falls into the Mahoning and finds its way into the Gulf of Mexico. West of Ravenna the country becomes more undulating and studded with low hills, composed of gravel, sand, and primitive bowlders, washed into deep hollows, as if some mighty current had swept over it. Many of these concavities are now occupied by beautiful sheets of limpid water, covering several hundred acres. They are generally bordered with low green hills, or grassy slopes, calling to mind the living simile of a beautiful pearl surrounded by emeralds.

"BRADY'S POND."

On the margin of a very fine pond, which lies near the road from Ravenna to the Falls of the Cuyahoga, I stopped a considerable time, searching for shells, and musing on the various events that had transpired on its borders, and to which it had been a silent, but still living, witness in by-gone ages. The shore is covered with fine white sand, sparkling with minute scales of mica. It is called "Brady's Pond," and lies about three miles east of the Falls of the Cuyahoga. It is noted as the scene of a thrilling adventure, in which the man whose name it bears was a principal actor. This pond, with two others adjacent, I am told, will soon be swallowed up in the great reservoir of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal, lying on the summit between the Mahoning and Cuyahoga. As many private advantages and comforts have to be sacrificed on the altar of public good when necessity requires, so the lovers of leg-

endary lore, and of places hallowed by striking events, must also give up this pond on similar principles.

"BRADY'S LEAP."

Samuel Brady seems to have been as much the hero of the north-east portion of the valley of the Ohio as Daniel Boone was of the south-west; and the country is as full of his hardy adventures and hair-breadth escapes, although he yet lacks the industrious pen of a Flint to collect and to clothe them in that fascinating language so peculiar to his style. From undoubted authority it seems the following incidents actually transpired in this vicinity.

Brady's residence was in that part of Pennsylvania now called Washington county, as noted in the "legend of Brady's Hill;" and being a man of uncommon activity and courage, as well as very superior intellectual faculties, he was generally selected as the leader of the hardy borderers in all their forays and pur-

suits into the Indian territories north of the Ohio. On this occasion, which was about the year 1780, a large party of Indian warriors, from the Falls of the Cuyahoga and adjacent country, had made an inroad on to the south side of the Ohio River, in that part of Washington county then known as the settlement of "Catfish Camp," so called after an old Indian warrior of that name, who lived there when the whites first came into the country, on the Monongahela River. This party had murdered several families, and with the plunder had recrossed the Ohio before effectual pursuit could be made.

Directly after the alarm was given Brady collected his chosen followers, and hastened on in pursuit; but the Indians having a day or more the start before a sufficient party could be gathered, he was unable to overtake them in time to arrest their return to their villages.

Near the spot where the town of Ravenna now stands the Indians separated into two

parties; one of which went to the north, and the other west to the Falls of the Cuyahoga. Brady's men also divided; a part pursued the northern trail, and the remainder went with him to the Indian village lying on the river, in the present township of Northampton, in Portage county. Although he made his approaches with the utmost caution, yet the Indians, expecting a pursuit, were on the look-out, and ready to receive him with numbers fourfold to those of Brady's party. Their only safety, after a few hasty shots, was in retreat, which soon became, from the ardor of the pursuit, a perfect flight. Brady directed his men to separate, and each one to take care of himself. The Indians immediately knew him from his voice; and having a most inveterate hatred of him for his former numerous injuries, left all the other borderers and pursued him with united strength. The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of several miles of surface, like a peninsula;

within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested.

The Indians, by extending their line to the right and left, forced him on to the banks of the stream. Having, in peaceable times, often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager the streets of his town, he directed his course for the river at a spot where the whole stream is compressed by the rocky cliffs into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm; although it is considerably wider beneath, and much more than that in hight above the current. Through this pass the water rushes like a race-horse, chafing and roaring at its confinement by the rocky channel. A short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide. Brady, as he approached the chasm, concentrating his mighty powers, knowing that life or death was in the effort, leaped the pass at a bound.

It so happened that a low place in the oppo

site cliff favored the leap, into which he dropped, and, grasping the bushes, helped himself to ascend to the top of the precipice. The Indians for a few moments were lost in wonder and admiration, and before they had recovered their recollection he was half-way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of rifle-shot. They could have easily shot him before, but being bent on taking him alive for torture, and to glut their long-delayed revenge, they forebore the use of the rifle; but now, seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him. One shot wounded him severely in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress. The Indians having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the river, Brady gained a good distance ahead; but his wound growing stiff, and the enemy now gaining on him, he made for the pond which still bears his name, and, plunging into the water, swam beneath the surface for some distance, till he came up under the trunk of a large oak-tree, which had fallen

into the pond. This completely covered him from observation, but furnished a small breathing place to support life. The Indians tracked him by the blood to the margin of the water; made diligent search all round the pond; but, finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk from the quantity of water taken in at the wound.

They were at one time standing on the very trunk of the tree beneath which he lay concealed. Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their argument; and after they had gone he made good his retreat, lame and hungry, to his home. His followers also all returned in safety. The chasm over which he leaped is in sight of the bridge where we crossed the Cuyahoga, and is known in all that region by the name of "Brady's Leap."

CHAPTER IV.

INCIDENTS ON THE BORDER.

FALLS OF THE CUYAHOGA.

"CUYAHOGA," in the language of the Delaware Indians, means "crooked." The Falls are situated on the south bend of the river, in Portage—now Summit—county, thirty miles from Lake Erie. The stream here, making a wide sweep southerly, touches the northern margin of the coal measures, and is said to be the only lake river that has coal on its shores. That portion of it called "the Falls" is more than two miles in extent, and has a descent of nearly two hundred and twenty-five feet from the head to the foot of the rapids. During its passage down this declivity, the water, in various places, falls from ten and fifteen to twenty-two feet at a single leap; at others, it rushes down

an inclined plane, strewed with fragments of rocks, so that a continued roar is heard the whole distance. In the course of ages the water has cut away the rock strata to the depth of nearly two hundred feet.

Immense masses of sand rock still continue to fall, from year to year, as the water undermines the cliffs, and the wintery frosts loosen them from their beds. In one place a huge mass, of fifty feet in hight and one hundred or more in length, has formed an island, around the sides of which the water rushes and foams with great fury. Several large pines and hemlocks have found a footing on its top and sides, casting a youthful freshness over its hoary front. The margins of the cliffs are lined with beautiful evergreens of several species. The Falls afford one of the finest natural sections for the geologist. The rock strata, being accessible from the tops of the adjacent hills to the bed of the river, give the order of superposition in a very beautiful manner.

Among the series is a thick bed of *red sandstone*, very suitable for architectural purposes. The rapid water at the foot of the Falls afforded a favorite and very valuable site for fishing to all the Indians of this vicinity.

INDIAN FISHERIES.

In the Spring of the year the Cuyahoga and other lake streams, especially such as communicated with ponds, were literally alive with fish, especially that species known to Western sportsmen by the name of *white fish*. This fish is peculiar to the lakes, and is the *coreganus albus* of Lesear. The savage of the Atlantic coast was not more favored in this respect than he of the shores of Lake Erie. The fish-spear, plunged at a venture into the water, brought out two or three fish at each throw.

I have been told by a man, now living in Marietta—Mr. Joseph Kelly—and who was a prisoner when a boy with the Shawnee Indians for several years, that the fish in these streams

were astonishingly numerous. At the season of fishing—which commenced in April and continued for several weeks—every man, woman, and boy of the whole village were called out. The men were occupied in spearing or taking them with hooks, and the women and boys in cleaning and drying them on frames over a fire of brush-wood, in the same manner that *jerked venison* is prepared. Having no salt, they required a thorough drying and smoking to preserve them from decay, and to supply food during the Summer months when hunting was poor. These fishing grounds were given up with great reluctance by the savages to the more powerful claimants of their "father-land"—the whites. But *might* has too often usurped the place of *right*, in modern as well as in more rude and barbarian times.

JOSEPH KELLY, OR THE LOST SON.

Joseph Kelly, the person above referred to, was taken a prisoner by the Shawnee Indians,

on the 7th of April, 1791, when only seven years old. He was then living in a garrison at Belleville, thirty miles below Marietta, on the left bank of the Ohio. He had gone out very early in the morning, with his father and another brother, to a field near the walls of the fort, to finish some planting. His father was a man of uncommon muscular power, but considerably deaf; so that he was not aware of the approach of the Indians till one of them had seized him, although little Joseph, who was near him, hallooed with all his might. The Indian who had grasped him around the waist as he was stooping down to his work he instantly pitched, heels over head, for more than two rods, and defended himself so stoutly with his hoe, having no other weapon, that the Indians were obliged to shoot him, although their design evidently was to take him prisoner. In the midst of this struggle and alarm one Indian was killed by a shot from the garrison, which consisted of only five men, with several women

and children. The mother of little Joseph was an agonized spectator of the scene, and of the escape of another son, two years older, who, although in the same field, happened to see the Indians sooner, and reached the garrison. Two Indians seized Joseph, one by each hand, and, tossing him over the fence, hurried, or rather flew, with him through the woods, out of reach of the shot from the men in the garrison—among whom was Peter Anderson, a noted ranger and woodsman. As soon as the Indians reached a place of safety, they mustered their party, who were scattered about in the forest on different sides of the fort, and amounted to thirty warriors, assembled on purpose to take the garrison of Belleville, and destroy the inhabitants.

Having a prisoner now in their possession, they proceeded to question him as to the number in the fort. This they accomplished by the aid of a renegade white man, with red hair and a freckled face, who had joined the Indians.

When asked by this white savage, whose features he perfectly remembers to this day, after the lapse of forty-five years, how many men there were in the fort, little Joseph, with wonderful presence of mind, or the whim of the moment, answered "that it was full of men with guns, at least as many as a hundred." This answer, from the well-known innocence and simplicity of childhood, intimidated the Indians, and probably saved the garrison, as they soon after crossed the river, and commenced a retreat to their town near the Sandusky Bay. This they reached after a few days of tedious marching, and placed their prisoner in the council-house, according to custom, till the warriors and old men had decided on his fate.

In this instance the decision was on the side of mercy; for little Joseph was adopted into the family of an old veteran warrior, who now had no children, but had, in different engagements, lost five sons by the hands of white men. The old warrior's name was "Mishalena," and

Mr. Kelly says he was one of the most kind-hearted and benevolent men he has ever met with in his whole life, as well as of the most noble and commanding appearance. His wife's name was "Petepsa," a thick-set, burly old woman, with her hair always at sixes and sevens. After losing five sons, these untutored natives of the forest adopted the child of their mortal enemies, and treated him as their own! What a lesson to the professors of Christianity!

Petepsa was naturally ill-natured and difficult to please, and treated him, as she probably always did her own children, rather harshly. But he was always well fed when they had any thing to eat, and carefully nursed when sick, as he was in the Summer of 1794, with a severe attack of dysentery. He distinctly recollects that Petepsa gave him as a medicine the decoction of a very bitter herb, which he has since ascertained from the taste was *eupatorium perfoliatum*, or "Indian sage"—

known also by the names of "thoroughwort" and "boneset"—a very effectual remedy for bowel complaints.

Little Joseph soon became reconciled to his situation, although his thoughts often returned at night, while lying on his bear-skin bed before the wigwam fire, to his kind-hearted mother, and his little brothers and sisters. But time and habit gradually accustomed him to his new acquaintances, and old friends were nearly forgotten in the attachments he had now formed for his new ones. Whether covered by a red, black, or white skin, the human heart is the same, and meets a kindred feeling in all that wear "the human face divine." In childhood our affections are like the softened wax, and are easily molded to suit the circumstances around us. The sports of the young Indian boys, who treated him as a brother, attracted his attention; and he directly became as expert in the use of the bow and arrow, and as active in foot-races, ball, etc., as the best of them.

His appetite being good, and possessing a vigorous frame, their food and cooking were fully as acceptable to his palate as that of his former home.

In this way four years passed off, during which time the war still continued, and with almost unvaried success on the side of the Indians. During this period the armies of Harmar and St. Clair had been defeated, and destruction and desolation threatened the whole of the frontier settlements. At length "Mad Anthony," that "thunderbolt of war," turned the tide of battle, and gave the Indians a signal defeat. The near approach of his army drove the Indians, consisting of women and children, and a few old men, in great haste from the village in which little Joseph was then living, near the mouth of the River Auglaize. So unexpected was the advance of General Wayne that they had no time to take any provisions, and only a few kettles and blankets, but hurrying into their canoes pushed off down the Mau-

mee into the vicinity of Detroit. It was in the month of August, 1794, and Mr. Kelly remembers well with what regret they left their fine fields of corn, which he had assisted to cultivate, already fit for roasting ears, the beans, and the squashes, with large patches of water-melons.

It was just at evening when they abandoned their village surrounded by plenty: the next morning sun rose upon its ruins. That night the American army destroyed all their crops; cutting down and wasting the corn, and burning the dwellings where their forefathers had lived for many, many years. The suffering from hunger and cold the following Winter was very great, but borne by the Indians with philosophical equanimity. The poor savage will cease to suffer from the wrongs of the white man only when he ceases to exist. A few brief years, and the whole aboriginal race will have vanished from the valley of the Mississippi beyond the mountains.

TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

At the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, it was stipulated that all white prisoners living with the Indians should be restored. Colonel Meigs, father of the late governor, was acting at the treaty, and being well acquainted with the circumstances of the captivity of Joseph—he living in Marietta at that time—made daily inquiries after him from every new Indian face that he could see; but for a long time without success. It seems that young Kelly, and a boy named "Bill," from Kentucky, whose family had all been killed, were kept back, from the reluctance their present parents felt to part with them—having become greatly attached to the boys, considering them as their own. At length he heard of a boy of a similar age on the River Raisin, several days' march from Greenville, and obtained an order from General Wayne to send out a party of six men and an Indian guide, for the express purpose of bringing them

in. Little Joseph parted from his Indian parents with nearly as much regret as he had formerly done from his white ones; and poor Mishalena and Petepsa were now left in their old age like two ancient forest trees, around whose roots no green shoot appears.

Directly after reaching Greenville, and Colonel Meigs had got him into his possession, he started with a party by land, in February, across the swamps for Marietta; so anxious was this good and kind-hearted man to restore the lost Joseph to the arms of his sorrowing and widowed mother. A young Indian guided the travelers, without deviation, through the trackless forests, and struck the Muskingum River at "Big Rock," twenty-four miles above Marietta, and near the settlement of "Wolf Creek Mills."

INDIAN TACT.

As a specimen of Indian tact in pursuing a course through the wilderness, Mr. Kelly

says, that one cloudy and snowy day the party became a little bewildered in a thick beech woods. Colonel Meigs produced his compass, and, setting it, insisted their course lay east. The Indian, after examining the trees a few minutes, pointed to the south-east. The Colonel still sticking for the authority of the compass, was unwilling to proceed. The Indian at length became vexed, and shouldering his rifle, muttered in broken English, "dam' compass," and pursued his own course. In a short time it proved him to be right and Colonel Meigs in the wrong. They reached "Campus Martius," the stockaded fort at Marietta in safety; and the fervent and oft-repeated prayer of the widowed mother was at length answered in the restoration of her "lost son."*

*Note.—While these pages are passing through the press—midsummer, 1864—Joseph Kelly, whose captivity is here mentioned, departed this life at Marietta, aged eighty years. He was a native of Plainfield, Massachusetts, and was brought by his father to Marietta, when four years old, in the Spring of 1789. In 1790 the family removed to Belleville, West Va.,

CUYAHOGA FALLS.

But to return to the Falls of the Cuyahoga. The location of this spot is more favorable for manufactures than any other in Ohio. The fall is so great that the water can be used over and over again, in turning machinery, before it reaches the foot of the descent. The advantage of two railroads and canals in the vicinity will facilitate the transport of the raw materials and the distribution of the manufactured articles to all parts of the West. The center of a fertile and healthy region will add all the facilities of agriculture to feed the artisans. Several villages have sprung up on both sides of the falls, and the foundations of wealth are already laid. To this add the water-power on the Little

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where he was captured. He remained with the Indians till the Winter of 1795–6, nearly five years, when he was released. He had lost the English language, and left his Indian parents with regret. He arrived in Marietta in March, 1796, and was, as the narrative records, restored to his mother.—EDITOR.

Cuyahoga, and that of the Akron, and no spot can combine more advantages.

TUSCARAWAS.

In passing down south from the summit level at Akron, the canal traverses some fine ponds, which are used both for transportation and for feeders. These were once stocked with the half-reasoning beaver, which, like the tribes of aborigines, have disappeared at the approach of the white man. Several branches flow from these ponds, which soon uniting form that beautiful stream, the Tuscarawas. It takes its name from a powerful tribe of Indians who once resided on its borders.

FORT LAURENS.

The canal proceeds down the valley of this river, and after crossing the northern boundary of Tuscarawas county, passes through the ruins of old Fort Laurens, one flank of which rested on the river. It was named by the builders in

honor of Colonel Laurens, of South Carolina, then a prisoner in the Tower of London, and one of the most patriotic men of that day. In the eleventh edition of the Ohio Gazetteer, the township in which the ruins are located is called Lawrence, as if named for Captain Lawrence, of the United States Navy, which has probably been done by mistake.

The ditch and parapets are yet plainly seen, covering about an acre of ground, but the stout wooden walls were long since burned by the Indians in whose territory it was seated. The fort stood on an elevated plain near the right bank of the river, a little below Sandy Creek, which puts in on the opposite shore, and was built in the Autumn of the year 1778, by a detachment of a thousand men from Fort Pitt and vicinity, under the command of General M'Intosh. A garrison of one hundred and eighty men was left in the fort for the protection of the frontier, under the order of Colonel Gibson.

SIEGE OF FORT LAURENS.

As soon as the Indians were aware of its erection they besieged it with an army of eight hundred warriors, and as they could not carry it by assault, were determined to subdue it by famine. For this purpose they closely encircled it for six weeks, in the beginning of Winter, suffering no one to go out or to enter into the fort. By this time the stores of the garrison were nearly exhausted, and famine stared them in the face. The Indians suspecting their condition, and being still more destitute themselves, proposed to Colonel Gibson, that if he would give them a barrel of flour and some tobacco, they would raise the siege, thinking by this to learn the state of their stores. The flour was rolled out and the Indians departed.

RELIEF OF THE GARRISON.

Soon after a detachment from Fort M'Intosh brought a supply of provisions. Although the

main body of Indians left them, yet small parties still continued to linger around the fort, watching for stragglers. Some time in January, 1779, during very severe cold weather, a party of men, seventeen in number, were ordered out very early in the morning to bring in fire-wood, which was cut for the use of the garrison before the army left in the Fall. The men had been out for several preceding mornings, and no signs of Indians being seen for some time they were not very careful. The wood lay near an ancient tumulus or mound, not far from the walls of the garrison, behind which a party of Indians lay concealed. As the soldiers passed round on one side of the mound, a part of the Indians came behind them on the other side, and inclosed the wood party, killing and scalping the whole of them. My informant, Henry Jolly, Esq., was acquainted with some of the men, and assisted in burying them when he came on with the relief from Fort M'Intosh, in the Spring following.

The garrison suffered so much from constant attacks, and the difficulty and hazard of keeping up a fort in the enemy's country at a distance of seventy miles from the frontiers was so great, that finally the Americans concluded to abandon it. This was done in August, 1779; and Henry Jolly, then an ensign in the Continental army, and now living near Columbus, Ohio, was the last man who left the walls of Fort Laurens.

CHAPTER V.

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONS IN OHIO.

SCHOENBRUNN AND THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES.

As we proceed south along the Ohio Canal, near the center of the county of Tuscarawas, and not far from the site of the present town of New Philadelphia, we reach that ancient seat of missionary labor—Schoenbrunn, or "Beautiful Spring." From the writings of Loskiel this region has become in a manner classic ground. It was the spot selected by David Zeisberger, the Moravian missionary, for a station as early as the 3d of May, in the year 1772. A strip of country, extending for twenty miles along the wide alluvial lands of the Tuscarawas, was formally ceded to the Christian Indians, at that time living in Fredericstadt, on the Big Beaver, by the Delaware tribe, among whom was White

Eyes, a celebrated warrior. This Indian always remained a firm friend of the missionaries to the day of his death, which took place in 1780, at Pittsburg, where he died of the small-pox.

The whole history of the missionaries, and that of their Christian converts, seems to have been a continued series of persecutions. They had been driven from their stations on the Susquehannah River, to one on the Alleghany, and from that to Fredericstadt on the Big Beaver. A brief sketch of these holy men, and their labors, as connected with the border history of the West, can not fail to be interesting.

MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

The Moravians commenced their missions among the North American Indians as early as the year 1742. One of their first establishments for the spread of the Gospel was among the Mohegan Indians, at a place called Shekomeko, within the boundaries of the colony of

New York, not far from Poughkeepsie. Here the missionaries were greatly persecuted by the whites, who maliciously accused them and the Christian Indians of being in a league with the French, who at that period held extensive possessions in America.

In 1746, David Zeisberger, and Frederic Post, who had been on a visit to the Iroquois Indians to perfect their knowledge of the native languages, were arrested at Albany on their return and thrown into prison in New York, where they remained nearly two months. Zeisberger was a man of low stature, but full of zeal for the cause of Christ, and animated like St. Paul with undaunted courage. He personally established nearly all the missionary stations in the valley of the Ohio, traversing the wilderness on foot, braving the dangers of flood, famine, and the hatred of hostile savages often displayed in the most threatening manner.

How wonderful to reflect upon the perseverance and zeal of such men as Zeisberger, Hecke-

welder, and their brethren—self-supported and fed by the labor of their own hands—their bodies a living sacrifice on the altar of missions! At that day no societies existed for the support of missionaries as at this period of the Church. The love of missions and the spread of the Gospel was their only help. Amid the wilderness, and far removed from civilized society, they received no aid from Government as most missionaries now do. Their only protector was God, and their faith in the cause they had espoused. Sir William Johnson, I find, often lent them the assistance of his powerful influence over the savage nations, in recommending them to their friendship.

Even then, as now, a large portion of the difficulty in Christianizing the Indians arose from the cupidity of white men in trafficking with them in rum—that spirit of the fire. Wherever they met with Indians free from its influence, they were generally ready to listen to the message of the missionary; and not only to listen,

but to believe. Their teachings were not only conformed to the doctrines of Christianity, but also to schools and the arts of civilized life; so that in a few years they always created around them most of the comforts to be found in the white settlements.

JOHN HECKEWELDER.

John Heckewelder, with whom I was personally acquainted, commenced his missionary career with Frederic Post, in the year 1762, at a station one hundred miles west of Fort Pitt, on the heads of the Tuscarawas, among the Delaware Indians, for the express purpose of learning their language. This mission failed, and he returned to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He next joined the mission at San-gun-to-ut-en-uenk, or "the Town of Peace," generally known by the name of Friedenstadt, above the falls of Beaver. He was a man of mild manners and pleasing address, whose heart overflowed with "the milk of human kindness." In disposition

he was more like the apostle John, while his companion, Zeisberger, partook of the spirit of St. Paul, but equally devoted and faithful in his Master's service.

This mission was established by the latter missionary, the third of May, A. D. 1770, by the removal of a number of families of Christian Indians from a station near the head of the Alleghany River. They made the journey by water in sixteen canoes, ascending the Beaver with great labor and difficulty, to a place above the falls on the right bank of the stream.

EPIDEMIC DISEASE.

About this period, and for a year or two previous, a fatal epidemic disease prevailed among the Indians in this quarter of the country. It was most probably a bilious remittent fever, such as has since appeared at intervals of twenty or thirty years in the western country. Loskiel speaks of the measles and small-pox as prevailing occasionally, so that this disease

was something else, and very likely an epidemic fever. The neighboring Indians pretended to believe it was sent as a punishment by the Great Spirit, on account of their forsaking the religion of their fathers.

MIGRATIONS OF THE CHRISTIAN INDIANS.

As the country on the Susquehanna River gradually filled up with white settlers, the missions above Wilkesbarre, and in the vicinity of what is now Bradford county, Pennsylvania, at Friedenshutten, became daily more and more molested and incommoded by the traders and wicked persons persuading the Christian Indians to leave the care of the teachers, and return to their former evil practices. Under all these discouragements it was thought best to remove the mission across the Alleghany Mountains, to Fredericstadt, on the Beaver River. The following quaint but very interesting narrative of the journey from Loskiel will give a faint view of the patience and suf-

ferings of the Indian converts, in their migration through the wilderness, at this early day. It was more brief than that of the ancient Israelites, but borne with far more equanimity.

LOSKIEL'S NARRATIVE.

"*June* 11, 1772.—All being ready for the journey, the congregation met for the last time at Friedenshutten, when the missionary reminded them of the great favors and blessings received from God in this place, and then offered up praises and thanksgiving to Him, with fervent supplication for his peace and protection on the journey. The company consisted of two hundred and forty-one persons, and had dwelt at this spot since the year 1765."

Brother Ettwein conducted those who went by land, and brother Rothe those by water, who were the greater number. The tediousness of this journey was a practical school of patience for the missionaries. The fatigue also attending the emigration of a whole congregation,

with all their goods and cattle, in a country like North America, can hardly be conceived by any one who has not experienced it, much less can it be described in a proper manner.

The land travelers had seventy head of oxen and a still greater number of horses to care for, and sustained incredible hardships in forcing a way for themselves and their beasts through very thick woods and swamps of great extent, being directed only by a small path, and that hardly discernible in some places; so that it appears almost impossible to conceive how one man could work his way and mark a path through such close thickets and immense woods. It happened that when they were thus rather creeping than walking through the thick woods it rained almost incessantly. In one part of the country they were obliged to wade thirty-six times through the windings of the River Munsy, besides suffering other hardships. However, they attended to their daily worship as regularly as circumstances would permit, and

frequently had strangers among them, both Indians and white people, who were particularly attentive to the English discourses delivered by brother Ettwein.

The party which went by water were every night obliged to seek a lodging on shore, and suffered much from the wet. Soon after their departure from Friedenshutten the measles broke out among them, and many fell sick, especially the children. The attention due to the sick necessarily increased the fatigue of the journey. The many falls and dangerous rapids in the Susquehanna River occasioned immense trouble and frequent delays. However, by the mercy of God they passed safe up the west arm of the river to Great Island, where they joined the land travelers the 29th of June, and now proceeded all together by land.

When they arrived at the mountains they met with great difficulties in crossing them; for, not having horses enough to carry all their baggage, most of them were obliged to carry

some part. In one of the valleys they were suddenly caught in a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, with violent rain. During a considerable part of the way the rattlesnakes kept them in constant alarm. As they lay, in great numbers, either near or in the path, brother Ettwein trod upon one with fifteen rattles, which so frightened him that, according to his own account, he could hardly venture to step forward for many days after, and every rustling leaf made him dread the approach of a rattlesnake. These venomous creatures destroyed several of the horses by their bite, but the oxen were favored by being driven in the rear.

INCIDENTS ON THE ROUTE.

In one part of the forest the fires and storms had caused such confusion among the trees that the wood was almost impenetrable. Sister Rothe with her child fell several times from her horse, and once with her foot entangled in the

stirrup; another time she fell into a deep morass. Some persons departed this life during the journey, among them a poor cripple, ten or eleven years old, who was carried by his mother in a basket on her back. When he perceived his end approaching he begged most earnestly to be baptized. His request was granted; soon after which he ended a life of misery, and departed rejoicing.

Our travelers sometimes tarried a day or two in a place to supply themselves with food. They shot upward of one hundred and fifty deer in the course of the journey, and found great abundance of fish in the rivers and brooks. They likewise met with a peculiar kind of turtle, about the size of a goose, with a long neck, pointed head, and eyes like a dove. It had scales on its back and lower part of the belly; all the rest of its covering was soft, resembling leather of a liver color.*

* The soft-shelled turtle, or *trionyx ferox.*

July 29th they left the mountains, and arrived on the banks of the Ohio, [Alleghany River, (?)] where they immediately built canoes to send the aged and infirm, with the heavy baggage, down the river. Two days afterward they were met by brother Heckewelder and some Indian brethren with horses from Friedenstadt, by whose assistance they arrived there on the 5th of August, and were received with every mark of affection by the whole congregation.

"LIVING ASHES."

The following beautiful specimen of native poetic imagery is copied from the same narrative: "The most troublesome plague, both to man and beast, especially in passing through the woods, was a kind of insect called by the Indians 'pouk,' or 'living ashes,' from their being so small that they are hardly visible, and their bite as painful as the burning of red-hot ashes. These tormenting creatures were met

in the greatest numbers in a tract of country which the Indians call '*a place avoided by all men.*'"

The following circumstance gave rise to this name. A great many years ago an Indian, affecting the manners of a hermit, lived upon a high rock in this neighborhood, and used to appear to travelers or hunters in different garbs—frightening some and murdering others. At length a valiant Indian chief was so fortunate as to surprise and kill him; and having burnt the hermit's bones to ashes, scattered them in the air through the forest, which soon took on a living form and became "pouks." These insects were probably the same that afterward became so well known as "seed-ticks."

REMOVAL TO GNADENHUTTEN.*

The mischievous consequences of the rum trade still continued to follow the mission after

* This narrative is condensed from the history of Loskiel, with occasional remarks by the writer.

it had been on the Beaver but a short time; so that at last it was quite insupportable, and led them to look out for a station further removed from the frontiers. Accordingly, on the 13th of April, 1773, the whole congregation, consisting at this time of not less than four hundred souls, broke up their settlement, leaving their dwellings and cultivated fields to go to ruin—esteeming all things as nothing in comparison with the enjoyment of their religious rites in peace.

A number of the most hardy went directly across the wilderness by land with brother Rothe; but the larger portion traveled by water, in twenty-two large canoes, under the direction of brother Heckewelder—proceeding down the Beaver to the Ohio River, thence to the mouth of the Muskingum, and then up that stream to Gnadenhutten, or the "Tents of Grace;" which voyage was accomplished in three weeks, with great labor and fatigue. When the different portions of the Indian con-

gregation again met there was great joy and gladness.

The town of Schoenbrunn was inhabited by the Delaware Indians, and Gnadenhutten by the Mohegans. Dwelling-houses, fields, gardens, and cattle were apportioned among the inhabitants according to their necessities; and all the comforts of civilized life were in the course of a year or two within their reach. The labors of the missionaries were much blessed, and many converts added from the adjacent savages, who constantly visited the new settlements.

PROCEEDINGS OF 1774.

In the year 1774 a general war broke out between the Shawnees, Senecas, Mingoes, etc., and the whites; partly occasioned by the murder of the family of the celebrated Mingo chief, Logan, and partly from other difficulties. The hostile tribes, especially the Shawnees, used all their influence with the Delawares to draw them

into the war; but their regard for the missionaries, and their connection with the Christian Indians kept them quiet for the present. The Delawares had also promised the brethren before they moved on to the Tuscarawas that they would not only be their friends, but protect them from the hostilities of the other tribes. This act of kindness drew upon the Delawares the contempt of the other savages, who called them, by way of derision, "shwannoks," or whites, which so enraged the young warriors that they could hardly be restrained from falling on the new settlements. Even some of the older chiefs were so much vexed that they sent a formal embassy to the Shawnees, positively declaring that they would not be called "shwannoks;" and if they were thus shamefully reviled on account of the white teachers who lived in their vicinity, they took this opportunity of saying they had no hand in it, and never intended to believe in their religion, or to live conformably to it; that they had never called

the believing Indians into their country, but only connived at its being done by some old fools among them.

This latter assertion was a falsehood, and the message sent through fear; but the young warriors were so much emboldened by it that they came in great troops to Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhutten, committing outrages, the consequences of which would have been fatal to the missions had not God in his mercy protected them by his almighty hand. The missionaries being hourly in danger of their lives, it was thought proper to send brother Rothe and his wife with their two infants to Bethlehem, whither the Lord conducted them safely through many dangers. Canoes were kept in readiness for any sudden emergency—they being often alarmed at night with threatened attacks. The sisters were several times driven at noonday from their plantations when at work, and all the inhabitants confined for days and weeks to their houses for fear of

hostile parties watching in the neighborhood for stragglers.

RELIEF OBTAINED.

They were finally relieved from these troubles by the march of Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, with a large army into the country of the Shawnees and Senecas, whose villages were destroyed, and their most influential chiefs taken as hostages. He also compelled them to give up all their white prisoners. This peace was the cause of great joy to the mission, and was celebrated by a public thanksgiving on the 6th of November, with great solemnity. Their affairs also greatly prospered, and many new converts were added to the congregation.

TRANSACTIONS OF 1775.

The rest enjoyed by the Indian congregation was very gratifying. Many strangers visited the settlement at Schoenbrunn; so that the chapel, which would hold about five hundred

persons, was too small. A Mr. Richard Conner, a white man, who had lived several years among the Shawnees, and his wife, joined them, and conformed to their rules and regulations. They had been living at Fort Pitt. Several influential chiefs of the Delawares and Shawnees also united themselves to the congregation. In this year the war of the Revolution between Great Britain and the Colonies broke out, and was the commencement of much and lasting trouble to the missions.

A NEW TOWN BUILT BY THE DELAWARES.

In the Spring of the year 1775 the Delaware tribe of Indians, who had lived for many years in the heads of the Tuscarawas River, removed their chief village to the outlet of that stream, opposite the mouth of the Walhonding, on the spot where the present town of Coshocton now stands. It was done under the direction of their old chief, Ne-ta-wat-wees. The new town was called Gosch-ach-gu-enk. Their old war-

rior continued a firm friend to the missionaries and their cause as long as he lived.

TRANSACTIONS OF 1776.

In this year a reading and spelling book in the Delaware language was compiled by brother Zeisberger, and introduced into all the Indian schools, and gave great pleasure to the scholars.

NEW STATION ESTABLISHED.

In the Spring of 1776 a new station was established, at the request of the Delawares, on the east side of the Muskingum River, three miles below the mouth of the Walhonding, and called Lichtenau. On the 10th of April brothers Zeisberger and Heckewelder, with eight Indian families, in all thirty-five persons, went from Schoenbrunn to the spot proposed, and on the evening of their arrival met in the open air to praise the name of that Lord whom they intended to worship and serve in this place.

They first dwelt in huts, as usual in such emergencies; marked out the plantations and gardens for the town on the banks of the river, and built one street north and south, with the chapel in the center. They were assisted in their labor by many brethren from Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhutten, and by the old chief Ne-ta-wat-wees, who often came with a large party of his people from Gosch-asch-guenk to help them. Thus in a short time all our Indians who moved hither with their teachers left the huts and took possession of their houses.

By the preaching of the Gospel many Indians became concerned for their salvation; and all who appeared to be in earnest were allowed to settle here, so that the place rapidly increased. Among the strangers was one who came from the River Illinois, a distance of a thousand miles, and appeared very thoughtful. At last he asked brother Zeisberger, "Do you think what you preach is true, and good for us?" He answered, "I preach the Word of God,

which is truth, and will remain so to all eternity." He replied, "I can not believe it."

This honest declaration pleased the missionary, and he explained to him that as soon as he should hear the Gospel and perceive its power, he would without hesitation acknowledge its truth.

INDIAN BAPTISM.

In July the nephew of the chief Ne-ta-wat-wees was baptized, and named John. He soon became an active and zealous Christian. The chief himself became very thoughtful about his own salvation, and said that he had made thirteen notches in a stick, denoting the number of Sabbaths he had heard the Word of God in Lichtenau; and that when he looked at these notches, and thought how often he had heard of his Redeemer, he could not help weeping. The believing Indians at this time amounted to four hundred and fourteen persons. The war, still continuing, was the cause of a great deal

of trouble to the missions. The old chief, Ne-ta-wat-wees, did all he could to preserve peace among the hostile Indians by embassies and exhortations. But the Hurons and Mingoes, instigated by the British at Detroit, were not to be deterred, but kept up continual hostilities with the white settlements in Virginia and Pennsylvania; and generally passing with their war parties and prisoners through some of the mission stations, gave them great trouble—they being always forced to furnish them with food on these occasions, whether willing or not. The American parties, with the Indians in their interest, generally traveled the same route; so that they were beset by both sides, and considered as the friends of neither. The lives of the missionaries were often in danger from the hostile Indians, who several times came into their houses for the express purpose of killing them, but were always preserved by some providential interference.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONS—CONTINUED.

TRANSACTIONS OF 1777.

THE Huron Indians having joined the British, and taken up the hatchet against the Americans, used all their influence with the Delawares to induce them to do the same. The Governor of Detroit could not understand why these Indians were so firm in maintaining peace. At last it was ascribed to the influence of the missionaries. To remove this difficulty it was proposed to seize three men and take them by force to Detroit; but it was not finally executed till the year 1781, as will hereafter appear. This year the troubles of the mission continued, and the accounts of the capture of Burgoyne's army by the Americans increased the difficulty. The Shawnees determined to go to war, and

reports were received from all quarters that the savages intended to massacre the missionaries, and then all those Indians who would not join them in the war.

TRIALS OF THE MISSIONARIES.

Their severest trials, however, arose from the ill conduct of some of their own followers, who turned aside and joined the heathen Indians. Among them was a chief named Newal-le-ke, who declared that the Christian doctrine was all a fable. Captain White Eyes, who did not belong to the Christian Indians, hearing this, answered: "You went to the brethren because you could find nothing in the world to set your heart at ease, and firmly believed you had found with them all you desired. These are the words I heard you speak, and now, being hardly begun, you give up already, and return to your former life. This is not acting the part of a man."

SCHOENBRUNN ABANDONED.

The difficulties at Schoenbrunn increased so rapidly that the mission at that place was abandoned in the night of April 3, 1777, and the people removed to Gnadenhutten and Lichtenau.

THE DELAWARES CONCLUDE TO FIGHT.

In the Fall of 1777 there was a report that an American general had arrived at Pittsburg, who would give no quarter to any Indian, whether friend or foe, being resolved to destroy them all. This was probably General M'Intosh. The report, although a fabrication of the hostile Indians, was the cause of the Delawares taking up arms; who alleged, in defense, that they must die whether they fought or not; and, as the Americans were daily expected, their warriors joined the Hurons, who were still near Lichtenau, and had threatened to destroy it, but were turned aside by the presents of food and kind usage of the Christian Indians.

ALARMS OF THE CHRISTIAN INDIANS.

September 17th an express arrived at Gnadenhutten, with an account of the approach of the white troops. The congregation immediately fled with their teachers in canoes, to a spot on the Walhonding River, before agreed on; but in such haste as to leave the greater part of their goods behind. While hourly expecting to hear of a bloody battle, an express came in saying that what they had supposed to be the enemy was only a great number of horses in the woods. They remained there the 18th, and then returned. On the 23d a message arrived from the American general at Fort Pitt, and Colonel Morgan, assuring the Indians they had nothing to fear from the Americans. But before the truth was known, a report was again spread that the American troops were in the neighborhood, and every one was preparing to escape. Brother Zeisberger assembled them at midnight, and made known the true account from Fort

Pitt, when they all went cheerfully to rest. The Delawares also returned to their former policy of peace.

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE HURONS AND WHITES.

In October an action took place between a party of Hurons and a troop of American free-booters, who went, contrary to the orders of the general at Fort Pitt, to destroy the Delaware town, and the mission stations among the rest. They were defeated by the Half King, who killed the greater part of them.

PROGRESS OF THE MISSION.

During this season of calamity, when the spirit of murder and the powers of darkness greatly prevailed, the work of God proceeded unmolested among the Indians, and many conversions took place—cheering evidences of the favor of Heaven and the faithfulness of the missionaries. The war still continuing between the United States and Great Britain, finally

involved nearly all the Western tribes in the contest, and gave immense trouble to the Moravian Indians, by the passing of war parties through their towns, often carrying captives and scalps. The Christian Indians, however, uniformly treated them with kindness.

CRUELTY OF THE INDIANS.

Among these prisoners was an old man of venerable appearance and two youths. The Christian Indians greatly pitied the old man, and offered a large sum to his captors for his release, but they refused. When they reached their village the two young men were tortured and burned alive. The old man was condemned to suffer the same treatment; but being informed by a child of his fate he contrived to escape, and seizing a horse fled into the woods. The savages pursued, but he arrived safely in the vicinity of Lichtenau, quite famished with hunger, having eaten nothing for ten days but a little bark and herbs. An Indian brother found

him in the woods, looking more like a dead than a living man, and brought him with much trouble into town, where he was carefully nursed. He exclaimed, "Merciful God, be praised that thou hast brought me, wretched creature, to a Christian people. If it be thy will that I die in this place I am happy and contented." He finally recovered and was brought to Fort Pitt.

REMOVAL FROM GNADENHUTTEN.

Most of these troubles were centered at Lichtenau. Freebooters belonging to the whites infested every quarter, and endangered the lives of our Indians. They were, therefore, invited to come and settle at Lichtenau for the present, and removed there in April, 1778. Thus three Indian congregations lived on one spot. The chapel was enlarged and new houses built.

EFFORTS OF THE BRITISH.

The Governor at Detroit still continued to use all his influence with the Delaware Indians

to engage them in the war, inasmuch as several other tribes, who considered themselves as descendants of the Delawares, and called that tribe their grandfather, were waiting to see what they would do, being greatly influenced by the opinions of the Delawares. They, however, continued firm in preserving peace at present, listening to the counsel of the missionaries, and to that of the Christian Indians, who all strongly deprecated war.

PRESERVATION OF THE MISSION.

In the Summer of 1778, they received certain intelligence that the Governor of Detroit was about to send a party of Indians and English soldiers to carry them off. This plan was frustrated by the death of the commander, and it was some time before his place could be filled with another. The hostile Indians were charged to bring the missionaries, dead or alive, which they promised to do; but happily they neglected to fulfill their promise.

TRANSACTIONS OF 1779.

In the Summer of the year 1779 danger began to thicken around the peaceable habitations of the mission. An army, composed of English and Indians, marched from Detroit to attack Fort Laurens on the Tuscarawas, and also to take the missionaries prisoners; but on their way the news of an attack by the Americans on some of the Indian towns reached them, which caused all the Indians to leave the British officer; and thus the attack was abandoned. That word of Scripture, "The Lord bringeth the councils of the heathen to naught, he maketh the devices of the people of none effect," was often fulfilled.

PLOTS AGAINST THE MISSIONARIES.

The Half King of the Hurons cautioned the missionaries to be upon their guard, for a plot was formed against their lives, especially brother Zeisberger—some malicious persons tak-

ing great pains to spread a report that this missionary was going over to the Americans with all the baptized Indians. But to all these rumors this heroic missionary paid little attention, trusting in God, and attending strictly to the welfare of the mission. A white renegade, who headed a party of eight Mingoes, robbers and murderers, met Zeisberger, with two Indian brethren, one day in the woods, while passing from one station to another. As soon as he saw him he called to his companions, "See, here is the man we have long been wishing to see and secure; do now as you think proper!" The captain of the Mingoes shook his head, but said nothing in reply. After a few questions they marched off. All the reports about this time agreed in this, that the destruction of the mission stations was resolved upon.

KINDNESS OF COLONEL GIBSON.

In the Summer of 1779 Colonel Gibson, the commander of Fort Laurens, gave the mission-

aries an invitation to remove with their congregations to the fort, or to settle in its vicinity. This kind offer they declined, for the reason that the war was always most violent near the forts.

SALEM BUILT.

In the year 1780 the robberies, outrages, and drunkenness of the savages about Lichtenau became so great, that it was thought best to abandon it and build a new town five miles below Gnadenhutten, which they called Salem, or the City of Peace. Accordingly, on the thirtieth of March the last meeting was held here, and all the congregation united in praising God for the many blessings received at that place. The chapel was pulled down, according to their usual custom when abandoning any settlement, probably to prevent its profanation by the heathen savages, or to prevent its being applied to any other use. The congregation embarked with their effects in canoes, and pro

ceeded by water to Salem; which, although only twenty miles above Lichtenau, occupied a whole week in rowing against the stream, the river at this season of the year being generally at its highest stage, and of a very rapid current. By the assistance of the brethren from Schoenbrunn and Gnadenhutten, the settlement progressed rapidly, and by the 22d of May the new chapel was ready to be consecrated. On the 23d they partook of the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and on the 28th baptism was administered for the first time at Salem. In December, 1780, the dwelling-houses were all finished.

CHEERING APPEARANCE OF THE CHURCH.

Brothers Heckewelder and Jung had the charge of the congregation. The spiritual state of the Church was very favorable, and the labor of the Holy Ghost in their hearts so manifest, that the missionaries forgot all their sufferings for joy. During the public sermons there was

frequently such a general emotion and weeping, that the preacher was obliged to stop till they became more calm. This good spirit was particularly manifest in the sick and dying, many of whose deaths were wonderfully triumphant. Among others was an old man more than one hundred years of age, for he remembered the time when the first house was built in the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1682, in which he had been a boy.

About this time Captain White Eyes, who had so often advised other Indians with great earnestness to believe in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but who had always postponed joining the believers himself, on account of his being entangled in political concerns, died suddenly at Fort Pitt, of the small-pox. His wife had been a believer for some years.

ADDITIONAL MISSIONARIES.

In May, 1780, brother Grube, then minister of Litiz, in Pennsylvania, came out to hold a

visitation to the Indian congregations on the Tuscarawas. Brother Senseman and his wife came in his company, as likewise the single sister, Sarah Ohneburgh, who afterward married brother John Heckewelder. They traveled over the ranges of the Alleghany and Laurel Mountains, which was excessively fatiguing at that early day, and especially to brother Grube, who had been hurt by the kick of a horse. At Fort Pitt he preached the Gospel to a congregation of Germans, and baptized several children, no ordained clergyman being then a resident there. From there the Indian brethren conducted him and his company safely to Gnadenhutten. The Governor of Fort Pitt, Colonel Broadhead, and Colonel Gibson, treated them with great kindness. The latter gave them a traveling tent, and assisted them in many things necessary for their safe conveyance, as the route was at that time infested with hostile Indians. And what was still worse, three white men who were seeking to get Indian scalps, a large premium being

then given for them, lay in ambush near the road and shot at one of the Christian Indians, who was a little before brother Grube and his company. Providentially the ball passed only through his shirt sleeve, and the other Indians taking the alarm, the men who lay in wait jumped up and run off. On the 30th of June the whole company reached Schoenbrunn, to the great joy of the missionaries and their congregations. Brother Grube visited and preached at all the stations, and in the following August returned to his own people in Litiz.

BIRTH OF THE FIRST WHITE CHILD.

The marriage of John Heckewelder and Sarah Ohneburgh must have been consummated shortly after her arrival at the missionary station, as their first child was born the 16th of April, 1781. This child was a daughter, and is still living in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and was probably the first white child born within the present bounds of Ohio.

TRANSACTIONS OF 1781.

In July the missionaries, Zeisberger and Jungman, arrived safe with their wives, and the joy of the Indians was like that of children at the return of beloved parents. Brother Zeisberger had gone in the Spring to Bethlehem, for the purpose of bringing out a wife. Whom he married does not appear; but females who could venture so far in the wilderness among hostile savages must have possessed the spirit of a Deborah, and the courage of Miriam.

ATTACK ON THE MISSIONARIES.

On the 10th of August, 1781, the long-threatened arrest of the missionaries approached a crisis. The jealousy of the Governor of Detroit, Arend Scuiler de Peyster, still continuing against the Moravian missions, the Indian agent at the great council of the Iroquois, or Five Nations, held at Niagara, requested them to take up the Christian Indians and their teach-

ers and carry them away. This the Iroquois agreed to do; but, not choosing to do it themselves, sent a message to the Chippewas and Ottawas, that they made them a present of the Indian congregation "to make soup of," as much as to say, murder them. The Chippewas and Ottawas refused, saying they had no reason for so doing. The same message was then sent to the Hurons, at the instigation of Captain Pipes, a Delaware Indian, very hostile to the missionaries. The Hurons accepted the invitation, and after a great feast, at which they roasted a whole ox, they began to put the plan, very secretly, into execution—but under the pretense of friendship and to save the Christian Indians from the dangers which surrounded them. Accordingly on the 10th of August they made their appearance at Gnadenhutten, to the number of three hundred warriors, headed by an English officer, with the Half King of the Hurons and Captain Pipes, bearing the standard of Great Britain.

The Christian Indians treated them kindly, and gave them plenty of provisions of the best they had. The behavior of the British officer and the savages was at first friendly; but when the missionaries declined going with them immediately to Sandusky—the spot proposed for their exile—but chose to remain where they were till their crops of corn, potatoes, etc., could be gathered to prevent famine in the Winter, they became very abusive, and insisted on their going immediately, pretending they had an abundance of food for the supply of them all at that place. The Indian chiefs were willing for them to remain, but the British officer was so importunate, and threatened them with the displeasure of the Governor, that they at length consented to take them by force.

INTERFERENCE OF A SORCERER.

At one consultation, as they afterward related, they had decided on killing all the white brethren and sisters; but before putting it in

execution they consulted one of the warriors, who was accounted a great sorcerer, as to the consequences which might follow from the act, as all savages consider the character of priests as sacred. He answered, this would only increase the evil, for the most influential of the believers would still remain. They held another council, in which they decided on killing the assistant teachers as well as the missionaries and their wives, and again consulted the sorcerer. He answered: "You have resolved to kill my dearest friends; but if you hurt one of them I know what I will do." His threats alarmed them and they gave up the design.

FURTHER AGGRESSIONS.

The savages soon became very insolent, and, although supplied with all the meat they needed, commenced shooting the cattle and hogs in the streets, and would not allow their carcasses to be removed, so that the stench soon became quite insupportable.

On the second day of September the missionaries, Zeisberger, Senseman, and Heckewelder, were summoned before a council of war, who insisted on an immediate answer, whether they would leave the place or not. On their declining to go, they were seized by a party of Hurons, and declared prisoners of war. As they were dragged along to the camp, an Indian aimed a blow with a lance at brother Senseman's head, but missed his aim. When they were in the camp the death-song was sung over them, and the missionaries stripped of their clothing to their shirts. While this was doing a party rushed into the missionaries' dwelling-houses, and plundered and destroyed their furniture, books, papers, etc. They were all now led into the tent of the British officer, who, seeing their distress, expressed some compassion, and said this treatment was against his intention, although he had orders to take them by force if they refused to go willingly. They were next led to the Huron camp and

confined in two huts. After they were thus secured they saw a party of warriors march off for Salem and Schoenbrunn, which caused them much uneasiness as to what their families might suffer. In the dusk of the evening they broke open the mission-house, and took Michael Jung, and sister Heckewelder and her child prisoners. Mr. Jung narrowly escaped the blow of a tomahawk aimed at his head. Having plundered the house, they brought brother Jung, about midnight, to Gnadenhutten, and shut him up with the other missionaries. Mrs. Heckewelder and child they left at Salem, at the earnest entreaty of the Indian sisters, when she and her child were safely conducted up by the Christian Indians next morning. During the same night some Hurons, who seem to have taken the lead in mischief, came to Schoenbrunn, and broke open the mission-house, taking brother Jung and his wife, and sisters Zeisberger and Senseman out of their beds. The house was plundered of its furniture, the

beds ripped open and feathers thrown out, and the church robbed of every thing valuable; when they put all into canoes and returned to Gnadenhutten. Sister Senseman had been brought to bed three nights previously, and was now hurried off by these merciless barbarians in a dark and rainy night. But God, who does all things well, suffered not her or the child to receive any injury, by imparting to her an uncommon degree of strength and fortitude. Early on the morning of the fourth day, they led this company into Gnadenhutten, singing the death-song. The day following the prisoners were allowed to see each other and converse, when their resignation and composure greatly moved the savages.

CONDUCT OF THE BELIEVING INDIANS.

In the beginning of these troubles, the behavior of the believing Indians much resembled that of the disciples of our blessed Savior; they forsook their teachers and fled. When

they got together in the woods, they wept so loud that the air resounded with their lamentations. But soon recovering from their fright, they returned and assisted the missionaries all they could; recovering many of their articles by purchase or persuasion from the savages, and bringing them blankets to cover them by night, and fetching them again early in the morning lest the Hurons should steal them.

MAGNANIMITY OF AN INDIAN FEMALE.

Amid all this cruel and vicious conduct of the Hurons, there was found one heart that commiserated their sufferings. A young woman of this tribe, who witnessed the cruel conduct of her countrymen, said to an Indian sister, she should never forget this abuse, nor could she sleep all night for distress. Animated by the most generous feelings, early that evening she got possession of a very active horse belonging to Captain Pipes, and entirely alone rode all night through the wilder-

ness. Before noon the next day she reached Fort Pitt, where she gave an account of the danger of the missionaries and of their congregations, urging an immediate attempt for their release. She had been gone but a short time when the Indians were informed of it, and made instant pursuit; but so bold was her riding, and so active the animal she bestrode, that they could not get within sight of her, and gave up the chase. The Hurons were greatly enraged with the missionaries, believing they had hired her to bring the Americans to their rescue. The commander at Fort Pitt, it seems, had determined to send a force to their rescue, but was providentially prevented; which was fortunate for the missionaries, as they would probably have been killed on the first appearance of the Americans.

EXILE OF THE MISSIONARIES.

After four days' imprisonment, they were allowed to join their congregations; but find-

ing the Hurons were determined continually to harass them till they removed, they finally concluded to emigrate. Accordingly on the 11th of September, 1781, they abandoned their three towns of Schoenbrunn, Gnadenhutten, and Salem, with much heaviness of heart and great regret, leaving in them the larger portion of their possessions. They had already lost more than two hundred head of cattle, and four hundred hogs; and now left three hundred acres of corn almost ready for harvesting, besides large stores of old corn, with cabbages, potatoes, garden fruits, etc. At a moderate calculation their loss was above twelve thousand dollars. But that which most grieved them was the loss of all their books and writings in the Delaware language, compiled for the instruction of the Indian youth. These were all burned by the savages, who hated every thing that tended to turn them from the heathen practices of their forefathers. A troop of Hurons, commanded by British officers, escorted

them, inclosing them on every side, for the distance of some miles. Their course lay along the shores of the River Walhonding, some in canoes, and some by land, on the route to Sandusky Creek. Owing to the hurry and confusion a number of the canoes sunk, and the travelers in them lost all their provisions, and articles saved from the sack of their towns. The number of exiles was about five hundred. The emigrants by land drove the cattle, a pretty large herd, collected from Schoenbrunn and Salem. Although the fatigues and sufferings of the journey were very great, yet brotherly love prevailed in the congregation, and daily meetings were held for prayer.

SEVERITIES OF THE JOURNEY.

At Goskhosink, or Owl Creek, so named from the great number of those birds formerly found there, the exiles left their canoes and all went by land. The savages now drove them on like a herd of cattle, whipping the horses of the

missionaries, and often not allowing the females time to nurse their children. The road much of the way led through swampy ground, making it very tedious and wearisome traveling.

SANDUSKY CREEK.

On the 11th of October they reached Sandusky Creek, about one hundred and twenty-five miles from Gnadenhutten. Here the Huron Indians left them, in the midst of the wilderness, where there was little or no game, nor any provisions, as they had promised there should be. After roving about some days, they finally fixed on Upper Sandusky to spend the Winter, and built small huts of bark and logs. They were nearly destitute of blankets, and the provisions they had brought with them exhausted—the savages having stolen every thing from them on the journey, only leaving them a few kettles for cooking. During the building of the huts, the evening meetings were held in the open air, by large fires, for they could not

live without their social meetings for prayer, any more than they could without food. They often thought of the Israelites in the wilderness, and of that bread by which they were fed from Heaven. In these straits a few of the missionaries and Indian brethren returned to the settlements on the Tuscarawas to collect some of the corn left in the fields, and transport all this long distance; a journey full as tiresome as that of the children of Jacob into Egypt to buy corn of Joseph.

THE MISSIONARIES ORDERED TO DETROIT.

The last of October, the Governor of Detroit sent a message to the missionaries, directing them to come to him. The brethren Ziesberger, Heckewelder, Senseman, and Edwards, with four Indian assistants, went on this journey, while Jungman and Michael Jung remained with the congregation at Sandusky. They reached Detroit the 3d of November. At first, the Governor, Arend Sculler de Peyster, used them

harshly; accusing them of carrying on a correspondence with his enemies, the Americans. Captain Pipe, their old enemy, appeared as their accuser; but as he could substantiate none of his charges, the Governor allowed them to return to the Indian converts, but would not suffer them to go back to Gnadenhutten. He, moreover, redeemed four of their watches from the Huron Indians, which they had sold to the traders, gave them new clothes, and kindly entertained them at his own house; and finally dismissed them with many good wishes. They reached Sandusky the 22d of November, to the great joy of the poor Indians.

SUFFERINGS DURING THE WINTER.

That Winter they suffered greatly from famine and cold, and would have fared still worse, but for the kindness of two Indian traders, M'Cormick and Robbins, who bought corn for them and assisted them all in their power. By the 1st of December they had built a new

chapel, in which they celebrated Christmas; but, having neither bread nor wine, could not keep the holy communion. In January and February many of their cattle died from hunger, and the severity of the cold. The famine also increased among the Indians, who had to support life by digging for ground-nuts, a species of wild potato, and the carcasses of the dead cattle. Providentially many deer came into their neighborhood during the cold weather and were killed by the hunters. The missionaries fared no better than their congregation, and were often dependent on them for a meal of ground-nuts, having nothing in their huts of their own.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MORAVIAN MISSIONS—CONTINUED.

VISIT OF THE HURONS.

During this miserable situation the Half King of the Hurons, with a retinue of savages and white people, made them a visit. One of the Christian Indians went to him and told him there was no meat to be had but that of the dead cattle, and added, "Formerly, whenever you came to Gnadenhutten, we gave you not only enough to eat, but if you desired sugar, bread, butter, milk, pork, beef, or any other article, we always gave it to you and to your warriors. But you bade us rise and go with you, and that we needed not to mind leaving our plantations, for we should find enough to live on here. Now, if any one catches a bird, or any other animal, his first care is to get food

for it; but you have brought us hither and never offered a grain of corn to any of us. Thus you have obtained your whole aim, and may rejoice that we are perishing for want." The Half King seemed struck with the reproof, and went away in silence.

FURTHER TROUBLES OF THE MISSION.

At the instigation of the Hurons, and other heathen savages, who were determined to break up the mission, and disperse the Christian Indians, the Governor of Detroit, on the 1st of March, 1782, again summoned the missionaries to appear before him, *with their families*. The Indian congregation were overwhelmed with grief, for they felt when they were gone, that they would be a flock without a shepherd, in the midst of ravenous wolves. The missionaries also felt that they would rather die than leave their charge, but there was no alternative. They were compelled to abandon their homes and take up their march through the wilderness.

MASSACRE AT GNADENHUTTEN.

The day before they started on their journey, a warrior from the Muskingum brought the distressing news of the murder of ninety-three of their congregation, who had gone back to the deserted villages on the Tuscarawas for the purpose of collecting corn for their starving relatives. While there a party of Americans under the command of Colonel Williamson, from the Mingo Bottoms on the Ohio, surprised and took them prisoners, and afterward put them all to death. This transaction took place on the 8th of March, and for cool-blooded atrocity has no parallel in the whole circle of American history. The particulars of this horrid transaction have been often before the public, and need not be again detailed to tarnish the fame of Western borderers. In mitigation of the above wickedness, it may be stated that in the council held by the borderers as to the fate of their prisoners, a majority voted for murdering them

the next day, while a large minority were opposed to it, and called God to witness that they were innocent of the blood of these harmless Christian Indians. To describe the grief and horror of the Indian congregation at Sandusky, on receiving the news of the murder of their friends, is impossible. Parents mourned the loss of children, husbands their wives, and wives their husbands; children for their parents, brothers for their sisters, and sisters for their brothers, in one wide, weltering stream of woe. And now having lost their teachers who used to sympathize with them, and strengthen them in their reliance on the faithfulness of God, their grief was nearly insupportable. But they murmured not, nor did they call for vengeance on their murderers, but prayed for them. Their only consolation was the belief that their murdered relatives were now in heaven. The murderers themselves acknowledged that they were good Indians, for said they, "they sung and prayed to their last breath."

DEPARTURE OF THE MISSIONARIES.

On the 15th of March the missionaries, with many tears, took leave of the remnant of their congregation, for so many years under their charge; one part of which was about to be imprisoned, another part already murdered, and the remainder in danger of being dispersed and forsaken. In this journey the missionaries were conducted by a Frenchman, in place of the British officer.

DISPERSION OF THE CHRISTIAN INDIANS.

The Indians left at Sandusky, after the departure of the missionaries, living in continual fear of their lives, dispersed among the adjacent tribes, and some to the River Maumee. It was providential that they did so; for early in May their station was visited by another party of white men, for the purpose of destroying them, only a short time after their departure; but venturing too far into the Indian country were

themselves attacked and defeated, and one of their commanders, Colonel Crawford, taken and burnt alive at the stake. Colonel Williamson died in jail, in Washington, Pennsylvania.

NEW GNADENHUTTEN.

In July the missionaries obtained liberty from the Governor to make a settlement on the Huron River, thirty miles from Detroit, and soon collected a part of their congregation around them—so loth were these good men to leave the poor Indians, although repeatedly offered the chance of returning to Pennsylvania. The settlement on Huron River they called New Gnadenhutten. The Governor and his wife, whose hearts had become tender on seeing the sufferings and faithfulness of the missionaries, assisted them in many things necessary for their comfort, and in building the new town. The 20th of July the missionaries, Zeisberger and Jungman, with their wives, and the single missionaries, Edwards and Jung, left

Detroit, with nineteen Indian brethren and sisters, and crossing over Lake St. Clair, settled the next day on the south side of Huron River, not far from the mouth. The missionaries, Heckewelder and Senseman, with their families, remained at Detroit, with the rest of the believing Indians, to attend to the concerns of the reviving mission in that place. Here they laid out gardens and plantations, built huts of bark, and maintained themselves by hunting and fishing. The forests were filled with sycamore, beech, ash, lime, oak, poplar, maple, and hickory trees, with the largest sassafras they had seen any where. Wild hemp grew in abundance, but salt was scarce, and could not be had even for money. They therefore thought themselves highly blessed when they discovered some salt springs, which yielded them an abundant supply. There were also springs of fresh water in plenty. In the beginning they were much tormented by musketoes and other insects, so that they had to keep up

and sleep in a thick smoke. But they gradually lessened in numbers as the ground became cleared. In August they commenced to build, and finished a street of block houses, and by the 21st of September moved into their new house and celebrated the Lord's Supper to the great comfort of the congregation. Others of their old flock gradually joined them, and were kindly treated by the inhabitants of Detroit as they passed through on their way to the new station. The Governor also supplied them with food till they could raise their own. In the Autumn some Chippewa Indians visited them, but as to the Gospel they only listened to it in silence. They are generally a peaceable tribe, but very indolent; plant but little corn; live chiefly by hunting; boil acorns for bread to their meat, and, like the Calmuc Tartars, eat the flesh of dead horses. By the middle of November fifty-three Indians had rejoined them. The Winter was passed in comparative comfort; the Indians bartering their skins and venison,

obtained in hunting, for corn at Detroit. They also made baskets, canoes, etc., for sale. In the Spring a large quantity of maple sugar was manufactured.

NEWS OF PEACE.

In May, 1783, the missionaries received the joyful news of peace between England and the United States. In the course of the year forty-three more of the scattered congregation joined them; but many were kept back by the influence and discouragements of the heathen savages, among whom they had taken shelter. The new chapel was consecrated, and their spiritual comforts were greatly multiplied.

TRANSACTIONS OF 1784.

In the beginning of the year a most extraordinary frost set in, extending over all that country. All the rivers and lakes were frozen, and the oldest inhabitants of Detroit did not remember ever to have seen such a deep fall

of snow. In many places it lay five or six feet deep, and was the cause of much suffering. The 6th of March it was still four feet deep. About the end of the month it began to melt, but the ice on Huron River did not break till the 4th of April, and Lake St. Clair was not free in the beginning of May.

FAMINE AT NEW GNADENHUTTEN.

As no one expected so long a Winter, no provision was made adequate to the wants of man or beast. The early frosts in the preceding Autumn had destroyed a large portion of the crops of corn, so that the Indians soon began to suffer. It was very dear at Detroit, and the bakers refused to sell bread at a dollar per pound. The deep snow prevented hunting. The Indians had to seek their food wherever they could find it, and some lived on nothing but wild herbs. At length a general famine prevailed, and the hollow eyes and sunken cheeks of the poor people bore sad tokens of

their distress; yet they appeared resigned and cheerful, and God in due time relieved them. A large herd of deer strayed unexpectedly into the neighborhood of their town, of which the Indians killed above a hundred. This they accomplished by walking over the deep snow on snow-shoes, which are a kind of racket made of a hoop, across which are stretched thongs of deer-skin, in such a way as to support the wearer from sinking into the snow. A part of this venison was bartered for corn at Detroit, so that they did not suffer to that extremity they had done in 1781 at Sandusky. As soon as the snow melted, they went in search of wild potatoes, and came home loaded with them. They are a farinaceous and very nourishing article of food. When the ice was gone they caught a great number of fishes. Bilberries were their next resource, of which they gathered great quantities, soon after which their crops of Indian corn were ready for roasting ears, of which God blessed them with a

very great crop, so that no one lacked for any thing.

PROGRESS OF NEW GNADENHUTTEN.

The industry of the Christian Indians had now rendered this place a very pleasant and regular town. The houses were all well built, as if they intended to live and die in them; the country, formerly a wilderness, was now cultivated to that extent that it afforded a sufficient maintenance for them. The rest now enjoyed was particularly sweet after such terrible scenes of trouble and distress. But toward the end of the year 1784 it appeared that they would also be obliged to quit this place. The Chippewas complained of their settling on their lands, and said they only expected them to remain till peace was restored; and threatened to murder some of them in order to force the others to depart. The new Governor of Detroit, Major Ancrom, also sent them word not to clear any more land, as nothing

was yet settled as to the bounds of the territory or government. The missionaries, therefore, concluded it most prudent to make preparation for returning to the south side of Lake Erie—they being now on the north side, in Canada—and to settle on the River Walhonding, or at their old stations.

TRANSACTIONS OF 1785.

In the course of this year the spiritual concerns of the Indian congregation were very favorable; so that they were filled with joy and consolation after so many outward troubles.

RAVAGES OF THE WOLVES.

During the Winter the wolves were very troublesome, traversing the country in packs, and tore a Chippewa Indian man and his wife to pieces near the settlement. One of the Indian brethren was chased by them for several miles on the ice, but having skates on his feet escaped. The missionaries also lost all their

horses by their eating a certain juicy plant, which proved a deadly poison.

PROCEEDINGS AT NEW GNADENHUTTEN.

Although they had begun to make preparation for moving, yet from the unsettled state of the savages they concluded it best to stay this season, and raise one more crop on the Huron. In May the missionaries, Jungman and Senseman, returned with their families to Bethlehem by the way of the lakes and the Mohawk River, and left the mission under the care of brothers Zeisberger, Heckewelder, and Edwards.

In July brother Edwards went to Fort Pitt, where he learned that Congress had reserved lands at their old settlements on the Tuscarawas for the use of the mission, and had directed the Surveyor-General to measure them off as much land as he might think they needed. This, however, was not accomplished till after the close of the Indian war in 1795, when they received four thousand acres at each of their old settlements,

making twelve thousand acres. This news gave great joy to the congregation. One thing after another delayed their return; and now the Delawares and Shawnees, being at war with the Americans, declared they would prevent their going back by force.

THE CHIPPEWAS ORDER THEM AWAY.

Early in the year 1786 the missionaries received another message from the Chippewa chief on whose territories they were living, stating his determination that they should remain there no longer; and, besides this, a band of murderers and robbers of the Chippewa tribe rendered the whole neighborhood very unsafe. The missionaries therefore concluded, notwithstanding the threats of the savages in the vicinity of the Tuscarawas, to remove there, and take possession of their old settlements, and if they could not accomplish it this Spring, to settle in the first convenient place they could find. The new commander of Detroit, Major

Anerom, approved this plan, and offered them vessels and provisions to carry them to the mouth of Cuyahoga River, whence the communication is easy to the heads of the Tuscarawas. He also assisted them in selling their improvements for a small sum of money; so that their labor was not entirely lost. They accepted this kind offer thankfully, and as a gracious interference of the Lord in their behalf.

DEPARTURE FROM NEW GNADENHUTTEN.

The 20th of April they met for the last time in the chapel to offer up prayer and praise to God for all his favors and mercies received at that place. Embarking with their effects in twenty-two canoes, they proceeded to Detroit, where they were kindly entertained for several days—all the inhabitants having a high opinion of the fair-dealing and upright conduct of the Indian brethren. For although they had run largely in debt during the season of famine,

yet by their industry and economy they were enabled to discharge the whole. One poor man with a large family of small children fell short, and the missionaries were about to assist him in the payment, when his wife, who was walking in the field, happened to find a guinea, which she supposed was a piece of brass; but, when told its value, they took it to the trader, paid their debt, and had a few shillings left.

THE TRAVELERS LEAVE DETROIT.

On the 28th of April they embarked on board two trading vessels, owned by the North-West Company, called the Beaver and Makina. Owing to contrary winds they were a long time on the voyage, being driven back once or twice when within sight of their destination. For two or three weeks they lay on the shore, encamped on an island; and when out in the open lake among the waves, the Indians were made so sick by the rolling of the vessels that they could not stand.

TROUBLES OF THE JOURNEY.

The 28th of May, four weeks from the time of their departure — the voyage being often performed in forty-eight hours—a vessel came from Detroit to inquire after the cause of the long absence of the schooners, and to recall the Beaver. The Makina then agreed to carry their baggage, and let the congregation get on by land from Sandusky Bay.

After a long and very wearisome journey by the shores of the lake—some in light bark-canoes, hastily built—they reached the mouth of the Cuyahoga the 8th of June. Here they built more canoes, and continued their voyage up that river till the 18th of that month, when they reached an old deserted town of the Ottawas, about one hundred and forty miles distant from Fort Pitt. This was the first spot that they had found suitable for a settlement, being a continuous forest from the mouth of the river up to this place.

SETTLEMENT OF PILGERRAH.

They first encamped on the east side of the river, where was an elevated plain, built huts, and cleared some ground for planting; and, although so late in the season, concluded to put in some Indian corn and spend the Summer. This place they called Pilgerrah, or "Pilgrim's Rest." Here they again regulated their daily worship, reëstablished the statutes of the congregation, and God blessed their labors. August 13th they partook of the Lord's Supper, which to them was the most important and blessed of all festivals.

REMARKS.

Never since the days of the wanderings of the children of Israel in the wilderness has there been a people whose situation, in many respects, was so nearly assimilated to that of the wanderers under the charge of Moses and Aaron. Beset with enemies on their right hand

and on their left, persecuted by their own relatives, suffering by famine and privations of every kind, they yet remained firm in the cause they had espoused, and never rebelled, like that favored people, against the laws of their Master. Whenever they had a chance for rest, like the Israelites at their stations, there they set up the tabernacle, and worshiped God in simplicity and in truth. Their Canaan was the pleasant country on the Tuscarawas, from which they had been expelled, and to which they looked forward as their place of rest from their tiresome journeys; where they had enjoyed much spiritual blessedness, and hoped to lay their weary bodies when they finally departed for that heavenly Canaan, the great end of all their toils, and the resting-place from all earthly sorrows.

PROCEEDINGS AT PILGERRAH.

Being near the great carrying-place or route from the heads of the Muskingum River to

the lakes, they were enabled to procure from traders many necessary articles. Congress also about this time ordered a quantity of corn and blankets to be given them from Fort M'Intosh. In hunting they were very successful, especially in killing deer, bears, and moose-deer. Their Moravian brethren at Bethlehem also sent them many articles of clothing, etc., by way of Fort Pitt, which reached them in August, to their great relief and comfort.

DEPARTURE OF MR. HECKEWELDER.

In October, 1786, brother Heckewelder took an affecting leave of the congregation he had served so many years, and returned with his family to Bethlehem, attended by the best wishes and prayers of the people, by whom he was greatly loved.

SICKNESS OF THE MISSIONARIES.

Brother Zeisberger and wife, with brother Edwards, were now left alone in charge of the

mission. They had just recovered from a severe illness, which is the first time any notice is taken of sickness among the missionaries for sixteen years—proving the country to have been remarkably healthy—although exposed to great fatigues and privations. This disease was doubtless taken during their voyage and journey on the shores of Lake Erie, which have always been noted for their malarious atmosphere from its first discovery to this day, especially in the Summer and Autumn.

TRANSACTIONS OF 1787.

In the year 1787 the mission received some notice from Congress, and an offer of five hundred bushels of corn as soon as they returned to their old towns on the Tuscarawas. But fresh disturbances breaking out among the several tribes, they were prevented from going there at present. Lieutenant-Colonel Harmar sent them word from the mouth of the Muskingum that they might now receive their five

hundred bushels of corn and one hundred blankets at Fort M'Intosh if they would go there for them. General Butler also wrote to brother Zeisberger that they had better remain at Pilgerrah for the present. The Delaware Indians at this time insisted on their removing to Pettquotting, on what is now called the Huron River, in the present State of Ohio. The congregation were anxious to return to the Tuscarawas, but the United States advised them to remain where they were; while the savages, on the contrary, would not suffer them to do so, but said they should go to some other place. Accustomed to venture their lives in the service of the Lord, the missionaries were unconcerned as to their own safety; and if that alone had been the point in question, they would not have hesitated a moment to return to the Tuscarawas; but they durst not bring the congregation under their care into so dangerous a situation. They therefore proposed to the Indians to give up all thought of returning for

the present; but at the same time leave the Cuyahoga, and seek some spot between that river and the Huron, where they might find a peaceable and quiet retreat. This was agreed to by all, and some Indian brethren set out the beginning of April, 1787, to seek a place for a new settlement, and found one much to their mind. In the mean while the Indian congregation of Pilgerrah celebrated Lent and Easter in a blessed manner. The public reading of the Passion of our Lord was attended with a remarkable impression on the hearts of all present. The congregation could not sufficiently express their desire to hear more of it, and it appeared as if they now heard this great and glorious Word for the first time.

REMOVAL FROM PILGERRAH.

On the 19th of April the Christian Indians closed their residence here, by offering up solemn prayer and praise in their chapels, which they had used but a short time, and

thanked the Lord for the blessings they had received at this place. They then departed in two bands; one by water, with brother Edwards, and one by land, led by brother Zeisberger. Those by water had to pass over a considerable part of Lake Erie.

GREAT STORM.

Before they left the Cuyahoga a dreadful storm arose, the wind blowing from the lake. The waves beat with such violence against the rocks that the earth seemed to tremble with the shock. The pilgrims thanked God that they were yet in the mouth of the river and not upon the lake.

FINE FISH.

Being in want of provisions, they passed the time in fishing, and one night pierced above three hundred large fish with their spears by torch-light. They were of a fine flavor, and resembled pikes in form, weighing from three

to four pounds each. A part of these they roasted and ate, and dried the rest over brush-wood fires for food on the voyage.

On the 24th of the month the party by land reached the place of destination, and the party by water the day following. It appeared like a fruitful orchard—numbers of wild apple and plum trees growing here and there. They had never settled on so fertile a spot. The camp was formed about a league from the lake, which in these parts abounded with fish. Wild potatoes, an article of food much esteemed by the Indians, grew here plentifully. The brethren rejoiced at the thought of establishing a settlement in so pleasant a country, especially as it was not frequented by those savages who had heretofore proved such troublesome neighbors.

MORE TRIALS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Their joy was of short duration. On the 27th of the month a Delaware captain arrived in the camp, and informed them they should

not remain in this place, but live with them at Sandusky; adding that it was a matter positively determined, and they need not deliberate upon it. He added, as usual, the most solemn declarations of protection and safety, and also said that their habitation would not be near any heathen town, but at least ten miles from the nearest. To this command the congregation reluctantly consented, after representing to the captain the malice, treachery, and deceit of the Delaware chiefs, which they had experienced for six or seven years.

REMOVAL TO PETTQUOTTING.

In the beginning of May they were joined by Michael Jung and John Weygand from Bethlehem, and soon after left a country so pleasing in every respect with much sorrow. Their course lay along the shores of the lake, partly by water and part by land, to Pettquotting, where they encamped about a mile from the lake. Here they found the fallacy of the

statement of the Delaware chiefs, for their residence was not above two miles from the towns of the savages. They finally, with the consent of the chiefs, fixed on a spot near the mouth of the river, and went there in their canoes the 11th of May, and before night a small village of bark huts was erected. They made their plantations on the west bank of the river, but erected their dwelling-houses on the east side, which was higher land. This place they called "New Salem." Here they celebrated Ascension Day and Whitsuntide, meeting in the open air, and on the 6th of June finished and consecrated their new chapel, which was larger and better built than the one at Pilgerrah. June 9th the whole congregation attended a love-feast, for which flour had been sent from Bethlehem.

CONVERSION OF A NOTED SAVAGE.

Among the savages who in 1787 became concerned for the salvation of their souls was

a noted profligate, who in 1781 threatened the lives of the missionaries, and had often lain in ambush to kill them, but without success. He was traveling and came without design to Pilgerrah, where he heard the Gospel with great attention, and ardently expressed his desire to be delivered from the service of sin. He would not leave the congregation; but, giving up his intended journey, staid with the believing Indians, and, turning with his whole heart to the Lord, was baptized at New Salem some months after.

MISSION HISTORY SINCE 1787.

The history of Loskiel closes at the middle of the year 1787, at which time their prospects of usefulness were very flattering. In a few years after this the war commenced generally among the Indian tribes against the United States, and was not closed till the year 1795. Some years after this the Moravian Indians and missionaries returned to their towns on the

Tuscarawas, where Congress had already surveyed for them three tracts of four thousand acres each; namely, one at Schoenbrunn, one at Gnadenhutten, and one at Salem. These tracts, I believe, still belong to the Moravian Missionary Society, and are leased for a term of years, the rents of which go into the funds of the Society for the support of the Gospel among the Indians of North America. Mr. Heckewelder rejoined the mission after their return, and I find was living at Salem and Gnadenhutten, as late as the year 1805, from a meteorological record kept at that place, and published in Barton's Medical Journal. Soon after which, from the rapid increase of white settlers all around them on the United States military lands, and the traders urging upon and supplying them with whisky, their condition became very distressing and troublesome. Finding that little permanent good could be expected for the poor Indians while living among the unchristian whites, they finally

removed to the frontiers, and settled on the River Raisin.

David Zeisberger died at Schoenbrunn, November 7, 1808, aged eighty-seven years, seven months, and six days. He was born in Moravia, April 11, 1721.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONTINUATION OF BORDER HISTORY.

STORY OF "SILVER HEELS."

For many years after the first settlement of Ohio, the article of marine salt was one of primary importance in the catalogue of importations, as being absolutely necessary in the domestic economy of civilized man. The savage never having been accustomed to its use, can live and enjoy very good health without it—never laying by any great stores of meat, but letting each day provide for itself. If he needed a supply for a journey or the short interval of Summer, when hunting was poor, it was easily preserved by the process of "jerking," or drying over a slow fire, a mode often resorted to by the early borderers themselves. Not so with the white man; salt was to him

an article of absolute necessity, and he was obliged to transport it across the Alleghany ranges of mountains, on packhorses, for many years after the first settlement of the country, at an expense of six or eight dollars a bushel, even as late as the year 1800. The immense fountains of brine that now are known to exist deep in the rocky beds below, and furnish an endless source of wealth to the country, were then not dreamed of; and it was supposed the West would always be dependent on the Atlantic coast for salt, and deeply deplored as a serious drawback on the value of this beautiful region. Although many springs of saline water were known to exist in various places, yet they were of so poor and weak a quality as to require from four to six hundred gallons of the water to make a bushel of salt; and when made contained so much foreign matter as to be a very inferior article. But as it could be used in place of foreign salt, and saved the borderers money, at that day not very plenty, it was

occasionally resorted to by the first settlers; and gangs of six or eight men assembled with their domestic kettles, and packhorses with provisions, camped out in the woods for a week at a time. These springs were generally discovered by the hunters, and were often at remote points from the settlements. One of the most noted in this part of Ohio was on Salt Creek, near the present village of Chandlersville, in Muskingum county.

About the year 1798, shortly after the close of the Indian war, a party of men from the settlement on Olive-Green Creek, a large tributary stream of the Muskingum, thirty miles from the saline, had assembled at this spot for the purpose of manufacturing a little salt for their own use. While occupied at this business, and cracking their rude jokes as the water slowly evaporated from the boiling kettles, a noted old Indian warrior, well known to the borderers in early days by the name of "Silver Heels," who was hunting near the spring, called

at their camp. During peace the intercourse of the Indians with the whites was free and unrestrained; nor was it uncommon for them to hunt in company with perfect confidence and good fellowship. At this period the old warrior lived on the Muskingum River, a few miles west of the saline, at a spot since well known to all boatmen by the name of "Silver Heels Ripple." As it was now peace he felt no fear, and having drank very freely of the whisky offered him by the whites, and which in those days formed one of the *comforts*, if not one of the *necessaries* of life, he began to boast of his exploits, saying he had taken the scalps of sixteen white men during the course of his battles. Among others he said he had taken one at the mouth of Olive-Green Creek, near the garrison at that place, during the late war. It was that of an old man, and had two crowns, or spiral turns of the hair, on the top of the head. Of this he made two scalps, by carefully dividing it, and sold them to the British commander at

Detroit for fifty dollars each. He further related that the old man was gathering the fruit of the may-apple, and had the bosom of his hunting shirt full at the time. His gun, which he had set against a tree, while picking the fruit, he described as a musket, with iron bands or rings around it; but fearing pursuit, and it being useless to him, he had hidden it in a hollow log a few rods higher up the bank of the creek. The fact of the old man's death was familiar to all present, as the most of them were his companions in the garrison at the time, and were well acquainted with the circumstances. It seems he was out near the garrison, just at evening, hunting his cow, contrary to the advice and remonstrances of the other inmates, who were aware of Indians being in the vicinity, and stated the danger of thus exposing himself. But being a headstrong as well as a brave man, he disregarded their fears. He had been absent but a short time when the sharp crack of a rifle was heard.

It was known at once for that of an Indian, as the gun of the old man was a musket, and its report easily distinguished from that of a rifle, especially by woodsmen. The garrison contained but three or four men, but several women and children. And as it was nearly dark, and the force of the Indians unknown, no search was made for him till the following morning, when he was found dead and scalped, with his bosom filled with may-apples, which he was busily engaged in gathering for his children, at the time, as stated by Silver Heels. It so chanced that a son of the old man, now a robust forester, and whose name was Sherman, was present listening to the Indian's narration. To satisfy himself as to the truth of the story, and of his being the actual murderer of his father, he returned directly home, and making diligent search on the spot pointed out as the place where the gun was concealed, he found under some rotten wood where the tree had lain, the barrel, lock, and rings of his

father's gun, then lying there about eight years, thus confirming the truth of the Indian's statement. A few days after this, the dead body of the old warrior was found in a by-path in the woods, pierced by a rifle bullet. Thus ended the days of "Silver Heels;" but his name will be remembered as long as the ripple shall remain in the bed of the Muskingum.

"LOGAN'S SPRING."

The following anecdote of Logan, the celebrated Mingo chief, is so characteristic of his magnanimity and genuine love of the whites, that it is well worth preserving. When not goaded to madness by the cruelties of the Americans, and under that all-absorbing passion, revenge, he was one of the most mild and kind-hearted of men. That particular injury being canceled, benevolence and kindly feelings, often predominant even in the savage heart, returned in full force, and all former

injuries were forgotten. Could a disciple of Spurzheim get possession of this savage hero's skull, the organ of benevolence, as well as that of combativeness, would be found largely developed. In Ligonier Valley, Mifflin county, Pennsylvania, on the Kishaquoquillas Creek, a tributary of the Juniata, about the year 1767, lived Mr. Samuel Maclay, a noted hunter and surveyor of wild lands. He was a man of uncommon activity and courage, and stood high in the estimation of the early settlers of that remote part of the State. After the war of the Revolution, he was for several years Speaker of the Senate of Pennsylvania. Soon after the capture of Fort Pitt, and before peace was finally concluded with the Indian tribes engaged on the side of the French, Mr. Maclay was out on a surveying excursion in Ligonier Valley. One evening after a fatiguing day's march, examining the country, and fixing the boundaries of lots, he encamped in a fine open wood, near a large spring which rushed pure

and limpid from the earth, in a hollow way between two low hills. After eating his supper of broiled venison, and drinking heartily from the spring, he stretched himself on a fresh bed of leaves, with his feet to the fire, and slept very quietly. Early in the morning he was suddenly awakened from his refreshing slumbers, by the low growl of his faithful dog, who lay crouched by his side. As he opened his eyes in the direction of the first rays of the morning light, the figure of a large Indian was seen in bold relief against the clear sky, only a few rods from him, on the top of the low hill opposite. He was in the act of cocking his gun, with the barrel resting on his left arm, and at the same time looking intently on Mr. Maclay. Surprised, but not dismayed, he seized the rifle which lay by his side and sprang upon his feet. The Indian still stood in the same posture, without any attempt to tree, or further motion of firing. They both remained in the same attitude, a few moments, closely

eyeing each other. At length the Indian slowly opened the pan of his rifle and threw out the powder — Maclay did the same — and laying down his gun, approached the Indian with outstretched hand in token of peace. The warrior also made the same movement, and all enmity disappeared immediately. This Indian was the celebrated Logan, afterward so cruelly treated by white men. The spring near which this incident occurred is still called "Logan's Spring." They remained for many years after, and till the encroachments of civilization drove the Indians far west, warm and devoted friends. The descendants of Mr. Maclay, from one of whom I received the anecdote, still venerate the name of Logan.

FIRST SETTLEMENT AT MARIETTA.

In the Spring of the year 1836 I was in Marietta on the 7th of April, a day hallowed as the one on which a little band of adventurers, the advance guard of the present great

State of Ohio, and consisting of only forty-seven persons, landed at the mouth of the Muskingum. This little band was led by General Rufus Putnam, one of the directors of "the Ohio Company," and subsequently Surveyor-General to the United States. He was the intimate and highly-esteemed friend of the great Washington. Under his direction a strong stockaded garrison was built on the brow of the elevated plain, about half a mile above the mouth of the Muskingum, and called "Campus Martius." Within the walls of this citadel, two or three hundred of men, women, and children lived during the Indian war which broke out in 1790. This day was for many years after scrupulously celebrated by all the inhabitants, with games at foot-racing, wrestling, and cricket ball by day, and a hearty round of dancing in the evening, at which the vigorous and active limbs of the young females found a fascinating and healthy amusement. The Governor of the North-West Territory, of which

this was for a short time the capital, and the commander of the troops stationed in Fort Harmar, honored and encouraged them by their presence. In imitation of the ancient Greeks, these athletic amusements were greatly encouraged at that day, for the purpose of inuring the limbs of the youth to violent exercises, that they might be the better enabled to contend with the supple and active frames of the savages, if ever called into personal contact, as they were daily liable to be.

For four years the inhabitants of Marietta and Belpre lived within the walls of their garrisons, in a condition very similar to those of a besieged city; and, although not closely invested by an Indian army, no one could leave the walls of the fort without hazard from the rifle or tomahawk of an Indian. They were continually lurking around and watching for the unwary white man, several of whom fell victims to their temerity in venturing too far from the defenses. The garrisons were so

strongly built, and so carefully defended by brave and experienced men, many of whom had served through the war of the Revolution, that the Indians never made a formal attack. By constant familiarity with danger, we lose much of our fear for its consequences. The men became more careless in exposing themselves at work in their fields, and were sometimes shot at; although one was generally placed as a sentry on the top of a high stump in the center of the field. Even the young women caught the same spirit of fearlessness, and, tired with the monotony of a garrison life, were pleased with almost any change; so much so that from their own lips I have had narrated to me the high spirits and delight which they felt in hearing the drums beat, and the alarm gun fired, as the signal that the Indians were in the vicinity, and there was put in motion all the hurry and bustle of an actual attack. Seeing no immediate danger, nor any signs of fear in those around them, they happily felt

none themselves; and enjoyed the stirring scene with far more zest than the females of modern days enjoy a military parade.

This day, so long honored and kept in remembrance by our predecessors, had for a number of years been neglected; but thanks to the impulse given at Cincinnati in 1835, by a few patriotic and high-minded men, it has again revived. The assembly on this occasion at Marietta was numerous, and the large Congregational church filled to overflowing to witness the ceremonies. Two hundred of this number were made up from the youth of the college and the young ladies' academy, which have sprung up in this place, and the inmates of which were all born many years since the yell of the savage was last heard on the shores of the Muskingum. Among the actors of the day, I noticed several of the pioneers and hardy borderers of 1788, whose venerable, but yet robust frames still remained as living specimens of "the days which tried men's souls,"

as well as their courage. Some of these men had been living on the Ohio River for several years before that time, especially Peter Anderson and John Burroughs, who acted as rangers, or "spies" for the Ohio Company during the war from 1790 to 1795.

One of the most dangerous and fatiguing employments ever consigned to man, was that of traversing the wilderness, singly or in pairs, in search of North American Indians. The life of the ranger was in continual jeopardy from the ambush of the savage; and every tree presented a point from behind which his enemy could unseen hurl upon him wounds and death. And yet there were many men who loved the occupation merely because it was dangerous. A service devoid of hazard was in their estimation without interest, and only fit for women and cowards. Of these men a very few only are left. The robust and still erect frame of Peter Anderson, now seventy-eight years old, clad in a calico Indian hunting shirt, the com-

mon dress of the rangers, was there; a noble specimen of what man has been, and perhaps may be again when the same causes shall call them into existence.

To the courage and activity of "the spies," a frontier name for rangers, the early colonists at Marietta, Belpre, and Belleville, were greatly indebted for their safety. Their daily excursions to the distance of twenty and thirty miles through the wilderness, gave the inhabitants notice of the approach of the Indians in time to prepare for an attack. During this service several Indians were killed, and a few of the rangers lost their lives. Of those who first landed here on the 7th of April, although two or three hundred came on in the course of the year, four individuals only were present. Their gray locks and attenuated frames bore solemn proofs of the work of time. When we look at the vast improvements, and the multitudes that now people the places which were then covered by dense forests, we wonder that any of those

who flourished in that day should still be living at this.

Arius Nye, Esq., whose father is yet living, and was among the early adventurers, delivered a very animated and eloquent address, detailing the early history of the Ohio Company and their progress at this place, disclosing many facts not generally known, and which will form an interesting chapter in the history of Marietta, that he is preparing for publication. The ceremonies of the day being finished, the company partook of a substantial dinner in the large hall of I. Lewis; the walls of which were decorated with two fine oil paintings, of old Fort Harmar, and Campus Martius. Among the numerous sentiments given was one sent in by Francis Devol, who was prevented by sickness from being present. His father, Captain Jonathan Devol, was one of the forty-seven who first landed here on the 7th of April, and his mother, with several other heroic women, came on with their families in the Autumn

following, and were here during all the Indian war. His parents have been dead several years, as are nearly all the matrons of that early day. The sentiment given was a brief one, but embraced thoughts and materials for volumes. It was simply, "*our mothers;*" and I am happy to say was received with that deep feeling which the subject merited. Dr. Hildreth, when called upon, gave "the memory of Isaac Williams," accompanied with the following brief sketch of the biography of this noble old pioneer, and some historical incidents illustrating the times in which he lived.

CHAPTER IX.

PIONEER BIOGRAPHY.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

At this interesting festival, hallowed as the day on which our forefathers first landed on these shores, and endeared to their descendants by many touching recollections, we can not do better in honoring it than by calling up the names and recounting some of the scenes of that far-distant period.

On the canvas which decorates that wall I see shadowed forth by the hand of the artist the humble dwelling and the early "clearing" of one who, although not forming a portion of the enterprising company that landed at the mouth of the Muskingum, and whose trials and whose firmness have been so ably delineated by the eloquent address of the orator of the day,

was yet here in the wilderness before them, ready to endure privations and to brave danger. That little spot, Mr. President, was the "clearing"* of Isaac Williams, made nearly two years before the landing of the company, and only a few months after the building of Fort Harmar, in the Autumn of 1786. This painting, copied from a drawing made by the Hon. Joseph Gillman in the year 1790, gives an accurate view of old Fort Harmar and the surrounding scenery as it appeared at that early day.

Mr. Williams took possession of his forest domain the 26th of March, 1787. It is the memory of this man which I rise to pledge, and some few of whose good deeds and daring adventures I desire to commemorate.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, Isaac Williams was born in the principality of Wales, not far from the year 1736. He immigrated to

* The "clearing" was opposite the mouth of Muskingum River, in Virginia, and formed a part of the painting.

America when quite young, as he was known to some of the family of Mr. Joseph Tomlinson, many years before they settled in Western Virginia, by the name of "the Welsh boy." He lost his father soon after, when his mother married a Mr. Buckley, and moved west of the mountains.

Mr. Williams was among the earliest adventurers from the Shenandoah River to the waters of the Monongahela; and becoming acquainted with Rebecca, the daughter of Mr. Joseph Tomlinson, was married to her about the year 1767. In this noble-minded woman he found a spirit congenial to his own—a stranger to fear, and yet full of kind and benevolent feelings. For several years she had been the housekeeper of her two brothers, surrounded by dangers on the frontier settlements amid the Indians, and often, when they were absent on war and hunting parties, for many days entirely alone. By this marriage they had only one child, a daughter who was born January 29, 1788, two months

before the arrival of the Ohio Company. This was probably the first white child born on the banks of the Ohio, between Grave Creek and the mouth of Big Sandy River, and may emphatically be called the child of his old age, as he was then fifty-two years old, and had been married about twenty years. Drusilla, the only hope of her aged parents, married Mr. John Henderson, and died young, leaving no issue to bear up the family name.

In person Mr. Williams was of the medium size, with an upright frame, and robust, muscular limbs; his features firm and strongly marked, with a taciturn and quiet manner. In his habits he was remarkably abstemious and temperate. Instead of the more common and fashionable beverage of tea and coffee, he used altogether milk or water at his meals. To such simple palates stimulating drinks have no enticements; so that temperance with them is a native, inborn virtue. These primitive habits account for his almost uniform good health and

great age. From early youth he was much attached to hunting, and to distant and solitary rambles in the deep forests of the West—pursuing the chase of the buffalo and the bear, and trapping the sagacious beaver. In these excursions, and in making locations of "rights," as the early land entries of Virginia were then called, and which extended to both banks of the Ohio, many of the most active years of his life were passed.

In the Fall of the year 1780 or '81—my informant, Mrs. Elizabeth Tomlinson, now a very aged woman, but who then lived in that vicinity, is not certain which—Mr. Williams was engaged in the following adventure at the mouth of Grave Creek.

STORY OF JOHN WETZEL.

John Wetzel, a younger brother of Lewis, the celebrated ranger and Indian hunter, then about sixteen years old, with a neighboring boy of about the same age, were in search of

horses that had strayed away in the woods on Wheeling Creek, where the parents of John then lived. One of the stray animals was a mare with a young foal, belonging to John's sister, which she promised to give to John as a reward for finding the mare. While on this service they were captured by a party of three Indians, who, having accidentally found the horses, caught them and placed them in a thicket, expecting that their bells would attract the notice of their owners, and they should then easily capture them, as well as the horses, or take their scalps. The horse was always a favorite object with the savage, as not only facilitating his own escape from pursuit, but also assisting him in carrying off the plunder.

The boys, hearing the well-known tinkle of the bells, approached the spot where the Indians lay concealed, congratulating themselves on their good luck in so readily finding the strays, and were immediately seized by the Indians. John, in attempting to escape, was

shot through the arm. On their march to the Ohio his companion made so much lamentation and moaning on account of his captivity, that the Indians dispatched him with their tomahawks; while John, who had once before been taken prisoner and escaped, made light of it, and went along cheerfully with his wounded arm. The party struck the Ohio River early the following morning at a point near the mouth of Grave Creek, and just below the clearing of Mr. Tomlinson.

Here they found some fat hogs, and killing two put them into a canoe they had stolen—two Indians taking possession of the canoe with their prisoner, while the other Indian was occupied in swimming the horses across the river. While amusing themselves at the squealing of some young pigs, and talking and laughing very loud, they were overheard by Isaac Williams and Hamilton Kerr, who had passed the night at Mr. Tomlinson's, and were then on the look-out for signs of Indians.

Kerr first hearing the noise ran ahead, and coming nearly opposite the canoe at once discovered the cause, and without a moment's delay discharged his rifle at the Indian who was steering it with such fatal effect that he fell dead into the river. Mr. Williams came up immediately after and shot the other Indian, who fell into the bottom of the canoe.

By this time Kerr had again loaded his rifle, and was drawing up to shoot John, who he supposed was also an Indian, when he cried out, "Don't shoot; I am a prisoner." He was then told to paddle the canoe to shore, to which he answered, "My right arm is shot through the elbow, and is useless." The canoe, however, soon drifted into shoal water, when John jumped out and waded to the shore. The boat floated on undisturbed, and was finally taken up near the Falls of the Ohio, with the two dead hogs still in it. The Indian who fell into the water was taken out just below and scalped.

BIOGRAPHY CONTINUED.

This is a single sample of the many similar adventures in which Mr. Williams was for several years engaged. He seldom spoke of his own exploits, and when related they generally came from the lips of his companions. There was only one situation in which he could be induced to relax his natural reserve, and freely narrate the romantic and hazardous adventures which had befallen him in his hunting and war excursions in all parts of the Western wilderness, and that was when encamped by the evening fire in some remote spot, after the toils of the day were closed, and the supper of venison and bear's meat finished. Here, while reclining on a bed of fresh-fallen leaves beneath the lofty branches of the forest, his body and mind felt a freedom that the "hut" and the "clearing" could not give; but surrounded by the works of God, with no listener save the stars and his companion, the spirit of

narration came upon him, and for hours he would rehearse the most thrilling and heart-moving details of his youthful and early adventures by forest, flood, and field. In this manner the late Mr. Alexander Henderson, whose worth and whose kind and gentlemanly manners were well known to most of us, informed me he had passed with Mr. Williams some of the most interesting hours of his life, while hunting on the heads of the Little Kanawha. His romantic and chivalrous spirit could well appreciate the value of such daring deeds.

With the foresight of a reflecting mind, Mr. Williams had taken possession of a large tract of land on the left bank of the Ohio, opposite the mouth of the Muskingum; had erected cabins; made a clearing; and was living on it with his family, as I have already said, at the time the Ohio Company took possession at Marietta.

Among his many kind and neighborly acts to the first settlers and pioneers of Ohio, those

of the year 1790 display his benevolence and single-heartedness in the most pleasing light. From the destructive effects of an untimely frost in September of the year 1789, the crops of corn were greatly injured, and where late planted entirely ruined.

FAMINE AMONG THE COLONISTS.

In the Spring and Summer of 1790 the inhabitants, whose time had been chiefly occupied in erecting dwellings and stockaded garrisons, and of course had cleared but little land, began to suffer from the want of food, especially wholesome breadstuff. The Indians were becoming troublesome, and rendered it hazardous boating provisions from the older settlements on the Monongahela. Many families had no other meal than that made from moldy corn, and were sometimes destitute even of this, for several days in succession. This moldy corn was sold at a dollar per bushel, and when ground on their *hand mills* and made into

bread few stomachs were able to digest, or even to retain it for a few minutes. My esteemed friend, C. Devol, Esq., who is now seated at this festive board, and who was then a small boy, has often narrated with much feeling his gastronomic trials with this moldy meal, made into a dish called "*sap-porridge;*" but which, when made with sweet corn-meal and the fresh saccharine juice of the maple, afforded both a nourishing and a savory dish. The family, then living at Belpre, had been without bread for two days, when his father returned from Marietta with a scanty supply of moldy corn. The hand mill of "Farmers' Castle," the name of the garrison, was immediately put in operation, and the meal cooked into "sap-porridge," as it was then the season of sugar-making. The famished children eagerly swallowed the unsavory mess, which was almost as immediately rejected—reminding us of the deadly pottage of the children of the prophet, but lacking the healing power of an

Elisha to render it salutary and nutritious. Disappointed of expected relief, the poor children went supperless to bed, to dream of savory food and plenteous meals, unrealized by their waking hours.

It was during this period of want that Mr. Williams displayed his benevolent feelings for the suffering colonists. From the circumstance of his being in the country earlier he had more ground cleared, and had raised a large crop of corn. This he now distributed among the inhabitants for three shillings a bushel, when at the same time he was offered a dollar by a speculator for his whole crop. Man has ever fattened on the distresses of his fellows. "Dod-rot him!" said the old hunter; "I would not let him have a bushel."* He not only parted with his corn at this cheap rate, but he also

* This was a mode of expression used by Mr. Williams when his feelings were much excited. He had the greatest abhorrence of profanity; and I recollect distinctly of once hearing him reprove with great severity a boatman who was guilty of this unmanly vice.

prudently proportioned the number of bushels according to the number of individuals in a family. An empty purse was no bar to the needy applicant, but his wants were equally supplied with those who had money, and a credit given till more favorable times should enable him to discharge the debt.

During this season of privation, I have heard some of our present inhabitants, who were then children, relate with what anxiety, from day to day, they watched the tardy growth of the corn, beans, and squashes, and with what rapture they partook of the first dish prepared from vegetables of their own raising! Disinterested benevolence, such as we have been admiring in Mr. Williams, is confined to no country, nor to any age, but flourishes with the greatest vigor in the hut of the forester, and amidst the inhabitants of an exposed frontier. Common danger creates community of feeling and of interest; and I have no doubt that our forefathers, could they again speak, would say that

the years passed by them in garrison, surrounded by danger and privation, were some of the most interesting, if not the most happy, of their lives.

SIMPLE HABITS.

But to return to the object of these remarks. Mr. Williams retained a relish for hunting to his latest days; and whenever a little unwell, forsaking his comfortable home, would take his rifle and dog, retire to the woods, and encamping by some clear stream, remain there drinking the pure water, and eating such food as his rifle procured, till his health was restored. Medicine he never took, except such simples as the forest afforded. The untrod wilderness was for him full of charms, and before the close of the Revolutionary war he had hunted over all parts of the Valley of the Ohio as low down as the Mississippi. Respected by all for his benevolence and simplicity of manners, the days of Mr. Williams passed silently along

in the cultivation and improvement of the plantation his own prowess had rescued from the wilderness. During the Indian war from 1790 to 1795 he remained unmolested in his cabin, protected in some measure from attack by the Ohio River and the proximity of Fort Harmar. Many years before his death he liberated all his slaves, and by his will left valuable tokens of his love and good feeling for the oppressed and despised African. Full of years and of good deeds, and strong in the faith of a blessed immortality through the atoning blood of his Redeemer, he resigned his spirit to Him who gave it on the 25th of September, 1820, aged eighty-four years; and was buried in a beautiful grove on his own plantation, surrounded by the trees he so dearly loved when living.

HAMILTON KERR.

Hamilton Kerr, the man referred to in the preceding sketch of Isaac Williams, was another of those stout-hearted and iron-sided

men who seem to have been providentially raised up to meet the exigencies of the time in which they lived. It is doubtless one of the laws of nature that all its productions shall be fitted to the climate and soil in which they are placed. The law holds equally good when applied to man. In times of violence, tumult, and strife, the mind and body of man are so constituted as to be readily accommodated to the emergency which requires their service. In peaceable and quiet seasons the passions are lulled into repose, and we dream not that such stern hearts can be found who can look on bloodshed and slaughter with composure; yet such has ever been the condition of poor human nature. It is the animal triumphing over the rational; the fiendish portion of our being overcoming the spiritual and the angelic. Without the holy and purifying precepts of Christianity, subduing and suppressing the animal propensities, man would ever remain a degraded and brutish being; with the aid of this Divine gift

he can be taught to overcome his most violent passions, and to love and do good to those who have heaped upon him the greatest injuries. Even in his savage state, kind and benevolent feelings toward an enemy are sometimes seen; so that the Creator did not leave man without some redeeming qualities, although they have been strangely perverted.

Hamilton Kerr was the intimate friend of Isaac Williams; and, although many years younger, there was not only that sympathy of feeling which a similar occupation produces, but also that mutual regard which generous and brave men ever entertain for each other. For days and months they had traversed the wilderness together, pursuing the chase of the bear, the buffalo, and the deer, and side by side had fought the common enemy of the country. He was a tall, athletic man, possessed of great muscular power, and one of those brave pioneers who acted as rangers for the garrisons at Marietta and Belpre during the Indian war; a man

whose heart never knew fear, and would have borne the torture by fire at the stake with the same uncomplaining fortitude and contempt of pain as the savage himself. From a similarity of pursuits, and by frequent intercourse in times of peace, many of the Western borderers had insensibly imbibed a large share of that stoical philosophy so peculiar to the savages of North America. But fortunately Mr. Kerr was not put to the test, although often in danger from the rifles of his enemies. Several Indians were known to have fallen by his hands in the vicinity of the garrisons.

After the close of the war he settled on a farm in Meigs county, Ohio, near the mouth of a creek which still bears his name, and is well known to all who navigate the Ohio as "Kerr's Run." Although he had no advantages of education, yet, like many of the sons of the forest, he possessed superior intellectual powers. He stood high in the estimation of the public, and for many years held the office of a magis-

trate, bestowed upon him by the free suffrages of his neighbors, as a mark of their confidence in his integrity and talents. He died a few years since, greatly lamented as one of the early friends and protectors of the infant West.

CHAPTER X.

LEGENDS OF BORDER HISTORY.

LEGEND OF "CARPENTER'S BAR."

Six miles above Marietta, at a broad expansion in the Ohio River, is the location of "Carpenter's Bar," a spot much dreaded by all steamboat pilots in low stages of the water. It took its name from a tragical event which occurred in the early settlement of the country, near the mouth of a small stream, which puts into the Ohio opposite the bar. This stream is called "Carpenter's Run." The inhabitants of Marietta having migrated from a distant part of the United States, were not in a condition to bring many domestic animals with them, and those they did bring were generally stolen from them, or shot down in the woods by the Indians. This state of destitution for several

years after the settlement in 1788, opened a favorable market for cattle to the older settlements on the western branch of the Monongahela River, in the vicinity of the present town of Clarksburg, Virginia.

In this region, especially on "the Elk," and "the West Fork," settlements had been made as early as the year 1772; and many large farms were opened, and numerous herds of cattle grown in the rich hills of that country, which has ever been famous for its fine grazing lands. It is distant about eighty miles in nearly a due east direction from the mouth of the Muskingum. Several droves had been sent in as early as the year 1790. Among others engaged in this business was Nicholas Carpenter, a native of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, who had been one of the first settlers of this remote region. He was a man of great energy and activity, and took the lead in all business transactions; having not only a large farm, with eighty or one hundred acres of cleared

land, with a fine orchard, but a small store of dry goods. He carried on a smithery, and gun making, at which he worked himself; and also employed a hatter, shoemaker, and clothier, all on his own premises. For so remote a spot, and so early a day, Mr. Carpenter may well be considered a man of much importance to the society among which he dwelt. He was not only a business man, but also a pious man—commencing and closing the labors of each day by prayer and praise to his Maker for the favors he received in this world, and the cheering hope of immortality promised him in the Gospel among the blessed in the next.

At the period of the event which I am about to relate, he was the father of eleven children, all by one mother. In those days such families were not uncommon. Every thing was in its prime. The virgin soil brought forth by hundred-fold; and mankind multiplied the more rapidly, not only from their simple food and active lives, but also from the continual dangers that

surrounded them. As a sample of the fecundity of the climate, there were living about twenty-eight years ago—soon after the period of my settling on the Ohio River, a little below the mouth of Fishing Creek in Virginia—two brothers by the name of Wells, whose united progeny amounted to forty-seven; one brother having twenty-four and the other twenty-three children. The two families used to fill one school-house themselves. They, however, had each of them a second wife; and a number of the children are yet living in that vicinity.

The latter part of September, in the year 1791, Mr. Carpenter left home for Marietta with a large drove of cattle. This place he had visited twice before on the same business. He had in company with him, to assist in driving the cattle through the wilderness by a path, on each side of which the trees had been marked, five men, and his little son, Nicholas, then only ten years of age. He was, however, an uncommonly-active boy, and often traversed

the woods on horseback, to the distance of twenty and thirty miles, all alone on the business of his father. As the Indians were then hostile, he was warned of the danger by his mother, who was very sorry to part with him, but he pleaded so earnestly to go, and playfully answered that he could easily escape on his little horse if attacked, which was very swift of foot, that she finally consented. The names of the men who accompanied him were Jesse Hughes, George Leggett, John Paul, Burns, and Ellis. They had traveled three days without any signs of danger, and were approaching within sight of the Ohio River, and only six miles from the mouth of the Muskingum, when they encamped for the night on the banks of a small run, a short distance from its mouth—considering themselves as safe from attack, and their journey in a manner completed. Their horses were *hoppled* and turned loose to feed in the vicinity of the camp, on the wild pea vine and tall plants with which the woods were

filled at that day; while the drove of cattle lay around and browsed, or ruminated after their weary travel, as best suited their several inclinations.

While they are thus quietly resting we will travel to another part of the forest. It so happened that not far from the time of their leaving home with the drove, a marauding party of six Shawnee Indians, headed as was afterward ascertained, by Tecumseh, then about twenty years of age, and finally so celebrated for bravery and talents, crossed the Ohio River a short distance above the mouth of the Little Kanawha. They had left Old Chillicothe, a noted Indian town on the Scioto River, with the intention of making a foray on the west branch of the Monongahela, for the purpose of stealing horses and killing the inhabitants. Passing by "Neal's Station" on the Kanawha, they met with a colored boy of Mr. Neal's, about fourteen years old, who was at some distance from the house collecting the cows,

it being just at evening. They took him a prisoner and forced him to go along with them, but did no other mischief lest alarm should be given and pursuit made, and the main object of their excursion be frustrated. The route from Kanawha to the west branch was well known to the Indians and all the old hunters. And although the country was a continued wilderness, their main war paths were as familiar to them as our modern turnpikes are to travelers. On this route a part of the old Indian trail, for nearly twenty miles, lies on the top of a narrow ridge, now known to all this region as "Dry Ridge." It is so named from its being destitute of any water for all this distance, and is the dividing line between the streams which fall into Hughes River on one side, and those which flow into Middle-Island Creek on the other.

I well remember traveling on this ridge thirty years ago. It was to visit a patient thirty-two miles from Marietta, and we reached our desti-

nation a little before midnight. The sick man was in the agonies of death, and expired shortly after. The house, a small log-cabin, was so crowded with visitors, and there was so much talking and noise that I could not sleep, and concluded to mount my horse and return. It was the last of October, and a clear starlight night, about two o'clock, and was not the less dreary from my being all alone, and the recollection of the scene I had just witnessed. There was not a house for twenty miles. Ever and anon the howl of a wolf, or the shrill yell of a panther, only a few rods from the path, made both the horse and the rider prick up their ears. After a solitary ride of four hours I reached a cabin at the foot of the ridge, where on inquiry I learned that a great many deer had been lately killed along the ridge, and that an unusual number of wolves, attracted by the smell of the blood, had assembled to feast on the offal. This path was then pointed out to me as "the old Indian trail," and was

doubtless the same along which Tecumseh and his party had marched.

But to return from this episode. Before they reached the waters of the Monongahela Frank, the black boy, became much tired with his long walk, when the Indians, to encourage him, promised him a horse to ride on their return. Soon after leaving the ridge they came upon the trail of Mr. Carpenter's drove, and thinking them a caravan of new settlers on their way to the Ohio, they immediately gave up any further progress east, and turned with great energy and high spirits on the fresh large trail, which they saw had been made only the day before. So broad was the track made by the drove of more than a hundred cattle and six or seven horses, that they followed it without difficulty all night, and came upon the cattle and the camp fire a little before day.

Previously to commencing the attack they took the precaution of securing the black boy with thongs to a stout sapling, a short distance

from the camp, telling him if he made any noise the tomahawk would be his fate. The tramping and noise of the cattle assisted the Indians in making their approaches to reconnoiter the camp, as their own movements would be blended with those of the cattle in the ears of the sentries, had there been any. But this precaution they had not taken, as they in fact considered themselves in no danger. Tecumseh, with the caution that ever after distinguished him, placed his men behind the trunk of a large fallen tree, only a few rods from the camp, where they could watch the movements of their enemies and not be seen themselves. At the first dawn of morning, Carpenter, who was the first to rise, awakened his men, saying it was time to be moving; and when their ablutions were completed, he called them together that they might begin the day with the accustomed acts of devotion. As the men sat around the fire, he commenced reading and singing a hymn, in which the men all joined, from the old "West-

End" Baptist collection, and was in the act of reading the following lines of the third verse:

"Awake our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought begone;
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on."

At this moment the Indians all fired, following the discharge with a most terrific yell, and immediately rushed upon their astonished and unprepared victims with their tomahawks. The fire of the Indians was not very well directed, as it killed only one man, Ellis, from Greenbrier, and wounded John Paul through the hand. Ellis immediately fell, exclaiming, "O Lord! I am killed." The rest sprang to their feet, and before they could all get their rifles, which were standing against a tree, the Indians were among them. Hughes, who had been an old Indian hunter, in his confusion seized on two guns, his own and Mr. Carpenter's, and pushed into the woods with an Indian at his heels. He discharged one of them, but whether

with effect is not known, and threw the other down. Not having completed dressing himself before the attack, his long leather leggins were only fastened to the belt around his waist, but were hanging loose below, and getting between his legs greatly impeded his flight. Finding he should be soon overtaken unless he could rid himself of their incumbrance, he stopped, and placing his foot on the lower ends tore them loose from the belt, leaving his legs naked from the hips downward. This operation, although the work of a moment, nearly cost him his life, for his pursuer, then within a few yards, threw his tomahawk so accurately as to graze his head. Freed from this impediment he soon left his foe far behind and escaped. My informant, a son of Mr. Carpenter, now living in Marietta, but then a small boy, says he well remembers seeing the bullet holes in Hughes's hunting shirt, so narrow was his escape.

John Paul, with his wounded hand, was saved by his superior activity in running. George

Leggett was pursued for nearly four miles, overtaken and killed. Burns, a strong, athletic man, and not much of a runner, was slain near the camp after a desperate resistance, as the vines and weeds were all trampled down for more than a rod square around where he lay. When found a few days after, his stout jack-knife was still clasped in his hand, with which he had doubtless inflicted some wounds on his foes. Mr. Carpenter, although lame, having had his ankle joint shattered by a rifle shot many years before, would have done some execution on his enemies could he have found his rifle, which Hughes in his hurry and confusion had carried off. Although a very brave man, yet without arms he could do nothing, and being too lame for a long race, he sought safety by concealment behind a clump of willows in the bed of the run, but was soon discovered. His little son was also taken near him. They were hurried to the spot where black Frank was left, and both of them killed; the father by the

plunge of a knife, and the son by the stroke of a tomahawk. What led to the slaughter after they had surrendered is not known, but probably from the Indians' thirst for the blood of white men. Negroes when captured by them they seldom killed, but treated kindly, either from pity at their condition, or the fancy that they were, from their color, in some way remotely connected. The body of Mr. Carpenter was found carefully wrapped up in his own new blanket, with a pair of new Indian moccasins on his feet, and his scalp not removed, while all the others had been subjected to this operation. The removal of the scalp is considered the greatest disgrace that can befall a warrior. These marks of respect after his death were shown him by an Indian of the party, whose gun Mr. Carpenter had repaired a few months before, and had refused any compensation for the service. This fact was told to Christopher Carpenter by one of the Indians, many years after, at Urbana, in Ohio.

Tecumseh's party, after collecting the plunder of the camp, retreated in such haste, fearing a pursuit from the garrison at Fort Harmar, that they left all the horses, which had probably scattered in the woods alarmed at the noise of the attack. Before starting from this scene of blood, they sent out one of their number to unloose the black boy Frank, and take him along with them, but to save them this trouble he had already unloosed himself. In the midst of the confusion of the assault, by great exertions he broke the thongs which bound him, and hid himself in a thick patch of tall weeds near by. After all was quiet, and he supposed the Indians had departed, he raised his head cautiously and looked around, when much to his amazement he saw a tall Indian within a few paces of him, but who being occupied with other thoughts fortunately did not see him, and went off in another direction. Frank returned to his master, and died only a few months since. The death of Mr. Carpenter and his

comrades filled the settlement on Monongahela with grief and consternation, for he was greatly esteemed, and his loss for many years deeply lamented.

CHAPTER XI.

MISCELLANEOUS SCRAPS.

DESCRIPTION OF FORT HARMAR.

Fort Harmar was built in the Autumn of the year 1786, by a detachment of United States troops under the command of Lieut.-Col. Harmar. The form of the fort was pentagonal, or five-sided, with a bastion of the same form at each corner. The walls or curtains between the bastions were each about one hundred and twenty feet in length and twelve feet high, constructed of hewed logs. The barracks for the soldiers were built against the curtains, the walls of which formed the outside of the buildings, while the roofs descended within, throwing the rain-water inside the inclosure. The rooms in these were large, forming ample quarters for the troops, and buildings

for the provisions and stores. The bastions were constructed with large palisades, made of the trunks of trees set upright in the earth, and of an equal hight with the curtains; the sides of the bastions measured about forty feet each, the outlines of which are still distinctly marked in the earth where they stood. Convenient dwelling-houses for the officers were built in each bastion, with two rooms at least twenty feet square. An arsenal was built, near the center of the fort, of logs covered with earth, for the protection of the powder, and was a kind of *bomb-proof* structure. The main gate was placed on the side next the river, and a sally-port on that looking toward the hill, which is distant about eighty rods.

In the center of that line of barracks which stood in the curtain next the Muskingum, and which was probably the guard-house, there arose a square tower like a cupola, in which was stationed the sentry. Cannon were mounted in the bastions—four and six-pounders—so as

to rake the curtains in case of an assault. The main or water gate was at least fifty feet from the edge of the second bank of the river, whence the surface gradually sloped down about eight feet to the first bank, similar to what now is seen above the ferry. On this first bank or bottom stood three large log buildings, which were occupied by the artisans of the fort as blacksmith's, wheelwright's, and carpenter's shops; a few yards beyond these buildings was the verge of the river bank. All this original space between the river and the fort had been washed away some years since by the crumbling of the loose earth, against which the waters of the Ohio rushed with great violence during the times of high floods. At this period the old well, which was dug in the middle of the works, is seen projecting from the upright face of the bank from the gradual waste of fifty years, and has partly tumbled down the slope; in a few years more it will all be gone. Shots of four and six pounds are still picked

up in the soil, and were probably buried when the troops under General Harmar left the place in the year 1790. In the rear of the fort, but close to the walls, were laid out nice gardens, and cultivated by the soldiers; in these were grown many varieties of culinary vegetables, and very superior peaches, planted by Major Doughty. At that time the virgin soil produced fruit from the wood of three years' growth. A fine variety of peach is still known about Marietta by the name of "the Doughty peach." The Major was a tasteful horticulturist as well as a brave soldier.

This continual crumbling of the banks has widened the mouth of the Muskingum River more than two hundred feet; the effect of which has been that a dry sand-bar or island now occupies the spot where once, previous to the building of the fort, the water in the Summer months was ten or twelve feet deep, with a smooth rock bottom. The huge sycamore trees, as they reclined over the water on the

opposite shores, nearly touched their tops; and to a person passing hastily by in the middle of the Ohio the mouth of the Muskingum would be hardly noticed, so deeply was it enshrouded by these giants of the forest.

About the year 1800 there was found in the mouth of the Muskingum, by a boy who was bathing, a plate of lead of several pounds weight, on which was engraven a Latin inscription, indicating that formal possession was taken of the country in the name of the king of France; but whether by Louis XIV or XV, or in what year, my informant had forgotten, although it was found by one of his own sons. It would have been a very interesting relic, but was unfortunately destroyed several years since by being melted and cast into rifle bullets. It seems that this was a common mode of taking possession of a new country by the early discoverers; the leaden tablet being either fastened to a large wooden cross set up on the shore, or else thrown into the mouth of the

stream. Several tragical events transpired during the war in the vicinity of the fort; among others, the one in which the late Governor Meigs was an actor is worthy of being recited among the contributions to the early history of the Valley of the Ohio.

THE ESCAPE OF R. J. MEIGS, ESQ.

During the whole war it was customary for the inmates of all the garrisons to cultivate considerable fields of corn and other vegetables near the walls of their defenses; although a very hazardous pursuit, it was preferable to starvation. For a part of the time no provisions could be obtained from the older settlements above on the Monongahela and Ohio; sometimes from scarcity among the settlers themselves; and was procured at great hazard from the attack of the Indians, who watched the river for the capture of boats. Another reason was the want of money, many of the early inhabitants having spent a large share of

their funds in the journey to Ohio, and for the purchase of lands; so that necessity, the mother of many good and many bad things, compelled them to plant their fields. The war having commenced so soon after their arrival, and at a period entirely unexpected—as a formal treaty had been made with the Indian tribes at Marietta in 1789—and no stores being laid up for future use, it fell upon them quite unprepared. So desperate were their circumstances at one period that serious thoughts were entertained of evacuating the country by many of the leading men of the colony.

In this state of affairs Mr. Meigs, then a young lawyer, and but recently married, was forced to lay aside the gown, and take up, like Cincinnatus, the sword and the plow; although at that time but little plowing was done, as much of the corn was raised by planting the rich loose soil among the stumps, after burning off the logs and brush. Even by this simple process large crops were invariably pro-

duced; so that nearly all the implements needed by the farmer were the ax and the hoe.

Early in June, 1792, it so happened that Mr. Meigs, whose residence was in "Campus Martius," had been at work in a field of corn which he had planted on the west side of the Muskingum, in the vicinity of Fort Harmar. Having finished the labor of the day, just before night, he with his companion, Joseph Symonds, and a black boy, an apprentice, whom he had brought with him from Connecticut, set out on their return to the garrison. After leaving the field there was a considerable piece of forest to pass through between the "clearing" and the spot where their canoe was fastened to the shore, opposite the fort where they dwelt. Symonds and the boy were unarmed; Mr. Meigs carried a small fowling-piece, which he had taken to the field for the purpose of shooting a wild turkey, which bird at that day abounded in such immense numbers as would hardly be credited at this day. Flocks of sev-

eral hundred individuals were not uncommon in the Autumn, and of a size and fatness that would have excited the admiration of an epicure of any period of the world — even of Apicus himself. Meeting, however, with no turkeys, he had discharged his gun at a squirrel.

Just at this juncture two Indians, who had been for some time watching their movements, sprung into the path behind them, and unperceived fired and shot Symonds through the shoulder. He, being a superior swimmer, rushed down the bank and into the Muskingum River, when, turning on his back, he was enabled to keep himself on the surface till he had floated down near to Fort Harmar, where he was taken up by the soldiers in a canoe. His wound, although a dangerous one, was healed, and I knew him twenty years after. The black boy followed Symonds into the water as far as he could wade; being, however, no swimmer, he was unable to get out

of the reach of the Indian who shot at them, but was seized and dragged on shore. The Indians were very desirous of making him a prisoner, and taking him along with them, while he as obstinately refused, and made so much resistance, as they tried to drag him along, that finding they should by longer delay be in danger themselves from the rangers at the garrison, who were firing at them from the opposite shore, they reluctantly tomahawked and scalped him.

From some accident it seems that only one of the Indian warriors was armed with a rifle; the other had only a tomahawk and knife. After Symonds was shot Mr. Meigs immediately faced about in order to escape to the fort. The warrior armed with his hatchet had placed himself between him and this refuge, and cut off his retreat. Clubbing his gun, he rushed upon the Indian, aiming a blow at his head, which the Indian returned with his hatchet. From the rapidity of the movement

neither of them were much injured, although it staggered them considerably, but not so much as to bring either to the ground. Instantly recovering from the shock, Mr. Meigs pursued his course to the fort, with the Indian close at his heels. He was in the vigor of his life, and had by previous practice become a very swift runner. His foe was also very fleet, and among the most active of their warriors, as such only were sent into the settlements on marauding excursions. The race continued for the distance of sixty or eighty rods with little advantage on either side, when Mr. Meigs gradually increased his distance ahead, and leaping across a small run which intersected the path, the Indian stopped, threw his hatchet, which narrowly missed its object, and gave up the chase with one of those fierce yells which rage and disappointment both served to sharpen. So shrill and loud was the cry that it was distinctly heard at both the forts.

About eight years since an Indian tomahawk

was plowed up near this very spot, and was most probably the one thrown at Mr. Meigs, as the pursuit from Fort Harmar was so immediate on hearing the shots and the Indian war-cry that he had no time to search for it. With the scalp of the poor black boy the Indians ascended the abrupt side of the hill which overlooked the garrison, and, shouting defiance to their foes, escaped into the thick forest, where pursuit would have been hopeless. The excitement was very great in the garrisons, and taught the inmates a useful lesson — that of being better armed and more on their guard when they ventured out on their agricultural avocations.

Had Mr. Meigs tried any other expedient than that of facing and rushing instantly upon his enemy, he must inevitably have lost his life. On his right was the river; on his left a very steep and high hill; beyond him the pathless forest; and between him and the fort his Indian foes. To his sudden and unexpected

assault, to his dauntless and intrepid manner, and above all his activity in the race, he undoubtedly owed his life. He, however, lived to see this infant colony grow into a great State, and to share largely and deservedly in his country's confidence by holding some of the most honorable posts in her power to bestow.

DESCRIPTION OF CAMPUS MARTIUS.

This fort or stockaded garrison was built at Marietta by the Ohio Company, under the direction of General Rufus Putnam. At the period of the landing of the first settlers, on the 7th of April, 1788, the ground on which it stood, and the whole adjacent region, was covered with a thick growth of forest trees. The plan of the garrison was made, and the preparation of materials commenced, soon after; but it was not finally completed till near the time of the Indian war in 1790. The walls formed a regular parallelogram, the sides of which were equal, and one hundred and eighty

feet in length. At each corner was erected a strong bastion or block-house, surmounted by a tower. The bastions were twenty feet square, and projected ten feet beyond the curtains or main walls of the fort; the upper stories of which projected several feet over the lower, so as to give the occupants the command of a raking fire on their assailants. The intermediate curtains were built up with dwelling-houses made of hewn logs. The whole was two stories high, and covered with good shingle roofs. Convenient chimneys were built of bricks for cooking and warming the rooms. In the west and south fronts were strong gateways, and over the one looking to the river was a belfry. Running from corner to corner of the block-houses was a row of palisades sloping outward, and twenty feet in advance of these a row of very strong and stout palisades set upright in the earth. Gateways also led through these. Each bastion was mounted with a small piece of ordnance, so much elevated as to

command the adjacent plain; loop-holes were made at convenient distances for musketry.

The dwelling-houses occupied about thirty feet each, and were of the same width as the bastions, and afforded sufficient room for the accommodation of forty or fifty families, and did actually contain from three to four hundred men, women, and children during the Indian war. At the commencement of the war the block-houses or bastions were occupied as follows: one by the family of General St. Clair; one for the holding of courts and for religious worship. The office of pastor was filled by the Rev. Daniel Story during the war, and for several years after that period. The first civil courts ever assembled in Ohio were held at Marietta.

A third bastion was occupied for offices by the directors of the Ohio Company, and a fourth for private families. During the war a regular military corps was organized, and sentries continually posted in the towers over

the bastions. The area within the walls formed a fine parade-ground, in the center of which was a well, eighty feet in depth, for the supply of water to the inhabitants in case of a siege. A large sun-dial stood for many years in the square, and gave note of the march of time; it is yet preserved as a relic of the old fort. The whole formed a very strong work, and reflected great credit on the head that planned it. The fort was in a manner impregnable to the attack of Indians, and none but a regular army with cannon could have subdued it. The hights across the Muskingum, it is true, commanded and looked down upon the defenses of Campus Martius, but there was no enemy to fear in a condition to take possession of this advantage.

The fort stood on the verge of that beautiful plain overlooking the Muskingum River, and on which those celebrated remains of antiquity were erected, probably for a similar purpose, by that ancient and wonderful people, whose fate yet

remains involved in obscurity. From a comparison of the crania, or skulls, they have recently been ascertained to be of the same race with the ancient Peruvians. The heads of this ingenious people, the remains of whose industry and skill are scattered all over the valley of the Ohio, are entirely different from those of the Indian races of the West; having much narrower palatal bones, and the organ of constructiveness well developed, while those of combativeness and destructiveness are small. Thus much to the credit of phrenology. The ground descended into ravines on the north and south sides of the fort. On the west was an abrupt descent to the river bottom; while the east passed out on to the level plain. On this the ground was entirely cleared of timber, to the distance of a rifle shot, so as to afford no shelter to a hidden foe. Extensive fields of corn were planted in the midst of the girdled and deadened trees beyond. The appearance of the garrison from without was grand and

imposing; at a little distance bearing a striking resemblance to one of the armed palaces, or castles of the feudal ages.

Between the fort and the river, on the rich alluvions, were laid out convenient vegetable gardens for the use of the inhabitants and the officers of the Ohio Company. On the shore of the Muskingum was built a substantial timber wharf, at which lay moored a fine cedar-built barge for twelve oars, constructed by Captain I. Devol, with a number of perogues and light canoes of the country. In these boats, during the waf, most of the intercourse was carried on between the settlements of the company, and the more remote towns above on the Ohio River. Travel by land was very hazardous, and besides there were no roads or bridges across the creeks.

CHARACTER OF THE PIONEERS.

"While many of the early settlements in the West were made up from the illiterate and the

rude, the colony at Marietta, like those of some of the ancient Greeks, carried with it the sciences and the arts; and although placed on the frontiers, amidst the howling and the savage wilderness, exposed to many dangers and privations, there flowed in the veins of its little community some of the best blood of the country; and it enrolled many men of highly-cultivated minds and exalted intellects." The directors of the Ohio Company were men of sound sense, and took extensive and liberal views of public good, as may be seen in the ample provision made for the support of schools and the Gospel. One of the first official seals engraved in Marietta had for its legend, "Support religion and learning."

THE FIRST PREACHER IN OHIO.

Soon after the organization of the Ohio Company, at Boston, Massachusetts, in the year 1787, it seems that the enlightened men who directed its concerns began to think of making arrangements for the support of the Gospel and

the instruction of youth in their new colony about to be established in the western wilderness. Accordingly a resolution was passed at a meeting of the directors and agents, on the 7th of March, in the year 1788, at Providence, in Rhode Island, for the support of the Gospel and a teacher of youth; in consequence of which the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, one of the company directors, in the course of that year engaged the Rev. Daniel Story, then preaching at Worcester, Massachusetts, to go to the West as chaplain to the new settlements commenced at Marietta. After a tedious and laborious journey across the Alleghany Mountains, Mr. Story arrived at Marietta in the Spring of the year 1789, and commenced his ministerial labors as an evangelist. The settlements were new and situated at various points, some of them a considerable distance from Marietta; nevertheless, he visited them in rotation, in conformity with the arrangement of the directors, by which he was to preach about one-third of

the time at the settlements of Wolf Creek and Belpre.

During the Indian war, from 1791 to 1795, he preached the larger portion of the time in the north-west block-house of Campus Martius. The upper room in that house was fitted up with benches and a rude, simple desk, so as to accommodate an audience of a hundred or more. The room was also used for a school, which was first taught by Major Anselm Tupper, a son of General Benjamin Tupper, a highly-gifted and well-educated man, who had served with much credit in the army of the Revolution. During this period, a committee appointed by the directors to report on the religious and literary instruction of the youth, resolved that one hundred and eighty dollars be paid from the funds of the company to aid the new settlement in paying a teacher, with the condition that Marietta support a teacher one year, Belpre seven months, and Waterford three months. If they complied with that, this sum was to be

divided among them in proportion to the time. Near the same period, twenty dollars were appropriated to pay Col. E. Battelle for religious instructions at Belpre. Colonel Battelle was a graduate of Cambridge University, and acted as chaplain to the settlement during the Indian war, reading the Church service regularly each Sabbath to the inmates of Farmer's Castle. The meetings were held in the south-east block-house, where he resided. These testimonials sufficiently prove the interest the Ohio Company felt for the spiritual welfare, as well as the temporal comfort of the colonists. Mr. Story also preached occasionally at a large room in the upper story of a frame house in the stockade or garrison at "the Point," being at the junction of the Muskingum with the Ohio, on the left bank; Fort Harmar being on the opposite shore. At periods when the Indians were quiet, he visited and preached at the settlements of Belpre and Wolf Creek, fifteen and twenty miles from Marietta. These pastoral visits were

made by water in a log canoe, propelled by the stout arms and willing hearts of the early pioneers.

In the year 1796 he united and established a Congregational Church, composed of persons residing in Marietta, Belpre, Waterford and Vienna in Virginia. In 1797 he visited his native State, and remained there till he was *called* to the pastoral charge of the Church he had thus collected in the *wilderness*. He was ordained the 15th of August, 1797, in Danvers, Massachusetts, there being no ministers to perform that office west of the mountains, to the care of the Church in Marietta and vicinity. This relation continued between Mr. Story and his Church till the 15th of March, 1804, when he was dismissed at his own request, his health having become too much impaired for him to perform the labors of pastor any longer.

Mr. Story was a native of the town of Boston, State of Massachusetts, and graduated at Dartmouth College in 1780. He was in the

ministry some years before he came to Marietta, and when he was selected by Dr. Cutler to come to the West the choice was much approved by those who knew him. In coming to Marietta, however, Mr. Story certainly sacrificed his interest and his comfort. What money he possessed at that time was invested in Ohio lands, previous to coming out, with the expectation of reasonable support from the Ohio Company, till the rents of the ministerial lands, set apart for the support of the Gospel, should come into use or be available; but this was prevented by the Indian war, and no funds were derived from this source till about the year 1800. The support from the funds of the Ohio Company was continued for only two years, their affairs being somewhat deranged by the Indian war; the expense of which to their treasury being upward of eleven thousand dollars. The inhabitants were generally much impoverished from the same cause, and probably his receipts for preaching, from the year 1789

to the time of his ordination in 1797, could not have paid his expenses for board and clothing. He was obliged to draw upon his former earnings by the sale of some of his lands. However, the hospitality of one or two kind Christian friends, who gave him a welcome seat at their tables during a part of this period, relieved him from some of his difficulties. At his death the proceeds from the sale of his remaining lands were insufficient to discharge all the debts incurred while laboring in the new settlements.

In person Mr. Story was rather tall and slender, and quite brisk and active in his movements; his manners easy, with a pleasant address; cheerful and animated in conversation; and always a welcome guest in the families he visited. His sermons were practical; logically and methodically written, after the manner of that day; and were said to be fully equal in matter and manner to those of the first preachers in New England. In prayer he greatly

excelled, both in propriety and diversity of subject, as well as in beauty of language. He was never married, but lived a single life, after the manner and advice of St. Paul.

Placed in the midst of a people continually trembling for the safety of their lives, filled with anxiety for the support of their families, and surrounded by the careless manners of the soldiery, it is not to be expected that much could be done under such circumstances by a humble minister of the Gospel in advancing the spiritual condition of the people; nevertheless, he did what he could for the support of the cause in which he was engaged, and his name is still held in respectful remembrance by the few living remnants of the early settlers of Marietta. He died the 30th day of December, 1804, aged forty-nine years.