PHILIP SEYMOUR

OR

PIONEER LIFE IN RICHLAND COUNTY

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Pioneer Life in Richland County, Ohio.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

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THE SEYMOUR CABIN.

INTRODUCTION.

The year 1812 constituted an important crisis in the history of Ohio. The war of this period, opened to emigration and enterprise, the great area west of the Alleghenies. The armies sent out to battle with Indians and other foes, on the banks of the Wabash, the Illinois, the Detroit, the Raisin, the Miami of the Lakes, and other rivers, opened for observation, attractive scenes for settlement.

Ohio particularly, at this period, was looked upon as the garden of the West. Prior to the war but few settlements had been made in the North-Western region; but as soon as peace was made, a continual tide of emigration was seen moving eastward.

At the period of the opening of our narrative, the territory now comprised in Richland, Ashland, and Morrow counties, was almost an unbroken wilderness. The present thriving City of Mansfield then contained only two or three cabins and a couple of block houses, which were erected in the month of September of this year. There was also a cabin on the Barkdoll farm, and a block house at Beam's (now Campbell's) mill. There were a few farms opened along the Black Fork, and a few at Lexington, and along the Clear Fork. Supplies of provisions, etc., were all packed from Mt. Vernon, Knox county, on horseback, a feat attended with no little danger, as the wilderness then was tenanted by Indians and wild beasts.

The Indian tribes holding possession of Ohio at this time, were the Shawnees, Wyandots, Miamis,

Pinkashaws, Delawares, Eries, Winnebagoes, and some portions of the Six Nations. The Shawnees are said to be the oldest inhabitants of this State.

Among the tribes which inhabited this region of Ohio were the Delawres and Wyandots. A settlement of Delawares existed at Greentown, on the Black Fork, and one at Jeromeville, now in Ashland county. These Indians professed friendship for the whites, and up till 1812 they had lived amicably with them.

Among the Indian chiefs friendly to the American cause, was Captain Pipe of Peromeville, who previous to the treaty of Greenville in 1795, was the most inveterate enemy of the whites.

Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, were the leading spirits of those arrayed against the white settlements; and through their influence many a cheerful cabin hearth was made desolate.

PHILIP SEYMOUR,

OR

PIONEER LIFE IN RICHLAND COUNTY

CHAPTER I.

ADVENTURE OF PHILIP SEYMOUR WITH KANOTCHE AND THE BEAR.

The sun had just risen, and was pouring his flood of light upon hill-top and valley, as Philip Seymour, a young and gallant backwoodsman, started from his cabin upon the banks of the Black Fork, in search of game. A lovelier morning never opened upon the earth. A pleasant and refreshing breeze swept gently through the forest, while the golden, mellow rays of the rising sun fell softly upon the variegated landscape, mantling it with that dreamy beauty, which in a poetic mind awakens those sweet fancies that fill the soul with holy inspiration. A heavy dew had fallen during the night, and each tiny drop, as it hung pendant on flower and shrub, sparkled in the morning sunbeams, like a glittering jewel. Overhead gay plumaged songsters flitted from branch to branch, pouring forth their morning songs, and the wild bee basked in the sunlight, now sipping the nectar from the flowers, and now alighting upon some pendant leaf to pick a dainty morsel.

Every object around the young hunter was filled with beauty, and inspired his soul with the most pleasing emotions, and every sound that fell upon his ear was filled with divinest, sweetest melody.

Philip was one of the most powerful and athletic men of his day. None ventured to cope with him in wrestling, or in other feats of strength.—His countenance was radiant with the genial smiles of a warm and generous heart, while his bright eye flashed with the impulse of a noble and manly courage. He was the only son, the joy and pride of his parents, who bestowed every care their means afforded upon his moral and intellectual culture. His parents were old and infirm, and the duty of supporting them in their declining years devolving upon him, he became of necessity a hunter, and dearly did he love this wild and exciting life. His rifle was his constant companion, and he was never more delighted than when in the pursuit of game.

But the Indians, though apparently friendly, were dangerous and troublesome companions. Philip had read much of their manners, morals, and peculiar characteristics, and his personal observation had inspired him with a deep hatred of the whole race. In fact he looked upon them as a low, brutal and degraded people, their prominent characteristic being that of treachery.

Whilstling for his dog he directed his steps towards a dark and dismal looking swamp, which lay some few miles north of his residence. He had heard that this was the retreat of the wild beasts which were yet remaining in the wilderness. On nearing the edge of the swamp, he secreted himself behind the trunk of a huge forest tree which the giant tread of the infuriated winds had uprooted. Philip had remained in this position but a few moments, when his attention was arrested by a rustling noise among the thick bushes of the swamp. In a few moments the bushes parted, and a huge

black bear came peering through. Philip, resting his rifle upon a log, fired, and the monster fell, quivering in the agonies of death. Almost instantly with the discharge of Philip's rifle, rang the sharp crack of another through the forest, the ball of which struck the tree a few inches below where Philip's rifle rested. At this sudden and unlooked for report, Philip started to his feet, and looking in the direction from which the sound proceeded, discovered a savage, about one hundred yards from him in an opposite direction across the swamp, on a small elevation, which for some distance overlooks the swamp.

Philip on seeing the savage sprang behind a tree, and re-loaded with the utmost speed. The Indian on seeing him thus preparing for an encounter with him, threw down his rifle and tomahawk, and holding up his hands, ran towards him with as much haste as possible, exclaiming, apparently much frightened — "Me no shoot you! me no shoot at you! me no kill you!"

Philip lowered his rifle, and the Indian coming up, with earnest gesticulations reiterated—"Me sorry—me no hurt you—me like you—me likes all white face—Indian and pale face friends—hunt the deer together—live in same wigwam."

This Indian's name was Kanotche, and was known to the Seymour family, having often been at Philip's cabin.

"Kanotche lies!" said Philip, eyeing him sternly, "Kanotche would kill the white man. He would shoot him unawares, like a coward." Kanotche writhed and could not endure the gaze of Philip. He, however, protested his innocence of evil intent, saying:

"Kanotche shoot at bear. Kanotche see no white man"—and to prove his sincerity tendered his assistance in securing Philip's prize. Philip, pretending that his suspicions were removed, accepted it,

and such portions of the bear as were of value were conveyed to Philip's cabin. A good supper was prepared for Kanotche by Kate, Philip's sister, and the Indian departed.

Kate Seymour was an only daughter,—a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed lass, just eighteen, of a gay, laughing disposition, whose glances were incendiaries, dangerous to the peace of the gallant swains who came within their range.

After the departure of the Indian, Phillip narrated the adventures of the day. "I tell you, Kate," said he, in a lively tone, "Old Kanotche was a good medicine for bad blood about that time, he started the circulation a little more lively than I ever felt before."

"Ah, but Phil, I'm afraid he meant you no good. I don't believe it was a mistake."

"Neither do I," said Mrs. Seymour. I do wish, Mr. Seymour, you would take us all up to Mansfield till the war is over. Those Indians are so treacherous, I don't feel safe.

"Pooh! pooh! mother," said Mr. Seymour, "don't be scared at nothing. Kanotche is a good friend of our family, and wouldn't hurt Phil for the world, you may depend on it."

"Well, I'm glad if it was a mistake," said Philip, "that chance knew where to direct his bullet better than he did. Indians don't often shoot in mistake."

"What would have become of us," said Kate tearfully, "if you had been shot? How thankful I am you are safe."

"Oh Harry would take my place, you know.—you would not miss me." And Philip looked at Kate roguishly, and she blushing, jumped up and playfully boxed his ears. Philip dodged, and they were just getting into one of their pleasant frolics when the door opened, and before the astonished family stood a young emigrant to Ohio.

CHAPTER II.

HENRY MONROE—ADVENTURE WITH INDIANS—JOHNNY APPLESEED.

"Stretched on the ground beneath the spacious sky,
Soft dreamy slumber closed his watchful eye."

"Why, Henry!"

"Well, I declare!"

"Why, what have we got there?"

"Hallo, Hank, is that you? Why how do you do? Where did you rain down from?"

Such were the exclamations with which the family, starting to their fete, rushed to greet Henry. And now it is time for the reader to know who Henry is.

Henry Monroe was a young Pennsylvanian from the same neighborhood whence the Seymours had come. Many a day he had swung Kate upon the grape-vine swing, near the school house, and many an impudent lad he had punished for presuming to claim any of Kate's attentions. Thus they grew up together; of her he dreamed day and night, and when Kate's parents moved to Ohio, he of all others suffered most at parting. Nor was this regard unrepaid, for Kate actually thought him the bravest and handsomest boy in school, except Philip. Since the removal of the Seymours to Ohio, Henry had summoned courage sufficient to write a letter to Philip, but somehow or other it was all to or about Kate, so that Philip threw it into her lap and said, "There Kate, I did not mean to open your letter, but Hank misdirected it!" And of course, as Philip would not answer it, common politeness required Kate to write and say *something* in reply, and so

Henry thought he *must* answer Kate's kind letter, and thus letters had passed for some months, until Henry thought it took too much writing to say so little, and so one day he packed his knapsack, strapped it on his back and started for Ohio, with enough money to enter a quarter of land. Ohio was a very undefinable place and people thought that if you struck it anywhere you were right in the neighborhood of your friends, though they might be 200 miles off! So Henry, instead of steering directly West, pushed for Zanesville, and he supposed he would have but a day's tramp to Mansfield and thence to Kate's, as her place *must* adjoin the town somewhere!—He followed up the Muskingum until he came to the White Woman, without company, trusting to the declared good will of the Indians and a good rifle for safety.

He reached the confluence of the White Woman and the Muskingum just about night fall. He made a fire near a fallen tree, prepared his supper, spread his blanket, and with his knapsack for his pillow, sought repose for his weary limbs. There was no moon and the deep forest shut out the light of the stars. While lying thus, he heard a low call of an owl and the next instant a stick cracked beneath the tread of some animal, or other being. Recollecting the traits of the Indian, it suddenly struck him that there might be danger approaching, attracted by the light of his fire, and hastily, while in the reclining position, drew a chunk under his blanket with one end resting on the knapsack surmounted by his hat; he then rolled back under the fallen tree, and secreted himself upon the shady side, near the top, with rifle ready for further developments. He had been stationed but a few moments when he saw the heads of two Indians peering over the bank. Presently one of them cautiously drew himself up and examined Henry's camp. Satisfied that there had been but one person in the camp and

that he was quietly sleeping, both took deliberate aim at the supposed sleeper and fired. Up to this instant Henry was quite nervous, but now his nerves were firm as steel, and as the Indians sprang forward with wild whoops and raised tomahawks he shot the first through the head and before the second could recover from his astonishment he dealt him a blow over the scalp with his clubbed rifle. The savage staggered and fell but sprang up, and staggered to the bank where a second blow from Henry knocked him into a rapid current. The first experience of life in the wilderness, most effectually drove sleep from Henry. He strapped his knapsack and following the White Woman according to his directions, travelled steadily by the trail, as he supposed, until daylight, when to his alarm he found that he was lost. He had wandered away from the river, and the trail which appeared plain enough before, he now found to be only in his imagination. Most anxiously he sought the river but found no sign.—At the rising of the sun he set his face directly eastward, as he knew he was on the west side of the river, and travelled about two miles steadily onward. Finally, on ascending a high hill, he climbed a beech tree, looked anxiously out and to his inexpressable joy found that the great valley could not be more than a mile distant. He descended, and with renewed vigour pursued his way, having carefully noted several landmarks for his guidance.

In a few moments, to his great surprise, he brought up against a long brush enclosure, within which was a nursery of thrifty young trees. He looked all about for further improvements, and wondered greatly at the nursery being planted there by itself. Unable to make any discoveries he leaped the enslocure and sat down by a spring which gushed forth from the bank on the south side of the nursery, to drink of its sparkling waters and refresh himself from the stores in his knapsack.

"I wonder whose nursery this is," thought he.—"It didn't come here by chance, that's sure. Hallo! More Indians? They missed me for supper and now they want me for breakfast." Henry dodged into a thicket of apple trees and listened. In a moment he saw an inverted tin bucket rise up over the inclosure followed by a huge shock of black wiry hair, After the hair came a pair of buckskin breeches with a pair of shoeless feet sticking through. A pair of eyes might be seen, burning black, near the bucket; and Henry decided at once that beneath hair and breeches somewhere was a human being, and he crazy.

The strange creature looked all about anxiously. "Certainly I saw a man come in here," said he to himself. "I'll call."

"Hallo, stranger?"

"Hallo!" said Henry, whose curiosity had prevented his coming out of the thicket before.

"I am the friend of man," said the strangely accountred being.

"And I am a man who would like to see a friend just now, for I believe I'm lost, as sure as you are born. But who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"My name is Chapman, and this is my nursery.—People call me Johnny Appleseed, because of my business. But how are you lost, and where are you going?"

"I am on my way from Zanesville to Mansfield. Had breakfast?"

"Not yet," said Johnny, removing his tin bucket from his head.

"Nor I. Suppose we have a bite, I have traveled all night, came pretty near getting devoured by Indians, and I am mighty hungry."

Johnny eyes him anxiously as he spoke of the Indians, but made no inquiries until having struck a fire, he heated some water, threw in some brown

rye, and then drawing forth some cold meat and bread from a pouch that he carried, sat down with Henry who contributed from the stores in his knapsack for his share of the meal with him.

Johnny's countenance was troubled. Henry's adventure with the Indians seemed to add to fears already kindled by some previous calamity. Finally recalling his thoughts he turned to his new companion and said:

"So you are going to Mansfield, are you? Going to settle?"

"I don't know whether I will or not, I have acquaintances there."

"Have you?" I know everybody there. Who are they?"

"The Seymour family."

"The Seymour family! Why they ain't in Mansfield, they're on the Black Fork, I know them well, and left them only last week."

"Did you?" asid Henry, and his pulse beat quick, for he wanted to ask after Kate, and yet he dared not. "Were they all well?"

"Yes, but I am afraid they are too far out from the block houses. There is trouble brewing among the Indians, they have been so heartlessly cheated and abused by the whites that a spirit of revenge has seized upon them and this spirit is industriously fostered by the British. Come, if you want to go to Seymours,' I will go with you and put them on their guard, for I had news yesterday which bodes them no good."

Henry gladly availed himself of his escort. Following up the streams until they came to the Black Fork they arived at the Seymours' without adventure, just at night fall.

"Stand back, my friend," said Henry, "let me pass in first and see if they will recognize me; and without knocking Henry opened the door.

The feelings of the Seymours may be better imag-

ined then described; especially Kate, who could not control her bounding heart and cause it to "down" at her biding, and throwing herself into the arms of Henry—that's enough, let her be.

Johnny Appleseed figited around outside happy at the happiness within, and looking for the moment to come when he could step in with propriety and enjoy the greetings with them.

Finally Henry saying that he did not come alone opened the door and Johnny to whom the Seymours were strongly attached came in.

CHAPTER III.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHNNY APPLESEED.

As Johnny Appleseed was a very remarkable personage, identified with the early history of Richland, and as he played an important part during the war of 1812, it is proper that before we proceed farther that we should sketch him, that our readers may know his character and his peculiarities and the more fully understand the allusions in our narrative.

Johnny Appleseed made his appearance among the Pioneers of Richland County at a very early period. His real name was Jonathan Chapman, but he was commonly known by the name of Appleseed. He received this *sobriquet* from the circumstances of his rearing and cultivating appletrees from the seed, which he sowed in differnt localities.

In connection with the appletree business, he employed much of his time in sowing the seeds of different medical herbs, in such localities as were destitute of them. His main object was to equalize the distribution of these herbs, so that every locality would be supplied with a variety—dog-fennel, penny-royal, catnip, hoarhound, mullin, rattle-root, and in fact, every other plant which he supposed to be medicinal.

Religiously considered, Johnny was a rigid Swedenborgian. He maintained the doctrine that a spiritual intercourse could be held with the departed dead, having himself had frequent conversation with the inhabitants of the spirit land, two of which (of the feminine gender) had revealed to him the consoling news that they were to be his wives in a future state, provided he would keep himself from

a matrimonial alliance, while on earth. He vowed celibacy, and never could be prevailed upon to pay any amorous attention to the female sex. Johnny possessed a kind, good heart, which made him a welcome visitor among the whites and Indians, the latter never molesting him, but regarded him with a kind of superstitious veneration. His personal appearance was very singular and remarkable, being a small, heavy set or chunky man, quick in conversation and restless in his motions. His eyes were dark and sparkling, and his hair and beard were permitted to attain their greatest length, never permitting them to be cut off. His clothing was generally half worn out before he obtained it, having received it in exchange for apple trees. Johnny scarcely ever wore any other covering on his head than nature furnished him with, and he mostly went barefooted, even in winter; and generally slept in the woods.

Such is a brief outline of the history of this singular personage, who first made his appearance in Western Pennsylvania, and thence into Ohio. Johnny left the county of Richland about twenty years ago, in order to find a more extended sphere of usefulness. But he did not long survive after he left. He died as he lived, a blameless, moral man.

Johnny Appleseed made it his business to visit every settlement and every settler over whom, as he thought, Divine Providence had made him protector. He was a missionary, sent into the wilderness to preach to the people, and heal all manner of diseases, and to warn the settlers of any impending danger, of which he was made acquainted by spiritual revelation.

Johnny had been at Mt. Seymour's before and had formed quite an attachment to the family. His frequent visits to the house, had induced Philip to indulge in some pleasantries respecting him and Kate. Johnny had endeavored to instil into the

minds of the family the doctrines of Swedenborgianism, and on these occasions Kate was sometimes made the object of his appeals. Philip taking the advantage of these, would at every opportunity, indulge in some pleasant jokes at Kate's expense.

"Good evening, Mr. Chapman," exclaimed Philip as Johnny opened the door. "We are right down glad to see you once more, particularly Kate, who has had some fears that the red skins had taken your scalp."

"God bless the dear girl," said Johnny, turning his eyes upon Kate, "don't give yourself the least uneasiness about me, there's not an Indian in all this vast wilderness who will lay a violent hand upon me."

Philip's laughing eyes fell upon Kate, at the same instant with Johnny's, while the abashed girl hung down her head in silence.

"But," said Philip, addressing himself to Johnny, in order to relieve Kate from any further remark from him, "are you in league with old Satan that you speak thus confidently, or what evidence have you, that these wild savages will not molest you?"

"As to your first question," replied Johnny, "I would inform you, that although I hold communion with spirits, that of Satan does not enter into the number of my corespondents; and as to your second interrogation, I would say, the evidence upon which I found my hope of safety in their hands, is an implicit confidence in the Creator, and the acting out of the golden rule or law of love, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.'"

"All this," replied Philip, "may be well enough, but to tell you the truth, Johnny, I have more confidence in my rifle, among such vermin as infest this wilderness, than all the 'golden rules' in this universe."

"Ah! young man, in this you are mistaken," replied Johnny, "there is a power of kindness—in re-

turning good for evil, which is more effective in subduing the evil propensities of a savage nature than in all the weapons of warfare under the sun."

"I accord honesty, Johnny, to your convictions of right and wrong," said Philip, "but cannot see the subject in this light. True human nature is the same in all men, modified only by the force of circumstances. What one man conceives to be right another may concieve to be wrong; but I do not wish to push the argument any further."

"As you please," answered Johnny, "but have you ever investigated the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg?"

"I believe not," replied Philip, "nor can I say that I have any particular inclination to do so, though I offer no objections against the man, his doctrines or his followers. I allow every man the right to think on the subject of religion for himself. You perceive, Johnny, I am not in a spiritual mood to-night; my mind runs upon Indians, more than angels, a good deal."

"How so," said Johnny, looking inquiringly at Philip; "has any thing happened to turn your thoughts to the red men?"

"No, nothing of importance, only that red devil, Kanotche, came very near shooting me to-day."

"Shooting *you*," said Henry. "The rascals must be troublesome about here."

"Not very; it was probably a mistake; Kanotche shot at abear, so he says."

Philip then related to Henry and Johnny Appleseed the circumstances which we have detailed in a previous chapter.

Johnny listened attentively to the narrative, and when he had concluded, remarked to Mr. Seymour, that it might be well to remove the family to the block house for a few days, and related some circumstances in addition, which induced him to think

that the savages were not as friendly as they had been.

The old gentleman however contended that there was no danger. The Indians, and especially Kanotche, had always been friendly, and he could see no reason why they should change their feelings. "It will do no harm to spend a short time at the block house," said Henry (whose recollection of his own adventure the previous night was still vivid in his mind, although he kept it to himself for fear of exciting the family) "it is evident the Indians meditate something, whether mischief to the whites or not remains to be seen."

"Well, well," said the old man, "we will keep a good look out, and see what turns up; at present let's change the subject. How did you leave the old folks? —and the old gentleman launched off into a series of inquiries in regard to Henry's family and friends in Pennsylvania.

In this way an hour or two passed away in pleasant chat, when the family separated for the night. Anxious thoughts, however, filled the minds of the young men as they retired to their room together and talked over the events of the day previous. Henry related to Philip his adventure with the Indians and cautioned him to be on his guard.

"The devils need watching," said Philip, "I never did have any confidence in them, and I have seen no reason to change my opinion yet. I will take a scout in the morning and see if I can discover anything. Uh! how the wolves howl to-night—that's the kind of serenade we get in this country, Hank. How do you like it?"

But Henry was asleep, dreaming of Kate and a rosy future.

"Well, Hank's tired, and so am I," said Philip, and followed his friend into Dreamland.

CHAPTER IV.

DEPARTURE OF HENRY MONROE—ADVENTURE WITH WITH RUFFNER.

"He sat alone,
And silent, on a fallen tree,
And gazed upon
The waters gliding by."

For several days subsequent to the events narrated in the previous chapter, Philip Seymour made it his business to traverse the country for miles around for the purpose of ascertaining the disposition of the Indians and the probabilities of their making an attack upon the settlements; but so far as he could learn, all danger had disappeared, and Philip began to flatter himself that his fears had been groundless, and that he had in fact entirely misinterpreted the occurrences which had previously excited his suspicions.

Henry Monroe in the meantime had made a formal proffer of his heart and hand to the gentle Kate, and was now an *accepted* lover. The time for the wedding was appointed, and Henry having made a purchase of a quarter of land, on the Black Fork, a short distance below the Seymours', whereupon to settle with his bride, returned to his friends in Pennsylvania, in order to make his ararngements for a final emigration to his new home in the wilderness.

On the day following the departure of Henry, Philip, anxious for another adventure in the woods, and feeling lonesome in the absence of his friend, took up his rifle, and biding the family good morn-

ing, sallied out into the wilderness just as the sun was appearing in all its golden glory.

For hours Philip wandered through the forest without finding any object worthy of his attention.

There was an abundance of inferior game in the woods, but this did not come within the purview of this day's adventure. He wished to have another encounter with a bear, wolf, or wild cat, but could not get a glimpse of any of these.

Somewhat fatigued and weary, Philip at length sat himself down upon the green banks of the murmuring stream that flowed through the forest, and for a while sat gazing in a dreamy listlessness upon the wild scene around him. In a short time his eyelids grew heavy, and he fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awaken till the sun had sunk behind the western hills. Jumping to his feet, he was about starting home when the crackling of brush and the rustling of bushes, some distance below him, caught his attention. Another bear, he mentally exclaimed, and examining his rifle found all right, then quietly stepping behind a large oak, prepared to discharge his rifle, as soon as the animal made its appearance.

The shades of evening had gathered over the forest, and the thick underbrush conspired in a great measure to shut out the light of day. This made Philip the more cautious in awaiting a fair opportunity to discharge his rifle. Nearer came the advancing footsteps, until at last the full form of a man emerged from the deep thicket into the little opening. In a moment Philip discovered to his infinite delight, the person to be none other than his friend and companion of the forest, Martin Ruffner, and springing from behind the tree, in an unthoughtful manner, had just pronounced the word, "by ——," when crack went Ruffner's rifle, and the young man sprang into the air, exclaiming, "Oh God! Ruffner, I am shot." In a moment Ruffner

recognized his friend, and running up to him found that the ball had done him no serious damage, having merely grazed his body. Philip soon recovered from his fright, and the two friends congratulated each other in their escape.

Philip requested Ruffner to accompany him home, which was readily complied with, as he was just on his way to the cabin of Mr. Seymour in order to communicate to the family his fears as to their safety in their present defenseless condition.

CHAPTER V.

MARTIN RUFFNER.

"'That land gave him birth, where the lofty green trees,
Wave o'er the broad billows so proudly,
He was nursed on the shore, where the white crested sea,
And the blustering tempest beat loudly.''—Lees.

Martin Ruffner, the character introduced in our last chapter, was a large heavy set Dutchman of extraordinary muscular ability; he had been inured to hardships, and stirring events all his life, having been brought up almost exclusively in the woods. Hunting and fishing were his favorite amusements, and the rifle his constant companion. He had imbibed an early hatred against the "Red Schkins" as he called the Indians, in consequence of their having murdered several of his relations in the early settlement of western Pennsylvania. Martin vowed from that day an eternal hatred against them.

He had emigrated to Richland County a few years before the war of 1812, locating his cabin in the wild and romantic spot, near the present site of Petersburgh, now in Ashland County. Around was an unbroken wilderness, in which was found game in abundance, and also roving bands of savages, who, to some extent, were friendly disposed.

Several of these Indians had frequently called at his cabin, but he promptly refused to enter into any sociable arrangements with them. Being a powerful man, muscular, active and courageous, one of the best marksmen in the state, and possessing a countenance dark, gloomy and forbidding, with eyes

piercing and fiery, the Indians, to some considerable extent, were kept in awe of him.

Some time after Ruffner had emigrated to this country, several other families also came, among which was the Seymour family already noticed.

Shortly after the arrival of this family, Philip Seymour, hearing of the existence of this eminent backwoodsman, paid him a visit, and formed an intimate acquaintance with him. The impressions which Philip had received of his character as a hunter were fully verified on seeing him. Ruffner and Philip entered into a bond of union, the one an uneducated Dutchman, with the exception of what pertained to a life in the woods; the other quite a polished gentleman of some twenty-five years of age, who, notwithstanding his love for books, and refined society, found the most exquisite enjoyments in traversing the wild woods as a hunter. Philip secured the company of Ruffner as a forest companion, knowing him to be of invaluable service to him in his excursions.

In the afternoon of the same day in which Philip had left his father's cabin, as related in the preceding chapter, Ruffner had also left his, with the intention of calling at the cabin of Mr. Seymour, for the two-fold purpose of advising him to remove his family to the block house for safety, and to engage the company of Philip in a few days' hunting excursion.

While on his way thither he observed the tracks of a bear, which appearing fresh he determined to follow them some distance at least. Te trail led him several miles, when it finally disappeared altogether. He then returned in the direction of the Seymour cabin, but had not proceded far before the event took place mentioned in the preceding chapter. It was late at night when Philip and his companion arrived at the cabin. The family were all in bed. But on entering, Kate cheerfully arose and

prepared them something to eat, after which they laid down and were soon enjoying the luxury of dreamless slumber, from which they did not awaken till the sun was pouring his flood of light upon the distant hilltops.

After the family had partaken of the morning's meal, Philip related the evening's adventure, which considerably alarmed them, particularly Kate, who in her mild and pathetic manner exclaimed:

"Brother Philip, how thankful I am to God, for thus preserving your life from a fate so dreadful."

"I thinks so too," replied Ruffner, "for py schings Ize not often schoots for nottink."

"Oh God! Mr. Ruffner," exclaimed Kate, "what would we have done in this wild wood had you shot my brother," and the tears rolled down the rosy cheeks of the affectionate sister.

"Think no more about this affair, Kate," replied Philip. "It's all over, and no one is hurt. Human life is surrounded with dangers, and we must meet its events with true courage."

Philip now related to Ruffner his adventure with Kanotche. Ruffner listened very attentively; and had the reader been present, he would have seen a peculiar something in the dark piercing eyes of the heroic Dutchman, indicative of the fierce hatred which he bore the Indian race, for no sooner had Philip ended his story than the highly enraged Dutchman sprang to his feet, and with eyes flashing fire, exclaimed:

"Ter tevilish pugger—plast his plack heart—von he cums to me mit his tam tidos, I vill send him vare Ize sent more as a goot many of his tevilish sort."

"And do you think," replied Philip, "that this fellow really intended to murder me?"

"Dos I tink so? py shuperter I tinks I dos. Vy py te Old Harry it's not more as some veeks ago ven two of tese red tevils vent right shstrait into

the cabin of two of mine friends* near to Sandusky an tshopped tem to pieces mit ter tam little axes."

"Oh yes," replied Philip, "I recollect of hearing Johnny Appleseed, talking of that most horrible affair."

"Shonny Appleseed," interrupted the Dutchman, "Shonny Appleseed.—Vell pe tam if Shonny beint von of te bestest fellers in all this kuntry. Vy not more as a veek ago, Shonny cums to my cabin, and sez he, Mesther Ruffner, sez he—vot makes you pe so tam pad, poot he did not say ter tam—I only sez dat, as you can sthand under te petter vot I mean."

"Vy sez I, Mesthur Schapman, it is tese tevilish tam Inshun puggers, vat goes trough the voods, like tevils in ter shapes of beoples, mit ter axes schopping town our mens, vimmens and schil'rens."

Here the gravity of Kate and Philip could no longer be preserved, and they both indulged in a hearty laugh.

"But what about the murder of these two hunters on the Sandusky Bay," enquired Kate, anxious to hear the particulars of the affair. I have heard nothing of that yet."

"Vy, mine Cot, vowan, it is von of ter tamtest putchering schobs in all ter kuntry."

"Ah, indeed," replied Kate, "but can you not relate the circumstances of this murder? I should like to know all about it."

"Vy, bless your heart, voman, I knows all apout it, but I cannot shbeak mit out shbekin in ter language vot I duz not sthand under mit, un den I knows you vood not mean vot I vood shbeak."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Ruffner," replied Kate, "we can understand you well enough; so just speak on, and tell us about the whole affair."

"Vell, vell, Kate," replied Ruffner, "I vill spoke ter whole mit you, yust tells you all apout it," where-

* Gibbs and Buel, who were murdered in the spring of 1812.

upon, the Dutchman filled his pipe with tobacco and after giving it a few puffs, began his story, relating the whole affair in broken English as best he could, during which he made many ludicrous blunders, but Philip and Kate managed to preserve a respectful attention, until he was through. Towards the close of his story Philip's mind became much agitated, his face became flushed, and his eyes assumed a fearful aspect. It was evident that emotions of vengeance were agitating his bosom. The murder was cold blooded and desperately cruel, and he had not heard all the particulars till now, as Johnny Appleseed had merely mentioned the circumstance.

Ruffner concluded his story by saying:—"boor Kibbs, he vos a prave fellow—put tese tam Inshun raskals have dun ter schob for him."

The eyes of Philip were rivited upon the Dutchman, as he concluded the story of this most horrible affray, and springing to his feet, in a paroxysm of fearful rage, exclaimed:

"Curse all the red skins in the universe—the incarnate devils! had I the keys which unlock the arsenal of storms, then would I open upon their guilty and treacherous heads the exterminating thunders of heaven, until the last vestige of their hated race, should be swept from the face of the earth."

The eyes of the heroic Dutchman were fastened upon the young man, as he dealt out this burning malediction, and he imagined he had never before seen a living picture of such mingled rage and vengeance.

"Mine Cot," exclaimed the astonished Dutchman, "vot ter tevil is ter matter mit ter fellow?"

Philip paused a moment; he cast his eyes upon his parents, then upon Kate; his glance was fearful, his bosom heaved with the wildest emotions, and his countenance assumed, if possible, an aspect yet more wrathful than before. Again he spoke, "curse these red hounds of hell, and may the hissing thun-

derbolts of heaven fall thick and fast upon them ——''

"Philip, Philip," screamed the half affrighted Kate, as she gazed upon the vindictive countenance of her brother. "In the name of God don't look so fearful upon us."

"Mine Cot in Himmel, Gaty," replied Ruffuer, "vot is ter matter mit ter man—py ter Old Harry, I tinks as how he goes mat as von vild tevil."

"Ruffner," replied Philip, after a moment's pause, and becoming more calm, "I hope you will be able some day to avenge the death of your friends."

"Dat is yust vot I vant, und vot has prot me in tese woods," replied the Dutchman.

"Well spoken, Martin," replied Philip, "and rest assured I shall expect to share the spoils with you."

"But," replied Kate, "you must remember that fighting is a game of chance and may be in your attempts to seek revenge, you may both lose your scalps from your heads."

"Looshe mine head from ter skalp," ejaculated the Dutchman. "I'll pe tam if I do, mit out fusht putting my brice on ter artigle."

"The voice of a hero," replied Philip, much pleased with Dutchman's witicism. "When these red vermin get Martin's scalp, it will be when he can't defend it any longer."

"Yah, yah," replied the Dutchman, "dat is hit, py ter old Harry, yust let ter tevils cum on mit ter tam little axes, und I shous tem vitch vay ter vind plows."

The sun was fast going down, as Ruffner bid the family his usual "goot daugh" and returned home.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MURDER OF GIBBS AND BUEL.

"'Twas death to tarry, and 'twas death to fly,
Death bared his weapon, with terrific might
And all was desolation."—Anonymous.

Before following up the adventures of Ruffner, on the evening he left the cabin of Seymour, we propose to lay before the reader a condensed history of the murder referred to in the preceding chapter.

Two hunters named Gibbs and Buel had built themselves a small log cabin, about one mile from Sandusky bay, about one mile S. E. of the present site of Sandusky. The cabin was situated on the West side of a small prairie, and was surrounded by a thick growth of bushes and small trees. It was a delightful location, and in the midst of a beautiful hunting country. Here these two hunters remained, for some time, happy in their wild pursuits.

Two Indians named Omic and Semo, belonging to the Ottawa tribe, frequently possed by this cabin, on their way to the mouth of the Huron river, where they exchanged their venison and furs for powder, lead, tobacco, whiskey, etc. Forming an acquaintance with Gibbs and Buel, they made this cabin their stopping place over night. One night about two o'clock, these savages came to this cabin highly intoxicated, making a tremendous uproar, and demanding admittance, but fearing that they would keep up their nose all night, they were admitted. As soon as they had got inside they commenced a general "pow wow." Gibbs ordered them to keep quiet

or quit the cabin. They refused to do either. Whereupon they were knocked down and dragged out.

The Indians then withdrew from the house, and nothing was heard of them for one or two days, when they returned perfectly sober, and in a friendly manner, making no allusion to their former treatment; this was done to remove all suspicion as to their intentions. They returned again in the night of the same day, and requested permission to stay all night, which was immediately granted as before. Gibbs and Buel went to bed, and the Indians lay down as usual before the fire, and apparently in a few moments slept soundly. After Gibbs and Buel had been asleep something over an hour, the savages quietly arose, each grasping his tomahawk, and stealthily going to the bed, dealt their blows at the heads of the sleepers. The blow aimed at Buel was well directed and the hatchet was buried in his skull; but the blows not being given simultaneously, the noise of the stroke upon the head of Buel aroused Gibbs, who springing to his feet encountered the two savages.—Gibbs made a desperate resistance, but was immediately struck with the tomahawk of one of the savages, severing his right arm, except a piece of the skin, which held it fast. Instantly another blow broke his left arm; then making a desperate bound, he sprang from them and fled, but being hotly pursued as he entered the bushes, he was shot by Semo with a pistol.

About eight or ten days after this affray a man from the settlement of Huron, came to the cabin of Gibbs and Buel on some business, and when he came to the door found that there were marks of blood about it. He entered the cabin, and the first object which met his astonished gaze was the body of Buel, which had been thrown head foremost, down a kind of cellar in the middle of the floor, his feet projecting above. He immediately returned to the settlement, and communicated his discovery to the set-

tlers, whereupon a party of eight or ten set out in pursuit of the murderers, first stopping at the ill-fated cabin.

An examination of the body of Buel, revealed the fact of his head being split open—his legs broken, and the point of a spear still remaining in his head. The company who knew the Indians recollected that Omic usually carried a spear with him while on his trading expeditions to Huron. They extracted the spear from the head of Buel, preserving it for future reference. A search for the body of Gibbs now commenced. They soon discovered his trail tracking him by his blood and foot prints. From the incredible distance of his leaps, he was evidently much frightened. His body was found across the prairie, about sixty rods in front of the cabin, on the edge of the underbrush. A ball had entered his back and lodged in his left breast. Both his arms were nearly cut off, and he was otherwise dreadfully mangled. The ball was taken from his body and also preserved.

The next adventure was to obtain a clue to the murderers. It was known that these Indians had often lodged with Gibbs and Buel, and the point of the spear, found in the head of Buel, resembled the one carried by Omic. These considerations induced the company to fasten their suspicions upon Semo and Omic.

They were consequently pursued to the mouth of Carian river, where the boat was made fast, and all the whites except one, secreted themselves, while this one who was well acquainted with the Indians, went up the river to where Semo and Omic resided. He found Omic a short distance up the river, having in his possession the remaining part of the spear, with which he had killed Buel. He succeeded in persuading him down the river, under pretence of going with him on a hunting expedition; and at the moment he reached the spot where the boat lay, the

secreted party sprung upon him, and secured him with ropes. He was taken to Cleveland, tried, found guilty, and executed.

Semo was next demanded of his tribe. At first they refused to give him up, but on being satisfied of his guilt they consented to do so. A delegation was sent to receive him. The savage on finding that he was to be delivered into the hands of his enemies, asked permission to say a few words to the company. It was granted him; and he arose. He was a tall, well built man, and somewhat graceful in his movements. Every eye was fixed upon him, and every ear was open to hear what he had to say.

"My brothers," said the savage, "me kill Gibbs with my pistol—me kill many pale face—me kill more if me could. You say Semo must go with white man. Semo no go, he no want to hang—he sooner be shot."

Then casting his dark piercing eyes full upon the whites who sat some distance from where he stood, he paused for a moment. The glance of his eye was fearfully wild, and his grave and sullen countenance, gave indications of his committing some act of desperation. He drew from his bosom his pistol. A death like silence pervaded the assembly. Fearing that his vengeance was about to fall upon some one present, the Indians around him were about to rush upon him to disarm him; seeing the movement, Semo discharged his weapon; a frightful yell, and a sudden bound into the air, and the next moment the suicidal savage fell to the earth to rise no more! He had shot himself through the heart.*

It was alleged by Omic, on the day of his trial, that the provocation which induced them to commit this murder originated from the ill treatment which they received on the evening when they were knocked down and dragged out of doors.

* The particulars of this affair have been published in Moore's West. Mag., vol. 2, no. 5, taken from the MSS. History of the "Fire Lands."

CHAPTER VII.

RUFFNER'S ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

"Once a lonely hunter strayed,
Careless, fearless, on his way,
Through the wild wood's gloomy shade,
Where howling wolves in ambush lay.—Lees.

We shall now leave the Seymour family to the enjoyment of a comfortable night's rest, and follow up the adventures of the Dutchman, after leaving the cabin.

It was late in the afternoon when Ruffner started for home. He proceeded slowly through the woods in search of game, but night overtook him just as he was entering the borders of a dark and dismal swamp, which lay at the foot of a ridge of dry land, separated from a small lake of water.* This swamp was, no doubt, originally part of the lake, as the outlet of the lake passes into it. The swamp at this time was a most dismal looking place. Tall thick grass and weeds grew around its margin, and various kinds of serpents and wild beasts were its inhabitants.

As our hero was nearing this horrible looking place, his attention was aroused by a singular confusion of sounds. He paused, and listened attentively, and discovered them to proceed from the swamp. The last glimmer of evening twilight had disappeared, and a deep darkness was gathering over the forest. Advancing cautiously a short distance further, the sounds became more audible.

"Py tam," mentally ejaculated the Dutchman, as a loud yell broke upon his ears, "voolvs py shupi-

* This Lake lies near Perrysville, Ashland County.

ter." In an instant another frightfully mingled howl rent the air, some distance in the forest behind him, which was answered by those in the swamp with no less *unmusical vehemence*. Ruffner was alone—darkness was around him, and a fearful foe under cover of that darkness had surrounded him.

Nearer and still nearer came the advancing band of midnight marauders, and at every bound their horrible yells broke in upon the forest. It was evident that the pursuing gang had scented his tracks. As the yells of this gang were borne to those in the swamp, the latter answered with no less appalling sound. Ruffner's indecision at this critical period was but momentary, he sprang into the branches of a tree standing a few steps from him, but scarcely had he secured this position, when the whole gang surrounded the tree, and in a moment were joined by those in the swamp. Then commenced a scene of howling and yelling which baffles all description. Not less than two score of these loathsome and unsightly creatures mingled their wild yells in "horrid harmony." It appeared to Ruffner, that every moment their yelling grew louder and more horrid. Occasionally they would make the most desperate leaps towards the branches of the tree as if determined to spring upon their intended victim, and devour him soul and body. But finding that they could not succeed in their attempts, they became more furious; and their yells more horrible at every failure. But still they would not leave the spot.

Ruffner sat among the branches of the tree looking down upon the heart-chilling scene around him. The glaring eyeballs of the infuriated band of wild beasts, shone like coals of fire, as they prowled around the tree, making night hideous with their wild orgies. Thus he sat for some moments; he was beyond their reach but not out of their sight and hearing. At first our hero was somewhat agitated,

but finding himself beyond the power of their devouring jaws he became enraged.

"Vot," said he, half aloud, "Vill test tevilish puggars schase me on ter tree, un den keep up ter voolish parking mit a noise more as like vild tevils? Py schings I vill shtop some of ter troats."

Examining his "*bouch,*" he found it well supplied with bullets. He then commenced to open his battery from the tree, firing upon them at every opportunity with much success. On the first fire a death yell from one of their number told that the ball had taken effect. In this way he kept up his fire till near midnight. After he had killed and wounded several of them, they retreated to a greater distance from the tree, still keeping up a continuous howling. It was near the hour of midnight, and the moon was just pushing up her modest face, before the wolves showed any signs of retreating. But at length their howling died away in the distance.

The moon had now begun to cast her light upon the forest. Ruffner descended, and on examination found he had actually shot ten of the number, some of which were not dead; these he instantly dispatched, and taking their scalps proceeded on his way to his cabin, where he arrived in a short time. Next morning he visited the spot where he encountered the wolves, and found by the traces of blood and other marks that he had wounded probably as many as he had killed. Returning to his cabin, he remained there a few days making preparations for the proposed hunting excursion.

It may not be improper to notice in the conclusion of this chapter, that Ruffner had under his jurisdiction an orphan lad of about fourteen years of age. The original name of this lad was William Buntley, but when he came under the care of our Dutchman, he received the name of "*Bunty Billy,*" from the circumstance that he was thick set and heavy built. Billy was naturally a smart, active boy, quick in

understanding, good natured and somewhat witty. He had an impediment in his articulation, known by the name of "lisping."—Billy possessed a rifle which Ruffner had purchased for him; he was fond of the woods, and considering his age was a good marksman. Ruffner was very kind to the boy, and proffered to take him to the block house for safety; Billy refused, stating that he could take care of himself.

At the time appointed Ruffner and Billy made their appearance at the cabin of Mr. Seymour.—They arrived there on the evening previous to the morning the hunters were to start.

CHAPTER VIII.

HUNTING EXCURSION.

"What's this deceitful world to me?
Ambition, pride and hoarded gains,
Shall perish, and the vile worm be
Soon feasting on our poor remains."—A. Lees.

Morning dawned, and as the first tints of light came pouring upon the forest, the hunters were astir.

The family were aroused, and Kate prepared their morning meal.

"Pilly," said Ruffner, "ve vont you to be a goot poy, and sthay mit this old shentleman and tel vimmins, and shoot all ter pares, and volves and vild cats, and ebery ting that flies on two leks."

"Thgermany Gosthenth," replied Billy much astonished, thdinkenth, can anything fly on thwo legths."

"Oh," replied Kate, much amused at Ruffner's singular request, he means any thing that walks on two legs and can fly."

"Yah Gaty, dat ish it—any ting vot flies a valk on two legs a sthanding, mit fetters on its pack a lying down—dat is yust what I mean."

Breakfast! ready and all sat down to a bountiful meal. Philip and Ruffner, as soon as they had eaten, left the cabin, and were soon out of sight.

"Martin," said Philip, "in what direction shall we steer?"

"Vell I tinks ved petter go more as a little vile dis vay, den ve vill go von leetle vile anuder way, and after a vile sthop at der place vere ve vill find ourserves vere ve never vas."

"Well, then, if that's the case let us proceed with all possible haste," replied Philip, "but still I can't understand where about *"never was"* is located."

"Vell I tells you," replied the Dutchman, "it is yust ver ve vill pe ven ve git tere, mit out ve don't get tere on dis vay."

"Ah, yes, replied Philip, not wishing to press the subect any further, "I understand you," and the two hunters continued their journey until they arrived at the mouth of the Rocky Fork. Here they seated themselves, and for a while gazed upon the sparkling flood as it rolled over its stony bed.

At this time the scenery in this region was of the wildest character. The bottoms of either side of the stream were very fertile, producing an abundance of wild grass, flowers and flowering shrubs.

But our heroes had not been seated long in this romantic spot, before the appearance of a solitary man, some distance below them, attracted their attention. Eager to ascertain who he might be, and his business there, they moved down the stream towards him, under cover of weeds and bushes.—On nearing the spot they discovered the stranger to be none other than the good hearted Johnny Appleseed, busily engaged cultivating a young nursery which he had planted there.

"All alone, Mr. Chapman," said Philip advancing towards him, "but I hope I have not disturbed your solitary devotions.

"No, no," replied Johnny, "I was just clearing out some weeds from my nursery, and while thus engaged was meditating upon the similarity of an uncultivated wilderness to that of the human heart unregenerated. Both are in a wild state—in one are found weeds, thorns and briars, and in the other the brambles of sin and misery."

Quite a poetic comparison, Mr. Chapman," replied Philip, "but tell me are you not afraid of your scalp

being taken by the 'red vermin,' which infest these woods?"

"No," replied Johnny.

"And, why not?" asked Philip.

"Because," said he, "I live in harmony with all men—these rude people not excepted. Within the range of my acquaintance I do not think I have one single enemy, with the exception of the *devil,* who, I am satisfied, entertains no good will towards me, or any man who opposes his designs."

"The *devil!*" replied Philip, with a smile, "and pray, Mr. Chapman, who is he?"

Looking Philip steadily in the face for a moment, he replied, "strange, strange, young man, that one of his most faithful and obedient children, should so far outrage the memory of his parents, and that, too, after having spent years of toil in his service, as to inquire who he is!"

Philip was not expecting this retort, and for a moment seemed at a loss for a reply. Casting his eyes upon Ruffner, with a half suppressed smile, he wished to discover whether he understood the import of Johnny's rejoinder. Ruffner's perceptions were keen enough, and he replied: "Dat ish it, Mesther Schapman; he has got ter wrong sow py ter ear dish time. Dish feller tinks pecause he ish a good scholar dat he knows ebery ting; but, by schingo, Mr. Schapman, you know more in von leetle minute den he knows mit all his books."

"Mr. Chapman," said Philip, "I am frank to confess that I am not much of a religionist. I pay but little attention to what you would call my spiritual nature. Things of amore *tangible* nature engage my thoughts at this time; and to tell you the truth, I would sooner encounter ten thousand of your spiritual devils, with imaginary hoofs, horns and tails, than ten of the wild red devils, which are at this moment prowling like wild beasts through the forest,

carrying death and destruction in their desolating career."

"Ah, young man!" replied Johnny, "the desolation and eternal misery of one immortal spirit under the influence of Satan, is infinitely more lamentable than the destruction of the whole human family, temporarily considered."

"In your opinion," replied Philip, "but to tell you the truth, much as I have heard about this spiritual devil, I have never had the pleasure of forming his acquaintance."

"Well, well, young man," replied Johnny, "if you continue to live in your sins, and die unregenerated, I am fearful you will form his acquaintance to your eternal regret; but eyes you have, and you see not —ears you have, and you hear not—a heart you have, but you understand not; hence you are led a captive by him, and his will is yours."

"Well, Mr. Chapman," said Philip, evidently convicted of the correctness of Johnny's position, "I have not time to press the argument any further, however much I might wish to. Ruffner and myself are now on a hunting excursion, and will be gone a few days, and having accidently seen you here, I thought I would make you a call, and request you to oblige me by calling at our cabin every evening while in the neighborhood. The family would be much pleased to have you call with them, and I have no doubt, you will have a much better success in your religious operations with them, than with myself.

Johnny promised compliance, whereupon the two hunters bid him good evening, and resumed their journey, until they came to the mouth of a small stream,* emptying into the Clear Fork.

This region, at the time of which we write, was beautifully wild and romantic, containing an abundance of wild game. Bears, wolves, wild cats, deer

*Since called Wolf's Run, a few miles east of the present village of Newville.

and raccoons were more numerous here than in any other region of the country; this was owing to the greater abundance of rock dens and deep ravines, affording them a more secure retreat. Philip was much pleased at the location, and expressed his determination to make this a camping ground for the night. Here the clear sparkling waters rolled over the pebbled bottom with a rippling sound, which mingled with the melody of the feathered songsters, and the hum of wild bees, sipping their sweets from each tiny flower, conspired to fill the soul of Philip with the liveliest emotions. He gazed with delight upon the enchanting scene around him, and seating himself upon the banks of the stream, indulged in a few moments meditation and soliloquy; sometimes repeating aloud the thoughts that arose in his mind. Ruffner had seated himself upon a log a little in the rear of Philip, and was busily engaged in rolling volumes of tobacco smoke from his mouth, ever and anon smacking his huge lips as he rolled forth an extra quantity of the smoke.

In this position sat our hunters for some moments, one in deep meditation, and the other surrounded with a halo of tobacco smoke, and perfectly indifferent to the soul inspiring beauties of primal nature.

After having rested a few moments, they commenced the erection of a small hut, composed of poles and bark. This was soon accomplished and the two hunters laid down to rest.

CHAPTER IX.

ADVENTURE WITH SNAKES.

"What horrid music do I hear!
How terrible is strikes the ear;
How fearful 'tis at midnight hour
To hear the serpent's charming power,
Why vengeful crawling 'round my bed,
And keeping up this serenade?"

It was late in the afternoon when our little party arrived at the mouth of the run. The sun had set in cloudless glory behind the adjoining hills, before they had fully completed their shelter. Evening twilight was just disappearing as our hunters lay down to sleep. Ruffner was soon in the "land of dreams," but Philip could not close his eyes, and was in the act of turning himself round, when a peculiar whizzing rattle fell upon his ears. The sound was familiar, and springing to his feet he called upon his companion to follow suit.

"Snakes! snakes! by heavens!" exclaimed he, as he sprang outside of the shelter.

"Vot ter tevil is ter matter mit you mans?" exclaimed the Dutchman, rubbing his eyes.

"Get out of that!" exclaimed Philip, "as fast as your legs will carry you, or you will be covered with rattlesnakes."

"Rattle shnakes!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "vere ish ter rattle snakes per tam!" But before he could say any more his ears caught the sound of the venomous reptiles, as ageneral rattling among their tails had now commenced, and rising to his feet, said—

"Vell, I tinks I hears ter tam noise under ter

tails, and I sphose ve had petter yust let ter tevils be."

"I think so," replied Philip, "for there are piles of them here."

"Vell den vot shall we do for a blace to shleep?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Let us put another shanty," replied Philip. Accordingly the two hunters went to work, and in a short time had the satisfaction of taking refuge in another shelter.

The hunters lay down once more. Ruffner was soon fast asleep; but Philip's mind was full of snakes, and he could not close his eyes. He tried in vain to banish these wild imaginations from his mind. If he attempted to shut his eyes, a thousand forked, fiery tongues were darting at him.—There he lay, restless and uneasy, while Ruffner was in the full enjoyment of slumber.

It will be recollected that Philip had an unaccountable repugnance to snakes. There was no class of animals that he hated more than the snake family. He had had several narrow escapes from them, and on several occasions had been bitten by them. Once, in his own cabin, a large rattlesnake had taken refuge under his bed, where it lay all night, and in the morning, while in the act of dressing himself, it commenced its "infernal rattle," as he called it, and on looking under the bed, in order to ascertain if it was there, it made a leap toward him, and its head came within a few inches of his face.

Philip succeeded in killing the reptile but not until it had bitten him. Since that fearful morning, Philip had entertained the most profound hatred of snakes, with no little dread of them; therefore the reader will not be at a loss to account for the state of his mind on this occasion.

As we have remarked, he lay in this restless condition; how long, he could not tell. At length he found himself deprived of locomotion, and a sort of

stupidity came over him. His feelings were most singular and distressing. He tried to move, but in vain. Presently a huge rattlesnake came crawling towards him; its diamond eyes were fixed upon his, and its forked tongue darted at him in a most ferocious manner. When it had approached within several feet of him it halted, and commenced a most fearful rattle with its tail; instantly a hundred others made their appearance, advancing upon him from different directions. Philip gazed upon this heart chilling scene, but he was utterly unable to extricate himself from his perilous condition.—Before him lay a dense thicket, and around him the ground was literally strewn with the most venomous reptiles. They were of all species, sizes, shapes and colors—bull snakes, copper heads, rattlesnakes, black snakes, green snakes, blue racers and vipers, with all others peculiar to dry land. The trees around him were alive with them—and all advancing upon him. A sense of suffocation oppressed him—they had wound themselves around his legs, his arms and body. He would have torn the reptiles from him—he would have trampled them under his feet; he would have bounded from that place and found a watery grave at the bottom of the creek, but a singular fatality held him there. He looked around for his friend, but he had disappeared. A monster reptile had wound itself about his neck, and was in the act of choking him. Philip made one desperate effort and springing to his feet, he awoke, and found it all a horrid dream! exclaiming in a most ferocious manner:

"Curse all the reptile race, from the first bald headed serpent in the Garden of Eden, down to the last vestige which shall remain on the face of the earth."

"Vot ter tevil is ter matter now, man? Vot kind of a tam voolish vay is dis of getting out from ter

ped? Vy, py ter lord Harry, you looks more as like ter tevil himself!"

"Blast the snakes," cried Philip, still rubbing his eyes, and apparently somewhat bewildered.

"Vy, mine Cot, man, vere ish ter any shnakes?" but he had scarcely asked the question, when casting his eyes towards the place where he lay, he discovered the head of an enormous rattlesnake, peering from the crevices of a log against which he had rested his head during the night. Ruffner uttered an exclamation of surprise, and was about to stoop down to the earth for a club to dispatch the reptile, when another, not quite as large, made a fearful leap at him, just as Philip was about to warn him of his danger.*

Fortuantely, before the reptile had time to gather himself for another leap, Philip came down upon him with a fearful crash, and the reptile was soon writhing in the agonies of death. In another moment and the one under the log met a similar fate.

Daylight had just broken in upon the forest as Philip was aroused from his dream—nay, not altogether a dream, for the reader must understand that the snake which had leaped upon Ruffner, had actually crawled up and coiled itself upon the bosom of Philip, which may probably account for the horrible sensations which he endured; and on springing to his feet, the reptile had rolled from his breast and fallen to the ground.

But why did not the serpent, as he lay upon the bosom of the young man, inflict wounds upon his body? It is not, however, relevant to our tale to answer this question. It is enough for us to know that just such occurrences as we have related are by no means rare in the experiences of pioneer life.—Many such instances are left upon record in the lives

* Mr. James Cunningham, now residing near Newville, states that along this stream, dens of these reptiles have been discovered numbering from 100 to 200.

of western hunters. We could mention several, but will not presume upon the intelligence of the reader.

After our heroes had despatched the two serpents as already mentioned, they proceeded to the shanty, which they had forsaken in the evening. Here they were no little astonished at finding that they had actually taken shelter upon a den of rattlesnakes; for on removing the shanty and clearing away the rubbish, their ears were greeted with the *music* of this species of the snake family. The battle soon commenced in earnest, and for two long hours were our heroes engaged in killing enormous reptiles. Philip showed himself a master hand at the business, and Ruffner fairly roarer with laughter, at witnessing the dexterity of the snake-hating Philip, and every now and then amusing him with some Dutch drollery.

As soon as the work of snake extermination had been completed, the two hunters continued their journey down the banks of the Clear Fork, until they arrived at the spot where Newville now stands.

CHAPTER X.

HUNTING EXCURSION—INDIAN CABIN—AN ADVENTURE.

"Oh let me climb those gray clad hills,
Rough, rugged though they be,
And nestle by the shady rills,
Or 'neath the shady tree,"

Ascending the high cliff which overlooks this village, the romantic Philip sat himself down upon a moss covered rock.

The morning was beautiful and all nature looked gay and smiling. The mingled melodies of a thousand songsters, rang upon the morning air. To Philip, the scene appeared the more delightful as he contrasted it with the dreamy horrors of the past night. Philip's anticipations of the grand and beautiful were fully realized. Below him was spread out the interminable forest—the variegated landscape. He had left Ruffner in the valley below, and he was now by himself on the highest point of the bluff, free to revel in his own imaginations.

"The forest, the mighty forest! how it inspires the mind with emotions too big for utterance.—Thousands and thousands of acres, covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, through which bright sparkling waters roll, and on whose bank are seen the blending colors of the vast family of flowering shrubs, and blooming wild flowers. Man may boast of himself, of his honor, his knowledge and his greatness, and what is he? An insect—a worm—a mere nothing, scarcely discernible on the grand panorama of nature. Place the crimsoned robed, and diamond decked monarch, even upon this inferior pinacle, then talk to him of power, greatness and glory—tell

examined the cavern, if such it may be named, and finding no visible signs of wild beasts or reptiles, they determined to shelter here till morning; necessary preparations were accordingly made, and the hunters laid down. But their slumbers were frequently disturbed during the night by the hideous yells of prowling wolves, which were enjoying a rich repast on the bodies of the slain animals.

Morning once more dawned upon the forest; and with the "early tints of opening day" our hunters were astir. Leaving the cavern, they proceeded in a north-easterly direction for several miles until they came in sight of a considerable ledge of rocky bluffs.† This ledge of rocks is situated on the road leading now from Washington to Newville, and near the residence of Mr. John J. Douglas. All things considered they form a most magnificent and remarkable rock structure.

Our hunters were soon upon these heights, enjoying the luxury of a cool and salubrious morning air. To Philip the prospect was one of no little interest; and although this humble locality could not be brought in comparison with the garden vales of Neosha, or the alluvial prairies of Kansas, yet to his view the prospect was no less beautiful.

Here these bluffs, though miniature in comparison, are nevertheless covered with dense primeval forests; and upon these heights in other days, the red man of the forest had stood, inspired with the spirit of unobstructed freedom.

"How beautiful is nature," exclaimed the romantic young hunter, while Ruffner sat smoking his pipe, unconscious of the beauties around him.—"How beautiful is nature," repeated he, "the green earth, the blue heavens, and the wide spreading forest. Whether we gaze upon the mountain summit, the

† These have since been denominated 'Pipe's Cliffs,' in memory of the Delaware Chief of that name, who resided near Jeromeville, in now Ashland county but formerly Richland county, in 1812.

of a dense thicket, which they entered and to their no small astonishment found a solitary cabin, very rudely constructed.* On entering it they found that was uninhabited, though bearing marks of having recently been occupied.

"Vot dosh all dish mean!" inquired Ruffner. "Py shings dish a leetle Inshun house."

"Ah!" said Philip, smiling; "why may it not be a big Indian, as well as a little one that lived here?"

"Vell," replied the Dutchman, "you may shpose him a leetle or pig, yust as you blease, poot I means vots you know without your tam foolishness."

"Yes, yes," replied Philip, "I understand you now. You refer to the size of the house and not the Indian who resided in it."

"Dat ish it—dat ish it," replied the Dptchman, " and I shpose him leetle house without ter Inshun."

"But there is no time to lose here, Ruffner," said Philip, "we must look for game," and so saying the hunters left the cabin. Retracing their steps, they returned in the direction of the hill upon which they had met with such good success in the morning. But meeting with no game which they considered worthy of their attention, they concluded to seek a shelter for the night, and at the dawn of day, return home.

The sun had now sunk behind the adjacent hill, and the shades of night were again settling down upon the forest; and yet our heroes knew not where to rest for the night. In a few moments, however, they caught the sight of a ledge of rocks, at the head of a deep ravine, and proceeding to these, they discovered a spacious opening,* which running some distance under afforded an ample shelter. Having

* This cabin was the habitation of an old Indian named Lyons, some way connected with Buckwheat and Johnny Cake. He is said to have been upwards of 100 years old, and was at the burning of Col. Crawford.

* This ravine and cavern may be seen a short distance north west of the present site of Newville, near or on the land of John Ferguson.

(for such they discovered him to be,) became somewhat agitated, and pointing his finger to his feet, exclaimed in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard by our hunters, "white man here!"—Then casting his eyes around in every direction, he seemed to scrutinize every object, gazing in the direction of our hunters much more intensely than in any other. For a moment Philip imagined that he was discovered. After the old man had satisfied himself that no human eyes, apparently were upon him, he seated himself by the side of the woman, and, in a low tone of voice, entered into a long conversation, relating some story or legend, connected, as our heroes supposed with the history of this romantic cliff. The young woman, (for such they discovered her to be,) listened very attentively and apparently, at times, seemed much affected, now and then wiping the tears from her eyes.

As the old man concluded his story, he bowed himself upon the rock (the young woman imitating his movements) and remained in a kneeling posture for some moments. Presently a cloud of smoke ascended from the altar, and the orisons were over. Descending the rock the two Indians again set forward on their journey.

As soon as they were out of sight and hearing, Philip and Ruffner returned to the rock. Philip's curiosity was excited to know by what means the old man detected the presence of *"White man,"* as he termed them. He examined the face of the rock critically, but was unable to discover any signs by which such a recognition could be made.

"This is something unaccountably strange," said Philip, as he concluded his examination, "I am at a loss to discover the marks or signs by which that old Chief, as I suppose him to be, detected our presence here."

"I dus'nt tink any ting sdrange apout it," said the Dutchman, at the same time calling Philip's at-

spray washed shore of old ocean, or the flower decked plains, all, all are beautiful and inspiring. Cast our eyes over nature where we may and a thousand interesting objects meet our vision. Whether we listen to the low breathings of the gentle zephyrs, or the frightful detonations of the bellowing tempest—the glaring lightning's flash, or the soft and transient light of the passing meteor—the inimitable radiance of the many colored rainbow, or the evanescent corruscations of the ever changing aurora—yet in all these we cannot help feeling the highest degree of holy veneration. Whether we gaze upon the limpid waters of the clear running brooks, which trickle over grass and pebbles along their flower strewn banks, or upon the fearful precipitations of the awe inspiring cataract, or the foaming surges of the sunless deep—we are in either case constrained to acknowledge the sublime teachings of nature, a source of infinite gratification; and he, whose soul is so luggish as not to be able to realize such an overpowering sense of the beautiful and sublime is an obejct of deep commiseration——"

"Vot ish dat?" ejaculated the Dutchman, pointing his finger towards a couple of moving objects that were making their way towards the spot where our heroes were sitting. "Inshuns, py shupiter!" and the Dutchman grasped his rifle ready for a combat. In a moment Philip discovered them, and bidding Ruffner to keep quiet and follow him, the two hunters, cautiously retreated some distance in the rear of the cliff, concealing themselves in a thick clump of underbrush, which completely hid them from the sight of the Indians; but from which the top of the cliff became distinctly visible, by slightly moving to one side of the thick foliage.

It was but a few moments till our heroes discovered the two Indians, a man and a woman, ascending the rock on which they had just been seated. As soon as they had gained the summit, the old Indian,

(for such they discovered him to be,) became somewhat agitated, and pointing his finger to his feet, exclaimed in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard by our hunters, "white man here!"—Then casting his eyes around in every direction, he seemed to scrutinize every object, gazing in the direction of our hunters much more intensely than in any other. For a moment Philip imagined that he was discovered. After the old man had satisfied himself that no human eyes, apparently were upon him, he seated himself by the side of the woman, and, in a low tone of voice, entered into a long conversation, relating some story or legend, connected, as our heroes supposed with the history of this romantic cliff. The young woman, (for such they discovered her to be,) listened very attentively and apparently, at times, seemed much affected, now and then wiping the tears from her eyes.

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tention to foot prints made upon the soft moss, which had overspread the rock.

"Plain enough, Martin, plain enough," said Philip, "and I most heartily accord to you a superior sense of perception."

"Yaw," replied the Dutchman, "poot I shoost tells you young mans vot I tinks about it. Ven you get in ter woods mit your eyes shut, you had petter pe at home."

"Thank you, Martin, thank you," replied Philip, "I will endeavor to profit by your admonition. But certainly I should like to know the history of that old Indian. I feel confident there is something interesting in his history."

"Vell, vell young mans," replied Ruffner, "dish may pe vot you likes, poot I cares notting apout all dis tam nonsense. All Inshuns pe von tam rascal. I knows more apout ter—vot you calls em?" "history," replied Philip—"yaw I knows more apout ter history as I vants to know."

"That may all be very true, Martin, but still I have a curiosity to know something more of the old Chief and his daughter; at any rate here is a good chance for an adventure, and I propose that we embrace the opportunity.

"Vell, vot vood you pe after now—Ise shust ter schap for ter pizzness."

"Well I propose that we follow that old Indian and ascertain if possible, who he is and the nature of his business in this region. But remember, there is to be no shooting without a presentation of actual danger."

"Yaw, yaw," replied Ruffner, laughingly, "I knows vot you ish apout, you wants to shpoke mit ter Inshun vomans, more as ter Inshun mans."

"Well, Ruffner, to confess the truth, you are about half right, I must own that the girl has made a deep impression on my mind, as well as the old man himself."

"Py Shupiter, young mans," replied Ruffner, "vood you makes love mit dat tam Inshun vomans?"

"That would altogether depend upon circumstances," replied Philip; "but will you accompany me in the adventure?"

"Shust as you blease," replied Ruffner.

"Enough," cried Philip, and the two hunters left the rock.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHIEFTAIN AND HIS DAUGHTER—EAGLE'S NEST—THUNDER STORM—HEMLOCK FALLS.

"A night of clouds in threatening blackness hung,
O'er the dark forests of the west, and flung
A fearless gloom upon the trackless woods."—Lees.

From the external appearance of the old Indian, Philip concluded that he was some noted Chief. He was evidently well stricken with years. He was remarkably tall, well built, and apparently very muscular,—he was quick in his motions, firm in his step, and fiery in his eyes. His proportions were those of the most exact symmetry, and his general department manly and dignified. His dress was of the most showy character. On his neck he wore a collar of the most beautiful colors. On each shoulder was a beautiful ornamented feather, and across his breast in a diagonal position, and bound tight to it, was his war *pipe,* at least two feet long.

The young woman appeared still more gaudily attired, and interestingly beautiful, and was as Philip imagined, a perfect model of perfection.

A strange feeling had entered the young man's bosom, making him anxious to learn the history of this interesting couple. He had proposed to his comrade to follow in pursuit of them, and they were now on their way.

After starting in pursuit, Philip gave directions to Ruffner to proceed cautionsly, and in no case to discharge his rifle unless attacked.

Proceedings on the trail of the Indians for some distance without coming in sight of them, they

halted on the banks of a small stream,* which at that time was very low. Here all signs of the trail ended, and the hunters had almost concluded that the old man had discovered them, and had taken the greater caution to leave no signs of the trail behind him. But Philip, who had wandered a short distance down the banks of the creek, observed a broken twig on the opposite side. Coming to a halt, he sat down, awaiting the approach of Ruffner, who shortly after made his appearance on the opposite side of the run. Philip joined him by crossing it, and the two hunters once more entered upon the trail which led across a broken part of the country.

The sky for some time past had become overcast with fragmentary clouds, and the occasional peals of thunder indicated an approaching storm. Still our heroes pursued their way, until they again struck the banks of the Clear Fork, and after traveling a short distance up the stream, crossed to the other side.

But the darkness of the night was now settling around them, and a most fearful storm was gathering over them.

The gleaming lightnings were playing in fearful corruscations along the dark storm cloud that rose awfully sublime from the western horizon. As yet our heroes had not come in sight of the Indians, and the increasing darkness had now prevented them from following the trail. It was agreed to abandon the adventure, and seek a shelter from the storm. They had proceeded about one mile south of where they crossed the stream before darkness had fully set in upon them, and their position was now upon a high cliff of rocks, known as the "*Eagle's*

* Since called Switzer's run, which empties into the Clearfork, a short distance east of Newville.

*nest.''** Here they determined to remain until the fury of the storm had subsided. A short distance in the rear of this cliff was a thick growth of underwood, into which they retired, securing their persons and fire arms as best they could with the skins of the animals they had killed.

The tempest was now upon them; and *such a tempest!* Heaven and earth seemed clashing together. Peal after peal of booming thunder burst from the flaming batteries of heaven.

"Py Shupiter," exclaimed the Dutchman, "dish a tevilish pig shtor——." Crack went an electric rocket with the energy of Omnipotence, and in the same instant a huge oak, standing some distance in the rear of where they sat, was shivered to pieces, one of which was precipitated within a few feet of them. It was afearful crash, and for a moment the two hunters seemed sensibly affected by the shock. This astounding crash was quickly succeeded by another, and another, though at much greater distances. Next came the sweeping winds, bearing down everything in their course. The noise of their roaring was heard like the heave and swell of the tempest tossed ocean, under the desolating energies of a tropical hurricane. Rain and hail were descending in such prodigious torrents, as induced our hunters to conclude that the "Prince and power of the air" had opened one of the gates of a supernal canal, through which flowed all the waters of the universe, —certainly, it was nothing less than a liquid avalanche, sweeping out of the storm clouds of heaven, and the steady roar of the wild war of the elements —the winds driven rains, hail riven air, flickering, burning and brightening, with the astounding thun-

* In those days an old eagle had built her nest upon this cliff, since which the rock has been called "Eagle's Nest." This rock rises about 80 feet in perpendicular height, and from its summit is afforded a most magnificent view of the valley of the Clearfork, for some distance. This cliff is but a part of the high bluffs which run parallel with the stream.

der crashes and noise of falling trees, mingled in horrible confusion, echoing with deep repeatings and muffled reverberations, from hill to hill, suggested to the romantic young hunter the idea that ten thousand devil drummers were summoning, with dismal roll, a million of fire spirits to the world's conflagration.

Such was a night tempest on the banks of the Clearfork in 1812,* as witnessed and endured by these two lonely pioneers.

Philip sat gazing with emotions of mingled awe and reverence upon this "elemental war." He had never before been called to witness such a magnificent and terrific atmospheric phenomenon, yet notwithstanding the danger to which he was exposed, no considerations would have induced him to have foregone this magnificent exhibition of nature. He had often viewed nature in her moments of calm repose, had drank deep from the fountains of the hills, and imbibed the spirit of the sequestered forest, and now he had, for the first time, seen nature in one of her wildest paroxysms.

The winds had now sunk to a gentle gale, the fury of the storm had passed over their heads, and the silvery stars were beginning to shine out upon the high arch of heaven. Our hunters arose from their seats, in their humble shelter, which together with the skins of the animals, had preserved them against the fury of the rain and hail, and advancing towards the margin of the bluff, gazed in mute astonishment into the fearful abyss below, which through the darkness of the night appeared the more horrible.

"Vot for noish is dat?" exclaimed Ruffner, as his ears caught the sound of a continuous roaring in a southerly direction from the cliff.

* This storm is yet fresh in the memories of the early settlers who are still living. In many places over which it passed its effects are yet visible.

"It is noise of falling water," replied Philip, who had also caught the sound as Ruffner spoke. "It is a cascade in all probability," repeated he, "and I propose that we direct our course thither."

"Und, vot you mean py *ter gascat?*" interrogated the Dutchman.

"Why," replied Philip, "a little cataract, over which the water is precipitated."

"Vell, vell, poot I dosh not shtan under vot you mean py ter catrack mit vauter precepty," said the Dutchman. "Can't you shbeak blain vot I knows mit out your pig vords?"

"Yes, yes," replied Philip, much tickled at the Dutchman's language. "A cascade or cataract is a water-fall, or a place where the water rolls over rocks and falls to the ground."

"Vell, den," replied Ruffner, "ve vill go und see dish, vot you calls him?"

"Cascade," answered Philip.

"Yaw, dish gascate."

Accordingly the two hunters directed their steps in the direction of the anticipated waterfall. They had descended the cliff and entered the valley, leading in a southerly direction. The nearer they approached, the more audible became the sound. A deep and gloomy ravine lay before them, which they entered, following it up for some distance. The roaring of the water, echoing in the ravine in the darkness of night, was quite deafening. A large quantity torrents over the broken rocks. After our heroes had proceeded some distance up the ravine towards the falls, they discovered, to their no small astonishment, the faint glimmerings of light shining through the thick foliage of the trees.

"Py Shupiter," exclaimed the Dutchman, evidently a little frightened, "ve ish going into a den of roppers. Dat ish burty tark, tevelish looking blace."

"A suspicious looking locality," replied Philip, "but I am anxious to learn its character, and I think

we can succeed much better now than if we wait till morning. As to this place being inhabited by robbers I have no fears of that. But there may be a body of Indians encamping here. If so they will not attack us now. Let us proceed cautionsly till we discover the nature of this light. The adventure may be dangeros, but the advantage is on our side; we will be under cover of darkness, and if we discover the company to be too numerous, we can retreat unnoticed. If they are Indians it is evident they do not anticipate the approach of an enemy to-night, as they have their fires burning."

"Vell," replied Ruffner, "I ish agreet to any ting vot you ish," so saying the Dutchman reprimed his rifle, making all things secure in case of any emergency.

Our heroes now approached, under cover of underbrush, the place from which the light proceeded. The noise of the falling water gave them an opportunity of advancing without being heard. The nearer they approached the falls, the more apparent the light appeared. After coming within several yards of the falls, they discovered the light to proceed from behind them, which made the precipitating flood appear more grand and picturesque. As they halted here for a few moments in order to closely scrutinize the place, Ruffner discovered the huge form of an Indian, standing some few feet in advance of him on a fragment of a rock that lay a short distance to the one side of the cascade.

"*Inshun!*" exclaimed Ruffner, in a somewhat agitated tone of voice, when instantly the figure was recognized by Philip also. As Ruffner spoke, the Indian glided behind a rock and was lost to sight. At first Philip thought that the Indian had heard the voice of Ruffner, but then again he knew that the roar of the falls would not permit the sound of ten such voices to become audible from the distance where he stood, and as to their being discovered,

where they were, under cover of such deep darkness, it was out of the question. Under these considerations, his fears were dismissed, and they still continued to advance towards the light, until they came within ten steps of the rock upon which they had seen the Indian. Here they paused, and a consultation was held, in which it was agreed that one of them should advance upon the rock referred to, and with the utmost caution examine the place and discover if possible the position of the Indian. This adventure was somewhat bold and perilous, and was undertaken by Philip, while Ruffner was to cover his retreat in case of an attack.

Philip gained the rock unobserved, and unmolested, when to his no small astonishment, he discovered the objects of his day's pursuit. There behind the cascade in a spacious cavern.* which ran some distance under the rock, sat the old Indian and what Philip now supposed his daughter. Returning to Ruffner he communicated his discovery to him, when it was agreed upon that both should enter the cavern at the same time, with the butts of their rifles foremost, so as to create as little alarm as possible among the Indians. Accordingly they proceeded boldly to the rock, when a piercing scream from the young maiden aroused the old man who sat smoking his pipe with his face turned in an opposite direction, and springing to his feet, confronted the two hunters with uplifted tomahawk.

"I am the Indians' friend," exclaimed Philip, advancing towards the old man with extended hand. This was enough. The old man dropped his hatchet, grasped his hand, and bid him a hearty welcome. A similar reception awaited the Dutchman.

* This romantic locality has since been denominated "Hemlock Falls," and is often visited by the young parties. "Pic nic parties," often meet here, and on some occasions, political meetings are said to have been held here. Thes falls ar surrounded by a thick growth of hemlock; hence the name "Hemlock Falls."

CHAPTER XII.

HEMLOCK FALLS—THE CHIEFTAIN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Compelled by warring elements to stay,
They sought a shelter till the storm was o'er,
In a dark cavern, on the Clear Fork's shore;
Far through the gloom extends the peeping light,
Fringing the sable drapery of night;
Rushed the rude storm; as waters dashing o'er
The cataract, with deep astounding roar.

"Hemlick Falls," the place where we left our heroes and the Indian in the preceding chapter, is situated about two miles south-east of the present site of Newville. These Falls are indeed most interesting. The water pours over a precipice of about seventy-five fet in height, leaping from rock to rock until it reaches the bottom, which is strown over with fragmentary rocks, evidently detached from the heights above. Upon the top of the bluff, over which the water descends, stands a large Hemlock tree, its roots being interwoven with rocks. Viewed from below, this tree presents a most fearful sight. It seems to rise upward amidst the clouds, standing upon a mere point of an overarching rock. Ascending this tree, and casting your eyes from the top into the abyss below, the view becomes truly horrible, and it requires no ordinary amount of fortitude to perform the experiment.

These Falls, when viewed under the soft and mellow light of the moon, reminds one of the poetic descriptions of the fairy lands, where spirits and elves assemble to hold their nightly festivals in the still moonlight, which falling upon, and through the checkered curtain of green, gives enchantment to

the view. Such is but a faint description of this natural curiosity, as it appeared to Philip at the period of this adventure.

As our hunters entered this cavern, a bright blazing fire, the light of which falling with an enchanting softness on every object around them, gave the place an aspect of the most fascinating and dreamy beauty. Overhanging this arching entrance, and creeping out of the crevices of the rock above, came down a thick curtain of wild vines, interlaced and commingled with luxuriant honey suckles with their bright colored blossoms, fringing the front of the cave on either side of the falls.

But the most beautiful sight which met the vision of the young man, was the young Indian maiden. Her eyes met his as he entered the cavern, revealing to him as he imagined, a hidden wold of brightness and sunshine.

"Old man," said Philip, after the party had surrounded the fire. "I hope we have not given you any offense by our intrusion here."

"None whatever," replied he in broken English, "this place is as much the property of the whiteman as of the Indian. The Great Spirit whom the christians call God, has created the white man as well as the Indian, granting both the right to be free and unmolested in the pursuit of happiness."

"Venerable man," interrogated Philip, "are you in possession of the character of the christian's God?"

"I am," answered the old man, and taking from his bosom a copy of the New Testament, presented it to Philip, saying—"here, sir, is a transcript of the character of the only object, worthy of our adoration."

"From whence did you derive a knowldeg of letters?" inquired Philip.

"Sir," replied the Indian, "I am indebted to the Moravian Missionaries for all I know respecting the

English language and the Bible. I belong to the Delaware tribe, which once inhabited the entire valley of the Schuylkill, but being driven from that locality by the whites, they crossed the Allegheny mountains, and settled down along the Muskingum river. In an early period of my life, Christian Missionaries* came among us; we threw down our hatchets, and submitted ourselves to their instructions; among the number of their converts was myself."

"But," enquired Philip, "may I ask you, have you always carried out the precepts of this Book?"

"No, sir," frankly replied the old man;" after the murder of my brethren† by Col. Williamson, I took up the hatchet against the whites, and remained their inveterate foe till the treaty of Greenvills.‡ This book tells me to return good for evil, but I have returned evil for evil. I have taken the lives of many, but these days are past, I have heartily repented of my wickedness, and shall do so no more."

"Well," replied Philip, "I will frankly confess that your race has ben shamefully wronged by the whites; and as to the action of Col. Williamson, in the murder referred to, our people universally execrate it."

"That may all be true," replied the old man, "but what action did your government take against the man himself? None. He was a murderer—a base murderer. The blood of nearly one hundred men, woman and children, is this day crying against him from the village of Gnadenhutten, and among

* The Moravian Missionaries made their appearance in Ohio as early as 1761 and '62. Rev's. Post, Hackwilder and Zeisberger were among the first.

† Gnadenhutten Indians in 1782.

‡ In 1795.

that number were those bound to me by the dearest associations."*

As the old man concluded this reply Philip thought he detected emotions of grief within his bosom, and he therefore determined to change the conversation to some other topic. Philip had observed during the conversation, that the eyes of the maiden had frequently been cast upon him, and he imagined a *peculiar* meaning in her bewitching glances. Changing the conversation he remarked, "this locality is really romantic."

"Yes," replied the old man," there is not another such spot along this stream."

"None like it that I have seen," answered the young man. "But it has been suggested to my mind that this locality might have been the theatre of some important event connected with the history of Indian life."

"Your suggestion," replied the old man, "is not unfounded. This place, to myself at least, will ever be held in sad remembrance."

"Ah! indeed," replied Philip, "then some disastrous event has occurred here, in bygone years, the memory of which yet cast a gloom over your mind."

"Nay, not immediately here," replied the old man, "but some few miles distant; though this place stands somewhat connected with this horrible tragedy."

In a moment Philip's mind turned to the cliff on which he had seen him in the afternoon, and anxious to learn the particulars of this event, he thus addressed the old Indian:

* It is but due to the cause of truth to state here, that but few instances are left on record in which a white man has been tried and executed for the murder of an Indian. Col. Johnson says that in a period of 53 years, since he came to the west, he never knew but one instance, in which a white man was tried, convicted and executed for the murder of an Indian. The murder of Summum,dewat and his family, (who were Methodist Converts,) while on a hunting excursion in Hancock Co., in 1845, is evidence of this fact. The murderers, three whites, were permitted to escape from prison.

"Venerable Sir, it would afford me the most exalted pleasure to learn the history of your life, and particularly the incidents of the memorable event to which you refer. There is nothing which affords me more pleasure than to learn wisdom and instruction at the feet of those whose observation and experience entitles them to the vocation of instructors of youth. Sir, I am now fully convinced that true philosophy is only obtained through observation and experience. And in case it would not be derogatory to your feelings, a history of your life, and the events connected with it would be a source of infinite satisfaction to myself, and prove an acceptable and instructive offering to my race."

"At present, young man," replied the old Indian, I am not prepared to give you a positive answer. If you have no objections we will retire to rest, and in the morning I shall be prepared to answer you fully."

Accordingly the parties lay down to rest. But it was some time before Philip could fall asleep. The noise of the falling water, sounding in his ears, kept him awake for some time, during which his thoughts would occasionally turn to the Indian girl.

Morning came. Day light had spread her rosy wings over the forest, and the mingled melodies of the woodland minstrels were floating upon the morning air.

Philip and his comrade had risen, and were about to step ouside of the cavern to view this romantic spot by the light of day, when a loud and piercing shriek once more rang through the cavern. All eyes were turned towards the girl, and in an instant the object of her alarm was visible.

"Curse the snakes," cried Philip, at the same moment discharging his rifle, and burying its contents in the head of an enormous rattlesnake, which lay coiled up ready to spring upon the young woman. The animal was solitary and alone, and probably

had taken refuge there during the night, having been attracted by the light of the fire. He had, in all probability, made up his mind to spend that stormy evening with our heroes, and passing by the heads of the sleepers, and not wishing to disturb their pleasant dreams, had coiled himself up to rest in the further end of the cavern. But Philip had a soul above snakes, and no sooner did the monster prepare to give battle, than the heroic and snake-hating Philip came down upon his huge snakeship with a mighty crash, sending his bewildered spirit to join those of his species, which he had dispatched on a previous occasion.

"Young man," said the Indian, "you are *some* in a snake fight."

"Vell, tinks he is," replied the Dutchman; "you should shust have seen him not more longer ago as tay pefore ter lasht tay, von ter shnakes were ticker as ter fleas on ter tog's pack."

The odd expressions of the Dutchman had disturbed the gravity of the old Indian, and it was with difficulty that the young maiden could suppress a loud paroxism of merriment.

The two hunters now stepped outside the cavern, on purpose to take a more definite view of the falls, which appeared more beautiful, and less gloomy and awful, than when they had first seen them.

"Young man," said the old Indian, after Philip had returned, "you requested me yesterday evening to give you a history of my life and the incidents pertaining to the tragical event spoken of. I am now prepared to comply with your request. But in order to make the history of the event more impressive, I propose that you and your companion accompany me to a certain locality not far distant from this, where I will relate to you all the particulars."

To this Philip readily consented, well knowing the place to which he alluded; and after partaking of some venison and corn bread, the whole party set

out for the cliffs, where they arrived about the middle of the forenoon.

In a few moments our hunters with the two Indians were all seated upon the same rock on which they had sat the preceeding day. The old man then commenced his story, relating every particular as it came in turn. His language was broken, yet perfectly intelligible. And as his narrative is of a highly interesting character, and confirmed by the testimony of history we have no doubt, but a transcript of it would be acceptable to the reader.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPT. PIPE.

In this romantic region of the West,
Dwelt the poor Indian—nature's fearless child,
The rightful tenant of this native wood—
Where roams he now? Far in the spectre land of setting sun.

"Our tribe," commenced the old man," many years ago, inhabited the Valley of the Schuylkill, away towards the rising sun. It was a lovely region. The bright waters of this beautiful stream, rolled between banks studded with the most charming flowers. Here our forefathers lived for many years, undisturbed and unmolested, until the white man came among them. Then arose quarrels, and many were murdered on both sides. At length our fathers were overpowered, and forced to leave their hunting grounds, their wigwams, and the graves of their fathers. They then emigrated to the Valley of the Susquehanna, and from thence across the Alleghenies to Ohio, settling down in the Valley of the Muskingum. I was but a small boy at the time. Soon after we came to this region, Christian Missionaries came among us. They established three stations on the Tuscarawas River. The names of these stations or villages were Shoenbrun, Gnaddenhutten, and Salem. They all stood in beautiful locations. It was here that I first learned the true character of the Great Spirit. The efforts of the Missionaries were paving the way for the civilization of our race. While at this station my father and mother both died in the Christian faith. Shortly after this sad event a war broke out between the American white people

and the English. When my parents died I was about 18 years of age, and with a sister younger than myself were the only members of the family living. Immediately after the death of our parents, my sister and myself, in company with several others, left Gnadenhutten for the village of Wappatomica,* on the Muskingum. Here we lived for some time, passing the time away in hunting and fishing.

About the commencement of, or a short time befor the Revolutionary War, a party of whites came upon us to give us battle. We had been apprised of their approach the day before the engagement. About 50 of our warriors met them about six miles from the village. As soon as the army came up to where we lay, (being in ambush,) we fired upon them, and had the satisfaction of seeing several of them fall. We then attempted to retreat across the river, but were prevented by the white sentinels. We finally succeeded in escaping with our women and children from the village; when the soldiers entered it, they set fire to it and burnt it down; and then proceeding to other villages, set them also on fire, the inhabitants have previously escaped into the woods.†

As soon as the army had left our country we returned to our towns, but only to find them in ruins. The sight of our deserted and desolate villages made us frantic with rage. We vowed vengeance. We asked ourselves the question what had we done to merit such inhuman treatment? We were peaceable and friendly disposed, pursuing our avocation of hunting and fishing and molesting no one.

At this time I was young and fiery; I feared no danger, and despised cowardice, and I determined to life the hatchet in defence of my country.—My sister having married a young warrior, I now had

* This village stood about 16 miles below the present site of Coshocton.

† This expedition was under the command of Col. Agnes McDonald by order of Lord Dunmore, Gov. of Virginia in 1774.

no one to claim my particular attention, and I resolved to enter the battle field, and distinguish myself as a warrior.

After leaving the Muskingum, I bent my steps towards the Sciota Valley. Here were several Indian villages belonging to the Shawnees. These towns were situated in the most delightful country I had ever seen. Shortly after the burning of the villages along the Muskingum, another expedition was fitted out for the purpose of destroying our villages on the Sciota. A large army of whites made their appearance at the mouth of the Kanawha; having left our towns on the Sciota, we met their forces at this place. A battle ensued, and many were killed on both sides; but finding that we were going to be overpowered, our chiefs sued for peace. Accordingly the troops were ordered to Camp Charlotte, where the principal Chiefs of the Sciota tribes met them and negotiated a peace. There was one Chief however, who refused to enter into this treaty. This was Logan. After this treaty I left the Sciota for the Sandusky country, and was soon placed at the head of a party of young warriors. Ours was a scouting party, and we determined to wreak our vengeance on every party of white soldiers we met. Passing by a short interval of some six or seven years, in which nothing of much importance occurred, I now come to an event in the history of our race, which for inhumanity and cold blooded barbarism stands unparalleled in the history of Indian wrongs. I refer to the murder of Gnadenhutten Indians. From that day to the treaty of Greenville I was an inveterate foe to the whites. I was in the battle of St. Clair's defeat and also in the battle of the Miama of the Lakes, where Gen. Wayne so nobly distinguished himself. We thought there never was such an other man as Wayne. Our warriors stood in awe of him. After the treaty of Greenville I came to this region of Ohio, where I have remained ever since.

A few years after my sister and myself left Gnadenhutten for the Muskingmum, she married a young warrior named "Round Head" and on hearing of the murder of the Gnadenhutten Indians, she and her husband and one child at her breast, in company with several others left for the "Sandusky Country." On their way thither they halted upon *this* ledge of rocks, and were seated where we now set, when they were fired upon by a party of whites.* killing my sister and her child, and slightly wounding two others. The ball had passed through the bodies of both mother and child, and springing to to her feet, she fell headlong over this cliff among the rocks below, a lifeless corpse. The others escaped, and after retreating some distance, remained in ambush till night, when they reconnnoitered the country around the rocks, for some distance, but finding no signs of their encampment, they approach the cliffs, and found both the mother and child scalped. Then pressing onward they arrived in the Sandusky Country, a few days afterward, bringing me the sad news of my sister's death. This inhuman outrage increased my hatred still more against the white race.

The bodies of both mother and child lie buried among these rocks, but the place where they lie must remain unknown to the white man. This locality is indeed sacred to me, and before leaving this country, perhaps forever, I determined to visit the spot, in connection with the cave in which you found us, where my sister and her husband had encamped the night previous to her death. In that cavern, she slept her last earthly sleep. In a few weeks, or perhaps days, I shall leave this region, and in all probability I shall never again be permitted to visit it.

* It is supposed that this murder was committed by a party of Scouts, belonging to Col. Broadhead's expedition against the villages of the Forks of the Muskingum, known as the "Coshocton Campaign" in the summer of 1780.

This is my history, and I am now done. Philip was deeply interested in the old man's history, during the recital of which the eyes of the Indian were mostly fixed upon him. The young maiden too was seen to cast upon him occasional enquiring glances. In some parts of the narrative she seemed deeply affected. When the old Indian had finished his story he arose from his seat for the purpose of continuing his journey, motioning to the young lady to follow him.

"One more question," exclaimed Philip, seeing the old man about to retire," "your name, if you please?"

"They call me Capt. Pipe," answered he, mildly.

"What! Capt. Pipe, of Jeromeville?" enquired the astonished young hunter.

"The same, sir," answered the Indian. "My name is Capt. Pipe, and this young lady is my *adopted* daughter."

"And is it possible," exclaimed the young man, that I have had the honor of conversing with so distinguished a Chieftain as Capt. Pipe? I have often heard you, sir, spoken of as one of the bravest Indian warriors that ever marched into a field of battle. It would afford me much pleasure, sir, to continue my acquaintance with you."

"Young man," replied the Chieftain, "the cabin of Capt. Pipe is ever open to the reception of the white man. I am now his friend, and if you should pass by my cabin without caling upon me, I should feel that you were unworthy of my respect."

"Captain," answered Philip, "it will give me the greatest amount of pleasure to call upon you, and since you have thrown down the hatchet, and placed yourself under the protection of the white race, I for one shall forget the past, and defend your rights."

The old man grasped the hand of Philip, a tear

stood in his eye, and after gazing upon him for a moment, evidently much affected, he said:

"Young man, you are an honor to your race. May the Great Spirit be your protector. The *blessing of Captain Pipe* be upon your head. I shall expect to see you at my cabin before I leave this region."

"You shall not be disappointed," replied Philip, and the parties separated. The old man and his daughter descending the cliff were soon lost to sight in the deep forest, leaving the two hunters to pursue their journey alone.

"Ruffner," said Philip, after they had gone a short distance homeward, "I have had some strange thoughts since seeing those two Indians. There is, in my opinion, some mystery connected with their history, especially that of the young woman. She is certainly a handsome Indian to say the least of her."

"Vell, I tinks you ish a shtrange feller, anyhow, always shbeaken your tam foolishness mit tese red tevils. Ven dat puggar vos shbeaken apout his tam tidoes mit his little axes on ter vite beobles, I vos so tam mad as I could be mit out shumpin oop und town and drampen out his tam eyes out."

"Ah! but Martin," replied Philip, "he is a poor Indian, he and his people have been wronged, and he is now a friend to the whites and will defend their cause."

"Vel, vell, dat ish drue—dat ish drue, und I shpose ve must inspect him for dish," said the Dutchman, in a somewhat softer tone of voice, "he ish now a conspeshun from the sheneral rule, I dosh not like dese Inshuns, I tink ter are more of tem tam rascals, as more vot aint."

"That is true," replied Philip, "but this old fellow must be an exception in our hostility to the race. And as for that beautiful girl no man, friend or foe, shall harm a hair of her head; besides, Martin, I have come to the conclusion to pay the old Chief a visit and inform myself as to her origin. Don't you

remember he said she was his *adopted* daughter. There is some meaning in this."

"Vot ter tevil is ter matter mit your prains now," ejaculated the Dutchman, "shposen he did say 'topted taghter,' vot of dat."

"Why Martin," said Philip, "I have thought, from that, that she is *not* of Indian origin."

"Vot you mean py ter orishun," enquired the Dutchman, with a vacant stare.

"Why I mean," said Philip, "that she is a *white girl.*"

"A vite gal!" cried Ruffner, looking at the young man with no little astonishment, and evidently doubting his sanity—"a vite gall," repeated he, "my Cot, for vot you talk so tam foolish? A vite gall mit an Inshun face! Der ish about as much vite gall in dis Inshun voman, as der ish vater in ter pottomless pit!"

"Well," replied Philip, "every one to their own opinion, as the saying is; and I have no objection, Martin, to you enjoying yours; but I am almost positive, that there is not a drop of Indian blood in her body."

Here the conversation of the hunters respecting the girl ended, and they continued their way through the forest, meeting with nothing of interest until they arrived at the cabin of Mr. Seymour, some time in the afternoon.

Great was the rejoicing of the family on their entering the cabin, as during their absence they had felt no little uneasiness concerning them. Kate particularly, had had an unpleasant dream, in which she had seen them writhing in the agonies of death under the tomahawk and scalping knife.

As soon as the hunters had arrived, Kate commenced the preparation of an evening meal, which was completed in a short time; and when they had satisfied the demands of their appetites, Philip related the particulars of their hunting adventure.

He gave Kate a full description of the old Indian and his daughter, representing the latter as the personification of beauty and loveliness.

"How much I should love to see that forest flower of yours," said Kate, after hearing Philip's description of her personal charms. "Indeed," continued she, "if your representation be correct, I should be proud to own her as a *sister.*"

"Thank you, Kate, thank you for such words of encouragement," said Philip in ecstacy. "I am certain you would love her, for she is singularly beautiful. Her voice is sweeter than the sweetest strains of the Æolian harp of Grecian fable, and her movements are graceful and easy. I tell you, Kate, she is a mysterious being."

"And so, the old Chief gave you an invitation to visit him in his cabin. How I should enjoy such a visit," said Kate playfully.

"No gratification shall be denied you sister, replied Philip, "if in my power to satisfy your desires."

"Thank you, brother," replied the affectionate sister, and the conversation was broken by the entrance of the notable Johnny Appleseed.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOME SCENES.

"Each poor conceited mortal has his failing,
And I have mine—can't mend it much by railing."

Johnny Appleseed had not forgotten to visit the cabin of Mr. Seymour every evening during the absence of Philip. Not knowing that the young hunter had returned home, he had come as usual to spend the evening with the family."

"Well, Mr. Chapman," said Philip, after bidding him a good evening and a hearty welcome," "I suppose by this time you have converted the whole family, and particularly your favorite, Sister Kate, whose heart you know is soft and tender, and susceptible of receiving Divine impressions."

The eyes of both Kate and Johnny were fixed upon the young man as he spoke, and both were about to reply, but Kate gave way, and Johnny proceeded.

"Young man," said he, in a sedate and serious manner, "I would to God that *your* heart was only half as soft as your *head,* then would I indulge the cheering anticipation of your conversation also."

Phliip fairly sunk under this cutting rejoinder and Kate gave vent to a hearty laugh. The Dutchman, too, seemed highly pleased, while Philip smiled, evidently *"dumfounded."*

"Mr. Shapman," said the Dutchman, "I tinks as how you ish mishdaken, in ter young mans. Dere ish a great shange in the fellow—hissen heart ish soft enough since you shbeaked mit him in ter voods."

Johnny, not knowing of Philip's interview with the old Chieftain and his daughter, and supposing that the admonition he had given him in the woods, at their last interview had been "seed sown in good ground," came to the conclusion that a religious change had really been effected in the young man's heart, and wishing to offer him every encouragement, mildly replied:

"Well, since your heart is made the object of Divine influence, young man, I fondly hope you will grow in grace, day by day, until you become a *nursing father in the Israel of this forest.*"

Philip's mind during the admonition had wandered back to the rock on which he had found the lovely Indian maiden, and for a moment was lost in reflection, but on hearing his name associated with that of '*Father,*' roared out in a most vociferous manner:

"What the thunder does all this mean? Who calls me a '*father in Israel!*' "

Kate, seeing the ludicrous position of Philip, and the astounding looks of Johnny, who stood gazing upon the confused young man, unable to comprehend his meaning—indulged in a hearty laugh, while Ruffner, with a peculiar twinkle of his mirth provoking eyes, replied:

"Mr. Shapman, ter young man's heart is vorking unter a great shange. Dis shange has peen on ter feller since he seen ter anshel in ter cave."

"Ah!" replied Johnny, "and so young man, you have had a spiritual visitation? Well——"

"But before he had time to finish his sentence, Philip sprang to his feet exclaiming:

"Enough, enough, Martin, I acknowledge myself beaten." Then turning to Johnny, he gave him a brief account of the adventure with the old Chieftain and his daughter.

"Ah! indeed," said Johnny, after hearing Philip's account of the two Indians. "That old man is an

honor to his race. A more kind hearted and peaceable man is no where to be found. I have lodged with him many a night, and have enjoyed myself most agreeably in his company. And as to his daughter, she is one sweet child, fit for a King's wife."

"Mr. Chapman," said Philip, after listening with no little delight at Johnny's eulogium upon the old man and his daughter, 'if I had no other evidence of your piety and sincerity, your high regard for that young woman would be sufficient, for no man can appreciate her virtues, who is not himself a virtuous being.

It was with much delight that Johnny heard Philip speak thus in favor of at least one of this poor, degraded and much abused race of people, as he supposed they were.

"Philip," said he, I am glad your mind is really undergoing a change respecting this people, and I hope yet to find in you an advocate of their rights."

"Mr. Chapman," replied Philip, "my views of Indian character have not undergone any change; I look up this people now as I have always done. They are cruel and treacherous; but I am free to acknowledge these traits or dispositions are the effects of example, set them by the whites."

"Shentlemans," replied Ruffner, "every toob shtands oopon his own pottoms, and I tinks mine ish no vorse, if I does not likes ter preed; an Inshun is an Inshun, do vot you blease mit him."

"This feeling, Mr. Ruffner," replied Johnny, "is sensual, carnal and sinful, and peculiar to all unregenerated minds."

"And so you are acquainted with Capt. Pipe and his beautiful daughter?" enquired Philip, wishing to change the subject of their conversation.

"Yes," replied Johnny, "I know them well. I often call upon them, and always receive a hearty welcome. The old man is religiously inclined, and

possesses an amiable disposition, though under deep provocation, he is fearful. As to his daughter, I have thought that there was some hidden mystery connected with her history. She is not his real daughter, but as to her origin I have nothing definite."

"Well," said Philip, "the old man has invited me to pay him a visit, and if possible, I intend to get her true history."

"I am fearful," replied Johnny, "that you will not succeed; though there is no telling for a certainty till you try."

"Well," replied Philip, "you may rest assured that I will certainly endeavor to find out all that I can about the young woman's history." Whereupon the conversation respecting the adventure was brought to a close, and other topics pertaining to a wilderness life were discussed, in which Johnny Appleseed acted a conspicuous part.

An arrangement had also been made between Philip and the Dutchman to visit the cabin of Capt. Pipe in a few days.

It was sometime after nightfall before the company retired to rest. The conversation had been both amusing and interesting, and the whole company felt loth to separate.

The shades of night had passed away, and the light of another morning was streaming in upon the forest, before the inmates of the cabin had all arose from their slumber. Kate, however, had been up for some time. She was on all occasions an early riser, and on this morning being awakened by the mingled melodies of the early songsters, she had arisen before any of the inmates, and was pouring forth the melody of her own sweet voice to mingle with that of the fathered minstrels.

"The voice of an angel," cried Johnny Appleseed, as the music of Kate fell upon his ear, arousing him from his slumber. Johnny had evidently

been dreaming of heaven, and had mistaken the voice of Kate for that of an angel. Spring from his bed he dressed himself, and went down stairs, where he found the family all astir. Presently Kate made her appearance, with a pail of milk in each hand, and passing the cabin door bid Johnny a good morning, and continued her way to the spring, while the deep forest around her echoed the sweet music of her voice.

"Mr. Seymour," said Johnny, addressing Philip, "I would that your heart was as pure and innocent as that angelic sister of yours. Ah! sir, heaven is made up of such beings, and if you should unfortunately miss that place, you will miss the company of such angels."

"Well, Mr. Chapman," replied Philip, "if that country is mostly made up of women, I shall certainly try and get there, for I most assuredly love their company."

"But," replied Johnny, "your love must not be carnal, it must be spiritual. And to be spiritually minded you must be changed from nature to grace."

Here Johnny took the advantage of giving the young man and Ruffner a lengthy exortation, in which he appealed to their judgment and moral feelings, on the subject of their spiritual interests. The two hunters did Johnny the honor of giving him a respectful hearing. In the mean time Kate had been preparing their morning meal, and just as Johnny was about finishing his admonition, and spiritual counsel, breakfast was announced. Breakfast over, the company separated, Ruffner and Billy to their cabin, and Johnny to his home in the woods.

CHAPTER XV.

CAPT. PIPE—BURNING OF CRAWFORD—LILY PIPE.

"Now ample mead; and fields of waving grain,
In golden color shine, where once
The Chieftain's cabin stood."—Anonymous.

As Capt. Pipe has been introduced in a preceding chapter, it is necessary here to break the chain of our story in order to give the reader some additional particulars of his history.

Capt. Pipe was a resident of Richland County. He had a most beautiful daughter, who was the only companion of his cabin. As already remarked, he was in his youth a noted warrior, having distinguished himself as such in several famous battles.

The Captain's residence up to the year 1812, was one mile south of Jeromeville, near the trail leading to Mansfield. At this time he was a Chief of a tribe of Delawares, whose village stood near the present village of Jeromeville in Ashland County.

The personal appearance of this distinguished Chieftain, has already been given, as well as a brief history of his early life, as revealed to our hunters, by himself, which has never before been published

It may not be uninteresting to state in connection with the above that this Chieftain, in company with a British officer named Elliott, and an Indian Chief named Pimocan, visited the Tuscarawas Indians in the fall previous to their murder by Col. Williamson, and induced them to leave their villages, and throw themselves under the protection of the British Government. Some of them however returning in the early part of the following spring to gather in their

corn, were surprised and cruelly butchered by that inhuman monster.

This bloody affair enraged the already highly exasperated Chieftain, and he vowed vengeance. In a few months afterwards an opportunity offered itself. An expedition under the command of Col. Crawford, was fitted out to destroy the Moravian Villages along the Sandusky. The object of the expedition was one of extermination. No quarter was to be given; but a general massacre of men, woman and children were the standing orders of the army. The expedition was unsuccessful. The Indians were aroused to the highest pitch of indignation, and they flocked around their Chiefs in vast numbers. Capt. Pipe and another Chief named Wingenund were the two leading spirits in this enterprise. Col. Crawford was taken prisoner, and suffered a most horible death at the stake. Crawford's trail to the Sandusky led through Richland County. The spot where Col. Crawford suffered, according to Col. John Johnson, was a few miles from Upper Sandusky, on the old trail leading to the Big Spring, Wyandot Town. It was on the right bank of the trail, going west, on a bottom of the east bank of the Tymoctee Creek. The notorious Simon Girty was present during the burning of Cal. Crawford, and witnessed his horrible sufferings with a savage delight. It is stated, however, that Girty offered to purchase the prisoner from the Indians for three hundred and fifty dollars. —But Pipe considered the proposition a high insult, and replied, with a scowl of indignatiin on his countenance, "Sir, do you think I am a squaw? If you say one word more on this subject, I will make a stake for you, and burn you along with the prisoner."*

Some time after the Treaty of Greenville, Capt.

* This information was derived from the Wyandot Indians, by Mr. Joseph McCutchen, and published in the "American Pioneer."

Pipe removed to the waters of the Black Fork, where he remained a friend of the whites. His cabin, according to the testimony of the early settlers, was always open to the white men.

The daughter of Capt. Pipe, as she was supposed to be, was exceedingly beautiful. She was often solicited in marriage by young Indian warriors, but refused every offer. A young Chief of noble birth and commanding talents had paid her a visit, on purpose to solicit her hand; she rejected him, whereupon the young man poisoned himeslf with the May Apple.

Such is a brief history of this very remarkable man. At one time has was the inveterate foe of the whites, but at the close of his life their best friend. In the consideration of this man's character we must bear in mind the provocations which were offered him in the murder of his early associates and relations. The blackest page in his history is the burning of Crawford, which was done in retaliation of the murder of the Moravian Indians. In speaking of this affair, Capt. Pipe often declared that in case the Indians had captured Williamson who accompanied him on this expedition, the life of Crawford would have been spared. In fact, Wingenund, who had previously been Crawford's friend, was so moved at his horrible situation that he retired from the scene of his sufferings shedding tears.†

† We state this fact upon the authority of the historian, Heckewilder.

CHAPTER XVI.

PHILIP IN LOVE.

"'She is more delicate in form and face,
More beautiful than maids of Indian race,
Her winning smiles, with fascinating power;
Lit up her features in the joyous hour.''

Towards the close of the day in which Ruffner and Johnny Appleseed had left the cabin of Mr. Seymour, Philip and his sister strolled away a short distance from the cabin, and seated themselves on a beautiful green bank near the water's edge. The evening was mild and pleasant; and the shade cool and refreshing.

"Kate," said Philip, after they had been seated, "you are my only sister, and I feel that without your company, this wild forest would, indeed, be a desolate place; but I must own that dear as you are to me, there is *another* no less interesting."

"The young squaw," said Kate, smiling, "well, if what you say be true, (and I cannot doubt your word,) she certainly must be an attractive Indian girl."

"Nay, Kate, she is *no Indian girl,*" replied Philip, "you may rest assured of that. There is an expression in her countenance which is not peculiar to the Indian race; at least I have seen no other Indian women in possession of the same peculiarly marked *characteristics.*

"Ah! but for all that, Philip," replied Kate, "may she not possess *some* Indian blood at least."

"Nay, nay," replied Philip, somewhat confused, "I cannot bring my mind to believe that there is one

drop in her veins. There is something within my bosom which prompts me to say she is purely Anglo Saxon. She is so unlike all that constitutes a savage nature, that it is impossible for her to be of Indian origin. One glance at her love speaking eyes, would be sufficient to convince you that the girl is no *savage*, at least."

"Well," replied Kate, "you have aroused within me a spirit of curiosity, and a strong desire to see this mysterious being."

"Your desire shall be granted, and your curiosity satisfied," replied Philip; "and then, dear sister, you will say with me, that there is a fountain of love and sunshine in her pure heart, where the spirit of kindness ever plays upon its depths—a hidden treasure, which kings might covet, and which the rude hand of death itself cannot destroy."

"Then you really love the girl?" asked Kate.

"Love her!" ejaculated Philip, "yes, as the wild deer loves the cool shade, and the bee the tinted blossom . Earth may pass away, or her body may perish like the broken wild flower, but her soul of love and sunshine will triumphantly soar to those bright realms, where death cannot enter to overshadow with his dark and cheerless pall; and let me say to you, Kate, that I shall follow that incarnate spirit of love, through sphere after sphere, in its upward flight through the great circle of eternity, as the shadow upon the wave follows the snow white sea bird over the world of waters.—And I feel free to say still further, that were I transplanted to a land whose beauty as far surpasses the loveliness of Eden, as the unseen magnificence of eternal day surpasses the gloom of Tartarus, yet without the company of that more than mortal being, I could never be happy."

"*Heigh ho,*" replied Kate, "what rhapsody!—

One more flight like that, and I am doubtful whether you will get back again."

"'Kate," replied the love stricken hero, "I admit that to you my language may appear rhapsodical, but out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." But we have talked too long already. It is now time to return."

The sun had indeed already decended behind the distant hills, and twilgiht dews were falling fast, as Kate Seymour and Philip arose fro mtheir seats and retraced their steps to the cabin.

Several days had passed away before Ruffner and Billy again made their appearance at the Seymour cabin, during which Philip had neither heard or seen them. The time appointed for them to meet him at his cabin had arrived, and all eyes were watching their approach. It was late in the evening before they made their appearance, which was hailed with delight by the whole family.

Another night had passed away and another beautiful summer morning had smiled upon the wilderness, and preparations were being made to pay a visit to Capt. Pipe and his daughter.

"Billy," said Philip, "do you think you are backwoodsman enough to guard the old folks against the assault of a hundred savages, provided such an event such occur during our absence?"

"Thirtainly, thir, thirtainly," eagerly responded Billy, in his own vernacular.

"Well," enquired Philip, "let us know in case of such an attack, where you would first commence the firing?"

"At the Inthuns, thir, dod blast yer, of course. Do you thing, thir, that I am thsuch a tarnal fool, thir, as to thoot the folks inthide the house."

"No, no, Billy," replied Philip, "I have not the least idea that you would shoot any of the family, I merely wanted to know if you would stand inside of the cabin and shoot *out?*"

"Now thir," responded Billy, "thats a tevil of a question to ask a thinsible *man* like mythelf. Do you thuppose, thir, that I would sthtand outthide and thoot inthide?"

"Enough Billy, enough," said Philip, "you are just the man for this undertaking, and I am proud to tell you that I consider the old folks just as safe in your hands, as in my own."

"Yeth thir, I think tho mythelf, and in cathe of an attack from thnakes, I thall thirtainly dithtingish mythelf fully ath well ath your honor."

"Dat ish a tevil from a poy," said the Dutchman, no little amused at Billy's wit, "poot he ish unter my destructions, und dish vill account for his vit."

The hour for starting had now arrived, and the trio set out upon their journey, Kate was seated upon a jet black pony, belonging to Philip. The party started from the cabin under the most lively emotions. Philip and Ruffner were on foot and under arms. Thus they continued their journey until the cabin of Capt. Pipe lay in sight, the first glimpse of which sent a singular sensation into the young hunter's heart. In a few moments more the company halted before the cabin door. Capt. Pipe had discovered them when some distance in the forest, and had announced their approach to his daughter who hastily prepared the cabin for their reception.

As soon as the party came up to the door, Capt. Pipe and Lilly met them, and bid them a hearty welcome. The maiden sprang to the assistance of Kate who had dismounted from her pony, and without the formality of an introduction, ushered her into the cabin, while Capt. Pipe and the two hunters, secured her animal in a small enclosure in the rear, and then entered the cabin also.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAPTAIN PIPE AT HOME.

"The pliant moccasins her feet embraced
She made herself with wonderous skill and taste,
Bedecked with what the traders could supply,
Rare ornaments and bonds of various dye."

The cabin of Captain Pipe, like most Indian cabins, stood in a location beautifully wild and romantic. Everything around it gave evidence of its proprietor's being in a considerable degree under the influence of civilization. A few agricultural implements and domestic animals, showed that the Captain was really a farmer; and the appearance of his little garden, over which his daughter presided, was most pleasingly contrasted with the wild forest around it.

But if neatness and order characterized the outside of the Indian cot, so as to excite the admiration of the visitors, a more grand and imposing scene presented itself within. The inside was ornamented with the most beautiful feathers and flowers, arranged in such regularity and order as to produce the most pleasing effect.

But in the midest of these there was a living moving flower, "the fairest of them all," and on whom the eyes of the astonished beholders were transfixed. This fair flower was the Indian maiden. There she sat by the side of the old man, attired in light and graceful robes of azure and white ornamented with various colors of embroidery. A bandage of sparkling gems of contrasted colors, surrounded her head, while her jet black hair fell in glossy ringlets around her shoulders. Another, set

with brilliants, surrounded her neck. Her feet were encased in richly colored moccasins, highly ornamented with different figures wrought out of beads. Pendant from her ears were two massive gold ear rings, and several of the same metal surrounded her fingers.

Such was the Captain's daughter, as she appeared to our party on the morning of their visit to her cabin. Kate and Philip gazed upon her with emotions of interest. They had not expected to find such beauty and luxury in a wilderness so wild, and among its savage inhabitants.

But Capt. Pipe was not a savage; he had thrown away his savage life, and adopted the maxims and religion of the whites. He had learned to read and write, and had instructed his daughter as far as he was able.

The reader is fully aware that in an early day missionary schools were established among the Indians, and in this way many of the Indians were taught the doctrines of the Bible, and the principles of civilization. Captain Pipe was among this number, and as soon as his daughter was old enough he commenced teaching her these principles; this, together with the instructions she receives from the white settlers, who called at her father's cabin, had its effect in moulding her mind in the principles of virtue and refinement. This Indian maiden was one of Johnny Appleseed's pupils, and he took the utmost care in teaching her to read and write.

It was not common in those days to find books in a savage's cabin, but had the reader been with our little party on this occasion, they would have seen the Bible and several other works, some of which he would have suspicioned as being left there by the good hearted Johnny Appleseed.

With this understanding the reader will not be at a loss to know how the Indian maiden became so attractive.

As soon as the Chieftain and the two hunters had joined Kate and the Indian girl in the cabin, the whole company entered into a lengthy conversation upon different subjects, the particulars of which it is not necessary here to repeat. After conversing awhile thus, the Chieftain requested the two hunters to accompany him a short distance from the cabin, under a pleasant shade. Here the party sat down, and the old man opened the conversation.

"Children," said he, "I am an old man; my head is covered with age. I shall soon go to the spirit land. I have been a man of blood, but then I was a *savage,* and full of vengeance. Then I hated your race, and wreaked my vengeance on your people. There is one act in my life which above all others, I now lament the most. This act was the burning of the misguided and unfortunate Col. Crawford. The recollection of this man's horrible sufferings is yet vivid in my mind, nor will I harrow up your feelings by a recital of the particulars of this brutal affair. It is enough to tell you that I am guilty of his blood. But I hope the Great Spirit has forgiven me this wrong. For some days after the commission of this crime, my mind was much troubled, and savage as I was, I felt that his punishment was too severe. But this with many other of my cruelties is past, and I turn to the present. I am now the white man's friend, as are many others of my race; but there are a great many of my kind who are yet your inveterate foes. There are some of these now living close to your cabin. I refer to the Greentown Indians under Captain Armstrong, their Chief. It is among Indians as among white people—there are always bad ones.

"And now, young man," addressing Philip, "I am glad to be able to do you a kindness, by impartinging to you some information which you should know, and which you should profit by.

It is known to the Indians around you that your

father is a rich man, and has considerable money in his cabin, and I am afraid it has entered into the hearts of some of them to obtain that money. I will tell you why I apprehend such an event.

"One day while in the woods hunting, I overheard a conversation of a party of the Greentown Indians in which the carrying out of this act was agreed upon in case of the slightest provocation from any of the settlers. I am afraid the present war will breed difficulty in this neighborhood. Tecumseh is stirring up hatred between the Indians and the border settlers, and I think the influence of this bad man is felt in this region. For my part, while I remain here, which will only be a short time longer, I shall apprise the settlers of any impending danger I may discover. Tecumseh has made application to me to join his ranks, but I refused him with scorn, and the haughty chief has vowed vengeance upon me—"

"Venerable sir," said Philip, with much warmth, "an insult offered upon your person, either by Tecumseh or his allies, shall meet instant retaliation."

"But," continued the old man, "I shall place myself out of the reach of my foes; and when the war is over, I shall again return to this region, where I hope to lay my bones with those of my friends."

"God grant that your latter end may be peaceful and happy," replied Philip feelingly.

"And now, young man," added the Chieftain, "you must watch well your premises, especially if you hear of any provocation, or disturbance among the Indians."

"I shall profit by your admonition," said Philip, "and am under lasting obligations to you for this hint in time. But I have one more question to ask you, an answer to which will settle a mystery hanging over my mind. I would know the origin of that adopted daughter of yours?"

Here the Chieftain gazed upon the young man for a moment, with an enquiring glance and then broke

the silence by asking him, "*why* he should know her origin?"

"Because," said Philip, "I am somewhat interested in her future well-being."

"And what if she were of Indian extraction, would that lessen your interest in her future happiness?"

"By no means," replied Philip, "but if any change at all would be produced, it would be in her favor. But, I am of the opinion that *that* girl is of white origin. I am almost certain she is."

"It would grieve me, sir, to have you disappointed in your most sanguine expectations, and—"

"Nay, nay," replied Philip, before the old man could finish his sentence, "do not say so, I feel that she is a kin to my race. The pure and immortal spirit that looks through those radiant eyes claims kindred to a higher and holier race of beings than either white or red savages."

"And would you cast any insinuation upon her pure and spotless life because she was born of Indian parents?" answered the old man pathetically.

"I hope," replied Philip, "that I have not wounded your feelings, by saying that your race in its wild and savage state is low and unholy. I meant no insult; I only spoke of it, in its crude and savage state; and that, too, in connection with a similar condition of my own race, which is known to exist in many parts of the world. I firmly believe in the unity of the human race, or that all mankind sprang from the same original stock."

"Your explanation is satisfactory, and I may freely state to you that the young woman is of *white origin.*"

"I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed Philip in ecstacy. "I knew that a being so unlike anything I had seen among your race, could not have her origin there. And now, how much I would like to know her history; it must indeed be most interesting."

"Young man," replied the Chieftain, "the ways

of Providence are mysterious; and we are sometimes lost to account for His peculiar dealings towards us. The history of the maiden is shrouded in mystery to all but myself. She is supposed to be my daughter, and is called "Lilly Pipe." Her Indian name is "*Onishisha,*" which means "*handsome woman.*" She is a particular favorite of a white man named Jonathan Chapman, who has taken much pains in instructing her in matters of religion."

"But," enquired Philip, "can you not give me a history of the young woman?"

"Ah!" replied the old man, placing his finger upon his mouth, "my lips are sealed. I am under the most solemn obligation to keep this matter a profound secret."

"And then must I infer," said Philip, "that there can be no possibility of obtaining this information?"

"Not at present," replied the Chieftain.

"And must Lilly forever remain ignorant of her origin, and the names of her parents," enquired the young man, much disappointed.

"No, no," replied the old man, "the nature of my obligation is such that the true facts relative to her history may be communicated to her."

"But in case you are suddenly called away by death, then this knowledge would be forever lost," said Philip, thoughtfully.

"Nay, nay, young man, give yourself no uneasiness about that matter, all will be right," said the old man, "and into the hands of him, who shall call Lilly his lawful wife, shall be placed her full history."

"Enough," said Phiip, "I will press the subject no further. See, it is drawing towards night, and we must away. The startling intelligence which you have given me respecting the intended robbery has created an uneasiness in my mind, and I am anxious to be gone."

"It would give me much pleasure," said the

Chieftain, "to have your company longer, but you must consult your own feelings as to that."

"Thank you," said Philip, "I shall see you again."

"God grant it," said the old man, and the company started for the cabin, where after partaking of the old man's hospitalities they started for home. Before separating, however, Lilly had placed a valuable gold ring upon Kate's finger, while Kate in return presented Lilly with a beautiful wrought necklace, which she had worn on the occasion.

The parting was indeed most affecting. Kate and Lilly stood for some moments with clasped hands and streaming eyes. Then came that mournful word *"farewell."* The old man shook the hand of each visitor with fondness, and the company parted.

After traveling some distance, Ruffner broke the silence which had thus far attended them. "Dat ish von tevil from a burty gall," said he, "I'll pe tam if she vont make a coot vife for a vite beople."

"She is a remarkably handsome girl," said Kate. "Her equal I have never seen. It is a pity she cannot be persuaded to leave the wigwam and take up her residence among the whites."

"Did you speak to her upon the subject?" asked Philip.

"And does she refuse to leave the tribe?" asked Philip.

"Well," replied Kate, "I think she does not wish to leave while the old man is living. Though she expressed a wish to die among the whites. And I really believe, brother Philip, that she has taken some notion of *you,* as she spoke to me highly applauding your gallantry; and using her own expression, she denominated you a *'brave young warrior.'* "

"Dat ish a fact," said the Dutchman, "he ish ter pravest man among ter shnakes in ter vide world."

"Go to thunder with your snakes," replied Philip.

"But tell me, Kate, do you think the young woman could be persuaded to take up her residence among the whites?"

"I cannot positively say," replied Kate, "but if there is any person who could persuade her to do so," continued she smiling, "*you* are undoubtedly that person."

"Well," said Philip, "she's an interesting girl, and deserves a better fate than that which awaits her in the wigwam."——

The sun was just shedding his last lingering rays upon the distant hill tops as the party neared the cabin of Mr. Seymour. Billy met the party in the yard, joyfully exclaiming:

"All thsafe gthentlemen—sthep in— no alarm from ingthens or *thsnakes* thince you left."

"Thank you, Billy, thank you," said the smiling Kate, as she stepped into the cabin to greet her parents, and relate the day's adventure.

Ruffner and Billy then left, and proceeded through the forest to their cabin, and after relating the interview with the Indian and his daughter, the family retired to bed. But it was late at night before the young man fell into a sound sleep. His mind was agitated on two subjects. First that which referred to the contemplated robbery, and secondly that of enticing the Indian girl to leave the haunts of savage life, and take up her residence among the *whites,* or in plainer terms if the reader please, with himself. Philip said nothing to the family concerning the robbery, but prevailed upon his father to bury the money* in the cellar, alleging that it was a much safer place, than inside the cabin.

In a few days after the interview with the old Indian and his daughter, as related in the chapter preceding, the settlements of the Black Fork were

* Mr. Wesly Copus informed the writer that Mr. Seymour was in the possession of a considerable amount of money, but how much he could not tell.

thrown into the utmost consternation, by hearing of the surrender of General Hull. News came flying in all directions that Hull had surrendered his army, and that the Indians and British were destroying everything before them—that large bands of marauding Indians were scouting the wilderness in all directions, plundering and murdering the defenceless settlers. The panic which this intelligence created in the minds of the settlers was truly fearful. Mothers clasped their little ones to their bosoms, with palpitating hearts and fearful apprehensions.

"To the Block Houses!—to the Block Houses!" was the cry in every quarter, and the affrighted inhabitants obeyed the summons. Philip vainly endeavored to persuade his father to remove to a place of safety. The old man protested against the timely warning of his son, stating that it was unnecessary —that he had wronged no one and no one would attempt to wrong him. Philip then related to the old man what the old Chieftain had told him concerning the murder. But all to no purpose. The old man persisted in staying in his cabin.

On this occasion Johnny Appleseed distinguished himself as a "swift messenger," traveling day and night, bare-headed and bare-footed, warning the inhabitants of the approaching danger. He visited every cabin within his route, from the Black Fork to Mt. Vernon, exclaiming, "the Spirit of the Lord is upon me, and he hath anointed me to blow the trumpet in the wilderness, and sound an alarm in the forest, for behold the tribes of the heathen are round about your doors, and a devouring flame followeth after them."*

It was ascertained however in a few days afterwards, that the alarm was unfounded, and that the British and the Indians had enough of work to do in the region of the Lakes, and this surrender was

* This fact was received from Mr. Jonathan Ohlfield, to whom Johnny made his appearance on the occasion.

immediately followed by a series of splendid naval victories.

But the cheering news that followed the alarm, did not relax the energy of the settlers in constructing houses of safety. They occupied a dangerous position, being in the wilderness, and in the midst of Indians, and knowing that the least provocation from the whites would be sure to arouse their vengeance, they continued their efforts until a sufficient number of such houses were erected.

Immediately after the surrender of Hull, the Jeromeville Indians left the country for Cleveland, where they threw themselves under the protection of the United States Government.

We would here remark, that at this period there was a permanent garrison stationed here under Major Jessup of the U. S. Army. It was the depot of supplies and rendezvous for troops. Here Captain Pipe and his daughter arrived in safety, where we propose to leave them for a while and notice the events which took place on the banks of the Black Fork, a short time after their departure from Jeromeville.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN—THE COPUS SETTLEMENT—VILLAGE OF GREENTOWN.

Let them take the last look at the grass covered grave
Where rests the remains of their forefathers brave.
The hills and the valleys—the dark waving woods,
The murmuring brooks and the broad rolling floods,
The bold massy rocks which environ the shore
Where the bright waters dance or the wild torrents roar.
Bid a lasting farewell to each family spot,
And fly to where destiny fixes their lot.—Lees.

In order that the reader may have a fair and full understanding of the events which we now propose to narrate, it will be necessary to deviate somewhat from the thread of our story, in this chapter.

The reader is aware that at the period of which we write, a war was being carried on between the United States and Great Britain. As to the cause of this war, we have nothing to say, as we are not writing its history. We would remark, however, that it was attended with much suffering and misery to the early settlers, especially those exposed to its immediate ravages. And here we beg the indulgence of the reader to express our disapprobation to war of all kinds, other than that waged upon strictly moral principles. We look upon wars in which the lives of individuals are sacrificed as impolitic, and ruinous to government—as the greatest curse which can befall any nation or people.

At least the *unanimous* voice of the settlers of Richland County, during the last war, would have borne testimony to our position.

Among the suffering portions of our State, dur-

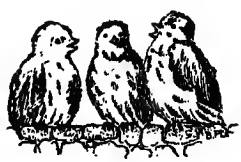
ing the campaign, Richland County may be enumerated. At this period the County contained but few white inhabitants, and the present thriving City of Mansfield consisted of two or three log cabins. In fact, the Northern part of the State was almost a perfect wilderness. There were only about forty laid out Counties, many of which were not yet organized, among which was Richland. At this early day, (August, 1812,) no Block Houses were yet erected in Mansfield. There were several, however, in the County, as already hinted. One of these was on the Clear Fork of Mohican; one at Beam's Old Mill, (now Campbell's Mill,) on the Rocky Fork; one where Ganges now stands; besides a picketed house on the Black Fork, owned by Thomas Coulter.

There was a settlement on the Black Fork of Mohican, known in that day as the Copus Settlement; called after one James Copus, who with his wife and seven children had emigrated from the State of Pennsylvania, and settled on the banks of the Black Fork, as early as the year 1809. He was the first actual settler on the Black Fork. He was, shortly afterwards, followed by others, among whom were the Seymour family, already mentioned; a Mr. Lambright and family; a Mr. Hill and family, with some others not recollected. These families constituted the Black Fork, or "Copus Settlement," as it was then called. This settlement is about three and a half miles east of the present site of Lucas, and about the same distance from Mifflin, or Petersburgh, as it is now called. About two and a half miles north of Mr. Copus' cabin stood that of Mr. Seymour, and about one and a half mile further north stood that of Mr. Lambright. The cabin of Mr. Hill stood where Lucas now stands.

About two and a half miles south of the cabin of Mr. Copus stood an Indian village, named Greentown, which consisted of sixty cabins, with a Council House about sixty feet long and twenty-five feet

broad. The Indians were of the Delaware tribe, and their chief was named "Zeshauau," or James Armstrong. These Indians were friendly, and to a great degree under the influence of Christianity and civilization; and up to the commencement of the war they had preserved an unbroken friendship. They would, in their hunting excursions, often call at the cabins of the white settlers, and pass the "weary hours away" in conversation and sporting exercises.

The village of Greentown was situated in a pleasant location, near the banks of the creek. The Indians had selected this spot on account of the romantic scenery which surrounded it. It is said by those who visited it at this period, that a more lovely spot was no where to be found. Here had these red sons of the forest lived for years, in the full enjoyment of their natural rights, and under what they supposed, the protection of the United States Laws. But as the sequel will show a most shameful and outrageous wrong was practiced upon them.



CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTURE AND BURNING OF GREENTOWN.

All things were ready at the appointed hour
They marched, (intent on doing violence,)
To where the village stood. And in the grandeur awful,
Mingling with the passing clouds the curling smoke arose.

Towards the middle of a hot and sultry day in the month of August, 1812, a party of soldiers under the command of Captain ——, who was stationed at the Block House at Beams's old mill, halted in front of the cabin of Mr. James Copus. Mr. C. politely invited the Captain and his soldiers into the cabin, where after being seated, the officer and Mr. C. entered into the following conversation:

"Mr Copus," said the Captain, "I have been informed that you are on terms of friendship with a tribe of Indians now inhabiting a small village not far from your residence, called Greentown; and I have called upon you expressly to solicit your company and influence, in my present visit to these Indians."

"And pray, Captain B., what is the object of your visit to the Indians? if the question be a fair one."

"Why, sir," replied the Captain, "I am under the instructions of my superior officers, to call upon those savages and prevail upon them to quit their village immediately, throw down their arms, and place themselves under my protection, till they can be taken to a place of safety."

"But, sir," said Mr. C., mildly, "in case these people refuse to acknowledge your jurisdiction over them, how then will you proceed?"

"How then will I proceed!" retorted the somewhat agitated officer. "Why, sir, I will proceed to *drive* them into submission at the point of the sword."

"But," calmly replied Mr. C., "are you not aware that these poor creatures are the proprietors of the soil—here is their village—their hunting ground, and the graves of their sires—here along these green banks, and in these shady forests, these people have lived for years, until their minds are cemented to this spot by the dearest associations—here the young hunter wooed his dusky maid, and whispered in her ears his tale of love, and sung, and danced and mused the passing hours away; and would you so ruthlessly tear these poor helpless and confiding creatures, from such endearing associations? Let, I beseech you, the sympathies of human nature, if not the principles of Christianity, plead in their behalf."

"Sir," replied the stern and unmoved officer, "I come not here to engage in questions pertaining to moral science. My business is to carry out the instructions of my superior officers, and not the principles of any man's religious faith. You, sir, I am told, are a Minster of the Gospel, and you are at liberty to officiate in that capacity. Government does not compel you to take up arms and act in the capacity of a soldier, neither do I. I only require your influence in persuading the people to quit their village till the close of the war. This certainly can be no violation of your faith. And in case they refuse to comply, you shall be exonerated, and I shall assume the responsibility to drive them away at the point of the sword."

"Well," said Mr. C., "I cannot get the consent of my mind to co-operate with you in your mission. I have preached liberty to this people, and have pointed them to ours as the best government under the sun, and shall I betray myself by influence to

deprive them of that liberty which I have said is their birth right?"

"Well," replied the officer, "there is but two ways for me to proceed—either to persuade you to comply with my request, or arrest you as a *traitor* to the government. If I fail in the first I shall not in the *alternative.*"

This was spoken with much firmness and apparent determination. Mr. C. paused for a moment, in which his mind seemed greatly agitated. At length he replied:

"Sir, I go, and the blood of this affair be upon your own head."

"The responsibility, sir, is mine, and you shall be exempt from all consequences," and in a few moments the company left the cabin for Greentown.

Mr. James Copus was a Minister of the Gospel, and was esteemed and respected as such by all who knew him. The Indians had the greatest confidence in him. He had often preached to them, and had exerted a salutary influence over them. It is not singular then that he should refuse to belie his profession. But whether Mr. Copus did wrong or not in complying with the demand of the officer, the reader must judge for himself. If there be circumstances in life in which one cannot act as he would desire, this probably may be considered one of them.

In a short time after leaving the cabin the officer and the soldiers came in sight of the village, encamping a short distance from the town. A messenger was then dispatched to the Chief, requesting his presence at the camp. The Chief collected a few of his warriors and hastened to the officer, who thus addressed him:

"Sir, in accordance with the instructions received from my superior officers, I am authorized to request you and your warriors to lay down your arms and throw yourself under my protection. A due regard shall be paid to the safety of your persons and prop-

erty till the close of the present war. A refusal to comply with this demand will subject you and your tribe with instant death, and your village shall be burnt to ashes. I have brought your white friend here, Mr. Copus, to witness this treaty. In him you have the greatest confidence, and he will assure you that though contrary to his or your will, my instructions must be carried out."

"Captain," said the chief tremblingly,* "I will call a council of my warriors and return you an answer immediately." Accordingly a council was called, in which the matter was briefly discussed, and an answer returned in the course of an hour, stating that they had unanimously agreed to submission.

The villagers now commenced gathering up what movable property they could conveniently carry with them, and after arranging it for transportation, set out on their line of march for the garrison on the Lake.

Hard indeed must have been that trial—bidding farewell to what in life was most endearing. They had not proceeded far however when casting their eyes behind them they saw a dense cloud of smoke curling among the forest trees. In a moment their suspicions were aroused, but they were most solemnly informed that their property should be protected. But they felt confident that the smoke arose from their burning village. For awhile the Indians stood gazing upon the curling volumes, as they rolled heavenward, black with vengeance, and seemingly calling upon the Great Spirit to witness the perfidy.

"Captain," said the Chief as he stood transfixed upon the spot, "I have reposed the most implicit confidence in your honor and integrity—you have promised protection to our persons and property,

* Mr. Wesley Copus, son of James Copus, now living on the Black Fork, who was present at this interview, assured the writer that a more pitiable object he never witnessed—that the old chief was thrown into a paroxysm of the deepest nervous agitation. To use his language, 'he trembled from head to foot.'

and I am afraid that promise is broken. I submitted myself and tribe under your protection, and the more readily by reason of the influence of Mr. Copus. We are now without arms, and in your power, but I demand that we know the cause of those volumes of smoke." Whereupon the Captain dispatched a messenger back to the village to ascertain the cause.

It will be recollected that a part of the company were left to protect the village until the balance of the property could be removed to a place of safety. But after the officer had preceded some two or three miles with his prisoners the company in charge of the village set it on fire.

In a short time after the messengers left, he returned bearing the sad intelligence to the Indians that their village was now burning to the ground. This sad news fell upon the banished villagers like the shades of death upon the lonely pilgrim in a desert land.

Thoughts of former years rose fresh in their memories. Here they lived, and upon those banks and along that beautiful stream they had spent their youthful days. Before the white man had disputed their claims, they were "monarchs of all they surveyed." Then above them glittered the starry decked heavens, the bright and glorious home of the Great Spirit—then above their wigwams rolled the burning sun, in whose effulgent glories they beheld a personification of that Great Spirit, who had been their guardian and protector in all the vicissitudes of life—they had gazed with admiration upon the soft and mellow light, of "Luna, the queen of night," as she rode up her gorgeous pathway of stars, and then they had imagined that for them alone all these things were brought into being.

But now a sad change had come over them. Those days had fled forever, and for the last time they had mingled in each others society in this, the home of their youth. The sun had arisen for the last time

upon their forest wigwams, and now they had bid the graves of their sires a *final farewell.*

Now to a people, who for generations past, had been accustomed to the unmolested possession of the wilderness, and the unobstructed freedom and right of roaming at pleasure through their own hunting grounds, a sudden uprising of a contrary power, brought against them in a manner so treacherous and violent, could not fail to arouse in them a spirit of retaliation, for

> "Violence can never longer sleep,
> Than human passion please. In every heart
> Are sown the seeds that kindle firey war.
> Occasion needs but fan them and they blaze."

That "occasion was now woven in this inhuman outrage; and the provocation was rendered the more flagrant, from the consideration that a solemn protection was offered to their property, on condition of peaceable submission. But this promise was shamefully violated, and they now considered themselves under no legal restrains, and on that ground they *vowed* a most horrible retaliation.

CHAPTER XX.

MURDER OF THE SEYMOUR FAMILY—DEATH OF THE HEROIC RUFFNER.

"——Hark! that thrilling sound,
The wrathful warriors cleave him to the earth,
Behold his blood! The hunter's bleeding form
Lies mangled on the ground——"

A few days after the burning of Greentown, a party of Indians was discovered sitting upon a small elevation of land, bordering upon a little lake refered to in a preceding chapter. The discoverer was none other than "Bunt Billy," of whom we have already spoken. It apears that the Indians had recognized Billy almost in the same instant that he had discovered them. Billy at first attempted to run away; but the Indians called upon him to stop, telling him that they would not hurt him, whereupon he halted, and the Indians came up to him in a most friendly manner, calling him "*good boy.*"

"Do you know a family by the name of Seymour, living near here?" asked a tall and fierce looking savage.

"Yeth thir, I geth thso," said Billy.

"Do you think they are at home?" asked the savage.

"Can't thay thactly thir, but I thuppoth ath how they are," said Billy.

"Do you know a man by the name of Ruffner?" interrogated the same savage.

"Yeth thir," said Billy, "but I'd thay to you thir, not to put yourthelf in his road. He ith a perfect devil thir, when he ith not in a good humor."

"All right," said the savage, and Billy hastened home to inform Ruffner of his discovery. Instantly the Dutchman called to mind the Chieftain's warning, and taking his rifle in hand, set out immediately in pursuit of the savages. Believing from what Billy said that they would make directly for the Seymour cabin, Ruffner followed after in hot pursuit, and soon struck their trail, which he followed cautiously for some distance, until he came in sight of the Indians unperceived. They were all seated upon the trunk of a fallen tree, apparently very busily engaged in conversation. Ruffner had approached within fifty yards of where they sat; but he could get no nearer without being discovered.

"Now, py Shupiter!" mentally exclaimed the Dutchman, "desh are von tam good for notting looking puggar, und if I had von more as myself, ve vood make some voolf pait mit ter tam Inshun shkins."

Ruffner endeavored to catch the sound of their language, but it was too feeble. They spoke in a low tone of voice, and he could not hear the first syllable, but from their gestures and motions, he was fully satisfied that they were concocting some deed of death. He had supposed from the direction of their trail that they had been to the burnt down village, and were returning to the white settlement to avenge the insult.

After they had thus discussed together for a few moments, they suddenly sprang to their feet, and casting their eyes around them in all directions, started off in the direction of the Seymour cabin, followed by the daring and intrepid Dutchman, who kept himself far enough in the rear, so as not to be discoverd by them. In a short time they came in sight of the cabin, when they once more halted for a moment, then emerging from the woods entered the clearing and thence the cabin door, where they were joined by Ruffner in a few moments afterwards. The savages were no little surprised on beholding the un-

expected Dutchman, and cast upon each other an enquiring look. On their entry they appeared friendly, shaking hands with the whole family. Nor were the family in any wise alarmed, as the visitation of Indians was no rare occurence. But the sudden change produced in their looks, as Ruffner entered, aroused the suspicions of Philip, who recalled to memory the chieftain's warning. Ruffner had also detected the change and he bent his piercing eyes, full of vengeance, upon the savages. His look was bloody and fearful, and the savages seemed awed on beholding his wrath swollen countenance.

It was evident from the looks and actions of the Indians that they were somewhat disappointed—they had not expected to see others than the family in the cabin. In the meantime the unsuspecting good hearted Kate had spread for them the table; but they refused to partake of her hospitalities. They still sat sullen and gloomy.

Ruffner, thinking that they would not dare to attack the family while he was in the cabin, insisted upon Philip, as he was the most fleet on foot, to gather up some of the settlers, and bring them to the cabin, and take the Indians prisoners. Philip immediately left the cabin and hastened through the forest in search of aid. It was late in the afternoon when the young man started, and it was more than two miles to the nearest settler.

As soon as Philip had left the cabin, Ruffner noticed another change in the countenances of the savages. They cast upon each other significant glances, as much as to say, he is gone for aid and now is our time. The family now for the first time since the entrance of the Indians, had become alarmed. It was now unmistakably evident that a fearful and bloody conflict was arising. Sorrow and sadness gathered over the minds of the terrified parents and daughter; but the gallant Ruffner sat eyeing the

savages, heedless of his own destiny and only anxious for the safety of the family.

He alone was unmoved and unterrified by fear. The savages evidently looked upon him with no little dread, and indeed with some hesitation, as to commencing the attack in his presence.

A deep death like silence now reigned in that lonely forest cabin. In the bosom of five enraged and stalwart savages were burning the fires of hell ready to consume the affrighted family; while on the other hand a fearless and generous hearted pioneer, who had left the peaceful cabin hearth, to risk his life in defending the aged and innocent, sat eyeing his bloody foes with an unfaltering determination to conquer or die in the effort. Oh! what a world of conflicting emotions were passing through the minds of foes and friends as they sat in desperate silence at this gloomy moment.

That silence was most horrible! The eyes of the interpid Ruffner was riveted with a fixed stare upon the savages. Kate could no longer endure this deathly gloom. Advancing towards the gallant Dutchman, with trembling step and palpitating heart, exclaimed in tones of despair: "Oh! My God! Mr. Ruffner, we shall all be murdered."

Ruffner, who had sat eyeing the savages with a tiger's look, sprang to his feet, on hearing the touching lamentation of Kate, and with a bosom heaving with rage, exclaimed in a voice of thunder:

"Imps of hell, vot pizzness have you here, shump from dis blace in von leetle minute, or py tam, as I vill shkin you alive, and send your erd spirits to shoin your plack prodders in ter pit of hell."

This awful denunciation, like the sudden and appalling thunder crash, sent a thrill of terror in their savage hearts, and for a moment the savages seemed completely awe stricken; and had the Dutchman at this moment made an assault upon their bodies, his victory would have been most complete.

The savages on recovering from this momentary panic, rallied, and the attack commenced. A rush was made upon the Dutchman with uplifted tomahawks, when discharging his rifle at the foremost, who fell a bleeding corpse at his feet; and instantly clubbing his rifle he dealt out several blows upon the savages and another Indian lay prostrate upon the floor; but in the act of raising his rifle for another assault, it struck the joice above his head, and the blow was arrested; the Indians taking advantage of this misfortune fired upon him, and the gallant Ruffner fell to rise no more. Two balls had pierced his body, both of which were fatal. The Indians dragged the dying hero into the yard, where they performed their last bloody deed, the taking of his scalp.

We now turn to the condition of the family during this bloody struggle. In the commencement of the conflict, Kate fainted and fell to the floor, where she lay until the savages had murdered Ruffner. On regaining her senses, and seeing the savages standing around her with their bloody knives, and the reeking scalp of Ruffner in their hands, she uttered a piercing shriek, and again fell senseless to the floor. The Indians next turned their attention to the aged couple, who sat like living statutes, gazing with a vacant stare upon the bloody scene around them. They had lost all power of speech and locomotion, stunned, shocked, and completely bewildered. They were very old and infirm, and of course could afford no assistance in the defence.

Advancing to where they sat, the cruel savages dealt each a blow with a tomahawk, and they too fell writhing in the agonies of death. A few struggles and their sufferings on earth were ended.

As yet the poor affrighted Kate had not returned to consciousness; but lay upon that bloody cabin floor, unconscious of the awful and soul-chilling scene around her, and over her senseless body these

unfeeling savages held a council of death, in which it was agreed that after her return to consciousness, and after she had delivered up to them the old man's money she should also be murdered. But it was difficult for some time, during the council to get any one to perform the deed. Kate was a beautiful girl, and the Indians, blood thirsty as they were, felt loathe to commit a deed so dreadful on a creature so beautiful. At length one consented. "Me got big heart —me kill white squaw," said this human brute.*

Kate was aroused to consciousness, and for a moment she stood gazing around her in deep bewilderment. "Oh! God of Mercy!" said she, "am I dreaming or is this a horrible reality?" then fixing her eyes upon the prostrate forms of her mangled parents, she wrung her hands in anguish and wept aloud— "Mother! mother! dearest mother!" She could say say no more; her sorrow-stricken heart was too full, and her quivering lips and choked utterance were stifled with sobs of unutterable anguish.

Poor Kate! She was not only doomed to witness the work of death around her, but compelled to wade through the blood of her parents and generous protector, who were now lifeless at her feet, and deliver into the brutal hands of the murderers her father's money, and then set before them such eatables as were in the house, after which the brutal Kanotchy sunk his tomahawk into her brains, and the innocent girl fell to the floor, mingling her blood with those of her parents, after which the Indians left the cabin, as the sun was shedding his last beams of light upon the forest; but oh, merciful God! over what a heart-chilling scene of sorrow and death was that evening closing.

As already stated, it was late in the afternoon when young Seymour started for assistance, conse-

* This Indian was named Kanotchy, who was afterwards taken prisoner, and revealed all the facts pertaining to the murder.

quently it was some time after nightfall when the company returned.

'Twas a dark and gloomy night, and a solemn death-like gloom had settled upon the wilderness. Not one twinkling star peeped through the thick foliage of that dense forest. No sound was heard, save an occasional yell of some prowling wolf. The little party quickened their pace—Philip was all anxiety. At length, the outlines of that forest cottage, dimly traced through the deep darkness of the night, became visible. Coming within about fifty yards of the cabin they halted. No light was visible—no sound was heard. Silence unbroken and deeply portentious held its throne there. Could the family have gone to rest? Impossible! The worst apprehensions of the party were aroused, and the fate of the cabin hung in dreadful uncertainty. Philip's mind now became deeply agitated; he would have rushed wildly, madly, and fearlessly through ten thousand dangers. At this moment he would have leaped in one bound, if possible, the distance that intervened between him and the cabin, but his companions restrained him. They could scarcely keep him from the attempt.

A consultation was held, in which it was agreed that Mr. Copus alone should venture to the cabin, (while the rest remained behind, holding themselves in readiness at a moment's warning) and cautiously ascertain the cause of the mysterious darkness. Accordingly he approached the cabin, and peeping in at the back window found the room shrouded in darkness, while a deep death-like stillness reigned within. He listened, but not a sound came to his ears. Creeping slyly around to the door, he found it partially open, and cautiously putting his hand inside found that the floor was saturated with blood. His worst fears then were fully confirmed; but thinking that the savages might yet be inside, waiting the return of the young man, he did not think it prudent

to enter, but cautiously and noiselessly returned to the party and communicated his discovery.

On hearing the news, the mind of Philip was thrown in the deepest agony, and he wept, while the company deeply sympathized with the sorrow-stricken young man, and endeavored to soothe his feelings as best they could. But a reckless desperation seized his mind, and giving one wild and fearful yell he bounded away, and would have thrown himself, as his companions supposed, into the hands of the infuriated savages, without the least chance of escape. Fortunately, in making this fearful leap, a fallen tree lay before him over which he tumbled and fell to the earth, completely stunned by the fall. In a moment he regained his senses and found himself in the grasp of two powerful men.

Stunned and bewildered from the effects of the fall, he cried out in the wildest vehemence: "Murderers, cease your hold, would you drink my heart's blood as you have the blood of my friend's."

"Philip, Philip," cried Mr. C., "you are in the hands of your friends, for God's sake keep quiet, the savages are around us, and we shall all be murdered."

Philip recognized the voice of his friend, and after a moment's pause enquired:

"Mr. Copus, in the name of God tell me, is this all a dream, or are my friends all murdered?"

"No, Philip, I think not," replied Mr. C., "but I have no doubt but they are all in the hands of the Indians as prisoners, and our only hope of their recovery is to set out immediately for assistance and give them pursuit. It is madness to attempt this with our present force, and the Indians will not march far before morning.

A small party of them are now lying at the cabin in wait for your return, and under cover of darkness will certainly murder you if you attempt to visit the cabin before morning."

The thought that his friends were only taken as prisoners, gave the young man some shadow of hope, and he became more calm and reasonable.

The company then retraced their steps. 'Twas night, a dark and doleful night; an impenetrable gloom shrouded that unbroken wilderness. The murky heavens were overcast with sable clouds, while that little band of woe-stricken midnight adventurers groped their way through the darkness of the night, to the cabin of Mr. Hill, situated near where the thriving little village of Lucas now stands, where they arrived some time after midnight.

The family of Mr. Hill were much alarmed on the appearance of our nocturnal visitors; but the object of the visit was soon made known. It was then concluded as the night was far spent, they would remain till morning. Accordingly they all lay down to enjoy a few hours repose. But there was one among that sorrowful company whose eyes were not closed in sleep. His soul was filled with bitter thoughts—the probable fate of his parents and sister, brutally murdered, or in the hands of unfeeling savages, suffering the most cruel indignities. How anxiously he wished once more for approaching day. Moments seemed as hours.

Day at last dawned once more upon the wilderness. Morning, bright and rosy, opened upon the forest. The feathered songsters were climbing the morning sky, singing their wild peans of devotion

> "To Him who tipped their glittering wings with gold
> And tuned their hearts to praise."

'Twas a lovely summer's morning. Life and animation were around him, and under other circumstances and other feelings, the young man would have sallied forth into the deep tangled wild-wood exclaiming:

> "A life in the woods for me,
> A home in the forest wild."

But sorrow filled his heart—and one thought tormented his brain; the fate of his friends.

After holding a conversation with Mr. Hill it was agreed that they immediately set out for the Block House, at Beams Mill, for assistance, and if possible overtake the murderers. Accordingly they arrived at the Block House, when a party of soldiers volunteered their services and were soon on their way to the ill-fated cabin.

CHAPTER XXI.

PHILIP DISCOVERING THE DEAD BODIES OF HIS PARENTS, SISTER AND RUFFNER.

But loh! the crowd beheld with tearful eyes
The sickening sight with much surprise.—Lees.

In a few hours after the party of soldiers had left the Block House, they arrived at the cabin of Mr. Seymour, where the most heart chilling spectacle presented itself. On entering the yard the first object that presented itself was the naked body of Ruffner, horribly mutilated. Poor Ruffner, there he lay, bloody and horribly mangled. He had struggled manfully—he had fought with a desperation in defence of the family, but the odds were too great. He fell defending the helpless and innocent, and there he lay with the rage of battle on his countenance, which even the hand of death could not efface.

But on entering the cabin the sight was most horrible; there lay the whole family cold in death, most brutally mangled. And poor Kate—the once romping, smiling, rosy cheeked Kate; there she lay beautiful in death, bloody and mangled.

Philip on entering the yard, and seeing the body of Ruffner, sprang into the cabin, where his worst fears were realized. The sight was most shocking; a sickening sensation came over him, and for a moment he stood in a kind of trance, unable to utter one word. Death in a most terrible aspect stared him in the face. There lay the bloody remains of all that was dear to him in life. At length the silence was broken, the young man spoke. "My father! my mother! my *only* sister, would to God I

had been here to have shared a similar fate. But all is over. The finger of Providence has touched you heavily."

Here Philip gave vent to a flood of tears, which moved to sympathy the hearts of all present.

Again the young man spoke; he had found relief in tears and he became more calm and resigned:

" 'Tis done! the bloody deed is done! I am left alone, but I shall submit to this deep affliction. My sister, my dearest sister, little did I think on leaving you that I would find you on my return thus cold in death.

"You have passed from the earth, but I will not deplore thee,
Nor ask your return from a holier clime,
Thou did'st linger below, until He who had sent thee
Recalled thee to Eden in morning's sweet prime."

Then returning to his companion, the unfortunate heroic Ruffner, who lay as it were guarding the entrance of the cabin door, his eyes for a moment were fastened upon his mangled body. "Brave man," said he, after a moment's pause, "you deserve a better fate. But mysterious are the ways of Providence—you have fought your last battle, which has not only covered you with blood and wounds, but with a halo of glory, and generations yet to come will hold your memory in sacred remembrance."

Philip now retired some distance from the cabin to a beautiful shady spot, under which he and Kate had often sat, reading and conversing together. Here he fell into a train of pensive reflections.

What adverse storms had clouded his prospect, tending to destroy his youthful vigor! What a fearful tempest of disappointment had blown out his lamp of joy almost hurling reason from its throne. What a sad change had been effected in but a few hours, in which a world of woe, sorrow and disappointment had risen before him. Here he sat alone, while on other occasions the company of Kate had

made that place a home. But alas! she would never more sit in this sacred spot.

During Philip's stay in this cool retreat the soldiers were busily engaged in making preparations to bury the dead.

As soon as the graves were dug and all things in readiness for the interment, Philip arose and once more gazed upon the remains of his friends and companion. He had nerved himself for this occasion; and as he stood for a moment gazing upon them for the last time on earth, he turned to his friends around him—

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am now left alone—I have none to mourn my loss. To the best of my knowledge not a drop of my blood runs in the veins of any one living. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your generosity and kindness in thus consigning to their last resting place my last earthly friends. And now over the graves of these my friends and companions, and in the presence of their departed spirits, which I have no doubt are now looking down upon me, I most solemnly vow a bloody revenge. Blood for blood shall be my motto;" and bidding the company an affectionate farewell, he bounded into the forest.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE COPUS BATTLE.

When the war hoop's startling yell,
Broke upon the stilly night,
Scarcely could swift echo tell,
E're the murderous weapon fell,
On the victims of their spite.

As soon as the party mentioned in the preceding chapter, had consigned to their last resting place, the bodies of the murdered, they returned to the Block House. The news of this murder was spread in every direction, and the affrighted settlers flocked to the black Houses for safety. Every cabin now became tenantless, and the whole country filled with terror. Among the families which took refuge in the Block House at Beam's old Mill, was that of James Copus; he had taken the precaution to remove his family immediately after the murder of the Seymour family. Mr. Copus remained in the Block House but a few days. Quiet having been restored, and hearing of no more depredations, he concluded to remove his family back to his farm. But before leaving the Block House, one of the officers promised him to encamp at his house in the evening of the same day, as he was going in that direction, with a party of soldiers, for the purpose of reconnoitering in search of marauding bands of Indians. With this consideration, Mr. Copus and his family left the Block House and arrived at his cabin in the early part of the day, finding all things as they had left them.

A small party of soldiers, wishing to have a little recreation in the woods, had accompanied Mr. Copus

to his cabin. There were some eight or nine of them Here they spent the day in various sporting exercises, little dreaming of the awful fate into which some of them would be plunged ere the rising of another sun.

As a matter of some satisfaction to the reader, it may not be out of place to give a short description of the location of the Copus cabin.

This cabin stood at the foot of a high romantic bluff, about one quarter of a mile from the banks of the Black Fork. This bluff overlooks the surrounding country for some distance, affording a most beautiful prospect from its summit. About three or four rods from where the cabin stood there gushes out of the hill one of the best springs of water in the country. Mr. and Mrs. Copus had chosen this locality on account of its romantic aspect, and this beautiful spring of water. The spring stood between the cabin and a small log barn; and a newly cut out road ran parallel with the bluff and its base, and between it and the cabin and barn. The range of the bluff is nearly north and south and terminates in a low point on the banks of the Black Fork. The cabin and barn stood on the west side; and a small patch of corn in roasting ears stood near the cabin, nearly surrounding it.

This as near as we can describe was the situation of the cabin. The spot was wildly romantic, and well calculated to inspire the soldiers with fun and frolic, which, indeed, they seemed to enjoy in the highest degree. Running, jumping and wrestling exercises engaged their attention till evening.

As the sun sank behind the distant hills, and the shades of night were settling down upon the forest, Mr. Copus and the family would turn their eyes up the road, expecting every moment to see the officer and his soldiers make their appearance; but they promised and came not.

As the shades of night advanced, the mind of Mr.

C. became unaccountably agitated. A sort of melancholy gloom gathered over it, and strange fancies rose before his vision. He communicated these feelings and forebodings to the soldiers; but they only smiled at his fears, telling him that they arose altogether from the impressions left upon his mind on seeing the murdered family of Seymour, but a few days ago.

Nine o'clock came; but the officer and his soldiers were not to be seen. It was then agreed to lay down and rest till morning, the soldiers proposing to sleep in the barn as the night was extremely warm. To this proposition Mr. C. objected still persisting that there was some danger awaiting his cabin. But the soldiers persisted in going contrary to Mr. C.'s most earnest protestations. Finding that he could not prevail upon them to remain in the house, he consented to let them occupy the barn, with the understanding that they should return to the cabin before daylight in the morning. The soldiers then retired to the barn, and Mr. Copus and the family to their beds in the cabin.

As Mr. C. lay upon his bed, his mind became more and more agitated. He felt satisfied that a fearful storm awaited them. True he had seen no symptoms of alarm, but his feelings were strangely acted upon, by some invisible agent as he supposed.

Add to this fact, that during the night his dogs kept a constant yelping in the direction of the cornfield. This barking had been more than usual, which consideration helped to increase his apprehension still more.

Oh! it was a fearful, sleepless night to that poor pious family. Mr. Copus deeply felt the danger, but resolved to meet the emergency with fortitude and heroism.

The night was dark and moonless, and the messengers of death, silent and frightful had gathered themselves around that solitary cabin, ready at the

appointed hour to smite their victims to the earth. Yet no one of that little band, save Mr. Copus, dreamed that danger was so nigh.

'Twas morning, but the rosy tints of day had not yet appeared, as the soldiers entered the cabin. Mr. C. was yet in bed. Again he assured them that in his opinion a fearful struggle was nigh at hand, and warned them to act with caution. The soldiers smiled as before, remarking that his mind was only under the influence of unnecessary alarm.

After the soldiers had sat and conversed a while with the family, part of them agreed to go to the spring to wash themselves. Mr. C. remonstrated—told them not to act so rashly—but they persisted and went. Mr. C. wanted them in case they went to take their rifles with them—but they refused, and went to the spring, setting their rifles against the cabin outside, when in the act of washing, a long loud and soul-chilling yell rent the air as if a hundred furies had just been let loose from the pit of hell, and in an instant that cabin was surrounded by nearly forty-five painted savages, cutting off the retreat of the terror stricken soldiers at the spring.

On hearing this horrid yell, the soldiers started from the spring in different directions. Three started off in the direction of the Black Fork, two of whom were caught in running about eighty rods, the third succeeded in eluding his pursuers, but received two balls in his body, one through his bowels and the other through his foot. He ran about a quarter of a mile, where he was found about eight weeks afterwards in a partially putrified condition.

The fourth* wheeled and like a chafed lion, rushed through the infuriated savages, burst open the cabin door, and fell inside with one shot through the thigh.

We now turn to the condition of affairs inside of the cabin. On hearing the yells of the savages Mr.

* Yet living within sight of this memorable spot.

Copus sprang from his bed, and seizing his rifle partly opened the door in order to discharge it at the advancing Indians, but in the act of discharging his rifle he received a ball through his bosom, and staggering backwards fell across the table exclaiming, "Men, I am a dead man, but don't be discouraged, defend yourselves and my family like men." He spoke no more. His trembling and affrighted wife† helped him on his bed, where he breathed his last in about one hour. Just as they were about closing the door after the fall of Mr. Copus, Dye made his appearance as already stated, and falling inside, the door was made fast.

Whether Mr. Copus discharged his rifle or not cannot be told with any certainty, but the most probable opinion is that he did, as an Indian was immediately afterwards discovered lying mortally wounded in the yard, a ball having passed through his bowels. It is thought that both fired at the same instant, each ball taking effect.

The contending parties now stood seven against forty-five. Five soldiers, one of whom received a wound in the thigh, with Henry Copus, aged 9 years, and Wesley Copus. Here then were only seven whites, five men and two boys, against forty-five savages. This was a fearful odds. Dye's wound was very painful, yet he bore it patiently, animating his companions with words of encouragement.

As soon as the door had been fastened after the entry of Dye, a general fire was opened upon the cabin, and the sharp cracks of forty rifles rang upon the morning air, while leaden messengers of death flew thick as hail upon the walls and door of the cabin; add to this the fierce yells of the infuriated savages mingled with the roar of the rifles, and you have the "mingled horrors of the noise of battle." But there were brave hearts in that cabin who looked

† This man's name was George Dye, of Leatherwood, Guernsey County, Ohio.

death in the face without a tremulous emotion. Would that we could here record all their names.*

In the commencement of the battle, a Miss Copus received a wound in the thigh; the women were then placed up stairs for greater safety.

The firing now became incessant—volley after volley of rifle balls were poured in the cabin, until the door and walls were perfectly riddled; and at every volley more than forty frightful yells rang through the deep forest. Thus for the space of one hour did the savages continue to fire into the house; but finding that they could not effect but little in this way they ascended the bluff, and with renewed yells, if possible more frightful than before, commenced pouring their balls upon the cabin roof, expected to dislodge those who had taken refuge up stairs. They were now under cover of logs and trees, and supposed themselves in a more secure position. Several had already fallen around the house; who on attempting to gain the inside had paid the forfeit of their insolence. But to their no small astonishment they found that the side of the hill was no less hot, for at almost every fire some red skin received a mark. The soldiers did not waste their ammunition in firing at uncertainties.

There was a savage secreted behind a tree, who for some time kept pouring his balls upon the cabin roof as fast as he could load and fire. Several attempts were made to dislodge him but to no effect.

At last one of the soldiers (Launtz,) who had been wounded in the arm by him while removing a chunk from between the logs, observed his head peering from behind the tree, drew a bead upon it, fired, and the next moment he was seen tumbling in a most ludicrous manner from rock to rock, until he reached

* The two who were caught, killed and scalped were named Geo. Shipley and John Tedrich. The one found in the woods dead was named Warnock, and one named Launtz received a ball in his arm, breaking it.

the bottom of the hill, where he lay quiet as a lamb, "none daring to make him afraid."

At length the Indians finding that they could not succeed in their undertaking, and that the resistance was more powerful than they had anticipated, gave up the siege, firing upon the cabin as they retreated; and having gained a certain distance from the house, they sent up one more simultaneous and most horrid yell; and taking their dead and wounded, were soon out of sight.

It was now about 10 o'clock A. M., the battle having lasted since day light, during which time the Indians had lost about ten of their number, as near as could be ascertained. The number of whites killed and wounded has already been stated.

On returning they fired upon a flock of sheep, which during that eventful morning had clustered together on the side of the hill, looking down in amazement upon that frightful scene of carnage. The poor creatures tumbled down one after another until they lay in one promiscuous heap.

Great was the joy of that brave band, on beholding those bloody savages retreating. But fearing that this was only done to decoy the inmates from the cabin, it was agreed that only one should leave the house, and he only should escape through the roof, and with all possible speed make for the Block House for help. This was done. He had not been gone more than two hours, when on looking up the road in the direction of the Creek, the same party of Indians as they supposed were seen stealthily creeping among the bushes and high grass towards the cabin.

They now gave themselves over for lost. Each looked in the face of his companion with a sad and sorrowful gaze. The mother clasped her children to her bosom with that fondness and despair which none but a mother can feel under such trying circumstances.

"Soldiers," said one of that noble band, "sell your lives dearly. Our situation is hopeless; and our condition desperate. Look upon this poor widow and her seven fatherless children, and may the sight inspire you with the energy of omnipotence, and the daring and courage of the very God of war himself."

"On with the battle—death or victory," shouted a half dozen voices, and a spirit of unyielding resistance sat upon every heart within that little bullet riddled cabin.

Each soldier grasped his rifle, and taking such a position as afforded the best opportunity of seeing the advancing enemy, held himself in readiness for the onslaught.

"Now boys," exclaimed the intrepid Dye, though smarting under the pain of his horrible wound," aim at the hearts of the red devils, and each of you select your man."

Onward came the skulking foe—dodgin' from tree to tree. The number was increased. "Firm, men, firm, steady! steady! Reserve your fire until I give the command, and then charge upon the hellish band."

A few moments more and the advancing foe were within one hundred yards of the cabin, their heads now and then peering above the tops of the weeds.

"Hold! hold!" cried a voice just as the party were about to give the advancing enemy a greeting salute —"hold, there is a mystery connected with this affair. These men are not Indians!"

A moment more and a party of American soldiers under the command of Captain —— revealed themselves to the astonished yet joyful inmates. It was the same company that had promised to encamp at the house of Mr. Copus the preceding evening, but had been detained for some cause, and had encamped in the woods about three miles from the cabin.

They had advanced in this manner upon the cabin, (not knowing what had befallen it,) for the purpose,

if possible, of frightening the soldiers, by way of a joke. But they had almost carried the joke too far. A few moments more, and, in all probability, a fearful havoc would have been among that unsuspecting party.

But if the terrified inmates were overjoyed at this unlooked for aid; the officer and the soldiers were not a little astonished in beholding the fearful havoc which the savages had made among the inmates of that ill-fated cabin.

Having buried the dead, the wounded were placed upon litters and carried upon their shoulders to the Block House, where they received every attention necessary to their comfort; and in a short time they recovered from their wounds.

Such, dear reader, is a full description of the battle of Black Fork, which considered in point of numbers, stands unparalelled in the history of the State. Our informers* assured us that the utmost coolness, and the most undaunted courage were exhibited during the action. They speak in the highest terms of the courage of this little handful of brave men.

A word of explanation, and we shall conclude this chapter. Mr. Copus was a minister of the gospel—had preached to the Greentown Indians, and had enjoyed their utmost confidence. Upon his persuasion the Indians had submitted themselves to the officer. Afterwards finding their village destroyed, they wrongfully supposed that Mr. C. was accessory to the crime, and that through his influence the deed had been perpetrated. Had the Indians really known that Mr. Copus had no hand in the matter they never would have molested him. The officer who compelled Mr. Copus to accompany him alone stands accountable for the consequences which followed.

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* Mrs. Copus, widow of James Copus, (who was killed the first fire,) yet lives near the spot where the affray took place, and her son Wesley, who was then in the battle, 9 years old.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PHILIP AND ALFRED BRADLEY—ENCOUNTRE WITH INDIANS—PIPE'S CAVERN.

Some few weeks after the murder of the Seymour family, two young men were seen standing on the banks of the Huron river, near the mouth, earnestly engaged in conversation.

One of those whom we shall introduce to the reader under the name of Alfred Bradley, was a native of the New England States. He was the decendant of a wealthy and respectable family. Alfred possessed a mind of the first order, combining wit and humor with no ordinary amount of intelligence. Besides these, Alfred was in possession of the most undaunted courage. He was bold and fearless, almost to recklessness—Alfred could not be called handsome, yet he was the centre of attraction.

The other person mentioned in connection with young Bradley was Philip Seymour, the young pioneer of Richland, with whom the reader has been made acquainted in a previous chapter.

Philip, after leaving the cabin of his father, on the morning of the burial of his friends, made his way to the settlement at the mouth of the river, where he arrived in a few days after he had left Black Fork settlement in Richland.

The two young men had accidentally met on the banks of the stream, where they formed each other's acquaintance.

"Mr. Bradley," said Philip, after they had revealed to each other the causes which led to their adventure in this region, "since our histories are similar, I propose that we here form a league of friend-

ship, and unite our fortunes, be they good or bad."

"Agreed," said Alfred, "I am in for adventure. I seek danger and excitement, and have left the abodes of civilization for this purpose. Mr. Seymour, agreeably to your narrative, you are now the last of your family—you have none to mourn your loss. Like myself you are left to meet the changes and perils of life, friendless and alone."

"I have told you I have none to mourn my loss. My poor mother died when I was young, leaving myself and a lovely little sister younger than myself in the care of my father. The death of my mother so preyed upon the spirits of my father, that he was forced to leave his native State. In the year 1799, he with myself and sister, emigrated to Ohio, settling down at the mouth of Conneaut Creek,* in what is now called Ashtabula County.

"In the space of a few weeks after we landed here, my sister and a little girl belonging to one of the settlers, were missing. The whole settlement went out in search of them, but could learn nothing of them. It was, therefore, agreed, that the children had been devoured by wild beasts, or else stolen by some marauding party of Indians. It was supposed that the children had strayed too far into the woods, got lost and could not find their way back again. Poor little Anna; I shall never see her again. The loss of my sister crushed the spirits of my father. He died shortly afterwards of apoplexy. I was left among strangers, a poor orphan, homeless and friendless. I was then put under the care of a man named Williams, who sometime afterwards was murdered by the Indians. I then went to live with a family named Montgomery, where I remained for several years."

"Truly," replied Philip, "our trials and conditions in life are remarkably singular. But those

* This was three years after the first surveying party landed here. This was the first settlement in Northern Ohio.

scenes are past and gone, and we are now entering the arena of greater perils; but I hope a kind fortune will protect us in our perilous adventures."

Here, the conversation ended, and the young pioneers left the banks of the stream, and after making the necessary preparations, started into the wilderness.

Continuing their journey they came to a solitary cabin about sunset.

"What a delightful country," said Alfred.

"Quite romantic," replied Philip. "From its appearance I——"

"Hist!" said Alfred; "did you hear that?"

"I did. The sound is familiar, and I'm much mistaken if we haven't some shooting to do before we get clear of the buggars. But——"

Another yell broke in upon the forest before Philip could end his sentence.

"Let us block the entrance," exclaimed Alfred, "and give these howling devils a warm reception, if they come within range of our rifles."

"No, no," replied Philip, as another yell greeted their ears, "let us retreat to the edge of yonder thicket, and watch their movements."

Our heroes accordingly took refuge in the thicket, and in a few moments a party of four Indians made their appearance at the door of the cabin.

"Let us fire upon the red dogs," whispered Alfred.

"No, no," replied Philip; "it's most too long a ——."

"Whoop, whoop, how-ee," rang out once more upon the forest some distance in the rear of where our heroes lay secreted.

"By thunder," exclaimed Philip, "we are surrounded by these red devils. Alph, keep your nerves steady, and in case of an attack make every shot tell."

"Let us move somewhat further from their line of approach," said Alfred.

"An important suggestion," replied Philip; "and the sooner the better." Accordingly the two hunters moved a short distance further into the thicket until the advancing party had passed into the open space and joined their companions at the cabin, into which the whole party of Indians entered.

"By Hokey," whispered Alfred, "there is a regiment of them—at least *twenty*—and *giant* looking fellows at that. What the deuce do you think these fellows are after?" inquired he.

"Nothing that betokens any good to the white settlers," said Philip. "But we shall find out their mission here, or I'm badly mistaken. See! they have struck a light in the cabin. It is evident that they do not suspicion the presence of any white man; they have not even placed a sentinel on duty."

"How much I would like to know their business here," said Alfred.

"We shall," replied Philip. "We will remain here a few minutes longer, until they are fully engrossed with the dispatch of their business, which I am satisfied relates to some contemplated outrage upon the white settlers."

"Can't we storm the '*castle,*' and take the red buggers prisoners?" asked Alfred, apparently in the greatest earnestness.

"Not at present," replied Philip smiling, and much amused at his companion's daring sport. "The odds are too fearful. Twenty against two is rather a one sided game. But, hark! I hear my name mentioned among the devils! Good Heavens! what business engages their attention, that induces them to use my name. Alfred, I am all anxiety, let us steal quietly nearer the cabin," and the young hunters moved within a few rods of the cabin door where they could command a fair view of the house. Here our heroes lay under cover of darkness for some moments, consulting as to the best mode of conducting their operations in the present case.

As they lay in this position they could distinctly hear each Indian orator, as he addressed the assembly, but understood but little of what was said. One or two of the speakers, however, were understood as referring to the burning of Greentown, the murder of the Seymour family, and the Copus battle.

"By thunder," said Philip, "I am almost certain some of these fellows were engaged in the murder of my friends. Curse their red hides, how I wish I could glut my vengeance upon them, but the odds are too fearful, and I must content myself at this time, with muttering curses, deep but not loud."

"Philip," said Alfred, "I am aware that the odds are fearful, but the victory would be more glorious, in case we would overpower them. I may overrate our heroism, but I feel as though we can demolish every red devil of them. Let us fire the house when they are asleep, and when they are aroused by the flames and rush to the door in confusion, we can club them one and all to the earth."

The suggestion, at first sight, seemed practicable to Philip, and he was about to enter into arrangements to carry it into operation at a favorable opportunity, but a second thought rose up against its practicability and he abandoned the idea as extremely preposterous. "It won't do, it won't do," said Philip, after a moment's pause—"the red devils are too numerous. Let us watch their movements, and wait a more favorable opportunity to wreak our vengeance."

"As you think best," replied Alfred, "I shall most cheerfully confide in your judgment. But I do not think it prudent to remain here all night. Daylight will discover our hiding place to them, and we shall be made prisoners, and probably meet a cruel fate."

"I think not," replied Philip; "these fellows do not suspicion our being here, and by retiring some distance in the thicket, we can elude their observa-

tion, as they will leave the cabin at the first dawn of the day."

To this proposition Alfred readily consented, and our heroes retired some distance into the thicket, where they remained till morning.

Daylight was just opening in the east, when our heroes were awakened by the noise and bustle of the Indians in the cabin, preparing to start on their work of destruction.

"What infernal throats," exclaimed Alfred, as a horrible yell broke in upon the morning air, as the savages left the cabin to pursue their journey through the wilderness.

Philip and his companion remained in their hiding place until they were certain the savages were out of hearing, when they retraced their steps to the cabin, which they once more entered.

"See here," said Alfred, as he picked up from the floor a gold finger ring. In a moment Philip recognized the ring.

"By the sacred ties of fraternal affection, and the blood of my murdered parents and sister, I will glut my vengeance on the red devil who stole this priceless gem from the mangled body of my devoted sister. May the red lightnings of heavens blast and wither his savage heart, and may the candle of his life be extinguished amid the most exquisite torments!"

"See yonder!" exclaimed Alfred, pointing in the direction whither the savages had bent their steps, "See! there are two of those same red devils making their way back to the cabin!"

"Let them come!" cried Philip, "they shall have a receipt in full for all demands against them."

Onward came the two stalwart savages, little dreaming that they were rushing into the jaws of death. Nearer and still nearer came the unsuspecting Indians. Crack! crack! went two rifles at the same instant; and the two savages fell to rise no

more. Philip and his companion rushed to the spot where the fallen savages lay, but not until they had re-loaded their rifles. One of them was just breathing his last, while the other made several unsuccessful attempts to gain his feet.

"Philip Seymour," exclaimed the bleeding and dying savage, "me know you—me help kill your father, mother and Ruffner—you kill me—me——"

Here a convulsive shudder broke his utterance, and in a few moments he breathed his last.

Philip and his companion stood gazing for a moment upon the fallen savages. It was the first deed of death which Alfred had committed, and he evidently struggled with his feelings in justifying the deed.

"But what shall we do with the dead?" asked Alfred.

"Let the wild beasts make a feast of them," replied Philip, and the young hunters left the cabin, taking an opposite direction, and stopping every now and then in order to ascertain if they were pursued.

"Alfred," said Philip, "those two red skins were both concerned in the murder of our family. One of them, as you heard, confessed the deed. This one fell by the ball from your rifle. The other one had not time to confess, my aim was too deadly. Thank Heaven, they have shed the last drop of innocent blood on earth. Vengeance has overtaken them in a moment least expected. They were, no doubt, returning to the cabin in search of this ring, as it is a valuable one. But the red devil that gets this gem from me must first take my scalp."

Our heroes were now doubly armed, as they seized the rifles of the fallen Indians, and carried them along. Continuing their journey they came to a singular spring of transparent water which formed a most interesting natural phenomenon. It was now mid-day, and the sun was pouring its flood of light

upon the surface of the water, which being refracted and reflected the various hues of the rainbow appeared upon the objects at the bottom. Our young heroes gazed with admiration and delight upon this natural well.

After satisfying their curiosity here, they continued their journey, until they came to a small opening on the side of the hill. On entering this aperture, they found to their no little astonishment a spacious cavern, presenting a most magnificent appearance inside, as it abounded in beautiful stalactites and stalagmites.

The inside of this cavern presented signs of being inhabited by Indians; as our heroes found several Indian trinkets lying scattered around. Our young hunters entered this cavern amidst a deathlike silence, and fearful gloom.

"Philip," exclaimed Alfred, "this cavern is the retreat of——"

"What polluted mortal dare intrude upon the sanctity of this hallowed abode," interrogated a solemn voice from the depths of this gloomy dungeon, before the young man could finish his sentence.

"What spirit of man or devil, holds his gloomy throne in these dark recesses?" demanded the young man, on hearing himself accosted by an invisible agent within.

"What the devil does all this mean?" enquired Philip, somewhat nervously agitated, "surely this cannot be the abode of departed spirits.".

"Young man," continued the mysterious voice in a low and sepulchural tone, "would you desecrate this holy place, at the peril of all that's valuable to you. Know you not that within this sacred and solemn enclosure dwells the *Geni of life and death?*"

"Hobgoblin, devil, saint or sinner, or whatever you may be," interrogated Philip, "I conjure you by all the saints of the calendar, to tell us where we

are, who *you* are and what freak of nature placed you here."

"The voice of Philip Seymour, the last of the Seymour family," replied the voice, "I know you, young man, your mission hither is one of blood—you seek revenge for the blood of your murdered relations. But young man, I would have you remember that one mightier than thou hast said "vengeance is mine, and I will repay."

"Nay, nay, mysterious stranger," replied Philip, "I will be the victor of my own vengeance, I call not to my aid, other strength than my own, and that of my companion with me here. But pray, are you a dead or living spirit, your voice is familiar, and yet I cannot identify it with any living."

"Young man," replied the voice, "you knew me once, and it is possible you would so soon forget me. You ask me to reveal myself to you, this I will do on one condition."

"Name it," replied Philip, "and I will comply."

"But will you swear by the Great Spirit, that you will not reveal my name or this location* to any one living, except the young man now with you, and to him only under the same obligation."

"We will both swear," replied Philip.

"Then," said the voice, "in the name of the Great Spirit, I invoke His Angels as witnesses," and so saying, a tall and elegantly shaped Indian Chief made his appearance, before the eyes of the astonished hunters.

"*Captain Pipe!*" ejaculated the bewildered Philip; "in the name of God, Captain how came you here?"

"Young men, you seem much agitated, and no little astonished," replied the Captain. Compose your minds and I will reveal to you the history of my life

* This cavern is situated about two miles north of Castalia, in what is now called Erie county. It was well known to many of the aborigines, but not known to any of the whites, save the two young heroes of our tale. It was discovered a few years ago from the circumstance of a dog pursuing a rabbit in an aperture at its mouth.

since last we met. Yours I know up to the murder of your family."

"But where is *Lilly?*" asked the young hunter hurriedly.

"*Ah, sir,*" and the old man hung down his head and wept.

"Has any ill befallen her?" asked Philip, with breathless anxiety.

"Her life is in the hands of Him, who gave it, but where she now is I cannot tell. Her disappearance is wrapped up in a profound mystery."

"Merciful Heavens!" exclaimed Philip, "and are all my hopes thus prostrated in a moment, is Lilly in the hands of the cruel savages?—she shall be rescued."

"Mr. Seymour, replied the old man, "calm your feelings and you and your companion follow me to my inner chamber and I will give you all the particulars of Lilly's mysterious disappearance.

Accordingly, the two young hunters followed the old Chief, who led them through several apartments, until they came to one more ample than the rest, which was the one in which the old Chief resided, since he had taken up his abode in the cavern.

After the old man had led our heroes into this apartment, he bade them be seated, and taking down some "jerk and honey," requested them to partake of his hospitality, after which he related to them all he knew concerning the disappearance of his daughter, and then concluded by giving them an interesting tradition concerning this locality.

This account will be given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DISAPPEARANCE OF LILLY PIPE—THE CHIEFTAIN'S STORY—THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

Fair Lilly's fame began to sound afar,
And many a hero, to woo her love
Unbent his rigid brow. She favored none;
But frowned upon them all—
They vengeance vowed.

"Young man," said the old Chieftain after he had shared his hospitality with his guests, "a few days after you visited me at my cabin, our mutual friend Johnathan Chapman also paid me a visit. He highly complimented your father's family, particularly your sister Kate. He manifested much anxiety concerning the safety of the family, and expressed his determination to warn you of any impending danger, if in his power. He spent the evening with us, during which his attention was particularly directed to Lilly, in spiritual instruction. The next morning he bid us farewell, and left for Mansfield, since which I have heard nothing from him. In a day or two afterwards my daughter and I left for Cleveland, where we arrived in safety, and in a few days after our arrival, Lilly disappeared, since which no tidings have reached my ears concerning her destiny. This loss sets heavily upon me. Dear child, she's in the hands of some unfeeling villain. She has refused the hand of some noble young warriors, but enough, my feelings overcome me, and my eyes overflow with tears. There is one consolation left me, and that is, I have commended her into the care of the Great Spirit, whom I know will protect her from a cruel fate."

Philip, who, during the old Chief's pitiful lamentation, had sat a silent hearer, sprang to his feet as the old man ceased speaking—his eyes were suffused with tears, but wiping them away, and commanding his feelings, he burst forth into a torrent of the most bitter and bloody denunciations against all concerned in the affair. Then turning to his companion, thus addressed him:

"Alfred, in you I have the utmost confidence—your integrity and courage are beyond reprehension, and, now, with your assistance, and in the name of her who is dearer to me than life itself, I will traverse this wilderness in search of that angel, and rescue her, or fall in the attempt."

"Philip," interrupted his companion, "here's my hand to aid you in the adventure. The soul of Alfred Bradley burns for revenge, and fears not the face of danger."

"Enough," cried Philip, " 'tis the voice of a hero, and with such a noble specimen of bravery, and daring courage, we cannot fail in our undertaking."

"But whither would you go," enquired the old man. "All is darkness and uncertainty."

"We will traverse this wild forest in all directions," said Alfred—"visit every settlement, explore every locality, and shoot every suspicious looking devil we find lurking in the woods."

"Well," said the old man, "with such determination and resolution, you cannot fail to be successful; [illegible] upon you the last blessings of old Captain Pipe."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," responded the young men, "your blessing is duly appreciated, and we feel more than ever, the utmost confidence in the success of our adventure; but 'ere we start upon our expedition we would have you relate to us the traditionary legend connected with this remarkable locality."

"There once was," commenced the chieftain, "an exceedingly beautiful young Indian maiden who died

very suddenly on the day she was to be married to a handsome young warrior. The young man was a brave and fearless hunter, but the unexpected loss of his young mistress so deeply affected his mind that he could not cease to mourn for her night and day. The young man often visited the spot where his betrothed was buried, and he would set there lamenting from sunrise to sunset. His friends tried to console him, but to no purpose. War and hunting had lost their charms and he threw aside his war-club, bow and arrows. He had often heard the old people talking of a holier and happier land, where the sun never went down, and where no sorrow and disappointment could enter. He had heard them say there was a lovely path which led to this delightful country, which they called the land of spirits, and where all the true and faithful had gone. This path the young man wished to know, as he had determined to follow it, and join his lost one in the land of souls. Accordingly, after having made preparations, he started upon his journey. It was on a clear, beautiful summer's morning. The trees were all green, the flowers in full bloom, and the birds were chanting their merry songs among the trees of the forest. His course, as tradition affirmed, lay in a westerly direction.

"For a while the country over which he traveled presented no change. Forests, hills, valleys and streams wore the same aspect as in his native land. At length he came to a region where dark and chilly storms wrecked the skies. The trees were stripped of their green leaves—flowers had died and withered away. Sunshine and warmth and pleasant breezes were no longer felt. Being scantily clad, he began to suffer with cold. Under his feet were piles of snow, and above his head were seen rolling turbulently across the heavens, the murky storm clouds. Weary and fatigued he lay down to rest, after seeking a shelter from the storm. During his slumber

he dreamed. In a moment he was in sight of the land of spirits, where his eyes rested upon the object of his search. Soon she was by his side. "Come," said she, "I will show you the red man's happy hunting grounds." The young man followed her until they arrived at the margin of a clear running stream, abounding with all manner of the most beautiful fish. "This," said she, "is the river of life. Whoever drinks of this element can never died. But cast your eyes to the other side," said she, pointing her finger in that direction. "That is the red man's everlasting home." The young man cast his eyes in the direction pointed out, and beheld what he had never before seen. A lovely and seemingly unbounded forest lay before him, through which roamed countless hordes of deer, buffalo and other wild animals. Thousands and tens of thousands of the gayest plumed birds of all kinds were nestling among the branches of the trees, filling the forest with the most delightful music. The forest was clothed in a mantle of unfading green, while an endless variety of the most beautiful and fragrant flowers were interspersed over the wide expanse, presenting a loveliness beyond the power of description.

"How I long to wander in that delightful land," said the young man.

"Ah," replied the maiden, "that wish cannot now be gratified. None but the *souls* of men and women can enter there. You cannot take your body, or your bow and arrows there. You must go back the same road you came here, and when the Master of life calls you, follow him, and he will conduct you safely through, and give you another body, which will live forever."

The young man awoke, and found himself in this cavern. Here he resolved to spend the remainder of his life, which was very short. In a few years he died—the Master of Life called him home to join

the company of the young maiden, in the spirit land."

Philip and his companion listened with much interest to the old man's legend, and after pausing a moment, Philip replied:

"Venerable sir, your tradition contains some features, peculiarly applicable to the condition of my mind at this time. Like that young warrior, I shall start in search of your missing daughter, and should I fail in finding her in some earthly wigwam, I hope to find her nestled among the unfading beauties of the spirit land."

"May the blessings of the Great Spirit rest upon your adventure," said the Captain, with much feeling.

"And now, young men," continued he, "I conjure you to reveal this location to none but those in whom you can repose the greatest confidence. This cavern is known to but few. In fact I know of none living at this time who are in the habit of visiting this place. It was at one time the residence of the Sciota Hermit, as he was afterwards named. He remained here for some time, but getting into difficulty, the particulars of which I cannot now relate, he left, and wandering south, came to a cave* near Chillicothe, which he entered and occupied for some years.

"It is my intention," continued he, "to remain here, until I can hear some news from my daughter. It may be that this cavern may be of some use to you, and perhaps I can render you some service. There are several prominent war chiefs, who are, at this time, under the direction of the American Government, to whom I shall communicate this affair. These Chiefs are well known to me, and being my friends, will lend me their aid in recovering my

* This cavern is situated about eleven miles south of Chillicothe, on the road to Portsmouth. At the time the hermit (Wm. Hewitt) came there it was a perfect wilderness. He occupied this cave fourteen years, and died at the age of seventy years.

daughter. Once more I must request you and your companion to use caution and circumspection in entering this cavern."

The young men promised strict compliance, and after relating to the Chief their adventure with the Indians at the cabin of Gibbs and Buel, and showing him the finger ring which they found in the cabin, they left the cave, and directed their course towards that region now known as Ottawa county, where they arrived a few days after a couple of skirmishes* had taken place between a party of Indians and American soldiers. From this region they continued their journey through the wilderness until they came to the banks of the Maumee, and continued up the stream for some distance, until they came to the foot of the Rapids. This place they determined to make their winter quarters.

It will be recollected that when the war broke out in 1812, there were then residing about sixty families at the Rapids. This country† was originally the

* These were the first trial of arms in the war of 1812, and took place on the 29th of September. Joshua R. Giddens, then a lad of sixteen, was present on that occasion. He published an account of these skirmishes, in the Ladies' Repository.

† A traveller thus describes the face of the country previous to this expedition.

"We marched four or five miles in corn fields down the Auglaize, and there is not less than 1000 acres of corn around the town (the present site of Fort Defiance.)

Previous to 1812 only two white men, as far as known, resided in this region. A Col. Anderson was the first white trader of any notoriety on the Maumee. He settled at Fort Miami in 1800. There was, however, some years prior, a Frenchman residing here, named Manor Fontogany, the Chief adopted him in his tribe under the name of Saw en-de-bans, which means "yellow hair." Manor, or as he was called by some Minard, stated to our informant, that the first intimation he had of Hull's surrender at Detroit, presented itself by the appearance of a party of British and Indians. But after this battle, and the treaty which followed, white emigrants commenced planting their cabins there, and at the period of which we write, there were about sixty cabins belonging to the whites.

The surrender of Hull gave a fine opportunity for the Indians to commit depredations. Accordingly, immediately after this surrender, a party of British and Indians made their appearance at the Rapids, and wantonly plundered the settlers of all the property they came across, and then returned to Detroit in their canoes.

Indian's El Dorado, and previous to Wayne's campaign was densely inhabited by the red men.

There were, however, three of this party who remained with the intention of plundering a few scattered families in the wilderness. One of these was a young Delaware Chief, named Sac-a-mane. This was the same notorious Chief whose name was a terror to many a poor pioneer family. Like a stealthy tiger, he sought his prey in ambuscade. The name of Sac-a-mane was well known among the pioneers of Owl Creek, Knox county, where he distinguished himself in the scalping business. The condition of this region, therefore, at this period, was indeed perilous. The country was desolate, and everywhere were seen scouting parties of Indians.

CHAPTER XXV.

ADVENTURE WITH INDIANS.

Through forest drear, their course they led.''
''Again they moved with cautious tread,

It was a beautiful morning, about the middle of October, when Philip Seymour and his companion left the Maumee Rapids for an excursion in the wilderness. Their course lay mostly in a southern direction. Autumnal breezes were blowing among the forest trees, whose yellow leaves indicated the approach of ''stern old winter.''

There is a beauty in the varied year. In the vernal months all is loveliness and enchantment—the air softens into balm, and buds and flowers spring up at our feet. In summer the heat drives us into the cool shade, where our bodies are soothed by the refreshing breeze. In autumn the fields are covered with the profusion of nutritive treasures, and the slender boughs bend with the most delicious fruit. Autumn has always been looked upon as the most melancholy part of the year, with it comes the decay of the leaf, and the withering of flowers, and the songs of the woodland minstrels are hushed amid the howling winds which sweep with desolating energy through the forest.

''Alfred,'' said Philip, after they had gone some distance, ''our adventure is somewhat perilous, and requires the utmost caution.''

''It may be,'' responded Alfred, ''but our failure shall not be the consequence of any want of courage on my part. Believe me, sir, when I assure you that

I *now* feel as though we could fight a regiment of devils, and take by storm their smoky citadel."

"Thunder and Mars!" exclaimed Philip, somewhat amused at the laconic expression of his comrade. "Wonder if you couldn't——"

"Indians by hokey," ejaculated Alfred, before his companion could finish his sentence, "see yonder are Indians," and in an instant each sprang behind a tree.

"They are all ill looking dogs," said Philip.

"Nay," said Alfred, "they look more like painted *devils* than *dogs*."

"There's a considerable sprinkling of them," replied Philip.

"More than a baker's dozen," responded Alfred. "Curse them," continued he, "how I should like to make my report to that tall devil in front."

"Keep cool, Alf—keep cool," whispered Philip, "we'll track the infernal dogs to their kennels."

"What direction are they going," asked Alfred.

"Nearly South," responded Philip, "keep silent till they have gone by, and then we shall follow them at all hazards."

In a few moments the Indians were out of sight, but thinking it best to remain quiet until they had gone a mile or two in advance, our hunters remained in ambush some half an hour longer, when they followed cautiously in pursuit, but did not succeed in overtaking them. They continued on their trail until the next day about noon, when suddenly coming upon a newly cut road* they lost all signs of the trail.

"What does all this mean," exclaimed Philip on beholding this unlooked for road.

"Rather mysterious," said Alfred, "but no doubt it is the work of these infernal savages."

* It was well known that about the middle of June, 1812, the army of Hull left Urbana and passed through the present counties of Logan, Hardin, Hancock and Wood into Michigan. They cut a road through the wilderness, and erected Forts McArthur and Findlay on their route, arriving at the Maumee on the 30th of June.

"Not exactly," said Philip, "the red devils don't work on the roads. Too infernal lazy for that, besides I cannot imagine of what benefit such a road would be to them."

"Let us follow the south end of this road," said Alfred, "until we come to its termination."

"Agreed," said Philip, and the young men pursued their journey, until they struck the banks of a beautiful stream of water, on which stood a small fort,* which they entered. Here they learned that the newly cut road was the one over which Hull led his army from Urbana. They related to the commander of the Fort their previous adventure, and particularly the circumstance of seeing a body of Indians whose trail they had followed into the road.

The commander was much surprised on hearing that a party of Indians were lurking in the woods, so near his quarters. In fact at first he felt disposed to call in question the information, but on being assured that such was really the case, he made every preparation necessary for any emergency. Our heroes took refuge during the night, and the next morning, though contrary to the earnest solicitations of the officers, they again commenced their journey and continued until they came to quite a romantic gorge,† through which ran that beautiful stream of water, the Auglaize.

"This is nature in its primitive grandeur," said Philip to his companion. "How I love to gaze upon such soul inspiring magnificence. Here through this ravine for ages past, has rolled this ever restless flood of waters, and here to-day this same flood heaves and swells and rushes onward to mingle its

* Fort Findlay.

† This ravine has since been visited by many travelers. The location is most grand. All around stand massive trees with luxuriant foliage. Since the period of which we write, about (forty years ago,) a log cabin tavern was erected near the spot where our hunter first beheld this romantic locality. The log cabin is yet standing there.

waters with those of the great lakes into which they are poured."

"Upon my word," said Alfred, much interested in Philip's desertation upon the scene before him, "you are something of a romancer. You seem perfectly enraptured, and I was a going to say almost "beside yourself." But I presume your happiness would be complete with Lily at your——"

But before he could finish his sentence the crack of a rifle from some invisible agent on the opposite side of the ravine was borne to their ears; instantly the young men sprang behind a ledge of rocks, near the water's edge. Here they were hid from sight.

"The buggar missed his *mark*, that shot," whispered Alfred, somewhat agitated.

"Perhaps not," replied Philip, "for I don't think either you or I constituted that mark."

"Do you not suppose the rascal shot at us?" interrogated Alfred, in a little astonishment.

"I do not," said Philip. "The report is too distant. Let us remain here awhile, and perhaps the fellow will make his appearance."

The place where our young pioneers lay was so situated as to prevent the approach of any intruder without detection; as the shades of night were once more gathering over the forest, they determined to make this their camping ground until morning.

The sun had now sunk down, in golden glory, behind the distant hill-tops, while a full orbed moon rose high above the eastern horizon, shedding its mellow light upon the sparkling waters, as they rolled murmuringly in their narrow channel. 'Twas a night scene upon the Auglaize. A host of glittering stars sparkled in the heavens, blending their rays with the soft and mellow light of the moon.

As our young heroes lay in this secluded spot, meditating upon their situation of loneliness and

peril, their attention was arrested by the sound of footsteps over their heads.

"Hist!" said Alfred, as the sound became more audible.

"By the ghost of Homer," whispered Philip, "Ill send the first red devil to the land of dreams, that dares to darken the entrance to this cliff. Now, Alf," continued he, "hold yourself in readiness."

In a few moments the cause of their alarm was visible, for before them stood a half naked young savage, as they supposed, eyeing them with the looks of a young tiger. In a moment Philip sprang to his feet and raised his rifle to shoot him down in his tracks. Click went the trigger, but his weapon missed fire. Alfred, on seeing his companion's piece miss fire, brought his rifle to his shoulder, but not seeing the Indian attempting to defend himself, did not discharge it at him.

"Stand," said Alfred, "and deliver up your arms, or you are a dead dog."

"Hold! hold!" cried Philip, "My God, Alf, hold off," and springing to the side of the young man, clasped him in his arms, exclaiming: "It's Bunty Billy—My God, Billy, in the name of Heaven how came you here?"

In a moment Billy recognized his friend, but being overcome with joy at such an unexpected meeting, he could not speak. Tears started in his eyes, and with his arms folded around the neck of his friend, he sobbed aloud. It was the first time Billy had shed a tear since he had parted with his friends in Richland County. Alfred stood gazing upon the two with strong emotions of heart.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HISTORY OF 'BUNTY BILLY'S' ADVENTURES SINCE THE MURDER OF MARTIN RUFFNER—FIGHT WITH WOLVES—UNEXPECTED MEETING WITH INDIANS—THEY PROVE FRIENDLY.

"They talked of days gone by, and many a scene
Of pleasure in the forest wild;
But most of all, their meeting in a place so strange."

William Buntly, or Bunty Billy as he was generally called by the early settlers on the Black Fork, has been introduced in a preceding chapter. But since the murder of the Seymour family nothing had been heard of him. His disappearance from the Black Fork was a matter of conjecture among the people. Philip had visited Ruffner's cabin after the burial of his parents, and found it dreary and desolate. He had made enquiry concerning Billy, but no one had seen him. It was, therefore, supposed that he had either been murdered or taken prisoner.

Philip was no little astonished in meeting him alone in the wilderness, so far from the haunts of civilization. He was also constrained to discredit his vision. But contrary to his expectations, he found that the supposed savage was none other than the generous hearted Bunty Billy, the history of whom, since the death of his master, Martin Ruffner, will form the subject of this chapter.

It will be recollected that Billy was the first to give the alarm concerning the party of Indians who murdered the Seymour family, the detail of which have already been given.

After the Indians had committed the murder they

determined to dispatch Billy also. With this intention they proceeded immediately to the cabin of Ruffner, hoping to find him there, but had not proceeded more than a mile when they met him in the woods with his rifle, on his way to the Seymour cabin. The Indians had recognized him first, and secreting themselves, waited the boy's approach.

Coming up to them they sprang out of their hiding place and ordered him to halt. The sudden appearance of the savages alarmed him, and hastily raising his rifle to a level, fired upon the one nearest him, but the ball whistled harmlessly by the savage, who rushing upon him was about to smite him to the earth with his tomahawk, when the strong arm of another savage behind him caught his arm and held it fast, at the same time protesting against the murder of the boy.

The savages held a short council as to what they should do with him, and after some conversation, it was agreed that they should not kill him, but that they would make a prisoner of him, and sell him to some Chief.

"You must come along with us," demanded one of the Indians.

"Well, thir," said Billy, "thinth I cannot fight yer—I can follow yer."

"You brave boy," said his swarthy captor, "you make good warrior."

"Thoo good to murther women and old folkth," said Billy.

This, with similar conversation, passed between the Indians and the orphan boy. Billy was alone in the world—homeless and friendless—his life was at the mercy of bloody savages, yet his manly and independent spirit soared above cowardice. His precarious situation would have dampened the feelings of older persons, but Billy's heart, though but a boy's, was Indian proof, and fearless of the consequences he spake as he felt.

As the morning sun was rolling his chariot of light up the eastern sky, Billy and his captors found themselves on the banks of the Clear Fork. They had halted near where the thriving little village of Bellville now stands, for the purpose of resting and refreshing themselves. From thence they proceeded to the banks of the Vernon river, or, as it is often called, "Owl Creek." Here Billy was transferred into the hands of an old Chief who with some of his tribe, were on their way to the seat of war on the Maumee. The next morning after their arrival on the waters of Owl Creek Billy and his new master took up their line of march.

The old Chief was much pleased with the boy, and gave special instructions to treat him kindly.

Billy recognized his kindness and sought every opportunity to gratify his new master.

Towards evening they came to the banks of the Olentangy or Whetstone River,* where they struck their tents, and encamped for the night. Next morning they again took up their march, and continued their journey until they arrived at the banks of the Sandusky, now in Crawford County, and following the banks of this stream, finally came to the mouth of the river.

This region was, at this time, the favorite residence† of the Indians, and here Billy found himself in the midst of savages. Turn his eyes which way he would, and nought but painted savages met his gaze. During his residence among the Indians in this region, Billy had a fine opportunity of becoming acquainted with their manners and customs. He was a prisoner, yet he had all the privileges of his

* In Marion County.

† It was in this region that a band of Wyandots once lived called the "neutral nation." They occupied two villages, which were cities of refuge, where those who sought safety never failed to find it. During all the disastrous contests between the Europeans and natives, they preserved the integrity of their character as peacemakers. All who met on their threshold, met as friends.

companions. In their sporting exercises he made himself their superior, which, on several occasions, he feared would prove dangerous to his life. But Billy was determined, come life or death, to become master of the sport. His heroism was always approved by his master, who would often pat him on the head, and call him in broken English: "Fine boy —brave boy—good boy, etc."

Billy remained in this region for several days, during which time he affected entire contentment. One day the Indians held a council, in which it was proposed to form a scouting party, for the purpose of plunder. Accordingly the time was appointed on which to set out on their expedition. Billy, though contrary to his solicitations, was left behind with the women and children and old men. It was on this occasion that he meditated his escape. The Indians left the village early on morning, and Billy the night following. The scouting party left for the Huron river, and Billy for Fort Findlay, of which he had heard the direction, and had been assured that it stood upon Blanchard's fork of the Auglaize.

The evening Billy started upon his lonely and perilous journey was dark and rainy. The wilderness was shrouded in gloom. Wild beasts and wild men surrounded him; but these were no barrier in his way. He had been raised in the woods, amidst the yells and howls of savages and wild beasts. His trusty rifle was upon his shoulder, his scalping knife hung at his side, and in his bosom he carried a heart magnanimous—above fear and cowardice.

Billy followed up the bank of the river till daylight, when, after securing a shelter, he determined to remain in it till dark, fearing the Indians might be in pursuit of him.

During this night he was attacked by a gang of wolves, but he managed to keep them at bay. In the course of an hour or two after he had started

from his shelter his eyes caught the glimpse of a light some distance ahead of him in the woods. Moving cautiously towards it he discovered it to be the camp fire of a small band of Indians. Examining the camp carefully he perceived that the party consisted of three savages, either of whom he could have laid dead in his seat, but fighting them was out of the question. Watching them for some moments he discovered that they were in great glee, making merry over their supper, after which they lay down to rest. Billy kept quiet for some time after the savages lay down, until he imagined they were asleep, when he again commenced his journey. After traveling as far up the river as he deemed necessary, he crossed the stream and proceeded westward, hoping to strike the banks of Blanchard's Fork, and then the Fort. Continuing his course till morning, he again sought shelter, and laid by till evening, when he again continued his course, as he supposed, towards the Fort. But Billy had missed his course and, instead of making Fort Findlay, his place of destination, he arrived at the gorge or ravine where he met his friend, Billy Seymour.

Billy's adventure since leaving the Sandusky was attended with no danger other than that arising from the attack of wolves. But with these he was familiar, and knew well their disposition and mode of attack. The report of the rifle which Philip and his companion had heard, was produced by Billy, who had discharged it at one of these creatures. The animal had followed him, but Billy delayed his progress by giving him the contents of his rifle.

After Philip Seymour had recovered from the surprise into which the unexpected meeting of Billy had thrown him, the two friends, with Alfred, retired to the shelter under the bank, where they entered into a conversation, in which each party revealed to the other his adventures.

"Billy," said Philip, after the former had given

the latter a history of his adventure, "I am very glad to see you once more. I have often wondered what had become of you since the murder of our friends on the Black Fork. I had come to the conclusion that the red devils had taken your scalp, too."

"Thee here, Mr. Themour, thee here," said Billy, holding out his rifle, "do you think, thir, that this thooting iron will permit any of theth curthed rathkalth to inthult my dreaming thell in thucth a ridiculous manner."

"Ah, Billy," replied Philip, "your 'shooting iron' is by no means a sure guard against such an act of Indian cruelty. Many a brave and fearless hunter has fallen a sacrifice to savage cruelty, notwithstanding his means of defence."

"Cuth their picthurth," responded Billy, "they can't thcalp me 'fore I give them one dothe of melted lead anyhow."

"Some backbone in this fellow, Alf," said Philip, addressing himself to his companion: "Billy's the real grit and no mistake."

"There's none," replied Alfred, "that I have seen in my travels, in whom combine such heroism and sagacity, considering his age. I am truly proud of his courage, and shall hope to have him as our forest companion, provided he would be pleased to join our expedition."

"That is just what *will* please him," said Philip. "What say you, Bily?"

"Whell, thir, thinth yer have axed me a thivil quethion, I muth anther yer," said Billy. "The fact ith I'm in for anything like thoothing Inthunth. Thod blathod their thkinth."

"But, Billy, you must be subject to our admonition," said Philip, "do not expose yourself and us incautiously."

"I understand yer, thir," said Billy, "but muth

thay yer admonithion ith of no uth in cath of an attack from *thnakth.*"

At the mention of the word snakes, Philip's gravity was disturbed—he was forced to give vent to a fit of laughter, as his mind wandered back to the battle of snakes on Clear Fork, and at the recollections of his horrible dream on that eventful night, he once more uttered a bitter curse on the snake family, after which he related to Alfred all the particulars concerning that adventure.

Alfred was much amused on hearing Philip's account of this affair, and Billy would, every now and then, as an opportunity presented itself, look at Philip with one of his roguish smiles, and exclaim: "*Cuth the thnakth.*"

Several hours had thus passed away and the little party had enjoyed themselves with the most heartfelt happiness. Weary with conversation they lay down to rest with their rifles under their heads. Their slumber was unbroken, and they did not awake till morning twilight was visible.

As soon as our heroes had partaken of some refreshments, they left their shelter and once more plunged into the forest and continued their course in a southerly direction until they came in sight of an Indian village,* on the banks of a beautiful stream† of water. Near the village was a fine orchard of fruit trees‡ of about ten or fifteen years' standing. These trees were laden with fruit. Upon inspection they found the principle inhabitants to be old men, women and children.

"What next," said Alfred, as they came to a halt

* This village was called Wap-agh-ko-notta and was the residence of the Shawnees after they were driven from Piqua, by Gen. Clark.

† Hog river, so called by the Indians, from the circumstance of Mr. McKee, the British Indian agent, driving his swine along the stream as he was fleeing from the incursions of Gen. Logan in 1786. It was also called Ottawa river.

‡ Supposed to have been planted by Johnny Appleseed.

a few hundred yards from the village, "shall we enter this village and rely upon the mercy of the savages, or shall we retreat before we are discovered?"

"Thee here, Misther Alf," interrupted Billy, "Thee here, there'th no going gack with thith thild, until I thee thum of the thquaw, if nothing elthe."

"Come, come, Billy," said Philip, "you mustn't be so venturesome; you'll get us into a bad fix by being too heroic. It won't do, you must be obedient or we'll never live to see Lilly's face again. You know, Billy, if you were to get into a *snap,* I am bound to help you out, therefore, you must not put our lives in danger by being so desperately reckless."

"Hist," said Alfred, "I hear the sound of footsteps among the brush, I'm afraid we're caught this time."

The young hunters, each sheltered himself behind a tree and held himself in readiness for defence, but scarcely had they found shelter when the voice of a lone *canine sentinel* broke the stillness of the night, with a good English accentuation of *"Bow, wow, wow."*

"Thod blatht the dog," said Billy, and raising his rifle to his shoulder, was about to give the animal a quietus, but Philip prevented him.

"Get out—go home, you infernal whelp," said Philip, as the animal continued his howling. But the dog had never been trained in Noah Webster's school of language, and as the Dutchman would say he could *"nix forthay,"* and therefore he howled with more vehemence.

"What the deuce shall we do?" asked Alfred; "if we retreat the dog will pursue us, and bring out all the warriors of the village on our track, and if we stay here we shall be surrounded and taken prisoners."

"Well, our dilemma is none of the pleasantest,

and I am lost to know how to decide," said Philip. "But it is my opinion——"

At this moment a combination of yells greeted their ears. The savages had heard the barking. Instantly they hastened to the place where they found our heroes. Upon discovery, Philip stepped from behind a tree, and advancing toward an old Chief, proffered him his hand, which the old man readily accepted. Alfred and Billy came next, each in turn shaking hands with the old man and his warriors. The old Chief invited them to the village, where they spent the evening and the next day in the most agreeable manner. Some of the inhabitants could speak the English language quite fluently.

It was during their stay in this village that Philip formed the acquaintance of several friendly Chiefs, one of whom will form the subject of an interesting chapter in this narrative.

After spending a day or two with these friendly Indians, our young heroes again commenced their adventure, shaping their course in the direction of the Muskingum. They had learned from the old Chief that a party of Indians had passed near their village in that direction, and Philip and Alfred determined to follow them. We shall leave our heroes in pursuit of the savages, and give the reader a short sketch of history, relating to the village of Wa-pa-kon-et-ta as was made known by the leading Chief, Black Hoof.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BLACK HOOF, THE DISTINGUISHED SHA-WA-NOES CHIEF.

"And thus while seated on his couch of green,
The old man talked of many a scene
Of days gone by. Of many a legend old,
And magic tale."

Black Hoof, the old Indian Chief mentioned in the last chapter, belonged to the Sha-wan-oes tribe. He was a warrior of high rank and notoriety; and was born in Florida, a few years after which, with a portion of the tribe, he removed to Ohio and Pennsylvania. Black Hoof, with others of his tribe, were present at Braddock's defeat, near Pittsburg, in 1755. He was engaged in all the wars from that time until the treaty of Greenville in 1795. He was noted for his cunning, sagacity and experience; and united with these, was his fierce and desperate bravery. He was bold and daring almost to recklessness. Being the inveterate foe to the white man, his vengence knew scarcely any limits; and under his tomahawk and scalping knife many a white man had met his eternal fate. Black Hoof maintained that no peace should be made, nor any negotiations entered into with the whites, except on condition that the latter should *repass* the mountains, and leave the Mississippi valley to the sole occupancy of the native tribes. These were his sentiments, and he exerted all the energies of his mind and body in carrying them out.

Black Hoof was the orator of his tribe, and was well versed in the traditions of his people. But al-

though he was a stern and uncompromising enemy of the whites, and although, through a long series of forty years he had nerved his arm in a hundred bloody battles, yet he became at length convinced, that the struggles of his race against the encroachment of the whites were in vain. A deep conviction of this truth rested upon his mind and he communicated his apprehensions to his tribe. The campaign of General Wayne completely overthrew all hopes of their success, and he abandoned the project forever. He signed the treaty of peace at Greenville, and continued a faithful friend to the whites ever afterward. He died at the advanced age of 110 years, a short time previous to the treaty of 1831.*

In the war of 1812, Tecumseh and his brother, the prophet, paid him a visit for the purpose of enlisting him in their cause, but he pre-emptorily refused them; and although he did not personally take an active part in the war, yet he exerted a salutary influence in favor of the Americans.

Such was Black Hoof, the distinguished Sha-wanoes Chief. Philip and his companions were highly entertained and pleased with him; and although an untutored savage, they found him nevertheless to be a most graceful and pleasing man.†

They had conversed with him, with freeness and interest, and he had revealed to them a most thrilling acount of his adventures for forty years past.

Black Hoof was the particular friend of Captain Pipe; they had fought side by side against the whites up to the treaty of 1795. He had learned of

* This treaty was made with the Senecas of Lewiston, and the Sha-wa-noes of Wa-pa-kon-etta, by James Gardner and Col. McIlvain, Commissioners appointed by the Government. The terms offered to these Indians were liberal, and they consented to be removed beyond the Mississippi. They were removed to the Indian Territory on Kansas river in 1833. Poor Black Hoof, his remains are on our soil, while his tribe roam over the lands of the far West.

† Col. Johnson describes this man as the most graceful Indian he had ever seen, and as possessing the most natural and happy faculty of communicating his ideas.

the burning of Greentown, and the massacre of the whites on the Black Fork, and expressed a deep abhorance against the whole proceeding, but laid the blame of the whole affair upon Col. Greer and Kratzes. He had been informed of his friend's (Capt. Pipe) removal to Cleveland, but knew nothing of the circumstance of his daughter's mysterious disappearance.

On being told of this affair, he seemed somewhat perplexed, and deeply affected. He applauded the gallantry of Philip and his companions, and promised them the protection of his tribe while in his dominions.

Before dismissing the history of Black Hoof, we must notice one or two other traits in his character which in Indian life seem quite remarkable. It is well known that Indians practice polygamy; and are generally in favor of sacrificing the lives of prisoners at the stake. These two enormities Black Hoof condemned. He lived 40 years with one wife, and never put to death a *single* prisoner by fire. He was not present at the burning of Crawford, or perhaps that unfortunate man might have been spared the pains of such a horrible death.

With these considerations concerning the life and character of this remarkable man, we are prepared to fully appreciate his sterling integrity.

Philip and his companions left the old Chief much entertained, delighted and refreshed, with the understanding that they would return to the village on their way back from the Muskingum.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PHILIP AND HIS COMPANIONS RESUME THEIR JOURNEY—MEETING WITH INDIANS ON THE 'BLACK HAND NARROWS'—THEY MEET A COMPANY OF SCOUTS.

> The captive's hand hath laid him low,
> He knew not that his foes were near,
> In death he sleeps, and life's warm glow
> Has fled his bleeding body there.

Philip and his companions, after leaving the village of Wap-a-konet-ta, shaped their course towards the head waters of the Sciota, and proceeding down its banks came to a white settlement, in which they found a commodious Block House,* where they were hospitably entertained. They communicated to the settlers the object of their adventure in this region, and made enquiry as to the condition of the country through which they had to pass on their way to Zanesville.

It was a cold and wintry morning when our heroes left the Block House, and once more plunged into the wild woods. Winter was now set in—dark clouds and dark days—deep snows, chilling winds and biting frosts were now to be encountered. The prospect before them was, to use a modern phrase, "a *little mixed.*" But the bold and fearless hearts of Philip and his companions cowered not before the approach of cold or danger. Their object was one of humanity, and upon the success of their adventure depended the happiness of the fearless and generous hearted leader of that little band. They were enured

* This Block House was situated in what is now called Delaware County.

to hardships, privations and dangers. Each one was homeless and friendless, and dependent upon his own exertions for support and protection. Reader, place yourself, by imagination, in their condition—in the heart of a dreary wilderness, exposed to the inclemency of the weather—rain, sleet, snow and cold; while wild beasts and savage foes roamed the woods in all directions.

"Billy," said Philip, "I'm afraid that camping out these cold nights will be hurtful to your health. I am almost sorry I did not prevail upon you to remain in the block house till spring."

"Thirtainly, Mr. Themour, "you're mithtaken in yer man. Billy Buntly'th not the thap to freethe ath long ath ther'th a bearth thkining the woodth with a thprinkling of wool on the outhide."

"True, true, Billy, I didn't think of that. Bear's wool is by no means scarce; with such a suit old *'Boreas'* may come blustering and howling among the forest trees with breath as cold as icicles."

"And who the mithief ith old Mr. *'Boreth?'* Never hearn tell of thuch an individthual in all my born dayth," asked Billy, somewhat at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the word *"Boreas."*

The apparent earnestness with which Billy asked the question, completed with the comic expression of his countenance, constrained Philip and his companion to indulge in a hearty laugh. Aware that Philip and Alfred were indulging a laugh at his expense, Billy collected his wits and cooly replied:

"Yeth, yeth, now I underthand yer—thod blatht yer — thith Boreath, — they thay ith death on thnaketh—they can't thand hith lookth no how."

"Bravo, Billy," cried Alfred, "your a trump, by ging; Phil, come, own up—Billy's got you."

"Quarters, Billy, quarters," cried Philip, "I'll surrender——"

But 'ere he could complete his sentence his atten-

tion was arrested by a party of three Indians, some distance in the advance of him, and softly calling upon his comrades, bid them conceal themselves behind the trunk of a fallen tree.

In a few moments the savages halted, and seating themselves upon a rising knoll, commenced satisfying their appetites with their luncheon. From the voracity with which they devoured their food, our heroes supposed they had traveled and fasted for some considerable length of time.

"How I should like to give that thancy looking thevil there a leading pill for the purpothe of tharpening hith appetite, and aiding him in hith digethion," said Billy, after eyeing him for a moment.

"Ah, but Billy," replied Philip, "he might not happen to accept the dose, or in other words, you might fail in sending the prescription into his bread basket at such distance, and in that case the patient might assume the office of surgeon, and trouble you for the use of your scalp."

"Well, thir," replied Billy, "if eather of you will dothe your man, I'll thwear by the man in the moon that I'll thicken mine."

"Why bless your life, Billy," replied Philip, "you wouldn't attempt a shot at so great a distance, when there is such slim chance of escape, in case of a failure. Why, Billy, it is full two hundred and fifty yards to where they are sitting."

"I can thoot him—I can thoot the thevil himthelf at twithe the dithtance. It only dependth on you and Alf to do your parth."

"And are you really in earnest, Billy?" asked Philip.

"Thirtainly, thir, Mr. Theymour, "I knoth what I thay."

"Billy," replied Philip, "I am proud of your courage and bravery, but I must protest against their exhibition on this occasion. I think it rather doubtful case to interrupt these red devils before

night. We are in for a contest with them certain, but our attack must be under cover of darkness."

Our heroes thus lay secreted for some time conversing in a low tone of voice, during which the savages seemed to enjoy themselves in the highest degree. After finishing their meal they proceeded on their journey, followed by our heroes until they came to a romantic gorge, known to the early hunters by the name of the *"Black Hand Narrows"** Here the Indians made their camp for the night.

The sun had gone down behind a heavy bank of dark clouds, as our hunters arrived at these "Narrows." They had traced the Indians into the defile, but fearing to enter until they had reconnoitered, they did not pursue them.

The Narrows were dark and gloomy, and the wilderness around them cheerless and forbidding. The young men were in the midst of dangers, but these dangers had no terrors to disarm them of their courage.

"Alfred," said Philip, "you and Billy remain here, while I make a small circuit to the top of the cliffs. The red devils are in this gorge, and will make their camp in the most secure position. In case I am attacked you can come to my assistance. But until discovered you must remain quiet."

Philip then proceeded noiselessly and cautiously to the top of the cliff, and halting on the very verge, discovered a light beneath him, but could discover no signs of the savages themselves.

It was evident to Philip that the camp fire was under his feet, and reflected the light on the opposite side. The side of the narrows on which he stood seemed considerably more elevated than the oppo-

* This is probably one of the most picturesque spots in Ohio. Cliffs of eneromus rocks line the sides. In some places the rocks hang over in a semi-circular form, on the under surface of which the Indians have drawn the outlines of wild animals, etc., and also that of a huge black hand.

site side. Returning to his companions he bade them follow him to the opposite bank, where they discovered the three savages seated under the shelving of the rocks immediately under the cliff where Philip had stood. A bright fire lighted up the gloomy gorge, and the unsuspecting savages were making merry over their evening meal, little dreaming that the eyes of their white foes were upon them. Their camp was, as Philip had expected, in the most inaccessible part of the gorge. They could not approach them at either end of the narrows without detection, but from their position on the lower bank of the narrows, they had an uninterrupted view of the savages.

"Now's your chance," said Philip. "Billy, single out your man, and make your aim sure."

"Well, thir," whispered Billy, "I will thettle my account with that devilith ugly looking thavage. He juth lokth like the thame thap who took me prithoner on the Black Fork, and I want to thoot him becauth he juth lookth like him."

"A very good reason, Billy," said Philip, "he shall be your man." Then turning to Alfred, he said:

"Alf, you single out that fellow on the left, and I will take the other. One, two, three," said Philip in a whisper, and the report of three rifles rang out upon the night air of that deep and gloomy gorge, bringing almost instantaneous death to three unsuspecting savages within. But in a few minutes after the sound of their rifles had died away in the distant forest, the sound of advancing footsteps were heard some distance in their rear

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Philip, we are pursued by Indians—each one of you fly to a tree and re-load as speedily as possible."

"Let 'em come," said Billy, "they shall have a warm recepthun."

Accordingly each hunter sprang behind the near-

est tree and in a moment or two was ready for action.

The report of their rifles had died away, and a deep silence settled around them. Each listened eagerly to hear the sound of the footsteps, which had alarmed them, but all was silent as the grave.

'Twas a dark and dreary night. The heavens were over-cast with clouds, and the pattering rain had commenced falling. A cool November wind was stirring the tree tops with a low murmuring sound while each drop of rain as it fell to the earth contributed its mite in the music of "confused sounds of falling waters and moaning winds."

Our heroes remained in this position, some fifteen or twenty minutes, without hearing one single sound, save that of the pattering rain; and just as Philip was about to call his companions to follow him down the Cliff, into the narrows where the dead savages were lying, the sound of human voices was borne to his ears.

"What could that report of fire arms mean?" asked the voice in good English, some three or four rods in the rear of where our heroes stood.

"Who comes here?" shouted Philip as the sound of his voice reached his ears.

"Friends to the white man, but foes to the red," replied the voice. "Who are you, and what is your business here?"

"I, sir," replied Philip, "am at the head of a party of scouts, in search of marauding bands of Indians. We are lying here in ambush, and if you are a friend of the American cause, meet me half way between our warriors."

Accordingly the two commanders met each other under the cover of his own men. In a few moments more, and the two parties were together, and descending the cliff entered the narrows, halting at the campfire of the savages, whom they found already dead. "Poor fellows," said Alfred, "they

have eaten their last supper, and sung their last song."

"Not tho *poor,* Mr. Alf, ath you thuppose," said Billy, "thee thith fellow that I thettled with ith in good marketable order. Thoundth, Mr. Themour, thith ith the thame thkamp that took me prithoner. Thod blath me if it aint. I knoth him by that thcar on the thide of hith nothe."

The two parties took refuge in the narrows till morning when they parted, the one retracing their steps to Zanesville, the other, (Philip and his companions) towards the Lake, first visiting the village of Wapakonetta, for the purpose of obtaining another conversation with Black Hoof. But on their arrival they found that the old Chief, with a small party of his warriors, had left the village to visit Capt. Pipe at his subterranean residence in Erie County, of which Philip had informed him on his previous visit. Black Hoof had left instructions with his people to entertain them hospitably, in case they should return during his absence.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE MURDERED INDIANS—HEROIC ACT OF ALEXANDER M'CONNEL.

The party of Indians mentioned in our last chapter had been taken prisoners near New Philadelphia, in Tuscarawas County, and conveyed to Seneca, through Zanesville, which was, at this time, a thriving little village. Here the Indians were lodged in prison over night, during which time some of the settlers paid them a visit. The Indians could, to some extent, understand and speak the English language.

At first when they were taken, they appeared sullen and refused to enter into conversation; but gradually they became more cheerful and communicative. Being assured that they would be treated kindly, and that no one should harm them, they gave a full statement of their lives.

It appears from this statement that they belonged to the Delaware tribe, and that one of them was one of the *five* that attacked the Seymour cabin. This one called himself John Buckskin, and stated that after the whites had burned their village on the Black Fork, he vowed vengeance on every white man who came into his power; that he had formed the plot to murder the Seymour family and plunder them of their money; that he was also in the battle at the Copus cabin, where he was wounded in the arm with a bullet. He also stated that his own arm had slain the *"Black Fork Dutchman,"* (meaning Ruffner,) whom he represented as one of the most powerful men he had ever contended with. This, with some other facts connected with the depreda-

tions on the Black Fork settlement, already known to the reader, were made known to the settlers of Zanesville, by this Indian.

On being asked whether he did not think he did wrong in murdering the innocent people there, he replied in the negative. He further stated that under similar circumstances he would do so again. He then asked for some tobacco, which being given him, he divided with his companions, and lighting their pipes they sat down, and engaged in smoking and conversing in his own language.

The next morning after their imprisonment in Zanesville, a crowd of spectators gathered around the window on the outside. One of these asked them if they could sing. They replied in the affirmative, and being requested to do so, one of the Indians commenced an Indian song, to which he put a Christian air. On being asked where he learned that tune, he replied from Jesus Christ at *Gnadenhutten*. He was asked to sing again, but he refused, stating that white people did not like Indians.

"Yes," replied one of the bystanders, "we do."

"You lie," replied the Indian.

"No, I don't," said the spectator.

"Well, then," said the Indian, "if you like me, give me one fippenybit."

The spectator refused.

"I knew you lied," responded the Indian.

This enraged the white man and he resolved to wreak his vengeance upon the savages. Accordingly he secured the services of two young men, and accompanied the officer, Gen. A. Shane, then a Lieutenant recruiting for the United States Service, to Seneca. On their journey to Seneca, which was then Harrison's headquarters, they staid all night in Newark, where the offended soldier purchased some poison for the purpose of poisoning the Indians. The physician from whom the poison was obtained made the same known to the Lieutenant, but concealed the

name of the purchaser. The officer then took the more caution to protect the lives of the Indians until they arrived at Seneca, where they were discharged some time afterwards. After their discharge they made their way back towards Goshen, followed by the insulted white man and his companions, who deserted the Fort on the next day after the discharge of the Indians, and were in pursuit of them when they met Philip Seymour and his party at the narrows, and on examining the bodies of the Indians they recognized them as the same party which they had guarded to Seneca.

While on a visit in the southeastern part of Knox County, the writer received the facts contained in the conversation of the Indians in Zanesville, from an elderly gentleman, who was one of the spectators at the prison window. In corroboration of the testimony of this gentleman respecting these Indians, is that of another whose name is not given, who communicated a more extended detail of circumstances connected with this expedition to the author of the "Ohio Collections," part of which, referring to the capture of these Indians, we here present to the reader:

"Shortly after Hull's surrender three Indians, said to be unfriendly, had arrived at Goshen. Some time before their arrival several persons were murdered on the Mohican, near Mansfield. The knowledge of this circumstance created much alarm, and an independent company of cavalry, under the command of Alexander McConnel, their captain was solicited by the citizens to pursue them. The Indians were traced to a small Island near Goshen. McConnel plunged his horse into the river and crossed it, at the same time ordering his men to follow; but none chose to obey him. He dismounted, hitched his horse, and with a pistol in each hand, commenced searching for them. He had gone but a few steps into the interior of the Island when he discovered one of

them with his rifle lying at full length behind a log. He presented his pistol—the Indian jumped to his feet—but McConnel disarmed him. He also found the others, seized their arms, and drove them before him and marched them to the New Philadelphia jail."

The murders committed on the Mohican had aroused the vengeance of the settlers, and as soon as they heard that three of the supposed murderers were lodged in the jail at Philadelphia, a company of about 40 men organized near Wooster, marched there for the purpose of dispatching them without trial, but were prevented by the courage of some two or three citizens.

CHAPTER XXX.

BLACK HOOF'S VISIT TO CAPT. PIPE—A JOYFUL MEETING —BEAVER, THE YOUNG DELAWARE WARRIOR, VOLUNTEERS HIS SERVICES IN THE RECOVERY OF LILLY PIPE—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BEAVER.

An aged Chieftain from his village strayed,
A friendly visit to his friend he paid
To talk of her around whose being elung
Deep mystery. None knew from whence she sprung,
But him—whom she called father dear,
And him who p aid the visit in his cawe so drear.

As already stated in the preceding chapter, Philip had informed Black Hoof of the abduction of Captain Pipe's daughter, and aso of his present residence. He had given him this information, with the full assurance of meeting with the Captain's approval, as he had heard him express his determination of holding a council with Black Hoof if in his power.

The next day after Philip had left the village of Wa-pa-kon-etta, Black Hoof called around him several of his most active and daring your warriors, and communicated to them his intention of starting out on an expedition, to visit his friend; and after making such preparations as necessary for the adventure, he sat out upon his journey, arriving at the grotto the next day, a little after nightfall. Before entering the cavern, he gave orders to his men to reconnoiter the country around, in order to ascertain if there were any spies in the woods, and on being assured that the "*coast was clear,*" he and his little party entered the cave, which had been well known

to him for many years. He found, to his no small astonishment and disappointment, that the cave was unoccupied—Captain Pipe was gone. No sound was heard to break the deep and gloomy silence within its sombre walls. He called aloud, but was only answered by the echo of his own voice. "This is strange," said he; "there is a mystery connected with this affair. We have been deceived by the white warrior, and I shall——"

But before he had finished his sentence the noise of advancing footsteps were heard at the mouth of the cavern, and the next moment two Indian Chiefs entered the cave, where they were hailed by Black Hoof and his company.

The reader has, no doubt, anticipated one of those to be Capt. Pipe. The Captain had taken it into his head to visit Fort Seneca, a military post built in the late war which stood a few miles north of the present site of Tiffin. Pipe's object in visiting this stockade, was to secure the aid of some young and active Indian warriors, friendly to the American cause, to assist him and young Seymour in recovering his daughter; and, while here, a young Delaware warrior, named Beaver, was introduced to him by Gen. Harrison, Pipe's intimate friend. Pipe soon made known to Beaver the object of his visit, and the young Chief freely volunteered his services to the old Chieftain, and in a few days afterward accompanied him to his residence in the cave, where they found the noted Black Hoof and his warriors.

On entering the cave, Pipe was at first no little surprised on seeing it in the possession of a band of Indians, but was much pleased on beholding one of them to be his tried and cherished friend, Black Hoof. The two friends greeted each other with that warmth and affection peculiar to the Indian character, and after they had thus passed through their customary salutations, the two old warriors entered into a conversation respecting the missing In-

dian maiden. Black Hoof related to his friend the adventure of Philip up to the time of his first visit to his village, while the Captain made known to him all the particulars of his history up to the present time.

When they had finished their conversation, the two old men left the party and retired some distance into the woods, and after carefully examining the forest around them and finding that no human eyes were upon them, they sat down upon a fallen tree, where they entered into a *private* conversation. After conversing for some time, the two Chiefs excavated the earth near the root of a huge oak, in which they deposited a small tin box, and after filling in the earth and covering the spot with leaves, they returned to the cave. After remaining with the Captain over night, Black Hoof and his warriors returned to their village.

Captain Pipe and young Beaver were now alone in the cave, concocting measures for finding out the destination of Lilly. As this young Chief is to act a prominent part in a subsequent chapter, we shall take the liberty of introducing a notice of his character to the reader, in connection with this chapter.

Young Beaver was a Delaware warrior. In person he was handsome and prepossessing. His full black eye was sharp and piercing. In stature he was about five feet ten inches, robust and athletic. His countenance indicated a bold yet generous heart. He was the pride of his nation, esteemed, respected and honored by all who knew him. His soul rose above deceit and treachery; and, for his bravery and daring in the hour of danger, his humanity in the hour of distress, and his integrity to any confidence reposed in him he had no superiors. Besides this, young Beaver was in modern parlance, the *lion* of his tribe, and many a dark eyed maiden turned her eyes towards his person. In short the

qualities of both his heart and head were of more than ordinary excellence; for nature had bestowed upon him lineaments of gracefulness and Indian beauty. His motions were those of harmony, and his actions unrestrained and easy. Such is but a meager description of the admirable qualities of this young warrior.

It may not be out of place here to relate an incident in the life of Beaver, which should be known and read by all coming generations, as a memorial of his unimpeachable integrity and good feeling towards his friends.

During the war of 1812, the friendly Indians, particularly the Delawares, Sha-wa-noes and Senecas, were invited to join the American cause; and quite a number belonging to these tribes accepted the offer; among this number was Beaver, who, as we have said, was introduced to Captain Pipe, at Seneca. Young Beaver's father and General Harrison had been upon terms of unbroken friendship. The father had been put to death, like many others, for practicing sorcery, and the son then ten years of age, fell under the protection of Harrison. For this kindness the son entertained the most exalted respect toward his benefactor.

Among the number who also enlisted under the American flag was a wretch, who had insinuated himself among them with the intention of assassinating the General. This fellow's name was Blue Jacket, and belonged to the Shawnee tribe. He was not the noted Blue Jacket, however, who signed the treaty of peace at Greenville.

The personal appearance and disposition of Blue Jacket were as repulsive and disgusting as those of Beaver were attractive and pleasing. He had formerly resided in Wa-pa-kon-etta, which he had left for some considerable time, returning a few days before the warriors set out for the seat of war. He told the Chiefs that he had been out hunting along

the waters of the Wabash, and that he wished to join the army about to start for Seneca. Not doubting his honesty of intention, his name was enrolled among the number of warriors. Upon their arrival at McArthur's Block House (which was a fortification built in the late war on the Sciota river, on Hull's road, in Hardin County) they halted and encamped for the purpose of receiving provisions from the Deputy Indian Agent, Col. McPherson, who resided there.

Blue Jacket had made a confident of a young warrior, who also was warmly attached to Beaver. This warrior was of the same tribe to which Blue Jacket belonged. Calling him aside, he communicated to his friend his intention to murder General Harrison on his arrival at Fort Seneca, and requested him to assist him. His friend refused, and endeavored to dissuade him from so base an act. But Blue Jacket declared that he would assassinate the General, if he knew that afterwards he would be "cut into pieces not bigger than his thumb nail!"

Happily for General Harrison, the confident of Blue Jacket was also a tried friend of Beaver's.

There are no people on earth more faithful in keeping secrets than the Indians, but each warrior has a friend, to whom he will reveal all his secrets. Blue Jacket's confident sought his friend Beaver, and communicated the intentions of his friend to him, at the same time enjoining secrecy upon him.

This intelligence placed Beaver in an embarrassing situation, for should he disclose what he had heard, he would betray his friend, which was too repugnant to his feelings to be endured, and he determined he would not violate his word. On the other hand he could not endure the thoughts of seeing his father's friend, and his own patron, basely murdered, when in his power to prevent it. But how to apprise him of his danger without sacrificing his word he could not tell. For the first time in his life

Beaver was placed in a seemingly inextricable dilemma. For some time he sat in silent meditation; he conned the matter over and over in his mind. While he thus sat in hesitation, the notorious assassin came into the Delaware camp. The eyes of Beaver fell upon him, as he came, staggering with intoxication, and breathing vengeance upon Col. McPherson, who had just turned him out of his house for disorderly conduct. The sight of the traitor caused the indignation of Beaver, and arising from his seat he advanced towards him. His keen black eye was full of fire—his bosom heaved with wild emotions, and with a firm and unfaltering voice he thus addressed him:

"You must be a great warrior—you will not only kill the white man for treating you as you deserve, but you will also murder our father, the American Chief, and bring disgrace and mischief upon us all, but you shall do neither. I will serve you as I would a mad dog;" and so saying, he raised his hatchet, and with one furious blow he laid the culprit dead at his feet. Then turning to some of his tribe present, he said:

"There, take him to the camp of his tribe, and tell them who it was that did the deed."

The Sha-wa-noes applauded the conduct of Beaver, and rejoiced at their happy escape from the ignominy into which the murder of the General would have thrown them.

On their arrival at Seneca, the principal war Chief of the Sha-wa-noes requested permission to sleep at the door of the General's Marquee, which he did until the embarkation of the troops. This was done to prove his fidelity to the American cause.

At the great treaty which was held at Greenville in 1815, General Cass, one of the Commissioners related the whole of the transaction to the assembled Chiefs, and after thanking Beaver, in the name

of the United States, for having saved the life of their general, he caused a handsome present (out of the goods which were sent for the purpose of the treaty) to be made him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PHILIP AND HIS COMPANIONS ARE INTRODUCED TO BLUE JACKET—BLUE JACKET PROPOSES TO GIVE THEM AN EXHIBITION OF INDIAN SPORTS—THEY RECEIVE AN INVITATION TO PLAY A GAME OF "FOOT BALL"—BILLY ACCEPTED THE INVITATION —AN EXCITING GAME—BILLY WINS THE PRIZE—THE DISPOSAL OF IT.

"On grassy banks, the men and maidens played,
Young warriors there, their gallantry displayed;
The voice of joy and mirth rose high in air,
As men and maidens on the grass lay there."

As already stated, Philip on his arrival at the village of Wapakonetta, found that Back Hoof, and a number of his young men had left for the residence of Captain Pipe. The villagers endeavored to pursuade him to remain with them until their Chief returned. But he declined. They, however, prevailed upon him to remain one day and night.

The celebrated Blue Jacket, who commanded the Shawanoes in the battle of 1784, had just returned to the village the morning that Black Hoof had left for Pipe's cavern. He, too, was growing old, but he seemed full of life and vigor.

Philip and his comrades were introduced to him, and Philip made known his object in scouting the woods.

The next morning after their arrival here, Blue Jacket promised to his young men to give our heroes an exhibition of some Indian sports. A purse of valuables was soon gathered up, and all the villagers were ready for the game.

The village was situated in a beautiful location and the country around was truly delightful. They were soon upon the lawn, and separated into two parties, one consisting of the women, and the men. Our heroes were requested to participate in the sport, but they politely declined, with the exception of Billy, who was anxious to engage in the game, which was to be game of *"foot ball."*

The Indians boys were much rejoiced in having Billy for their companion in the game, and Billy was determined on distinguishing himself as a master hand at the sport.

At this game the men were to play against the women, and the rules by which they were to be governed were as follows: The men were not to touch the ball with their hands, on penalty of loosing the game; but the women were allowed to pick it up, run with it, and throw it as far as they could; but in so doing the men were permitted to catch the women, shake them, and even throw them down, in order to extricate the ball from them; but not to touch it only with their feet.

At the opposite extremity of the play ground, stakes were driven in the earth, and when the ball was rejected beyond either of these stakes the game was closed. When all were ready the Chief took his position between the two parties, and throwing the ball into the air, retired and the contest commenced. Billy plunged into the midst with the agility of a cat; although somewhat *"chunky,"* he was remarkably nimble.

The Indians were evidently much pleased with his dexterity, and sought every opportunity to express their approbation of his heroism. The contest waged warmly, and men and women were seen tumbling in groups upon the lawn. It was amusing to our heroes to observe the rough and ready tumbling of the contending parties. The contest lasted for more than an hour, which showed that the parties were well

matched. At one period of the game, the ball was caught by a young Indian squaw; Billy was close behind her side; she attempted to run, he followed and immediately she was in his arms. A scuffle ensued, which lasted for a few moments. The young squaw was his equal in strength, and Billy found his match. At length she succeeded in prostrating her antagonist. The women sent up a shout of triumph. Quick as lightning Billy was again upon his feet, and, being chagrined at hearing his female antagonist so highly applauded, and knowing that Philip and Alfred would never cease tormenting him over his defeat, he again commenced the struggle, summoning all his strength, he made one desperate effort, and the young squaw lay sprawling upon the ground. Her fall was somewhat hard, and on reaching the ground she dropped the ball, whereupon Billy gave it a kick with his foot, sending it some distance in advance of him. In a moment it was in the hands of a herculean squaw, who on receiving it, commenced running towards the stake followed by Billy and his antagonist with several others. Billy succeeded in overtaking her, and catching a hold of her garment, held on being dragged some distance by her with the force of a locomotive.

Billy, finding that she was nearing the stake, caught her by the ankle, and she fell just as a party of males and females advanced upon them. In falling she dropped the ball, and the next instant a kick from Billy's foot sent it whirling with the rapidity of a bullet past the stake.

The victory was won, and the infant backwoodsman, Bunty Billy, was the victor. A shout of exultation rent the air, and old and young crowded around the young man. Every one was anxious to take him by the hand. The eyes of the Indians were rivited upon him as he stood there, the envied hero of the game. The young squaw with whom he had the severest struggle, had slyly crept by his side, and

extending her handsome Indian countenance, thus addressed him:

"You brave boy — make good warrior — great Chief—fine man for good squaw—much happy have you stay here."

"Thood like to do tho, Mitheth Inthun," said Billy, "but pon my thoul, I can't thith time. I muth help my friend, Mr. Themour, to hunt *hith thquaw.*"

As soon as the game had closed, the Chief who had held the prize, commanded the parties to be seated, after which he presented the prize to Billy, who upon receiving it, bowed as gracefully as he knew how, at the same time thanking the Chief for the valuables.

"Ith thith mine?" said Billy.

"Yes, *sir,*" said the Chief, emphatically.

"Well, then," said Billy, "can dithpothe of it ath I pleathe."

The Chief answered in the affirmative. Whereupon Billy apportioned the prize to the "*Ladieth,*" giving the young squaw the *entire half,* and an *equal share* to the rest. The disposition was highly applauded, by the men, who on beholding Billy's generosity sent up another shout of acclamation.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PHILIP AND HIS COMPANIONS ARRIVE AT THE CAVE OF CAPTAIN PIPE—NO NEWS OF LILLY—PHILIP DISAPPOINTED—ALFRED ENCOURAGES HIM—PHILIP RELATES THE ADVENTURE WITH THE INDIANS IN THE NARROWS—PHILIP'S DREAM—BEAVER INTRODUCED TO PHILIP.

"With heartfelt grief, the Chieftain
Sat within his cave. No tidings came
Of her, for whom he wept and sighed."

The morning after the game of football, mentioned in our last chapter, our trio of young backwoodsmen left the village and continued their journey towards the cave of Captain Pipe, where they arrived in safety in a few days.

The old Chief was the sole occupant of the cavern, when our heroes entered, and was reclining upon some skins of wild animals, absorbed in deep meditation.

"Good evening, Captain Pipe," exclaimed each of the two young men, who advancing towards him in turn, renewed their friendship by a hearty shake of the hand.

"And who is that you bring along with you?" asked the Captain.

"This sir," said Philip, "is an orphan boy named William Buntley, but whom we call "*Bunty Billy.*" His residence was on the Black Fork, where he lived with Martin Ruffner, with whom he was bound. But after the murder of his master, he was taken prisoner by the murderers. But he has effected his escape, the particulars of which he will relate to you himself."

"Ah, indeed," replied the Captain, "and is this 'Bunty Billy," of whom you spoke to me on a previous occasion?"

"Yes, sir," said Philip, "and a more manly heart never beat in a man's bosom than his. He bears himself so much above his years. Fear or cowardice form no part of his composition. But we will talk over this matter again. Any news concerning Lilly?"

"*None, none,*" replied the old man pensively, "nor need I, I presume, ask you for any?"

Philip sighed heavily, repeating the Chieftain's answer: "*None, none.*" Then pausing, while tears started in his eyes, a deep and solemn silence, for a few moments reigned in that subterranean recess.

"*None, none,*" repeated the young man, after a few moments' pause. Then turning to Alfred, who sat sympathizing with the afflicted Chieftain and his sorrowful stricken companion, he said:

"Alfred, I am, indeed, melancholy. As I gaze upon the gloomy walls of this cavern, thoughts of other days rise fresh in my memory. What a checkered scene is human life—how full of sorrows and disappointments. In one moment our hearts are buoyant with hope and animation, in the next a dark pall of disappointment is thrown over our dearest joys and brightest anticipations; and we linger in deepest melancholy until death closes our miserable existence. There are few, indeed, who have reached the age of manhood, or even launched their bark on youth's sunny sea of life who, in retrospecting the past, cannot dwell upon some scene of melancholy or pleasure. Life is, indeed, replete with circumstances, from which spring self-gratification, unrelenting compunction or the strongest and most melancholy sympathies. This fact I have realized, for I have drank from affliction's bitter cup. Skies that were bright and cloudless are now dark and cheerless. Hopes that were once strong and promising

are now weak and forbiding. My whole being is shrouded in gloom, and I feel as though death only can befriend me."

"Philip," interrupted his companion, "life is indeed a checkered scene; and we are the children of circumstance; but it has two sides, the bright and sunny, and the dark and dreary. Now I hold that the darkness which clouds our pathway, in most cases is merely imaginary; and permitting our mind to indulge in unpleasant reflections, we increase our gloom and despondency. There is one attribute of the human mind, which, when properly exercised, will dispel the darkest cloud that ever hung across life's pathway. This attribute is *Hope*. There is, perhaps, no one now living, who cannot hope. The productions of the sculptor's chisel and painter's pencil may moulder in the dust; the wreath which decks the brow of the enchanted bard, or commanding monarch, may wither; the throne of the conqueror may be demolished and scattered to the earth, and his power and grandeur no longer be hymned by his attendant minstrels; but the fond aspirations of the human heart, pouring through the channel of hope, can never die. We may be disappointed in our expectations in life, but hope looks into the future, and opens up, on the other side of death, skies which are eternally cloudless. This characteristic of the human heart is our solace through life, and our comfort in death—it is inscribed in our hearts, and written on the pillars of heaven, and reflected down to earth."

Philip sat gazing in the face of his companion, as he breathed forth those soul inspiring words, and he imagined in him, the inspiration of a Byron—the eloquence of a Mirabeau, and the intellect of a Bacon. Alfred's burning eloquence had fired up the soul of his melancholy companion, and he replied:

"Alfred, your words are encouraging, and I can, and *will* hope—though it be against hope."

"Thee here, gentlemen," said Billy, "there ith thome thooting to be done ath well ath hoping in thith cathe. Hoping ith not going to bring Lilly here, and I'm for tharting ath thoon ath pothible on another thcout after her."

"There's some backbone in this fellow, Captain," said Alfred.

"Yes," replied the Chieftain, "it would not require much time for an Indian to discover that in his countenance and fiery eyes. I see he has imbibed the spirit of his master, the heroic Ruffner."

"Poor Ruffner," said Philip, as the recollection of his horrible murder rose fresh in his memory, "but Billy has the proud satisfaction of knowing that one of the murderers of his master met his fate from *his* hands."

Whereupon Philip related the adventure with the Indians in the Narrows to the Captain, giving the old Chief a description of his person.

A description of the person of the one who fell by a ball from Philip's rifle, satisfied the Captain that he was one of the Greentown Indians whom he had often seen, but on account of his lowness of character, (being giving to intoxication and its beastly practices,) had formed no intimate acquaintance with him.

Captain Pipe was much pleased to know that another of these execrable wretches had met his just reward.

"Yeth, and by the teeth of the mouth of the great Mithithippi, the thame devil that thole your daughter thall join the murdererth of my mathter, on the other side of Jordan. Mind that if you pleathe."

"Why, Billy," said Philip, "you seem to talk with a great deal of confidence. You must certainly be under the influence of inspiration in this prediction. Well, to confess the truth, I should be quite happy to see the fulfillment of your prophecy."

"Well, thir," said Billy, "I will tell you why I am thertain of thith. Once when Johnny Appleseed came to our cabin on the Black Fork, he put hith handth upon my head and prayed for the thpirit to reth upon me, that I might prothper in all my undertakingth; and thinth that time I have met with good thucceth, and I am thure I shall in thith inthance."

"May the Great Spirit grant it," said the old man solemnly.

It was drawing near the hour of midnight, as our little party lay down to rest. During the night Philip was aroused from his slumber by the piercing shriek of a female voice at the entrance of the cavern. He sprang to his feet, seized his rifle and bounded to the outside, and found that grey morning was dawning in the east, but could not discover from whence the sound proceeded. Returning inside, he found the Captain astir, to whom he communicated the cause of his leaving the cave.

"Ah!" said the Captain, "that sound is familiar in the cavern, ever since the murder of *Onishishsha*, my beautiful daughter."

"Merciful Heavens!" cried Philip in a paroxysm of frenzy, "and is it possible that Lilly is numbered among the dead? Tell me, Captain—tell me, I beseech you, in the name of my murdered jewel the names of her assassins, and I will follow them to the ends of the earth, to avenge her death. Oh, God," continued he, "I am now a lonely heart-broken stranger, without friends and home, or any kindred spirit to love and be loved. Lilly is gone! Oh! it is hard to leave this bright and beautiful world, and embark upon the dark and uncertain ocean of eternity, so shoreless and dreary—but I must go—I will follow her to the land of spirits——"

"What the mischief are you preaching about?" interrogated Billy, who was awakened by the stammering voice of the dreaming Philip. "I thay, Mr.

Themour," continued he, at the same time giving his friend a shake, "what the deuthe hath got into your dreaming thell."

"Humph!" cried Philip, rubbing his eyes, "I've had another infernal dream, that's all."

"Well, then," said Billy, "you needn't make tho much futh about it, tho ath to dithturb other fokth from thleeping—thod blaths yer."

"Well, Billy," said Philip, "I must beg your pardon for thus disturbing you this time, and promise amends in the future."

"Nuff thaid," replied Billy, "and I hope yer *dreamth* will not be turned to a *Divine reality,* ath Johnny Appletheed uthed to thay. Ith my opinion, thir, that the day ith near at hand, when your hopth will be loth in thight."

During this conversation, Alfred, who was lying some distance in the rear of Billy, was aroused from his slumber also, to whom the cause of the conversation was made known. Philip arose and stepped to the entrance of the cave, and on looking out discovered that it was really morning. On returning he found the Captain astir also. He had lodged by himself in another apartment of the cavern. Philip related his dream to him, which seemed to affect his mind to some considerable extent.

After partaking of some refreshments, Philip and the old Chief left the cavern and proceeded some distance into the forest, and halting at the same tree where he and Black Hoof had deposited the box, he asked Philip if he could recognize this place, and this tree in after years. Philip replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then," said the old Chief, "keep this spot well fixed in your memory. Mark every feature of this locality; as perhaps this place may afford you some *material* advantage hereafter."

Philip stood for some moments gazing upon the surrounding woods, wondering in his mind what this

singular adventure meant. His curiosity was excited, and he asked its meaning.

"Sir," said the Captain, "the explanations cannot *now* be given. You shall know all hereafter, should your life and that of my daughter's be spared. There are none others now living, except a particular friend of mine, (who is a noted Chief) who knows the object I have in view in thus bringing you on this spot."

After thus marking this location in his memory, Philip and the chieftain returned to the cave, where he and his companions remained for several days, waiting the arrival of young Beaver, spoken of in the foregoing chapter. Beaver made his appearance in a few days, was introduced to Philip and his companions, and then proceeded to give the Captain a history of his adventure.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VISIT OF BEAVER TO THE WABASH—BATTLE WITH INDIANS—NEWS OF LILLY—PHILIP VISITS GEN. HARRISON—ANOTHER ADVENTURE—PHILIP AND HIS PARTY TAKEN PRISONERS—LILLY FOUND.

> Sharp was the conflict,—but in vain
> They strove against superior men.

During the period which had elapsed between the first and second visits to the cavern, Beaver had enlisted under his commnad a small body of choice young warriors; and proceeded with all possible haste to the Wabash; and about the middle of December reached the head waters, just in time to join Col. Campbell's detachment, sent out against the Miami Indians. On reaching one of their villages, they commenced an attack upon them, killing some eight or ten warriors, and taking quite a number of prisoners—men, women and children; they then set fire to the village and encamped a few miles therefrom.

A little before the dawn of day, they were attacked by the exasperated savages, with the most daring bravery and horrible yells. The battle waged warmly for some minutes, but the savages were dispersed with the loss of about eight or ten of the Americans, and some thirty or forty Indians. The prisoners were secured and carried to headquarters.

In conversation with one of them, he informed Beaver, that he was originally from Green town, and that after the burning of their village, he in company with some others, determined to join the British forces and fight against the Americans.

Beaver then made inquiry of him concerning Pipe. He said he knew him well, and had been at his cabin several times. He further stated that the Captain "was a traitor to his tribe, and to his race—that his treason was punished by the loss of his daughter, whom he loved with the most passionate fondness.

This was the information which Beaver wanted, and he pressed the question as to where she had been taken. The prisoner informed him that she was in the hands of some distinguished white Chief, at Malden. Beaver pressed the question as to the person or persons who had stolen the miaden, but he professed ignorance as to who the criminals were.

Having received his information, young Beaver and his rangers set out for the residence of Captain Pipe, where he arrived a very few days after the return of Seymour and his companions, as noticed in our last chapter.

As soon as Beaver communicated this intelligence to the Captain, he returned to his warriors, whom he had left at Harrison's headquarters. Beaver sought an interview with Harrison, and informed him of his intention to form an independent rifle company and take charge of them himself. The American General sanctioned the movement, and promised him the first choice of his soldiers; but Beaver declined the offer of his generous friend, alleging that he had concluded to form his company entirely of his own race. In the course of a fortnight Beaver's Indian rangers were ready and equipped. His company consisted of about fifty young men, tall, graceful and courageous. In the meantime Philip had also succeeded in raising a supply of provisions and ammnuition for the winter, which he placed under the protection of Captain Pipe, in the cavern, as he had determined to make that his headquarters.

The news which Philip had heard concerning Lil-

ly's destination had animated him, and for the first time since he had heard of her abduction, he felt an omen of success. His entire being was renewed, and his heart beat with new emotion. Hope of success was now the ruling passion of his mind, for he knew that strong arms and bold hearts were enlisted in his cause. In the young and heroic Beaver and his daring warriors, he reposed unlimited confidence, and with his own brave and dauntless companions, Alfred and Billy, he felt almost confident that the rescue of Lilly was certain. Yet there were other considerations which at times preyed heavily upon his mind. Her integrity and purity were beyond all doubt; but then she was in the hands of rude savages, or unprincipled white men. But then, again, he knew that the prayers of Johnny Appleseed, whom he esteemed a man of God, had been offered up to heaven in her behalf; and he who hears the young raven's cry, and tempereth the winds to the shorn lamb, would watch over the young maiden, though in a land of cruel enemies.

'Twas now mid-winter—storms and tempests—snow and cold—held their chilly throne in the wilderness—for some days past the weather had been very severe and forbidding.

One morning about the middle of January, 1813, Philip called around him his companions in the cavern, and thus addressed them:

"Forest companions, I am anxious for another adventure in the woods. I am fully aware that, at this season of the year, such an adventure is attended with many difficulties, privations, and dangers, but my restless disposition prompts me to seek excitement. It would afford me much pleasure to have your company in this expedition, but I will not insist upon your accompanying me, contrary to your inclinations. What say you to the project?"

"Do you ath my opinion," said Billy, before Alfred could reply.

"Of course, Billy," said Philip.

"Well, then," said Billy, "you thall have it in thort. If you don't thoon thart after thith gall, I'll thart mythelf."

"But, Billy," said Philip, "you must remember that this is rather a *cool* undertaking, and probably you might rue the operation. Camping out in the woods such nights as these is somewhat trying to the nervous system."

"I cannot thactly understand yer nervouth thythtem," said Billy, "but ath to the rueing operation, thath a game Billy Buntly never played."

"Philip," said Alfred, "Billy has expressed my sentiments. We are ready to follow you."

The next morning after the conversation, just as the sun was peering above the horizon, and shedding his golden glories aslant through the surrounding forest, our heroes once more plunged into the wild woods, directing their course towards Harrison's Headquarters. The morning was cool, though otherwise delightful. The sky was clear and cloudless, but the ground was covered with snow; and as they proceeded through the woods, the traces of various wild animals presented themselves; and in many instances flocks of wild turkeys and herds of deer passed before them. But *wild* game was not the object of their expedition.

In a few days the party arrived at the camp of General Harrison, where they volunteered their services till spring, as *independent scouts.*

Shortly after their arrival, the sad intelligence of Winchester's defeat reached General Harrison. The news was received with deep melancholy. Winchester had proceeded with a reinforcemnt of eight hundred men to the village of Frenchtown. On the 22nd they were attacked by a combined force of the enemy under the command of Tecumseh and Proctor. In the action the American lost about four hundred men in killed and wounded and missing.

This horrible massacre of whites enflamed the already exasperated Americans, and they determined to cut short their work, by making a bold and desperate fight.

After the first of February, Harrison established his advanced post at the foot of the rapids, and there erected Fort Meigs. He then ordered all troops in the rear to join him immemdiately, hoping about the middle of the month to make an attack upon Malden, the Headquarters of Proctor and Tecumseh, and with one bold stroke retrieve the misfortunes of the American arms in this quarter.

One morning Philip and his two companions had wandered down the banks of the river, near the Bay shore, where they suddenly came upon the camp of a large body of Indians. On discovering them they immediately retreated without observation, as they supposed, and about daybreak arrived at the camp with the intelligence. Harrison immediately ordered out six hundred men, and proceeded down the river on the ice, some twenty miles, when they discovered some fire on the north side of the river; but the Indians had left. After pursuing them some distance they were met by the spies, who informed them that the Indians were pursuing their way to Malden with all possible haste, whereupon the army returned to their post.

A few days after this, a party of some two hundred and fifty men were seen going upon an errand of the most desperate nature. The object of this adventure was to enter Malden, under cover of midnight darkness, and destroy with combustibles the British Fleet, and the public stores on the bank of the river. The party had proceeded as far as Middle Bass Island, but found they could proceed no further, in consequence of the breaking up of the ice. They, therefore, abandoned the enterprise, and returned to Fort Meigs.

During their retreat, three young men deserted

them, retraced their steps towards Malden, and while encamped in the woods a few miles from this post, they were surprised by a party of Indians and taken as prisoners to Malden. It is needless to say that these prisoners were none others than Philip Seymour, Alfred Bradley and Bunty Billy.*

Fort Malden, the place to which our heroes were taken, was situated on the east bank of Detroit River, on the Canada side, and was originally under the command of General Brock, to whom Gen. Hull surrendered his army. Shortly afterwards Brock was killed at the siege of Queenstown, after which the command fell into the hands of Col. Proctor, who at this time held possession of Fort Malden.

On their arrival here, our young heroes found themselves in the midst of Indians and their no less savage foes, the British. They were immediately placed under guard with quite a number of other prisoners.

We must not forget to mention that the intentions of the party to which our heroes joined themselves, were anticipated by two supposed Frenchmen, who left Sandusky (the day before the company had started on this perilous expedition) and crossed the ice to Malden, and gave Proctor the alarm. The British General immediately sent out his Indian scouts, to watch their movements, and coming upon our heroes, as they lay in camp under the mouth of Huron River, took them prisoners.

The next morning after their capture Col. Proctor paid them a visit in person, and interrogated them as to their business in this region. Philip told them they were hunters, and their business was that of hunting—that they were from the Black Fork in Ohio, and that they had missed their way, being in an uninhabited wilderness. Proctor had them searched in hope of finding some papers about them

* Mr. John Andrews of Monroe Township, informed the author that he saw these three heroes at Ft. Meigs, several times.

which might prove them to be spies. But in this he failed, and he gave orders to keep them under guard until he ordered otherwise. He then left for the purpose of holding a conference with Tecumseh. The next morning Proctor, accompanied by Tecumseh, paid them another visit.

On his first appearance Philip and Alfred were deeply impressed with the person of Tecumseh—it was the first time they had seen him. There was something about his whole person which was truly commanding. Philip gazed upon this noble looking Chief with feelings bordering upon awe; and no wonder, for Tecumseh was the most extraordinary Chief that ever appeared in history. He was by birth a Shawanoes, and under other circumstances would have been an honor to the world. He was endowed by nature with the attributes of mind necessary for great political combinations. It was he who formed the grand scheme of uniting all the tribes east of the Mississippi into hostility against the United States. This enterprise he commenced as early as 1809, and up till the war, he had insinuated himself by his adroitness, eloquence and courage, into every tribe from Michilimackinack to Georgia. By his eloquence and cunningness, he played upon the feelings and superstitions of his race; and carried with him a *red stick,* which he represented as possessing *magical* properties, the acceptance of which was considered as joining his party. From this circumstance the name *"Red Stocks"* was applied to all Indians hostile to the United States.

Tecumseh, on approaching our heroes, cast upon them a deep and searching glance. His fiery eye sent a thrill of horror into the hearts of all but Billy, who sat unmoved by this powerful chief.

Col. Proctor made strict interrogations of Philip concerning the forces and intentions of General Harrison. Philip told him that as to his intentions he

knew nothing; as he supposed that none but his staff officers knew them; but as to his forces they were daily increasing—as he passed near the mouth of the Maumee river a few days ago, he accidently came upon his forces, at a vacated camp fire, on the north bank of the river, where he (Harrison) was joined by a large body of troops—that after being examined by Harrison's officers he was permitted to proceed on his hunting expedition.

This statement Proctor knew was true, and he gave orders to treat the prisoners kindly. He offered them the hospitalities of his fort, but commanded that a vigilant watch be kept upon them. The party was then conducted to the quarters of Tecumseh. Here Philip and his companions held a council, in which it was agreed that they would remain on the peninsula till the breaking up of winter, and then effect their escape.

Philip sought every opportunity to enquire after Lilly, without giving any cause of suspicion. His anxious eyes closely scrutinized every group of women, which caused many enquiring glances to be cast upon him by those dark eyed forest daughters

Time rolled on; and nothing was heard of the young maiden. It is not necessary to tax the reader's patience with a recital of the feelings and anxieties of Philip, during that gloomy winter, at Fort Malden. The reader's imagination must supply the place of description.

One pleasant evening towards the middle of April. Philip and his companions were seated upon the banks of the river in sight of the Fort. The severity of the weather had moderated, and balmy spring was hastening on.

"Alfred," said Philip, "I'm afraid these Indians and British will yet overpower the Americans. Proctor and Tecumseh are now making the most exten-

sive preparations for the siege of Mt. Meigs, and they seem sanguine of success."

"I have no fears of that," replied Alfred, "Gen. Harrison is not going to let them drive him from his post—mark that."

"Not if I were there," replied Billy, half in jest and the other half in earnest, "I'll bet my life againth thuppenth hapenny that I can make every red devil of them run."

"No doubt of it, Billy—none in the least," said Philip, "but you would have to run first."

"Thod blatht yor," said Billy, "I'll——"

"Hold, hold, Billy," said Philip in a whisper, "see there are some Indian women coming towards us."

"You Tecumseh's prisoners?" asked one of them. "Yes, madam," replied Philip, bowing gracefully to the young squaw.

"Here's a letter for you," said she, at the same instant putting a slip of paper into his hands, and then passed on.

"What can this mean," said Philip to himself; and hastily tearing open the letter, read as follows:

"Sir—This will inform you that a *friend* wishes to speak to you this evening. Please come to the upper Block House; on being demanded to give the countersign, answer "King George's Friend." On entering you will find an escort, who will conduct you to my chamber. Exhibit no signs of fear or excitement, and you can pass the guards in safety. Be inside the gate at nine o'clock. Come by yourself. L. P."

"L. P.," cried Philip; " 'tis from Lilly! Oh, merciful heavens, 'tis from Lilly! my adored and long lost Lilly—I shall see her again—yes, I will break through the powers of men and devils to gaze once more upon that angel face.—Oh, bless God, for these few lines—they have raised my drooping spirits—quelled all my fears and poured a flood of consolation into my bosom, which I have never before real-

ized. Oh, thank God, my cup runs over—my joys are full and I am happy once more—yes, happy beyond expression."

Then pausing, Philip gazed for a moment into the face of his companions, while a profusion of tears rolled down his cheeks.

The scene was deeply affecting, and Billy and Alfred mingled their tears with his.

At the appointed hour Philip was inside the gate, when two Indians ushered him into the pretence of his beautiful Black Fork Lilly!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

INTERVIEW WITH LILLY PIPE—PLANS FOR ESCAPE.

'Twas such a night as might have flung,
Its robe o'er primal nature's bower;
On that blest night, the hunter found
His long lost love, the forest flower.

The joy and happiness produced in the minds of Philip and Lilly, at their meeting in the garrison at Malden, we shall not attempt to describe. Language is too meagre to express the emotions, which naturally arise in the minds of kindred spirits, on meeting, under such circumstances.

As Philip entered the apartment, the beautiful Lilly met his astonished gaze.

There she sat alone—beautiful as when he had first seen her under Hemlock Falls, in Richland county.

"Dearest Lilly," exclaimed the astonished and somewhat bewildered Philip, as he opened the door of her humble apartment—"dearest Lilly" repeated he, and springing to her, clasped her in his arms, while tears of joy ran down his manly cheeks.

The happiness which the young hunter this moment experienced we shall leave the reader to imagine. For a moment neither of the lovers could speak: but that silence was big with feeling—a feeling, too, which was inexpressibly deep. Months of painful anxiety had tortured their minds, they both had drank deeply from affliction's bitter cup; but for all their past woes, the present interview was an ample atonement, and forgetting the past, they rejoiced over the present. As soon as the young

man could command his feelings he thus addressed his "fair one."

"Dearest Lilly, I am indeed happy—too happy; I have not deserved of Heaven so great a joy as this. The highest hope, which ever pictured the future earth to me, never told me of bliss like this. Lilly, did'st thou ever pray for me? I have for thee and I have felt that my prayers, which I have tremblingly whispered in the ear of Heaven, would be wafted to thy ears by some bright angelic minister, the guardian spirit of thy footsteps on earth. Often times, dark, gloomy shadows came across my mind; but then I was consoled to know that the *eye* which never sleeps would watch and protect thy pure and innocent spirit, though lost to human sight in the untraversed worlds throughout the depths of unmeasurable space. Nay, more, I have felt that should I not have found that here on earth, my own soul would have caught a spark of God's own essence, whose whole being is love, which would have lighted me on, following thy flight through the cycles of eternity; *this* would have lit up the dark wilderness of worlds and illuminated the voids of space,

"Where gravitation seems to turn the other way."

"Yea, dearest Lily, *this* would have lent brightness to the eyes of my soul, so that I would have recognized thy angel face in a land of darkest shadows, though around thy form hovered the inhabitants of congregated worlds, multitudinous as the countless millions of motes, which float in the beams of a universe of suns."

Lilly sat gazing into the eyes of Philip as he poured forth his soul in such holy rapture. There was a depth of unmeasured holy feeling in his expression. Her pure and virtuous heart breathed the same devoted feeling, and she replied:

"Philip Seymour — your kindness to one so unworthy I would desire to appreciate, and next to

your name I would pronounce that of my father—what tidings of him?"

"All is well—*Captain Pipe is well.* Give yourself no uneasiness concerning him," said Philip.

"Then my happiness is complete," replied the lovely Indian maiden. "I shall see him again and drink once more from the fountains of his affection. Devoted father—he will lay his hands upon my head, and once more beseech the blessing of the Indian's Great Spirit to rest upon me."

"And here permit me to say that, to you I owe a debt of gratitude, which I would delight to cancel were it in my power."

"Thou owest me nothing," exclaimed the young hunter. All I have done for thee, was prompted by other than selfish motives. Lilly, I must confess it—I love thee, dost thou love me?"

"Philip," exclaimed the young maiden, gazing modestly into his face, "you are my deliverer, and waiting your pleasure you shall be my future protector."

"Thank you, thank you, dearest Lilly—I thank you for such words of consolation; and here, in the presence of Him who reads the intentions and affections of all hearts, I solemnly dedicate my life to the promotion of your happiness. The avowal is now made, and recorded in heaven; and thou art mine, and we shall only await an opportunity to join our hands in the presence of human eyes."

"Your pleasure is mine and your happiness is mine," replied the young woman; "I am in your hands, and to you I will look for protection. Though I do feel that I am not worthy of a mind so noble, and a heart so magnanimous and generous."

"Speak not thus, my fair one," replied the young man; "such language wounds my feelings."

"Then I would crave your pardon," said the maiden.

"Nay, nay," replied Philip, "thou hast no pardon

to crave from anything that's mortal."

"But I am an orphan," replied the maiden; "I am alone in this cold and friendless world. I know not my origin—all is dark and mysterious to me. I have been raised among savages, and have never had the advantages of civilized life."

"It matters not to me what may be your origin. This is of no importance to me; but one thing I am confident of, *you* are of no mean extraction. There is a fountain of purity and loveliness in those two orbs of thine, which cannot be traced to an origin of impurity; to look upon them is to behold more captivating loveliness than is beheld in the unfolding glories of the tinted flower which opens its bosom to the gaze of the golden sun, when his beams illuminate at morn the mountain coronet.

"Nay, nay, speak not to me of your *doubtful* origin. To me it brings no unpleasant feelings. I love thee. All the deep joys which I have felt in my short life's search for wisdom, hath never brought to me the bliss which I this moment realize. To know that thy young heart leans upon mine, repays me for all the toils and dangers through which I have passed in search of thee.

"Often and often since the murder of my friends, I have strayed by myself, and in melancholy loneliness, called to memory the scenes of the past. I, too, have looked upon myself as a lone orphan, whose only home was the forest wild—no father, mother, sister or brother to cheer my pensive soul in its moments of despondency. Back of me all lies silent in the voiceless tomb, which has closed over the last of my earthly relations. Yes, I have stood silent and solitary beneath the sad gigantic oak, whose branches shade the tombs of friends, and looked upon and viewed myself as a solitary pine, upon the rugged mountain's brow, exposed to the desolating energies of merciless storms and tempests. But in these moments of sadness and gloom,

thy loved image would rise up before me like a being from the spirit land; and as the silver moon illuminates the dome of heaven, so would the thoughts of thee fill my soul with light, promising bright days and gleams of sunshine in the span of life allotted to me. Night after night, as the angels lighted up their starry lights in the dark dome of heaven, I have wandered forth alone, but thy pure spirit was soon by my side, making me happier and holier, with the knowledge that there was one in whose heart I could pour the tale of my woes, and in whose ears I could whisper the tale of love, and who in return could love me with a *"woman's love."*

"But," continued he, "there is no time to delay. Let's fly from this gloomy dungeon before the dawn of day."

"I am informed that there are two other young prisoners with you in this garrison."

"Yes," replied Philip, "two as brave hearts as ever sent the red current of life through their arteries."

"May I ask their names," inquired Lilly.

"One is Alfred Bradley, with whom I became acquainted on the banks of the Huron river," replied he, "since which time he has been my constant companion; the other is Bunty Billy, Ruffner's bound boy, who after the murder of his master, was taken prisoner, but escaping from the Indians, was making his way to a place of protection, when he came suddenly upon Alfred and myself on the banks of the Auglaize."

"Well," said the young maiden, "I am ready to accompany you. But it is necessary that you retire from my chamber by yourself. Pass out of the gate through which you entered, and from thence to the bank of the river, where you will find several boats. Await my arrival there. Betray no symptoms of alarm, and give yourself no uneasiness respecting my safety. I will manage all things right."

CHAPTER XXXV.

ESCAPE FROM MALDEN—BATTLE WITH INDIANS.

In the course of an hour, Philip and his companions were seated on the banks of the river. The night was dark, and the heavens were pouring down their watery treasures. Here they remained nearly an hour before Lilly made her appearance. At last their eyes fell upon the outline of a human form, moving towards them through the darkness of the night. That form was Lilly's. She had passed the guards in safety, attired in male costume. Noiselessly the little party entered one of the boats, and under the darkness of the night, with much difficulty and no little danger, they moored their vessel on the opposite side of the river. Stepping on shore, they commenced their journey through what is now called Monroe Co., Michigan, bordering on the Lake shore. The weather being wet and considerable rain having fallen, their march was anything but agreeable. Besides they were in the heart of an enemy's country, and exposed to the incursions of their savage foes. Towards morning they encamped in a dense thicket, almost surrounded by a swamp. This retreat was indeed a secluded one. The weather was damp and somewhat cool, but the young maiden was warmly clad, and thus remained comfortable, though under no other roof than the overhanging and interlaced branches of the thicket. In this position they remained till the darkness of night again set in. The heavens as yet were overcast with dark and murky rain clouds, and it was difficult to make much progress under such darkness over swamps and through thickets. It was indeed a perilous under-

taking, and no inducements, save that of the maiden's rescue could have prompted our heroes to such an adventure.

Towards the morning of the third day after the party had left Ft. Malden, they came in sight of the mouth of the Maumee river; but here their progress was stopped in consequence of finding no means of crossing the river. Leaving Alfred and Billy to guard the maiden, Philip proceeded cautiously up the river, for some distance, in search of a canoe. Coming to a small bend of the stream, he discovered to his great joy, a single boat tied to the bank of the river. In a moment he was in the boat, and then retraced his steps down the stream, keeping along its bank until he arrived opposite the place where the balance of his party lay. Being assured that no Indians were in hearing, he made his boat fast, and repaired to his companions whom he found anxiously waiting his approach. The party then proceeded to the boat, and soon afterwards were landed on the left bank of the river in safety; thence proceeding along the Lake shore until the darkness of the night closed over them, when they sought shelter in a small ravine on the banks of a stream, emptying into the Lake. Here they supposed themselves secure from the attack of savages, and they accordingly built a fire. Their camp was in what is now called Ottawa county, where, as we have already remarked, the first trial of arms, in the last war took place.

As our party were sitting around the fire engaged in conversation, their attention was aroused by the sound of footsteps, as they supposed, some distance down the ravine. In a moment the fire was extinguished, and the party ready for action.

"Oh, merciful God," whispered Lilly with a tremulous voice, "we shall be murdered."

"Thee here, Mitheth Lilly," whispered Billy, before Philip could answere her, "don't be thcared, by thgemany gothenth, you than's be hurt tho long

ath Billy Bunty liveth, and when he intendth to take ith departure, he'll just let you know."

Secreting the young maiden behind a huge tree, secure from danger, the young men arranged themselves in such a manner as to defend themselves to the greatest advantage. There was, indeed, a deep anxiety (but nothing like fear) resting in the minds of our little band of heroes. They remained in this position for some time, probably thirty or forty minutes, but could not discover any signs of human life, save themselves. Thinking that they might have been deceived in the noise they had heard, they were about to quit their positions, and enter again into conversation, when the sharp crack of a score of rifles rang through that dark and gloomy ravine and the next moment the death yells of half as many savages rent the air.

"In the name of God, Philip," whispered Alfred, somewhat excited, "what can all this mean?"

'Twas a dark and gloomy night; not one twinkling star peeped through the thick darkness of that fearful gloom; and strange and bewildering thoughts rose in the minds of our benighted wanderers, as they sat in painful anxiety in that perilous ravine.

Again and again, rang out upon the night air the sharp cracks of the death dealing rifles, and at every volley the mingled howls of infurated savages were borne along the gloomy gorge, like the wails of demons in caverns of darkness.

The battle was of short duration. One party fled, and were pursued. In a few moments all was silent—no, not *silent,* for as the shout of victory by the pursuing party gradually died away in this distance, the pitiful moans of one of the combatants who had fallen in the struggle were borne to the ears of our heroes.

"Merciful Heavens," whispered the deeply alarmed and trembling maiden, as those pitiful moans became audible to her, "I hear the groans of some poor

dying wretch in the last throes of death. Poor creature! his agony is most torturing. How much I wish there was no such thing as war."

"Ith only a thavage devil," said Billy, "and thince he'th been theeking to thuck our blood like a wild beatht, let him take what the hand of juthice givth him. Cuth him—he'th not fit to live in thuman thoicety, tho' let him moan away."

A deep stillness had now settled down upon the forest. No sounds were heard save the moans of the dying savage.

"Philip," said Alfred, "Billy and myself will steal cautiously upon this moaning savage, and learn his condition."

To this proposition Philip offered no objections, as it was evident that the adventure was attended with no apparent danger, since his companions had fled and left him alone to die.

Accordingly Alfred and Billy cautiously made their way to the moaning savage. They advanced within ten steps of him without discovery. Halting among the tops of a fallen tree, they stood for a moment, gazing around them, in order to discover if there were any others near him; finding none, and believing him to be in his dying struggles they approached him, and found him setting with his back against a trunk of the tree in the top of which they had halted. On being asked who he was, and how he came in this condition, he replied in broken English:

"'Me no friend of white man—me no like him. White man liar—he cheat—no good. Me kill many white man—me sorry me can't kill more. Me soon gone to my fathers—bad Indian shoot me in the dark—me no see him——"

He uttered a few more broken sentences, and then sank in death. All was over with him, and his spirit had fled to its forest home in the spirit land.

Returning to Philip, they communicated his dying

words to him, representing him as a gigantic and powerful savage; and so far as they could discover in the dark, extremely repulsive and loathsome.

The question which now presented itself, was that relating to the cause of the battle. It was evident to our party that *they* had not been discovered. This was, to all appearance, a most singular occurrence. The attack was sudden and without any previous alarm; and it was evident that the party attacked had no expectation of attack.

While thus meditating over this mysterious occurrence, our heroes were once more startled in their camp by the mingled yells of the victors returning to the spot where they had made their onset.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the frightened Lilly," on hearing the yells of the returning savages, "we are lost beyond redemption."

"No, no," said Philip, "you need have no fears of that; these Indians are *not* hostile to the American cause; otherwise they would not have made such an onslaught on their red brethren."

"Ah, but," replied Lilly, "you can not be certain which of the two parties, if any, are our friends."

"The evidence of the dying savage will determine that point," said Philip. "No, dearest Lilly, give yourself no uneasiness about your safety, I am confident all is right."

On reaching the spot, where the action took place, they struck a fire, and pitched their tents. Bright blazing fires were seen sending their lights through the dark woods; and the Indians commenced seating themselves in groups around them.

On ascending the side of the hill, Philip could distinctly discover the Indian camp; and upon examination he thought he recognized one countenance among them which he had seen somewhere before.

" 'Tis he," said Philip to himself, " 'tis he—yes, I am almost confident 'tis he—I will venture nearer

at all events," and so saying, the young man groped his way through the forest until he came within thirty or forty paces of one of the fires, when to his no little satisfaction he discovered that the familiar countenance was none other than Beaver's. Quietly returning to his companions, he communicated his joyful discovery, and the whole mystery disappeared. In a few moments afterwards arrangements were made to enter Beaver's camp, (which was accomplished without any difficulty or danger,) when they were joyfully received and comfortably entertained; and after partaking of some refreshments, Beaver entertained the party with a full history of the particulars of his present adventure, which we propose to lay before the reader in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BEAVER'S BATTLE WITH INDIANS—DEATH OF KANOTCHY

> Brutus won the world's applause
> When his arm bade Caesar perish,
> Why not then young Beaver's praise
> In our memories fondly cherish.

One dark and windy night, in the month of April, 1813, one Capt. Wm. Oliver, in company with a young Kentuckian, left Fort Meigs for Ft. Findley, a distance of about thirty-three miles. It was about nine o'clock when they started on their journey, which at this period, was considered extremely perilous. They had not proceeded far when they came suddenly in sight of an Indian camp, around the fires of which the savages were busy preparing their suppers. They had approached within disturbing distance of the savages, who on hearing the noise of their horses' hoofs, sprang to their feet and with savage yells attacked them. On hearing their yells, they reined their horses into the branches of a fallen tree. The horses, as if conscious of the danger, stood perfectly still. The Indians, supposing them to have retreated towards the Fort, pursued them, passing around the tree without making any discovery of them in the thick darkness. As soon as the Indians had gone some distance, they put spurs to their horses and dashed forward through the woods through which they passed all the way to their destination, where they arrived safely with the exception of their clothes, which were torn into rags by bushes and brambles. In this rapid flight they received quite a number of contusions against the trees, leaving several marks upon their bodies. They had scarcely

made secure their flight into the Fort when the Indians also made their appearance; but they were too late for their prey, and consequently commenced to retreat.

The next day a party of soldiers accompanied the Captain and his companion back to Fort Meigs, when the Captain made known to the officers his night journey through the wilderness.

"The damn '*red sticks*,'" exclaimed a tall young Indian Chief, "me hunt 'em up—me give 'em what white man call '*'ticklar* h—ll.'" And so saying, he called around him his young and fiery warriors, and after addressing them for a few moments in his own language, they left the Fort amid the cheers of the Americans.

They soon came to the camp at which Capt. Oliver had been surprised. The pursuing Indians had returned to this camp the next morning, from which they had proceeded toward the Lake down the bank of the Maumee, until they discovered the trail of what they supposed to be a party of whites. This they followed until the shades of night closed around them, and they halted for the purpose of encamping till morning. In descending the ravine in which Philip and his company had made their camp they were surprised to find it already occupied, but the fire being immediately extinguished they could not exactly say whether the party were whites or Indians, a fact which they wished verified before making the attack. Coming to a halt on the brow of one of the banks of the ravine, they lay down flat upon the ground, awaiting the result of their observation.

As the Indians lay in this position, Beaver and his party, who had been closely pursuing them, advanced upon them, arranging his men in the most favorable position, commanded them to make sure of their prey.

At the signal of their commander, the deep silence of that wilderness was broken by the sharp reports

of the death-dealing rifles, ringing through that dark forest; and the mingled yells of nearly three score of savages rose above the din of battle.

The prostrate Indians were perfectly panic-stricken; and those who survived the onset sprang to their feet and bounding down the bank of the ravine, endeavored to make their escape as best they could through the deep darkness of the night.

Beaver and his warriors pursued them down the ravine for some distance; but loosing sight of them after they had followed them several miles, returned to the place where they had attacked them. On their return Philip recognized the noble hearted Chief, to whom he made himself and party known, and under whose protection he placed himself and little party till morning.

Philip related to young Beaver his adventures since he had seen him, and gave him the full particulars of affairs at Malden. The young Chief seemed much interested, and applauded our hero very highly.

Beaver was much struck with the appearance of Lilly, and readily entered into conversation with her, bestowing upon her many complimentary considerations.

The hour of midnight had flown before our heroes closed their eyes in sleep. The evening had passed away most pleasantly, and the hours seeemd but moments. Philip and his companions had not enjoyed must rest for some nights previous, and they signalled their wish to enjoy a few hours sleep; accordingly, they lay down upon their blankets, under cover of a tent, before a blazing fire and slept soundly till morning.

As the light of day broke in upon the forest, the Indans were astir, and after plundering the dead of their arms and clothing, they started for the cave of Captain Pipe, in company with Philip and his companions.

Before leaving the camp, Philip informed Beaver of the conversation which Alfred had held with a dying Indian, after the battle. Whereupon Beaver had his body brought into the camp for burial.

Lilly and Philip on beholding him were no little astonished to find him to be no other than the repulsive and bloody Kanotchy, the murderer of Kate Seymour.

"Great God!" exclaimed Lily, "this is the same Indian who tore me away from my devoted father—this is the merciless and unfeeling Kanotchy. My prayer is answered—the curse of Heaven has fallen upon him, and he has met his fate in a moment least expected. Poor fellow!" said she, "after all I cannot help pitying him."

"Pity the devil!" said Billy, "ith a pity he hadn't thucked himthelf to death thortly after he came to life on the thage of action."

For a few moments Philip and Lilly stood gazing upon the lifeless remains of this bloody savage, while thoughts of other days rose fresh in their memories. Before them lay the murderer of Kate, and the abducter of Lilly, but the arm which had struck the fatal blow was now paralyzed by the hand of death.

Philip, on first beholding the wretch, had his feelings wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, and could scarcely refrain from hewing his body to pieces; but a sober reflection taught him that such an act would not satisfy the demands of vengeance. After hastily depositing him with his dead companions, the party left the camp and proceeded to the cave of Captain Pipe, where they arrived a little after night fall. Beaver and his warriors had accompanied them within a few miles of their destination, and then retraced their steps to Harrison's Head Quarters.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CAPT. PIPE'S MEETING WITH HIS DAUGHTER—EXPECTED ATTACK OF THE BRITISH.

"Kind Heaven, whose power no being can control
Hath sent her back to cheer the Chieftain's soul."

The pleasure and happiness which Capt. Pipe experienced at the meeting of his daughter cannot be pictured.

We admire the sentiment expressed by the poetic Dryden, in one of his celebrated odes, when he says

"Sweet is pleasure after pain."

This sentiment the reader has, no doubt, often experienced. In most instances, the pleasure we receive, after undergoing days, months or years of painful anxietes, is heightened with the contrast of the past. We look back on the past, and remember its struggles—the difficulties, privations and sorrows with which we had to contend; and contrasting them with our emancipation from them all, we seem to realize an extent of pleasurable sensations beyond our most sanguine expectations.

Earth with its grand and magnificent scenery was educed from chaos and darkness; and gold which exhibits the most dazzling lustre, is first tortured into purity by the action of fire. When the desolating energies of the hurricane have passed over our heads, a tranquil calm soothes our fears; and sunshine bright and gladdening breaks over the earth, as the dark cloud passes away.

That "sweet is pleasure after pain" was fully realized by Captain Pipe, as his lost and deeply mourned daughter entered his lonely cavern.

Springing into the arms of her father, she clasped him around the neck, and sobbed aloud. Her young heart was too full to speak,—the old man wept like a child.

"My devoted father," exclaimed Lilly, as soon as she could give utterance to her language, "I have long coveted this happiness. God has heard my prayers; and oh! bless His holy name, He has spared my life once more to behold the guardian and protector of my childhood. Oh, father! father! God bless my poor old father!"

She could say no more, and hanging upon the old Chieftain's neck, she wept tears of joy.

"*Onishishsha,*" exclaimed the old man, after his feelings had somewhat subsided, "this is the happiest moment of my life. I feel that the Great Spirit has answered my prayers. You have been ruthlessly torn from my protection; and exposed to the insults and wicked designs of unfeeling villains. For many days past I have been the subject of sorrow and affliction. Dreary and disconsolate weeks and months have passed over my head since last I saw you. Often and often in my solitary moments, when sorrow bowed my spirit down, I have offered up to Heaven a parent's prayer in your behalf, and although a mysterious gloom hung over your destiny, yet I have felt that we would meet again. We *have* met; yes, thank Heaven, my weary eyes, though dimmed with age, have once more rested upon her to whom I am bound by the strong ties of parental affection."

During this affecting colliquy, Philip and his companions had remained silent; but their feelings were in harmony with the old man and his affectionate daughter. The interview was of the most affecting nature, and the young men, though silent, wept like children.

The Captain then turned to the young hunters, and thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen, to you I am indebted for the heart-felt happiness I this moment experience. You have brought to my soul a world of joy in returning to me this dear creature. It is not in my power to reward you pecuniarily for this great service which you have tendered me. Gold and silver possess no merits to requite this act of kindness. The wealth of the world is but a poor remuneration; and I cannot estimate this act of humanity, only by the standard of eternal happiness, which I pray the Great Spirit to confer upon you all. You have encountered and triumphed over the thousand difficulties and perils which beset the lives of pioneers—others would have grown weary and discouraged, and abandoned the enterprise as hopeless and reckless. But in you, I find all the elements necessary for carrying out any undertaking, however seemingly impracticable. And here permit me to say to you, that this act of kindness shall be remunerated."

"Captain," exclaimed Philip, "I thank you most affectionately for the distinguished consideration with which you so generously regard my companions and myself. You speak of remuneration. Sir, I am already remunerated. I have been fully compensated for all the difficulties and dangers through which I have passed in performing this duty. The gratification arising from the knowledge of one's having rendered his fellow man a service when he most stands in need of it, is a better remuneration than all the riches of the world. With you, sir, I too can rejoice, and with you too, I can weep."

"Venerable sir," said Alfred, "I am happy to express my thanks to you for your favorable opinion of myself. This distinguished consideration is fully appreciated; and here permit me to assure you that in addition to what little I have already done to secure the happiness of you and your daughter, I am willing to go upon any errand of mercy or humanity you may be pleased to send me."

"Thee here, Mr. Alf, by the mother of Motheth, and that hainth thaying anything bad about the gallth, I'll go with you—even tho far ath to the thouth gate of the bottomleth pit, on thuch an errand."

During the conversation Lilly had been seated by the side of her father, now and then wiping the tears from her father, as she listened to expressions of the high regard for her happiness manifested by her deliverers.

Philip's mind as he lay down to rest, dwelt upon the young maiden; and strange thoughts were passing through the mind of Alfred Bradley, whose memory dwelt upon the early recollections of home and friends. Where was he now? In the heart of a dreary wilderness, far from the land of his nativity. How strange the tide of life—how full of change and strange events. He had been thrown upon life's current without a knowledge of where his fortune would lead—he was now in the wild woods, and at that moment was reposing, not upon some soft and downy bed, in some gorgeous palace, but in the dark caverns of cold earth among savages.

Among Alfred's thoughts, it must be confessed, were those of the young woman whose personal charms had made so deep an impression on his mind, not an impression of connubial love; such thoughts had not entered his mind. His was the affection which a true and generous mind bears toward an object of real and commanding merit.

"Heavens!" said he to himself, "she is lovely, graceful and enchanting. She is worthy of companionship among angels. No wonder Philip has periled his life in her rescue—I myself would risk ten thousand such lives as *mine* to rescue hers from the hands of savage lords. How much her countenance resembles little Anna's—poor child—no doubt she's

mother. As we have said strange thoughts filled his mind—his feelings were unaccountably strange—he had heard and read of brothers meeting brothers, and sisters meeting sisters, when least expected.

Could *she* be his long lost sister? Impossible; no, not impossible—but doubtful in the extreme; and even if she were, how could that fact now be made known. There could be now no reliable evidence of the fact; and he abandoned the idea as preposterous, or to say the least of it *very doubtful;* and settling his thoughts, his consciousness was soon shrouded in dreamless slumber.

Morning dawned, and our little party were astir. A consultation was held, in which it was agreed that Philip and his companions would immediately repair to the Head Quarters of General Harrison, and fight for their country. Before starting Philip took from his pocket a finger ring, and putting it into the hands of Lilly, bid her wear it in memory of the past. Lilly recognized the ring, and burst into a flood of tears, as that memorable occasion in which it was bestowed upon the ill fated Kate came fresh in her mind.

In due time Philip reached the garrison, where he found Harrison making preparations for the expected attack of the British on the Fort.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ATTACK ON FT. MEIGS—MASSACRE OF COL. DUDLEY'S COMPANY.

Gleam the red tomahawks on every side,
Then fly the cloven brains, and rolls the purple tide,
And savage yells on every hand resound,
While dead and dying strew the forest round.

Leaving the young woman in the hands of her father, in the cavern, we shall in this chapter follow up the adventures of our heroes after their arrival at Fort Meigs.

Philip had been made acquainted through Lilly of Proctor's design to lay siege to this Fort; and he wished to throw in his mite in its defense; and with this consideration uppermost in his heart, he left the idol of his soul for the seat of war.

As a matter of history we would here state, that a few days previous to the departure of the British and Indian forces for Fort Meigs, Gen. Proctor held a conference with Tecumseh at his (Tecumseh's Quarters) in which arrangements were made for the proposed attack.

"Tecumseh," said Proctor, "the bravery of your warriors, as exhibited in the defeat of General Winchester, on the River Raisin, has been highly applauded by the loyal subjects of the King your father; and for your valuable services, he will richly rewards you, by driving the white rebels off your land, restoring them to you. It is now our intention of storm Fort Meigs, the Headquarters of General Harrison, and in this undertaking your services are indispensably necessary. You have about one

will please place in such positions, as are best adapted to their mode of fighting; and bid to remember that the standing orders of the siege are 'no quarters to the d——n rebels.' "

"Sir," replied the noble Chief, "I lift up my hatchet *only* to save the lives of my people and protect my country; and under this consideration I am ready to follow you in battle."

"Well," said Proctor, "it is for you alone that the King has sent his subjects here. They come to help you regain your lands from these plundering white rebels."

In the course of ten or twelve days after this conversation one afternoon as the forces of Gen. Harrison were gathered together on parade before the camp, Bunty Billy came running up to one of the officers, exclaiming:

"Thee here, Mither officer," pointing his finger towards two strangers on the opposite side of the river, "thee there's two thuthpithious looking fellowth thanding on the other side of the river, can't you give 'em a thuitable invitation to yap you a nearer vithet."

"Certainly, my little man," said the officer; and turning to his men, made them clear the battery, and forthwith the engine was pointed towards them, and the next moment the earth was seen flying about them in all directions.

"By the beard of Mahomet," exclaimed the officer, "that was an admirable shot. See! the devils are off like a hurricane—straight for Canada."

Happy it would have been for many a gallant hero, had that missile brought death to those two Chieftains, who were none others than Proctor and Tecumseh.

Some time after dark of the same night, three young men entered Fort Meigs with the startling intelligence that a large body of British and Indians had landed their forces on the hill on the north side

of the river, and were busily engaged in erecting their batteries preparatory to an attack the next morning.

Morning came, revealing to the General, the army of Proctor and Tecumseh on a commanding eminence on the opposite of the river; the main part being stationed at the old English Fort, some distance below.

On one bank of that turbid stream were stationed the haughty legions of Proctor, and his bloody allies, the merciless Indians; on the other was the gallant Harrison and his hardy pioneers.

'Twas morning — a lovely May morning. The golden sun was wheeling up his chariot of light above the tinted horizon. The mingled melodies of the woodland minstrels were floating upon the soft and balmy morning air, filling the forest with the most enchanting strain; little dreaming of the horrible storm of war then gathering in deadly gloom over that garden vale of the Maumee.

Hark 'tis the trump of war—the cannon's mighty roar. The siege has now commenced, and cannon answers to the booming cannon's roar, while the firm, solid earth seems to tremble under the mighty shock, for three successive days.

"See! General," exclaimed one of the officers, "the Indians have crossed the river and are ascending the tops of the trees upon the brow of yonder hill."

At this moment a message was received from Proctor, requesting the surrender of the Fort. General Harrison told the messenger to tell Col. Proctor to *come and take it;* but to be sure and bring a sufficient force to accomplish the undertaking. On receiving Harrison's reply, the cannonading again commenced. Observing a burning missile falling near the powder magazine, he asked his soldiers if they would volunteer to remove the powder to a

dangerous operation, and was undertaken with some degree of reluctance by the soldiers. The enemy comprehended the movement, and commenced directing their hot shot upon the workmen, which sent many a poor fellow to his last resting place.

In this undertaking were found the three heroes of our tale. The workmen had not been long engaged in this operation, when there came whizzing from the enemy's battery a messenger of death, which passing the head of Bunty Billy took off the head of a workman by his side.

"Thath, one head leth," said Billy, "by ginth, ther'e tharp thooterth," and so saying he plied his spade with more haste. "Come gentlmen," continued he, "let uth get the butheneth done as thpeedy ath pothible—ith no foolth job to——"

But before he could finish his sentence a bomb came whirling through the air, and falling, lodged in one of the braces, spining around for a moment. Every soldier, with the exception of Billy, fell prostrate on his face, waiting the horrid explosion which they supposed would terminate their sufferings.

"There'th thomething about thith ball," said Billy, "thath not the thimon pure. He dont't feel inclined to burtht no how, and he ith thomewhat thlow in hith movement, I'll just take out hith nozzle and give him thome freth air," and so saying Billy seized a boat hook, and pulling the missing missile to the ground, jerked out the smoking match from its socket to the no small astonishment, and infinite delight of his companions. On examination the shell was found to be filled with inflammable matter, which once ignited would have wrapped the whole building in one sheet of lurid flame. This circumstance, it is said, lent wings to their shovels, and with the loss of some of their companions the work was soon completed.

On the night of the 4th of May, about 12 o'clock,

a messenger arrived at Fort Meigs, bringing the welcome intelligence of the near arrival of General Clay, with his brave Kentuckians—that he was within two hours' march of the Fort. Harrison had been daily expecting him, and on receiving this intelligence sent orders for him to land eight hundred of his men on the right bank, take possession of and spike their cannon ,and then immediately return to their boats and cross the river and seek protection in the Fort. The remainder of his forces were to land on the left bank and fight their way to the Fort, while sorties were to be made from the garrison in aid of this operation. Col. Dudley, being eldest in command, led the van. He effected the landing of his men without difficulty, and executed the orders of his General, after which he called upon his men to fly to the boats; but they disobeyed his orders, and sent up a shout of triumph; and permitted themselves to be drawn in ambush by the Indians.

General Harrison and some of his officers were standing upon the grand battery, and seeing the danger into which the infatuated soldiers of Col. Dudley were plunging themselves, beckoned them to return; but the soldiers supposing them to be returning the cheers, they reiterated their shouts of triumph. Harrison, seeing their reckless infatuation, cried out in tones of deepest anguish:

"They are lost! they are lost! A *thousand* dollars to any man who will cross that river and inform Col. Dudley of his danger."

This was attempted, but before the gallant young men had reached the middle of the river, the British and Indians had cut off their retreat, and now the work of death had commenced. They now saw their hopeless condition. The red hounds of hell came pouring round the terror-stricken soldiers in overwhelming numbers, while their shouts and yells rent the forest with the most appalling din.

The battle now commenced in earnest, and hand

to hand and face to face they fought and fell. The Americans were defeated and surrendered themselves prisoners of war. As their arms were taken from them, the mingled yells of that wood full of savages rose high above the cannon's roar, echoing through that wilderness, like the dismal shout of ten thousand devils in the gloomy caverns of perdition. They were lost!

The prisoners were given up to the tender mercies of the savages, who after conducting them to the old garrison, commenced the work of butchery, under the eyes of the loathsome and detestable Proctor. The work of death had commenced, and the red current of life was soon flowing from the bodies of the mangled wretches.

While this was going on, a raging thundering voice was heard in the distance, and the next moment a bold and graceful chief reined his fiery steed in their midst, and dismounted near where two of his brethren were in the act of murdering a prisoner. He seized one by the throat, and the other by the breast, and with one powerful effort threw them to the ground. Then drawing his tomahawk and scalping knife, he ran between the prisoners and the Indians with the fury of a madman and dared any of the hundreds which surrounded him to attempt to murder another white prisoner. Then turning round he exclaimed:

"Where is Gen'l Proctor?"

Proctor, who was standing at a short distance off conversing with an Indian Chief, exclaimed in a cowardly tone:

"Here I am."

"Then, sir," replied the distinguished Chief, "why don't you stop this inhuman butchery?"

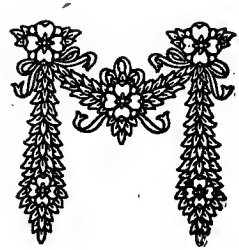
"Sir," replied this cowardly human brute, "your Indians cannot be controlled."

"Begone then from my sight," retorted the noble

hearted savage; "you are not fit to command—go and put on petticoats."

This cutting reproof stung Proctor to the heart, he bit his lips with rage, but had not the manhood to reply, and returning to his savage companion renewed the conversation.

"Captain Montour," said Proctor, "I shall look for you at your post at the appointed time. The Indian bowed his assent, and the next moment putting spurs to his horse, he dashed off rapidly towards Fort Malden.



CHAPTER XXXIX.

CAPTAIN MONTOUR SURPRISED AT LILLY'S ESCAPE—ANOTHER ATTACK ON FORT MEIGS.

He sought in vain the maiden fair—
His prize had gone—he knew not where.

Captain Montour, mentioned in the last chapter, was originally from Black Fork in Richland county. He belonged to the Delawares at Greentown. This Indian was highly intellectual, and had graduated at Cannonsburgh college. He was a sharp, shrewd villain. On being made acquainted with the history of his race, he found that they had been greatly imposed upon by the whites. This knowledge embittered him against the whites, and he only waited an opportunity to direct his influence against them. The opportunity was offered in the last year with England. Some time during the year of 1811, Tecumseh paid him a visit at Greentown, and with the promise of being promoted to office he secured his services. Montour sought an interview with Captain Pipe, in hopes of securing his influence on the side of Tecumseh; but the Captain treated his proposal with contempt, alleging as his reason for so doing the consideration of the fact that he had signed the treaty at Greenville in 1795, at which time he had pledged his honor that he would forever afterwards maintain his integrity.

This enraged the haughty Chief, and he vowed vengeance. Hitherto Montour had been on terms of friendship with Captain Pipe, and had endeavored to insinuate himself into the favor and esteem of his daughter *Onishishsha.*

Montour was a handsome and intelligent Indian, and Lilly had shown him some respect, (but entertained no sentiments of love for him,) but on his attempt to dissuade the mind of her parents from integrity, she became highly incensed against him, and abruptly left his company. Shortly afterwards Montour left Black Fork, and threw himself under the protection of the British government in Canada, where he received the commission of captain.

As soon as the war broke out, this perfidious villain sought every opportunity to wreak his vengeance on Captain Pipe, who had, as he conceived, offered him a base insult. To attempt to take the life of the Captain he knew would not do, as it would call down upon him the vengeance of many who, though opposed to the American cause, were nevertheless his firm friends.

He had sought the hand of Lilly, but she had indignantly refused him; and he determined to wrest her from her father by force. For this purpose he engaged the service of the bloody Kanotchy, and some others. Kanotchy was instructed to watch the movements of Captain Pipe, and communicate the same to Montour. Accordingly, as soon as Kanotchy learned that Captain Pipe had determined to remove to Cleveland, he sent Montour the intelligence, requesting him to meet him on the bank of the Lake near Cleveland.

Kanotchy and his accomplices followed the Captain and his daughter to Cleveland, and on the following evening found Lilly alone as she was seated upon the bank of the Lake, and approaching her, seized her in his arms and bore her off to Montour, who having all things in readiness, hastened away with her to Malden, where she was found by Philip and his companions. Kanotchy with his companions immediately returned to Black Fork in order to

On arrival at Fort Malden, after the first siege of Fort Meigs, Montour was no little surprised on finding that his intended victim had escaped. She was missing. He made strictly inquiry as to her disappearance, but could gain no information respecting her elopement, and he almost came to the conclusion that some invisible agent had aided her in escaping, as she had repeatedly told him that unseen guardians were daily attending her footsteps, and that the Great Spirit to whom she had committed her entire being would some day visit him, and all the others concerned in her abductions with condign punishment.

Montour spent the greater part of the day in searching for information respecting Lilly, but all to no purpose. At length he thought of the three prisoners, who a few weeks previous had been taken into the garrison, and on enquiry, he found that they, too, were among the missing. He further ascertained that two female Indians had passed by these prisoners, as they were seated on the shore of the stream, but could not ascertain their names.

Taking these things into consideration, the disappointed and outwitted Chief rightly inferred that they had been sent in search of the girl, and had carried their scheme into successful operation.

Montour, finding that he had been outwitted by the whites, became more deeply exasperated, and swearing vengeance upon every white man, he again crossed the river, and at the appointed time, called upon General Proctor, and informed him of what had transpired in the Fort since they had left, and signified his willingness to hazard his life in any enterprise which promised the destruction of every American rebel.

"Well," said Proctor, "I have concluded to renew the siege of Fort Miegs. Calm and deliberate consideration has induced me to believe that a second attempt will be successful. But on calling a

council of war it was agreed not to commence the attack again until they had collected a sufficient force to take the Fort by storm. But before retreating to Malden, Proctor made another demand on General Harrison to surrender. But Harrison admonished the cowardly butcherer not to repeat it, upon which Proctor withdrew his forces to Malden, and after remaining there a few days returned; and on the 22d day of May made another attack, but met with no better success than before, and again retreated in confusion, covered with disgrace, to his Head Quarters, where he medidated an attack upon Fort Stephenson, on the Sandusky.

In a few days after the second siege of Fort Meigs, Philip and his companions paid another visit to the cave of Captain Pipe, for the purpose of persuading him to leave the cavern and take refuge in Fort Meigs. But the Captain declined, and gave as his reason the uncertainty of war, and in case of surrender or capture, his daughter would meet with no mercy from the hands of her savage foes. He felt entire safety where he was, as the cavern was unknown.

"But go," said he, "fight for and defend your brethren, and should you fall in defending them, your death will be the more glorious."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed his daughter with tears in her eyes, "he must not die."

"My God, Mitheth Lilly," said Billy, "don't think of the liketh; you couldn't kill Mathter Philip, no how. If he wath to be thot, he wouldn't thtay that long enopgh to thay from you ten minuth. Darn his picturth, if he would."

"Pshaw Billy," replied Alfred, "you're jesting; Philip's visits here are on business relating exclusively to the father."

"Mebbe tho," said Billy; "well, if thath the cathe, I do athure you, it muth be moth thunderen

urgent, for when he tharth to come, he putteth ahead like a thunder gutht.''

At this juncture Alfred could no longer restrain his risibilities,'' and giving vent to his feeling indulged in a paroxysm of hearty laughter.

''Come, come, Billy,'' said Philip, ''none of your nonsense; your gettng overly romantic since you made your last will and testament to your fair victress on the arena at the village of Wapakonnetta.''

As soon as Philip had finished his reply to Billy, he proceeded to give the old man and his daughter an account of the siege and affairs at Fort Meigs, and after remaining a day or two with the Chieftain, he and his companions again set out for the Fort, for the purpose of securing a position in the army in which they might be the most servicable to their country.

Some few days previous to the attack upon Fort Stephenson, Billy and his companions set out on a reconnoitering expedition with the intention of visiting Major Croghan at Fort Stephenson. The young men directed their steps towards the Lake shore, about twenty miles from the Fort. But owing to the numerous swamps and the darkness of the night, they missed their way, and wandering in the woods, suddenly came upon a party of Indians seated around their camp-fire, apparently in the greatest glee, making merry over their evening meal. There were three of them in company.* Getting within shooting distance, they fired, and the next moment the savages were writhing in the throes of death.

* One of these was named Sacamanc, already spoken of in a preceding note. Billy recognized him, having seen him with two others enter the village, with several white scalps into which Billy had been taken prisoner. Thus perished another of the Richland county scourges.

CHAPTER XXXX.

GEN. HARRISON INVADING CANADA—DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

While clouds of sulphur compass them around
The dead and dying strew the gory ground,
The day is lost, some in confusion fly,
Some stand their ground and resolutely die.

September the tenth, 1813, is a day ever memorable in the annals of American history. Two hostile armies were stationed on the opposite shores of the Lake, awaiting the result of the battle in dreadful suspense. The battle was fought midway between those two armies, on Lake Erie, a few miles distant from the Ottawa line, between Commodore Perry, commander of the American fleet and Commodore Barclay of the British fleet. At fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock the sound of the war bugle was heard stealing over the waters of that tranquil lake, from the Detroit, the enemy's headmost ship, and the next moment loud and deafening cheers from all the crews rose in mid air, followed by the more appalling cannon's roar. The battle had commenced, and for three dreadful hours were the waters of that beautiful lake shaken by the storm of battle. 'Tis over. The Americans are victorious, and the thunders of the battle are hushed in silence, save the dying moans of the mangled warriors strewn upon the decks.

'Twas four o'clock, when the gallant Perry, folding up a piece of paper placed it into the hands of a messenger, who leaving the scene of bloodshed,

hands the message from Perry. Hastily tearing it open the General read aloud, while a breathless anxiety rested on the minds of his officers and soldiers:

GENERAL HARRISON—SIR: We have met the enemy and they are ours.

O. H. PERRY.

On hearing this welcome intelligence, one long and loud shout of "long live the gallant Perry," rose high above the forest trees around Fort Meigs.

This brilliant victory inspired the American General with the most sanguine expectations of the full completion of all the contemplated objects of the expedition, and he accordingly made preparations to strike the decisive blow, by invading Canada.

Accordingly the most energetic preparations were put in operation, and on the morning of September the 27th, the whole army, artillery, military stores, provisions, and troops were ready for embarkation. Before starting General Harrison addressed his army.

"Fellow soldiers," said he, "there is a future in the tide of war, when conducted in the light of self defence. Our soil has been invaded by his Majesty's soldiers—they have, in numerous instances, despoiled the homes of our brethren and murdered our defenseless citizens, plundering and despoiling them of their home and property. These outrages must be avenged. Remember the River Raisin, but remember it only whilst victory is suspended. The revenge of a soldier cannot be gratified on a fallen enemy."

Towards sundown of the same day, on the site of Malden, which they found in ruins, the army had landed in high spirits; but the enemy had abandoned their stronghold, and retreated to Sandwich, after dismantling Malden, burning the barracks and navy yard, and stripping the adjacent country of horses and cattle.

As Philip once more stood upon the site of Malden, the recollection of Lilly came fresh into his mind. How different the appearance *now*. When here before, it presented a busy scene of active life, where groups of British and Indians were seen engaged in making mirthfulness and sport. Here, too, his eyes first rested upon Lilly after a long and painful absence—here on this field of ruins—even where he now stands he had experienced emotions of happiness, inexpressibly exquisite.

But now Lilly was secure in the care of her father, while her captors and enemies were flying fugitives. Proctor and Tecumseh, and their pretty minion, Montour, with his cowardly fellows, were retreating up the Thames before their pursuers.

The troops of Harrison had advanced within three miles of the Moravian town, within one mile of the enemy.

On the 5th they were discovered in a skillfully chosen position. A narrow strip of dry land flanked by the River Thames lay on their left, and a swamp on their right. This position was occupied by the regular infantry and artillery, while on the right flank lay Tecumseh and his followers, on the eastern margin of the swamp. The position of the enemy was the most judicious and advantageous; but Proctor, through error, had formed his infantry in error, and he directed Colonel Johnson to dash through the enemy's line in column, knowing that the troops disposed in such order as Proctor had made, could not resist the charge of mounted men.

At the command of their gallant leader, the mounted men commenced the charge.

Behold with what impetuosity they rush upon the charging squadrons—even up to the cannon's mouth, and the flashing musketry, blazing forth their fires of death—the melee of horses and riders mingled

ated combatants, rushing upon each other, changed that hitherto silent forest into a scene of excitement and daring and horror that made many a heart turn cold. Next came the piles of dead and dying, whose pitiful groans revealed a world of woe in their dying agonies.

The movement was successful, and that firm, solid earth rooted line was broken, and piles of mangled human flesh lay strewn over the earth. Upon the left the contest raged with most desperate and appalling severity.

There stood the exasperated savages unwilling to yield leaving Tecumseh, and his warriors unprotected. They seemed determined to conquer or die. Brave fellows! there they stood animated by their gallant leader, pouring death and destruction upon their white assailants, while around them living men fell at every discharge. Tecumseh's voice is the den of battle animating his men to stand their ground—but the fire of their enemies was growing too warm. His warriors were falling around him—and he saw the tide of battle rolling against him.

"To the woods—to the woods," shouted their brave and daring leader, and the next moment the Indians were seen flying across the hills to seek shelter in a piece of woods on the left, followed by the Americans. Here Tecumseh made one more desperate effort. A considerable body of Indians had collected there, and the struggle became desperate, and for a few moments the victory seemed doubtful.

Here again were seen flaunting banners and gaudy plumes waving and tossing in the air, while the rattle of drums, shouts of war mingled with the roar of musketry; and above the heads of the exasperated belligerants rose dense volumes of black, sulphurous smoke, curling in heavy festoons among the forest trees. The contest grows warmer still, and for a moment the field seems to be lost. But no!—behold

yonder moving cloud of advancing warriors—the weary eyes of Tecumseh gaze with the most intense interest upon those moving objects.

"Indians, Indians," shouted the brave and excited Colonel, "steady, men, steady—all now depends upon your valor."

Onward came the advancing band, with the speed and energy of the rushing tempest, and in a few moments another voice rent the air, exclaiming:

" 'Tis the gallant Beaver—courage, men, he comes to join your ranks," and 'ere the shout of joy had died away the gallant Chief threw himself into the tide of battle with the ocean's mighty surge.

Tecumseh saw his fate, and calling upon his warriors, bid them stand and die with their faces towards their enemy rather than desert the ground, and in the act of animating his noble warriors, a ball pierced his body and he fell to rise no more. The Indians no longer hearing his voice, fled the field in confusion.

The battle is ended and the field is left in possession of the victorious Americans. The battle is over and the two armies have parted to meet no more.

CHAPTER XXXXI.

DEATH OF CAPT. MONTOUR—PHILIP VISITS CAPT. PIPE.

But merciful heavens! what a soul sickening picture lay before the victors—all around are piles of mangled human beings—some dead and some dying, while the ground, (strewn with the implements of war) is drinking up the warm current of life.

Philip and his companions had been in the heat of the battle, and strange to tell, had passed through it all unhurt. On several occasions they had narrowly escaped, but the demon of war had passed them by.

Gazing upon the mangled bodies of friends and foes as they lay in promiscuous piles besmeared with blood and powder, a sickening sensation came over the soul of the tender hearted Alfred, and he wept.

"Philip," said he, as they sat side by side, in company with Billy, "war is undoubtedly a most heart-rending scourge—its effects are lamentable and pernicious beyond all human calculation. If we follow its course up through all the ages of the world, we shall find its prime object to have been the elevation of military Chieftains, into notoriety over the destruction of the human family. Look at the mad expedition of Xerxes against the Grecians—the ambition of Alexander and his successors—the bloody contests between Rome and Carthage, called the *Paunic wars*—the mad expeditions of Caesar and Pompey—the heart-rending scenes of human suffering produced throughout Asia and Africa by Mahomet, and the ferocious and hellish butchers of the Christian nations by the devilish Turks—I say when we call to mind all these, with the many horrible and

bloody butcheries of modern times, in which innumerable cities, towns and villages have been laid waste —provinces and empires overturned, and misery and suffering entailed upon countless thousands of the human race—we must unequivocally pronounce war the most appalling scourge which can befall any people or nation."

"Alfred," replied Philip, "I am fully persuaded of the truth of your remarks. But wars and rumors of wars will exist, be they right or wrong, as long as the principle of wrong remains in the human heart. With you I have often deplored with all the feelings of humanity, this mammoth evil. But you or I cannot remedy it. We find it existing and attempting the destruction of our rights, and true to the instinct of self-preservation we are prompted to defend our privileges."

"Thee here, gentlemen," said Billy, who had listened very attentively to the desertation of Alfred and Philip, "thee here, let me thpeak my thentimenth of thith important question. I am for war, dot blatht me if I ain't, and thereth no uthe of denying the fact. I came here for the purpothe of fighting, and hang me for a traitor if I don't carry out my principleth to all intenth and purpotheth. I'll fight every thing that theth me mad except a woman and a thkunk, and dod blatht my buttonth if I'll run more'n a mile from theth two animalth."

"Billy's the chump," replied Philip, "he hates any act that would render either his moral or physical nature obnoxious to society."

"I underthand yer," replied Billy, and would thay that I'm obliged to yer, for the compliment."

The young men, who had been seated upon the trunk of a tree, arose, and passing some distance along the woods suddenly came upon the body of a wounded Indians. He had fell wounded in the action, and dragging himself a short distance, rolled

heaval of a tree. Here lay the poor fellow, suffering under several flesh wounds. On seeing our heroes he cast upon them a pitiful look, and thus addressed them in good plain English:

"Gentlemen, I am dying. My span of life is at its close. This beautiful world will soon be hid from me forever. I have fallen in fighting for the plundered and despoil rights of the red man. I am an Indian by birth, and an Indian in feeling.

"In the early settlement of this country by the whites, the red man saw not what was to befall his race, and he permitted him to settle among us. We called him brother. But our fathers have been deceived; and we have been treated worse than the brute creation. The earth was our mother and upon her lap we reposed; rude wigwams sheltered us, and satisfying our hunger and thirst we lay down and slept, without fear or molestation, in our forest homes. In these homes our fathers were happy. But the avaricious disposition of the white man envied us our happiness, and sought our destruction. We have been driven from river to river and from land to land, and to-day you have followed us into this wild forest with your weapons of death, one of which has made me what you now see me; but I am fast sinking away—my sun is nearly set—you will return to your homes—to your friends and relations, I shall return to the earth from whence I came. One word with you before I leave.

"On the Black Fork of Mohican lived the noted Captain Pipe, once my particular friend. He has a beautiful daughter—I loved her; she refused my hand—I managed to steal her from her father—again I proffered her my hand—but she scornfully refused it—I threatened her with violence, but she defied all my threats and called upon the curses of heaven to rest upon me—that prayer was like a poisonous shaft sunken into my heart, and for a moment

I trembled under her solemn denunciation and indignant frown. Finding I could not gain her consent to wed me, I left her presence, hoping to conquer her at another period. On returning I found her gone; this enraged me, and reckless of consequence I threw myself into battle, determined to glut my vengeance on the white race, from whom her father and herself had sought protection.

"It may be, you may chance to see her or her father—nay, I would say, you would confer upon your dying enemy one favor, (though undeserving of it,) by sending to him who is now in Cleveland, if yet living, my dying request for him and his insulted daughter to pardon me. This act alone is all that now troubles me. In fighting you and your race I have done my duty, but in tearing the young lady from the protection of her aged father to whom she is bound by the closest ties of affection, I have outraged the principles of a gentleman."

Philip was much moved at this confession of Montour, for 'twas he who spoke, and taking him by his hand, besmeared with blood, he raised him off the ground, in order that he might gather some leaves under his body and head. Then addressing him in the language of tenderness, he said:

"Sir, you shall die with knowledge of being pardoned. I am acquainted with Captain Pipe and his daughter. My name is Seymour, and my residence formerly was on the Black Fork, near Greentown, where my father's family were all murdered, save myself by your brethren—like you I vowed revenge—have sought and obtained it, and have the satisfaction of knowing that their murderers met their just reward. Like you, sir, I have thrown myself into the midst of danger and excitement, almost regardless of consequences.

"I, sir, am one of the deliverers of that young

panions in the undertaking. We have traversed the forests of Ohio in all directions in search of her; we found her in the garrison of Malden, and she is now happy under the protection of her father; and now, sir, I want you to understand that you are forgiven. I speak what I know—and if Onishishsha were here she would lay her hand upon your dying head, and say to you as her Divine Master said to his murderers, 'Father, forgive him,' for Onishishsha is a Christian."

"'Tis enough," said the dying Indian, "my breath grows short—it comes heavily on—darkness is gathering around me—my eyes are growing dim—the objects of earth are receding from my sight—I am going—farew——"

"It's all over with him," said Philip, whose eyes were dimmed with tears; "poor fellow! he's gone to join the company of his gallant comrades, and his noble hearted commander, who this day have bid their forest homes adieu forever."

"Poor fellow!" said Alfred, whose heart during this melancholy interview, was deeply touched by the Indian's melting pathos. "Poor fellow!" repeated he, "after all I cannot help mourning his untimely fate—what a noble looking young warrior—so much unlike his brethren — his language, how beautiful, and his enunciation, even under the pangs of death, how soft and clear. But his days on earth are numbered, and his spirit has gone to seek its rest."

"Beyond the cloud capped heavens
In verdant groves, or winding vales,
Or grassy plain—the red man's
Happy hunting ground."

"Well, well," said Billy, who during this sorrowful scene, had sat as a silent spectator, and in whose bosom also, the fires of compassion had been kindled —"I cannot but feel thorry too; after all I think you did right in thpeaking kindly to *this Inthun*."

"Yes, Billy," said Alfred, "we must always remember the language of our great commander, Harrison, "that the revenge of a soldier cannot be gratified on a fallen enemy. Acts of kindness under such circumstances is the noblest revenge, as they leave no unpleasant feelings behind them."

Thus ended the conversation, and the young heroes again joined the soldiers in the camp where the officers were making preparations to bury the dead.

The day after the battle the American troops took possession of the Moravian towns, where they found large quantities of such provisions as they stood in need of.

Among the trophies of this battle were six brass field pieces, surrendered by Hull, on two of which was the motto: "Surrendered by Burgoyne at Saratoga."

The villages were found entirely desolated, and so panic struck were some of the squaws that they threw their children into the river, to prevent them from being butchered by the Americans. For the reason that the inhabitants of these towns had been most active in committing depredations upon the frontier settlements, the soldiers reduced them to ashes before leaving them.

This brilliant victory, in which Tecumseh was slain, put a check upon the influence of the British over the Indians, and shortly after Harrison's return to Detroit, the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawotomies, Miamis and Kickapoos proffered their services to the United States, offering their women and children as hostages.

A few days after this battle, Philip and his companions proceeded down the River Raisin, on their way to the cavern of Captain Pipe, where he safely arrived, without much difficulty, just as the shades of evening were gathering over the forest.

CHAPTER XXXXII.

MEETING WITH JOHNNY APPLESEED.

"They meet again where rolls the flood
Of waters down Sandusky's shore."

Immediately after the bloody battle of the Thames, our heroes returned to the cave of Captain Pipe, where they were joyfully received by the old Indian and his daughter.

The old man manifested much joy on hearing of the brilliant victories of the American army, and expressed it as his opinion that in the fall of the notorious Tecumseh, fell the hopes and expectations of the British arms in the West. And such was really the fact.

On his return from the battle of the Thames, General Harrison was met at Detroit by a delegation of Indians, consisting of Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatamies, Miamies and Kickapoos, begging for a suspension of hostilities. They agreed to take up the same tomahawk with the Americans and strike all who were or might be enemies of the United States, and in order to prove their sincerity they offered their women and children as hostages.

From this period till the final close of the war, those Indians faithfully supported the American cause, with as much ardor and zeal as they had previously opposed it.

The consternation which had spread over the west at the commencement of the war, was now gradually subsiding. Indian depradations were less frequent, and the terror-stricken inhabitants were seen

leaving the Forts and Block Houses, in order to recommence their farming operations.

But while a partial peace was smiling over the North-West, the demon of war was rolling his chariot of death over other parts of the country, particularly along the Lake and Sea coast.

Our heroes, after their return from the Thames, had made arrangements for joining the forces under Gen. Scott, but finding that the army had increased and that there was no lack of soldiers, they changed their opinion, and concluded to spend the winter with the Captain and his daughter.

The cave of Captain Pipe, as already noticed, was situated in a most delightful hunting country. It was known to but few, and those hardly ever visited it, and consequently it was well calculated as a safe retreat from marauding bands of Indians. It was therefore agreed upon that this cave should be their headquarters during the winter, should they spend it in the exciting pleasures of the chase.

Accordingly, in a few days after their return from the war, they had made every arrangement necessary for the winter's hunting excursion.

It was a beautiful morning towards the close of October, when our young heroes left the cave of Capt. Pipe for their first tour among the forest jungles.

On the third evening after starting they encamped on the banks of a beautiful clear running stream, one of the principal tributaries of the Sandusky. The situation of the camp was a most beautiful one. All around were pictured in living characters the most enchanting loveliness. Having constructed themselves a rude shelter, they kindled a fire, and after partaking of some food, entered into conversation, the particulars of which it is not necessary here to relate.

During this conversation, our heroes were alarmed by the sudden appearance of a solitary singularly clad animal, having the conformation of a man, who unnoticed made his way into their camp. The surprise was sudden and unlooked for, and the creature was most phantastically dressed. He was in his bare feet, which were black with mud—his pedal extremities were at least eighteen inches too long for his breeches—around his body hung a loose garment, made out of a coffee sack, having a hole for his head, and one for each arm. Dangling around his shoulders was the tail of a fox, whose skin formed a covering for his head. Such was the appearance of this singular human creature. On seeing him, Billy sprang behind a tree, exclaiming:

"Thod blasht hith ugly picturth, if thith haint the thevil himthelf—get out of hith road or by gingth you'll thmell thulpur fore two thencondth."

But the next moment the mystery was solved, and before them stood the eccentric and good natured Johnny Appleseed.

"Mr. Chapman!" exclaimed the astonished Philip, "in the name of Heaven, Mr. Chapman, how came you here?"

But before Johnny could answer Philip, Bunty Billy had sprung from behind the tree, and clasping Johnny by the hand, exclaimed:

"Ithe badly beat, Mr. Thapman, contharn yer. I wath thure yer wath the devile himself. Your thome-what more thanged in yer lookth than uthual." At this moment Alfred came up to Philip, whereupon he introduced Johnny to his friend, who had stood gazing in mute astonishment upon this odd specimen of human nature.

After the joy and excitement produced by the appearance of Johnny had subsided, the friends gathered around the camp fire, when Johnny related the

history of his adventures since he had left his friends on the Black Fork.

"Gentlemen," said Johnny, in commencing the narration of history, "I am thankful to the Great Giver of ever good and perfect gift, that we have been spared to see each other's faces once more. But since we last met together, our lives have been crowded with sorrow and disappointment. We have been made to drink of the bitter cup of affliction. You, Mr. Seymour, have undergone one of the most severe trials that can come within the experience of human life. In one short hour you were made a homeless and friendless stranger. On hearing of the outrage on Black Fork I repaired thither immediately. I was in Mt. Vernon at the time the murder of your friends occurred. The news of this transaction produced a high state of excitement among the whites. Spies were sent out in all directions to watch the movements of the savages.

"On reaching the settlement, I found every cabin tenantless, and on calling at the Block House at Beam's Mill, I found that most of the families had taken refuge there. I made inquiry concerning you and Billy, but no one could give me any satisfactory account of you after the burial of your friends; no one had seen you since. I then left the Block House and repaired to the scene of the murder, with feelings of most bitter anguish; and as I gazed upon your father's cabin, (where but a few weeks ago all was peace and happiness) and saw the work of the destroyer, I felt more deeply than ever the solemn truth that all that's mortal must decay. Ah, sir, to me that cabin looked desolate and dreary—its walls were silent as the grave; and, with the exception of yourself, its once happy inmates were now resting in peace under the green sod that lines the banks of the rippling stream, along which their mangled remains were deposited. Ah! sirs, as I

gazed upon that sacred spot, I remembered that the spirit of at least one of the silent sleepers there was feasting upon the rich manna of heaven — and though I wept over the grave of my young disciple, yet I rejoiced to know that her sufferings were forever past, and that she would be a star in my crown of glory in the spirit land.

"After spending a few hours here, I directed my way to Mansfield, and on arriving there I found the inhabitants in a high state of excitement concerning the outrage on Black Fork. Orders were given to shoot every straggling Indian found in the woods. I remained a few days in the Black House at Mansfield and then returned to Mt. Vernon, where I spent the winter. On the return of Spring I visited my nurseries which lay scattered along the different tributaries of the Mohican. Having bestowed upon them the requisite attention, I resolved to open up, or extend my sphere of usefulness. Accordingly I found my way to this region of Ohio, where I have been for several months past planting nurseries. As I lay in camp a few hundred yards up this stream I saw the light of your camp-fire; and wishing to know who you were, I came down the stream, under cover of darkness, and recognizing your voice, I entered your camp, taking you by surprise."

"Yes, and by hokey," said Philip, "the surprise was most complete."

"Well," said Johnny, "have you ever heard anything of our friend, Captain Pipe?"

"Heard from him?" ejaculated Philip. "Certainly—I left his residence but a few days ago!"

"Ah! indeed," said Johnny, "then he is in Cleveland yet."

"No, Mr. Chapman, not there. Let me think—I believe you have not heard of the deep affliction through which the old man was called to pass after his arrival in Cleveland."

"No, sir," replied Johnny; "has any misfortune befallen him?"

"Yes, Mr. Chapman, replied Philip, and then related to him the particulars of Lilly's abduction, and her rescue from the garrison at Ft. Malden.

"Poor child!" said Johnny. "I will see her immediately. I will visit her once more, and ask the protection of the Great Spirit to be thrown around her."

"Such a visit," replied Philip, "would indeed be most cheering to both the Captain and Lilly. They often speak of you, and wonder where you are, and what you are doing. They had almost come to the conclusion that you had been murdered by some of the savages."

"Well," said Johnny, "we will lay down and take our rest, and in the morning we will return to the cave; and thus ended the conversation for the present, and the little company lay down to sleep.

Morning came, but before the golden sun had lit up the dark forest, the company were on their way to the cavern, which they safely reached the next day about nightfall.

On entering it, the first object that met his gaze was his young disciple, Lilly. Philip and his companions had remained outside, until Johnny had surprised the Captain and his daughter, after which, and just in time to witness the manifestations of joy, they also entered.

"Mr. Chapman!" exclaimed the young maiden.

"God bless the dear child," replied Johnny, at the same time grasping her delicate hand in his. "God bless the dear child," repeated he, with tears in his eyes; and for a moment he stood gazing reverently upon the lovely young creature.

Capt. Pipe, who was reclining upon his pallet of

tion the name of Mr. Chapman, sprang to his feet and the next moment stood before his friend.

"Mr. Chapman," exclaimed the Chieftain, "you are welcome here."

"Captain," replied Johnny, "we meet at this time under singular circumstances. But the ways of Providence are truly wonderful, and in many instances, incomprehensible to us short sighted creatures. Since we last met, you indeed have met with much sorrow; but I am rejoiced to know that you are now comforted."

CHAPTER XXXXIII.

CAPT. PIPE'S INTERVIEW WITH JOHNNY APPLESEED—DISCLOSURES RESPECTING LILLY'S ORIGIN—ITS EFFECTS UPON THE MIND OF ALFRED.

But it is not necessary to tax the reader's patience with a recital of the conversation which passed between the members of that happy circle on that interesting occasion. Suffice it to say, that their conversation related principally to the happy scenes of other days.

On the next morning Capt. Pipe and Johnny retired some distance from the cave, and seating themselves upon the trunk of a fallen tree, commenced a low yet earnest conversation. "Mr. Chapman," said the Captain, "you are aware, I suppose, that Lilly and Mr. Seymour have formed an attachment for each other; and I suppose from what Lilly has said to me, will be married in a few days. Well, I have taken this occasion to hold a private interview with you respecting the origin of her, whom most people suppose to be my real daughter. You and Mr. Seymour have long since been aware that she is not my real daughter. Sir," continued the Chieftain, "Lilly is the real sister of the companion of Mr. Seymour, young Bradley."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Johnny in much astonishment. "Impossible," continued he, looking full into the Captain's face, unable to give credence to his words. "By no means," replied the Captain, "it is even so; Lilly Pipe is none other than Anne Bradley, the sister of Alfred Bradley now in the cavern."

for the insult offered you in discrediting your word, but you really astonish me; yet, in this I learn another lesson of God's goodness to his dear creatures —how strange are the ways of Providence. At this moment Alfred is talking to her, whom he supposes to be now in the Spirit world. God in His goodness has brought them together, yet they know it not, and so saying Johnny relapsed into silence, overwhelmed by his feelings; and had the reader been standing by on this occasion, he would have seen tears of joy rolling down the sunburnt and weather-beaten cheeks of that tender-hearted child of nature.

"Mr. Chapman," replied the Chieftain, "you weep, but your tears are those of joy. Listen and I will tell you now:

"The next year after the treaty at Greenville (1796,) a party of whites landed at the mouth of Conneaut Creek about the middle of Summer, a lovelier place was nowhere to be found. After remaining here for a while they left. A few families, however, remained over winter there; they did not belong to the party which first landed, but emigrated here in the fall. One of these was the family of Mr. Bradley.

"At this time Black Hoof and myself were on a visit in this region, and on passing by this locality found it settled with several white families. They appeared cheerful and happy, though in destitute circumstances. We remained with them over night. The next morning we started home. On entering the woods about a half mile from the cabins we came upon two white children who had, as usual, wandered some distance up the stream to play. They had on this occasion, however, wandered farther away from their cabins than was usual—and had become bewildered. We rode up to them, and found that they were lost; we asked them if they wanted to go home; the elder replied yes. I then took up the

smaller one on my horse while Black Hoof took the elder. Poor creatures, they sobbed and cried fit to break their little hearts; we pitied them, and were about turning back to take them to their homes, when Black Hoof urged that we should carry them home with us and adopt them in our families. The suggestion was agreed to, and we departed with our prisoners; and in due time arrived at our villages—Black Hoof adopted his into his family, and I named mine *Onishishsha* and adopted her into my family. She was afterwards called Lilly as you have heard. Lilly at the time of her capture was just beginning to talk ,from which circumstances I judged she was about three Summers old—her companion was some older, as was apparent from her size and speech.

"After a few weeks Lilly became reconciled to her lot, and grew cheerful and merry. She was handsome, and I loved her because she was so playful and kind. As she grew older she became more attractive, and learned to love me with the fondness of a child. I gave her all the instruction in my power, as you have been informed.

"And now, I deem it my duty to give her up into the care of her lover and brother, and atone in some measure for the wrong which I have done her relations."

Here the old man buried his face in his hands and remained silent for a moment. It was evident his feelings had overcome him. Johnny had sat silent and pensive, tears had coursed their way down his cheeks; but commanding his feelings, he thus addressed the old Indian:

"Captain Pipe," you seem deeply affected in recounting the past; but these scenes are over, and we live in the present. You did wrong in taking the child from its home, but you have done right in

always found you ready to supply my wants, besides you always manifested a strong desire that I should teach Lilly the manners and customs of the *whites*, and also the English language; I have done so, and am fully rewarded to find that her young heart is under the influence of virtuous principles.

"Thank God; though Lilly was torn from her home in her infantile days, and forced to the perils and privations of a life in the woods; yet her future is open and bright in her vision. She imagines herself homeless and friendless, save her generous protectors. But in a moment when she least expects it, an unlooked for flood of joy and happiness will be hers, and she in fullness of her young heart, will take him by the hand and say welcome dearest brother, welcome to the lone heart of your long lost sister.

"Oh! what a happy, happy meeting it will be; God will repay her double for all she has suffered," and so saying Johnny wiped the tears from his eyes, while the Captain, taking hold of his hand, pressed it warmly, exclaiming: "A good man, a man of God, I love you more than ever; and now in conclusion permit me to say to you that it is my last request of you, to make this matter known to Mr. Seymour, Alfred and Lilly, when you return to the cave.

"I shall never inhabit that cave again. In it I have spent many sad and gloomy moments, as well as happy hours. But my days on earth are short, and I shall soon follow my sires to the Red Man's happy hunting grounds. Tell Lilly her Captor and protector, Capt. Pipe, has vouchsafed the blessings of the Great Spirit upon her, that in the company of her white friends and relations she will be happy. Tell her I go to join my kindred, and lay my bones among those of my red brethren. Tell Mr. Seymour that I consign into his care my much loved Lilly, the jewel of my heart and the idol of my old age—tell him that I would have him love and protect her—

tell him to remember the admonition I gave him at our last interview—he will understand you.

"Give my compliments to Mr. Bradley—beg him to forgive Poor Old Captain Pipe for the wrong which I have done his family—tell him I would not see him after making known the facts respecting Lilly's origin. I am now done and——"

"But," enquired Johnny, "had you not better see them all before you leave?"

"As you think best," replied the Captain, and the two companions started for the cave, which after bidding the company a "good bye," he left never to return again. The Captain's departure had been expected by Philip and Lilly, as he had previously spoken to them on this point; and, although they could not comprehend his reasons for thus leaving them, yet they had no idea that his departure was a final one. On leaving them Philip noticed that as he shook hands with Alfred he seemed somewhat confused, and on taking the hand of Lilly his eyes were suffused with tears.

The company stood gazing upon the receding form of the old man, until lost to sight in the deep forest, then returning they entered the cavern in order to make arrangements for the future.

"I cannot account for the old man's singular conduct, in thus leaving us so abruptly," said Alfred, after the company had seated themselves in the cavern.

"He has gone out upon some important mission," responded Philip.

"It is my opinion," replied Lilly, "that he will not return here any more—though I am unable to divine the cause for his departure."

"Children!" said Johnny, and all eyes were turned upon him. "Children," repeated he, "I can explain it all." Whereupon Johnny gave his com-

tween him and Captain Pipe while in the woods together, but said nothing concerning the abduction of Lilly and her playmate.

On hearing that the Captain had left them forever, Lilly burst into a flood of tears, and for some moments wept in silence; and in truth, she was not alone, for there were other hearts who loved him also. "He's gone," sobbed Lilly, "and left me alone —here in the dreary wilderness—far from *friends* and——"

"Say not so, dearest Lilly," interrupted Philip; "if the Captain has left you, the arm of Philip Seymour shall be your defense, and his affections shall be your future home. Nay, nay, thou'rt not forsaken, dearest Lilly; dry up those tears, and trust in the God of thy fathers, and the storms of life shall pass harmlessly by you."

Billy, who had been looking on, a silent spectator, though not an unfeeling one, after wiping the tears from his eyes, thus addressed the young woman:

"Thay, Mithuth Lilly, don't frit; nothing in the thape of men or devilth thall lay a finger upon your perthon while Bunty Billy can draw a bead or pull a triggar, and I can assure you, upon tethtimony of Mr. Themour, that I am thome at a long thot, and more at a thot not tho long, and most in a hand to hand struggle."

Although Lilly's feelings were pensive, and her heart deeply smitten with sorrow at parting with him whom she had been taught to call father, yet she could not help smiling, though tears were standing in her eyes, at the earnestness and assurance with which Billy had addressed her.

After Billy had spoken the whole company assumed a more composed and cheerful aspect. Johnny Appleseed now concluded to communicate to the company the disclosures of the Captain.

"Children," said he, "I want your attention; I

have news for you—news, which perhaps, will astonish you, and which you will scarcely credit, but which though almost incredible is nevertheless true. Mr. Bradley, Miss Pipe is your sis——"

But before he could finish his sentence young Bradley uttered an exclamation of "Merciful Heavens" and fell to the earth insensible; Lilly on seeing him fall, also gave vent to piercing shrieks, and for a moment stood gazing upon the lifeless form of young Bradley.

"He's dead," sobbed the young woman. "No, no, replied Philip, "he will recover—it is only a swoon, a sudden rush of blood to the head.

Restoratives were applied, and the young man recovered in a few moments. After becoming conscious, he gazed around for a moment, and seeing Lilly a few feet from him weeping, he sprang towards here, and clasping her to his bosom, exclaimed: "My dearest, dearest sister;" his utterance was obstructed, and the brother and sister sobbed aloud —moments passed away, yet the fond brother and sister clung to each other as though chained by the spell of some enchanter.

Philip and Billy stood looking on evidently bewildered, and almost doubting the reality of the scene around them.

At length the young man spoke once more. "It is Anne—it is Anne," repeated he. "Oh, Anne, well do I remember you in your infant days, but you cannot remember me. How much you look like our mother—dear mother—now in heaven—shining amid the saints of light, and I have no doubt at this moment gazing upon this strange meeting of brother and sister after an absence of long years. Oh, Anne, you are the very picture of that dear Saint. I thought so when I first saw you, and now I know it. Oh! God, how thankful ought I to be for such happiness—long years have passed away since I beheld

you last, then but an infant, the pride of our dear father and the idol of your lone brother—now you have grown to womanhood, and we meet in the prime of life."

During this brief but solemn and heartfelt offering of gratitude, to the God of Mercy, Philip and his companion were standing by, gazing upon the affecting scene, deeply moved, weeping and inexpressibly happy in knowing that Alfred had found his long lost sister.

But to describe minutely this affecting scene is more than we can do; language can convey but a meager description of that happy meeting. At length everything became more tranquil, and Johnny Appleseed related the full particulars of Lilly's history as obtained from the Captain, stating that for this reason he would not see Mr. Bradley. But Alfred would have forgiven him, and Lilly would have plead his cause, for she loved him, and would ever love him.

CHAPTER XXXXIV.

LILLY'S VISIT TO HER CABIN—PHILIP'S REFLECTIONS AT HIS CABIN—THEIR MARRIAGE, ETC.

At her own native cottage
The wild woods along,
'Twas here she had rambled
To hear the bird's song."

After Mr. Chapman had revealed the disclosures of Captain Pipe respecting Lilly's origin, and being assured that the old Chieftain would never again return, Philip called to mind his conversation to him respecting a certain locality, not far from the cave, which he wished him to remember. On mentioning this to Johnny, he informed Philip that the Captain had shown him the identical spot.

Accordingly the company repaired to the place, and after excavating the box, found it to contain together with a brief history of Lilly, a considerable amount of gold and silver coin, ornaments, etc., which he ordered to be delivered up to Lilly after his exit.

The reader may well suppose that our heroes were now no little astonished on beholding this treasure.

"Lilly," exclaimed Billy, "it ith yourth—all yourth, and hang me for a tory if you hain't enough to buy half a dosthen of thuch felloth ath Philip."

"No, no," replied Lilly, much amused at Billy's expression. "It is not all mine—see here, *there* (handing him several gold coins and a couple of ornaments,) *are yours.*"

"Thank you—thank you," said Billy, and for your

dithtinguithed kindneth, permit me to with you and Philip much happineth when the time cometh round to do tho."

"Ah! Billy," replied Philip, "your dreaming again."

"What! about thnaketh," replied Billy.

"Confound you and the snakes," cried Philip, "I expect you'll haunt me through all eternity with the remembrance of those days of snake memory."

On returning to the cave, Lilly divided the valuables equally among her companions, but Johnny refused taking any. Arrangements were next discussed for paying one more visit to the homesteads upon the Black Fork. Accordingly horses were procured and in a few days everything was gotten in readiness for starting.

It was towards the middle of October, one beautiful morning, when our heroes left the cave for the Black Fork. All were mounted upon horses, fiery and full of animation. Philip was appointed the leader or Captain. Before leaving the cave, the party bowed respectfully, to that subterranean refuge, and left in silence. It had been the home of one of the noblest spirits that roamed this forest, and it had been the refuge of one of the rarest flowers of the wilderness.

It is needless to describe the incidents of their journey to the Black Fork. Of course it was attended with that joy and hilarity peculiar to all such excursions.

Towards the close of the second day after leaving the cave, the company found themselves at the door of what once was the domicil of Capt. Pipe, and the home of the affectionate and tender hearted Lilly. There had she spent the days of her childhood and the sight of her old homestead brought up in her mind the early associations of life. As the shades of night were setting in upon the forest it was

agreed that the company should spend the evening in the cabin; accordingly the horses were made fast within an enclosure, and supplied with grass, of which there was an abundance around the house, and after preparing themselves with some refreshments, the little company seated themselves around the blazing fire and entered into a conversation upon the scenes of the past. Each member of that interesting group had his own story to tell, but none was so touching as Lilly's.

She was now once more under the roof of her once happy cottage home, on the banks of her loved and romantic Black Fork.

The poet, when seeking a theme for his loftiest verse, will turn with affection and pride to his early home, where first he felt the divine inspirations of poetic fire, where first he roamed the wild wood, or listened to the warbler's note, gleaning something around which he might weave with God-given power his glowing fancies.

It matters not if the home be lowly, love and poetry will find sweet music in the babbling rivulet —affections within the cottage wall—every breeze that trembles, every flower that lifts its chalice to the sun, and every bird that warbles its gladsome lay, brings to us reminiscences of early home. The memories of home will find a calm delight in the hour of sun set, when the King of day is slowly sinking behind the western hills, and pouring his unclouded blaze of light on all surrounding objects —Ah, yes, and when the weary exile is riding far over the world of waters, along some distant shore, the beams of the sinking sun, resting upon the hushed deep, or gliding the green billows and sending back to the eye an increased radiance, will bring to mind the brightness and cherished glories of the home of his youth.

mind wherever we may roam, and when after a lapse of years we revisit the sacred spot, what deep emotions fill our minds. Who that has visited the home of his youth has not felt that time and distance has lent enchantment to the spot.

Such were the reflections that passed through the mind of Lilly, as she sat gazing upon the vacant wall of that forest cot, once the home of her youth.

There, and within this rude enclosure, had she often sat upon the knee, and by the side of him, whom she called father, and listened to his simple tales of Indian life—here, too, she had often mingled in the company of her dark-eyed forest companions, had rambled with them along the grassy flower-decked banks of the rippling stream—here, and under the cool shade of the forest, she had often and often listened to the music of the feathered songsters; here, and upon this grassy lawn, she had time, and time again, gazed upon the sinking sun, until his last golden rays rose high along the distant hills, and left the shades of night to follow in their wake. There, too, had she sat in other days, looking up in the dark dome of heaven, and watching as she supposed the Great Spirit lighting up the heavens, with his celestial fires, manifested in the appearance, one after another, of the brilliant stars.

Lilly was a child of nature, which in all its depths was replete with music to her soul. She saw a beauty and heard a music in the stillness of the twilight hour, and in the voice of the balmy breeze, as it sighs amid the stirring leaves of the starlit grove, or reposing upon the unruffled bosom of the placid waters. She had heard and realized that there was music in the glad songsters of the grove; and felt that there was the voice of the Great Spirit in the mutterings of the pealing thunder above—or on earth—in the outspread skies and in the invisible air—in the solitary dell, or upon the gentle hilltop—

in the ever changing glories of the footstool of the Almighty, or among the ever burning celestial lights, which gem the high firmament, and light the angels to their evening orisins, in all, through all, and over all, as though from ten thousand times ten thousand harps, she heard the swetest melody, pouring from earth, air and the heavens; all conspiring to make her forest home the abode of happiness. In short, may we not add that in those palmy days this music was the atmosphere of heaven to her innocent spirit, and that she looked upon the green crested earth and the star spangled heavens as the lyre of the Great Spirit, whose strings were touched by him alone, sending out strains of Divinest melody.

Thus sat Lilly for some moments, in a kind of dreamy listlessness, while thoughts of other days were passing through her mind. She looked around for her father, but he was not there, his voice was not heard among the voices there. How changed; even the old cabin seemed to mourn his absence. Months and years had passed since her first recollections of this sacred cot, and now for aught she knew, she had taken refuge in it for the last time. Tears filled her eyes, and rising from her seat she made her way to the grove, a few steps in the rear of the cabin, where in other days she had often sat musing upon the beauties of the glowing landscape around. The sun was just hiding his golden face behind the tree tops, and his glowing beams came streaming through the forest trees in long lines of golden light.

The sight of a setting sun is glorious at all times, but to Lilly, on this occasion, it was a melancholy sight. How often in other days had she beheld that same sun setting in cloudless glory behind the same forest trees, had heard the same hum of nocturnal insect choristers, chiming their evening lays to Luna, the bright queen of the stilly night, and with what

joyous emotions, and kind good feelings, had she sat in this same shady bower conversing with her red faced companions of coming life and future prospects.

There flowed the same beautiful stream, here stood the same forest, now clothing in garments of mourning, as the chilling frosts of autumn, cold winter's precursor, were beating heavily upon it, here stood the same cottage around which were growing the same plants and wild flowers, which, in other days she had woven into bouquets for some loved one.

Musing upon the past, she thus sat for some time, until aroused by the voice of Alfred calling her to the cabin.

Returning to the cabin, she found the company preparing to retire to rest.

Lilly lay down upon her pallet of skins, but could not close her eyes in sleep. Visions of the past haunted her mind. Long, long days had passed away since last she had closed her eyes in sleep in this lone cottage; her she was once more, under the same roof which had sheltered her in her infancy from many a rude tempestuous wintry storm, but the heart in whose affections she had lived for years was not with her; it was the first night she had ever spent in that cabin without him; and this thought seemed to rend her young heart asunder. She wept bitterly, and in weeping found relief. Hours thus passed until overcome, she fell asleep, from which she did not awaken until aroused by the voice of her brother calling her to the morning meal.

Lilly arose, more cheerful than when she lay down on the preceding evening, and after saluting her companions, begged them to excuse her drowsiness. She expressed herself much refreshed, and commenced preparations for the day's journey.

Towards the middle of the day, the party (which had left the cabin about 9 o'clock that morning,)

arrived in front of the door of the Seymour cabin. Philip's mind was deeply affected at once more gazing upon his former home, and the scenes of the past were recalled afresh into his memory.

Having secured their horses in the stable, the whole company entered the cabin. Like the former, its walls were vacant and silent. Once the abode of joy and happiness, now silent and tenantless. A deep solemnity rested upon the minds of that little company, and for some moments not a word was spoken. At length, Philip, who had been gazing upon the naked walls for some moments, in deep and solemn reflection, broke the silence.

"Friends," said he, and his bosom heaved with deep emotion, "I stand once more upon this blood-stained floor. I look around me, but I see not those with whom I associated in early life. This rude domicile once contained two as cheerful and happy hearts as ever sent the red current of life through the veins of living mortals; but, alas, one of these is no more. Under yonder shady tree, on the banks of that murmuring stream, repose her last remains —the other now mourns her sad and untimely fate."

"Ah!" replied Johnny, "such is human life. Like the flower, it fades and dies. All that's mortal must decay—nothing is real here, all is fitful, fleeting, changing, and passing away. Dangers stand thick around us, and sometimes when least expected, mortals are cut down in a moment. But here (taking a Testament from his bosom), *here* is the hope of our Salvation and immortality. In this blessed volume we are told the righteous shall live forever—then, Mr. Seymour, why mourn her exit from earth? She lives in a holier and happier clime. I have seen the righteous die; but I have never seen an end to the mercy of the Redeemer—it fades not, neither does it die. 'Tis true we are under the influence of

natural affection, and this often times leads us to mourn when we should rejoice."

"'Tis all true, Mr. Chapman," replied Philip. "I am aware that we must all soon pass into another state of existence; yet fond recollection lingers around the sacred spot where love reposes. To those who never knew a sister's love, and have never wept over a sister's grave, such feelings as I now possess, they have never realized. True the Poet has said:

When memory fondly lingers near
The silent grave where love reposes
And sheds with burning eye the tear
On the pale wreath of withered roses,
Some Seraph form in brightness clad
Comes to dispell the gloom of sorrow,
Bids the lone mourners heart be glad,
And whispers "She will wake tomorrow."

"Yes," replied Johnny, although I am not much inclined to favor poetical quotations in religious affairs, yet I must acknowledge this a true specimen of poetic truth—'She will wake *tomorrow*'—cheering thought."

There the conversation ended, and the whole company bent their steps to the graves of their parents and sister of Philip, and also that of the gallant Ruffner.

"There," said Philip, pointing to the graves of his sires, "lay the remains of my unfortunate parents."

"Peace to their ashes, and rest to their souls," responded Johnny.

"And here," said Philip, "lie the remains of poor Kate"—and bending over her grave tears fell fast from his eyes upon the cold sod that covered her from his sight. By his side stood the beautiful Lilly, hanging upon the arm of her brother, mingling their tears with those of Philip.

"And there," said Philip, pointing to the remaining grave, "lies the mangled body of the heroic Ruff-

ner, who fell cut to pieces defending the bodies of those alongside of whom he now sleeps."

Billy, on seeing the grave of his master, threw his body down upon it, and for a moment wept in silence—he loved him, for Ruffner had been more like a father to him than a master.

"Ah," said Billy, while tears fell fast from his eyes, "thith ith my mathter'th latht rethting place. I almoth with I wath lying by hith thide," and so saying he sobbed aloud. Billy had passed through dangers by night and by day, and by land and by water—he had seen death strew the earth around him, but never before was he so deeply moved.

"Come, come, Billy," said Alfred, "dry up those tears. Your master sleeps in peace—he has fought his last battle, in defence of the helpless and innocent, and future generations will mark the sacred spot where the gallant Dutchman fell. A monument will yet be erected to his memory, and future generations will visit his grave, and read the history of his untimely fate."

After remaining some time at the graves of his friends, Philip and his companions returned to the cabin, where they spent the night. It was the last night that ever that company spent together on the Black Fork.

During he remainder of the day, arrangements had been made for visiting their friends in Pennsylvania. A pressing invitation was extended to Johnny and Billy to accompany them. But they refused, Johnny alleged that it was his duty to remain in the wilderness until his mission was ended, and Billy expressed a deep anxiety to accompany Johnny out West, at least as far as to *Wappakonetta* village. It was therefore settled that the next morning Philip and Alfred and his sister would start for Pennsylvania,

As soon as the light of day had broken over the forest, the company were astir making preparations for the journey. The hour of separation had come; and the scene which followed we cannot describe. Old and tried friends were now to part—part, in all probability, to meet no more.

"Billy," said Philip, as he grasped him by the hand, "it is hard to part with you—*you*, who to Mr. Bradley and myself, have been the master of our sports and pleasant hours. In parting with you I cannot but express a wish that your true and generous heart never fall a prey to the tempter's snare."

"Amen," replied Johnny, who stood listening to Philip's admonition with eyes sparkling with kind good feeling. "Amen," repeated he, "Mr. Seymour, I feel that you speak the words of truth and soberness." Having shaken hands with all, Billy advanced to where Lilly was standing, and taking her by her soft and delicate hand, said in a most manly and dignified tone of voice:

"Mithuth Lilly, I motht heartly congratulate you on the accession of a new brother, and with two thuch brave hearth-ath hith and Philip'th, you are thave even in a den of all the thnakes in the univerth, and with thith knowledge I can then more readily withdraw my protective arms from yer——"

"Bravo, bravo," shouted Philip and Alfred with one voice, while tears fell from their eyes.

"Long live Bunty Billy, the—'Hero of Wappakonetta," cried Lilly, her full heart overflowing with gratitude to the young backwoodsman. But 'ere the echo of these voices had died away, the parties had separated, one on their way to the East, the other to mingle among the wild scenes of the wilderness.

CONCLUSION.

Years had passed away since the party above described had parted on the banks of the Black Fork. Each having looked upon the other for the last time.

Towards the close of a beautiful Summer evening in the year 1847, a stranger, stricken with years, and in tattered garments, made his appearance at the door of a beautiful little cottage which stood on the banks of a small stream which runs through one of the many romantic valleys of the West.

On knocking at the door the stranger was bid to enter, and being shown a chair sat down, placing his little budget by his side.

"A very beautiful evening, sir," said the stranger to the proprietor of the house, a rather good-looking, middle-aged gentleman.

"Yes," replied the host, "nature is always beautiful—but you seem weary, have you traveled far today?"

"About twenty miles, as near as I can judge," replied the stranger.

"A very remarkable walk, sir, for one of your age," replied the man of the house, "but I suppose you are used to this exercise.

"Friend," replied the stranger, "I am as you perceive well stricken in years. I have seen full seventy winters, and will see no more. My mission on earth is completed, and I shall soon be gathered to the habitation of my fathers. As you have supposed, I have been upon my feet all my life, and have been a sojourner in the wilderness, since called upon my mission."

"I presume, then," replied the host, "you are a missionary or Minister of the Gospel."

"Yes, sir," meekly replied the old man, while his

the Bible, and expect shortly to eat the fruits of my doings in a better land."

The manner in which the old man had spoken these words was deeply affecting, bringing tears to the eyes of his hearer, who wishing to know more of the singular stranger with whom he was conversing, thus addressed him:

"Sir, it would give me much pleasure, and I have no doubt much interest to know your history, which I am satisfied is a most interesting one."

"Then," said the stranger, "I will comply with your request. I was born far away towards the rising sun, upon the banks of one of the most romantic streams which washes the shores of New England. In early life I imbibed a fondness for rural scenery, and often wandered from my home along the banks of the stream in quest of natural curiosities, flowers and plants. Nothing gave me more pleasure than listening to the music of birds and the hum of insects. I had thus grown up to boyhood, conversing with the various objects of nature around me; I had received a limited education, I had been taught the common branches of education. One day while in the deep forest meditating upon the goodness of God, as exemplified in creation (for I had received a pious education) I heard, as I supposed, a voice immediately behind me, saying:

"'Arise, run ye to and fro through the wilderness, and bear the words of life to the heathen thereof.'

"I cast my eyes to where the sound proceeded, but saw no living being. At first I was somewhat astonished and no little alarmed. But then I recollected that a similar voice had spoken to the Prophet Samuel, and I concluded that it was the voice of an angel, commissioning me to proclaim the glad tidings of peace. Returning to my home, I sought an interview with my parents and communicated to them my

call to the ministry, as a missionary, and expressed my determination to obey the summons.

"I was about 18 years of age when I left the home of my youth for the perils of the wilderness. I bent my steps to western Pennsylvania, where I remained for some years, until it became settled with white inhabitants; from thence I made my way into the Ohio forests, where I remained for some years after the war of 1812, preaching and teaching, and otherwise trying to benefit my fellows. Finding that my sphere of usefulness was diminished in Ohio, I left it a few years ago, and have made my way into this region, where I shall lay my wearied limbs forever at rest."

"Your's indeed is a singular history," replied the settler, "but have you never been at home since you left?"

"*Home,*" replied the old man while tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks—"*Home,*" repeated he, and his eyes shone with a lustre of divinity, "I have no home on earth. My home is over yonder," and he raised his trembling hand, and pointed towards the skies. "But," continued he, "there were sunny spots in childhood's palmy days—and well do I remember the endearing affections of the home of my youth—the fond smiles of a tender hearted mother, and the sweet kisses of an affectionate sister—all these endearing associations I relinquished for ever, and made the wild wide forest my earthly habitation, and its wild beasts and wild men my companions. The flower strewn earth, for the past 40 years, has been my only bed, and the leafy grove or star spangled heavens my only shelter. Rain or sunshine, wind or calm, wet or dry—all the same to me. Mine has been a life of peril—and of privations—yet I have been happy.

that in holding converse with Nature's God through the medium of His works, one realizes a happiness never dreamed of in the home circle.

"Go, sir, as I have gone, alone, all alone amid the dark tall trees of the forest, by the side of the murmuring stream, or the placid lake, and there let the heart meditate—and you will feel and experience the highest sense of enoyjment. In roving the forest you can inhale the sweet fragrance of the flowers that fringe your path, you can hear the sweet minstrelsy of the sighing winds through the thick foliage of the trees, you can listen to the heart-cheering music of the feathered chorists, you can gaze upon the deep blue sky, boundless in expanse, and let your imagination carry you to the home of the blest —and in all of this you will feel a joy and happiness which are not found in the halls of fashionable life."

"Strange and mysterious being, who art thou?" asked the deeply interested settler, who had listened to the deeply touching pathos of the old man, as he spoke of his wanderings through the forest.

"I am a lone pilgrim," replied the old man, "my name is written in the Lamb's book of life, and read there by all the hosts of heaven. I am journeying to a country unseen by mortal eyes, where I shall live and live forevermore."

"But I would know thy name, that I might remember thee, in after days," replied the settler.

"My name," responded the old man, "is Jonathan Chapman; I am more familiarly known among the people of western Pennsylvania and northwestern Ohio as Johny Appleseed."

"What!" exclaimed the settler in much astonishment, "Johnny Appleseed of Richland County notoriety?"

"The same," replied Johnny, and casting his searching eyes full into the face of the settler, asked him if ever he had resided there.

"That," replied the settler, "was my home in 1811. I was then a small boy. I recollect of seeing you, but I suppose you do not recollect me. On the breaking out of the war my father removed to Cleveland, where we remained till the close of the war, when we moved to this region."

"Well," replied the old man, "since you have seen me in the prime of life, and as you now find me on the verge of death, let me ask but one favor of you, in the name of Him in whose cause I have lived and will shortly die."

"Name it," replied the generous settler, "name it and your request shall be gratified."

"I would ask the privilege of your house in which to end my days, which you may rest assured are but few, for I feel that death is even now destroying this earthly tabernacle of mine."

"The cabin of my father, in other days," replied the kind hearted settler, "was always open to supply the wants of the destitute stranger; and his generous example shall be followed by his son. Therefore, venerable old man, consider my house your *home.*"

"Thank you, thank you," replied the old pilgrim, while tears fell fast and thick from his fine black eyes.

The sun had already gone down, and the shades of night were setting in—the old man had walked several miles during the day and was much fatigued. He begged his host for a bowl of milk and a piece of bread. At this moment the settler's wife, a fine portly, good-looking lady opened the door and announced supper waiting.

"You'll please step out to supper," said the settler, but the old man begged to eat by himself. His request was granted, after which they retired to bed, the old man persisting in sleeping upon the floor. Before retiring he asked permission to hold a spir-

itual communion with the family, and taking from his little budget the work of life, he opened and read:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Then, closing the book, he invoked the blessings of heaven upon the family, and lay down to rest.

Morning came. A bright and glorious sun rose unclouded. A holy calm was spread over the landscape, while the forest echoed with the music of the many feather songsters which filled the grove. But there was one within the walls of that humble little cottage that saw not the rising sun nor heard that soul-inspiring music, for on entering the room where the lonely stranger lay, it was discovered that he had indeed gone to *rest*. He was dead, he had died without a struggle, and upon his pale and bloodless lips rested the smile of joy with which he died. Perhape he had ben conversing with his loved ones, who soothed and comforted his weary spirit in his dying moments.

Thus died Johnny Appleseed, who had lived a moral blameless life, and had wandered like a deserted pilgrim through the dreary wilderness, a stranger among strangers.

His remains are now lying near Fort Wayne, Allen Co., Indiana.

The balance of our story is soon told. Philip Seymour was united in marriage with Anne Bradley, the supposed daughter of Captain Pipe, of Richland Co., and after paying his friends a visit in Pennsylvania, settled down on a beautiful location in one of the southwestern States. Alfred Bradley accom-

panied Philip and his sister to their new home in Texas, and was killed in the battle of San Jacinto, while fighting for the liberties of Texas, in 1836.

Bunty Billy, a few years after leaving Michland Co., married the young squaw with whom he had the rough and tumble scuffle on the village green; and shortly afterwards emigrated farther westward. Captain Pipe died at a good old age, among his red brethren in the far west, in the Indian Reservation.

And thus ends our truthful narration. Long years have passed away since the scenes described herein have been enacted. Yet there are still many living witnesses in this country who will bear testimony to the more important facts contained herein. But after all, many for want of knowledge will feel disposed to call the whole in question, and treat the whole as a work of fiction, the production of imagination.

Others again will find no objections to the truth of the matter, but to the manner of composition. In many instances words of rather doubtful morality are used. To this we answer: A faithful historian must use such language as will convey the most faithful impressions of the character described. In many instances, however, we have transgressed this rule in the composition of this work, and have used instead of the language given us, a milder type.

The work is not free from imperfections; but as it is, we throw it before the public for their acceptance or refusal. If it has merits it will be appreciated; if it be destitute of them, it should be consigned with all worthless trash to everlasting condemnation.