

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

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FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

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BY

CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON

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SITTING BULL.

(See page 425)

FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

Their battles, treaties, sieges, and struggles
with the whites for the possession
of America

By

CHARLES H. L. JOHNSTON

Author of "Famous Cavalry Leaders," etc.

Illustrated



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Dedicated
To All Schoolboys and Young Men

INTRODUCTORY

UPON a beautiful day in July, 1492, two brown-skinned Spaniards lay upon the wharf that jutted far out into the waters of the blue Mediterranean Ocean at Palos, Spain, and looked meditatively in the direction of the far West. From their dress it could be easily seen that they were sailors, and from their conversation it was only too evident that they were speculating upon questions that then stirred the thoughts of many intelligent seafarers.

“As you watch a ship, its hull first disappears upon the horizon, then the spars, and then the masts, themselves,” said one, “which leads me to the belief that mayhap we shall—in some of our voyages—come to a point where we shall fall from the centre of the earth and disappear into the heat of a fiery furnace.”

The other smiled. “I am of that opinion myself,” he answered, “but I do not feel the same fear of toppling off from the edge of things when I am on inland water, for in the Caspian Sea I have found that there is an end to all water courses and bodies of water that are of smaller size than that before us. In maps, I see that gnomes, dragons, hydras, and fire-breathing snakes are pictured in the unexplored distances. Serpents of great size and ferocity are supposed to live in the fiery caldron

before us. Virgil, himself, speaks of them, and, as for myself, I wish that I might have the opportunity of seeing what is beyond the coast of Africa, which is the farthest point that I have ever reached in some fifteen years of wandering upon the ocean. 'Tis said that Cathay, by some called China, lies beyond the horizon, and is a land full of intelligent people ruled over by the mighty Khan."

"Well," continued the first, "I think that your wish to view the other world will soon be fulfilled, for rumor has it that Christopher Columbus—whom some say is half crazy with ideas that this world is round, and other strange fancies—is soon going to be able to take a trip across the sea, lying in front of us. Friends tell me that he has, at last, obtained money and ships from the King and Queen, and that he is about to venture forth in search of Cathay. You must hurry, my friend, if you would join his crew, for men tell me that the idea is popular, and that many wish to take passage with him."

The second seaman leaped to his feet. "I will go at once and see if I cannot get a place," he said, and, without more ado, he walked hastily to the narrow street which led into the town.

Not many weeks later, three little caravels: The Nina, The Pinta, and The Santa Maria, left their anchorage in front of the quaint seaport of Palos, and, propelled by a gentle breeze, made off towards the Straits of Gibraltar. On board was Christopher Columbus: dreamer, navigator, astronomer, mathematician, and the first white man to leave a record of a trip to the

West Indies. The two Spaniards who had lain upon the wharf of Palos were with him, and, with spirits filled with the hope of new and strange adventures, the steersmen guided the vessels towards the unknown West.

Eventually the keen-eyed mariners sighted land, and, thinking that they had arrived at India, the Spaniards called the natives Indians, when they had reached the shore and were surrounded by copper-colored people. These savages were, at first, greatly afraid of the fair-haired strangers and refused to meet them on friendly terms, but, after they understood that the voyageurs would not injure them, they began to barter and trade in a friendly and intimate manner.

The natives wore no clothing and had their bodies painted with grotesque designs, and in various colors. They were armed with lances, tipped with beads of sharp flint and fish bones, or hardened at the end by being charred in a fire. Of iron and steel they apparently had no knowledge, for one venturesome brave seized one of the swords of the Spaniards and severely cut his own hand with it, which proved conclusively that they were not accustomed to this form of a weapon. With cries of pleasure they received the glass beads, pieces of lead, and other trinkets which Columbus and his men gave to them, and, in return, offered the Spaniards tame parrots, cavassa bread (of their own baking) and long rolls of cotton yarn. But these presents did not particularly interest the white adventurers, as they were not only in search of a route to India, but also for the shining and alluring particles of gold.

In their noses the Indians wore small, golden ornaments which were of far greater interests to the greedy invaders than were the tame parrots. So much so, indeed, that Columbus and his men immediately made inquiries regarding the source from which the natives secured such treasure. They were told that these articles came from the southwest, where lived a powerful Monarch who was accustomed to have his meals served upon dishes of fine, beaten gold. This stimulated the spirits of the invaders to penetrate into the unknown distance, for they were confident that they had reached the outlying islands of Asia and were near a famous deposit of riches of which other Spanish travellers had written.

The daring Columbus had reached San Salvador—a beautiful isle of the West Indies—which was surrounded by other fertile islands, covered with palms and luxurious foliage, from which came the chatter of parrots, the cries of tropical birds of brilliant plumage, and the sweet scent of flowers and of fruit. As the Indians were not molested they became more friendly, and it was easier to understand their signs and gesticulations. From these the Spaniards learned that they were in the midst of an archipelago—or collection of islands—and that there were more than a hundred of these, inhabited by people who were continually at war with one another—a state of affairs that exactly tallied with what Columbus had heard of the islands upon the coast of Asia. He was therefore convinced that he was in a land which had been previously explored by Spanish voyageurs, and that he had found what he had set out from Spain

to discover—a new and more direct route from the mother country to the East Indies and the Chinese Empire.

Columbus weighed anchor and kept sailing from one island to another, hoping to find Cathay, or China. But temples, palaces, and cities did not appear. In their stead, frail houses of bark and of reeds, fields of corn and of grain, and simple-minded natives, came to the anxious visions of the explorers. The inhabitants of these sweet-scented isles could tell them nothing of the deposits of gold, or the palaces, for which Columbus was searching, so, day after day, he kept on his way, diligently scanning each new point of land, getting a little gold, here and there, from the Indians, and also some pearls, silver, and numerous skins of the beautiful birds of the country.

Finally the Spaniards became discouraged with their search for precious metals, and, after sailing to Cuba to explore the coast line, their most trustworthy vessel was wrecked by a sudden and unexpected gale. This did not dismay the gallant Columbus, although a few of his men lost heart, and, building a fortification of the wood from the vessel, he left a garrison to defend it, provisioned them for a year, while he began the long journey back to Spain. With him went a few of the native Indians, who were carried along to be shown to the people of the mother country and to prove that a new world had really been discovered, where dwelt another race. They reached Spain in safety, and thus—for the first time that has been recorded—an Indian from America was seen on the Continent of Europe.

In 1502 Sebastian Cabot, an English adventurer, captured three natives on the coast of Newfoundland, who were clothed in the skins of the beaver and the otter, and who subsisted upon raw flesh. These he took with him to England, presented them to King Henry the Seventh and to the members of his court, and, although they, at first, talked in a strange and uncouth tongue, they soon learned the language of their captors and discarded their native dress for that of the "pale-faces." They were the first Indians ever seen in England, and what eventually became of them is not known. Their picturesque appearance created a great impression upon those who saw them and stimulated many a person of adventuresome temperament to sail towards America in search of fortune and of fame.

But the Spaniards and the Englishmen were not the only seafarers who were sufficiently brave and adventurous to cross the Atlantic in search of the unknown. In 1508 the French discovered the mouth of the Saint Lawrence—that mighty, Canadian watercourse—and several natives were seized and transported to France by the captain of the expedition, Thomas Aubert. A few years later—in 1524—John Verazzini (an Italian, sailing under the French flag), sailed along the coast and anchored in several places before he touched upon the Connecticut Coast, where twenty of his men went ashore in a small boat and walked about two miles into the interior. They saw a number of Indians who seemed terrified and fled before their advance, but they were anxious to transport some of the inhabitants to France, so captured an old woman who had hidden

herself in some tall grass, with a child upon her back, and two little boys by her side. A young girl of about eighteen years of age was also near by, but when the sailors attempted to seize her she uttered such loud and piercing shrieks that they decided to leave her alone. The old woman also set up an awful wailing when they endeavored to carry her aboard their vessel, so they contented themselves with taking a small boy to their ship, who was carried to far distant France. America was called New France by Verazzini, who returned for further exploration, a short time afterwards, only to be killed—and some say eaten—by the Indians.

When Captain Hendrik Hudson—a hardy English adventurer—discovered and sailed up the river which bears his name in New York State, in the year 1609, he met various bands of Indians, both upon the waters of the mighty stream and on the shore. These, at first, were inclined to be friendly, but as his men treated them with distrust, and would not greet them in a hospitable and intimate manner, there were soon skirmishes with the hostiles. On September 8th, the savages came on board the vessel and brought tobacco and Indian corn to exchange for knives and beads. They offered no violence to the sailors for these were continually on their guard, expecting an attack. The ship's log gives an excellent account of what now occurred.

SEPTEMBER 9TH.

“In the morning two great canoes came on board, full of men, one armed with bows and arrows. Another pretended to buy knives in order to betray us, but we

perceived the intention of the red devils. So we took two of them to keep them as hostages. We put red coats on them and would not let the others come any where near us. Soon afterwards the canoes left us. Immediately two other natives came on board of us, one we took, and let the other go, but he soon escaped by jumping over-board."

SEPTEMBER 11TH.

"The ship had now anchored at a considerable distance up the river. The people of the country came on board, making a great show of love, and gave us tobacco and Indian wheat."

SEPTEMBER 12TH.

"This morning there came eight and twenty canoes full of men, women, and children to betray us, but we saw their intent and suffered none of them to come aboard. They have great tobacco pipes of yellow copper, and pots of earth to dress their meat in."

That the savages came to "betray them" was no doubt a mistaken idea of the gallant adventurers, as Indians rarely go upon the warpath with their women and children, but leave them at home, where they are out of danger.

SEPTEMBER 15TH.

"Hudson sailed twenty leagues (miles) further up the stream, passing by high mountains. This morning the two captive savages got out of a port-hole of the ship and made their escape."

SEPTEMBER 18TH.

“The Master’s Mate went on shore with an old Indian—a Sachem of the country—who took him to his house and treated him kindly.”

OCTOBER 1ST.

—“The ship having fallen down the river seven miles below the mountains (probably the site of the West Point Military Academy) came to anchor, while one man in a canoe kept hanging under the stern and would not be driven off. He soon contrived to climb up by the rudder and got into the cabin window which had been left open, and from which he stole a pillow, two shirts, and two breast-plates. The Mate shot him in the chest and killed him. Many others were in canoes around the ship who immediately fled, and some jumped over-board. A boat manned from the ship, pursued them, and, coming up with one in the water, the Indian laid hold of the side of the boat and endeavored to over-set it, at which one in the boat cut off his hands with a sword and he was drowned.”

OCTOBER 2ND.

“The ship fell down seven miles farther and came to anchor again. Then came one of the savages that swam away from us when we were up the river, with many others, thinking that he could betray us, but we suffered none of them to enter our ship. Whereupon two canoes full of men with their bows and arrows shot at us after our stern, in recompense whereof we discharged six muskets and killed two or three of **them**.

Then above a hundred of them came to a point to shoot at us. Then I shot a musket at them and killed two of them, whereupon the rest fled into the woods. Yet they manned another canoe with nine or ten men, which came to meet us, so I shot a ball also at it, and shot it through, and killed one of them. Then our men, with their muskets, killed three or four more of them."

This ends the record of Hudson's skirmishes with the Indians, and, as he sailed away from the newly discovered territory, he called the river Manna-hata, a name which appeared in all the early maps of this district, but which was subsequently changed to Hudson in commemoration and glorification of its discoverer.

Although the sturdy Hudson had not taken any of the natives home with him, still earlier—in 1535—the French voyageur, Jacques Cartier, met a famous chief called Donacona upon the St. Croix River in Wisconsin, and was treated in a hospitable and most kindly manner by him. But the white adventurer was anxious to exhibit the savage in France, so, partly by stratagem, and partly by force, he carried him back in his ship to his own country, where the wild chieftain died soon afterwards of an illness brought on by homesickness.

So runs the record of these early attempts of the Europeans to take the Indians to their own land and allow their own people to see what strange folk inhabited this new-found country. Many then wondered from whence these copper-colored natives had come and many have since speculated upon their probable origin. It is difficult to say where they really had their source.

Some are of the opinion that they were descended from Asiatic people who crossed to the Alaskan coast, in boats, and gradually made their way south, to populate the entire country now known as the United States. In Ohio and Illinois there are vast piles of earth built by human hands, hundreds of years ago. These mounds are in various shapes and forms; some are of circular build; some round; some square; others thrown up to resemble birds, wolves, and buffalo. There are ten thousand such mounds in Ohio, and near the city of St. Louis is a single mound which covers eight acres. The people who constructed these are known as the Mound Builders, and it is believed by some that they were a different race of people than the Indians whom Columbus met with on his expedition to San Salvador. By others, it is maintained that they were of the same blood, and when the early discoverers of America were searching the seacoast for gold, pearls, and a passage to China, the Mound Builders were constructing these curious cairns in many portions of the Middle West.

Many hundreds of mounds have been carefully opened by archaeologists—or students of ancient people—and their contents have been scrutinized in order to discover what degree of civilization these Mound Builders possessed. It has been found that, although the Mound Builders were familiar with the use of copper for ornaments and tools, they hammered it from the native ore, and knew nothing whatever of smelting or of casting. Their weapons and instruments were mainly of quartz, slate, and of bone. Many carved pipes have been found in their works, and it is apparent

that they cultivated tobacco, maize, or corn, and some other vegetables. Their pottery was similar to that of the Mexican Indians—although inferior to it—and the most artistic examples of it are certain small figures representing animal and human forms, which have been found broken and thrown upon funeral pyres beneath the sepulchral mounds. Besides the copper—which came from mines in Lake Superior, still operated for this treasure—the excavations showed that the Mound Builders used an abundance of mica, brought from the mountains of North Carolina, pearls from the Tennessee River, shells from the Gulf of Mexico, and obsidian from the region of the Yellowstone Park in Wyoming. It is, therefore, apparent that they had extensive commercial relations with other people who resided near by.

On the banks of the Damariscotta River in Maine are remarkable heaps of shells which rise, in some places, to the height of twenty-five feet, and consist almost entirely of huge oyster shells of from ten to fifteen inches in length. Fragments of pottery and bones of moose and of deer are also found in these curious heaps, and, at the bottom of one of the highest, has been discovered the remains of an ancient fireplace filled with human bones and pottery. Curiously enough, similar banks of shells are found in the St. John's River in Florida, at Grand Lake, on the lower Mississippi, and at San Pablo, Berkeley, and Alameda, in the Bay of San Francisco. Here oysters still exist, but in Maine they are found in such small numbers that it is no object to gather them. These mounds could only have been constructed by human hands, and, therefore, the belief is current that

people of no mean order of intelligence inhabited America long before the coming of the first white men.

Whether the Mound Builders and shell-heap constructors were ancestors of the red men, it is difficult to say, at any rate the natives with whom the white race were soon to struggle for the possession of the Continent of North America were savage, cruel, vindictive and slothful. They could not adopt the ways of the white man. They could not learn to live by the plough instead of the hunting rifle; they could never see that houses were better to live in than frail wigwams in the forest, and so, in the end, the superior intelligence of the white man triumphed, the Indian was forced into reservations set apart for him and his race, and the country was populated by men of European descent.

In the long struggle for the possession of the land, several chiefs arose whose qualities of mind were superior to that of many of their contemporaries. The names of some of these stand out brightly upon the pages of history, and the records of their deeds and daring show that they were Indians who possessed a bravery quite equal to that of their enemies, even if their other qualities were inferior. Let us, therefore, glance at their illustrious names and learn what we can of their vain attempts to stem the unwithstandable advance of the white race.

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FAMOUS INDIAN CHIEFS

POWHATAN: THE GREAT SACHEM OF VIRGINIA

IN the year 1603 the white wings of an English vessel were reflected in the blue waters of Chesapeake Bay, Virginia, as some hardy voyageurs upon the deck of the ungainly-looking craft took soundings of the depth of the water, admired the broad expanse of fertile country, and, after making expeditions into the many coves and estuaries, sailed away again for their native heath. Hidden by the overhanging branches of the trees which grew near the gleaming ocean, some suspicious natives watched the fair-skinned strangers with awe and apprehension. They were followers of Powhatan—Chief of the Indians of seacoast Virginia, and one of the most remarkable warriors of history. They had never before seen the features of a white man, and, although rumors of these strange people who came from far-distant lands had reached them from the natives who lived to the south, these were the first pale-faces upon whom their eyes had ever rested. As the

new, strange vision of a rakish hull and flapping canvas disappeared upon the horizon, they turned to each other, and said, with smiling countenances, "It is well, they will not return."

These savages lived in villages that were on, or near, the banks of the many rivers which here coursed slowly to the Atlantic. Their wigwams were made of saplings tied together and covered with reeds, bark, or mats woven from native grasses. They were warmed by means of a fire in the centre, the smoke from which passed through a hole in the roof. Thus they were comfortable in the coldest weather, but very smoky when the wind was blowing with any speed. A mat was hung across the doorway to keep off the drafts from the exterior, and the floor was covered with tanned deer hides, or with mats of considerable thickness. Sometimes a collection of these cabins was surrounded by palisades, ten or twelve feet in height, and thus a stout resistance could be made to invading bands of hostile Indians.

The dress of these natives was scanty enough, except in the months of December, January, and February, when the weather was really cold. Those of rank wore a mantle of skin embroidered with beads, during the warm months, and a fur covering in winter. Their feet were enclosed in moccasins of deer hide, tanned by a long and tedious process. The women wore a long apron of deer skin and deer-skin leggins, while the less prosperous members of a tribe had little to clothe themselves with but woven grasses and turkeys' feathers. In summer the men discarded everything but a breech

clout, while the women practically went without clothing. Both sexes colored their heads and shoulders a brilliant red, with a mixture of powdered puccoon-root and oil, while the belles of a tribe added to this decoration by tattooing their skins with figures of beasts and of serpents. Besides this, they would punch three large holes in each ear and from these would hang chains, bracelets, and copper ornaments. Sometimes strings of pearls would be suspended from their ears and wound about their waists, while the warriors would often wear small green and yellow snakes, which were alive, and would be attached to their ears so that they could crawl and wrap themselves around their necks.

A quantity of Indian corn, or maize, was grown by these Indians, and this was their chief means of subsistence. Corn bread was the staple food, although another kind of bread was often made of wild oats mixed with sunflower seed. Their meat consisted of fish, deer, wild turkeys and other game; while grubs, locusts, and snakes were also a portion of their bill-of-fare. From dried hickory nuts, pounded in a stone basin, and mixed with water, they made a drink called Pawcohicora, which was much relished at feasts and banquets. They lived a simple, peaceful life; fought little with the surrounding tribes; and were noted for the great age which they attained.

When called to battle the warriors went forth with tomahawks, arrows, knives and war clubs. Their tomahawks were made either of a deer's horn, or of a long, sharpened stone set in a handle like a pickaxe. Their knives were made, for the most part, of stone, but

sometimes shells and reeds were sharpened for this purpose. A stone point was put on the end of their arrows and they were winged with turkey feathers which were fastened with a glue made from deers' horns. They often carried bark shields into the fray, which were woven together with thread, and to make these round in shape, a file was used, which was fashioned from a beaver's tooth set in a forked stick. War clubs were of round stones, pointed at the ends, and held by a long wooden handle, while bow strings were of deer hide and sinews. Thread was made by the women from bark, deer sinews, or from grass.

There were three nations in the country which extended from the Atlantic seacoast to the Alleghenys, and from the southern waters of the James River to the Patuxent (now in the State of Maryland), and each nation was a confederacy of larger and smaller tribes, subdivided into towns, families, and clans. These were the Mannahoaks, the Monocans, and the Powhatans; the first two being highland, or mountain Indians who lived on the banks of various small streams which course through the hilly country between the falls of the rivers which ran to the Atlantic and the Allegheny ridge.

The Powhatan nation comprised a much larger number of tribes than the others and inhabited the lowland nation of Virginia from North Carolina, on the south, to the Patuxent on the north, occupying a territory of approximately 8,000 square miles; there were about 2,400 warriors in all and about 8,000 women and children, not a large number, by any means, for such a great extent of territory.

Their great chief Powhatan had been a splendid warrior in his younger days, and, although he was hereditary chief of but eight tribes, through conquest his dominions had expanded until they reached from the James to the Potomac River, and included thirty or forty tribes. He was called "King" or "Emperor," his principal warriors were lords of the Kingdom, his wives were queens, his daughter was a princess.

He was a tall and well-proportioned man, and, when the English settlers at Jamestown first saw him, was nearly sixty years of age, sinewy, strong, his head somewhat gray, with a thin beard, and a sour look on his countenance. He lived sometimes at a village called Powhatan, near where Richmond now stands, and sometimes at Wer-o-woco-moco, on the York River.

Pocahontas, Powhatan's favorite daughter, was born about the year 1594 and was one of eleven girls and twenty sons. We know nothing about any of his sons except Nateguas, whom the English claimed to be the handsomest, comeliest and boldest among all the savages. Powhatan had many wives—exactly how many is difficult to state—and when tired of one he would present her to that one of his subjects whom he considered to be the most deserving.

At each of the villages was a house built like a long arbor for Powhatan's especial reception, and when he visited one of his towns, a feast would already be spread in this reception hall, so that he could immediately seat himself, with his companions, and partake of what was in store for him. Besides these he had a hunting lodge in the wilderness called Orapax, and a mile from this,

deep in the woods, he had another arbor-like house, where he kept furs, copper, pearls, and beads—treasures which he was saving to be placed in his grave at the time of his burial.

A large number of canoes, or “dug-outs” were also a part of Powhatan’s possessions, and of these he was very proud. The boats were manufactured from trees which were felled by fire and were hollowed out by means of burning and scraping with shells and tomahawks.

Forty or fifty warriors were always in attendance on this powerful monarch, as his body guard, while every night four sentinels stood at the four quarters, or ends, of his cabin and every half hour they would, in turn, utter a shrill war whoop, made by placing the finger upon the lips and halloing. If one should go to sleep, or fail to answer the whoop of his companion, an older warrior would soon issue from Powhatan’s cabin and flail the offender with a stout wooden cudgel.

The Indians seem to have had a sort of idea that there was some superior spirit, God, or creator, who watched over their actions, and they worshipped an idol, or Okee, who represented, not a good spirit, but an evil one. Numerous priests, or medicine men, were always to be found in these Virginia tribes, and they were supposed to cure the sick by means of divinations and conjurations which were very noisy and grotesque. These medicine men did not work, themselves, and lived a life of indolent ease, but they were of great value, as the savages dared not steal from one another, fearing that these priests would reveal the theft by means of their

conjuries, and then bring the offender into such disrepute that he would be driven out of the tribe. Their Okee, or God, was kept in a temple fashioned from boughs and branches, and it was surrounded with posts on which hideous faces were carved from soft pine wood and painted blue, white, and vermilion.

The Indian year was divided into five seasons—budding time, roasting ear time, summer time, the fall of the leaf, and the season of cold or winter. The savages amused themselves with sham fights, or with dances, and most hideous sounding noises, or war whoops, as they charged forward and retreated backward, around in a circle. Their musical instruments consisted of a reed cut to form a pipe, a drum made of wood with deer's skin stretched on the end, and rattles made of gourds or pumpkins. These made a terrible noise, which frightened more than delighted the first white settlers. When they had a distinguished visitor, they first spread a mat upon the ground for him to sit upon and then sat opposite him upon another. Then all present would join in a tremendous shouting to bid him welcome, after which two or more of the chief men would make an oration in which they testified their love and admiration for the visitor. After this a meal would be served and a pipe of peace would be passed around.

English adventurers had attempted to form a colony at Roanoke Island, just off the Virginia Coast, but it had been such a failure that the ardor of English voyageurs had been dampened and little effort had been made to gain a foothold in Virginia. But the Spaniards—their great rivals and enemies—had made numerous

successful explorations in the New World, so that the pride of the Anglo-Saxons was piqued and their cupidity was aroused by the wealth the Spanish gold-seekers brought back to their own land. Thus, at the beginning of the reign of James I, it was determined to send ships and settlers to America, where they were to found a colony, search for gold, and ship it, when discovered, home to the mother country. There were several promoters for this scheme; one was a London merchant named Wingfield, another a clergyman named Hunt, still another, Bartholomew Gosnold, who had made a successful voyage to the coast of New England several years earlier. The most important was Captain John Smith, a gallant soldier-of-fortune, who had been in numerous adventures of a startling nature; had made many journeys in Europe; had been held captive by the Saracens, and who was a lover of all that was hazardous and full of danger. He was now twenty-eight years of age, strong, vigorous, handsome and energetic.

While a slave in the Crimea Smith had an iron collar fastened about his neck, was clothed in the skin of a wild beast, and was beaten and kicked about like a dog, until his life was nearly unbearable. But one day he seized a flail for separating wheat from chaff, broke his master's skull with it, and then put on his clothes and fled to Poland. Here he was aided by friends until he reached Morocco, where he joined an English man-of-war, and, after a sanguinary sea battle, arrived in England in time to aid the adventurers setting sail for the shore of Virginia. They left Blackwall, and dropped down to the Thames in December, 1606, with three

ships, one of which, the Discovery, was a mere sail boat of but twenty tons, manned by an equal number of staunch souls, sailing over unknown seas to unknown lands.

It took them five full months to cross the Atlantic to the shores of the New World, and jealousy, discord and mutiny had played havoc with the spirits of the crew by the time that land was sighted. The ships loitered along, and at the Canary Isles and the West Indies had remained so long that the provisions were well nigh exhausted. At one time it was proposed to hang the restless Captain John Smith to the yard-arm because he railed at their delay and declared the majority of the crew, "merely projecting, verbal and idle contemplators," who expected to find "feather beds and down pillows, taverns, ale-houses in every breathing place," and not the "dissolute liberty that they had expected." As luck would have it, a storm drove the vessels into the mouth of the James River, Virginia, and past two jutting promontories of land which they called Cape Henry, after the Prince of Wales, and Cape Charles, for the second son of the reigning English Monarch—afterwards Charles I.

All were overjoyed to see the long-sought-for Continent. A landing was made on Cape Charles by thirty men, but they were suddenly attacked by five Indians, who dangerously wounded two of the soldiers and drove the rest back to the ships. In spite of this, the spirits of the adventurers were mightily cheered by the sight of the beautiful bay, encompassed by a fruitful and delightful land, and covered with forests which were

magnificent with the blossoms of red wood and dog wood. A place was soon selected for a settlement, called Jamestown, which was on such low ground that it was not considered wholesome by many, and thus a famous debate ensued. Finally it was decided to here build a blockhouse, and all turned to with some will to erect the first habitation of white settlers among Powhatan's people. Gosnold had strongly opposed the selection of this place, while Captain John Smith had approved of it, but the former's advice was correct, as the current of the river has turned the peninsula of Jamestown into an island, and now, only a ruined church tower remains to mark the situation of the first colony of Englishmen in the United States.

Although the whites fell to, with spirit and enthusiasm, to build up their town, unfortunately most of them were "gentlemen" and unaccustomed to any form of work or sustained labor. There were ruined spendthrifts, broken tradesmen, fortune-hunters, tipsters, and gamblers, in excess of some real workmen in the shape of four carpenters, one bricklayer, one blacksmith, and one sailor. A barber also figured in the rolls, a tailor, a drummer, and four half-grown boys. The majority expected to find nuggets of gold lying around in profusion, and not danger, disappointment, severe toil, starvation, and malaria.

When upbraided by Captain John Smith for not showing more enthusiasm in their labor, some said, "We did not come here to work, but to explore and find gold."

"Then you shall not eat," answered the quick-tempered Captain, "for the labor of a few industrious

men shall not be utilized to support idle loiterers like yourselves."

A number of these settlers were also most profane, and so the Captain kept a daily account of every man's oaths, and, as proper punishment, had a can of cold water poured down an offender's sleeve for each foul word. This had some effect, but Smith was well disgusted with their lack of ability to do anything, and wrote to the company in England who had furnished the resources to the colony: "When you send again, I entreat you to send thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, or diggers-up of roots, who would be better than a thousand of such as we have."

The Indians meanwhile had become aware of the purposes of the whites to dispossess them of their territory, so they turned treacherous, and, although they entered into no open hostilities, began to skulk about the fort. After bringing in presents of corn and venison, they would often steal anything which they could safely carry off. They showed by their looks and dispositions that they were extremely jealous of the whites, and, when exploring parties were sent into the interior, suddenly attacked the fort with about two hundred braves. These were driven away by means of the guns of the ship, after an hour's fight, and after subjecting the defenders of Jamestown to a loss of eleven men wounded and one boy killed. The noise of the cannon really frightened the attackers away, and for some days they hung around the stockade, so that it was not safe to venture beyond the range of the muskets, unless one wished to be tomahawked by some lurking savage.

Powhatan had received word of the coming of the whites through scouts and runners, and he was soon to make the acquaintance of the hardiest and most enterprising of them all, an acquaintance that was to mark the turning point in his career of undisputed sovereign over tide-water Virginia; for the adventurous and ambitious spirit of Smith had prompted him to make several expeditions both along the coast and into the interior of this densely wooded country. A few months after the settlement of Jamestown came a time of threatened starvation, but the gallant Captain discovered the tribe of Chickahominy Indians, and from them gained a large store of corn which revived the fainting spirits of those in the little fort upon the malarial peninsula.

In spite of this there were many who decried what Smith had done and said that he should have gone to the head-waters of the Chickahominy River and should not have returned without discovering the source of this stream. The idle and unruly in the colony complained that he had accomplished very little, and not sufficient to be applauded. Stung by their taunts, the spirited Captain again set forth (in the winter of 1607-8) to ascend the waters of the river. He took with him a crew sufficient to manage a good-sized barge, to which was attached a small "tender," or jolly-boat, which could go over shoal water and into bays and coves along the banks of the stream. With these he ascended the Chickahominy as far as possible, and then, leaving the barge in a broad cove where lurking Indians could not steal it, he pushed still farther up the stream in the tender, accompanied by two other white men and two

friendly Indians. Those left behind were strictly urged not to go ashore.

But the sound advice was ignored by the foolish fellows in the barges, and, as soon as the bold Captain was out of sight, they scrambled to land and proceeded to explore the country. Their rashness came near being the cause of their annihilation, as fully two hundred and fifty Indians were lying in wait for them in the thicket. Under the direction of Opechancanough—Sachem of the Pamunkies and reputed brother of Powhatan—they made a sudden rush for the white men, but, although the attack was unexpected, they only succeeded in capturing one George Cassen, whom they compelled to tell them which way Smith had gone. After securing this information, they put the unfortunate captive to death in a cruel manner, and struck off through the tangled undergrowth in pursuit of the adventurous English colonizer.

The bold Captain had gone twenty miles up the river to the source of the Chickahominy, and, after poling through several marshes, had waded ashore with his Indian guide, to secure some game with his musket for supper. The two Englishmen who were with him had hauled up their boat and were lying down to sleep near a fire, when they were suddenly set upon by the Indians, who shot them full of arrows and killed them. Then the crafty braves spread through the woodland in search of Captain Smith, whom they soon overtook and surrounded, but the brave settler was not to be captured without a struggle, so, when he perceived that it would be useless for him to escape, he tied the young Indian

who was with him to his arm (what happened to the other friendly Indian who was with him is not known) and, holding him in front of him as a shield, fired at the enemy and soon had three of them dead. He wounded so many others that they did not seem over-anxious to approach him. Meanwhile the savages kept up a vigorous fire with their bows and arrows; wounded the Captain slightly in the thigh, and shot many shafts into his clothes, but he still kept them off and walked in the direction of the shore. As luck would have it, he suddenly slipped and fell into the bed of a quagmire which he had not noticed as he kept his eye upon the foe. Sinking in the mud up to his armpits, and discovering at last that he was becoming benumbed with cold, he threw away his sword, musket, and pistol, and made signs that he would surrender. The Indians soon approached, drew him out, carried him to a fire, and carefully rubbed his body until he was able to stand up, for the cold quagmire had so benumbed him that he could not use his limbs.

Meanwhile the Englishman was devising some means of escape, and asked to see the leader of the Indians. Opechancanough was pointed out to him, and, with quick presence of mind, Smith drew forth the only trinket which he had with him, a round, ivory compass with a double dial, and presented it to the Indian Chieftain with a low and courteous bow. The savages all crowded around with eager curiosity and were perfectly astonished when they put forth their hands to touch the trembling needle and could not do so. Smith, meanwhile, lectured to them upon geography and astronomy, telling them that the sun continually chased the moon around the

earth, that the earth and skies were round, and many other stories which were then current and were, of course, as wide of being the truth as were the Indians' own ideas. However, the savages stood amazed with admiration, and, although apparently pleased with what the Captain had told them, made preparations to execute him and tied him to a tree. As many as could stand in range now took aim at him with their bows and arrows. At this moment Opechancanough held up the ivory compass as a signal for clemency, and the Indians threw down their bows and arrows and gave up all attempts to put an end to the brave Englishman.

Now, forming in Indian file, the prisoner was carried to the village of Orapax by the savages, and, upon approaching the town, they were met by all the women and children, who stared at the white man in wonder and amazement, for it was the first "paleface" that they had ever seen. A war dance was next begun around the terrified Captain, and the savages screeched, sang, and yelled so wildly that the Englishman was sure that he had fallen among demons. But this affair was soon over, the Captain was taken into a long house, and here was guarded by full forty Indians, while corn bread and venison was brought to him that would have been sufficient to have fed forty men. He was given a warm mantle, as it was extremely cold, and each morning three women presented him with three platters of fine bread and more venison than ten men could eat. Thus he spent his days quietly, his mind intent upon an escape as soon as the proper opportunity should present itself.

The gallant Captain now astonished the Indians

greatly by writing a letter to Jamestown, for how anyone could communicate to another by means of marks upon a piece of paper was a marvel to the simple-minded braves. He had torn a sheet from his memorandum book and had written to the Colonists, informing them that the Indians were contemplating an attack and giving them instructions to terrify the bearers of the note and to send him several articles. The Indians undertook the journey, although it was in the bitter cold of an unusual winter. When they neared Jamestown and saw the soldiers come out from the stockade, as Smith said that they would do, the fulfillment of his prophecy so frightened them that they fled panic-stricken, but left the note behind them on the ground. As night fell, they crept stealthily to the spot where Captain Smith had told them they would find an answer, and, there, indeed, were the very articles which he had promised them they would discover. The savages were surprised and awed by this show of what they supposed to be divine fire, and, giving up all idea of attacking Jamestown, led Smith from village to village until, at length, he was carried to Wer-o-woco-moco, the residence of the great chief Powhatan, situated on the Pamunkey (York) River, in Gloucester county, about twenty-five miles below the mouth of the stream, and at this time the great chief's favorite habitation. He afterwards retired to Orapax as he did not desire a residence near the English.

After his arrival at the village, Smith was kept waiting while more than two hundred warriors stood wondering at him as if he were a monster, and until Powhatan could make ready to receive him. After the old warrior

had decked himself in his greatest bravery, the Englishman was admitted to his presence, while the Indians hailed his entrance with a tremendous shout. The Emperor was proudly lying upon a bedstead a foot high, raised upon ten or twelve mats. His neck was hung with chains of pearls, and his body was covered with raccoon skins. A woman sat at his head and another at his feet, while, on each side, upon the ground, were ranged his chief men, ten in rank, and behind them as many young women, each having a chain of white beads over her shoulders and with her head painted red. The Queen of Appomattuck was appointed to bring the Captain water in which to wash his hands, while another brought a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry them with. Many of Powhatan's retainers had their hair decked with the white down of birds, and none were without an ornament of some kind.

Two accounts of what now occurred were published by Smith in London. In the first Pocahontas is not mentioned; in the second, he tells a long story to the effect that she saved his life. The first account was written shortly after the gallant Captain returned to England in the year following; the second, sixteen years later, and after he had had time to reflect and to color his narrative in proper contemplation and leisure. Doubt has, therefore, been cast upon the second story, but I shall give you them both and allow you to select your own conclusion.

In the first narrative the Captain says that, "Powhatan kindly welcomed me with good words and great platters of sundry victuals, assuring me of his friendship

and my liberty within four days. He promised to give me corn, venison, or what I wanted to feed us. Hatchets and copper we should make for him, and none were to disturb us. This I promised to perform, and thus having, with all the kindness he could devise, sought to content me, he sent me home."

In the second account, the valiant Smith states that, "Having feasted him (Smith) after the best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then as many as could lay hands on him dragged him to them and thereon laid his head, and, being ready with the clubs to beat out his brains, Pocahontas—the King's dearest daughter—when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms and laid her own against his to save him from death; whereat the Emperor was contented that he should live in order to make him hatchets, and her, bells, beads, and copper, for they thought him as well capable of all occupations as themselves." This version has usually been accepted by historians.

When Powhatan asked Smith why the English had come, the keen-witted Captain was very careful to let him know that they had not arrived to settle in the country, but stated that there had been a fight with the Spaniards and that the English had been forced to retreat in their vessels; that finally adverse weather had driven them ashore in Virginia, and here they were only to remain until an opportunity presented itself for a safe return. Smith was a ready talker, but there is no evidence that Powhatan believed him.

Two days after the trial for his life, Powhatan had the captive removed to one of his arbor-like dwellings in the woods and there left him alone upon a skin in front of the fire. The house was curtained off in the centre with a thick mat, and soon a doleful noise came from behind it, and Powhatan, disguised in a strange manner and painted black, entered the room with two hundred Indians, likewise painted with this color. After dancing around the amused Captain for a while, Powhatan told Smith that they were friends, and that he would presently send him home, but that he must promise him that after he arrived in Jamestown he would send him two great guns and also a grindstone. In return for this he was promised the country of Capahowosick, and he was told that he would be considered Powhatan's son. The Captain promised to deliver the requested supplies, and consequently he was sent to Jamestown with twelve guides, who delayed on the way, although the distance was short, so that Smith feared every hour that he would be put to death. But, at last, he was conducted to the fort, where he treated the savage guides with great hospitality, and gave to Rawhunt (a trusty servant of Powhatan) two cannon carrying nine-pound shot, and a mill-stone, to present to the chief. For their benefit the Captain had the guns loaded with stones and fired at some trees whose boughs were covered with icicles. The crash and fall of stones and ice so frightened the savages that they fled into the forest and it was several hours before they could be induced to return. At last, their spirits became reassured, presents of beads and trinkets were given them for Powhatan and his

family, and they started back to the great chief, well satisfied.

The conditions at Jamestown were appalling, for a number of men were about to desert, seize the smallest vessel, and make off for England. But Smith was equal to the occasion, forced the mutineers to remain at home at the mouth of a cannon, and, although he himself was tried for the death of Robinson and Emry—the two men who had been killed in the expedition up the Chickahominy—he was set free by the intercession of Captain Newport, who soon whipped the squabbling colonists into some sort of order. Meanwhile their despairing spirits were buoyed up by accounts of Powhatan's bounty and treasure, while every four or five days little Pocahontas with her attendants would cross the river and come to the fort with provisions of bread and corn. This was all that stood between the wrangling "gentlemen" and starvation.

Powhatan, meanwhile, seems to have regarded the English with no particular suspicion or hatred. When Newport and Smith visited him during the winter, he exerted himself to the utmost to give them a royal entertainment. The Indians shouted with joy when next they saw Smith; orations were addressed to him and a bounteous repast of roasted corn, bread, and venison was spread before the company. Powhatan, himself, received the Englishmen, reclining upon a bed of mats, dressed in a handsome fur robe, and leaning upon a pillow embossed with brilliant embroidery of shells and beads. The chief men of the village were assembled before him and four or five hundred of the tribe stood on

guard behind them. A proclamation was made to the effect that upon pain of death no Indian should offer any discourtesy to either of the whites, while Powhatan renewed his acquaintance with Smith with much show of apparent affection. An English boy, named Savage, was given to the Indian Emperor at his request, and he returned the favor by presenting to Captain Newport an Indian youth called Nomontack, who was one of his most trusted servants, and who was told to spy upon all methods and customs of the English. Three or four days were passed in feasting, dancing, and trading, in which the old Sachem exhibited so much dignity and discretion that his guests had a high admiration for his talents. His shrewdness was well exhibited when Newport endeavored to barter with him for some corn.

The English Captain had brought with him a number of trinkets, glass beads, and pewter spoons which he expected to trade very easily for corn, and, indeed, the poorer Indians traded very readily with him. But they dealt upon a very small scale as they had not much to spare, so Newport became most anxious to drive a trade with the Emperor, himself, and endeavored to do so.

“Captain Newport,” said Powhatan, “it is not agreeable to my greatness to truck and peddle for trifles. I am a great Werowance and I esteem you the same; therefore lay all your trading commodities down together and what I like I will take, and in return you shall receive what I consider to be a fair value therefore.”

As Newport could not speak the Indian tongue, this was interpreted to him by Smith, who told him, at the

same time, that he must be most careful in trading with the crafty Indian, and should not be too free in his dealings with him. But Newport was a vain fellow and felt that he could easily hold his own with the Emperor and gain any request that he might make, so he placed all of his goods before Powhatan, who coolly selected those which he liked most, and gave him, in return, only a few bushels of corn when he had expected to obtain twenty hogsheads. "At this rate," interposed Captain Smith, "we might have purchased our corn in Old Spain, but now let me see if I cannot traffic with his excellency," and, so saying, he took out various trinkets which he flashed before the eyes of the aged Indian, in the light, so that they shone with an extraordinary lustre.

Powhatan's eyes rested upon a string of blue beads, and he became anxious to obtain them.

"These are such as only Kings and Nobles wear in our country," said Smith, "and of immense value. For a string of beads you must give me three hundred bushels of corn."

"That I cannot do," answered Powhatan, "but so desirous am I of having them that I will give you two hundred bushels."

"For two hundred and fifty bushels you can have them," answered Smith.

And so they haggled, until, in the end, the witty Captain Smith obtained somewhere between two and three hundred bushels of corn for a small and insignificant string of beads. Shortly afterwards the cunning Englishman made a similar trade with Opechancanough

at Pamunkey, stating to him that these beads had in them the color of the sky and that they were composed of a most rare substance. This Indian likewise fell before the lure of the Captain's plausible and ready speech, and several hundred bushels of corn were secured for a pound or two of these beads, which now grew into such estimation among the Indians, far and near, that none but the great Werowances and their wives and children dared to be seen wearing them. They were considered to be imperial symbols and of enormous value.

Although tricked in this transaction, Powhatan was bright enough to see that the English possessed a vast advantage over his own men whenever it came to a conflict, for they had swords and muskets, whereas his savage followers only possessed bows, spears, and arrows. He knew that if he obtained possession of these he would be able to place himself upon an equal footing with the Colonists and would also be able to domineer over the less fortunate Indian tribes of Virginia. Consequently when he learned that Captain Newport was to leave for England, he sent him twenty-five turkeys and requested, in return, the favor of an equal number of swords. Newport was sufficiently inconsiderate to furnish them to him, but these were not enough for Powhatan, who, soon afterwards, sent a number of turkeys to Smith. The Captain was keen enough to see through the trick of the old gentleman, and, although he thanked him for his kindness with a courteous note, he sent no swords in return. Powhatan was highly offended at this and told his followers to steal the Englishmen's swords whenever they could—an order which they began to obey with such

good effect that Smith ordered every Indian caught stealing to be tied, severely whipped, and kept captive. The Emperor of the Virginia savages now saw that the game was a desperate one and so sent Pocahontas into Jamestown with various presents and kind speeches to excuse himself for the injury done by his disorderly warriors and to request that those who were captives might be liberated. Smith took this under consideration and finally granted the Emperor's request, "for the sake of Pocahontas, his daughter," dispatching the captured warriors back to Powhatan's village, where the Indian counsellors were much offended at what they considered to be the cruelty of the white man, and adjured Powhatan to seek revenge. The Emperor affected to be satisfied and would take no action.

Newport had sailed for England, and in September, 1608, arrived with a second supply for the colony and a paper authorizing him to make an expedition of exploration for gold among the Monocan Indians, who resided in the Blue Ridge. For this a barge was brought out from England which could be separated into five parts and thus carried around the falls of the Potomac, and thence convey the explorers (as was supposed in England) to the South Sea. It had been decided by the London company, in England, to crown Powhatan and present him with a basin and ewer, a bedstead, bedding, and various other costly novelties. Captain Smith offered to carry them to Powhatan at We-ro-woco-moco and to invite him to visit Jamestown, for Newport was anxious to obtain a quantity of corn in order to feed his followers in search for the South Sea.

Starting for We-ro-woco-moco by boat, Smith landed, and, with four companions, went through the woods for about twelve miles, until he arrived at Powhatan's village. He found that the renowned chief was absent, but he soon returned and listened with great gravity to the speech of the subtle Englishman, who not only invited him to come to Newport, but also to join with the whites in a campaign against the Monocans. To this the King of the Powhatans replied:

"If your King has sent me presents, I also am a King and this is my land. Here I will stay eight days to receive these gifts. Your Father must come to me, not I to him, nor yet to your fort. I will not bite at such a treacherous bait. As for the Monocans, I can avenge my own injuries. As for Atquanachuck, where you say your brother was slain, it is a country away from those parts you say it is, and as for salt water behind the mountains, the stories which my people have told you to this effect, are false." Whereupon he began to draw the geography of these regions upon the ground with a stick, and, after further talk, Smith returned to Jamestown and told Newport to bring the presents to We-ro-woco-moco.

The various gifts from King James were therefore sent to the Indian village by water, while the Captain with a guard of fifty men went by boat. The day following the arrival of the whites was agreed upon for the coronation and so the presents were brought ashore, the bed and furniture were set up, and, in spite of his struggles, the scarlet cloak and other apparel was put upon the unwilling Powhatan. He feared, indeed, that it would

injure him, but his servant Namontack, who had been to England with Newport, assured him that no harm would come to him, and so he allowed the clothing to be hung upon his body, although he absolutely refused to kneel and receive the crown upon his head. Finally the patience of the Englishmen became exhausted, one leaned upon his shoulder so as to cause him to stoop a little, and three more clung to him and pushed him downward, while one had the crown in his hand. Suddenly it was slapped on his head, a pistol shot rang out, and, in token of the coronation, the soldiers discharged their muskets in salute. Immediately Powhatan leaped upright with an expression of terror and fear upon his countenance, for he believed that an attack was to be made upon him, but, seeing that all was well, he recovered his usual composure, generously gave his old shoes and deerskin mantle to Newport in acknowledgment of appreciation for these presents, and, turning to him, told him that he absolutely refused to lend him any of his men, except Namontack, to go against the Monocans. He was most courteous and civil, and presented Newport with seven or eight bushels of corn ears in recognition of his kindness and politeness.

Little was now heard of Powhatan, but it became evident that he was not on friendly terms with the English, as the neighboring tribes refused to keep up their trade with those at Jamestown, some stating that they had been so advised by the great Emperor.

This naturally made Smith very angry. At one time he contemplated falling upon We-ro-woco-moco by surprise and seizing all of the stores of corn which he

would find there, but, feeling that discretion was the better part of valor, he restrained his wild intentions and in December, 1608, accepted an invitation of Powhatan's to visit him. The Emperor had asked him to assist in building a house and requested him to bring a grindstone, fifty swords, a few muskets, a cock and a hen, and a quantity of beads and of copper. Forty-six Colonists accompanied the bold Captain on this expedition, and at the first stopping place, Werrasqueake, the chief Sachem of the place, endeavored to dissuade the Englishmen from continuing the trip. "Powhatan will use you kindly, but he has sent for you only to cut your throat," said he. "Trust him not and give him no opportunity to seize your arms." In spite of this the unhesitating Englishmen kept on, and when at length they arrived at We-ro-woco-moco and asked for provisions, they were promptly supplied with bread, venison and turkeys, while the Emperor stated, with some energy, that he and his people had very little corn, though if the English would present him with forty swords he felt that about forty baskets could be collected. Smith found that Powhatan would take nothing but guns and swords in exchange for provisions and that he valued a basket of corn higher than a basket of copper, and thus became quite angry when he saw how anxious the savage was to secure possession of the arms of the whites. "I will spare you what corn I can," said the Emperor, "and that within two days, but, Captain Smith, I have some doubts as to your object in this visit. I am informed that you wish to conquer more than to trade, and, at all events, you must know that

my people must be afraid to come near you with their corn, as long as you are armed with such a retinue. Lay aside your weapons, then. Here they are needless. We are friends. All Powhatans."

"You mistake our intentions," said Smith. "We come not to conquer, but to gain provisions."

"I am old, Captain Smith," answered the great chief, "and I know well the difference between peace and war. I wish to live quietly with you, and I wish the same for my successors. Now the rumors which reach me on all sides make me uneasy. What do you expect to gain by destroying us who provide you with food? And what can you get by war if we escape you and hide our provisions in the woods? We are unarmed, too, you see. Do you believe me such a fool as not to prefer eating good meat, sleeping quietly at home, laughing and making merry with you, having copper and hatchets and anything else, as your friend, to flying from you as your enemy, lying cold in the woods, eating acorns and roots and being so hunted by you meanwhile, that if but a twig break my men will cry out, 'There comes Captain Smith!' Let us be friends then. Do not invade us with such an armed force. Lay aside these arms!"

But Smith refused to accede to this request, for he feared that he was about to be attacked by the followers of Powhatan who were clustered about, and so gave secret orders for hauling his boat ashore through the ice and landing many of his men who were on board. In the endeavor to detain Powhatan, he started a vigorous conversation with the old Sachem. Appreciating

Smith's ruse, the witty warrior left two or three of his women to talk with him while he left the house in which they were very hurriedly, with all of his attendants. Captain Smith now found himself completely surrounded by Indians. Fearing an attack, he drew his sword, and, brandishing it about his head, cut his way through the crowd of savages, who, as soon as he fired his pistol, fled in all directions.

In spite of this show of hostility upon the part of Smith, the Indians again flocked around him, while Powhatan sent a large and handsome bracelet by the hand of one of his chief orators, who made a long speech, full of complimentary remarks and excuses for their conduct. The savages also furnished baskets for carrying the corn, and offered to guard the Englishmen's firearms, an offer which was of course declined, as Smith feared they would steal these necessary possessions. As the fall of the tide made it impossible for them to continue their journey that night, the English knew that they must remain where they were. It was true that there was treachery afoot, for Pocahontas soon came to Smith's quarters in the woods and told him that her father Powhatan was collecting all of his men to make an assault upon his force, unless the Indians who would bring in the supper should themselves be able to kill him.

The Captain was consequently on his guard an hour afterwards, when ten, strapping, big fellows came into camp bearing great platters of venison and other victuals. They asked the English to put out the matches of their muskets, for the smoke of them was most annoying. But Smith appreciated their ruse, made them taste

every dish that had been brought in, so that if there was any poison inside it would first take hold of those who brought it, and, telling them to inform Powhatan that the English were all prepared for him whenever he wished to start hostilities, he sent them back to the chief of the most powerful tribe in Virginia. There was no attack, so the English sailed away on their journey of exploration, leaving behind them one Englishman to kill game for Powhatan, and two or three Germans to assist him in building a house.

Today, on a high hill near the spot where once stood the town of We-ro-woco-moco, is a stone chimney called "Powhatan's Chimney," and, according to tradition, this is the chimney of the house which the German artisans erected for the great Virginia Sachem.

The English pushed onward in search of corn, for they were sorely in need of it for the colony at Jamestown, and at length came to the lodges of Opechancanough, king of the Pamunkies, and a younger brother of Powhatan. From him Captain Smith secured a certain amount of supplies, only after a severe personal scuffle. Thus, after an absence of six weeks, the Colonists reached Jamestown with a cargo of four hundred seventy-nine bushels of corn and two hundred pounds of deer suet, in exchange for which they had given but twenty-five pounds of copper and fifty pounds of iron and beads.

The Powhatans seemed also to be on fairly good terms with the English and traded with them most amicably until Smith departed for England. Then, realizing that their most intelligent adversary had left,

they fell upon the six hundred settlers who remained behind, with such success, that at the end of six months, only sixty men, women, and children were alive at Jamestown. These were almost reduced to starvation and were living on roots, herbs, acorns, walnuts, berries and an occasional fish, when supplied by two ships which arrived at Jamestown early in 1613 with some food-stuffs for the colony. But what they brought was insufficient for the needs of the starving people, and so Captain Argall, who commanded, sailed up the Potomac to trade with the natives for corn. Powhatan was now extremely hostile to the colony; his men had captured and stolen many English arms and had secured a number of white prisoners.

Meanwhile Pocahontas had left her father's home and had gone to reside temporarily with the Potomacs—a friendly tribe which had its hunting ground upon the Potomac River. Contemporary historians differ as to the reason for this; one account being that she had gone there merely upon a visit among friends; another that she had been sent by Powhatan to trade with them; and still another that her father did not like her friendship for the whites and so dispatched her there to get her away from any possible intimacy with them. At any rate when Captain Argall had been informed by friendly Indians that Pocahontas was near by, a plan for making peace with Powhatan immediately suggested itself to his unscrupulous mind. He, therefore, sent for one of the Indian chiefs and told him that if he did not give Pocahontas into his hands they would no longer be “brothers and friends.” And when the Potomacs,

fearing war with Powhatan, seemed unwilling to do this, Captain Argall assured them that he would take their part if any war should occur.

But how could he secure the Indian maiden, for she appeared to manifest no desire to go on board the vessel? This was indeed a problem, and, after thinking the matter over for some time, he decided that he would make use of a little strategy in order to gain his end. So he offered an old Indian, called Japazaws, the irresistible bribe of a copper kettle, if he would bring Pocahontas to the ship. This was too much for the old Indian to withstand. With the aid of his wife, who begged her husband to allow her to go aboard, he managed to get Pocahontas to visit the anchored vessel, an accomplishment which was effected by appealing to the tender heart of the Indian girl, who was so moved to pity when she saw Japazaws refuse to take his wife aboard unless she had some female with her, that she offered to accompany her to the English ship. The old Indian and his wife were highly pleased at the success of their stratagem; so much so, that all through dinner they kept treading on the toes of Captain Argall and laughing aloud. But after supper the Captain sent Pocahontas to the gun room while he pretended to have a private conversation with Japazaws. He soon recalled the Indian Princess and told her that she must remain with him and that she could not again see her father, Powhatan, until she had effected a peace between his noble sire and the English. Japazaws and his wife immediately set up a great howling and crying, but Pocahontas was exceedingly pensive and downcast.

She even shed a few tears as the old people who had betrayed her were rowed to shore, happy, smiling, and holding tightly their copper kettle and other trinkets which the witty Captain had given them.

Soon afterwards the English sent an Indian messenger to Powhatan and informed him that his dear daughter Pocahontas was a prisoner, and that, if he would send home the Englishmen whom he had detained in slavery with such arms and tools as his subjects had stolen, and also a great quantity of corn, then his daughter would be restored to him; otherwise she would be kept and treated with kindness and consideration. Powhatan loved his daughter dearly, but he apparently had still greater love for the English weapons that he possessed, for, although he replied that he would perform the conditions laid down by the English so that he might regain his daughter, he did not do so, and it was a very long time before anything was heard of him.

After three months of silence seven Englishmen were sent to the Governor of Jamestown, three muskets, a broad-axe, a whip-saw, and a canoe full of corn, and, accompanying them was a message to the effect that if Pocahontas were returned, a large quantity of corn would be dispatched to the Colonists. But this did not entirely meet with the approval of Argall.

“Your daughter shall be well used, but we cannot believe that the rest of our arms are either lost or stolen from you, and, therefore, till you send them we will keep Pocahontas with us,” said he to the emissaries.

To this answer the sagacious Powhatan did not reply, and it was a long time before anything was again heard

of him. Finally, as he remained silent for such a length of time, Sir Thomas Dale, with one hundred and fifty men, embarked in the Colonists' vessels for a visit to the Emperor. Pocahontas was taken along, and when the party sailed up the York River, Powhatan was not to be found, while those followers of his who did appear received them with scornful threats, taunts, and open hostility. The English replied with musket shots, and, after a sharp fight, some of the Indian houses were burned to the ground.

This angered Powhatan greatly, and when they asked why it had been done, the English answered by asking why they had shot at them with their arrows. To this the savage replied that they had meant no harm, that they were the white man's friends, and that the blame lay upon some straggling savage. A peace was, therefore, declared and messengers were sent to Powhatan in the persons of Mrs. John Rolfe and Mrs. Sparks, who were kindly received and hospitably entertained, but were not admitted to the great Sachem's presence. Instead, his brother Opechancanough saw them and promised to do the best that he could to persuade Powhatan to negotiate a treaty, and that "all might be well." This was slight satisfaction indeed, but, as it was now April and time to sow corn, the English were obliged to return to Jamestown.

Pocahontas went with them with great unwillingness and not without tears. For a year she was a prisoner at Jamestown, and, as her feelings had always been warm for the white strangers, they treated her with the greatest friendliness and kindness. She was now

about eighteen years of age, with an oval, pleasant, interesting face, large black eyes and straight, black hair. Mr. John Rolfe—a young Colonist of honesty and purpose—took a great interest in her, and, in the endeavor to convert her to Christianity, fell in love with this sweet and simple Indian Princess. Pocahontas adopted Christianity, and, when marriage was suggested by good John Rolfe, readily accepted his proposal. Powhatan, himself, seemed to be well pleased with the match when informed of it, and within ten days of this announcement an old Uncle of Pocahontas and two of her brothers arrived at Jamestown as deputies from Powhatan to witness the marriage of his daughter and to show the amiability of the father. Pocahontas was first baptized, was christened Rebbeca, and, as she was a King's daughter, was known sometimes thereafter as the Lady Rebbeca, sometimes as the Lady Pocahontas. The ceremony took place about April the first, 1618. In the little Colonial Church at Jamestown, with its wide-open windows, the cedar pews, and its plainly hewed pulpit, with a canoe-like front, the copper-hued Princess was united in marriage to John Rolfe, while Colonists and three Indians looked on in solemn but cheerful silence, amid the scent of wild flowers, the trilling of birds, and the soft wind-gusts from the river.

From now on friendly intercourse and trade was re-established with Powhatan and his people. Thus the marriage was of great import to the Colonists, for it relieved them from worry and alarm. And in another way, also, the marriage of this sweet Indian maiden benefitted the colony, for the nearest neighbors of the

English—the Chickahominys—were powerful, free from the yoke of Powhatan, and had taken advantage of the feud between the Colonists and the Great Sachem to keep independent of both. Now they began to have doubts of their own liberty, when the English were at peace with Powhatan, so they sent a deputation to Sir Thomas Dale, and concluded a treaty with him, to the effect that they would furnish three hundred men in case of a Spanish attack upon the Colony, bring a tribute of corn at harvest time (for which they were to receive payments in hatchets) and that each of the eight of their chief men, who were to see to the performance of this treaty, should have a red coat and a copper chain with the picture of King James upon it, and be called the King's noblemen.

The marriage of the good Pocahontas to John Rolfe seems to have put an end to aggressive interference with the Colonists on the part of Powhatan. From that moment until his death, a few years later, Indian warfare was at an end, and serious difficulty between the white settlers and the savages did not again break out until the reign of Opechancanough, King of Pamunkies, and Powhatan's successor. The Indian tribes are democracies and he who rules must acquire and sustain his influence by his absolute ability and energy. The head Sachem had to be brave, hardy, patient, indefatigable, and had to show talents for controlling the fortunes and commanding the respect of the community which he governed. Powhatan had every requisite for success, and Opechancanough, who succeeded him, possessed the same characteristics. Numerous sons of

the great chief could have stepped into his shoes, had they had sufficient ability to do so.

Powhatan exacted implicit obedience from his subjects, and, as an old writer says, "His will was law and had to be obeyed." His followers esteemed him not only as a king, but as half a God. What he commanded they dare not disobey in the least. At his feet they presented whatever he gave orders for, and, at the least frown of his brow their great spirits trembled for fear. He possessed great tact and diplomacy, and his long and artful conversations with Captain Smith in order to gain time; the promptness with which he refused the proposal to march with the English against the Monocans; and his refusal to listen to the proposal of two German deserters who fled to him from Jamestown with the offer of bringing Captain Smith to him securely bound; shows him to have been a man of no small honesty. To the Germans he replied that, "Men who betrayed their captain would betray their emperor," and forthwith ordered the scoundrels to be dispatched with war clubs.

It is on record that no acts of thieving or aggression against the white settlers at Jamestown were done by the Powhatans, until Smith, driven to use aggression upon his own part because starvation stared him in the face, intimidated the Indians by a show of armed force, and made them give him boatloads of corn by threatening an attack unless they delivered the much-needed provisions. From then on the Indians became more suspicious of the whites, more aggressive, and more troublesome. There is no doubt that the more

hot-headed spirits would have openly attacked the settlers on more than one occasion, had not Powhatan's restraining voice held them in check. At the beginning of the settlement at Jamestown the savages could have put an end to every white man in Virginia had they so wished and had Powhatan so ordered. But these Indians met the whites peaceably, gave them, at first, plenty of provisions, and not until they appreciated that the men with "thundering-sticks" (muskets) had come to remain among them and to gradually despoil them of their land, did they show that resentment, vindictiveness, or cruelty, which afterwards characterized their actions toward the settlers. And, as has always occurred, the red men gave way before the all-compelling advance of the whites.

When Sir Thomas Dale, who had been governor of Virginia for five years, left for England, he took with him Pocahontas, John Rolfe—her husband—and Tomocomo, one of Powhatan's chief men, who had been told by the Emperor to count the people of England and give him an exact idea of their strength. The Great Indian Emperor had a strong suspicion, also, that England had no corn or lumber, because great shiploads of both these commodities continually left the James River for the Mother Country, and so Tomocomo was requested to observe whether or no the white men had trees or grain fields. The vessel reached Plymouth on June 12th, 1616, and, on leaving the vessel, Tomocomo prepared a long stick upon which he was to cut a notch whenever he saw a man. He kept this up for a day and then said, "Ugh! Ugh! Too many! Stick not long enough."

He also saw that England was not lacking in either lumber or grain fields.

The popular interest in Pocahontas was very great. Persons followed her about for hours, and crowds attended her every appearance. She was presented at Court to King James Ist, and his Queen, and made a most satisfactory impression; for all were charmed by her kindness, simplicity, and sweetness of manner. But the noise, confusion and smoke of London tired the timid Indian girl, so she was moved to Brentford, where Captain John Smith—who had returned to England because of a wound—went to see her very often and talked to her of Virginia, of Powhatan, and of the great sweeping waters of the Chesapeake Bay. It could be easily seen that the kind-hearted Princess was homesick. After the birth of a son, whom they christened Thomas Rolfe, she longed to return to her native land and to once more see her people, her father, and the waving cornfields of the Powhatans, the Potomacs and the Pamunkies. So preparations were made for her journey. She accompanied her husband to Gravesend where a vessel was being fitted for Virginia, but, catching a severe cold, she died on the very eve of her departure, and at the early age of twenty-two. No one showed more sorrow at her unexpected demise than did the gallant Captain Smith whom she had saved, whose followers she had often warned of impending danger, and whose kind intervention in behalf of the starving Colonists had, on many occasions, moved the fierce distrust of Powhatan to compassion and to concessions of the life-sustaining and much needed corn.

One year later, in 1618, her father—the Great Powhatan—also went to “the happy hunting grounds,” as the Indian says of those who have departed to another world. Peace reigned in Virginia; his own tribe was on friendly terms with both the neighboring Indians and with the white settlers, who were gradually taking possession of plantations upon the James; his cornfields were being well tilled; and his people were contented and happy. As a warrior he undoubtedly had been of superior mettle in his youth, for without this he could never have arisen to the position which he held. As a counsellor, director, and advisor of the destinies of his people, the fact that he kept them contented, rich, and prosperous, is sufficient tribute to his ability as a great Sachem. His dealings with the English were not treacherous, save where he expected aggression on the part of the whites; and honesty, integrity and intellectuality governed his words and public utterances. For an Indian he was notable, and, had he been brought up in the same civilization and refinement which surrounded the white invaders of his territory, there is no doubt that he would have been as much respected by the first settlers at Jamestown as he was by his own people, who gave full credit to the talents of any man of superior ability. His self-command and chivalrous courtesy were quite worthy of the best of Englishmen, and thus his title to greatness is secure.

OPECHANCAHOUGH: THE SCOURGE OF VIRGINIA

SIR GEORGE YEARDLEY, Governor of the Virginia Colony in 1616, stood before the door of his cabin at Jamestown, busily engaged in conversation with a stout yeoman, who was clad in rough clothes, with a breastplate upon his chest, and a round iron helmet upon his head.

“We are in need of corn, Captain Brown,” said he, “and we must, as heretofore, collect it from the Indians.”

“But they have refused to give it to us,” answered his military companion. “They are growing insolent and disrespectful.”

“Have you tried Opechancanough?”

“Yea, and he had put me off with smiles and grimaces.”

“Have you tried the Chickahominies?”

“Yea, and they have refused, point blank, to aid us.”

“Then we must collect it by force or we shall starve. Therefore gather one hundred soldiers. We will march upon them tomorrow, and if they will stand, we will give them a right smart drubbing. At any rate, corn we must have and corn we shall get.”

Next morning a force of soldiers marched out from the stockade and soon filled the many canoes, near by, by means of which they were carried up the river.

They were armed with long swords, muskets, and knives. Their bullet pouches were well filled, their breastplates were newly polished, and the sun gleamed from their shining helmets and steel weapons. They laughed and chatted gayly, for they knew that the affair could have but one outcome, and that would be in their favor.

After a merry journey, the homes of the Chickahomnies were seen in the distance, and, forming for the assault, the soldiers were soon beset by hundreds of painted warriors, whose yelping and screeching sounded wildly through the leafy thickets. "You dare not come on," cried one of the braves who had learned to speak English upon his visits to Jamestown, and as he spoke he fired an arrow at the oncoming whites, which struck one of the men full in the breastplate. "On, on," shouted Sir George Yeardley. "Give these red devils a lesson which they will not soon forget. Move cautiously, my men, and do not charge among these wild fellows until I give the signal." So, carefully and steadily, the troops moved forward in regular alignment, firing at intervals, and occasionally striking one of the screeching, jumping Indians with a bullet. They soon drove them beyond the village, seized enough corn to satisfy their needs, and turning toward home, beat a safe and slow retreat through the forest, being repeatedly fired upon by the savages.

As they neared Jamestown, Opechancanough—the younger brother of Powhatan—met them in the forest. He had succeeded to the position of Chief Sachem which his relative had held before him, and was apparently upon as friendly terms with the whites as his honored

brother had been. With much show of warm friendship, he approached the leader of this successful foraging party, and, bending to the ground, said:

“You now have been fighting with the Chickahomnies. I see that you have gathered much corn. You will need to make peace with them, now, or there will be much fighting. Ugh! Ugh! Let me make peace with these people for you. They are a great nation. They can do you much harm. Let me see that the peace pipe is smoked between you.”

“Your suggestion is a good one,” answered Yeardley. “I shall think it over,” and motioning for his men to proceed, they were soon on their way to Jamestown.

Not many days after this, Opechancanough—with Yeardley’s consent—went to the Chickahominies to secure a peace. He pretended that he had used great pains and solicitation to secure this, and so impressed this fact upon these Indians, that they proclaimed him king of their nation, and flocked from all sides with beads and copper presents to give to the new Sachem. From this time on the brother of Powhatan was content to be called the King of Chickahominy, and thus—of their own free will—a brave and resolute people came to be his subjects. For many years they had made a successful resistance to all attacks of other Indian tribes, and had frequently given the English a stout fight.

Opechancanough saw that the whites were increasing in Virginia in alarming proportions, and in his heart began to smoulder a longing to drive them out of the country of his forefathers. He was polite and civil to

the settlers whenever he saw them, and no one could tell by talking to him that he meditated any attack upon the Colonists, but he was brooding over the situation at all times, and was determined that, when the time was ripe, he would take upon himself the duty of expelling the English from Virginian soil. No better preparation for war could have been made on his part than he effected when he secured the submission of the Chickahominies to his rule. It has even been thought that he, himself, stirred them up to open rebellion when the English had demanded corn from them, so that his own influence over them would be greater. For they knew of his hostile feelings towards the whites, and marvelled, when they appreciated that he could still be on such friendly terms with them that he was admitted to their councils.

In 1618 these Indians murdered several settlers, and although Opechancanough was asked to give satisfaction, he did not do so. He was requested to send in the heads of the offenders as a proof that they had met the fate which was due them, but although he promised to acquiesce to this demand, the English waited for months, and no word came from him. Thus a few of the more cautious of the Colonists began to fear that trouble was brewing with the politic, shrewd, and diplomatic King of the Chickahominies.

These fears had no evidence of being well grounded, from the actions of Opechancanough, for the artful Chieftain gave the English no open cause of offense, or any evidence of hostility. It is true that the white men suspected treachery, for one of the Jamestown

Colonists writes, in 1620, "Now Opechancanough will not come to treat with us which causes us to greatly suspect his former promises that he is friendly to us and to our interests." But this slight uneasiness was soon forgotten, for when Sir Francis Wyatt succeeded Governor Yeardley a few years later messengers were sent to the Chief of the Chickahominies, and he received them with kindness, expressed the hope that the new President would have a pleasant time in Virginia, and renewed his former league with the colony, with apparent cheerfulness.

"I am much pleased to hear that the English are inhabiting this country," said he to one of the messengers, "and I think it would be well if some of your white families would settle among my people, and some of my Indians should settle at Jamestown. I confess that my own religion is not as perfect as that of you English, and I shall be glad to be baptized into the Christain faith. God loves you whites better than he does the red men, and he has given you knowledge of guns which spit fire, which we have never had. In proof of my love for my white brothers I shall give you guides to show you to rich mines far up the river, where you can get precious metals to send to your Mother Country in exchange for sheep, oxen, and provisions."

The English were naturally delighted with such talk, and, without the least suspicion that this wily Sachem was plotting murder in his heart, sent some of their best men to him to be guided to the mines. While they were away upon this expedition, Opechancanough dispatched a few of his followers to the eastern shore of

the Chesapeake Bay to secure a quantity of poisonous herbs which grew there and which he wished to use in getting rid of the English. "We would know your feelings towards these whites," said his ambassadors to the red inhabitants of this country. "Are you friendly to these English invaders, or would you care to see them exterminated?"

"We are friendly. We need their trade. They do not harm us, nor do we intend to harm them," answered the spokesman of the Indians of the eastern shore.

"But they will soon take all the land which you have inherited from your forefathers, and will drive you into the sea. Come, join with us in exterminating these white invaders."

"No, no. We will remain at peace," said the men of the eastern shore, and so there was no hope of their aid in the insurrection which Opechancanough was planning. The storm was slowly gathering, and it was to soon burst upon the unsuspecting settlers like the tempestuous current of Niagara.

The white settlers had taken up plantations over a vast area of land, and some of them had farms at a considerable distance from the river, from each other, and from the stockade at Jamestown. Here, in fancied peace and seclusion, they tilled the soil, grew corn, wheat, and tobacco, and began to prosper in the wilderness. Their women and children were with them, the rough-hewn barns were full of cows, horses, and sheep, while—piled near their log houses—the ploughs and other imported implements of agriculture showed that the civilization of the whites was soon to bend the wilder-

ness to its will, and make the virgin soil produce. There was no suspicion of an Indian attack. The red men loitered lazily about the cabins of the settlers, played with the dogs, slept in the sun, and bartered a few skins, which they had trapped, for grain and provisions. Apparently there was no thought or idea of violence. Opechancanough was friendly; his warriors were busy with fishing and hunting; and peace breathed its security over the soil of Virginia.

But the tempest of hatred and revenge, which had been gathering since the death of Powhatan, was to now break upon the devoted colony. Hiding his true intentions behind an aspect of friendliness and kindness, Opechancanough had made every preparation to exterminate the Colonists from England. He had silently passed the word to his warriors to make an attack upon the settlements upon the twenty-second day of March, 1622, and so carefully was the secret kept that not a word of the terrible news escaped to warn the defenseless whites. The various tribes, who banded themselves together for the attack, were stationed in the vicinity of several places where an advance against the settlements would be easy and swift. They were directed by Opechancanough to march with all speed to these stations—the day before the massacre—and, although the braves had to walk for great distances through a dense forest (guided only by the stars and moon), not a single straggler deserted the ranks of the Indians, nor did a single mistake occur. One by one—in single file—the warriors silently passed through the Virginian thickets, and, halting at short distances from the set-

lements, waited in the underbrush for the signal to advance.

In the early gray of this March morning, a redskin slipped silently through the wood from the clearing of a planter. He arrived at length to where his allies were crouching quietly in the shadows, and, raising his hand aloft, he said: "Ugh! Ugh! The time is good.* Strike now!" Without further consultation, the long line of painted warriors slipped out from the forest into the clearing, rushed across the open space to the cabin of the settler who had dared to penetrate thus far into the wilderness, and soon a wild scream and savage war-whoop showed what had been the fate of the inhabitants. Flames soon burst from the roof—the log hut was ablaze—and, with loud screeches of joy, the Indian devils danced about the crumbling remains of the once peaceful home.

The savages knew exactly where every Englishman was to be found. Some entered the houses of their white friends, saying that they wished to trade. Others drew the owners out into the forest, telling them that they had skins there, which they wished to barter with them; and still others fell upon the Colonists as they were ploughing or working in the fields. The whites were totally unprepared and thoroughly surprised. Before they could think, they were seized, struck down, and murdered. In one short hour, and almost at the same time, three hundred men, women, and children were thus brutally dispatched, before they had an opportunity to seize anything to defend themselves with. Wild screams of terror went up in the wilderness, as the Indians

completed their butchery, and there were none there who could aid the defenseless Colonists of Virginia.

But the Indians did not have an easy time with all the whites whom they attacked. When they rushed in upon Nathaniel Causie—an old soldier of Captain Smith's—he seized an axe, and, although wounded by several arrows, when a savage tried to stick a knife into him, he struck him such a blow with his weapon that he fairly cut him in two. This terrified the other Indians so that they fled, while Causie ran to the settlements farther inland to warn the whites of their peril. At a place called Warrasqueake, a Mr. Baldwin stood off about fifty braves with his musket, and by barricading himself in his house finally drove the savages away single-handed. Not far away from his home, two settlers held their house against sixty Indians, and hit so many of the screeching red men that the war party finally withdrew, falling upon the house of a stout old historian, called Ralph Hamer, who kept them off with a spade, armed his sons with pitchforks and axes, and, as the Indians had no guns, kept them away from his log hut, after a battle lasting over two hours. At Martin's Hundred a family of four persons hid in the cellar of their house and were entirely overlooked by the yelping warriors, although seventy-three of the English settlers were slain near by. With horrible yells of delight, the Indians mutilated the dead bodies of the slain and tortured the dying settlers with the cruelest of devices.

At Jamestown a fortunate incident occurred. A settler, living just opposite the town, had an Indian servant called Chanco. This red man's brother told

him of the proposed attack on the day before the outbreak, so, running to his master, Chanco cried out, "Quick, quick, you must run away. Opechancanough, he come tomorrow with his men, and murder you."

"How do you know this, Chanco?" asked the startled Colonist.

"My brother, he tell me just now. Quick, to the settlements."

Now, believing what his servant told him, the settler ran to the shore, leaped into a boat, and rowing rapidly across the James River, warned the inhabitants of Jamestown of their peril. They quickly armed themselves, mounted their howitzers on the stockade, closed the gates, and presented such a formidable appearance to the followers of Opechancanough when they appeared before the walls next day, that they quickly withdrew into the forest.

The first attack was over, but war had just begun. The settlers deserted their cabins and gathered in the larger towns for mutual defense. Their smaller towns—like Henrico and Charles City—were abandoned, their scattered plantations were deserted, their iron works and glass works were given up, their fields of corn and vineyards were destroyed, and the men armed for revenge upon Opechancanough, the cruel. A body of soldiers was formed—called the Long Knives—who carried muskets and exceedingly sharp dirks which they would plunge into an Indian's hide with as much pleasure as they stuck them into the dead carcass of a deer. All but six plantations were left to their fate and there had been eighty prosperous farms on the James River.

Three overseers and owners refused to leave their property, mounted cannon on stockades around their houses, armed their servants, and determined to give the Indians a severe drubbing if they ever dared to attack them. The forests and underbrush near all the houses of the whites were burned for several miles, so there would be no protection to the skulking savages, and these—not daring to make an attack in force—made short and sudden incursions on the settlements, carrying off corn, cattle, and sometimes unfortunate people. The whites gave the red men no quarter when they caught them. The Long Knives were as blood-thirsty as were the savages themselves.

So many whites had been captured by the Indians that the Governor at Jamestown finally sent some envoys to treat with Opechancanough for their exchange.

“I shall not do aught that you wish of me,” replied the haughty Chief to the requests of the ambassadors. “Am I not King of this country? Do I not own it by direct descent from my parents? Does the Indian not hold this land from the Great Father? And, as for this picture of the Great Father of the English which you bring me,” here he turned to a portrait of James the First which the envoys had given him, “to show my feelings for him, I hereby step on him.” So saying, he threw the portrait upon the ground and put his foot so heavily upon the face of good King James that he broke it into a hundred portions. Thus, seeing that they could have no effect upon the irate monarch, the envoys withdrew to their canoes and paddled home to Jamestown, as angry as it is possible to conceive.

The imagination can well picture what the feelings of the settlers must have been at this time. Surrounded in the forest by a skulking foe who watched their movements with vindictive hatred, they feared to venture into the open unless in numbers and well armed. Forced to flee from their plantations, they huddled together in the stockaded towns like so many sheep, unable to till any fields save those in the vicinity of their own fortifications, and continually fired at (while ploughing or working upon their harvests) by the lurking savages. A few of their numbers had escaped from the hands of the Indians and had brought news of torture which made the blood boil and which the pen cannot picture. The smouldering ruins of their once peaceful homes dotted the surrounding country. Wives, sisters, children, had fallen before the ruthless tomahawk, and, stirred by feelings of the greatest hatred, the white men longed for an opportunity to have a fair fight with the crafty redskins; and so busily made bullets for serving in an advance into the land of the enemy.

In the autumn and winter of 1622, a series of attacks upon the savages was made by the irate white men. More Indians are said to have been slain at this time than had ever fallen before the hands of the English since the settlement of Jamestown. And the tactics employed by the Colonists do not show them to have been the men of sweet and gentle disposition which they are often said to have been, for, in order to get even with their red enemies, they availed themselves of a stratagem as cruel and treacherous as any which the Indians

utilized against the whites. A peace was offered to the followers of Opechancanough, which they accepted, and the understanding was had between red men and whites that the savages would be left alone while they planted and harvested their corn crop. So, believing in the word of the palefaces, the Indians tilled the soil, planted their corn, and were about to harvest it, when the English surrounded them, fell upon them in all directions at a given hour upon an appointed day, killed hundreds of the defenseless savages, and destroyed a vast quantity of provisions. Among these cruelly murdered were several of the most famous war captains, and for some time Opechancanough, himself, was said to be among the slain, a rumor which caused great rejoicing among the whites. But—after some months—it was learned that this crafty chieftain was still at large and as active as ever before.

“I shall yet have the head of this arch conspirator,” cried Governor Wyatt, when news was brought him that Opechancanough was alive. “Come, men, we will march against this murderous varlet, raze his village to the ground, and chase him into the foothills of the Blue Ridge.” He had no need to urge on the Virginian Long Knives; they were only too anxious for an opportunity to attack the despoiler of the peace of their adopted country, so, in the spring of 1625, a goodly body of stout rangers pushed into the forest in the direction of Pamunkey—the stronghold of the Chief of the Chickahominies. Their advance was cautious, stealthy, sure, yet, as they came to the vicinity of the Indian town, wild cries echoed from every side, they were shot at from the

brush, and, before they realized it, they were in a furious *melee* with the followers of Opechancanough. But the Long Knives knew how to fight in Indian fashion, and crouching behind logs and fallen trees, they soon began to pick off the screeching braves, who darted from tree to tree in the endeavor to dodge the straight shots of the palefaces. The fight was hot and furious. The Long Knives pressed on to Pamunkey, and, although the red men made a stout rally before the village, they were beaten back, only to see the smoke soon curling from their burning wigwams and storehouses. Governor Wyatt, in person, now urged on his men to a renewed attack on the braves, and, although the Indians were beaten off through the forest, the whites could not pursue them as far as Mattapony, only four miles distant, and the principal depot and rallying point of Opechancanough. Satisfied with the day's work, the English now retreated to their own settlements, leaving the Indians in full possession of their most valued town.

The war had now lasted for three years, and in spite of all their efforts, the English had not driven the Indians from their rallying places and settlements. "By heaven, they know how to fight," said stout Governor Wyatt, "and this Opechancanough is more than a match for us. But I will catch them again with the same stratagem which I used before, and I will wipe these treacherous war dogs from the soil of this country." So saying, he sent a proclamation to the Chickahominies and Pamunkies, requesting them to come to a certain place for a conference, where he intended to surround and capture

most of them. But the plan failed of success, and these Indians—under the direct guidance of Opechancanough—were more troublesome than ever. At this period they refused absolutely to have anything to do with either Wyatt or his representatives. The skirmishing went on for four years between the angry white men and the bloodthirsty red warriors, and at the end of that time, a march was made by the Indian braves towards Jamestown, which so alarmed the Governor that he collected every available man to stem the outbreak.

The two armies met in a stout skirmish soon afterwards. It was a hot fight, and, as usual, the Indians were worsted in the affair. They withdrew to the forest, beaten but not overawed, while the Colonists were too much injured to follow them. A peace commission was now sent to Opechancanough, but he refused to listen to any overtures from the whites. He scoffed at all ideas of a settlement of the difficulties which lay between himself and the Colonists, and withdrew in sullen anger into the forest. "By all that I love," cried Governor Wyatt, "I will force this fellow to treat with me," and sending a large armed force towards Pamunkey, some time later, he secured a temporary truce with the fierce Opechancanough. But so little dependence was placed on it, that, while the commissioners on both sides were adjusting the preliminaries, a proclamation was issued by the Governor which forbade the Colonists from either parleying or trading with the Indians. The truce was understood to be only a temporary affair, yet for nine years no further hostilities occurred between the settlers from England and the red men. Meanwhile

more and more white Colonists came to Virginia. The settlements rapidly increased in size, while the Indians, through disease and lack of medical knowledge, did not increase with any great rapidity.

Opechancanough was not yet a friend to the white man, although he was apparently upon friendly and peaceable terms with the Colonists. Nursing his anger and resentment, he remained at his home in the forest, meditating upon the best means for expelling the English from the country and secretly forming a plan for another massacre of the plantation owners. Moody, vindictive, sour, the old Chieftain would sit gloomily before his wigwam, speculating upon the future and dreaming of the cheerful moment when he would be able to have Virginia for his own people. Thus he brooded, while dissensions grew among the Colonists and an insurrection against the Governor of Virginia took place among the English. The time had again come for Opechancanough to strike. The moment had arrived which he had waited for through nine long years, and, rousing himself from the torpor which had held him for this period, he determined upon a great and decisive blow which would rid him forever of the accursed English.

The great Chieftain was now very aged. His voice shook as he gave his orders. Yet, when he had sent out word for a gathering of his warriors, his commands were taken to the very remotest tribes of his confederacy with speed and accuracy. As in the first outbreak, he again determined to attack the scattered settlements at a certain time, to station large forces near the points

to be assaulted, and to give the more distant posts to the leading Chiefs of the several nations in his confederacy of Indian tribes. He, himself, was to lead the advance against the settlements nearest to Mattapony; the whole Indian force was to assemble without making any noise, and if any brave was found who had breathed a word of the conspiracy, he was to be immediately shot to death and all his family with him. The whites were to be completely annihilated, and no quarter was to be shown to either women, children, or aged persons. It was a great design, well thought out, carefully concealed, and thoroughly prepared. Let us see how it succeeded.

When the signal for attack was given, the hidden warriors poured forth from the forest, and swept down upon the plantations like a flight of locusts. As in the massacre many years before, the Colonists were totally unprepared for this sudden advance, and, at first, hundreds of them fell before the raiding parties of the blood-thirsty red men. Five hundred men, women, and children perished under the tomahawks of the followers of Opechancanough: the scourge of Virginia. Many others were carried away in captivity. Their log houses, supplies of corn, household utensils, farming instruments, and live stock were destroyed. Their houses were burned with all that they contained. Only a few, who lived in the remotest plantations, were able to make an escape to the more thickly populated portions of Virginia and warn the inhabitants that the Indians were again upon the war path. Dissensions among the Colonists were speedily forgotten. Under the dread of a frightful slaughter, the settlers, who had been warring

with each other, determined to march together against the red men. Their ploughs were left in the furrows. All who were able to bear arms were enrolled in a militia in defense of the Colony, and a chosen body, under the command of Governor Berkeley, marched into the enemy's country. Blood was in their eyes, and in their hearts was the one word—revenge.

The fighting which now occurred was bloody. No historian has left a record of it, but we can well imagine how the infuriated Englishmen fell upon the followers of Opechancanough when they found them. The Indians were checked in their advance upon the peaceful settlers. They were beaten back, defeated again and again, and were forced to give up their invasion. Berkeley's troops were light-armed and lightly dressed, so that they could move with speed against the little warriors of the forest. Some of them had horses and on these they could often head off the flying redskins and effect their capture. They did great damage and often routed the followers of Opechancanough when the battle which they were fighting with the English was very even.

As for Opechancanough, himself, he had become extremely feeble and decrepit from old age and was unable to walk. Borne about on a litter by four stout braves, he directed the fighting of his warriors and, although weak in body, still possessed a proud and imperious spirit. His flesh became macerated, his sinews lost their elasticity, and his eyelids were so heavy that he could not see, unless they were lifted up by the hands of his faithful attendants. In this forlorn

condition he was directing the course of a battle, when Berkeley's horse burst through the thicket in the rear of his men, and, terrified by fear of capture, his own attendants were forced to run away. The great Chief was left upon the ground, and soon a cheering body of Colonists stood around him, howling with the pleasure of having taken—after years of attempt—the bold, resolute Chief of the Chickahominies and their allied tribes. By special command of Governor Berkeley he was carefully carried to Jamestown, where people crowded around in wonder to see the fallen monarch of the Virginian wildwood.

The English had now lost their vindictive hatred for this wily monarch. They saw the man who had inspired such terror in a forlorn and abject condition. Shattered by age and misfortune, he presented a sorry appearance, as he lay, half dead, upon the litter of boughs and deerskins which his own people had fashioned for him. To the honor of the Colonists, they treated the distinguished captive with tenderness and the respect which his appearance and talents demanded, while he, himself, was as proud and haughty as a Roman Emperor. He uttered no complaint or showed no uneasiness at his capture. Fearing that he would be tortured, he showed no humility, and was imperious, defiant, and spirited in his language and demeanor. So, he lay, curiously gazed upon by the gaping Colonists, and eagerly watched by the soldiers who had effected his capture.

Opechancanough reclined thus for several days attended by his affectionate Indian servants, who had

begged permission to wait upon him. He was near ninety years of age, and it is said that Governor Berkeley proposed to take him to England, as a living argument to counteract the representations made by some persons in that country, that Virginian climate was too unhealthy for any one to gain long life who resided there. The great Chief was reserved and silent, and, as if anxious to show his English enemies that there was nothing in their presence to even arouse his curiosity, he rarely allowed his attendants to raise his eyelids. Thus he was lying, when one of the soldiers set to guard him raised his gun, and, in a spirit of revenge for all the suffering which the great Chieftain had caused, shot him through the back. He was grievously wounded, but did not die immediately.

To the last moment of his life, the haughty Opechancanough preserved the dignity and serenity of his bearing. He made no murmur of pain or fear and stolidly awaited the end which was rapidly approaching. Only a few moments before he expired he heard an unusual amount of noise in the room where he lay, and requesting his attendants to raise his eyelids, saw a number of Colonists crowding around him in order to gratify their curiosity and amazement. The dying Chieftain raised himself weakly upon one arm, and, with a voice and air of authority, asked that Governor Berkeley be immediately called in. When the latter made his appearance, Opechancanough cried out, in a thin and trembling voice: "Had it been my fortune, sir, to have taken Sir William Berkeley prisoner, I should never have exposed you as a show for my people."

A few hours later the mighty Sachem breathed his last, amid the weepings and lamentations of his Indian attendants. He had been an implacable enemy to the whites; he had led two fairly successful insurrections against them, and he had been the cause of untold misery and suffering. Yet, he felt that his cause was a just one; he saw that he must either exterminate the English or they would exterminate his own people, and he fought for the preservation of his race. His own countrymen were more under his control than under that of Powhatan, himself, and they considered him to be in no way related to Powhatan, but represented him as a prince of a foreign nation, come from a great distance somewhere in the southwest: probably Mexico. He has been called by some a politic and haughty prince, and one English statesman has named him the Hannibal of Virginia. At any rate he was a man of influence, power, and ability. His record is a good one for an Indian, and had his followers been possessed of the knowledge of civilization and warfare which the white men held, there is little doubt that Virginia, for many years, would have been the exclusive habitation of the redskins. Peace to the ashes of misguided and unfortunate Opechancanough of Virginia. He fought for a cause which, from his view-point, was as just as that of his conquerors. He was never captured in battle until old age made it impossible for him to escape, and he died by a foul and unexpected blow, from one of a race which should be well ashamed of such a deed.

SASSACUS AND UNCAS: RIVAL CHIEFTAINS OF THE PEQUOT REBELLION

THE English are an adventurous people and none were more so than burly Captain Stone, a hardy mariner, who, in the summer of 1633, made a coastwise trip from Maine to Virginia in a little schooner. Attracted by the broad harbor of the Connecticut River, he sailed by the rocky bluffs at the entrance and was soon gliding between the green hills which roll back from either side of the sparkling waters of the stream. Charmed by the peaceful scene, he kept on drifting up the winding water course, until he finally dropped anchor beneath a headland covered with the sweet-scented bushes of the sumach and wild plum.

“It seems that this is a likely place for the partridge or grouse,” said one of the seamen, as the ship lay peacefully at anchor on the quiet water. “What say you, good Captain, if I and two others go ashore with our fowling pieces to look for game?”

“Good,” answered the stout Captain, “and if you see a deer, be sure and bring it down, for we are much in need of fresh meat upon our vessel.”

“All right, we will go at once,” said the seaman, and, quickly selecting two companions who armed themselves with flint-locks, the sporting sea-dogs were soon ashore. That night they did not come back, but, think-

ing that they had wandered off in the quest of venison, Captain Stone did not give the matter a second thought.

When morning dawned, a canoe, filled with Indians, was seen coming from the shore. "How! How!" said the red men, when the canoe came near the ship. "We bring presents to white man. We want to see big house on water."

A Sachem of the Pequot Indians was in the bow of the birch-bark boat, and, as he smiled in a friendly fashion, the Captain gave orders that he should be allowed to come on board with all his dozen men. Not long afterwards, he was agreeably conversing with them in his cabin. The crew were in the cook room, getting their luncheon, when, overcome by the drowsy heat of the day, and with no suspicion that the redskins were other than peaceful braves, the Captain fell asleep in his bunk.

Silently the Indians sneaked to the cupboard—where the muskets were kept—and seized them. Then, when all were passed to the waiting braves, the Sachem crept over to the sleeping Captain Stone, and, with one swift blow, brained him with his hatchet. Immediately his followers rushed to the small room where the crew were peacefully eating, and, aiming at them through the window, shot at those who were nearest. All leaped to their feet and made a rush for the door in order to grapple with their assailants. Three lay groaning upon the floor, as the rest rushed upon the vindictive savages who, using their knives and spears, cut at the sailors with cruel vengeance. A desperate struggle commenced.

The whites and Pequots struggled back and forth

upon the narrow deck, which now grew slippery with blood. More than one savage was knocked overboard, but, as they outnumbered the crew, it was plainly evident that the outcome of the struggle would be in their favor. Suddenly, a loud report was heard. The decks flew asunder from the force of an explosion below. The splitting timbers belched outwards upon the blue waters of the quiet stream, and, with a muffled roar, both red men and white were shot into the water. Some clung to the wreckage, some hung on to the canoe and boats, as—in lurid flames and black smoke—the remains of the little schooner were burned to the water's edge. But, although hurled into the water, most of the Pequots escaped, were picked up by their companions, and paddled back in the canoes and ship's boats to complete the massacre. When night came, only a few charred timbers, floating upon the surface of the Connecticut, were left to mark the scene of the tragedy.

This was in 1633, when the Puritans were well established at Plymouth and Boston, and were continually pushing into the interior to find good farm lands. Sassacus was Chief Sachem of the warlike Pequots, and, in spite of this massacre, sent a messenger to the Governor of Massachusetts—in the year following—to gain his friendship and alliance. His emissary brought two large bundles of sticks with him and a large quantity of wampum. "I will give as many skins of the beaver and otter as I send pieces of wood," was the message which King Sassacus sent to the Chief Executive of Massachusetts, "and I wish your friendship and allegiance. Will you sign a treaty with me?"

“I return you a fine moose-skin coat,” answered the Governor to this request, “but I cannot make a treaty with you unless you send proper warriors for me to treat with, and enough of them. Furthermore, your men have murdered Captain Stone, my friend, and I can make no peace with you until you deliver to me the Pequots who killed him and his men.”

Sassacus was a warrior of high renown. He had twenty-six sachems, or war captains, under his control, and could muster—at any time—seven hundred warriors. His residence was upon the Atlantic, at Groton, Connecticut, and near the Mystic River he had a splendid stronghold, situated upon a verdant eminence, which gradually descended to the waters of the sparkling stream. He and his men looked upon the English as intruders, who had no right to come to the soil of Connecticut. But, as the intrepid Sassacus had warred with the Dutch at New York, so that they had cut off his trade with them, he wished to now gain the good will of the English, near Boston. The Pequots were men of the utmost independence of spirit and had conquered most of the smaller tribes lying around them. They called these people whom they captured “women” and “cowards.”

“Your Captain Stone took two of our men,” said the emissary from Sassacus. “He detained them by force and made them pilot him up the river. The Captain and the crew then landed, taking the guides on shore, with their hands bound behind them. The Pequots next fell upon the white men and killed them. The vessel, with the remainder of the crew, was blown up, I do not know why, nor wherefore.”

This was a pretty good story, and as the Governor of Massachusetts could not substantiate his own side, he was inclined to believe it, for he had no means of proving its falsity. So a treaty was concluded, with the following terms:

I. The English to have such land in Connecticut as they needed, provided they would make a settlement there; and the Pequots to render them all the assistance that they could.

II. The Pequots to give the English four hundred fathoms of wampum, forty beaver and thirty otter skins, and to surrender the two murderers whenever they should be sent for.

III. The English to send a vessel immediately, to trade with them, as friends, but not to fight them, and the Pequots would give them all their custom.

Having signed this document, the emissary from Sassacus and his companion started back on their five days' journey to the habitation of their Chief. But, unfortunately for them, the Pequots were then at war with the Narragansetts, and a party of about two hundred and fifty warriors of the latter tribe had come as far as Neponset (the boundary between Milton and Dorchester) for the avowed purpose of waylaying and killing the two Pequots on their way home. Learning of this, the Governor sent an armed force to request a visit from these Narragansett braves, and two Sachems—with about twenty men—obeyed the summons. "We have been hunting around the country," said they, "and came to visit the Indians at Neponset, according to old custom. We meant no harm to the Pequots. They

can go home in safety." And they kept good this promise, so that the two Pequots made their return trip in perfect security.

For two years white settlers moved into Connecticut, and took up farms in the most fertile places. But the Indians were soon unfriendly. An Englishman named Oldham, who had been trading in Connecticut, was murdered by a party of Block Island braves, several of whom were said—by the frontier settlers—to have taken refuge among the Pequots, who gave them ample protection. When the Governor of Massachusetts heard of this, he was exceedingly wroth, for Oldham was a resident of Dorchester and was a friend of his. So, ordering Captain Endicott of the State Militia to appear before him, he said:

"I commission you, good sir, to put to death the redskins of Block Island, with ninety of our soldiers. Spare the women and children, but bring them away and take possession of the Island. Then go to the Pequots and demand the murderers of Captain Stone, Oldham, and other Englishmen who have been killed, and one thousand fathom of wampum for damages. Also get some of their children as hostages, which, if they refuse, you must take by force."

Endicott was not long in starting upon his mission, and soon had captured Block Island and burned the villages of the natives. He then sailed for Pequot Harbor, where a warrior of the army under Sassacus came out in a canoe to demand who the intruders were. The River Thames, where now the rival crews of Yale and Harvard struggle for supremacy on the water,

emptied into this harbor, and upon either bank were the homes of the Indians.

"I wish to see Sassacus, your Chief," said Endicott.

"He has gone to Long Island," the Indian replied.

"Then I wish to speak with the next in authority," continued the leader of the Massachusetts troops, "and I wish to have the murderers of Oldham given up to my care."

The Pequot brave did not reply and paddled to the shore, followed by the English troops, who landed and stood—fully armed—a short distance from the beach. The Indians in numbers gathered around them, but the head Sachem did not put in an appearance. "He will come," said the fellow who had been in the canoe, "if you English will lay down your arms. We will, at the same time, leave our bows and arrows at a distance."

But Endicott grew angry at this, as he believed it to be a pretext for gaining time. "Begone, you Pequots," he thundered. "You have dared the English to come and fight you, and we are ready." The Indians withdrew to a short distance, and then the leader of the whites ordered his men to advance. A shower of arrows poured upon them, as they did so, but the English discharged a hot volley which killed several and wounded fully twenty of the redskins. At this they fled, while the troops pressed on to their village and burned it to the ground.

At night the little army returned to the five ships which had brought them, and next day they went ashore upon the west side of the river and burned all the wigwams and smashed all the canoes of the Pequots' families

who lived upon the bank of the Thames. The Indians shot at them from behind rocks and trees, but their arrows did little damage, and so, with the loss of not a single man, the troops set sail for Boston. "They came home all safe," says a historian, "which was a marvelous providence of God, that not a hair fell from the head of any of them, nor were there any sick or wounded in the little army."

Sassacus was now infuriated with the whites. In retaliation for this attack upon his people, he ordered war upon the white settlers of Connecticut. The forts and settlements of the English were assaulted in every direction. No boat could pass up and down the Connecticut River in safety. The hard-working farmers could neither hunt, fish, nor cultivate their lands. People went armed to their work in the fields and to church on Sunday, while a guard was stationed outside the meeting houses during service. At the mouth of the Connecticut River, the English had a fortification, called Fort Saybrook. In October five of the garrison were surprised and killed, as they were carrying in some hay from a field near by. Not long afterwards several vessels were captured, and the sailors were tortured by the Pequots. Saybrook Fort was besieged, the out-houses were burned, and the few cattle that were not killed often came in at night with the arrows of the Pequot warriors sticking in their sides. Early in March four of the garrison were caught outside the walls of the fort and massacred, while a horde of red warriors surrounded the stockade on all sides, challenging the English to come out and fight in the open, mocking them with catcalls,

groans, hisses, and imitations of the screams of those whom they had captured, and boasting that the Pequots would soon drive all the English into the sea. They would often rush up to the gate in the endeavor to gain an entrance, but a discharge of grapeshot from a cannon made them retreat into the timber.

It is said that a Puritan, or a New Englander, is slow to anger, but once get him aroused and he will fight as no other man can fight on earth. This is what put an end to Sassacus. For when the savage marauders threatened Agawam (Springfield), Hartford and Windsor, and carried off several women from Wethersfield, the Massachusetts colony sent an army of ninety men to Saybrook Fort, commanded by Captain John Mason, an experienced and able soldier. A body of Mohegan Indians, under Uncas, joined them here, for they were unfriendly to Sassacus, as he and his savage Pequots had often killed the members of this tribe. They were to prove of little value in the campaign, but their presence added a spirit of confidence to the English soldiers.

At the head of the Mystic River, where now is the thriving town of Stonington, Connecticut, Sassacus had his principal fortification. It was really a large Indian town, surrounded by a stout palisade, and was crowded with men, women and children. Mason decided to attack it, but, being a good soldier, determined to throw the watchful Pequots off his scent. He, therefore, first sailed down to the Pequot (Thames) River, and pretended to land at its mouth. The savages were closely watching him, and when, instead of landing, he bore away to the southward and coasted along the Narra-

gansett Bay, the natives thought that he was in retreat. "Ugh! Ugh!" said the warriors. "He little heart. He no fight! We brave men. We can beat all the English in the country!"

But Mason was a shrewd campaigner, and dropping anchor at a point in the bay, where he was protected from the prying eyes of the Pequot scouts, he lay to for some time, and then landed his soldiers through the heavy surf which was then raging. Marching inland, he stopped at a fort of the friendly Narragansetts, under Canonicus and Miantonomo, who were cold and distrustful, saying: "We doubt that such a small body of you English can carry the strong palisades of Sassacus. But we will help you when you advance upon them tomorrow." Mason had so little confidence in the word of these allies that he surrounded the fort, that evening, with a strong guard, fearing that the Indians would betray his approach to the Pequots.

Next day the little army of white soldiers pushed on through the woods in the direction of the great Pequot stronghold, where the followers of Sassacus were resting in fancied peace and security. It was a hot day—the 25th of May—and the warriors were much oppressed by their heavy armor breastplates and the weight of their ponderous flintlocks. They forded the Pawcatuck River and camped at a place called Porter's Rocks, at the head of the Mystic River, which was but two miles from the Pequot encampment. Scouts crept near the palisades that evening, and heard the sounds of songs and laughter within, for the redskins were having a big feast. Perfectly unconscious of the peril that lurked

so near them, some of the braves were boasting that the English had fled without striking a blow to avenge the death of thirty white settlers whose scalps hung in the wigwams of the Pequot braves. They danced, sang, and caroused until late in the night.

Mason passed among his men, and said: "Sleep lightly. Arouse yourselves at the first flush of dawn. When you strike the Indians, fight like bloodhounds. Give no quarter, for they have given no quarter to our people."

Deep sleep hung over the Indian camp, as at day-break the Puritan army started for the stockade. Guided by Uncas—the Mohegan chief—and Wequash, a Pequot who had turned traitor to his tribe, they were soon led to the outskirts of the sleeping village. A hush of deep quiet hung over the habitations of Sassacus and his people. Robins piped from the trees. Song-sparrows trilled from the verdant underbrush, and the flute-like call of thrushes came from the depth of the wood, now beautiful with the fresh green of early spring. It hardly seemed possible that scenes of dreadful carnage would soon be enacted in the midst of this quiet beauty, but silently and cautiously the men with iron breastplates surrounded the circular stockade. Behind them, their Indian allies formed a circle, but advanced with no show of courage or enthusiasm. The garrison slept peacefully on, when suddenly a dog barked, and a Pequot warrior, leaping to his feet in alarm, cried out, "Owanux! Owanux"—"Englishmen! Englishmen!"

In front of Mason was a barricade of brush heaps at one entrance to the village. Opposite this was another

opening, and, as the stout yeomen rushed in one doorway, led by Mason, an equal body penetrated the other, cheered on by Underhill. The Pequot braves seized their bows and arrows in a vain endeavor to stem the onslaught, while the women and children—in terror—endeavored to hide themselves beneath anything that would cover them, or to escape between the lines and gain the protection of the forest. Hoarse cries rose in the misty air. Muskets crashed, children screamed, and, with exultant war whoops, the followers of Uncas shot their arrows into the Pequots, who huddled together like sheep, in confusion and dismay. "We must burn them!" shouted Mason, now full of the heat of battle, and seizing a glowing brand from some smouldering ashes, he thrust it between the sticks of a wigwam. In a moment the mats, with which it was covered, were alight, and the tepee blazed upwards in smoke and fire. Many soldiers followed his example, so that soon the yelling mass of warriors were surrounded by black smoke and curling flames.

In an unyielding circle, the English pressed in upon the Pequot braves. The flames crackled, women shrieked, children cried, and above the rattling of the firearms sounded the vindictive yelping of the followers of Uncas. Seventy wigwams were soon black in smoke, while fully five hundred Pequots were struck down as they endeavored to get past the line of the Puritan troops. The broad swords of the soldiers thrust this way and that with terrible ferocity. Back, back, they pressed the cringing and desperate redskins, who again and again threw themselves upon the ranks of the

Puritans in a vain endeavor to get through to the safety of the forest. Sassacus, himself, was not there, but his people were receiving an awful chastisement for attacking the peaceful settlers of Connecticut. They battled desperately for their lives. They strove manfully to penetrate the cordon of steel which pressed in upon them, but it was in vain. Within an hour's time fully six hundred of them lay dead or dying upon the sod, while only seven escaped and seven were taken captive.

News of the disaster was quickly brought to Sassacus, who, fortunately for himself, was in the next Pequot stronghold, some miles distant. Dispatching immediately three hundred warriors to the scene of carnage, they pursued the English very closely for six miles, on their march to their ships, which had sailed to the mouth of the Pequot (Thames) River. The Narragansett warriors who had come on with Mason's men had already deserted. Uncas and his Mohegans still remained faithful, and helped to carry the wounded back to the ships. Underhill protected the rear of the white army as it retreated, and, according to his own account, killed and wounded near a hundred of the ferocious Pequots, who burned to avenge the slaughter of the morning. A third of Mason's men were used up from wounds or exhaustion, but all arrived safely at the ocean side, where not only were the ships, but also a reinforcement of forty men from Boston. Before night closed in, all were on board and safe from the attacks of the Pequots, who shook their fists at them from the shore and yelled vindictively at them, as the white sails filled in the gentle breeze.

The war was not over by any means. All through the summer skirmishes were had with the Indians. Uncas and his Mohegans, with a few English, were scouring the shores near the sea for the purpose of cutting off stragglers, when they came upon a Pequot Sachem and a few of his men, not far from the harbor of Guilford, Connecticut. They pursued them, and, as the south side of the harbor is formed by a long neck of land, the Pequots went out upon it, hoping that their pursuers would pass by. But Uncas, who saw the stratagem, ordered some of his Mohegans to give chase, which the enemy observed and so jumped into the water and swam over to the mouth of the harbor. There they were captured by the English soldiers, who ran around to head them off. Uncas, himself, is said to have shot the chief sachem with an arrow, to have cut off his head, and set it in the crotch of a large oak tree near the water. The skull remained here for many years, and thus the name of Sachem's-Head has ever since been given to this beautiful harbor.

A large number of the Pequots now deserted Sassacus to his fate and took refuge among the Indians of New York. Some even threatened to destroy him for bringing down upon them the anger of the white settlers, and nothing but the entreaty of his chief counsellor prevented him from being killed by his own people. Realizing that he could no longer hold his own against the whites, he destroyed his fort, and, with several hundred of his best men, retreated towards the Hudson River. To kill or capture him was the main object of the Colonists, and, two captured Pequots having had

their lives spared on condition that they would guide the English to him, a good-sized force now pushed on towards the retreating members of the once powerful Pequot tribe. At last the Indians were overtaken near Fairfield, Connecticut, and a fierce fight took place in a swamp. The red men fought with the courage of despair, and sixty or seventy succeeded in forcing their way through the ranks of their assailants; but about two hundred were captured. Sassacus, himself, escaped. Those Pequots who had not been slain were hunted like wild beasts by the other Indians of the Narragansett and Mohegan tribes, and weekly their heads were brought in to Windsor and Hartford. Finally, the entire tribe was obliterated, and the few remaining braves were permitted to live with those tribes which they had called "cowards" and "women."

Sassacus was driven from swamp to swamp, by night and by day. Even his own men hunted him and endeavored to take his life. One Pequot who was freed by the English, on condition that he would find and betray this great chief, finally succeeded in finding him. Creeping upon him in one of his solitary camps, he was about to fire his musket, when he was overcome by the majestic look of the great Sachem. "I could not pull the trigger," he told the English, "for my chief looked like all one God. I could not touch a hair of his head." Thus the once powerful redskin escaped and fled to the Mohawks in New York, where he arrived with five hundred pounds of wampum and several of his best captains and bravest men. But here there was to be no peace for the fugitive. He and his men were treacher-

ously murdered by a party of warlike Mohawks, and his scalp sent to Connecticut as a present to the English. A lock of his hair was soon carried to Boston, where it was exhibited in a window upon the streets, as a sure proof of the death of this once powerful enemy to the whites.

Uncas—the Mohegan ally of the Connecticut settlers—continued to live at peace with the Colonists, although granting nearly all his land away for a very small consideration. Thus, in 1641, he gave away several thousand acres for the possession of four coats, two kettles, four fathoms of wampum, four hatchets and three hoes. In 1659 he gave all his lands, with all his corn, to his old comrade and friend, Major John Mason, with whom he had stormed the Pequot fort on the Mystic. He lived to be a very old man, and a remnant of his tribe still exists today near Norwich, Connecticut, and are the only natives still lingering upon the soil of the state.

Sassacus defied the English and was exterminated. Uncas befriended them and lived a peaceful existence. Of the two, he led the more quiet life, but one cannot but admire the fierce, fighting spirit of Sassacus and regret that he met such a miserable end. No direct descendants of either now exist, for, upon an old Indian gravestone at Mohegan, a genial carver has left the following inscription:

“Here lies the body of Sun-seeto
Own son to Uncas, grandson to Oneko,
Who were the famous Sachems of Mohegan:
But now they are all dead.
I think it is Werheegen” (which means “all is well”
or “good news” in the Mohegan language).

Certainly, the whites were glad to see the race exterminated. It left the country to their own civilization, and they developed it according to their own desires. Now brick and wooden houses, great factories, and roaring mills stand where the red men once had their thin wigwams; and where they once battled furiously with the stout Colonists, jangling trolley cars rush by in cheerful indifference to the dim records of history.

MASSASOIT: THE GREAT SACHEM OF
THE WAMPANOAGS AND FRIEND
OF THE PURITANS

WHILE the English were gradually settling their plantations on the James River in Virginia and were encroaching upon the land held by the Indians, other Englishmen, driven from home by religious persecution, and wishing to found a colony in the newly discovered country, had crossed the blue Atlantic to the rocky shore of Massachusetts, where they had landed, built their log houses, and had begun to wrest a living from a stern and unproductive soil. They were Pilgrims and were of a religious sect called Puritans, which was most unpopular in their native country. All were men of sturdy, vigorous natures.

These adventurers first went ashore upon the fifteenth day of November, and a few walked up and down until the sun began to draw low, when they hastened out of the woods in order that they might enter their boat which was drawn up upon the beach. By the time that they reached it, it was nearly dusk, so, after setting a watch, those who had landed lay down to rest.

About midnight they heard a great and hideous cry from out the woodland, and their sentinel called out, "Arm! Arm!" So they leaped to their feet, and,

seizing some muskets which were beside them, shot them off. As they did so, again the terrible wail sounded from the forest.

“Woach! Woach! Ha-Ha-Ha-Hack—Woach!”

But this soon ceased, and all was quiet in the sombre woodland.

Nothing more occurred until about five in the morning, when one of the Puritans came running to the camp, shouting: “Men are coming to attack us! Indians! Indians!” And, as he spoke, a cloud of arrows came flying into the encampment. One savage was soon seen who fired at them from behind a tree, and an old Puritan took three shots at him with a musket.

The red man continued to shoot his arrows until suddenly he gave a terrific yell, showing that he had probably been hit. At any rate he retreated into the dense forest with the other braves, and nothing more was seen, or heard, either from him, or from them.

The Pilgrims breathed a sigh of relief, picked up the arrows—eighteen in all had fallen among them—and marveled at their make. Some were curiously headed with the horn of a buck deer, and others with the claw of an eagle. So they kept them, and, when the good ship *Mayflower* sailed for England, they sent these warlike tokens back with her to their friends upon the other side of the Atlantic. The Indians who had made this assault were Nansets, of whom Aspinet was the chief, but whether or not any of them were slain in the conflict does not appear in the ancient record of this combat.

After this affair the sober Puritans made their abode

and sailed carelessly along the coast, looking for a good landing place, until December 11th, when they reached a spot which had a good harbor and some high ground beyond the beach which offered an excellent situation for a redoubt. So here they landed, built a long log house, and began their first settlement upon New England soil. They called their first home Plymouth.

With great toil and hard labor they erected other habitations for the settlers. Their first winter here was one of extreme hardship and suffering. Many died of starvation and exposure, and when spring came the survivors were so enfeebled that an attack by a strong band of Indians could easily have annihilated the entire settlement.

On March 16th, 1621, the chief men of Plymouth had assembled to discuss various matters of interest in connection with the welfare of the country, when an Indian was seen approaching. With long strides he walked down the village street, and, as the wary Puritans sprang to their guns, he held out his hands, and cried, "Welcome, Englishmen! Welcome!"

He was a tall, straight man, the hair on his head was black—short before and long behind—his countenance was open and friendly, while his carriage was graceful and imposing. He was thinly clad in deer skins, which must have afforded small warmth for the cold air of spring, and his moccasins gave scarcely any protection to his hardened feet. The Colonists laid aside their guns, when they realized that the savage was not armed, and grasped the outstretched hand of the friendly neighbor.

"We are glad to see you," spoke one of the hardy Englishmen, "and, as you have shown yourself to be friendly, we too shall be friendly."

"Come, seat yourself among us and partake of our humble fare!

"Ugh! Ugh!" grunted the savage, squatting down upon the ground, "I am Samoset, Pemaquid chief. My hunting ground on Island Monhegan, a day's sail toward the rising sun. Five days if go by land, near Penobscot River. Welcome, Englishmen, to country of Massasoit. I learn your tongue from white fishermen who come here not long ago."

This speech sounded as if it were true, so, feeling compassion for the poor, naked child of the woods, the settlers presented him with a hat, a pair of stockings, shoes, a shirt, and a piece of cloth to tie around his waist. They learned that the country around them was called Pawtuxet, and that, four years before their arrival, a terrible pestilence had swept off all the tribes which had inhabited this district, so that, as none were left to claim the soil, it would be perfectly possible for the English to do so. Samoset also told them that their nearest neighbor was a powerful Sachem called Massasoit, who was chief of the Wampanoag tribe, as well as head sachem of the Pokanoket Confederacy of thirty allied tribes. This mighty chieftain was disposed to be friendly, continued Samoset, but neighboring Indians, called Nansets, had been greatly angered by the English, because some years before, a certain Captain Hunt had kidnapped over twenty of their number and sold them into slavery. It would, therefore, be

well for the settlers, said the obliging Samoset, if they had no dealings with this particular clan, but restricted their trade and intercourse with the followers of Massasoit. After a lengthy discussion of the climate, the country, and the people, the friendly savage departed with smiles and bows, which showed that he was apparently much pleased with the reception which the English had given him.

The unwarlike visitor soon returned with four others, who also professed to be friendly, and who sang and danced in an open space before the settlement to amuse the sturdy and determined Puritans. Among them was Squanto, an Indian who spoke excellent English, because he had been among those whom the English, under Captain Hunt, had kidnapped and sold into slavery in Malaga, for eighty pounds (four hundred dollars) each, but had been ransomed and liberated by kind-hearted monks and sent to England. Here, at Cornhill, he learned to make himself understood in very good English, and obtained the friendship and sympathy of a wealthy merchant, who housed him, fed him, and eventually shipped him back to his native shore in a sailing vessel, commanded by Captain Thomas Dermer. This stout old sea-dog found that all of Squanto's race had died of a pestilence (probably smallpox) and, therefore, delivered him to Massasoit, whose loyal subject he became, and with whom he was now living. The Indians disposed of a few skins and fish, and then departed, telling the settlers that the great chief Massasoit, with his brother and all his warriors, was near at hand.

The first appearance of the Chief of the Wampanoags was upon the 22d of March, 1621, when he arrived upon a hill opposite Plymouth, with sixty warriors gaudily arrayed in their best deerskin raiment. Massasoit is described by one of the settlers as being "a very lusty man, in his best years, with an able body, grave of countenance and spare of speech." In his attire he differed little from the rest of his followers, save that he wore a large chain of white bone beads about his neck which had suspended from it behind a little bag of tobacco. His face was painted a darkish red, and both his head and face were so oiled that he looked very greasy. The only weapon upon his person was a long knife swinging from his bosom by a string; although his attendants carried war clubs, knives, and bows and arrows. Some of his followers—all tall, strong men—were painted black, others red, yellow, and white. They were dressed in furs or skins of various kinds, and made a very good showing—such a good showing, indeed, that the English feared an attack and stood prepared for any sign of violence that the Wampanoags might offer.

The Indians seemed to be unwilling to approach any nearer, and, as they hesitated, the English determined to find out why they would not advance. As luck would have it, Squanto was in Plymouth, so he was dispatched to ascertain their designs, and they gave him to understand that they wished to have some one sent to hold a parley with them. So Edward Winslow was selected to go over to their position with presents to the sachem and with directions to endeavor to patch up a treaty of peace. Winslow was an excellent diplomat;

he addressed them in a speech of some length, and, although the Wampanoags listened with much gravity, it is doubtful whether or not they understood it thoroughly, although an Indian interpreter explained the gallant Winslow's words, after he had spoken. The Englishman told them that King James of England sent his best and kindest regards to Massasoit, his brother, and that he hoped to have him as his friend and ally. Furthermore, that the Governor of Plymouth wished to see him and to treat with him upon terms of the greatest friendliness. Massasoit listened with polite attention, and seems to have made no special reply to this harangue, but to have gazed upon the sword and armor of the Captain with envious eyes.

"I wish to buy your iron breastplate and your war instruments," said the old chief, through the interpreter, as Winslow paused for breath. "What do you wish for them?"

The Captain smiled with good humor. "They are not for sale, my friend," said he. "For I need them sorely in my duties among my own people."

"I will go among them," said Massasoit, rising. "And I will leave you with my brother, while I and twenty of my men walk over to the English camp."

So saying, he crossed the brook between him and the English, taking twenty of the Wampanoags, who were directed to leave their bows and arrows behind them. Captain Miles Standish and another Puritan, with six armed men, met him beyond the water, exchanged salutations with the majestic Indian, and took him to one of the best houses in the village. A stone

arch has, in late years, been thrown over this brook to show where this first meeting between the great chief and the whites took place, while the hill upon which the Indians camped—called “Strawberry Hill”—is still pointed out to those who are interested in the history of America.

In the cabin to which Massasoit was conducted a green rug was placed upon the floor and three or four cushions were piled upon it, in order to make it comfortable. After the noted chieftain had gone inside, the Governor of Plymouth entered the house, followed by several soldiers who beat a drum loudly and blared upon a trumpet, which delighted and astonished the Wampanoags. The Governor hurried up to the Sachem, and seizing him in his arms, kissed him upon the cheek, a salutation which was immediately returned by the chief, and, considering the fact that he was covered with both grease and red paint, it could not have been a very satisfactory affair for the Englishman. He made no grievance, however, and commanded that all seat themselves at a long table, upon which a feast was spread. After a sumptuous repast, in which “strong waters, which the savages love only too well,” were served, a treaty was concluded, with the following terms:

1st. That neither Massasoit nor any of his people should do any hurt to any of the English.

2d. That if any Indian should injure an Englishman, the offender would be sent to Plymouth in order that he might be punished.

3rd. That if anything were stolen from the Indians,



THE MEETING OF MASSASOIT AND GOVERNOR CARVER.

the Governor of Plymouth would cause it to be returned, and the Indian would do likewise toward the English.

4th. That if any unjust war were brought against the Wampanoags, the English would aid them in defeating their adversaries, and that if anyone unjustly warred against the English, Massasoit would aid them.

5th. That in case of actual warfare, the English Governor would send confederates to warn Massasoit of the fact.

6th. That whenever the English came to the camp of the Wampanoags, they should leave their arms behind them.

7th. That if Massasoit should do this, King James of England would consider him as his perpetual friend and ally.

This seemed to please the great Sachem greatly, for he not only agreed to it, but acknowledged King James of England to be his Sovereign, and gave him all his adjacent lands for his subjects to live on forever. It was a treaty upon peaceable and honorable terms; the Indians came to Plymouth to make it of their own free will, and, although for all the land which they granted to the English they received only a pair of knives and a copper chain with a jewel in it, a pot of "strong water," a quantity of biscuit and some butter for Quadepinah—the brother of Massasoit—it is pleasant to know that this agreement was unbroken for fifty years. Massasoit, himself, did well to obtain the friendship of the English, for the powerful tribes of Narragansetts were his enemies, and they were now afraid to attack his camps. The Puritans also benefitted from this agree-

ment, as they obtained an opportunity for profitable trade in peace and seclusion.

There were about twenty different tribes in New England, at this time, and, although mainly independent of each other, they sometimes united for the purpose of making war upon a common enemy. The Pequots, Narragansetts, Pokanokets, Massachusetts, and Pawtuckets were the more powerful, although the Mohegans, the Nipmucks, and Abenakis of Maine were also prominent. The Pequots numbered only about four thousand, in all, while the Narragansetts of Rhode Island—with about one thousand warriors—were next in point of numbers. The other tribes were smaller still, so it can be readily seen that this band of hardy pioneers could, with their armor and firearms, have competed in battle with even the most powerful of these, although, should all have combined against them, their doom would have been sure. Massasoit's people, the Wampanoags, were a part of the Massachusetts Indians, and lived between Plymouth and Narragansett Bay. They were sometimes called Pokanokets. To the south they had the Nansets, as neighbors, on Cape Cod; the Pennacooks, on the northern frontier extending into New Hampshire; and the Nipmucks in central Massachusetts extending into Connecticut and Rhode Island. The Pawtuckets, who had been nearly destroyed by the great pestilence, were north of the tribes of Massachusetts, and included the Pennacooks and other small clans. Massasoit's home was at Mount Hope, where now stands the town of Bristol, Rhode Island, a seaport upon the wide waters of Narragansett Bay.

After the famous treaty between the Wampanoag Sachem and the English had been drawn and signed, Massasoit was conducted back to his own people by the Governor himself. Hostages were left behind and soon his brother Quadepinah came down the brook with a retinue of followers. He, too, was well entertained and so well pleased that, upon the day following, Standish and Allerton—two of the more prominent Englishmen—were invited to come to the Indian camp, where they were regaled with three or four groundnuts and some tobacco. In return for this kind treatment, the Governor of Plymouth sent for the chief's kettle and returned it filled to the brim with peas, a vegetable which the Wampanoags had never before seen. This pleased Massasoit mightily, and, next morning, he and his entire retinue returned towards their own homes, with laughter, smiles and many evidences of good feeling towards the Puritans.

Squanto—the only survivor of the tribe of Patuxets who had originally lived here—became an intimate and valued friend of the English. He taught the Puritans how to plant maize, or Indian corn, and how to enrich the soil, by spreading over it the remains of alewives—fish which ran up the brooks in April to spawn. This proved a great value to the Colonists, for the wheat and peas which they had brought from England with them, turned out to be almost worthless. Later in the year the Indian guided two ambassadors (Winslow and Hopkins) across the country to Massasoit's chief village of Pokanoket (now Warren, Rhode Island), in order that the treaty of peace which had been made with them

might be confirmed. It was in summer—a period of softness and beauty in Massachusetts—and so the two Puritans, as they journeyed through the undulating country, studied its character and soil and became acquainted with the situation of the neighboring tribes. Game was plentiful, especially wild turkeys, which have long since disappeared from the Atlantic Coast, and those left behind by the hardy emissaries were busy with fishing, deer hunting, and watching the corn crop. This grew well, was cut and stored for the winter, and, with an abundance of dried fish and jerked venison, the Colonists looked forward to a much better winter than that of the year previous.

Shortly afterwards, the Narragansett Indians sent a bundle of arrows tied together with the skin of a rattlesnake to the Colonists, and—although these were known to be most warlike of all the surrounding tribes—in token of defiance, the skin was stuffed with powder and ball, and returned. An attack was now expected and so a palisade was erected outside the row of huts, but, although the Narragansetts were evidently at no loss to understand the meaning of the answer which the Puritans had sent, they left the settlement alone.

At the first Indian town to which the two ambassadors came, they were greeted by the Wampanoags with generous but humble hospitality. The Indians gave them cold cornbread, fish, and boiled, musty acorns. After the meal, Winslow shot at a crow with his musket, and, as he killed it at quite a distance, the natives were greatly astonished and amused. With a show of true kindness, the two Puritans were directed to another

Indian town, some eight miles distant, where they were welcomed by a party who were catching great numbers of fine bass in the Taunton River, and who not only gave them a supper but also a breakfast next morning. Attended by six of their hosts, upon the following day, they were crossing the river, when two old Indians upon the opposite bank ran swiftly and stealthily among the high grasses to meet them, and then with loud voices and drawn bows demanded who they were. Seeing that they were friends, their hostility turned to welcome, and, instead of shooting at them, the unfriendly braves gave them food. In return they received a small bracelet of beads. After one other stop the travelers reached Sowams, or Mount Hope—the home of Massasoit.

The great Sachem was not at home, at first, but soon arrived, to be greeted by the two Englishmen by the discharge of their muskets. This startled the aged warrior, but pleased him also, so he welcomed the two guests with kindness and took them to his lodge. After seating themselves, the Englishmen delivered to their host a coat of red cotton heavily embroidered with fine lace, and a long chain of copper and beads. The chief immediately put this on—much to the astonishment of the Wampanoags—who gazed at him from a respectful distance with awe and unspeakable admiration, as he listened to the message from the English governor. This was to the effect that the Puritans trusted that the peace which so far existed between them should be continued, and that, as Massasoit's people (particularly his women and children) came

frequently to Plymouth and were always most welcome, the Colonists feared that their corn would be insufficient in the future to give them proper entertainment. So the Governor requested that Massasoit would not be angered, if, in the next months, the Colonists did not feed his Indians as sumptuously as heretofore, when they came to them upon a visit. But if Massasoit himself should come to Plymouth, or any friend of his, he would be welcome and most hospitably received. "Furthermore," said Winslow, in closing, "I trust that the Pokanokets, who have furs, shall be permitted to sell them to us, for we can send them to our brothers in England, in exchange for many things which we need in the colony."

"I hear the good speech of my English brother," said Massasoit, "and it pleases me much to see them with me. You ask me to keep my people from Plymouth until you know the abundance of your harvest. That I will do, for do not I command all the country about you? Are not all the towns about here of my dominions and the people in them? And, if I shall tell them to bring me their skins, that they will do. I have thirty settlements which I rule over, and they shall do as I command."

"Thank you, good chief," replied Winslow. "I am sure that what you say shall be followed out. Now let us smoke the pipe of peace and further cement our friendship."

To this the friendly chief seemed to be agreeable, but, after the pipe had been passed around, it was seen that the hour was late, and consequently Massasoit offered the two ambassadors a bed in his own cabin. He and

his wife slept at one end upon a plank platform, raised a foot or two from the ground and covered with a thin mat, and the Englishmen were requested to find a sleeping place upon the other end. This they did, but so hard was the flooring, and so vicious were the Rhode Island mosquitoes that both scarce slept at all, particularly as two Indians, whom the Sachem had placed outside as a bodyguard, walked up and down during the entire evening, vigorously slapping at the buzzing insects and making such a noise that it was impossible not to be kept wide awake.

Finally morning dawned, and the two unhappy men were soon breakfasting on cornbread and boiled water, while numerous Indians began to stream into camp from neighboring settlements. By noon a goodly number had arrived, and Massasoit—with true hospitality—made them all seat themselves and partake of a meal of boiled fish, which he himself had speared with arrows as they swam in the Taunton River. Afterwards the savages held a running race and other games, until the descending sun warned them that evening was approaching. Then with many grunts, smiles, and protestations of affection, the visiting braves departed to their own homes. The two Englishmen also begged to be excused, as the barbarous singing of the Indians at night, coupled with the buzzing and stings of mosquitoes, made them long for quiet Plymouth where netting of twine was stretched over the windows to keep out the pests. So they also said adieu to kind-hearted Massasoit, who bade them a warm and tender farewell.

In March, 1622, an incident occurred which came near

putting an end to this strong friendship between the Wampanoag Sachem and the English, for an Indian came rushing breathlessly in among a party of Colonists, with his face gashed and the blood running from it, calling out to them to run quickly to shelter, as his countrymen were on the warpath. They eagerly questioned him, and were told that the savages, under Massasoit, were congregating at a certain place in order to make an attack upon the colony and that he had been wounded by them because he had opposed their base designs. Immediately the Puritans ran to arms and prepared for a stout defense of Plymouth, although a Pokanoket Indian named Hobbammak, who made his home with the Colonists, stoutly denied that the fugitive had spoken the truth. "Send you to Sowams, the home of Massasoit," said he, "and you will soon find that this story is false. I know that Squanto has caused this man to run to you, thus."

"This I will do," said the Governor, and forthwith dispatched a messenger to the Sachem's residence, who arrived only to find that everything was in its accustomed condition of peace and tranquility. He consequently told Massasoit of the reports circulated against him, which enraged the good Sachem tremendously and caused him to utter many uncomplimentary remarks about Squanto, whom—it was understood—had instigated the action of the Indian out of a spirit of malicious mischief. "Let me but catch this Squanto," shouted Massasoit, "and I will teach him not to meddle with my own private affairs. But go tell the Governor of Plymouth," he continued, "that I am glad to hear that

he himself has not believed the idle talk of this lying Indian. Tell him that, if any conspiracy against him ever does take place, I myself will be the first to send him word of it." And with these declarations of strict friendship and integrity ringing in his ears, the messenger returned to Plymouth and quickly quieted the fears of the waiting Colonists.

Squanto died in November on an expedition fitted out by Governor Bradford for obtaining corn from the Indians, and so perished the last aboriginal of the Plymouth soil. He had been serviceable to the English, but quite anxious to have credit for that fact among his own countrymen, and on one occasion amused himself by telling his own people that the whites kept the plague pent up in their cellars, and that they intended to make war upon various tribes. This was done in order that they would employ him to mediate between them and the English for a certain sum, and, of course, when so hired, he always succeeded in settling the difficulty.

As for Massasoit, his friendship for the English continued, for no attacks were made upon the settlement during the entire winter. Early in the spring of that year (1623), a runner came in from his settlement bearing the news that the great Sachem lay dangerously ill at Sowams, and begged that someone who had medical knowledge would come to his assistance: a fact which showed that he put great faith in the superior intellect and attainments of the English. So Edward Winslow was sent to visit him, as a token of the friendship of the Colonists, and he was accompanied by another English gentleman—a Mr. John Hampden—who had some

knowledge of medicine—who brought with him some cordials and other alcoholic beverages.

The two Englishmen had gone but a short journey, when an Indian met them who had tears in his eyes. "Massasoit is dead," said he. "The great chief has gone to the happy hunting grounds." At this, the Indian guide named Hobbammak, whom they had with them as guide and interpreter, began to wail a death song. "O Great Sachem, O Great Heart, with many have I been acquainted," he cried, "but none ever equaled him. His like, oh, Master Winslow, you shall never see again, for he was not false, bloody, and unpeaceable like other Indians, but kind, easily appeased when angry, and most reasonable in his requirements. He was a wise Sachem, not ashamed to ask advice, and governed better with mild measures than other chiefs did with severe ones. I fear, now that he is dead, that you have not one faithful friend left in the wigwams of the red men."

"Time presses, Hobbammak," said Winslow. "Leave off wringing your hands and your loud lamentations. We must trudge along, and hasten to the tepee of Massasoit, for he may not now be dead and these stories may be false."

So saying, they hastened on through the forest and soon came to a village of a sub-chief called Corbetant, who was not at home. But his squaw came running to meet the white men, crying: "Hasten, hasten, Massasoit is not yet dead, but if you run quickly you will arrive in time to breathe a prayer over his body."

The two Englishmen redoubled their speed, and soon arrived at Massasoit's village, where they found the great

Sachem's house so full of his followers that they could scarcely get inside. The Indians were making a "fiendish noise," while about the prostrate body of the chief were six or eight women who chafed his arms, legs, and thighs to keep the heat in them. But—seeing Winslow and Hampden in the doorway—one of them cried out, "The English have come, O chief. Here are two of the white men!"

Massasoit endeavored to look in their direction, but his sight was wholly gone and he could see nothing. "Who has come?" said he.

"Winsnow has come," said one of the Indians, who called the Englishman by the name he was known by among the Wampanoags.

"Let me speak with him, then. Let me speak one word with him," muttered the great Sachem.

Winslow stepped forward to the matted platform where he lay, and grasped the feeble hand which the emasculated Indian held out to him.

"Art thou Winsnow?" whispered Massasoit. "Art thou, indeed, Winsnow? O Winsnow, I shall never see thee again, for I go to the Great Spirit—to the land of the Hereafter."

"I do not think that thee will die," said Winslow soothingly. "Here, Hobbammak, bring me the cordials which I have transported hither for the good King of the Wampanoags!" And as the guide presented them to him, he soon poured some liquid into a cup and gave it to the weakened Sachem. The effect was immediate. With several more drafts, the chief began to show signs of renewed strength, and, after he had lain quietly for

an hour, he was so much improved that his eyesight began to return.

“Now I know that the English are my friends,” cried Massasoit. “Now I know that they love me, and while I live I will not ever forget this kindness, and here, good Winsnow, bring me some English pottage from a roasted fowl, as I have seen you English make at Plymouth, and I shall grow entirely well.”

This was done for him, and so much other care administered to the sinking chieftain that his strength and appetite were wonderfully restored. In two days' time he was up and about, while his attendants showered Winslow and Hampden with expressions of gratitude. Meanwhile the fame of the kindly Winslow, as a physician, spread so rapidly that crowds gathered in an encampment around Montaup, in order to have him prescribe for their various ills. Some, indeed, came from a distance of from sixty to a hundred miles, and the readymade physician might have remained with them indefinitely, had not rumors of a conspiracy among the Pokanokets and other Indians of Massachusetts against the settlement of Plymouth soon decided the two wayfarers to return. Information of their plot was told to Hobbammak by Massasoit, who said that he, himself, had been invited to join in it. “A chief was here at the setting of the sun,” said he, “and he told me that the palefaces did not love me, else they would visit me in my pain, and he urged me to join their war party. But I said no. Now, Hobbammak, go tell Winsnow to take the chiefs of this league and kill them, and it will end the war-trail in the blood of those that

made it, and will save the inhabitants of the settlement." This advice was afterwards taken by Miles Standish and his men, who, with little difficulty, captured and put to death the very Indians who had plotted against the peaceful Puritans. But Winslow and Hampden, thinking that their presence would be of far more value at Plymouth than at Sowams, quickly bade adieu to the aged chieftain and were soon hastening towards the unprotected settlement upon the seacoast which they had left behind them.

Nine years after this the Narragansetts went upon the warpath against Massasoit, and attacked him so vigorously at Sowams that he was obliged to take refuge in the wooden house which an Englishman had erected near by. Here he held the enemy at bay, while one of his own braves bore news of his predicament to the English at Plymouth, who immediately sent an armed force to his relief under the command of Miles Standish. The Narragansetts had learned to fear the guns of the Puritans, at their cost, so, at the approach of the white troops, they quickly made off into the woods. With joy and many tokens of gratitude, the Sachem of the Wampanoags welcomed this deliverance and showered presents and deerskins upon the rescuing white men.

The friendship of this famous chieftain was further shown the English, when—during a period of great religious controversy—he gave a welcome shelter to Roger Williams, a young Welsh, dissenting minister, who was forced to leave the Puritan Colonists, because of differences with them in respect to their religious beliefs. Williams had come to Massachusetts in 1631,

and had settled at Salem, where a struggling band of Puritans had started a settlement. Here he soon came into disfavor because he considered that the strict laws regulating the doctrine and worship of the Puritans were too narrow, and openly preached against the teachings of those who guided the spiritual welfare of the Colonists. Several times he was told to appear before the magistrates, and at last the general court, or legislature of the colony of Massachusetts, pronounced the sentence of exile upon him, because he had taught doctrines which "subverted the fundamental state and government." It was determined to dispatch him to the mother country upon a ship which was soon to leave for England, but someone told the bold minister of this, so he escaped from his house in Salem, in January, 1636, and, after wandering half starved and half chilled for fourteen weeks in the dense forest, he finally reached Plymouth. Here—with a few friends—he determined to make a settlement and begin his life afresh. But now Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts wrote to him—because he believed him to have been badly treated by the Colonists—and advised him to make a home somewhere on Narragansett Bay, and beyond the territory claimed by the other Colonists—advice which Williams had the good sense to adopt. So with five companions, in June, 1636, he paddled into the Seekonk, or Blackstone River, in a canoe, and landed at the head of Narragansett Bay, where he founded the city of Providence—so called because of his belief that he had found it only by divine guidance.

This land had been given to him by Massasoit, with

whom he had found a refuge at Mount Hope during his wanderings in the wilderness, and who had fed and housed him during the black storms of winter. The old chief had showed him every care and attention, and had the greatest friendship for this noble-hearted man of God, who had not only written an essay upon the rights of the Indians to the American soil, which had made him many enemies among the Colonists (because they considered it an attack upon the King of England), but who had a real regard for the savages. It is said that love begets love, and so it would seem with Roger Williams and the Wampanoags. The Colony of Providence prospered; each year brought it additional settlers; and, protected from the attacks of savages by their friendship and high regard, the little town soon grew in strength and prominence.

Perhaps the pleasantest picture that we have of this friendly Chief of the Wampanoags is that presented by the first Thanksgiving ceremony held by the Puritan fathers, in the autumn of 1621. After grave and serious struggles with starvation and disease, the time came when the white settlers had an abundance, not only for the present need, but also for the future. Their corn crop had been ample, pumpkins and fat squashes ripened upon their vines, and a quantity of codfish had been caught and dried upon the beach. With houses now tight plastered against the blasts of the elements, and with a stout palisade to repel the attacks of any savages who might take the warpath against them, they waited for the cold snows of winter with none of the dread which had before consumed their

spirits. So they prepared a great feast of Thanksgiving, and to it invited Massasoit—their friend and ally—who, in deerskin and feathers, came with several of his tribe to the festival of rejoicing. With grunts of contentment the Wampanoags feasted upon the supplies of the Puritans, who, laying aside their arms and armor, mingled with the red men upon terms of the greatest freedom and still further cemented the bonds of peace and good-will which already existed between them.

Later on, the kindly disposed chieftain apparently associated his eldest son with him in the government of his small tribes, for together they came to Plymouth and requested that the Puritan fathers allow the ancient treaty between them to remain as it originally had been drawn up by the head men of the two races. So, too, their names are often found together upon deeds of conveyance of land to the English. In 1649, Massasoit had apparently less need of his possessions than he did of money, for he sold the territory of Bridgewater to the Plymouth Colonists, and took in payment seven coats and a half of a coat, nine hatchets, eight hoes, twenty knives, four moose skins, and ten yards of cotton—a small recompense indeed for such a large amount of territory disposed of, and one which must have been quickly used up. But he was a mere savage whose wants were few, and, with no regard for the future, or realization of the tremendous numbers of whites who were soon to invade the land about him, he doubtless believed that his people would have land and country enough to last them forever. In 1653, another deed was made out by him, conveying a part of the territory of

Swansey to English grantees, and, as another record—in which his name appears—is in 1661, it is apparent that he was alive as late as this and still disposing of his ancestral holdings. But this is the last trace of the great chief which has been left to posterity, so it is evident that the kind-hearted and peaceable Massasoit—the true friend of the Puritans—died about this time. He must have been at least eighty years of age, and was beloved, respected and admired by both his own people and those who would have been his bitterest foes had he shown himself to be possessed of the same vindictive cruelty and hatred as other Indian chiefs.

The fact that this eminent red man was beloved as well as respected by his subjects and Indian neighbors, far and wide, is well shown by the fact that a great concourse of anxious friends flocked about him during the illness from which he was restored by good Winslow. "Some," says this Englishman, "came from more than one hundred miles for the purpose of seeing the great Massasoit before his death, and they all watched him with as much anxiety as if he had been their blood relation. That morning when he had partly recovered, he told me to spend my time in going from one to another, in the town of Sowams, requesting me to treat them as I had him, and to give to each of them some of the same medicine that I had given to him, for they were good folks." It is only too apparent, then, that he won the regard of his own race by his kindness, for even though he himself was near death, his first thought, upon his recovery, was for those about him who were ill and in distress.

His wealth and residence were no better than the meanest of his tribe; it is known that, with the exception of an ornament of bones around his neck, he was no more luxuriously dressed than the poorest of his subjects, yet the dignity and energy of his character was such that he controlled their wild passions and hatred for the whites, because of their personal confidence and affection in him. The authority of Chief Sachem was the free gift of the Indians and could have been taken away at any moment from him by the general vote of the people whom he ruled, but, never, during his long life, was such an act contemplated or apparently desired. As he must have been nearly eighty years of age at the time of his death, his rule of the barbarous and savage tribes was an extremely long one, and such was his influence for peace, that, during his life, there was scarcely an instance of an individual broil or quarrel with the English. Some of the Pokanokets—the Sachem Corbetant, in particular—were extremely hostile to the Puritans, even contemplating an attack upon Plymouth, and, although this warrior openly defied them, and fought them, upon one occasion, he was subsequently overcome with remorse and solicited the good offices of Massasoit to reconcile him with the English. Such was the great Sachem's influence over all the Massachusetts Chieftains that nine of them went to Plymouth, at his request, and made overtures of peace to the English, telling them that they recognized their possession to the land, and their authority to the perpetual holding of it.

Massasoit, the Good, was not distinguished as a

warrior, and he is not known to have ever been engaged in any open hostilities with the unfriendly tribes about him. It is, therefore, surprising that he could have held the respect of the people, whose chief regard is for those who excel in warfare. For forty-five years he was at peace with the whites, and thus kept his tribe from the fate which befell every Indian tribe in New England, which warred with the men of another race—they succumbed to the superior ability of the men with muskets and ball. All the native nations of New England save his were, for many years, involved in dissensions and wars, not only with the whites, but among themselves, and the Pequots, the savages of Maine, the Narragansetts and the Mohegans continually fought and reduced their strength as if their only desire was to exterminate the Indian race and prepare ample room for the whites. “I *know* that the English love me—I love them—I shall never forget them,” said the great Wampanoag to Winslow, after his first recovery from the severe sickness from which that amiable Englishman effected a cure, and thus, beloved by his own people and by those who would have been bitter enemies, had they been treated differently, the spirit of this kindly savage hovers over the dim pages of early Massachusetts history, as a bright and lustrous spark amid the gloomy reminiscences of this unfortunate period of bloodshed, suffering, and race enmity.

KING PHILIP, OR METACOMET

ONE day old Massasoit came to the settlement at Plymouth bringing with him two brown and sturdy Indian youths, and, taking them to the Governor's house, he said, with a great show of good will:

"These are my two sons. You English make fine names. Better names than Indian make. Ugh! Ugh! You give white name to my children."

"It shall be as you say," replied the obliging Governor, as he gazed with much admiration at the two little Wampanoags. "I shall call one Alexander, after Alexander the Great, and the other Philip, after the other Grecian conqueror who bore that name in ancient history."

"Ugh! Ugh! It is well!" said Massasoit, and, after smoking a pipe of peace with his friend, the Englishman, he returned to his quiet life at Mount Hope.

Alexander—the elder of the two sons—ruled over the destinies of his race after the peaceful death of his father, but, as he grew in strength and intelligence, he saw the white men increasing in the land of his ancestors, like locusts in the hot summer. Ship after ship came over from England bringing cargoes of supplies and eager men, anxious to obtain a foothold in the new country and build a home in the wilderness. Plymouth became



KING PHILIP, OR METACOMET.

a good-sized settlement, Boston a flourishing port, Salem a trading place from which ships sailed as far as the West Indies; while at Deerfield, Northampton, and Hadley—far in the interior of Massachusetts—clusters of log cabins and clapboarded houses dotted the clearings.

The white men became more and more eager to possess the land of the Indians; more greedy for farms; more harsh to the lazy, dreamy savages who cared not for houses, for cattle, or for the luxuries of the whites; but preferred their own simple life, the pleasures of hunting and fishing, and their smoky, drafty wigwams. They were always at leisure, all of their surroundings had been free to them before the advent of the Puritans, their wants were few, and were easily supplied. Now, clearings and farms began to spoil the once trackless forests; where once they could roam at will, now those of another race had sown their corn and forbade them to hunt and fish in the streams near by. The silent woods echoed with the axe and saw of the toiling, energetic men from a far distant land, and the Indian began to reflect upon the future when all of his hunting grounds would vanish and he would have to move farther inland, among the warlike Mohawks, if he wished to live amidst the silence of the wilderness.

Wetamoo, a wealthy Indian Princess, became the bride of Alexander, and as she had many followers and much wampum, the oldest son of Massasoit became a man of as much prominence as his father had been before him. His wealth made him arrogant, and stories came to the ears of the settlers at Plymouth that he was

plotting, with the Narragansetts, to openly revolt against them and begin a war with those with whom his father had been so friendly. Whether these stories were true, or not, it is difficult to say; at any rate the Puritans believed them, and so summoned him to attend the court at Plymouth and clear himself of suspicion. He refused to pay any attention to these commands. Major Winslow was, therefore, ordered to go to Mount Hope and arrest him with the aid of ten well-armed soldiers who were to add to their number as they proceeded through the settlements which lay between. He had gone but a short way when he came upon the Wampanoag chief in a hunting-lodge. Within were eight or ten warriors, all armed; but the whites secured their guns, and entering the house, clapped a pistol to the breast of Alexander, telling him that if he stirred or refused to go, he was a dead man.

The proud Sachem was outraged at this treatment and violently upbraided the Colonel who had taken him; declaring with passion that the Governor had no right to believe the idle rumors which came to his ears from lying savages, and that he would not stir. But the cold steel of the pistol at his chest was reflected in the eye of the soldier who held it. The Indian had no choice, and, when his first anger had subsided, he went along moodily and in great dejection, with his attendants following in the rear. A kind soldier offered him a horse, but he said that he could walk as well as any squaw, and so proceeded to Marshfield, where the night was spent. In the morning a high fever raged in his veins. He was violently ill—so ill that it was thought best not to move

him by the physicians of the town, but when he plead that he be allowed to go home, stern Winslow consented. He was released, on giving his parole to return when next summoned, and so, borne on a litter by his faithful men, he left his captors for his own abode. His retainers had not carried him far before he died, amidst the lamentations of those about him and the wailings of his squaw Wetamoo, who declared that the English had poisoned her brave husband.

Thus Philip, or Metacomet—the second son of Massasoit—came to be chief of the Wampanoags. He was about twenty-three years of age, tall, strong, handsome, and with a spirit as proud and haughty as that of his departed brother, who was so sensitive that he had perished as a result of his own injured dignity. Had the English been kind and conciliatory to the new Wampanoag chieftain, they might have gained his friendship instead of his ill will, but the continual nagging which they subjected him to increased his resentment against them and nurtured in him a sullen distrust of all white men and those connected with them. One of the new chief's earliest measures was to come to Plymouth and appear before the court, thus following the example of his father and his brother, for he pledged himself to use every effort to continue the peace which had always existed between the Colonists and those of his own race. For several years after this, the intercourse between the settlers and Indians went on as before, but deep in the hearts of both the red men and whites was a growing suspicion and distrust, which finally came to a point in 1671, when Philip openly

made complaint of the encroachment of the English upon his hunting-grounds.

Rumors came thick and fast to the men of Plymouth that the savages were contemplating war, that they were oiling their guns, which they had purchased from the traders, and were sharpening their hatchets. The Plymouth Government was alarmed. "The Indians are impertinent in their bearings towards all Englishmen," wrote a prominent settler to the Governor, and so that officer of the crown sent word to Philip that he wished to see him and hold a conference with him at Taunton. At first the proud chief refused to come to meet the English, but he apparently changed his intentions, for on April 10th, 1671, a message was received from him, inviting the officers of the Plymouth Government to meet him in a "pow-wow," but demanding that two hostages should be sent him as a guarantee of his own safety. When these were received, he came to Taunton with many followers, and, seeing military preparations among the English in the town, took up a position upon the outskirts, near a mill, and refused to move from this ground until three commissioners sent from Massachusetts came out to meet him, and persuaded the now unfriendly chief that no harm would be done him if he came to greet the Governor. So, with glances of suspicion and distrust, the Indians entered the church where was the Governor, surrounded by soldiers in slouch hats with broad brims, long swords, iron breastplates and unwieldy guns. The followers of King Philip were naked to the waist, had their faces and bodies painted in many colors, and were, for the

most part, armed with long bows and with quivers full of arrows, although a few who knew how to use them had guns in their hands.

“I charge you with warlike designs against us,” said Governor Prince. “Many have told me that you and yours prepare for open hostility against the English.”

In the dark eyes of Philip gleamed the fire of intense anger, as he replied:

“It is an untruth. I have sharpened my hatchets and arrows because I feared an attack by the Narragansetts, who are unfriendly to me and mine.” As he spoke, the looks of defiance which his warriors cast at the English showed that if the soldiers should dare to lay a hand upon their chieftain, there would be certain bloodshed.

A long talk was now held, and, in the end, the defiant Sachem agreed to renew the old peace covenant between himself and the English, and to surrender all firearms into their hands as long as there was any suspicion of war upon their part. But he had no intentions of doing this and of thus placing himself at the mercy of the English, nor could he have forced his warriors to do so had he so wished, for the Indians had come into possession of large numbers of muskets which they used for killing game, and which they considered as much a necessity as their own clothes. Thus, although the conference ended in peace, the English soon took measures to enforce the compliance with its terms and so awakened intense hatred and anger in the hearts of King Philip’s men. The guns of the Assowomsett and Middleboro Indians were seized by force; the Saconet

braves were threatened with war if they refused to deliver up their firearms, and, as in September only seventy guns had been handed in to the Plymouth authorities, they again summoned proud Philip to appear before them and to give the reason why his men did not live up to their agreement. He did not appear before them until he was fully prepared to answer the accusations.

The charges against the Wampanoag Sachem were that he had neglected to bring in his arms; that he had refused to come to the English court when sent for; that he had harbored bad Indians; had been insolent to the Massachusetts magistrates, and had misrepresented matters to them. To these accusations he replied that he was as much a subject of the King of England as were the Plymouth Colonists themselves, which was true; that as he was a subject of the King he was not obliged to run at the beck and call of the Colonists, for they were only subjects as he himself was; and that he was unable to make his men give up their guns as they needed them for supplying themselves with deer meat and wild turkeys. His arguments were good, but he could not convince the hard-fisted magistrates of the righteousness of his cause.

“You must sign a new treaty with us,” said stern Governor Prince. “And you must agree to pay tribute of one thousand English dollars every year in fur and peltries. Also bring us five wolves’ heads a year and do not engage in war with other tribes, or sell your lands to others, without consulting first the Plymouth Council. As for delivering the guns to us, this you need not do, as you say that your warriors need them for obtaining”

game in order to live by, but, if you further insult our white ambassadors you must expect to smart for it."

"How! How!" muttered King Philip, as he withdrew. "Ugh! You English want everything your way, but it shall be as you say."

So, turning his face towards Mount Hope, he had soon disappeared into the forest and only the sighing of the wind in the pine branches came to the ears of the relentless counsellors, who, sure of their strength and resources, had begun to use force upon the weaker and less energetic race. They watched his retreating form with frowns of determination upon their brows.

For three years peace reigned in the forest. The Narragansetts, Wampanoags, and Nipmucks resigned themselves to the inevitable domination of the English, but hunters and trappers told of the sullen manner of the independent Indians and of the lack of stockades at the far distant towns of the interior. The great body of Colonists went upon their way in fancied peace and security, tilled the soil, cut down the trees of the forests, and broke new roads through the wilderness with no thought of danger. So low was the interest in the Provincial militia that no elections for military officers were held by the people and their officers were appointed by the general court. But suddenly an episode occurred which woke the slumbering spirit of war and again fired the angry passions of both red men and white. This was a murder.

There had been living among the Wampanoags at Nemasket, an Indian converted to Christianity by John Eliot, a Puritan missionary. This savage was named

Sassamon, a cunning and plausible fellow, who accompanied King Philip to the last conference with the Governor, as an interpreter. He was close to Philip, was in his confidence, and hearing him speak often of a desire to go to war against the English, he one day journeyed to Plymouth, and told the people there to be on their guard, for the Wampanoag chief was determined to massacre them if he had a favorable opportunity. This alarming news was not believed by Governor Prince, "for," said he, "all Indians are, by nature, untruthful and wish to make you fear them." So the Puritans paid little heed to this information, especially as Philip, himself, soon came to the settlement, declaring that he wished for peace; that he had heard of Sassamon's talk; and that he wanted to tell them that such sayings were untruthful and absurd.

Today a few survivors of the Nemasket tribe of Indians live upon the edge of Assowomset Pond, four miles south of the village of Middleborough, Massachusetts, and on the surface of this quiet sheet of water was found floating the body of Sassamon, in the spring of the year. Bruises upon his body aroused the suspicions of the whites, who came to the belief that he had been killed during the winter and his remains thrown beneath the surface of the pond, in revenge for his treacherous talk. Three Indians were arrested on suspicion, but they claimed that Sassamon had been drowned while fishing and that the marks upon his body were caused by contact with the ice. In spite of this, they were called before a jury of whites and Indians, and, upon the evidence of an Indian who claimed that he

was an eye witness of the affair, were sentenced to be hung. The last red man to swing for the crime confessed that the other Wampanoags had really murdered the red man and that he had been a looker-on, but not a participator in the deed. In spite of thus turning "States Evidence" he was first reprieved and then executed, and, although there was no actual proof of King Philip's connection with this terrible affair, it was evident that he had decreed that Sassamon should die as a fit punishment for his tale-bearing to the English settlement.

The execution of the three Indians aroused the angry passions of the Wampanoags to fever heat and they soon began to annoy the white settlers who had the misfortune to live in the neighborhood of Mount Hope. The peaceful folk at Plymouth now had rumors of ravage and excesses of all kinds. Houses were robbed while the men were in the fields at work; cattle were shot when they were beyond the hearing of the farmers' wives; corn was stolen; outbuildings were set on fire in the night, and sheep were mysteriously slaughtered. A Christian Indian came, one day, to Governor Prince, and said: "Strange warriors swarm to King Philip's village. His women and children are being sent to the Narragansetts. He and his men are thick as flies, and they are armed and ready for a long war." Alarm and terror spread among the far-distant settlements, and some persons of imaginative minds saw comets in the form of blazing arrows shoot across the skies, while the thunder of hoofs of invisible horsemen, and the whistle of unseen bullets, were heard upon the still air as the

peace-loving villagers walked to and from their meeting-houses. "To arms! To arms!" was the cry, as the rumors of the Indian uprising grew more and more frequent, and the stern-faced Puritans oiled their Cromwellian muskets, cleaned out the fuse pans, and set their wives busily to work moulding leaden bullets. War—cruel, savage, relentless war, was soon to burst upon the white settlers of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

And, as we look upon the events which led up to this conflict, we see that King Philip and his men had good reason to make one desperate attempt to rid the country of the superior race of whites. "What can we do against you English?" Philip had said in a conference at Bristol Neck. "If we surrender our arms to you, you do not deliver them back to us without charging us a fine; you take our land away from us and pay us practically nothing. You cheat us whenever we have dealings with you. As we have no fences around our cornfields, your horses and cattle trample out our food. You sell our men liquor, get them drunk, and then, when they hurt the sober Indians and your cattle, you fine us so heavily that we must needs sell our land to pay it. When you English first came to our country, my father Massasoit was a great man, and you white men were weak and poor. He gave you more land than I now possess. Yet you seized upon my brother Alexander, forced him to come to you with a loaded pistol, and killed him by your cruel treatment. You will not believe the testimony of our brothers in your court, and every lying white man's tale against us is credited."

These accusations were all true; the English had crowded the men of a different race and manner of living back into the interior, and, desiring their land, had cheated, browbeaten and robbed them of their possessions with a supreme contempt for their feelings. To compete with the Puritans, the Wampanoags had to adopt their ways, but they were content with their own manner of living; were satisfied with their wigwams and primitive method of tilling the soil, and did not want the care or trouble of tending to flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, which made the white man rich and prosperous. It was the stronger race against the weaker, and, as has always happened, the Indians had to give way to those of greater intelligence and thrift.

Philip was driven to bay and forced into a fight by the passions which he was unable to control, yet he must have known that he could not win. The Narragansetts had not joined him. The surrounding tribes gave him little assurance that they would fight with him to the bitter end, and, although tradition has it that the Indians had seven or eight thousand fighting men, it is probable that their actual numbers were about three thousand five hundred. No general conspiracy had been organized, and, although many individual Indians were sure to join with Philip's warriors, he could count upon no assistance save that of his own followers. So the hostilities began with the odds decidedly against the native Americans.

The little village of Swansea, Massachusetts, was not far from the Wampanoag capital of Mount Hope, and here on Sunday, June the 20th, 1675, a war party of

eight Indians crept stealthily into the quiet street as the settlers were at church. They entered a house, upturned tables, chairs, and bedsteads; stuck arrows through the pictures, and then killed some peaceful cows grazing on the village common. But an old man and his son were at home, and, as they saw the thieving savages issuing from a neighbor's house, the father seized his musket and told his boy to "shoot a robbing varmint." Putting the gun to his shoulder the young man fired from a window, dropped a savage with the first bullet, and turned around smiling, when the Indian crawled to his feet and made off. Later in the day some friendly Indians came to the village and asked why the brave had been shot. "Because he was a robber," replied the old man. "Is he dead?" "Yea," was the answer. "That is good," shouted the boy who had pulled the trigger, and, from the looks of hate upon the faces of the visitors, it could be seen that they were maddened by the young man's idle words.

Messengers were sent in haste to Plymouth, troops were ordered to march to Taunton, and, at the same time, the next Sunday was appointed as a solemn one for prayer and the chanting of psalms, with the request that war be turned aside. But these supplications to heaven were to be of no avail, for, as the settlers of Swansea returned from their meeting house upon the next Lord's day, suddenly the wild war-whoops of the savages and crack of rifles was heard from the depths of the woods, on either side of the path. One Puritan soon lay dead upon the ground, another was badly wounded through the body, and two young men who were running

back to the village for a large gun, were found dying in the road, as the fleeing settlers came slowly towards their homes, with faces towards the lurking foe and their few muskets speaking loudly in answer to the wild whoops of the painted braves. Barricading themselves in the strongest farmhouses, they fought a desultory battle all through the day, but next morn six persons were found dead in an outlying log house, which was farther from the protection of the village. Their heads were scalped and their bodies had been brutally disfigured.

There were forty thousand English in New England, and, at the first news of this tragedy, men donned their armor, seized their guns, and soon were marching in numbers towards the scene of hostilities. The Praying Indians—those converted by the English missionaries—refused to join with King Philip's men and either did not fight at all, or marched with the whites. The Pequots and Mohegans of Connecticut would not take the field against the Colonists, for the war had broken out a year before King Philip had intended it to, and he had not had time to persuade these to become his allies. He, himself, is said to have wept, as the tidings of these first outrages of the war were brought him, for, savage as he was, he no doubt relented at the idea of disturbing the long peace which his father—the good Massasoit—had preserved with the Puritans. But the die was cast; from now on there was to be no rest for the Indian Sachem; and, although he must have known that, in the end, he would surely be defeated, he plunged into the campaign with a brave resolution to conquer the op-

pressors of his people. His own following consisted of six hundred warriors, eager and ready for the fray. The Narragansetts were willing to assist, the Nipmucks and the Indians residing upon the Connecticut River were prepared for a long war, and all the Indians upon the coast of Maine, fully two hundred miles away, were soon engaged in the common cause of the race—the extermination of the whites. Tradition has it that between seven and eight thousand fighting men were enrolled in the war under the leadership of Philip, but, in reality, there were probably about thirty-five hundred.

On June 20th, a panting messenger came into Plymouth upon a blown and winded horse.

“Arm! Arm!” he cried to the settlers. “The house of John Winslow at Swansea has been plundered by the Indians and many houses have been burned while the people had been at church. War is begun and we must defend ourselves to the last ditch.”

A stalwart Captain—a carpenter by trade, and Church by name—was one of the first to bear the dreadful news.

“To arms!” he shouted, as he ran to the house where muskets and balls were kept. “We’ll soon show King Philip’s men that the Puritans can fight as well as they can hoe corn.” And, before two houses were passed, twenty horsemen galloped down the main street in the direction of Taunton; their swords gleaming in the bright sun, and their breastplates flashing like the saucepans in the kitchens of the good housewives.

Church was a stout soldier and as ready with his broadsword, as he was with his hammer and saw. His

spirit was burning for a fight, and, joined next day by numbers of friendly Indians and troops, under Major Cudworth and Bradford, he pressed on to Swansea, meeting people fleeing from their homes, wringing their hands, and bewailing the losses of their houses and their herds. A part of his force was sent to escort a guide called Brown to his home at Wanamoiset, on June 23rd, and, meeting a part of the garrison going out to bring in corn from some deserted houses, they told the drivers not to go on as Indians were near. "We do not fear them," said the foragers, "for we could handle King Philip's whole army," and thus boasting and laughing, they proceeded onward. But scarcely had they gone more than two miles, when loud war-cries sounded from either side of the forests, accompanied by the sharp crack of rifles, and, to their dismay, they found themselves in an ambuscade. "Turn, men, back to the town," shouted the head of the force, but, although they quickly retreated, six of their number were shot and fell into the roadway, where the skulking braves soon made short work of them. In the following week this settlement, for which they gathered provisions, was abandoned to its fate, and the inhabitants sought refuge in Rhode Island.

Meanwhile two hundred and fifty fighting men of Boston had joined the intrepid Church at Swansea, where there was skirmishing with lurking Indians in the brush, but no battle with any great numbers of King Philip's men. "On, on, to Mount Hope!" was the slogan of the eager Puritans, as, with over five hundred warriors, the angry settlers crossed over the

bridge at Swansea, and, with horsemen upon the flanks to prevent an ambushade, pushed on towards the home of King Philip. They passed by groups of empty wigwams, the smoking ruins of the homes of settlers, Bibles torn to pieces and thrown into the roads in defiance of their Christian teachings; while the heads of men and women stuck on stakes bore full witness of the fury of the savages. The rain fell in torrents as they pressed forward to the Indian town, but, when they rushed exultantly amid the homes of the Wampanoags, not a savage was to be seen, and a heavy trail towards the shore showed that all had escaped to the inland country. Disgusted, but not disheartened, the white men camped for the night in the drenching mist and rain, and, leaving a force to build a fort, after a few days of fruitless search for the savages, the soldiers retired to Swansea and Rehoboth.

Philip had been too clever to be caught at his own home, which was without strong defenses, and had crossed the mouth of the Taunton River to the Pocasset swampland, where he and his men had hidden themselves. He was too wise to engage in open battle with the English, his tactics being those of defense and quick forage, rather than that of meeting the whites upon even terms. Furthermore, he hoped to prolong the war until he could get other western tribes to join with him and thus eventually drive the English into the sea. Should he have some great victory, he expected to gain the assistance of the powerful Mohawks of New York State, and with these to aid him in battle, the Colonists would have little chance for success. So—sullenly and

craftily—he lay in the dense undergrowth, waiting for the English to find him in his lair, while he dispatched numerous messengers to the surrounding tribes, asking for the aid in this desperate war.

And he did not have long to wait for the enemy, as Captains Church and Fuller were soon upon his trail, with thirty-six men who were burning for a shot at the spoilers of their homesteads. They crossed the river and penetrated the dense Pocasset swamp, where suddenly a few of their number in advance ran into a small body of the savages. These fled, without offering to fight, and so the rest pushed forward upon the track which the great body of Indians had left as they had retreated into a dense pine swamp. But, suddenly, the sharp rattle of a snake sounded from the undergrowth. Another and still another was heard, and, more terrified by this enemy than by the savages, Church turned to his men to say:

“Back, boys! These serpents are worse than the Black Serpents whom we search for. We must out of this and look for the cunning varmints by a different route.”

So they retreated from the wood, passed down the shore towards a neck of land called Punkatee, and soon came upon fresh Indian signs and a wigwam full of plunder. This made them push on much faster, and suddenly they were overjoyed to see two of the enemy in a field of ripening peas. Church and his men immediately fell flat upon their faces, hoping to surprise the two savages, but the eyes of the braves were keen. They saw the glint upon the steel breastplates of the English, and so took to their heels. A fence lay in their path, and as

they climbed it, one turned around to discharge his gun. As he did so, a Puritan hit him with a bullet, so that he dropped into the thicket upon the other side, with a great yell of rage and pain. The English rushed forward, hoping to capture him, but, like a cat with nine lives, he wriggled away in the thick underbrush and disappeared.

The Puritans pressed forward, but the sharp ping! ping! from fifty Indian rifles spoke from the silent forest, which warned them that they were surrounded. Blood-curdling yells of defiance sounded in hideous unison as they advanced, and, perceiving that they were in an ambush, Captain Church cried out: "Retreat! Retreat to the fence, lie down behind it, and stand off these yelping wolves." The soldiers obeyed, and, as they reached this friendly shelter, the hill in front of them was fairly black with the swarming warriors of King Philip, whose bright guns glittered in the sun. As they spread out to surround the small band of Puritans, the rattle of bullets in the grass warned the gallant Church that he must retreat, or else all would be lost.

Giving the order to fall back to the beach, the intrepid Captain soon had his men near the water's edge, where they protected themselves behind fallen boulders and stripped off their coats, so as to let their friends see them from the opposite shore. The soldiers were so hungry that they stopped to gather some raw peas upon the way, being peppered by the Indian bullets as they did so, and losing one of their number. At last they all tumbled down behind an old hedge where Captain Church lay, and remained quiet under a withering

fire from the Indians, who took possession of the ruins of an old stone house that overlooked them, and endeavored to pick off as many as they could. A hot fight went on. Things began to look black for the small band of Puritans, who were now outnumbered ten to one, and whose powder and ball began to grow very scarce.

In this situation, a sail boat approached from the opposite shore, with a canoe trailing at the stern, but the Indians kept up such a warm fusillade at her that they made her keep some distance away. "Send your canoe ashore," shouted the men, "and take us off, for our ammunition is near gone and we will be overpowered."

But the fellows upon the boat were afraid to venture nearer and kept a safe distance away.

"If you don't send your canoe ashore," roared Church, "I will fire upon you myself. Come—paddle in so that some of my men can get away."

The angry tones of the Captain apparently made the master of the boat lose all desire to aid the band of fighters, and away he sailed, leaving the men to shift for themselves. The Indians, seeing the boat go away, fired thicker and faster than ever, so that a few of the Puritans, who were good runners, began to talk of escaping by flight. But the courageous Captain Church exhorted them to keep up a bold front, to save their ammunition until they saw the head of an enemy, and to be of good cheer, because he was certain that help would soon be at hand. Thus he kept up the spirits of his followers until, just at nightfall, a sloop was seen approaching.

Cheer after cheer came from the throats of the tired men, as a canoe touched upon the bank, and, two at a

time, they were paddled off to the ship. Church was the last to come off, for he had left his cutlass near an old well in front of the Indians, and he refused to go until he had found it. As he climbed aboard the sloop, he took one parting shot at the savages with his last bit of powder, which was only sufficient to send the bullet half way to the shore. Two balls from King Philip's men struck the canoe as he went aboard, one grazed the hair of his head, and another partly penetrated a stout, leather girdle right in the middle of his breast, which was fortunately of sufficient thickness to turn the leaden missile aside. Thus ended the first actual skirmish of the war.

Philip was now safe in the swamp, so the pursuit of his wary men was left to some Massachusetts troops who were back from the Narragansett County, where they had gone to secure the friendship of the Narragansett warriors. Church's men—the soldiers from Plymouth—were hurriedly dispatched to the town of Dartmouth, where the savages had burned most of the houses, had stolen cattle, sheep, and horses, and had murdered a number of the inhabitants. Here some two hundred Wampanoags came in and gave themselves up to the troops, upon the strength of promises made by the Captain of the garrison that they would receive kind treatment and would not be harmed. But, in spite of this, the town council voted that, inasmuch as several of these savages had been actors in the late uprising against the whites, and, as the rest had been compliers in the insurrection, that they should be sold into slavery for the good of the country. The soldiers loudly protested against this

decision, but sold they were, and shipped to Cadiz, Spain, under one Captain Sprague, who treated them in a rough and brutal manner. Is it any wonder that the rest of the Indians continued the war and refused to end it, to give any quarter to the whites, or to sign any truce, until their last resource had been exhausted?

Meanwhile the Massachusetts forces had surrounded the Pocasset cedar swamp where Philip hid with Weta-moo (his dead brother's wife) and her men, who had fastened bushes about themselves, so that they could steal about undetected among the leaves and shoot down their pursuers. Some of the Puritan troops pushed into the undergrowth in a courageous attempt to be the first to capture the wily chief, but they were ambuscaded, shot at by an unseen enemy, and eight were killed. This proved that discretion was the better part of valor, and so the troops decided to starve out King Philip, as the point of land on which the swamp lay was surrounded upon all sides but one by water. So sure, indeed, were the whites of effecting the capture of all the Indians that a part of the troops returned to Boston, leaving but one hundred men behind them to finish the work and end the war with one blow. But they little gauged the ability of King Philip as a campaigner, for he had rather different ideas of fighting than his opponents. Quietly getting together enough drift wood to make a stout raft, he launched it upon the shore (not watched by the Puritans), paddled across to the other side of the river, and departed for the country of the friendly Nipmucks, leaving his women and sick to be captured by the Massachusetts troops.

At daybreak, he and his men were seen by various farmers as they passed through the open country which lay between them and the land of the Nipmucks. At Rehoboth, the settlers, reinforced by some fifty Mohegan warriors, attacked him without serious loss to the whites, although thirty of King Philip's men were soon weltering in their own blood. The Wampanoag Chief was fighting for his life, and he fought well, urging on his hardy braves by word and gesture, and animating them to deeds of daring by exposing himself freely upon the firing line. The whites and friendly Indians were unable to capture his devoted band and soon they were lost in the thick forest, into the gloomy depths of which the attackers dared not follow.

In a short time Philip was among the friendly Nipmucks, uncaught, unawed by the show of English force, and bent upon forcing the fighting to the extent of his ability. About a fortnight before his escape from Pocasset swamp, as the good minister in the First Parish Church in Boston was delivering his sermon, a courier rushed into the building, with the startling information that the little town of Mendon had been attacked, and that about six of the inhabitants had been slain. The congregation left the place of worship in the greatest alarm, for they now saw that all the Indians in Massachusetts had risen against them, and that, if a treaty of peace were not soon effected, a large army would have to be sent against the savages. So a Captain Hutchinson, escorted by a Captain Wheeler, with twenty horsemen, was sent towards the Indian settlement, with directions to patch up a peace. The mes-

senger, travelling in advance, requested the Indians to meet the English at a certain spot, and this the Indians agreed to do, but when Hutchinson and his men arrived there, not a red warrior was to be seen.

The good Hutchinson was well known in these parts, as he had a large farm near by, where he employed many of the Indians in the fields, and so, hardly thinking that they could be attacked, the men went carelessly through the forest, whistling, laughing and singing songs of gayety and mirth. But suddenly a shot sounded from the gloomy depths of the wood; another and another followed; while blood-curdling yells showed that the Indians were near by, and had ambuscaded the unthinking white troops. They were thrown into terrible confusion. After a short stand they retreated as fast as possible, taking aim at the unseen enemy from the tree stumps and fallen timber, but, as the little band emerged from the shadow of the trees, eight of their number fell dead and a dozen were wounded. Wheeler was shot clean through the body and his horse was killed underneath him, while brave Hutchinson was so badly injured that he died shortly afterwards. Thus, defeated and dismayed, the troops retreated to Brookfield, under the guidance of two friendly Praying Indians, who knew every inch of the country, and, under their direction, they took a bypath which led them in the rear of a large force of redskins who had closed in on their rear, during the skirmish in the forest, thus hoping to annihilate them. When the disorganized band reached the town (a settlement of twenty houses) they took refuge in the Inn, the strongest house in the place and

there they were immediately joined by all the inhabitants.

Two messengers were now dispatched on horseback to hasten to the nearest settlements for aid, but, as they reached the edge of the town clearing, shots rang out from the underbrush, yells of defiance told them that the Nipmucks were advancing, and so they returned, at full speed, to join their friends. That evening, one of these was peering out of a garret window, when a bullet from the watchful enemy struck him in the forehead and caused instant death, thus warning the defenders of the Inn that an attempt to escape would be fruitless, and that they must now fight to the last ditch. There were twenty-six fighting Puritans in the fortified dwelling, the women and children were in one room; the wounded in another. Outside, the Indians kept up a continual yelling and shouting as they poured volley after volley of shot, which came against the walls like hail. They set fire to the deserted dwellings of the town and the crackling flames and black smoke warned the inhabitants of Brookfield that their homes would be no longer standing at the end of this unequal battle. The fate that was to befall them was evident, for one rash man, venturing out of the Inn to run to his father's house not far away, was caught by the cruel redskins, his head was cut off and, after kicking it about like a football, it was placed upon a pole and set up in full view of the surrounded Englishmen, with fierce yells and cheers of defiance from the red demons who had killed him.

In the night the savages roared like so many bulls, sang weird songs of war, and fired against the walls of

the Inn until three o'clock in the morning, when they attempted to set fire to the house by means of hay and other combustibles which they brought to one corner and touched off with a firebrand. But the brave white men dashed out into the open under a murderous fire from the Indians, which wounded only two, and with great exertion put out the blaze before the Inn itself had ignited. Meanwhile, one Ephraim Curtis, a swift-footed youth, crawled by the savages in the early gray of the morning, and, eluding the vigilance of the sentinels, made all haste for Marlborough, the nearest settlement. His comrades grimly sat down to wait for what Providence should bring them, determined that they would sell their lives dear, and, if they were to die, it would not be until after they had sent many a redskin to the next world before them.

Among these Nipmucks were several renegade Praying Indians, and, as the shot continued to pour in upon the garrison, next morning, they collected in great numbers near the church—only a gunshot away—and scoffed, blasphemed and joined in a hideous attempt to sing a mocking hymn. The garrison, with religious anger, fired upon this ribald crew with vigor and soon saw them retreating in confusion, carrying several dead and wounded with them. All during the afternoon fresh hordes of warriors came in to join the foe, while the yelling braves redoubled their efforts to burn the Inn. Arrows, tipped with burning rags dipped in brimstone, were shot upon the roof, while the men within cut away the shingles under them and put out the blaze. The yelling braves piled hay and flax against the walls, for a second

time, which they set on fire, as they crowded around the door in order to shoot down anyone who came out or force an entrance should anyone open it. A ball of fire was shot into the garret which fell in a great mass of tow, but was fortunately extinguished immediately by one of the soldiers, and in these fearful straits the garrison broke down the house wall and put out the flames from the inside.

“Merciful Providence, what shall we do?” shouted a stout Puritan at this moment. “Our water has given out!”

“I will get more,” cried one Thomas Wilson, running into the yard, but he was shot in the upper jaw and in the neck so painfully that he cried out in his anguish; whereupon the Indians set up a great shout of triumph, thinking they had killed him. Fortunately his wound was not serious and he recovered in a short time; but he got no water, and thus the beleagured men and women were in desperate straits indeed. The Indians had barricaded the end of the meetinghouse and the barn belonging to the garrison, with boards and hay, and so, protected from the bullets of the settlers, they fought at close quarters and kept up an incessant fire. But, seeing that their only hope for success was in burning the house, they now brought up a cart which was made from a barrel and piled with hemp, flax, hay and other inflammable materials, and set it on fire, as they rolled it towards the mansion. Nothing, it seemed, could now save the Colonists, for the poles on the cart were of such a length that the whites could not hit the Indians who pushed it. At this awful moment, Heaven came to the aid of the courageous English. A heavy thunder

shower suddenly fell, and, as the burning cart was extinguished by the raindrops, the Indians set up a wail of disappointment, as they heard the cheers from the interior of the Inn.

Two days and a night had now elapsed since the messenger to the settlements had passed through the lines of hostile Indians, and, whether he had reached the friends of the settlers or not, was unknown to the now wornout defenders of the last house in Brookfield. They gloomily fired at the savages as they cautiously showed themselves, and, as the darkness of another night began to fall, you can well imagine their feelings of excitement, when, above the howlings of the Nipmucks, was heard the tramp of a column of horse. The Indians began to withdraw—they suddenly disappeared altogether—and, to the joy of all, a gray-haired Puritan at the head of some forty-six stout Massachusetts yeomen rode into the streets of the town and rescued the half-starved garrison. Cheer after cheer rent the air, as the danger was known to be past. By the lurid light of some burning barns, the Nipmucks retreated into the blackness, firing desultory and random shots at the reinforcements as they did so. The garrison was saved. Women sobbed aloud; strong men wept like babies; and tears of cheerfulness were intermingled with those of sorrow for the brave fellows who had fallen in the fray. Brookfield was soon abandoned by all, and the cattle of the once prosperous settlers grazed among the ruined walls and charred timbers of the homes of their masters. King Philip's men had well begun their awful work upon the people of New England.

And this dread destruction continued, for the settlers were few, their homes were without stockades, and they were thoroughly unprepared for making a decent resistance against the overwhelming numbers of the Indians. The Nipmucks, with King Philip as director of affairs, had moved westward towards the town of Hadley, where was a large Indian encampment of supposedly friendly red men. "We will go out and fight Philip," they told the English. "We are your friends, not his." But the friendly Mohegan warriors gathered about the Puritan leaders. "Do not believe them," said they, "for they will give the enemy warning, when on the warpath, by shouting. Do not believe them." So, it was ordered that these warriors should come to the English troops and give up their arms, in token of their friendship. But the Indians left their village in a body (it was a group of wigwams with a stockade about it) and fled. The English pursued, next day, and overtook them in a swamp ten miles distant, where they attacked with vigor, firing from behind trees and boulders in true frontier fashion. The fight was sharp and bloody. It lasted for three hours, and in the end, the savages made good their retreat, leaving twenty-six warriors upon the field, while nine of the Englishmen died in the arms of their comrades, who were unable to capture a single red man.

Not far off was the little settlement of Deerfield, with about one hundred and twenty-six sturdy settlers living there. Three of the houses had palisades about them, but the rest were thoroughly unprotected. Philip's emissary had stirred up all the Indians hereabouts, and

men went to meeting with their arms over their shoulders; ammunition was stored in the meetinghouse and each man furnished himself with at least five charges of powder and shot. In spite of this, the Indians found them thoroughly unprepared, when, a week later, they fell upon the little settlement, and, although the settlers rallied together in the centre of the village, the redskins soon set fire to all the houses and barns beyond range of the white men's trusty flintlocks. Not daring to leave the protection of their palisades, they saw the labor of long years of patient toil go up in smoke, while their sheep, oxen, and cows were driven off by their enemies. A few days later, Squaqueog, a town fifteen miles distant, met the same fate, while some nine or ten settlers, who did not reach the garrison house soon enough, were easily slain by the crafty Indian braves. The red hand of war lay heavy upon the Massachusetts frontier.

It was now September, and the soft haze of Indian summer drowsily hung over the once peaceful hills and valleys of Massachusetts, making it so strange to believe in war, that even the followers of King Philip found it impossible to fight. But the stern commands of the last of the Wampanoags was for more slaughter, and, a month after the burning of Brookfield—when most of the garrison was absent from Hadley—the savages fell upon it with sudden and unexpected fury. It was fast-day, and the people were in the meetinghouse, when a wild war-whoop sounded from the forest, the loud report of a musket followed, and, as the startled congregation rushed into the street, a band of howling red men

poured into the village with yells of savage hatred and defiance. Seizing their ever-present flintlocks, the men of Hadley backed away to the garrison house, forming a screen for the women and children behind them, but it was impossible to reach it, as they were cut off by the swarms of Indians. They retreated to another building (incapable of being defended from the inside) and here held off the exultant braves. It was a desperate situation, for should they go down before the onslaught, no quarter would be given to their loved ones and the Puritans knew that they must win in order to keep all that was dearest to them in life. Their hands trembled as they fired at the whooping warriors, now crouching behind fence posts and buildings, and pouring a steady fire into the brave defenders of Hadley, who, unnerved by the sight of their helpless families, fought grimly and desperately as the savages pressed ever nearer in front. The Puritans wavered; their line fell back and the fate of Hadley hung upon the trembling balance of a moment.

Suddenly, a loud cry sounded from the interior of the house, and an aged man of soldierly bearing and commanding presence, rushed into the open with sword in hand. "On, Englishmen, on!" he shouted, "back with this yelling vermin! Back! Drive them into the forest!"

There was a quick response from the stout Puritans, who were not lacking in courage, but who needed leadership. They rose to their feet. They rushed forward upon the yelling foe. In the place of despair, now energy and hope stirred their hearts, and as the calm

old man walked among them with words of cheer, they pressed upon the attackers with a new vigor. The Indians fell back with dismay, and, as numbers of their foremost scouts were knocked to the ground—pierced by the well-directed shots of the English—suddenly they fled into the woods, pursued by the impetuous defenders of Hadley on the dead run. When the sound of the retreat had died away, the men gathered together in the village to thank their aged leader. He was not there. From whence he had come, no one knew, and none had seen him disappear. The man was a mystery.

Such is the story of the fierce fighting at Hadley and of the strange appearance of the ancient knight, whose presence turned the tide of conflict at a time when victory was most needed. It would be pleasant to believe that this were some friendly spirit come to aid the Puritans—some ghostly retainer from the dim ages of the past—but such cannot be the case. Eventually, it was known that one Colonel Goffe—a fugitive from England—was concealed in the house of a Mr. Russell at Hadley, and, as he was an old soldier and a veteran of the war in England, it was impossible for him to remain quiet when he saw the doughty villagers getting the worst of the battle with the Indians. It was unknown to the people that he was among them, for he was a regicide (or assassin of the King of England) and had he been discovered, it would have been necessary for some citizen or some magistrate to have returned him to the mother country. Fortunate, indeed, had it been for the people of Hadley that a fugitive from justice had been among them.

September was a fatal month for the English. On the same day that Hadley was attacked, a large force of King Philip's men visited Deerfield, where they burned several houses and barns, and killed two men. At Northfield, the blockhouse was besieged, all the dwelling houses were burned, and a dozen settlers were slaughtered by the savages, while a Captain Beers, who went to the relief of the town with thirty soldiers, was ambuscaded by the Indians and killed. Only ten of his followers escaped. Deerfield was again attacked, and more houses were burned, while the surrounding country was swept bare of all settlers, farm utensils, and cattle belonging to the whites. The frontiersmen clustered together at Deerfield and Hadley, determined to sell their lives dear, if the worst came to the worst, and eagerly awaited an opportunity to avenge themselves upon their cruel foe.

When the farmers fled from the vicinity of Deerfield, they left a quantity of unthreshed grain, and so a company of eighty picked men—the flower of Essex County—under the command of Captain Lathrop of Ipswich, was sent from Hadley to complete the threshing and load the grain on wagons. This they did, and as they were returning through the forest, the soldiers halted in a grove of trees near a brook, where the men broke ranks and loitered to and fro in the shade, off their guard, and with their muskets and armor upon the ground. But alas! the crafty Indians had been all night upon their trail, waiting for just such an opportunity, and suddenly seven hundred painted braves, sheltered by the trees, poured a withering fire of balls and arrows into the

unsuspecting followers of Lathrop. All but seven of the whites were killed, the rest escaped through the dense forest to bear the sad tidings to their friends, while the Indians held a riotous scalp dance over the remains of their victims. Because of this massacre, the brook, to this day, is called Bloody Brook.

As the savages sang and danced hilariously, a Captain Mosely, who had heard the firing and had seen the fugitives, hurried to the spot with several followers. From eleven o'clock in the morning, until dusk, he held his own against the redskins, when one hundred whites and sixty friendly Mohegan Indians arrived to assist him. The victorious savages were driven off with great loss and were pursued for some distance, while only one white man was killed and eleven were wounded. When Captain Mosely came up as the followers of King Philip were collecting spoils and scalps, he took off his wig and stuffed it into his breeches pocket so that he could be in good fighting trim, and thus use his rifle with ease. This act was seen by the Indians, and one cried out:

“Englishman got two heads! Me cut off one, he got another and put it on! Ugh! Ugh! I no like to fight man with two heads.” And in consequence of this, several of the braves made off into the gloom of the forest, believing that they were leagued against Old Nick.

Philip, himself, was not active in these skirmishes and seems to have directed the plan of operations from his own wigwam and not to have taken a very prominent part in the fighting. Although numerous captives were brought to him, there is not an instance of his having

maltreated a single white person, even while the hard-fisted Puritans were selling his own people into European slavery, or torturing and hanging them. A Mrs. Rowlandson was captured and brought to his camp where he not only invited her to call at his lodge, but, when she did so, bade her sit down and smoke a peace pipe. When next he met her, he requested her to make a garment for his child, and gave her a shilling for it. He afterwards took the trouble to visit her in order to tell her that "in a fortnight she should be her own mistress." What is still more to his credit, we read that when a certain James Brown of Swanzev came to his camp with a letter just before the commencement of hostilities, and the young warriors were about to kill him, Philip interfered and stopped these wild braves, saying that his father had told him to show kindness to Mr. Brown.

On the breaking of the war the King of the Wampanoags gave strict orders that no one should injure any of the members of the Leonard family, for these people had been very kind to him and had often repaired his guns when out of order. Thus the settlement of Taunton—where the Leonards resided—was almost entirely unmolested during the war, although in the very path of the struggling armies. Instances such as this show King Philip to have been a man of warm impulses, generosity, kindness, and forbearance—characteristics which some of the Puritan leaders, themselves, were lacking in.

The war had been disastrous for the English, and, stung with the bitterness of defeat, those in power determined to now use every effort to cripple the allied tribes under the leadership of Philip. The Narragansetts

were secret allies of the Wampanoag Chief, and, as they had a large fort in South Kingston, R. I., built upon five or six acres of dry ground and encircled by a swamp, it was determined to attack and burn the stronghold. Palisades and a circle of felled trees surrounded the citadel, and it was defended by numerous warriors armed with flintlock muskets, which they had either stolen, or bartered, from the English. Massachusetts furnished five hundred and twenty soldiers for the army of conquest, Plymouth one hundred and fifty-nine, and Connecticut three hundred, while one hundred and fifty friendly Mohegan Indians went along as guides and scouts. This army of over a thousand men moved against the Narragansetts—under the leadership of stout Governor Winslow of Plymouth—confident of success, and singing hymns of victory. It was in December—the snow lay deep upon the ground—but it did not chill the ardent spirits of the Puritan troops.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the soldiers were in the vicinity of the fort and ready for the assault. They lined up in preparation for a rush upon the entrance, which was protected by a high blockhouse and had, in front of it, a log breastwork about five feet high, but, as luck would have it, a long log of considerable thickness jutted out through the palisade, and, with a rush, the Massachusetts men ran over the frozen swamp, leaped upon the fallen tree trunk and pushed towards the entrance. A withering fire from the Narragansetts threw them into confusion, and, in order to save themselves from slaughter, the brave soldiers cast themselves upon their faces. Many were killed and lay about in the

snow, but, not daunted for an instant by this savage fire, the white soldiers again leaped to their feet, and, cheered by the cry, "They run," "They run," stormed over the tree, penetrated the stockade, and drove the Indians out of their position in the blockhouse.

Many continued to fall, while the Narragansetts, rallying again, began to press forward. But, at this juncture, the Connecticut troops made their way into the stockade through a breach in the palisade and took the warriors in the flank. All the Puritan leaders of this division fell dead, but the soldiers struggled like demons, and, as the men of Plymouth scrambled into the opening made by their entrance, the Narragansetts fell back, foot by foot, while the warriors fought desperately from the shelter of the bags and baskets of grain in the wigwams. At this moment fire burst from the tepees and the wind swept a mighty wave of flame through the fort, while the crackling of the burning wood and skins was mingled with the shrieks of the women and children, the yelling of the warriors, and the harsh yells of the sturdy Puritans.

The Indians were driven from the stockade into the swamp, where from the shelter of the thick wood, they still kept up a vigorous fire on the white troops, but, as the gloom of a wild winter's night settled upon the scene of battle, those Puritan leaders who had survived the carnage gathered around Captain Winslow in the glare of the blazing wigwams, while the driving snow turned their figures white against the flaming background. Their ammunition was nearly exhausted, and, as they knew that the Narragansetts—after rallying in the

morning—might be upon them, a retreat was decided upon. So the tired and weary troops, leaving twenty of the dead in the fort to deceive the Indians, and carrying the wounded upon litters made of muskets and saplings, began a long and dreary march to the settlements. Many lost their way and wandered all night amid the storm, while seven of the Captains and about seventy-five of the soldiers died as a result of this exposure during the next few days. It had been a bitter contest, and the blow had not been a decisive one, as Philip—the wary and indefatigable Indian leader—was still alive.

The little town of Lancaster is in the far interior of Massachusetts, and this was attacked, next year, in February, by the Wachusett Indians. One of the Sachems of this tribe had married a sister of Philip's wife and thus there was a close bond of sympathy between these warlike people and the followers of the King of the Wampanoags. There were several garrison houses in the village, and in one—the Rowlandson house—were gathered about fifty men and women, who, awakened one cold and cheerless morning by the wild Indian war cry, rushed to the windows and looked out. The sight which met their eyes was terrifying, for several houses were in flames, and the Indians, whose dim forms were almost indistinct in the morning haze, were massacring the inmates with knives, muskets and tomahawks.

Soon the Rowlandson house itself was attacked, and, as it lay on the summit of a hill, the Indians crouched along the crest and poured a continuous fire upon it.

For two hours the defenders held their own, until a cart filled with flax, hemp and hay—seized from the barn—was wheeled to the side and set on fire. The roof and sides of the garrison house were soon alight, and men, women and children rushed out in the vain hope of reaching the next house. It was in vain. They were all either killed or captured. The Indians carried off the cattle and survivors of the attack, while, a few days later, the town was abandoned to its fate.

Deerfield had also been deserted, and the Indians had taken possession of the untilled cornfields and had planted them afresh; while some miles beyond, at the falls on the Connecticut River, a large body of them was camped, in order to catch a supply of fish for King Philip's armies. A stout Captain Turner was at Hatfield when news was brought that the savages were near by in force, so, gathering one hundred mounted men, he made a night ride of twenty miles, and, as the sound of the approach was deadened by the rapids in the river, the English found the Indians fast asleep. At day-break, on May 10th, the troops left their horses in a ravine and marched a mile or two to the rear of the savages, who had been so certain of their seclusion that they had not even posted a guard. Spreading out in a circle, the Puritans suddenly made a rush into the camp. The surprise was complete, and although many of the savages took to their canoes, they were washed over the falls and drowned in the frothing, eddying water. Many hid among the rocks, but they were seized and put to death by the sword; while scores were shot as they attempted to cross the river. Over three hundred

warriors were thus destroyed, while the gallant Turner did not lose a single soldier, and, from this success, had the honor of having the falls named after him.

Not far off was another party of Indians, and, when they heard the noise of the fight, they came to the aid of their own blood, and were soon on Turner's tracks. Sad to relate, a panic seized the white troops—for a rumor was spread about that King Philip was at hand with a thousand warriors. A large number of the whites were cut off; Turner himself was killed; but the main body, with their tongues fairly hanging from their mouths—like the British troops in the retreat from Lexington—reached the settlement at Hatfield. The disaster had been a severe blow to Philip, for it broke up his fishery and many of his best sachems had been slain. In reprisal, he made an attack upon Hatfield, but the Indian warriors were so badly whipped that they retreated into the wilderness to mourn their losses and prepare for the last desperate stand of the war.

It was now spring of the year 1676, and, realizing that they must use every effort to put an end to hostilities, the Colonies called into active service every able-bodied man or boy who could shoulder a musket. All who could be spared from work upon the farms were sent out upon expeditions against the various bands of warring savages. Nor were the whites always successful, for many disasters came to the different bands of fighting men, as they marched and countermarched through the dense woodland of the interior of Massachusetts, where the moose still had its habitation, and the beaver, lynx, and bear were often to be met with.

Thus one Captain Wadsworth was surprised as he went to the relief of Sudbury, Massachusetts, was entrapped in an ambush, and was killed, with sixty of his men. Shortly afterwards, a Captain Pierce with fifty Englishmen and twenty friendly Indians, when but eight miles from Providence, was surrounded, and, although his men formed in a circle, back to back, they were practically all killed or captured.

A messenger from the Captain was waiting at the church door, to inform a Captain Edwards that Pierce needed assistance, as the fierce fight was going on in the woods, and, had he not delayed in giving his message, because it was Sunday, and he did not want to disturb the meeting, there is no doubt that this fight would have had a different termination. Not long afterwards, things were reversed, and three hundred mounted men—English and Praying Indians—overtook a body of nearly the same number of Narragansetts in a swamp in their own country and completely annihilated them. Their chief was asked if he had anything to say before they executed him. "Yes," said he, "I shall die before my heart is soft, or I have said anything unworthy of myself. It is well. Ugh! Ugh!"

This was the beginning of the end. The tide of success for King Philip began to ebb, and, under the leadership of that hard, fighting man, Captain Church (who was more than a match for the Indians in cunning, as well as courage), those warriors who were still in the field against the whites were soon driven to the last ditch. Day and night Church followed the savages into the swamps and forests, so that they were reduced to

live—if they did not actually starve or freeze—upon dead horses, clams and roots. The loss of chiefs and warriors disheartened the Indians, and their large expeditions were abandoned; while to distract pursuit, they split into small parties and fled into the solitude of the forest. Philip himself retreated to the neighborhood of his former settlement at Mount Hope, like a fox, who, when the hounds are hot upon his trail, seeks his burrow. He was set upon on all sides, and only escaped capture by many a hairbreadth.

The red warrior was now a desolate and desperate man, the last Sachem of an ancient race, without subjects, without territory, hunted like a deer, in daily fear of capture, in danger of starving and with no shelter at night for his head. All of his chief counsellors and best friends had been killed; his uncle was shot down at his side; his wife and child (an only son) were captured. Alone, friendless, and deserted, he hid in the dense forest, awaiting the doom which surely and relentlessly awaited him. "You have made Philip ready to die; you have made him as poor and miserable as he used to make the English, for you have now killed and taken all his relatives," said some Indian prisoners whom Church captured, as he looked for the Wampanoag Chief in the swamp.

Philip was hiding near Assowomset Pond, while numerous bodies of mounted troops and friendly Indians guarded the trails which led to it and scoured the country in all directions. So hunted and afraid was he that he fled southward in the hope of reaching the country of the Narragansetts. Hot in pursuit of the

fleeing Sachem, Captain Church left Plymouth in search of the quarry, beat the woods about Pocasset, and finally ferried his men across the arm of Narragansett Bay—which here juts into the land—and camped with them in Rhode Island. The Captain paid a visit to a friend's house, some eight miles away, when two horsemen rode up, who called out:

“What will you give for some news of Philip, Captain?”

“I will give a good deal,” replied the rough soldier.

“Then we can tell you where he is,” said one—a Major Sanford—“for a Wampanoag has just come to our camp and told us that, as Philip had killed his brother for giving him advice that displeased him, he had fled from him, fearing the same fate, and, in revenge, will tell us where to find him.”

“Let me see him at once,” cried Church. “We will immediately be upon King Philip's trail.”

So, riding immediately into the camp where the Wampanoag had been taken, they found him willing to guide them to Philip's hiding place. The whole English force, marching with great speed, crossed the water at Bristol Ferry, and soon arrived shortly after midnight at the north end of a miry swamp near Mount Hope. A small force was sent into the underbrush at daybreak to beat up Philip's hiding place and drive him into flight, while soldiers and Indians were placed behind trees, all around the swamp, so as to stop him if he attempted to get out.

“I have placed my men so that it is scarce possible for Philip to escape,” said Captain Church to a companion, when suddenly a shot whistled over their heads.

and the noise of a gun in the direction of Philip's camp was immediately followed by the sound of a volley.

Some of the soldiers had crept upon their stomachs close to the sleeping camp, when the Captain in charge saw an Indian looking at him from behind a stump. He consequently fired at him immediately, and thus the Indian camp was, in a second, thrown into confusion. The Indian who had been shot at had been missed. It was Philip, who, seizing his pouch, gun, and powder horn, plunged immediately into the swamp, clad only in his trousers and moccasins.

As the King of the Wampanoags dashed down one of the many trails leading into the undergrowth, he was seen by a soldier and a friendly Indian from their hiding place behind a tree. The soldier raised his gun to fire, but the morning mist had dampened his powder and his musket would not go off. But the Indian fired immediately, sending one bullet through the heart of King Philip, and another, two inches above it. The great chief fell upon his face in the mud, while the savage who had laid him low rushed to Church with the news, and, when the whole force was assembled and had been informed of Philip's fate, they greeted the information with loud cheers. The friendly Indians, seizing the body by the leggins, drew it out of the mud to the highland, where it was immediately cut up. The head was severed from the body, carried to Plymouth, set upon a pole and paraded through the streets. It was then placed in a conspicuous spot, where it remained for nearly twenty-five years.

The death of the mighty Sachem of the Wampanoags

practically ended the war, although some Indians, in small parties, held out a bit longer throughout all of New England. Hostilities had lasted for more than a year, and had been disastrous to the settlers; for thirteen towns had been destroyed, six hundred buildings had been burned, six hundred men had been either killed or tomahawked; numberless cows, sheep and horses had been stolen, and great numbers of the men of New England had been disabled by wounds. There was hardly a family throughout Massachusetts and Rhode Island that did not mourn its dead. The power of the Indians had been forever destroyed, for not only had many families been entirely obliterated, but hundreds had been driven to the far West, or had been captured, sent to the West Indies, and sold as slaves.

Philip had fought his fight, and had fallen, as a guardian of his own honor, a martyr to the soil of his fathers, and of the proud liberty which was his birthright. Never again was the Indian to possess the soil of New England and hunt in freedom and ease through its forests, as of yore. The Anglo-Saxon had conquered, and to the white man and his civilization the land was to forever belong. Thus the first great war between the different races ended just as all subsequent conflicts between the red men and the white were to terminate. The white man was to be found invincible.

PONTIAC: THE RED NAPOLEON

THE war waged by King Philip had put an end to all further hindrance to the settlement of New England by the whites, and the hostile Indians had been wellnigh exterminated. But, as the restless settlers pressed westward, ever westward, to populate the untouched wilderness and to build hamlets and cultivate farms, it was only natural that the western Indians would view their advance with the same anger that had smouldered in the bosom of the chief Sachem of the Wampanoags. The French, in Canada, were more peaceably disposed towards the savages than were the English; they treated them with some consideration and kindness; sent their Jesuit Missionaries among them; and endeavored to teach them the ways of civilization. As the English pressed onward they were continually in altercations with the various tribes which lay in the path of their steady emigration, and they showed them little consideration, kindness, or toleration.

In 1755 war broke out between the French and English for the possession of America. Both were rival claimants for the soil of the New World, and the people of the northern English colonies had learned to regard their Canadian neighbors—the French—with the bitterest enmity. They hated them because they were of a different religious faith than their own, and they

hated them because they were friends of the very Indians who made depredations upon their frontier settlements and slaughtered the peace-loving white settlers. The Indians were plied with gifts and flattered by the French, so that, in the fierce struggle for the possession of America, the red warriors sided, for the most part, with those who held dominion over Canada and the Great Lakes. The English won the war, and thus the wilderness beyond the Allegheny mountains, over which France had claimed sovereignty, passed into the hands of her rival, who, with a force of but five or six hundred men, expected to keep it secure. Little apprehension was felt of an attack from the red inhabitants of the woods, and, as the French had signed a capitulation, the English considered themselves safe in the possession of this new-won territory. But they were far from being safe, and much fighting was still to be done before peace and tranquility were to come to the frontier.

The furthest settlement of the English was at Detroit, between Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair, and upon the river of the same name. There were about twenty-five hundred inhabitants in this little community. Straggling huts were along the river banks, and in the centre was a fortified town, called the Fort, consisting of about a hundred houses surrounded by a palisade. A British garrison, consisting partly of regulars and partly of provincial rangers, was quartered in well-built barracks inside the town, or Fort. There were about one hundred and twenty soldiers, forty fur-traders, and a few half-breed scouts who could not be

relied upon in case of a war with the redskins. Several light pieces of artillery were mounted upon the bastions, while two small armed schooners—the Beaver and the Gladwyn—lay anchored in the stream. The garrison was commanded by a splendid English officer, named Gladwyn, whose courage was that of a lion, and whose fighting qualities were far superior to most of the British officers who were engaged in the struggles upon the frontier. A large Indian village of the Potawattamies was on the western shore of the river, a little below the fort; while, nearly opposite, on the eastern side, was a village of the Wyandots; and on the same side, five miles away, the Ottawas, under Chief Pontiac, had fixed their abode.

Although the Indians appeared to be on friendly terms with those in the town, the country had scarcely been transferred to the English—at the conclusion of the French and Indian war—when smothered murmurs of discontent began to be heard among all the Indian tribes of the interior. From the headwaters of the Potomac River to Lake Superior, and along the winding courses of the Mississippi, a deep-seated hatred of the English increased with great rapidity. When the French had held possession of Detroit and the forts upon the frontier, they had supplied the surrounding Indians with guns, ammunition and clothing, but the English would give them nothing. The French had been kind to the savages when they visited their forts, but the English received them with cold looks and harsh words, when, as was their custom, they would lounge about the fort and lazily stretch themselves out in the shadow

of the walls. This was galling to their proud and haughty spirits. Then, too, the best lands of the red men were being invaded by white settlers and all remonstrances had been useless. The Delawares and Shawanoes, in particular, were highly exasperated at this, and their feelings were shared by all the surrounding tribes, in whose breasts slumbered a terrible hatred and distrust of the oncoming English, who had been their enemies in the late war and towards whom the Indians had the rancorous enmity that an Indian always feels against those to whom he has been opposed in battle.

Pontiac was principal chief of the Ottawas and head of a loose confederacy of the Ottawas, Ojibwas, and Pottawattamies. He was about fifty years of age: tall, sinewy, strong. Over those around him his authority was almost despotic, while his name was known and respected among all the savages who resided in the country, stretching from the Ohio River to the lowest waters of the Mississippi. He possessed great energy, craftiness, and oratorical prowess, while his courage in war was far-famed. It is said that he commanded the Ottawas in the defeat of General Braddock at Fort Duquesne—during the French and Indian war—and it is certain that he was treated with much honor by the French officers, for one of them had presented him with the regimentals of a soldier of that country, which he is only known to have worn upon one occasion. Not long before the beginning of the French and Indian war, he had saved the French garrison at Detroit from an attack from some discontented tribes of the North, who had marched to destroy it. For this he had been made



PONTIAC IN COUNCIL.



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much of by the French officers. "He puts on an air of majesty and princely grandeur," said Major Rogers, (one of his opponents), "and is greatly honored and revered by his subjects."

Pontiac saw that the Indian race was now confronted with a grave crisis, for, when Canada had become an English province, the tribes had sunk from their former position of importance. Up to this time, France and England—the two rival European nations—had kept each other in check upon the American continent and the Indians had been flattered by each, for their services were needed by both. Now the English had gained undisputed control of America, and the Indians, being no longer important as allies, were treated as animals of a lower order of intellect who could be trampled upon with impunity. Thus the mind of the wily Ottawa Chief conceived the idea of driving the English into the sea, of once more restoring the French to power, in the West, and thus to again place the Indians in their former position of influence. The French Canadians continually told him falsehoods, assuring him that the war had not been lost by the French, that the armies of King Louis were now on their way to recover Canada, and that the French and their red allies could soon drive the hated English away from their beloved country. Stirred by these lies, and urged on by revenge, ambition, and patriotism, Pontiac decided upon war.

The various Indian tribes which lived along the Mississippi; in the country of the Ohio River and its many tributaries; and along the cold waters of the Ottawa to the north, were visited in 1762 by ambassa-

dors from Pontiac. They carried with them a tomahawk stained red and a war-belt of wampum, and, as they went from camp to camp, they would fling down the tomahawk on the ground, hold the war-belt above their heads, and deliver a long speech, urging the warriors to join in the extermination of the English. Everywhere this appeal was heard with nods and gesticulations of approval, and all of the Algonquin nation—including the Wyandots, the Senecas, and several tribes of the lower Mississippi—pledged themselves to aid in this important movement. Of the powerful Iroquois nation of New York State only the Senecas would join, but the force against the whites was so overwhelming that it seemed hardly possible that the few scattered English garrisons could escape a terrible slaughter. Yet, confident in that supreme race confidence which has made the English the most all-powerful nation since the Roman legions held dominion over the greater part of Europe, the white garrisons of the wilderness kept their posts in fancied peace and seclusion.

The dreary winter drew to a close, and the Indians hid their intentions beneath calm and serious countenances. They still lounged about the forts, begged for tobacco, gunpowder, and whiskey, and gave no sign of intended wrong or violence. Yet they were busy sawing the muzzles of their guns in half so that they could conceal them underneath their blankets, were gathering a large supply of powder and ammunition from the French traders, and were holding war-dances in their far-distant habitation. Now and again intimations of their danger reached the garrisons and startled

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them from their fancied security. An English trader came into Detroit one day, and reported that he had heard a half-breed scoundrel boast that before next summer he would have English scalp-locks as a fringe to his hunting-shirt. The commander of the garrison laughed at the tale. Later on—in March 1763—the British commander Holmes, at Fort Miami, on the Maumee River (about one hundred and ninety miles southwest from Detroit) was told of Pontiac's conspiracy by a friendly Indian. "The warriors of the neighboring village," said he, "have received a war-belt and bloodstained hatchet, with a message urging them to destroy you and your soldiers. If you do not kill them first, they will do so." Holmes believed the tale, called the warriors together, and told them of his suspicions. The savages acted as many of them have done under similar circumstances—confessed that they had meditated an attack upon the garrison, said that a neighboring tribe had told them they must do it, under pain of death, and professed eternal love and good will towards the English. This allayed the suspicions of the commander of Fort Maumee, but he reported his discovery to Major Gladwyn, at Detroit, who, seeing the peaceful condition of the Indians in the three villages near his own fort, expressed the opinion that there was apparently some trouble among the Indians, but that it would soon blow over. He little suspected that Pontiac—the arch-conspirator—was in a village but a short distance away, and that his heart was burning with revenge and hate against him and his small garrison. He little believed that, as the savages came in from

their winter hunting grounds, on the approach of spring, and did not come into the fort, as usual, they were fast making preparations for an assault upon him. In a few weeks he was to learn more of the Indians' character than he had ever suspected.

Pontiac had a small cabin of bark and rushes upon an island in Lake St. Clair, and here, with his squaws and children, he waited for the time to arrive when his braves would be ready to strike. His plan of operations was to make a sudden and simultaneous attack upon all the British forts on the Great Lakes and rivers of the Middle West—at St. Joseph, Ouiantimon, Green Bay, Michillimackinac, Detroit, the Maumee, and the Sandusky—and also upon the forts at Niagara, Presqu'Isle, Le Boeuf, Venango, and Pittsburg. Most of these strongholds were badly protected; they were mere trading places, yet to the Indians they seemed to be great obstacles. It was evident to the mighty war Chief that the destruction of these posts and their garrisons would be a blow from which the hated English could never recover. And, as he lay upon his skins, looking out across the hazy waters of the Lake, his heart beat with the fierceness of his passions, and the hot blood surged tumultuously through his veins. All was going well with his plans; on all sides his allies were preparing for the great blow, and, viewing once more the supremacy of the French and of his own people, the fierce light of ambition glittered in the eye of Pontiac, the red Napoleon. Thus, as spring came to the wilderness, and the leafy forests were resounding with the chant of bright-colored birds, the wild death songs of

the Indians sounded harshly discordant from the depths of the green wood.

On the afternoon of the fifth of May, a Canadian woman, called St. Aubin, who was the wife of one of the principal settlers, crossed over the Detroit River to obtain some maple sugar and venison from the Ottawa Indians. When she entered the village, she was surprised to find several of the warriors filing off the muzzles of their guns, so as to reduce them to the length of about a yard, and upon her return home she mentioned this to several of her neighbors. The blacksmith of the village remarked that many of the Indians had been to his shop within the past month, and had attempted to borrow files and saws for purposes which they could not tell him of. These revelations excited the suspicions of the older Canadians who had lived long among the Indians, so, going to the Fort, one of them—as spokesman—told Major Gladwyn to be upon his guard, for the Indians meditated treachery. The courteous commandant treated this advice with scorn, and scoffed at the news of an outbreak.

But, in a day or two, news came to him which changed his ideas very materially. In the Pottawattamie village was an Ojibwa girl, called Catherine, who was much attached to this gallant Major in charge of the British troops. On the day following the first announcement of trouble, she came to Gladwyn's quarters, bringing with her a pair of elkskin moccasins which he had requested her to make, and, showed by her downcast face and sad look that she had something unusual on her mind. Her demeanor was so peculiar that Gladwyn

called her to him and requested that she tell him what weighed upon her spirits. "Promise me that you will not betray me," said the Indian girl, "and I will reveal my secret."

"I promise," answered the intrepid soldier.

"Then I will speak," continued the Ojibwa maiden. "Tomorrow Pontiac will come to the fort with sixty of his chiefs. Each will be armed with a gun cut short off and hidden beneath his blanket. Pontiac will demand a council, and, after he has delivered his speech, he will offer you a peace-belt of wampum, holding it in a reversed position. This will be the signal for an attack. The chiefs will spring up and fire upon the officers, and the Indians in the street will fall upon the garrison. Every Englishman will be killed, but not the scalp of a single Frenchman will be touched."

The English Major was now thoroughly aroused to his peril. He called together his officers and told them what he had heard. Immediately, every preparation was made to meet the expected attack, half the garrison was ordered under arms, and all the officers made ready to spend the night upon the ramparts, for, as the Indians nearly numbered from six hundred to two thousand, the commandant feared that they might learn that their plan had been discovered and would storm the fort before morning. The sentries were doubled, and, again and again, during the night, Gladwyn mounted the ramparts to look far out into the gloom of the soft, moist air. The shrill piping of frogs sounded from the still banks of the river, while, as the night wind swept across the clearing before the doomed defenses, the sullen boom-

ing of Indian drums, and the wild chorus of quavering yells came ominously to his startled ears. The savages were holding their war dances around their distant camp fires, and were preparing for their work of ruin and destruction upon the following day.

Next morning the sun rose brightly and soon dissolved the waving mist which hung over the river, disclosing to the eager eyes of the sentries a fleet of birch-bark canoes, crossing from the other shore. They seemed to be heavily laden and moved very slowly through the water, propelled by two or three warriors in each. But there were ten or fifteen warriors in every canoe, lying flat upon their faces, so that their number would not arouse the suspicions of the keen-eyed English troops. The frail boats reached the bank behind a cluster of trees, the warriors sprang out, unnoticed, upon the shore, and soon the common—behind the fort—was thronged with squaws, children, and braves, some naked, and others brilliantly painted white, vermilion, and pale blue. They moved restlessly to and fro, while many of the savages, wrapped in their blankets, and holding them close up to their faces, stalked up to the fort, scowling at the palisades and glowering evilly at the sentries.

Meanwhile the alarmed Major in command of Detroit had not been idle. The whole garrison was ordered under arms. Bayonets were placed in the end of the muskets, revolvers were strapped to waists, powder horns were filled to the brims. The English fur traders in the fort closed their storehouses and armed their men, who, with long flintlocks, scraggy beards, tawny

hunting shirts, and weather-beaten faces, looked as if they could put up a very excellent fight. All were cool, confident, and ready for whatever might transpire.

It was not long before Pontiac, himself, approached at the head of sixty Indian chiefs, all marching in single file. They were wrapped to the throat in colored blankets and some had hawk, eagle, and raven plumes fluttering from their heads, while others had shaved their crowns, leaving only a scalp-lock hanging to one side. Their cheeks were smeared with white lead, soot, ochre, and vermilion, while their keen, beady eyes gleamed in their sockets vindictively, and gave them a grim and horrible aspect. As they crossed the bridge leading over a creek near by, a Canadian settler, named Beaufait, met them, and stepped to one side in order to allow them to pass. This they did, without glancing at him, but, as the last warrior approached, he recognized him as an old friend and associate. Uttering a vindictive "Ugh!" the warrior opened his blanket, disclosing the hidden gun, and, pointing with his arm to the fort, showed by a wave of his hand that he meant to use it with effect upon the English. The Canadian was too startled to move and stood looking after them, like a person suddenly paralyzed.

It was ten o'clock when the Chief of the Ottawas reached the fort, and, at his request to be admitted, the gateway was immediately thrown open to him. In an instant the cruel traitor was inside the palisade, but, as his keen eye gazed around him, he started back, and a deep ejaculation escaped from behind the folds of his gaudy blanket. The sight that met his eyes might

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well have terrified his crafty soul, for at a glance he saw that his long-meditated plot was ruined. Ranks of red-coated soldiers stood upon either side of the gateway, their guns at parade-rest, and their glittering bayonets flashing in the rays of the gleaming sun. He pressed on with his followers, but, as he passed the first house, he saw the motley collection of fur traders armed to the teeth, standing upon the corner of the street, and glowering at him and his warriors like fierce wolf-hounds on the leash. A drum beat, the soldiers closed the gate and formed a double line in the rear, but, regaining his composure, Pontiac strode forward into the narrow street, while his chiefs, glancing uncertainly from side to side, marched after their leader to the council chamber.

The council house was a large building near the river, and, as the Indians entered, they saw Gladwyn, with several of his officers, seated in readiness to receive them. The now cautious chiefs could not help seeing that every British officer had a sword at his side and a brace of pistols at his belt. Therefore, the red conspirators began to be afraid, and, eying each other with uneasy glances, they began to back away towards the doorway through which they had just entered. But Pontiac strode before the commandant and spoke with a loud voice. "Why do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the street with their guns?" said he. "Is it for warfare against the French that they are preparing?"

Gladwyn could not speak the Ottawa tongue, so replied through his interpreter La Butte.

"I have ordered my soldiers under arms for the sake

of order and discipline," said he. "We are to hold a parade this afternoon."

Still gazing cautiously around them, the chiefs at length sat down upon some mats on the floor, and, after a long pause, in which the pipe of peace was passed cautiously around, Pontiac arose to address the assembly. In his right hand was the belt of wampum, and, as he addressed the officers, assuring them that he had come only to smoke the pipe of peace and promote their friendship, the British soldiers kept their eyes fastened upon it with looks of eager expectation. Suddenly, he raised the belt as if to give the signal for attack, and, as he did so, Major Gladwyn motioned slightly with his hand.

Immediately the roll of a drum sounded from beyond the doorway, the rattle of muskets and tramp of many feet reverberated through the silent hall, while the shrill blast of a bugle woke the echoes of the almost silent fortification. Pontiac stood as if confounded, and, as he saw the unruffled brow and keen eye of the British commandant fixed full upon him, he turned and sat upon the ground in stupid amazement.

Gladwyn now rose to speak, and, as he did so, his eye flashed fire and determination. "Friendship and protection shall be given you as long as you deserve it, O chiefs," said he, "but as soon as you show that you are not deserving of our friendship, then you will see our vengeance. We wish to be at peace with our red brethren, but, if you injure a single one of our Great Father's children, then our friendship shall be at an end, forever." At this he sat down and the council

closed with a speech by Pontiac in which he said that he would return in a few days with his squaws and children, for he wanted them to shake hands with their fathers, the English. Gladwyn did not make reply to this. At his command, the gates of the fort were thrown aside, the cowering savages filed out into the open, and, with a sigh of relief, the British soldiers mounted the ramparts and watched their retreating forms as they disappeared in the distance. The great plot of the crafty Pontiac had been a complete failure.

Furious with rage and disappointment, the mighty chief of the Ottawas withdrew to his camp, bitterly cursing the turn of fortune, but resolved to visit the English once more, and to convince them if possible that their suspicions against him were unfounded. So, early the next day, he came to the fort with three of his chiefs, bearing in his right hand the sacred calumet or peace pipe. He was permitted to enter, and, offering it to Gladwyn and his officers, addressed them as follows: "My fathers, evil birds have sung lies into your ears. We that stand before you are friends of the English. We love them as our brothers, and, to prove our love, we have come this day to smoke the pipe of peace." At his departure, he presented the pipe to one of the British soldiers as a token of his regard, while in the afternoon the Indians engaged in a game of ball on the flat plain near the fort. Pontiac went to the Pottawattamie village and had a long consultation upon the best method of gaining an entrance to the fort, for he now saw that the white men had been keen enough to see through his evil designs.

Early next day the garrison saw the common behind the fort fairly swarming with Indians, and Pontiac, advancing from the black crowd of painted warriors, approached the gate. He walked up to it and attempted to open the door, but it was fast closed against him. "Open, open, to me," he shouted to the sentinels, "I would speak with Major Gladwyn." To this the Major himself replied, stating that he might enter, if he wished to, alone, but that the crowd he had brought with him must remain outside. Intense hatred and malice shone in the eyes of the Ottawa chief, as he saw that he could not pass the gates, and, with a fierce gesture of his arm, he turned abruptly from the palisade and walked off to his followers, who, in black multitudes, lay upon the ground just beyond reach of the guns of the bastions. It was time to throw off the mask of dissimulation.

As the soldiers of the garrison gazed after his retreating figure, they saw the Indians leap from their positions, "yelping like a lot of devils," and begin to run, in a body, towards the house of an old English woman who lived at a distant part of the common with her family. With fierce blows of their tomahawks and war clubs they soon beat down the doors, and, in a moment more, the long scalp-yell told only too plainly what had been the fate of the inmates. While this was occurring another large body ran, whooping and yelping, to the river bank, and, leaping into their birchbark canoes, paddled with speed to an island in the river where lived an old English sergeant called Fisher. He was soon routed out of the cellar, where he had taken refuge, was dragged outside, and murdered. Every Englishman in

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the fort, whether officer, trader, or soldier, was now ordered under arms. Gladwyn, himself, walked the ramparts throughout the night. He expected an attack in the morning, and his expectations were fully realized.

When the sleepy sentinels on the ramparts saw the first red tinge of dawn tint the hazy east, next morn, a savage chorus of war whoops arose from every side of the fort. The men leaped to their posts on the bastion and behind the loopholes of the palisade, and, as they did so, a vast swarm of savage warriors—Wyandots, Pottawattamies, and Ojibwas—rushed furiously at the walls, discharging their guns incessantly, and screeching like so many wildcats. But, as they came near enough to be seen, suddenly they scampered behind barns and fences, skulked behind bushes, or lay flat upon their stomachs in hollows of the ground. Each—with a mouth filled with bullets—charged and fired recklessly, while uttering the most blood-curdling yells. They were naked, painted all colors of the rainbow, and with the agility of monkeys dodged the shot from the cannon of the fort. Every loophole was a target for their bullets, but they were poor shots and hardly ever hit the mark. The soldiers, on the other hand, took deliberate aim, and now and again a painted devil would leap high into the air with a fierce yell of pain, showing that some good, British lead had taken effect. A host of Indians found shelter behind a cluster of outbuildings, but a cannon, loaded with red-hot spikes, was aimed at the strategic point. The wooden houses were soon in flames, and the savages fled, howling dismally, while the soldiers pep-

pered them with ball, as they decamped. Gladwyn walked continually among his men, encouraging them by word and gesture, while the stern features of Pontiac could be seen eagerly watching the turn of events from a hillock in the rear of his barbarous crew.

So the fight waged for six hours, but, as the sun grew hot overhead, the yelping masses of Indians became weary of their useless efforts. Gradually their rifle fire ceased, their war whoops died away, and their painted bodies began to disappear from the fence rails, bushes, and houses, which partly hid them from the eyes of the garrison. Few had been hit by bullets from the fort, for few had exposed themselves. Among the garrison only five men had been wounded and these not seriously. The first honor of the fight for the possession of Detroit had thus distinctly been with the British troops, and Major Gladwyn smiled with pleasure as he gazed out across the river at the clusters of Indian tepees which sheltered those who were thirsting for his life-blood and for that of his men. Provisions were scarce, but the courage of his soldiers was not lacking, and he determined to fight to the last ditch rather than to capitulate to such an enemy.

Still under the impression that the whole affair was a sudden outbreak of no particular importance, and that the anger of the Indians would soon subside, Major Gladwyn, being in great want of provisions, opened negotiations with the savages, under cover of which he hoped to smuggle in necessary supplies from the French Canadians, whom the followers of Pontiac would not attack. Some of his officers advised him to embark

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the troops aboard the two sloops and depart for Niagara, but to this advice the gallant soldier would not listen. Three ambassadors were, therefore, sent to the Indian camp, among whom was a Major Campbell, a brave and hardy officer. Five or six of the French also went along.

Pontiac took the ambassadors by the hand and led them to his camp, where, after a long conference, Campbell appreciated his danger and asked to be allowed to retire. "My father," said the Ottawa chief to him, "you will sleep tonight in the lodges of your red children." Thus the gallant officer was betrayed into the hands of the enemy, nor did he ever live to again see the British garrison, as an Indian warrior murdered him shortly afterwards.

Word was then sent by Pontiac to the fort that the troops should immediately surrender, lay down their arms, as their fathers, the French, had been obliged to do, leave the cannon, magazines, and merchants' goods, and the two vessels, and be escorted in batteaux (long boats) by the Indians to Niagara. To this Major Gladwyn answered that his commanding officer had not sent him there to deliver up the fort to Indians or anybody else, and he would, therefore, defend it as long as a single man could stand at his side. So day after day the Indians continued their attacks until their shrill whoops and the rattle of their guns became familiar sounds. For weeks none of the soldiers lay down to sleep, except in their clothes, and their guns were always loaded and standing at their sides. The outbuildings, which gave shelter to the Indians, were burned down

by volunteers from the palisades, while orchard trees and fences were leveled near the fort so that the savage enemy had no cover to shelter him. Still, worming themselves along in the grass, the savages would crawl close to the bastions, and shoot arrows, tipped with burning tow, upon the roofs of the houses. Tanks of water were everywhere provided for fire, and, although the thatched roofs were frequently alight, they were always extinguished before the blaze had any headway.

Pontiac was furious with anger at not reducing the fort, and begged the French inhabitants to teach him the foreign method of making ditches and trenches in order to approach a fortification, under cover. But the ignorant Canadians knew nothing of civilized warfare and could not aid him. One hundred and twenty Ojibwa warriors now joined the forces of Pontiac and assisted in the attack, while every man in the fort slept upon the ramparts, even in the stormiest of weather, and repelled every attempt of the savages to rush the defenses.

Pontiac had a friend, called Baby—a French Canadian—who lived near by, and, one evening, he entered his house, seated himself before the fire and looked steadily at the glowing embers for a long time. At length, raising his head, he said: "Friend, I have heard that the English have offered you a bushel of silver for my scalp. Is it true?" "The story is false," replied the Canadian. "I will never betray you, for an instant." The Chief of the Ottawas keenly studied the features of the white man for a number of minutes. "My brother has spoken the truth," he said, "and I will show that I believe him by spending the night at his house." So saying, he

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wrapped himself in his blanket, lay down upon a bench, and slept peacefully until the morning, with perfect confidence that no harm would be done him; which proves that, although cruel and vindictive, he had trust and confidence in his friends.

Another anecdote also shows that his trust in his friends was sincere and absolute. Shortly after the beginning of the siege a Captain Rogers came up to Detroit, with a detachment of troops, and on landing sent a bottle of brandy, by a friendly Indian, as a present to Pontiac—an old-time friend and acquaintance. The Ottawas were always suspicious that the English meant to poison them, and so those around the great chief endeavored to persuade him that the brandy was drugged. Pontiac quietly listened to what they had to say, and, as they ceased speaking, replied: "I have saved this man Rogers' life. No man whose life I have saved has the power to kill me, for when he and his men came, not many moons ago, to demand the surrender of Detroit from the French, I kept my Indians from attacking him. He knows this." So saying, he immediately drank the brandy, which, of course, was perfectly pure, and from which he suffered no evil effects.

Not long after his conversation with the Canadian, Pontiac discovered that a few of the young Wyandot braves were stealing his white friend's hogs and cattle, under cover of the darkness. He consequently decided to put an end to these depredations, and, arriving at the white man's home one evening, he walked to and fro, among the barns and enclosures, waiting for a sight of the marauders. Nothing occurred until late in the

evening, when, looking keenly through the blackness, the great Sachem of the Ottawas saw the dark forms of the thieves stealing through the gloom. At this he walked up near to them, and thundered in fierce tones: "Go back to your village, you Wyandot dogs. If you tread again on this man's land you shall die!" The Wyandots trembled, and slunk away abashed, while, from then on, the Canadian's property was no longer molested. This well illustrates the power which Pontiac exercised over the minds of his followers.

While perils were thickening around the brave garrison at Detroit, the allied Indians had, meanwhile, not been idle. Late one afternoon the soldiers of the garrison were startled by seeing a naked line of warriors issuing from the woods near the fort, each painted black and with a scalp fluttering from the end of a pole. They dismally howled a death wail and shook their sticks at the fort, which made it only too clear that some new disaster had befallen the English. Such was the truth, for at nightfall a Canadian came to the gate with tidings that Fort Sandusky had been taken and that all the garrison there had either been slain or made captive.

It seems that—on the sixteenth of May—the commandant of the Fort (Ensign Paully) had been informed that seven Indians were at the gate to speak to him, and, as several of them were known to him, he ordered them to be admitted. Arriving at his quarters, two of the visitors seated themselves on either side of him, while the rest dispersed themselves around the room. Pipes were lighted, and the conversation began, when an Indian near the doorway suddenly made a signal with his head.

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In a moment Paully was captured and bound, while the entire garrison was shot down. The savages, conducting him to a canoe, soon set fire to the fort and burned it to the ground. Paully was adopted by a widow of the tribe, but subsequently made his escape and joined the defenders of Detroit.

The port of St. Josephs lay at the mouth of the river of that name near the head of Lake Michigan, and the fort, recently abandoned by the French, was garrisoned by Ensign Schlosser, with a command of fourteen men—a mere handful in the heart of a wilderness swarming with enemies. Thus, when a large force of Pottawattamies of Detroit came to have a friendly “talk,” Schlosser was on his guard, for he feared treachery. But this did him no good. The sentinel at the gate was tomahawked, the Indians rushed into the fort, eleven Englishmen were killed, and the rest were made prisoners. They were conducted to Detroit, where Schlosser and three soldiers were exchanged for an equal number of Indian captives who had fallen into the hands of the garrison. This news was followed by the announcement that Fort Miami had also capitulated to the Indians, while painted warriors passing along the opposite bank in great numbers—a short time afterwards—announced by their yells that Presqu’ Isle had also succumbed to their treachery. Le Boeuf, Venango, and Michillimackinac likewise capitulated, and only Detroit and Fort Pitt, in Pennsylvania, held out against the fury of Chief Pontiac and his confederacy.

The fate of Michillimackinac was particularly depressing, as the garrison there had been a good one of about

thirty-five men, with their officers. The Commandant—Captain Etherington—had been told by a Canadian trader that the Indian had formed a design to destroy, not only his garrison, but all the English on the lakes, but to this he not only turned a deaf ear, but also threatened to send prisoner to Detroit the next person who should disturb him with such tidings. Therefore, the fate which awaited him could possibly have been averted had he not shown the same contempt for danger that lured many an Englishman upon the frontier to his doom.

The fourth of June was a warm and sultry day, and, as it was the birthday of King George of England, the discipline of the garrison was relaxed. Many of the soldiers were allowed to go outside the palisade, leaving just enough behind to act as sentinels and patrols in the fort. Encamped in the woods, not far distant, were a large number of Ojibwas and Sacs, who, early in the morning, informed the soldiers that they were to play a game of *baggattaway*, or lacrosse. The British were invited to come out and view the game, and, in consequence, the fort was soon deserted. Captain Etherington stood near the gate talking to some Indian chiefs. The soldiers stood—for the most part unarmed—in the shadow of the palisades, while a number of Indian squaws, wrapped in blankets, lounged near the entrance to the fort. Hundreds of lithe warriors rushed about the plain, with bats in their hands, endeavoring to catch the ball and hurl it through their adversaries' goal, while their whoops and yells were mingled with the cheers of the eager spectators.

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Thus the game continued, when suddenly, from the midst of the multitude, the ball soared into the air, and, descending in a wide curve, fell near the doorway of the fort. Immediately the entire mass of whooping savages had followed it, and, as they dashed to the doorway, their shrill cries were turned to the death-bringing war whoop. This was not a hasty assault. It was a preconceived stratagem to surprise and destroy the unsuspecting British troops. And, as the ball-players ran by their women, they snatched the hatchets which the latter had concealed beneath their blankets. The startled English had no time to run and seize their muskets. They were struck down by the infuriated warriors, butchered upon the spot, and soon the quiet parade ground was red with the blood of the defenseless garrison. Thus the fate of Michillimackinac was similar to that of every other fortification upon the Great Lakes.

Meanwhile the garrison at Detroit was eagerly awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from Fort Niagara. The siege was being so vigorously pushed that soldiers, merchants, and servants were upon the ramparts every night, no one sleeping in a house, except the sick and wounded in the hospital. Naturally, then, they were much overjoyed when—on May 30th—the English sentinel on duty announced that a fleet of boats was coming around the point, at a place called the Huron Church. The garrison flocked to the bastions, and, for a moment, hope shone upon the haggard countenances of all. But, as the boats drew nearer, the Indian death-cry sounded from them, and they were seen to be full of painted warriors instead of white troops. Then

the fact dawned upon the defenders of Detroit—the detachment had been captured by the followers of Pontiac.

This was the truth, for, their approach having been ascertained by the great leader, he had stationed a body of warriors to intercept the progress of the relieving party at Point Pelée. Twenty small batteaux, manned with a considerable number of soldiers and laden with stores, landed here in the evening. The Indians watched their movements from the brush and fell upon them about daylight. One officer and thirty men escaped upon the lake, but the others were either killed or captured. The line of barges ascended the Detroit River near the opposite shore, escorted by the Indians on the bank and guarded by detachments in each boat, in full view of the garrison and of the French settlement near by.

In the foremost boat were four soldiers and only three savages, and, as the shallop came opposite the larger of the two sloops which lay anchored before the fort, the one who acted as steersman determined to escape. He called out in English to his companion, who was near one of the Indians, and told him to throw the Indian overboard. The soldier answered that he was not strong enough; whereupon the steersman directed him to change places with him, as if tired out from rowing, so that no suspicion would be excited in the minds of the guard. The soldier who had conceived the plot now slipped forward, as if to take his companion's oar, but, instead of doing so, he suddenly seized the Indian by the hair, and, gripping him by the waist with the other

hand, lifted him from the seat and threw him into the river. As the savage shot out over the gunwale, he seized fast to the clothes of the soldier, and, drawing himself up out of the water, stabbed him again and again with his knife. This knocked the Englishman overboard, and, holding fast to the redskin, both went down the current, rising and sinking in the swift tide, and grappling in the embrace of death. Meanwhile the two other Indians had leaped out of the boat, while the soldiers turned about, and pulled for the neighboring vessel, crying aloud for assistance as they did so. But the Indians in the other canoes came after them in hot pursuit, while the followers of Pontiac on the bank kept up a rapid fire upon them with their muskets. It seemed as if they must be captured, for the bullets hissed about their heads and the birchbark canoes gained upon them with every thrust of the paddle. Escape seemed impossible, when suddenly a cannon blazed from the side of the vessel, and a ball, flying past the boat, just escaped hitting the foremost canoe. This was enough for the Indians. They withdrew in fear and dismay; while a second ball, exploding among the warriors on the shore, made them take to the bushes. With a few lusty heaves the soldiers reached the side of the vessel where they were warmly greeted, as men coming from the jaws of death, and as a living monument to the old adage that "Fortune favors the brave." Lest the other prisoners might escape, they were immediately landed by the Indians, and were marched to a point well beyond the view of the garrison at Detroit. In the morning their scarred and mutilated bodies began to float by the fort, on the surface of the

water, warning the soldiers what would be their fate, should they fail to hold out against the ferocious warriors of Pontiac's Confederacy.

During the month of June another attempt to relieve the garrison proved to be more successful than the last. One of the two vessels, anchored near the fort, had been sent to Niagara for men and for supplies. She had a safe passage, and, before long, arrived at the mouth of the river with about fifty soldiers on board, and a goodly supply of stores. The Indians saw her coming up the stream, realized that they must sink her if they could, and consequently surrounded her in their canoes and pumped lead at her sides, as if they hoped to scuttle her with bullet holes. But the vessel kept on, until it reached a very narrow part of the river where the wind died away, and so the anchor was dropped. Immediately above this place the Indians had made a breastwork of logs, carefully concealed in the bushes, and behind this they lay in force, waiting for the schooner to pass. This the crew were not aware of, but, from the moment the sun went down, they kept a keen watch upon the waters of the river.

Hours passed, the rapid current gurgled about the bow of the trim little vessel, and on either side frogs croaked from the black shores of the stream. Occasionally a night heron squawked in the marshy land near by, but nothing else disturbed the peace and quiet of the night. Suddenly the sentry started to his feet, for dark forms were seen moving upon the surface of the stream. "Indians! Indians!" he whispered, and, in a moment, the decks were crowded with soldiers, armed

to the teeth. Meanwhile hundreds of canoes crept towards the vessel, and were within a few rods of their fancied prize, when a blow from a hammer sounded upon the foremast of the British boat. It was the signal to fire. Immediately a dull roar sounded through the still night, the sides of the vessel burst into a blaze of sheeted flame, and grape and musket shot tore into the clustering line of canoes. Fierce yells of pain and chagrin welled into the air as canoe after canoe sank before the fusillade, and, with fourteen of their number dead and dying, the remaining braves turned about and fled precipitously. But their friends opened a brisk fire from their log breastwork, so the vessel weighed anchor and dropped down stream with the current. When it again threw out the chain and swivel, not an Indian was to be seen.

For six days the vessel had to remain where she was, until a wind sprang up which was sufficiently strong to blow her up stream. So sails were hoisted and she tacked between the shores until the fort was reached. As she passed the Wyandot village the guns were brought to bear upon the wigwams, a shower of grapeshot was fired among them, and, before the yelling savages were fully aware of the nearness of the schooner, many of them had been struck down. The rest ran off, yelping like a band of those cur-dogs which follow every Indian encampment, and quickly scurried to the protection of the forest, while the welcome vessel furled her sails abreast of the fort and came peacefully to anchor. She brought much-needed ammunition and supplies, and the tidings that peace had, at last, been declared between France and England. This was heartily cheered

by the brave defenders of Detroit, for now, with fresh supplies, more soldiers, and the renewed confidence which these could bring, they looked more cheerfully into the future. They were still in grave peril, and brave Major Gladwyn still counselled his men to use every care in watching the savages, both by night and by day, for their death chants sounded from the edge of the forest most ominously.

As Pontiac watched the frowning palisades which he could not subdue, his heart was black with anger. "You must destroy those boats of the English," said he to his followers. "When they are gone, we can starve the white men out; but we must sink or burn them." So the Ottawas speedily constructed a raft formed of two boats, secured together with a rope and filled with pitch pine, birch bark, and other easily lighted wood. This they set on fire, on the night of the tenth of July, and shoving it well out into the current with their canoes, watched it as it floated down upon the schooners, anchored before the fort. The soldiers saw the blazing peril as it journeyed slowly towards them and prepared themselves with boat hooks, oars, and buckets, to meet it, but a fortunate gust of wind blew the burning pile out into the stream, and it sailed by the two vessels, well beyond their bowsprits. A cheer went up from those upon the decks as the sputtering, gleaming mass floated slowly out of harm's way, lighting up the shores with an ominous and sinister glare, plainly revealing the white houses of the Canadian settlers on the banks. Far down the stream the fire was extinguished with a dull and sickening hiss.

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But this was not the only attempt which the Indians made to put an end to the two schooners, for, upon the morning of July twelfth, the sentinel on duty saw a glowing spark of fire on the surface of the river, and soon another blazing raft bore down upon the vessels and their startled crews. The men watched the oncoming blaze with no particular terror, as they knew that they could push aside the burning logs with sticks and boat hooks, but they had no necessity to do this, as the raft was driven over towards the fort by the swift current, and glided swiftly by, lighting up the dark shores as it did so, disclosing the dusky forms of many naked spectators who stood there, expectantly awaiting the burning of the hated vessels. A gunner trained one of the cannon upon them in the bright light. Suddenly, with a deep boom, an iron ball crashed among the followers of Pontiac, who, with wild yells of defiance, dashed into the brush. The soldiers laughed derisively as their forms retreated into the gloom and burst into a song of jollification as the raft burned to the water's edge and the last gleaming spark was extinguished by the black waters of the rushing stream.

Soon after the failure of this affair, the savages were busily seen constructing another raft of larger dimensions. The gallant Major in charge of Detroit was now determined to protect his vessels from further harm, and so procured a number of boats which he moored across the stream with hawsers, at some distance above the schooners, so that if any rafts should drop down the river they would lodge against these before they struck the sides of the two vessels. When the followers of

Pontiac saw this they were very angry and it is said that they stood upon the shores and shook their clenched fists vindictively at the soldiers, for they now saw that their attempts to burn the vessels would be fruitless. Pontiac, himself, was somewhat disheartened at the turn which affairs were taking, but his heart was cheered, a few days later, by the appearance of an Abenaki brave from lower Canada who told him that the King of France—the Indians' Great Father—was advancing up the St. Lawrence River with a large and formidable army. This untruth was believed by the leader of the uprising, and, when a body of Wyandot warriors came in, not long afterwards, with the news that every English fortification, save that of Fort Du Quesne, had fallen before the onslaughts of the savages, the heart of Pontiac was glad, and he bitterly upbraided his own followers for not having sufficient courage to subdue the handful of Englishmen and trappers in Detroit.

Really the Indians had done well, for they had persisted in the siege for two full months, which was an extraordinarily long time for savages to remain constant to anything. Their usual method was to make a quick attack and to then retreat, if unsuccessful. Yet here—under guidance of the Great Pontiac—they had steadily persevered in hemming in the doughty garrison for a long and tedious period of from between two to three months. The only way in which they could possibly subdue the English would be by scaling the palisades, and, although they twice attempted this feat, none had the courage to complete the task after the garrison began to pour hot volleys into the ranks of the attackers.

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Pontiac, himself, should have led the advance, but even he did not have sufficient nerve to mount the log breastworks of Detroit.

What the spirit of the doughty Gladwyn was on this occasion is easily seen from the following letter. On July the ninth he wrote to a friend in the East, and his missive was carried past the Indians by a trusty scout.

“You have long ago heard of our pleasant situation. Was it not very agreeable to hear every day of the savages cutting, carving, boiling, and eating our companions? To see every day dead bodies floating down the river, mangled and disfigured? But Britons, you know, never shrink; we always appeared gay, to spite the rascals. They boiled and eat Sir Robert Deras, and we are informed by Mr. Paully, who escaped the other day from one of the stations—surprised at the breaking out of the war, and commanded by himself—that he had seen an Indian have the skin of Captain Robertson’s arm for a tobacco pouch.

“Three days ago, a party of us went to demolish a breastwork they had made. We finished our work and were returning home, but the fort espying a party of Indians coming up, as if they intended to fight, we were ordered back, made our dispositions, and advanced briskly. Our front was fired upon warmly and we returned the fire for about five minutes. In the meantime, Captain Hobkins, with about twenty men, filed off to the left, and about twenty French volunteers filed off to the right, and got between them and their fires. The villains immediately fled, and we returned, as was

prudent; for a sentry I had placed behind me informed me that he saw a body of them coming down the woods, and our party, being about eighty, was not able to cope with their united bands. In short, we beat them handsomely, and yet did not much hurt to them, for they ran extremely well. We only killed their leader and wounded three others. One of them fired at me at the distance of fifteen or twenty paces, but I suppose my terrible visage made him tremble. I think I shot him."

Gladwyn says: "Britons, you know, never shrink," and, in this one phrase lies the secret of the white man's success against the redskins. For, with order, knowledge of firearms, the construction of fortifications, houses, and redoubts, and obedience to the commands of their officers, this mere handful of soldiers had been able to stand off the overwhelming masses of the enemy with apparent ease. Then, too, combined with a knowledge of fighting, they possessed the spirit which "never shrank." Their hearts were big with courage—that courage for which the Britons have always been noted: that bulldog courage which carried them up the sides of Bunker Hill right into the bullets of the American forces, although they could have easily conquered their opponents by an advance upon the right flank; that resolution which later on was to sacrifice numberless brave men at Modder River and Spion Kop in South Africa needlessly, and, to our way of thinking, unintelligently. For here, as at Bunker Hill, red-coated and tartaned British soldiers marched courageously and firmly, straight up to the breastworks of the enemy,

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there to be mown down by thousands, when a flanking movement could easily have dislodged the foe. One cannot fail to admire such bravery, for, like Burnside's frontal attack at Fredericksburg during the Civil War in America, such courage is great and awe-inspiring, but ill-advised. We are thrilled by it, yet we cannot applaud.

While the siege progressed at Detroit, a force gathered at Niagara to relieve the garrison, and, in the meanwhile, the Indians made a violent and fierce attack upon the fortifications upon the New York and Pennsylvania frontier. Fort Le Boeuf and Fort Venango fell before the wiles of the savages and only their smouldering ruins marked where traders, soldiers, homesteaders, and red men had once congregated in apparent peace and good will. At Fort Pitt (formerly Fort Du Quesne), every preparation was made for an attack from the Indians.

This formidable stockade (where now is the city of Pittsburg) had three hundred and thirty soldiers, traders, and hardy backwoodsmen in the garrison, with numbers of women and children. In command was Captain Simeon Ecuyer, a brave Swiss officer who had enlisted with the British and who was as doughty a warrior as the stubborn Gladwyn,—and with an equal contempt for the red men. "I believe from what I hear that I am surrounded by Indians," he wrote to his commanding officer in the settlements, two hundred miles away. "I tremble for our outposts. I neglect nothing to give them a good reception, and I expect to be attacked tomorrow morning. Please God I may

be, I am fairly well prepared. Everybody is at work, and I do not sleep; but I tremble lest my messenger should be cut off." Well might he tremble, for the Tuscaroras and the Delawares were gathering in force to attack the fort, burn it to the ground, and, if possible, to massacre the captured garrison. Rumors of terrible outrages upon the settlers came hourly to the ears of the startled soldiers. Men, women and children flocked to the protection of the walls of the fort, while it became dangerous to venture outside the palisades, as the few who did were shot and scalped by lurking Indians. All night the savages fired upon the sentinels, and soon during the day no one dared to put his head above the rampart, because of the hidden redskins on the edge of the forest. It was apparent that the surrounding woods were full of Indians, whose numbers daily increased, though they made no attempt at a general attack upon the frowning log walls of Fort Pitt, where, with courage, cheer, and resolution, those within waited for the onslaught which they knew to be at hand.

Finally, on a bright June day, numbers of painted warriors appeared in the cleared lands behind the fort, drove off the horses which were grazing there, killed a herd of cattle belonging to the soldiers, and then began a hot fire at the stockades, which soon broke with a dull roar from every thicket of the forest. In reply, the garrison turned some howitzers upon the woodland, touched them off, and, as the iron shells burst in the dense underbrush with a loud and ominous report, the frightened red men could be seen scurrying out of harm's way, in every direction. The day wore to a

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close, and, as darkness settled upon the forest, the flashes from the guns of the Indians grew less; gradually their weird war whoops melted away, and in their place sounded the shrill piping of frogs. As darkness came, occasionally the sharp crack of a rifle warned the sentinels on the ramparts that the savages were still upon the alert.

Next morning gallant Ecuyer was watching the woodland through a glass, when several painted warriors strode from the shade of the trees to the ditch beyond the palisades. One of them stepped forward, and, proclaiming that he was a great chief of the Delawares called Turtle's Heart, addressed the garrison with the following words:

"My brothers, we that stand here are your friends; but we have bad news to tell you. Six great nations of Indians have taken up the hatchet, and have cut off all the English garrisons, excepting yours. They are now on their way to destroy you also.

"My brothers, we are your friends, and we wish to save your lives. What we desire you to do is this: You must leave this fort, with all your women and children, and go down to the English settlements, where you will be safe. There are many bad Indians already here, but we will protect you from them. You must go at once, because if you wait till the six nations arrive here, you will all be killed, and we can do nothing to protect you."

Certainly this was a bold proposal to an old war-horse like Ecuyer, and, like a true English bulldog, he voiced a reply which made the Indians wince. He

spoke in loud and eloquent tones, so that all could not fail to hear him.

“My brothers,” said he, “we are very grateful for your kindness, though we are convinced that you must be mistaken in what you have told us about the forts being captured. As for ourselves, we have plenty of provisions, and are able to keep the fort against all the nations of Indians that may dare to attack it. We are very well off in this place, and we mean to stay here.

“My brothers, as you have shown yourselves such true friends, we feel bound in gratitude to inform you that an army of six thousand English will shortly arrive here, and that another army of three thousand is gone up the lakes to punish the Ottawas and Ojibwas. A third has gone to the frontiers of Virginia, where they will be joined by your enemies, the Cherokees and Catawbas, who are coming here to destroy you. Therefore, take pity on your women and children, and get out of the way as soon as possible. We have told you this in confidence, out of our great solicitude lest any of you should be hurt, and we hope that you will not tell the other Indians, lest they should escape from our vengeance.”

At the close of this speech the Indians withdrew, but it could be easily seen that the tale of the approach of the three armies had the desired effect, for the faces of some of the braves showed fear and consternation. Next day most of the savages moved away from the neighborhood and marched to meet a great body of warriors who were advancing from the westward to make an attack upon the fort, while the garrison labored

with vim to make the palisades shot proof, to fill up a part of the palisades which had fallen into the ramparts, and to construct a fire engine, so that any flames which came from the burning arrows of the Indians could be extinguished with ease. But for several weeks no attacks came from the skulking foes, although they frequently appeared in the vicinity of the stockade and fired random shots at the sentinels. All communication was cut off with the settlements, and the soldiers nerved themselves for the coming affray which they knew would be a desperate affair.

Finally, on the twenty-sixth of July, a small party of Indians approached the gate bearing a flag of truce, and requesting that they be admitted. They were brought inside, and again—in a long and pompous address—requested the English to withdraw, or they would be overwhelmed by the attack of their own braves, assisted by Pontiac's Ottawas. But, although listening to them with respect, Ecuyer was not to be frightened by savage bravado. "I have warriors, ammunition, and provisions enough to defend this place for three years," he replied, "and against all the Indians on earth. We shall not abandon Fort Pitt as long as a white man lives in America. I despise the Ottawas of Pontiac, and am very much surprised at our brothers, the Delawares, for proposing to us to leave this place and go home. This is our home. You have attacked us without reason or provocation. You have murdered and plundered our warriors and traders; you have taken our horses and cattle; and at the same time you tell us that your hearts are good towards your

brethren, the English. How can I have faith in you? Therefore, now, brothers, I will advise you to go home to your towns and to take care of your wives and children. Moreover, I tell you that if any of you appear again about this fort, I will throw bombshells, which will burst and blow you to atoms, and I will fire a cannon among you loaded with a whole bag full of bullets. Therefore, take care, for I don't want to hurt you."

The chiefs departed, glowering with anger and hatred, and bitterly disappointed in not gaining a bloodless possession of the fort, while the men of the garrison nerved themselves for the impending attack. On the night succeeding the conference it came. At dusk, dark forms could be seen stealing from the edge of the woodland. Hundreds of savages crawled as noiselessly as possible towards the log stockade, many of them dropping down behind the banks of the river and digging holes in the earth with their knives, so that they could be sheltered from the bullets from the fort. Silently and surely they made their line around the palisades, and, when the first flush of dawn reddened the East, a wild war whoop announced that the attack was to begin. Immediately a gruelling fire was opened upon the silent walls of Fort Pitt, bullets and arrows flew thick and fast into the palisades, but hiding behind the stout log breastwork, the garrison paid little heed to the rain of shot and other missiles. Occasionally a red man would expose his head from one of the holes in the bank, whereupon a dozen rifles would speak from the stockade, and as many bullets would whizz past the ears of the wily

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brave. Several were hit and died where they fell, and, although the Royal American troops had on the customary red uniforms which offered a bright mark to the Indians, not a single one was killed. Ecuyer ran among his men, exhorting them to do their best, and himself firing a rifle from the ramparts at the screeching savages. In broken English he was yelling defiance at the redskins, when an arrow hit him in the leg and pierced him through. Pulling it out immediately, he continued to direct the fire of his own men with as much spirit as before, and, when approached by the backwoodsmen with the request that they be allowed to make a sortie against the foe, called out with much spirit: "Allow you to go outside, my hearties? No, by Heaven, you are too valuable to me to permit me to risk even one of your necks in the open. Fight here, my boys, and we'll make good my boast to the redskins that I can hold this fort against all the Indians in the woods. Lie low, shoot straight, and when you see an Indian's head be sure that you hit it." As he ceased speaking a burning arrow flew into the stockade and ignited the roof of one of the houses, while the women and children—much terrified—rushed into the street with wails of distress. The savages fairly howled with joy when they saw the flames burst from the thatched roof, but water from the fire engine quickly put out the blaze, and, as several of the Indians exposed themselves in order to fire more arrows into the fort, they were killed by well-directed volleys of the Royal Americans. As darkness shut down upon the first day of fighting, there had been nothing accomplished by the besiegers.

For five days the redskins continued their screeching, howling, and desultory firing upon the palisades. As at Detroit, they did not have the heart to rush the stockade, and, as at Detroit, their irregular attack did little damage. The troops enjoyed the fun, shot carefully and did some damage. "The redskins were well under cover and so were we," wrote the gallant Ecuyer to Sir Geoffrey Amherst. "They did us no harm: nobody killed, seven wounded, and I, myself, slightly. Their attack lasted five days and five nights. We are certain of having killed and wounded twenty of them, without reckoning those we could not see die. I let nobody fire until he had marked his man; and not an Indian could show his nose without being pricked with a bullet, for I have some good shots here. Our men are doing admirably, regulars and the rest. All that they ask is to go out and fight. I am fortunate to have the honor of commanding such brave men. I only wish the Indians had ventured an assault. They would have remembered it to the thousandth generation * * * I forgot to tell you that they threw fire-arrows to burn our works, but they could not reach the buildings, nor even the rampart. Only two arrows came into the fort, one of which had the insolence to make free with my left leg."

On the sixth day of the attack, suddenly the men of the garrison saw the Indians crawling out of their burrows in the river bank and running away to the woods. As they moved off they were peppered by the shots of the backwoodsmen and Royal Americans, who knocked over two half-clad braves as they leaped from the

waters of the river. Heavy firing could be heard to the southwest, which lasted for a short time only. Then wild yells sounded from the forest which seemed deeper and more human than those of the redskins. Brave Ecuyer jumped to the top of the stockade with a glass in his hand and eagerly scanned the edge of the timber, and, as he did so, a loud cheer arose from the defenders of Fort Pitt, for, bursting into the open, came the red coats of British soldiers, the tartans and plaids of Highlanders, the fringed buckskin shirts of Virginia rangers, and a torn and battered rag of a flag, half shot away from the pole to which it was fastened. The doors of the fort were thrown wide open, the defenders made a rush for the oncoming army of deliverance, and, before very many moments the men of Colonel Bouquet's army—for such they were—were being clasped in the arms of the rough soldiers who had held the stockade at Fort Pitt. A mighty cheer welled into the clear air, women cried, children laughed, and the doughty Ecuyer was seen to dance a cantata on the walls of the stockade, for the garrison was saved, and the power of Pontiac in Pennsylvania was irrevocably broken.

This little force which had come to succor the beleaguered garrison on the Allegheny had just been through one of the stiffest fights in the annals of Indian warfare. Colonel Bouquet had marched from Carlisle, Pennsylvania, a town which was filled with refugees from the outlying districts, ravaged by the friends and allies of Pontiac. His total numbers did not exceed five hundred men, and they were unused to frontier warfare, although he himself had served for seven

years on the border and knew how to fight a redskin and how to give him measure for measure. When they reached Fort Ligonier—forty-five miles from Fort Pitt—a crowd of Indians, who were besieging the place, vanished into the depths of the wood, and the small garrison was overjoyed to be suddenly relieved from a siege which had lasted over a month. They had heard nothing of Fort Pitt, so, fearing that the oxen and wagons would be greatly in the way should he be suddenly attacked, Bouquet left them behind him, and pressed onward to the banks of a stream called Bushy Run. The forest was deep, vast, impenetrable, wild, and rugged boulders impeded the progress of the hardy troops. They marched compactly with scouts on either flank to warn them of any lurking foe, and a number of backwoodsmen thrown well out to the front and to the rear. Before them was Turtle Creek, a stream flowing at the bottom of a deep hollow, flanked by steep precipices, where an ambuscade could be most effective; and, fearing this, Bouquet decided to camp at Bushy Run and to pass through this gorge during the night, when the savages could not see how to make a formidable attack. So the men pressed cautiously on, feeling their way and ever ready for a brush with the lurking foe. It was soon to come.

At one o'clock that day, when the little force was within half a mile of Bushy Run, a rifle shot sounded through the stillness of the forest, and a wild yell far to the front was followed by that volley for which the English had been waiting during every hour of the past week. A rattle of musketry and a round British cheer

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showed that the guard had been furiously attacked, so the foremost companies were at once ordered to rush forward and aid the backwoodsmen of the advance. As they fixed bayonets for the assault, a tremendous volley warned Bouquet that the enemy were there in numbers. The troops were, therefore, halted, formed in line, and ordered to charge with the bayonet. With a wild cheer they bore down through the forest, ran into a band of yelping redskins, and drove them, "screeching like wildcats," into the dim forest. But as this foe vanished, a tremendous yelling and firing was heard upon either flank, while cheers, shots, and war whoops in the rear showed that the entire force was attacked, and that—if not protected—the horses would be stampeded. So, turning about, the Highlanders and backwoodsmen hastened to form a circle around the terrified animals, while from all sides wild cries and yells showed that a vast number of Pontiac's allies were thirsting for their life blood. But steady, firm, and resolute, the Regulars crouched upon one knee; hid behind trees and logs; carefully aimed at the puffs of smoke which issued from the underbrush, and cheerfully awaited the charge of the savages; while Bouquet—in the centre—urged them with voice and gesture to be calm, to take certain aim, and to make every bullet count.

The Indians did not content themselves with remaining hidden within the dark brush and shadows of the forest. Suddenly a considerable body of them charged furiously upon the British line, holding their knives and tomahawks ready for a close encounter. But they were met by a gruelling volley, and with the cry of

“No quarter!” the Highlanders charged with fixed bayonets and drove the whooping warriors into the forest, where they scampered away like deer. Few of them were either shot or stabbed, while over fifty of the English were soon writhing upon the ground with severe wounds from bullets and arrows. Again and again the red men thus charged; again and again they were repulsed; while the hoarse shouts of the sturdy backwoodsmen were mingled with the blood-thirsty whoops of the Indian braves, the rattle of musketry, the screams of the wounded, and the snorting of the terrified horses. Twilight came, but the red men and white still fought on in the forest, and only night with its blackness put an end to this furious fight in the wilderness. The combatants parted only to sleep upon their arms, and wait for the renewal of the struggle which the first flush of daylight was again to bring.

The watchful sentries of the English camp no sooner saw the dim red light of dawn in the far east than hideous and awe-inspiring whoops arose from all sides of the British camp. The English soldiers sprang to their guns, and it was not a moment too soon, for, with a thundering roar, a volley was poured in upon them. Under cover of the trees and bushes the enemy crept up close to where courageous Bouquet stood in the centre of his men, crying to them to fight the red men as they themselves fought: to crouch behind logs, boulders, bushes, and to shoot with the greatest accuracy. Terrible thirst beset the English, for no water was at hand and they could not reach the stream near by, while the groans of the wounded stirred the savages

to renewed vigor in the assault. Again and again the English charged, but the Indians vanished into the brush like serpents, and reappeared to the onslaught just as soon as the Highlanders and backwoodsmen had reformed their line. The redskins redoubled their yells and saw the horses plunging and rearing to gain their freedom from behind a wall of flour bags, which also sheltered the wounded, and aiming at them, endeavored to stampede the entire herd. This had its effect. Many maddened brutes broke away from their halters, galloped through the ring of kneeling troops and yelping Indians, and rushed madly into the forest, sweating with fear and terror. The savages yelled with pleasure at this and taunted the troops in broken English from behind the shelter of trees and boulders, saying, "We got you! We got you!"

The fight had now waged from daylight until ten o'clock, and there was a lull in the battle—a lull which allowed Bouquet to perfect a plan for drawing the Indians into an ambushade, which he hoped would finish the affair. This was: to allow two companies on the centre of the line to fall back and swing around to the left, behind some thick brush where they could not be seen. The place vacated by them was not to be filled up, and thus the British commander hoped to entice the Indians into the gap in his line. When they had come well inside, the two companies which had retreated were to close in upon their rear, and then hem them in so that they could be slaughtered. At the word of command, the two companies fell back and disappeared from view.

When the savages saw this retreat, they were sure that they at last had the British on the run, and so pressed onward with loud and exultant yells of defiance. A thin line of troops had filled up the gap in the line, and these were pushed back towards the interior of the camp, while the Indians seemed to be about to break into the very heart of the circle. With wild, hilarious yelpings they ran headlong into the gap, but, as they did so, the two companies which had retreated broke from the cover of the bushes which had hidden them, and bore down upon their rear with yells as fierce as those of the men of the forest. The Indians faced about with great courage and fired into the oncoming mass of men, but the Highlanders fell upon them with the bayonet. Nothing could stand such an attack; the red warriors broke and fled, while two companies which had advanced from their position in the line and had lain down upon the ground, poured a murderous fire into them as they passed. Numbers fell to the ground in their death agony. The remainder fled precipitously, while the four companies united and chased them furiously through the woods. Seeing which, the remaining Indians gave up all hope of success against the stalwart British, and, with one parting volley and yell of defiance, they, too, melted away into the forest. The fight at Bushy Run was over. About sixty Indian corpses lay upon the ground, among which were those of several chiefs, while eight English officers and one hundred and fifteen men had breathed their last amidst the dark forests of Pennsylvania. Next day the victorious troops marched onward to the relief of Fort

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Pitt—with their wounded upon litters—and, although frequently attacked by small bands of savages, reached there without further loss or mishap.

At far-away Detroit the siege went merrily on, but a detachment of three hundred regular troops was hastening to its relief. On July the 26th the seasoned veterans of this remarkable siege were overjoyed to see the red coats of their brethren-in-arms as they silently entered the fort, after coming down the river under cover of the night. This was fortunate, for so bold had Pontiac's warriors become that it would have fared ill with them had they advanced by daylight. Commanded by Dalzell, a brave and courageous man, the detachment was composed of seasoned British soldiers and twenty independent forest rangers, who were so anxious to get at the enemy that arrangements were immediately made for an attack upon Pontiac. But by some unknown means this arch-conspirator and Napoleonic designer of the movement against the English learned of the plan, and not only removed the women and children from his camp, but stationed two strong parties of his warriors in an ambuscade, behind piles of cord-wood which lay on either side of the road that the English had to take. Three hundred of the British left the fort about an hour before day, and marched rapidly up the bank of the stream in the direction of the Ottawa camp. They proceeded in silence until they reached a small bridge over a stream called Bloody Run, and were half way across it before they knew that the Indians had the slightest suspicion of their approach. Suddenly terrific yells burst from their front and a roar of musketry

sounded in their ears from the high banks on either side. Half the advance party fell in their tracks, while the rest turned to run, but Dalzell raised his voice above the uproar, rushed to the front, sword in hand, and led on his men. They pushed across the bridge, and ran up the banks, but not an Indian was in sight. In vain the British looked for them—they had fled—but in the murk of the early morn their guns flashed from behind outhouses and fences, while fierce war cries rose with vigor and intensity. Again and again the soldiers advanced, but it was useless, and so, abandoning all idea of a successful attack upon Pontiac's camp, they retreated to the stockade at Detroit, fired at all the way and presenting somewhat the same appearance as Lord Percy's troops in the retreat from Lexington some years later, at the outbreak of the American Revolution.

As the soldiers were retreating before the warriors of Pontiac, Dalzell used every effort to restore order, and at last succeeded in doing so. The Indians had taken possession of a house, near the road, from the windows of which they fired down upon the English; so some of the rangers broke down the door with an axe, rushed in, and drove the redskins away. A captain was ordered to drive off some braves from behind some neighboring fences, and, as he charged them with his company, he fell, mortally wounded, shouting: "On, on, England forever!" The Indians ran off, but no sooner had the men turned about than the savages came running in upon the flank and rear, cutting down the stragglers with their tomahawks and scalping all who fell. A

Sergeant of the 55th Regiment lay helplessly wounded, and realizing that he soon would be scalped, he gazed with a look of despair after his comrades as they made off. This caught the eye of warm-hearted Dalzell. So—with the true spirit of a hero—he ran over to the wounded man to pull him away out of danger, where he could be carried to the fort. But as he leaned over him, a rifle shot sounded through the dense mist which shrouded the battle field, and he fell dead across the body of the disabled private. Few saw him struck, and no one dared to turn back to recover his body, and thus, deserted and alone, the brave Englishman lay upon the field of battle to be scalped and plundered by the exultant savages.

This was the last important event attending the remarkable siege of Detroit. Winter was approaching, the Indians had nothing laid by which could sustain them through the winter, and so they had to repair into the forests in order to trap, hunt, and fish. When spring arrived, the various bands, as they came in to see the great chief Pontiac, told him that they were tired of the war and that they wished for peace. The Hurons and Pottawattamies, who had partly been forced into the war by threats of the followers of Pontiac, withdrew altogether, and thus completely ruined the ambitions of the great Ottawa chief, who had been so sure of success that he had already made arrangements with the French of dividing the conquered territory with them. The garrison at Detroit still watched his movements with anxiety. "Tis said that Pontiac has gone to the Mississippi, but we don't believe it," wrote one

of the soldiers at this time, and so constant watch and guard was kept up within the palisades which had successfully defied the might of the cruel leader of the conspiracy. He was still near by; no one dared to venture far into the wilderness; and there was constant dread of a fresh assault.

But the reign of terror was drawing to its close, and when, in the early summer of 1764, General Bradstreet arrived with a force of three thousand men, all the tribes in the vicinity of Detroit came in and concluded a peace, with the exception of the fierce Delawares and Shawnees, who had so unsuccessfully besieged the ramparts of Fort Pitt. Pontiac, himself, took no part in the council and was no longer seen. He abandoned both the country and his followers, and, according to report, went far to the southwest to the territory of the Illinois. Here, nursing in silence his wrath, resentment, and mortification, he brooded upon his fate, and contemplated a fresh outbreak against the English, trusting that the tribes in the vicinity of the Illinois River—the St. Josephs, the Miamis, the Marcontens, the Pians, and the Illinois—would be sufficiently strong to cope with the force and intelligence of the British. His plot against Detroit had been a complete failure. True—the smaller forts upon the frontier had fallen before the unexpected assaults of his allies—but the great prize, Detroit, had slipped his grasp. Now a large garrison was there, his Indians were starved and awed into submission. Fort Pitt still frowned down from its height in perpetual menace to his allies, and rumors of an advance upon the warlike Delawares

and Shawnees filled him with chagrin and mortification. His confederacy was fast breaking.

And the advance came. The brave and hardy Bouquet with an army of Pennsylvania rangers, Virginia trappers, and regular troops, pushed far into the country of the warlike Delawares in the valley of the Ohio. Reaching a spot in the very heart of the Indian country, he erected a stout palisade, and awaited a deputation from the fierce enemies of the Pennsylvania frontier. All the villages of the Shawnees were within a few days' march, so no choice was left to the Indian warriors but to sue for peace or else battle with a man, who, at the desperate encounter of Bushy Run, had routed their entire force of fighting braves, with an army one-third the size of that which he now had with him. Bouquet meant business, and the Indians knew it. The frontiersmen were tired of scalplings, burnings, and robberies on the border. They had marched out to conclude a treaty of perpetual peace, or to give these wild rangers of the forest such a beating that they would remember it forever. Confident in their strength and the justice of their cause, they awaited the advent of the Indian Chiefs, with rifles loaded, bullet pouches well filled, and spirits fired with hatred for the cruel savages.

When the Indian Chiefs arrived next day, they found a small-sized army of over fifteen hundred fighting men drawn up in battle array. The soldiers were silent, their bright red coats of the Royal Americans shone brightly against the green of the forest, the bayonets flashed; the flags fluttered; and the even ranks of back-

woodsmen in fringed hunting-frocks and moccasins had stern determination written upon their weather-beaten countenances. The Highlanders, with bare legs and kilts, leaned carelessly upon their rifles and gazed with indifference at the painted chieftains of the forest, who, seating themselves with sullen dignity, appointed one of their number to deliver a speech. In this the orator promised to give up all the white captives which the Indians held and to make peace. "I am come among you to force you to make atonement for the injuries you have done us," answered the martial Bouquet. "I have brought with me the relatives of those you have murdered. They are eager for vengeance, and nothing restrains them from taking it but my assurance that this army shall not leave your country until you have given them ample satisfaction. You are all in our power, and, if we choose, we can exterminate you from the earth, but the English are a merciful and generous people, adverse to shed the blood even of their greatest enemies; and if it were possible that you could convince us that you sincerely repent of your past perfidy, and that we could depend on your good behavior for the future, you might yet hope for mercy and peace. If I find that you faithfully execute the conditions which I shall prescribe, I will not treat you with the severity which you deserve. I give you twelve days from this date to deliver into my hands all the prisoners in your possession, without exception—Englishmen, Frenchmen, women, and children—whether adopted into your tribes, married, or living among you under any denomination or pretense whatsoever. And you are to

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furnish these prisoners with clothing, provisions, and horses, to carry them to Fort Pitt. When you have fully complied with these conditions, you shall then know on what terms you may obtain the peace you sue for." This speech had the desired effect; prisoners by the hundreds were soon brought in, and, after forcing the Indians to give him hostages to insure the keeping of peace, Bouquet went back to the settlements with his army, threatening that if the Indians again went upon the war path he would return with a larger force and completely annihilate the warring tribes.

News of this was reported to Pontiac, as he sullenly meditated further plans for revenge in his wigwam among the Illinois. Daily he saw his followers dropping off from him. To hold out longer against the whites was folly. He was surrounded by enemies. In the West were unfriendly Indian tribes; to the South were the hereditary enemies of his people, the Cherokees; in the East were the whites, and to the North a strong and vigorous garrison held the fortress of Detroit. Foiled, defeated, dismayed, he determined to accept that peace which he knew that the English would give, to smoke the calumet (or peace pipe) with his white conquerors, and to wait for some favorable opportunity for revenge. Consequently he attended a council between his tribesmen—the Ottawas—and the English at Detroit, promised allegiance to the British flag, and, requesting that the past be forgotten, threw down a wampum belt upon the floor, saying: "By this belt I remove all evil thoughts from my heart. Let us live together as brothers." In the spring he attended a

council at Oswego, New York, presided over by Sir William Johnson, and, being requested for a speech, rose to say: "Father, when our great father of France was in this country, I held him fast by the hand. Now that he is gone, I take you, my English father, by the hand, in the name of all nations, and promise to keep this covenant as long as I live." Here he delivered a belt of wampum. "Father, when you address me, it is the same as if you addressed all the nations of the West. Father, this belt is to cover and strengthen our chain of friendship, and to show you that if any nation shall lift the hatchet against our English brethren we shall be the first to feel and resent it."

True to his promise, the Great War Chief remained at peace with the whites from now on. Who can reckon what bitter thoughts must have assailed this red Napoleon when he considered the humiliating close of his campaign? Proud, ambitious, savage, he saw the oncoming rush of the men of a different race with revengeful apprehension. His great plan of extermination of the British had completely failed. The Indian lack of order, well-defined plan, and knowledge of warfare, had failed to make but a temporary impression upon the garrison of the frontier. Their non-providence of provisions and forethought in gathering them, had caused the abandonment of the siege of Detroit. Their inability to successfully approach a well-built stockade had made it impossible for them to damage the walls of Fort Pitt. Pontiac had plead with his white Canadian allies—during the attack on Detroit—and had requested them to show his Indians how to make tunnels of ap-

proach as the English did in their own warfare. But the French said that they did not, themselves, know how to dig these trenches—which was an untruth—and so he had to give up this proper method of attack. Had his followers been taught in the civilized schools of military discipline, they would, by mere numbers, have annihilated the brave defenders of Detroit; but they were children of the forest—rude, untutored huntsmen—and as such only could they make war.

Across from the present city of St. Louis, Missouri, is an old hamlet called Cahokia, and here were gathered several Illinois Indians one pleasant day of the early spring of 1769. Pontiac had wandered to St. Louis to see an old acquaintance called St. Ange, and, hearing that some drinking bout, or social gathering was in progress, told his white acquaintance that he was going to cross the river to see what the warriors of Illinois were doing. St. Ange besought him not to join them, for he was not popular with this tribe. "I am a match for the English; I am a match for twenty red men," answered the Ottawa Chief, boastfully, "and I have no fear for my life." So saying, he entered a canoe and crossed to the other shore of the river.

A feast was in progress, and to it the mighty Pontiac was invited as soon as his presence among the Illinois was known. There were songs, boasts, speeches, and the whiskey bottle was passed freely about. There is no doubt that the red Emperor drank deeply, and, when the affair was over, he walked majestically down the village street to the adjacent woods, where he was heard to chant his medicine songs in the dark and silent

wood. An English trader who had an intense dislike for the mighty war chief was then in the village, and, seeing that the moment was propitious for an assault upon him, bribed a strolling warrior of the Kaskaskia tribe of the Illinois with a barrel of liquor to kill the fierce leader of the Ottawas. Fired, perhaps, by an equal hatred for Pontiac, the red assassin soon consented to do the deed, for he was promised still further reward if he should be successful. As the dark figure of the leader of the great Indian conspiracy loomed strangely erect in the shadow of the forest, a silent form crept—like a wildcat—close to where he stood. A twig snapped. Pontiac turned to see what disturbed the quiet of the forest, and, as he did so, a tomahawk was buried in his brain. He fell prostrate upon the green carpet of moss. A shrill wail of triumph startled the night birds from the branches, and thus, foully and brutally assaulted, died the mighty Sachem of the Ottawas.

LOGAN: THE MIGHTY ORATOR AND WARRIOR OF THE MINGOES

A FRONTIERSMAN in the Ohio country, named Brown, was looking about for good land upon which to settle, and, finding some excellent territory in the Kishacognillas Valley, was wandering around in search of springs. About a mile from the edge of the valley he discovered a bear, and as he travelled along—hoping to get a shot at him—he suddenly came upon a spring. Being very thirsty, he set his rifle against a small tree, and, rushing down the bank near the water, laid down to drink.

“Upon putting my head down,” says the pioneer, “I saw reflected in the water, on the opposite side, the shadow of a tall Indian. I sprang to my rifle, when the savage gave a yell, whether for peace or war I was not just then sufficiently master of my faculties to determine; but upon my seizing my rifle and facing him, he knocked up the pan of his gun, threw out the priming, and extended his open palm to me in token of friendship. After putting down our guns, we again met at the spring and shook hands. This was Logan—the best specimen of humanity I ever met with, either white or red. He could speak a little English, and told me that there was another white hunter a little way down the stream, and offered to guide me to his camp.

There I met another white man named Maclay. We remained together in the valley a week, looking for springs and selecting lands, and laid the foundation of a friendship which never had the slightest interruption.

“We visited the camp at Logan’s Spring, and Maclay and he shot at a mark for a dollar a shot. Logan lost four of five rounds, and acknowledged himself beaten. When we were about to leave him, he brought out as many deerskins as he had lost dollars, and handed them to Mr. Maclay, who refused to take them, alleging that we had been his guests, and did not come to rob him; that the shooting had only been a trial of skill, and the bet merely nominal.

“Logan drew himself up with great dignity, and said: ‘Me bet to make you shoot your best—me a gentleman, and me take your dollar if me beat.’

“So he was obliged to take the skins, or affront our friend, whose nice sense of honor would not permit him to receive even a horn of powder in return.”

This incident well illustrates the character of Logan: a Chief of the Mingoes, one of the bravest of men, one of the greatest of orators, and a redskin who preferred peace to war. He was the second son of Shikellimus—a wealthy Sachem—but, although he inherited the talents of his father, he did not inherit his prosperity. He took no part—except that of peace-making—in the French and English war of 1760, and was always considered a friend of the white man, as he was at heart, although circumstances made him rebel against the aggressions of the frontiersmen. His residence was at a

western settlement near Sandusky, Ohio, and near by were about three hundred red warriors.

This eminent Indian supported his family by killing deer, dressing the skins, and selling them to the whites. He also traded in the land, which he had inherited from his forebears, and sold quite a piece to a tailor named De Yong, who lived in Ferguson's Valley, near the Scioto River. According to the stipulation in this particular trade, he received his pay in wheat, and, taking it to the mill, found it so worthless that the miller refused to grind it, saying: "It is good for nothing. Take it away." Much chagrined at this turn of fortune, the Indian Chief took the matter before a Judge, named Brown, who questioned him about the character of the wheat, asking him what was in it that so much resembled the wheat itself, and yet was not wheat.

"I do not know what to call it," said Logan.

"It must have been *cheat*," said the Judge.

"Yah," answered the Indian, "that very good name for him. It was cheat."

"I will give you redress," cried the man of law, handing him a writ to give to the constable. "This will bring you in money for your skins. Take it to the constable and he will see that you have justice."

But the uncivilized, yet honest, Indian could not understand how this little piece of paper could force a rogue to pay him what he really owed. "I no understand," said he.

Judge Brown took down his own commission, with the arms of the King upon it, and explained to the Mingo Chief the first principles and operations of the civil law.

“Law good,” said Logan, after a while. “Make rogues pay up. White man’s law good. But my law better—Do to other man as you wish him to do to you.”

Another incident well exhibits the goodness of heart possessed by this noted warrior, until cruel injustice made him turn against the whites with hatred and revenge in his soul.

When a child of a certain Mrs. Norris was just beginning to learn to walk, her mother remarked—in the presence of Logan—that she was sorry that she did not have a pair of moccasins for her daughter, so that her feet could be more firmly supported as she endeavored to stand upright. The Indian said nothing, at the time, but soon afterwards asked Mrs. Norris if she would not allow the little girl to go with him to his cabin and spend the day. To this request the mother gave a reluctant consent, for she feared treachery, but knowing the delicacy of an Indian’s feelings—and particularly those of Logan—she finally permitted her little girl to accompany the celebrated red man to his home. The hours of the day wore slowly away—only too slowly for the anxious mother. It was soon dusk, and still her little one had not returned. Mrs. Norris was in a paroxysm of fear, but just as the sun began to sink in the West, the trusty chieftain was seen coming down the path before the house, holding the little girl in his arms, and upon her feet were two beaded moccasins—the product of Logan’s skillful handiwork.

This well illustrates the kindly spirit of Logan. He lived quietly and peacefully, until events occurred which

changed the whole course of his life. In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder occurred in the Ohio country, among some of the white settlers, and the crime was laid to the door of the Mingoës. It is probable that the Indians did not commit the crime, for numerous white adventurers were traversing the frontier at this time, some of whom disguised themselves as Indians, and thought no more of murder than of sleep. In spite of this a cry went up from all sides, "Revenge upon the red dogs who have stolen our horses and killed our friends! Revenge!"

It was not long before other events occurred which soon led to a serious war. Among the backwoodsmen on the Maryland border was a settler named Michael Cresap—a good, sturdy woodsman, but when his blood was heated and his savage instincts were aroused, he was a relentless hater, and a determined, vindictive enemy. He feared no man and would as readily kill a redskin as a deer. Collecting a party of armed hunters, he paddled down the Kanawha River in quest of vengeance upon the Indians, and soon perpetrated a foul and ignoble deed. As he and his followers rounded a bend in the stream near Yellow Creek, a canoe filled with Indian women and children—and one man only—was seen coming towards them. The savages were unarmed, unprepared, and did not expect an attack from the whites, who now concealed themselves on the bank of the river and awaited the approach of the redskins. The canoe soon touched the shore, a murderous fire was opened upon the inoffensive occupants, and before many moments, every Indian had been slaugh-

tered. Three of these people were relatives of Logan: the man of peace and friend of the white man.

The great Mingo Chief had just been present at an Indian council and had persuaded the Mingoes, who feared war, that peace was far better. With a majestic look he had declared that the "Long Knives," or Virginians, would soon come like trees in the woods, and would drive them from their lands, unless the hatchet were laid down. His counsel had prevailed, the redskins had decided to make no resistance to the whites, but when they heard of the massacre their whole demeanor was changed. Logan had been paid for his kindly spirit of forbearance by the murder of his family. The tiger was aroused in him. His proud spirit was fired with intense anger, and, swearing that his tomahawk should drink the blood of the white man till its vengeance should be appeased with a tenfold expiation, he prepared for a bloody struggle. On all sides the savages made ready for a long and serious campaign.

Skirmishing had already taken place between bands of Indians and whites, but no great battle was to occur for some time. Logan—with a band of eight chosen warriors—boldly penetrated the white settlements at the headwaters of the Monongahela River, took many prisoners, killed many whites, and defied every attempt at capture. The Shawnees, the Mingoes (or Senecas) and a few Delawares and Cherokees were also in the field, pillaging, burning and murdering on the frontier; while the white settlers crowded into the large towns for protection.

An incident now occurred which well exhibits the kindly spirit of Logan, even when in the heat of battle,

when blood was being freely spilled on every side, and when the savages were taking every possible advantage of the whites. A white prisoner named William Robinson fell into the hands of Logan's band, and, being tried by the council, the great Mingo Chief endeavored for nearly an hour to persuade his men to let the captive go. But his eloquence was of no avail, and it was decided that the trembling paleface should be tortured at the stake. While bound to a post, Logan suddenly leaped into the circle of howling redskins, cut the thongs which held the prisoner, threw a belt of wampum around him, led him in safety to his wigwam, and shouted in a loud voice to the clamoring braves, "I have adopted him in place of my brother killed at Yellow Creek."

A few days later the Chief of the warring red men dictated a letter to his adopted brother, who wrote it upon birch bark with ink made of gun powder and water. It was completed, tied to a war club, and stuck into the logs of a house near Helston Creek, where the entire family which had formerly resided there had been massacred. Some days later it was found by a party of riflemen, who were decidedly surprised and chagrined to read the following:

"Captain Cresap:—What did you kill my people on Yellow Creek for? The white people killed my kin at Conestoga, a great while ago, and I thought nothing of that. But you killed my kin again on Yellow Creek, and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill, too, and I have been three times to war since; but the Indians are not angry—only myself.

CAPTAIN JOHN LOGAN."

The soldiers who found this note were upon a foray into the Ohio territory, led by a Colonel McDonald, who was a brave and resolute Indian fighter. They were much impressed by the dignity of this missive, but did not stop upon their errand of death, and, pushing to the mouth of Captina Creek, moved upon the Mingo village of Wapitomic, on the Muskingum, destroying several villages on the way, and returning safely with several chiefs as prisoners. But they were pursued by the savages in force, and realizing that to insure peace upon the border, it would be necessary to send a good-sized army against the allied tribes, the Governor of Virginia (Lord Dunmore) decided to send a small army of backwoodsmen, soldiers, and trappers into the country of the redskins. Three thousand men were ordered to advance against the Indians. One half of the force under the command of General Andrew Lewis was to march to the mouth of the Kanawha River in Ohio; while Governor Dunmore, himself, was to lead the other half from Pittsburg to Point Pleasant, Ohio, where the two bodies were to meet and fight a decisive battle with the Indian warriors under Logan and Cornstalk; the latter a great Chief of the Shawnees, and an excellent fighter.

“Did I not tell you that the Long Knives would move against us?” said Logan to his followers. “They must be defeated. I wished to live at peace with my white brothers, and I bore them no ill will, until they murdered my relatives. I fear that we shall not have strength enough to beat off these palefaces, but have courage, ye red men, and we shall have many a scalp of these fringed shirts to hang in our wigwams.”

"We will be ready," shouted his followers, and soon their wild war cries echoed through the forests as they leaped about in a circle and prepared their spirits for the coming battles.

Meanwhile the sturdy pioneers were collecting on the frontier and preparing for the advance into the wilderness. General Andrew Lewis was a stout backwoodsman who little feared the savages and had a contempt for danger that was extraordinary. His army soon gathered in the western mountains of Virginia, and a hardier, more energetic body of fighters it would have been difficult to find. With droves of pack-horses to carry their light equipment, and numbers of beef cattle to feed upon, the men in buckskin and fringed hunting shirts finally moved off in the direction of Ohio and the Great Kanawha. There were one hundred and sixty miles of wilderness to pass through before the objective point would be reached, and deep forests lay in the path of the little army. But in the front was a veteran scout, who knew the dense wilderness like a book, and piloted the soldiers surely and directly to the river which they searched for.

As the small force moved through the forest, the men presented a most picturesque appearance. The straggling sunbeams glistened upon their long rifles and sheath knives, while their powder horns swung jauntily from long cords across their bodies and tapped against the wooden butts of their guns, as they were held carelessly under the right shoulders. The twigs and branches crashed as the pack train pushed its way through the unbroken forest, the horses snorting and whinnying;

the oxen and cows lowing and grunting, while the baaing of a few sheep added to the general disturbance. The men marched silently, without singing or laughing, for they were on gruesome business, and they knew that many of their numbers would not return. In the front was Colonel Charles Lewis—a brother of the General in charge. He was resplendent in a scarlet coat, and this one bit of color was the only bright spot among the yellow buckskin hunting shirts and the dark coonskin caps of the Rangers. Surely, carefully, and courageously they moved onward upon their mission of death, while the startled deer sped from their path like the shadows of those departed.

Upon the last day of September the army of invasion reached its destination and speedily formed an entrenched camp. Lewis waited for a week for the arrival of Lord Dunmore and his men. "Egad," said he at length, "I believe that the old fox has deserted us, and we Virginians must fight the redskins on our own hook."

Hardly had he made the remark when a scout came running into the camp with news that startled the vigilant commander.

"While hunting deer with Tom Briscoe," said he, "we suddenly came upon a camp of Cornstalk's men, all of them in war paint. They fired upon us before we could get away and killed my companion. Now I am come to tell you that they are advancing upon you, and you will be attacked before another sun."

"Is that so?" drawled General Lewis, lighting his pipe. "Then we must get ready for the varmints and fight them without Lord Dunmore and his men."

Not long after this he rose from the stump upon which he was seated and gave orders that his brother Charles Lewis should take two regiments and march in the direction of the Indians to reconnoitre next morning, while he made a proper disposition of the rest of the army, in order to support them. The two regiments had barely advanced a quarter of a mile from the camp, when loud war whoops sounded from their front and flanks, and they were suddenly set upon by a howling, yelping mob of redskins. It was just about daylight, and, dropping immediately behind stumps and fallen logs, the soldiers awaited the attack of the Indians with calm determination. Remembering past battles with the children of the forest, the Rangers did not heedlessly expose themselves, and fired only when they saw the head or portion of the body of a warrior. The firing grew hot. The yelling and screeching of the savages was discordant and fierce, while the steady "crack, crack" from their rifles soon began to tell upon the crouching ranks of the Virginian volunteers. Colonel Charles Lewis was most conspicuous in his red coat and so became an easy target for the guns of the savages. Soon, pierced by several balls, he was obliged to leave the firing line, and, staggering back to the camp, he perished with his face towards the foe, still urging on the Rangers with his dying breath.

At this moment it seemed as if the redskins would triumph. Above the din of battle Cornstalk's voice could be heard, calling, "Be strong! Be strong!" And when a savage showed symptoms of flight, he is said to have immediately struck him down with his tomahawk.

A warrior named Red Hawk, too, was conspicuous among his own men, urging them on to resistance with stern voice and determined gestures. The right wing of the Americans began to give way, the Rangers began to fall back from the murderous bullets, but at this time reinforcements rushed to the threatened point, and, with a yell as fierce as that of the savages, the fresh troops crept up to the oncoming foe. The two lines were more than a mile in length, the combatants were so close together that they often grappled in a hand-to-hand combat, using their knives and tomahawks freely. The crack of the rifles was mingled with the groans of the wounded, the jeers of the Indians, the shouts of the backwoodsmen, and the wild yells of the chiefs and commanding officers.

It was now about twelve o'clock, and the savages began to give way before the assaults of the entire army of Virginians, who had just come up. But, instead of retreating to a great distance, the Indians hid behind a breastwork of fallen logs and branches which extended clean across a neck of land which ran between the Ohio and Kanawha Rivers. Not only had they had forethought enough to prepare this, but they had placed men on both sides of the stream, in the rear of the Virginians, so that if they had been defeated not one would have been able to escape. The warriors retreated stubbornly, contesting each inch of the way, and soon—from the protection of the stout breastwork—easily held at bay the victorious white men. Colonel Fleming, who commanded the left wing, was twice hit, but kept his command and continually cheered on his men with

words of confidence. When the reinforcements had arrived at the critical moment, he was again shot—this time through the lungs—but he still refused to give way to any other officer, and led his men right up to the breastwork, behind which fifteen hundred Shawanoe, Delaware, Mingo, Wyandot, and Cayuga warriors poured a rain of bullets at the oncoming Virginians. The Rangers lay down behind the trees and boulders of the forest and eagerly waited further orders.

General Lewis saw that he had to cripple the enemy or they would be claiming a victory and would thus get aid from other tribes. Seventy-five of his men had been either killed or mortally wounded, and over one hundred were slightly disabled. It was time for action, so, sending three companies to the rear of the breastwork, he ordered the backwoodsmen to dash into the Indians from that direction, while the rest of the army would swarm over the front of the fortification. Unseen by the savages, the soldiers were soon in the forest behind the supposedly impregnable position of the red warriors, but scouts brought news of their advance to Cornstalk, and, believing them to be reinforcements from Lord Dunmore, and not part of the very troops which he had been just engaged with, the Indian War Chief ordered a retreat. As the sun sank upon the field of battle, the Indian fighting men fell back across the river in the direction of their towns along the Ohio River, while cheer after cheer went up from the Virginians, as they realized that the day of bloodshed had been ended.

The battle was over, at last, and it had been a severe

struggle. Fifty-two graves had to be dug for the dead backwoodsmen of the forest, while half the commissioned officers were lifeless upon that bloody field. The Indians' loss is unknown—thirty-three were found dead on the ground which had been contended for, but, as many of their stricken had been thrown into the river, it was impossible to ascertain exactly how many had fallen. The probabilities are that they lost about as many as did the whites, and thus the battle of Point Pleasant or the Great Kanawha, in the autumn of 1774, seems to justify the assertion that it was the most severe Indian battle that had taken place upon the soil of America up to that time. The whites were eager for another fight, as they wished to revenge the death of their comrades, and so, as soon as burial services were over for those who had fallen, they again took up the march in the direction in which the Indians had disappeared. There were many curses against Lord Dunmore for not having joined them, as he had promised, and several of the Virginian Rangers called him "coward" and "traitor."

So near, indeed, had this British Governor been to the Virginians at Point Pleasant, during the battle, that his men could easily hear the sound of fighting when they placed their ears to the ground. He had advanced from Pittsburg with a strong force and could certainly have fallen upon the rear of the Indians had he so wished, but, as he did not hurry his course, it is evident that he had no intention of co-operating with the troops of General Lewis, as he had proposed to do. Some have contended that he wished to sacrifice the Virginians so

as to defeat the savages himself, and secure reputation for great prowess. This is an absurd contention, for he would speedily have been denounced as a treacherous dog and would have suffered death from his own men. Others have stated that he felt that the Indians' cause was a just one, that he knew that the Virginians were soon going to rebel against England, and thus he wished to bring peace with as little destruction of life as possible. It is probable that he was anxious to keep the good will of the Indians, with a view of gaining them as allies to the mother country later on. In fact, after the American Revolution broke out, he sent emissaries to these very savages, asking their assistance against the people of Virginia, so his lack of aggression in advancing to the aid of General Lewis is, therefore, partly explained. We must remember that he was an Englishman, was patriotic, and wished to do nothing that would hurt the interests of the mother country.

The troops under Lord Dunmore, numbering as many as those of General Lewis, passed through the Blue Range at Potomac Gap, and crossed into Ohio near Wheeling, West Virginia. As the British advanced into the Indian country, scouts came in from the Senecas and Delawares, and, on October sixth, Lord Dunmore had a conference with them, offering terms of peace. The savages carried his words back to the retreating warriors who had fought at Point Pleasant, as Lord Dunmore's army pushed on to the left bank of Sippo Creek, Ohio. Here the soldiers soon made a fortified camp, called Camp Charlotte, and waited for emissaries from the warlike Indians. A messenger was also sent to

intercept the march of General Lewis, telling him not to fight again, until his commanding officer—Lord Dunmore—had had a conference with the red men, but, smarting from the loss of his brother, and fired with the zeal for a signal victory, Lewis felt little desire to heed the command of the Governor, and pressed on to Congo Creek, which was within striking distance of the Indian towns near Chillicothe, Ohio. Again Dunmore sent him a command not to attack the Indians, and, seeing that the Rangers were bent upon further bloodshed, he went in person to find the Virginian leader. Drawing his sword when he met him, he said: “Sir, if you persist in your obstinacy in disobeying my commands, I shall run you through with this weapon. I am your commanding officer, sir.” “I will retire,” answered Lewis, “but your conduct, sir, is cowardly and treacherous to the interests of Virginia.”

The Indians were now thoroughly cowed by the show of force which the whites presented and were, therefore, contemplating peace. At a conference at their chief town, Cornstalk arose and upbraided them because they had not listened to his and Logan’s suggestions for peace before the bloody battle of Point Pleasant. “What will you do now?” said he. “The Big Knife is coming on us, and we shall all be killed. Now you must fight or we are undone.” He paused for a reply, and then added, “Now let us kill all our women and children and go out and fight the palefaces until we die?” Still there was no answer to this brave proposal. So, rising from the seat upon the ground, the Great Chief struck his tomahawk into a post of the council house with a sharp, re-

sounding blow, exclaiming, "I will then go and make peace." "Ough! Ough!" came from all sides. "Go and make peace." So the noted warrior hastened to Dunmore's camp to settle the difficulties between them immediately.

Logan was not with him; in fact, he had taken no part in these councils, but had remained alone in the Mingo village, brooding over the wrongs, and upon the cruel vengeance which he had taken upon the whites for the murder of his relatives. "He is like an angry dog," said a Delaware warrior. "His bristles are all up, but they are gradually falling." When urged to attend the peace conference, he muttered: "I am a warrior and not a counsellor. I will not come to the meeting, for my people have not followed my advice."

At the conference at Camp Charlotte Cornstalk spoke for his red brethren, and he is said to have delivered a great oration, which was quite equal to the speeches of Patrick Henry, the great orator of the Virginia House of Burgesses. "I have heard many orators," said Colonel Wilson of Dunmore's staff, "but none whose power of delivery surpassed that of Cornstalk on this occasion. His looks when addressing Dunmore were truly grand and majestic, yet peaceful and attractive. When he arose, he was in no wise confused or daunted, but spoke in a distinct and audible voice, without stammering or repetition, and with peculiar emphasis." Such was the impression which he created that a speedy peace was agreed upon, which was to insure some years of quiet to the frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania. The Indians retired to their towns, and the army of in-

vasion made preparations for returning to the settlements of tide-water Virginia.

Although Logan had refused to attend the conference, Lord Dunmore considered it most important to learn what were his future intentions towards the whites, as he was a renowned chieftain and had quite a following. He could, in fact, easily stir up another rebellion, should he so wish, and thus it would be of considerable value to the whites to obtain from him a statement to the effect that he would keep the peace in future. Therefore, a messenger named John Gibson was sent to the Mingo camp in order to interview the savage warrior and persuade him to sign the peace pact. Gibson was a frontier veteran who had lived for a long time near the Indians and knew their manners, customs, and language as well as that of his own race. And he proved to be an excellent emissary, for Logan talked freely to the sturdy backwoodsman. For some time they discussed the war and its outcome, and then, weeping bitterly, the Mingo Chieftain made a speech which will always live as one of the finest examples of Indian eloquence recorded in the history of the conquest of America by the whites. Gibson took the words of Logan down in writing, bade the sad old warrior farewell, and, turning towards the English camp, soon had presented the answer of the noble red man to Lord Dunmore. The Governor read it in council before the entire frontier army, among whom were Clark and Cresap, the two backwoods soldiers to whom Logan ascribed the murder of his family.

“I appeal to the white man to say if he ever entered

Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not?" were the words of Logan. "During the course of the last long and bloody war (the French and Indian War, and the Conspiracy of Pontiac) Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed, and said: 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

To the sad and sober thoughts of the Mingo Chief, the frontiersmen listened with respectful attention, and in the hearts of some, no doubt, came feelings of remorse that the lives of his own people had been so cruelly taken. At the conclusion of the reading of this address, Clark turned to Cresap and said: "You must be a very great man that the Indians hold you guilty for every mean thing that has happened." "It was not I who did this deed, but Daniel Greathouse," answered Cresap, "and I have half a mind to put an end to him when next we meet, because of this brutal murder."

It would have indeed been well if someone would have made the guilty frontiersman suffer for this cruel deed, which had wrecked the life and hopes of an Indian Chief, who, at heart, was a friend of the pioneers, and not an enemy. The triumph of the Anglo-Saxons had dealt a heavy blow to the one red man of friendly intentions who resided in the country of the Ohio.

The troops under Lord Dunmore soon returned to Virginia, and, at the outbreak of the American Revolution, took part in many of the engagements of the first year of warfare. Proud, gloomy Logan never recovered from the grief which the loss of his family had inspired. His life was spent among his own people, and frequently he was engaged in the various skirmishes and uprisings of the border. We know that he became intemperate, and, like so many other red men of noble qualities, became a victim of drink—a habit which lowered him in the estimation of both the whites and those of his own race. At last, when returning from Detroit to his own country, after assisting in making a treaty of peace, he was murdered by a party of whites, but the details of his death are not known.

Thus perished one of the few redskins who, at heart, was friendly to those of a different color. One can forgive his fierce outburst of passion against the whites, for who of us would not have been constrained to do likewise, after the murder of our entire family, and in cold blood? His features were noble, his form was majestic, his words bore evidence of a mind in which only the loftiest thoughts resided. His speech to the emissary of Lord Dunmore has been favorably com-

pared with the best efforts of Demosthenes and Cicero, the great orators of Greece and Rome, and the annals of Indian warfare have never brought to light a character of similar grandeur and majesty of disposition. The muse of history smiles brightly upon the spirit of Logan: the Friend of the White Man, the Great Chieftain of the Mingoes.

RED JACKET, OR SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA:
THE GREAT ORATOR OF
THE SENECA

A LITTLE schooner was about to be launched in a port of the eastern seaboard of the United States, and crowds of people gathered around to see the vessel take to the water. It was an event of more than usual interest, for a tall Indian chief of majestic bearing stood at the prow in order to speak a word of parting to the new-made hull. He placed one hand upon the planking, and, turning to the expectant onlookers, spoke with great feeling.

“You have a great name given to you,” he said, pointing to the ship. “Your name is Red Jacket. Strive to deserve this name. Be brave and daring. Go boldly into the troublesome waters of the great sea and fear neither the swift wind nor the strong waves. Be not frightened nor overcome by them, for it is in resisting storms and tempests that I, whose name you bear, obtained my renown. Let my great example inspire you to courage and lead you to glory. Strike, you men! Break the underpinning from this favored vessel and let us see it plough into the surging ocean!” As he ceased, the stanchions which held the schooner were knocked away, and proudly and serenely she dipped into the waters of the blue Atlantic.

The great chief who had christened this little vessel was one of the most famous orators who has ever existed among the Indians of America. His birth is supposed to have taken place about the year 1750, under a great tree which formerly stood near the spring of crystal water at Canoga Point, on the western shores of Lake Cayuga, in western New York. His parents were Senecas—a powerful tribe that lived at Can-e-de-sa-ga, at the present site of Geneva, New York, and they were members of the Iroquois confederation of Indian people. His father, although a member of this tribe, was by birth a Cayuga—a thoughtful and far-seeing race, who were the scholars and thinkers of the northern Indians—and, although learned, was not a man of any prominence or distinction. His mother is said to have had white blood in her veins, and so the remarkable ability to express himself in a logical manner may be traced to this taint in the blood of the eloquent Red Jacket, who in infancy was called O-tetiana, which signifies, “The Always Ready.”

Tradition has it that when a young man Red Jacket was remarkably fleet of foot, so fleet, in fact, that he was employed by his people as a “runner” or messenger. But his ambition was to become a great orator and speaker, and thus leaving the active participation in warfare to spirits more bold than his own, he endeavored to become the greatest counsellor among his people. This ability to sway the thoughts and feelings of others made him chief—a position to which he aspired, and of which he was very jealous—and, when he came to this honor, he took another name, according to the

custom of his nation. This was the euphonious one of Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, which means "The Keeper Awake."

But how came it that he was called Red Jacket, when these other names were so much more distinguished and musical? This is explained by a chronicler of this period of history, who says: "During the war of the Revolution this Seneca warrior made himself very useful to the British officers as a messenger. He was doubtless of great value to them because of his intelligence and gift for oratory, and, in return for his services, the officers presented the young man with a scarlet jacket, very richly embroidered. He took much delight in this coat of a flaming red, and this peculiar dress became a mark of distinction and gave him the name by which he was afterwards best known. Even after the war, when the Americans wished to particularly ingratiate themselves with him, they would present him with a red jacket. The young Prince of the wolf den would don the bright raiment with a look of immense pride, and he was much admired by his followers as he strutted about attired in this attractive dress." Thus Sa-go-ye-wat-ha became known by the title of Red Jacket, a name which clung to him through life, and by which he has been known to historians.

The predecessor of Red Jacket, as Chief of the Senecas, was a celebrated brave, called Corn Planter by the English, a man well known for his oratorical powers and skill as a warrior. This eminent Chieftain suddenly found that his power over his men was declining, partly owing to the fact that in 1784 he had used his influence in consenting to a cession of Seneca land to the American



RED JACKET, OR SA-GO-YE-WAT-HA.

government at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, and partly owing to the fact that he was growing so old that the young blood of the tribe felt that a young man should lead them. Bitterly chagrined by his loss of popularity, Corn Planter resolved upon a desperate exertion to restore his departing influence, and, with this end in view, determined to practice upon the superstitions of the Indians and rid himself of those chiefs who opposed his rule. So he had his brother declare himself a prophet or Messiah, and, stating that he had come to restore the former prestige of the red men and make them again great, he soon had great influence among the credulous Senecas.

But now the evil designs of Corn Planter came to a head. The Prophet declared that several members of the tribe were wizards or magicians, and among them Red Jacket was named as the chief offender. He was publicly denounced by those influenced by the Prophet, who, at a great Indian council, declared that he should be put to death. At this crisis Red Jacket knew that his safety and life itself depended upon his intellectual powers, and so determined to make use of the greatest oratorical efforts that he was capable of. Appearing before the assembled Indians, he rose majestically before them, and throwing back his blanket said in part:

“Brothers, you accuse me of being a Wizard and Sorcerer. This Prophet, the brother of Corn Planter, has told you that I am a man of evil thoughts and would work you ill. It is an untruth. Never since I was a small boy have I thought evil of any of my own race, and never since I came of age have I ever labored for

anything but the good of my people. How can I, who have loved you at a peace all these years, have married among you, have brought up my children among you, how can I, I say, wish ill to the people whom I have starved, slept and feasted with? Brothers, you know that in the treaty at Fort Stanwix I was for war, while Corn Planter was for peace and wished to give over our lands to the whites. You see how you have fared by following his advice. You are now poor, without hunting ground, and the white men have your best lands. Had you stood by me, and had you waged war upon the whites, we would have defeated them, driven them from our borders, and we would now have good grounds to live upon. You see how following this man's advice has served us."

This he continued for three hours, at the end of which time he had fully persuaded the Indians that the Prophet was an imposter and fraud, that Corn Planter should be deposed, and that he himself should be freed from all charges against himself. The savages had all been in favor of his death, but, swayed by this masterful eloquence, a portion of their numbers came to his way of thinking, and when a vote was taken in regard to what disposition should be made of him, their numbers were sufficient to set him free. Corn Planter's influence was at an end, and soon Red Jacket was foremost in the councils of those of his own nationality. The masterful power of oratory had won him the foremost position in his own tribe.

The Indians, in fact, had fared ill for the part that they had taken in the American Revolution, between

the American Colonists of New York and the British. Influenced by the Iroquois and their powerful ally, Captain Joseph Brant—the great war chief of the Mohawks—they had thrown in their lot with the English troops. Red Jacket had eloquently plead with his people to remain neutral. “Let these whites fight it out among themselves,” he had said, “while we remain upon our own lands and take care of ourselves. What have the English done for us? What will they do for us if they win, but insist upon a division of our land?” He here rose to his fullest height, (for he was in the council chamber) and pointed to the winding current of the Mohawk. “Why should we leave our beautiful country by the shimmering waters of the river which we love, in order to become killed, maimed and homeless for the sake of our white brothers? Why should we give up everything for these men, I say, when we are happy and peaceful here? It is none of our quarrel. Let us rest.”

In spite of this appeal his own warriors would not listen to his words of advice and called him a coward, and also the “cow-killer.” With smirks and grimaces they would often tell how at the outbreak of the war the young chief had exhorted all about him to be filled with valor and courage, to march forth valiantly towards the enemy, for he, himself, would be there in the thickest of the fighting. Stirred by his address, the warriors were soon engaged in battle, but when they looked for the orator he was missing. In vain they searched for him at the close of hostilities, and, at last, found him cutting up a cow which he had cap-

tured near the Indian village. This story was spread broadcast, it caused great amusement, and many a Seneca was heard to say: "Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, he talk much, but he no back up his big words."

At the close of the Revolutionary War, however, these warriors who had previously reviled the sage counsellor of the Senecas wished that they had listened more favorably to his advice. The British army of invasion under Burgoyne which the Senecas and Mohawks allied themselves with, was badly whipped at Saratoga, and those who were not captured fled to Canada. The country came into the possession of the American troops; the Mohawks emigrated to Canadian soil, where they were given no aid by the English, and the Senecas were treated in a high-handed manner by the victorious sons of New England. Many of the members of this powerful tribe perished in the battles around Saratoga, and, as they were fighting for a cause which they did not understand, it soon became apparent to them that they should have followed the advice of the great orator. Too late they realized that the old adage was true, which runs, "A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

From the close of the American Revolution to the outbreak of the war of 1812, the Senecas lived in peace and seclusion upon their lands. President George Washington extended to them the hand of friendship and offered them protection from their enemies if they would sign a treaty with him. This they did, and the great American leader filled a place in their affections

which has never been equalled by any white man, save Roger Williams or William Penn. So strong was the influence of the "Father of his Country" among them, that in subsequent disturbances in their dominions the Senecas either remained neutral or else were loyal to the Americans and their interests. Red Jacket himself was one of fifty chiefs who journeyed to Philadelphia to visit Washington in 1792, where he was presented with a silver medal on which the President, in military uniform, was represented as handing a long peace pipe to an Indian chief with a scalp-lock decorated with plumes on the top of his head, while a white man was ploughing with a yoke of oxen in the background—a hint to the Indians to abandon war and adopt the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. Red Jacket accepted this with much pleasure, prized it very highly, and wore it on all occasions of state.

When war broke out between the Americans and British in 1812, the Senecas immediately offered their services to their American neighbors. But their proffer of aid was rejected, and every effort was made to induce them to remain neutral. The Indians did not care for such treatment, but said nothing. At last, in the summer of 1812, the English troops took possession of Grand Island, in the Niagara River, and this was a valuable possession of the Senecas. Immediately, therefore, they were anxious for war, a council was called, the American Indian Agent was summoned to attend, and Red Jacket arose to address him.

"Brother," he said, "you have told us that we had nothing to do with the war between you and the British.

But the war has come to our doors. Our property is seized by the British and their Indian friends. It is necessary for us then to go to war. We must defend our property. We must drive the enemy from our soil. If we sit still on our lands and take no means of redress, the British, following the custom of you white people, will hold them by conquest, and you, if you conquer Canada, will claim them on the same principles, as conquered from the British. Brother, we wish to go with our warriors and drive off these bad people and take possession of those lands."

Such was the effect of this outburst of oratory upon his hearers that a grand council of the Six Nations soon came together and issued a manifesto against the British in Canada. "We, the chiefs and counsellors of the Six Nations of Indians, residing in the State of New York, do hereby proclaim to all the war chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations, that war is declared on our part against the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada," ran this call to arms.

"Therefore, we do hereby command and advise all the war chiefs to call forth immediately all the warriors under them and put them in motion to protect their rights and liberties, which our brethren, the Americans, are now defending."

Soon about three thousand warriors were in the field, eager and willing to assist the American troops under General Boyd, who advanced into the State of New York to battle with the British. On August 13th a fierce fight took place at Fort George, in which the British were badly routed and a number of the

British Indians were captured by the Senecas under Red Jacket.

“The bravery and humanity of the Indians were equally conspicuous,” says General Boyd in his dispatch. “They behaved with great gallantry.”

After the battle the Senecas neither scalped nor murdered the dead, which was most extraordinary for Indians. But at a council held the day before the battle, they had agreed not to follow their usual custom—a method of procedure which Red Jacket strongly advocated. He, himself, fought courageously with his followers; was seen to lead a charge more than once; and certainly did away with any notions which his braves might have entertained regarding his lack of courage in battle. “Cow-killer” he was named no longer, and, after the conclusion of peace between the English and Americans, he began with accustomed energy to again direct the civil interests of the Senecas.

Numerous white missionaries now came to the country of the Indians, endeavoring as well as they could to establish Christianity among the savages. One of these—a missionary named Cram—made a long speech to the Senecas, telling them that there was but one religion, and unless they adopted it they could not prosper; that they had lived all their lives in darkness; and that his object in talking to them was not to get away their lands, or money, but to turn them towards the true Gospel. Finally, he asked them to state their objections, if they had any, to the adoption of his religion.

He closed his address with a strong appeal to their reasoning powers, and, after he had finished speaking, the

Seneca Chiefs retired for a conference. After several hours of talking, Red Jacket came from the tent in which they had been seated, and striding forward, delivered the following speech, which stands as one of the greatest examples of Indian eloquence that is known to history.

“Friend and Brother!” he began. “It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and he has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun and has caused the bright orb to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened so that we see clearly. Our ears are unstopped so that we have been able to distinctly hear the words which you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit and him only.

“Brother! This council fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened with attention to what you have said. You have requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy, for we now consider that we stand upright before you, and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice and all speak to you as one man. Our minds are agreed.

“Brother! You say that you want an answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right that you should have one, as you are a great distance from home, and we do not wish to detain you. But we will first look back a little, and tell you what our fathers have told us, and what we have heard from the white people.

“Brother! Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island (meaning the continent of North America—a common belief among the Indians). Their seats extended from the rising to the setting of the sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He made the bear and the deer, and their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and had taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children because he loved them. If we had any disputes about hunting grounds, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great waters and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, granted their request and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat. They gave us poison (spirituous liquor) in return. The white people had now found our country. Tidings were carried back and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them and gave them a large seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land. They wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight

against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquors among us. It was strong and powerful and has slain thousands.

“Brother! Our seats were once large, and yours were very small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but you are not satisfied. You want to force your religion upon us.

“Brother! Continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind; and if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right, and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as for you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us; and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

“Brother! You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

“Brother! We do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers and has been handed down, father to son. We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us, their children. We

worship that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

“Brother! The Great Spirit has made us all. But he has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us a different complexion and different customs. To you he has given the arts; to these he has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may not we conclude that he has given us a different religion, according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied.

“Brother! We do not wish to destroy your religion, or to take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

“Brother! You say you have not come to get our land or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will now tell you that I have been at your meetings and saw you collecting money from the meeting. I cannot tell what this money was intended for, but suppose it was for your minister; and if we should conform to your way of thinking, perhaps you may want some from us.

“Brother! We are told that you have been preaching to white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good and makes them honest and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again what you have said.

“Brother! You have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present. As we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends.”

There is little doubt that Red Jacket appreciated his own prowess to the full and realized what a wonderful control he had over his followers. In the council chamber he was supreme and usually was able to sway the feelings of his hearers in whatever direction he wished. Some one inquired one day what deeds of blood he had done in order to make himself a true warrior among the Senecas, and to this he replied: “A warrior! I am an orator! I was born an orator.”

A young French nobleman visited Buffalo about 1815, and hearing of the wonderful speaker, sent word to Red Jacket that he wished to talk with him. But the oratorical chief received this message with contempt. “Tell the young man that if he wishes to visit the old chief he will find him with his nation,” said he, “where other strangers pay their respect to him, and Red Jacket will be glad to see him.” To this the Frenchman sent back word that he had taken a long journey and was fatigued, that he had come all the way from France to see the great orator of the Seneca nation and hoped he would not refuse to meet him at Buffalo. To this the Seneca brave sent the following answer: “Tell him that having come so far to see me it is strange he should stop within seven miles of my lodge.” “By Gad,” said the nobleman, when this message was delivered to him, “such a man of spirit must indeed be

worth journeying to see," and, without more ado, he hastened to the lodge of the sarcastic Red Jacket. The Seneca orator now consented to dine with him at Buffalo, and, after the repast, the enthusiastic Frenchman exclaimed: "He is a remarkable man. Had he been white, he would have one of the greatest reputations of the ages. He is a wonder greater than Niagara Falls, which I have just visited."

Shortly after this an Indian was executed for the murder of his wife, and a great crowd journeyed to see the hanging. Red Jacket, however, was met going in the opposite direction from the scene. "Why do you not go to see this affair?" asked a friend. "Fools enough are there already," replied the great orator. "Battle is the proper place to see men die."

"When I dined with President Washington," said he to a gentleman, "a man ran off with my knife and fork every now and again, and returned with others. What was that for?"

"There are a great many dishes," replied the gentleman, "each cooked in a different manner. Every time a new dish is brought on the table, the knives and forks are changed."

"Ah," said Red Jacket, thoughtfully, "is that it? You must then suppose that the plates and knives and forks retain the taste of the cookery?"

"Yes," answered the white man.

"Have you then any method by which you can change your palates every time you change your plates? For I think the taste would remain on the palate longer than it would on the plate."

“We are in the habit of washing the taste on our palates away with wine,” answered the gentleman.

“Ah, I understand!” ejaculated Red Jacket. “I was persuaded that so general a custom among you must be founded on reason, and I only regret that when I was in Philadelphia I did not understand it. The moment the man went off with my plate, I would have drunk wine until he brought me another; for although I am fond of eating, I am more so of drinking.”

This famous orator was not only fully conscious of his own ability to sway the emotions of others, but he had his full share of vanity. His forehead was lofty and capacious; his eye was black and piercing; his nose was sharply aquiline; while his cheek was well rounded. Every feature marked a man of noble qualities, while an air of dignified self-possession made a deep impression upon all with whom he came in contact. When speaking, his eyes flashed fire, his body was continually moving in the effort of speech-making, while the ready words poured from his lips in a steady stream. The cadence of his speech was measured and very musical, and when excited he would spring to his feet, elevate his head, expand his arms and utter, with indescribable effort of manner and tone, some great and noble thoughts. A gentleman of the period has written: “It has been my good fortune to hear the masterful Red Jacket but a few times in late years when his powers were much enfeebled by old age and intemperance, but I shall never forget the impression made upon me the first time that I saw him in council. The English language has no figures to convey the true meaning of his speech, and,

though coming through the medium of an illiterate interpreter, I could well realize that he was giving me a great oration."

The great Seneca was twice married, and, although he had a large family, many of his children died of consumption. A lady who took an interest in the Seneca Nation once asked him whether he had any children living. "Red Jacket was once a great man, and was in favor with the Great Spirit," sorrowfully answered the Chief. "He was a lofty pine among the smaller trees of the forest, but after years of glory he degraded himself by drinking the fire water of the white man. The Great Spirit has, therefore, looked upon him in anger, and his lightning has stripped the pine of its branches and left standing only the scarred trunk, dead at the top."

What the noted Seneca said of his degradation was unfortunately too true, so true, in fact, that he was deposed by the members of his tribe because of this intemperance. Several rival chiefs were jealous of his position, which partly explained this action of the Senecas, although his opposition to the introduction of the Christian religion into the tribe was also a reason for removing him from the position of Head Chief.

Red Jacket—with the true spirit of a warrior—was scarcely prepared to submit to such a degradation, particularly as he knew that the true motives of the chiefs who had deposed him were those of jealousy. He felt the sting of shame, and remarked to one of his tribe, with much feeling: "It shall not be said that Sa-go-ye-wat-ha lived in insignificance and died in

dishonor. Am I too feeble to revenge myself upon my enemies? Am I not as I have been? I will call in the other tribes of the Six Nations, and we will see whether or no Red Jacket will be deposed." Consequently, only a month after his deposition, a Grand Council of the chiefs of the Six Nations assembled together at the upper council house of the Seneca village reservation.

After all had seated themselves, the document deposing Red Jacket was read aloud, and then a Chief called Half Town arose, and in behalf of the Catteraugus Indians (a tribe of the Six Nations) said that there was but one opinion in his nation, and that was of general indignation at the ousting of Red Jacket from his position as Chief Sachem. Several other chiefs addressed the council to the same effect, and, at the close of their speeches, the condemned orator arose very slowly, as if grieved and humiliated, but still possessing his ancient air of command.

After a solemn pause he began to speak. "My brothers," said he, "you have this day been correctly informed of an attempt to make me sit down and throw off the authority of a chief, by twenty-six misguided chiefs of my nation. You have heard the statements of my associates in council and their explanations of the foolish charges brought against me. I have taken the legal and proper way to meet these charges. It is the only way in which I could notice them: charges which I despise and which nothing would induce me to notice, but the concern which many respected chiefs of my nation feel in the character of their aged comrade. Were it otherwise, I should not be before you. I would

fold my arms and sit quietly under their ridiculous slander.

"The Christian party has not even proceeded legally, according to our usages, to put me down. Ah! It grieves my heart when I look around me and see the situation of my people, in old times united and powerful, now divided and feeble. I feel sorry for my nation. When I am gone to the other world—when the Great Spirit calls me away—who among my people can take my place? Many years have I guided my nation."

He now spoke of the attacks upon him and said that they were incited by jealousy. He alluded to the course taken by those of his own tribe who had turned Christians as being ruinous and disgraceful, especially in the abandonment of the religion of their fathers, and their sacrifice to the whites for a few trinkets of the land left them by their forefathers. "I will not consent silently to be trampled under foot," he concluded. "As long as I can raise my voice I will oppose such measures. As long as I can stand in my moccasins, I will do all that I can for my nation."

Such was the power of the old chief's oration, that, at the close of this speech, he was almost unanimously re-elected to the position of Chief Sachem, a position which he had held for many years, and which he was now to hold until his death.

Shortly after this affair the great orator's second wife joined the Christian Church, to which he, himself, was opposed. Consequently Red Jacket immediately left her and went to live in another Seneca reservation. But he was far from happy when separated from those

whom he loved, and those whom he left behind were far from happy without him. The old chief was devoted to his little daughter, and he missed her caresses and love. At length, he could stand the separation no longer, and, through the agency of this little girl, a reconciliation was effected with his excellent squaw. Red Jacket promised that he would not again interfere with his wife's religious privileges, and to his credit be it said he never again objected to her religion or belief.

There he was living quietly and happily when suddenly taken ill in the council house, where he had gone one day, dressed with more than usual care and ornamented with all his best finery. When he returned to his tepee, he said to his wife: "I am ill. I could not stay until the council had finished. I shall never recover." So saying, he took off his rich dress, laid it carefully away, lay down upon his couch and did not rise again until morning. His wife then prepared some medicine for him, which he patiently took, saying: "It will do me no good. I shall die."

He then requested his faithful squaw to send his little girl to him, and when she had come near he bade her sit beside him and listen to his parting words. "My good wife," said he, "I am going to die. Never again shall I leave my home alive. I wish to thank you for your kindness to me. *You have loved me.* You have always prepared my food and taken care of my clothes, and been patient with me. I am sorry that I ever treated you unkindly. I am sorry that I left you because of your new religion, and I am convinced that it is a good religion and has made you a better woman, and I wish

you to persevere in it. I should like to have lived a little longer for your sake. I meant to build you a new house and make you more comfortable, but it is now too late. But I hope my daughter will remember what I have often told her, not to go in the streets with strangers or improper persons. She must stay at home with her mother.

“When I am dead, it will be noised abroad through all the world; they will hear of it across the great waters, and will say: ‘Red Jacket, the great orator, is dead.’ And white men will come and ask you for my body. They will wish to bury me. But do not let them take me. Clothe me in my simplest dress, put on my leggins and my moccasins, and hang the cross which I have worn so long around my neck, and let it lie upon my bosom. Then bury me among my people. Neither do I wish to be buried with Pagan rites. I wish the ceremonies to be as you like, according to the customs of your new religion, if you choose. Your minister says that the dead will rise. Perhaps they will. If they do, I wish to rise with my old comrades. I do not wish to rise among palefaces. I wish to be surrounded by red men. Do not make a feast according to the custom of the Indians. Whenever my friends chose they could come and feast with me when I was well, and I do not wish those who have eaten with me in my cabin to surfeit at my funeral feast.”

When the great Chief had finished, he laid himself upon his couch, took his little daughter fondly by the hand, and did not rise again. A few days later death overtook him, and at his funeral many parties of his

own tribe were present. His body was removed from his cabin into the mission house, where religious services were performed—services in which the visiting Indians took little interest. Wrapped in profound and solemn thought, they waited until the minister had concluded, and then some arose to address their own countrymen in their own language. Several orators recounted the virtues and exploits of the dead Chief, and of the deeds of their Great Nation, and, as they looked about them, tears trickled down the cheeks of the last of the Senecas, for there around them was only the miserable remnant of a once glorious nation.

Red Jacket was buried in the little mission burying ground, at the gateway of what once had been an American fortification. A simple shaft of granite was erected to mark his grave, and the spot became a resort for travellers from far and near. Upon the tombstone was cut the following inscription:

Sa-Go-Ye-Wat-Ha
The Keeper Awake
Red Jacket
Chief of the
Wolf Tribe of the Senecas.
Died Jan. 20, 1830
Age, 78 years.

This headstone was desecrated by relic hunters until the name disappeared from the marble. The famous chieftain's body was afterwards removed to Buffalo, where, at the home of his own people, it remained unburied for many years, as they—knowing that his last

wish was not to rise among the palefaces—did not care to allow him to lie among the members of a race which he disliked.

Recently a splendid monument has been erected to the great Seneca at Buffalo. A statue on top of the shaft is a fitting tribute to this great orator of the redskins, this man of masterful speech and noble form, who—like Daniel Webster—could sway the thoughts of his hearers by the magic of his utterance and the fascination of his thought. His body now rests among those of a different race, but his name still lives in the annals of American history as the one Chief whose logic and reasoning was, in a measure, equal to that of the all-conquering Anglo-Saxons.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH BRANT: THE WARRIOR CHIEF OF THE MOHAWKS

IN the State of New York, the Mohawk Valley is one of the most fertile and productive spots. Here are rolling fields of grain; wide orchards of apples, pears, and cherries; crystal streams and forests of noble trees. The soil is dark and loamy, and rich in nutritious salts. It is the garden spot of that great and populous state, and here the farmers are well content to remain upon their ancestral acreage and to reside in their comfortable houses. They are a happy people, blessed with climate and natural resources that are unsurpassed.

But this fruitful vale was not always in the hands of the descendants of Scotch, English and Irish forebears. The Mohawk Indians once roamed at will in this splendid country, here erected their wigwams where the game was most plentiful, and here planted orchards of apples and pears. The struggle for the possession of the ground was long and bitter. Hundreds gave up their lives in the wars which ravaged the fertile valley, and where now one hears but the songs of robins, of orioles, and of thrushes, once echoed the screams of dying men, of women, and children, who battled for the lands of the Mohawk. The waters of the tributaries of the rippling stream once ran red with the

blood of contending armies of white men and of those of another color.

A famous Chief—King Hendrick—ruled over the destinies of the Mohawk Indians when Sir William Johnson, an Irish Baronet, obtained a grant to a great tract of territory here, and came to live in America. By right of conquest the English claimed possession of this soil, and by right of conquest the King deeded it to anyone whom he chose to make a present to. Sir William built a fine house and treated the Indians so well that they came to like him and would often visit him in great numbers.

King Hendrick was one day at the Baronet's house, and seeing a richly embroidered coat lying across a chair, he had a strong desire to possess it. So upon the following morning he went up to Sir William and said:

"Brother, me dream last night a big dream."

"Really, Hendrick," replied Sir William. "And what, pray, did my red brother dream?"

The King of the Mohawks pointed to the embroidered coat.

"Me dream that the big coat was mine."

Sir William smiled. "It is yours," said he. "Take it and wear it as a proof of my friendship for you."

Not long afterwards the jovial Baronet visited the wigwams of the Mohawks, and, after lighting the peace pipe, spoke to King Hendrick in the following manner.

"Great Sachem," said he, "I had a big dream last night."

"Ugh! Ugh!" grunted the Mohawk brave. "What did my paleface brother dream?"

The Irishman took up a stick and drew with it upon the ground. "I dreamed that this tract of land was mine," said he, describing a square bounded on the south by the Mohawk river, on the east by Canada Creek, and on the north and west by some well-known hills. "And I would like to have my red-skinned brother present it to me."

Old Hendrick was completely undone, for he saw that this request covered nearly a hundred thousand acres of the finest territory in his possession. But he remembered the gift of that splendid scarlet coat, and, as he thought over the matter, he came to the conclusion that the request was not, after all, such a great one. Finally he arose and stretched out his right arm in the direction of the territory which the Irishman wanted.

"Brother," said he, "the land is yours, but you must never dream again."

Shortly afterwards the title to this property was confirmed by the British Government, and the tract was called the Royal Grant. Sir William thus became one of the largest landholders in America and one of the most prominent Englishmen on the frontier. He trafficked with the Senecas and Mohawks, made a large fortune, and soon erected another mansion, called "The Castle." Here he lived with a fair-haired German girl whom he had married, and was happy and contented until her death. She left him with three small children—one a boy, John, and the others daughters.

Not long after his wife's death Sir William went to a muster of the county militia. A pretty, daring Mohawk girl of about sixteen years of age, called Mollie Brant,

stood among the crowd of spectators, and, engaging in some banter with a field officer, asked if she might mount his horse. Not dreaming, for an instant, that the girl could do it, the officer gave his permission, and in a second the girl had sprung to the crupper behind the soldier, and they both dashed gayly over the parade ground, while the maiden's bright blanket flapped wildly in the wind. All laughed at this show of feminine bravery, and Colonel Johnson was so much struck with the beauty of the Indian maid that he requested that he be presented to her.

Shortly afterwards Sir William asked the Indian beauty to go with him to his home and become its mistress, a request which she was only too willing to accede to. For the remainder of his life Molly Brant lived with him; an alliance which greatly pleased the Indians and strengthened his influence over them. Johnson Hall and Johnson Castle were always open to the coming and going of crowds of red men. Sir William attended their councils, danced in their wild dances, played their games, and joined with them in all their wild sports. He was given an Indian name, was formally adopted into the Mohawk nation, and was made a war chief. Frequently he would wear the dress of the redskins, would paint his face, dress his head with eagle feathers, and would march with great dignity and gravity into Albany at the head of his adopted people.

The brother of Molly Brant was called Thay-en-danegea, or Joseph, and he was born upon the banks of the Ohio River when the Mohawks had journeyed thither upon a hunting expedition. The father of this

noted warrior had the extraordinary title of Te-ho-wagh-wen-gara-gh-kwin; and, although his name is not particularly beautiful, it is said that he was a Chief of poetic nature and that he would often recite the following legend concerning the ancestry of his famous son and daughter.

“Many years in the past when the beautiful Mohawk River was broader than at present, and when the falls were more lofty, a feud arose between two young chiefs of the respective clans of the Mohawk nation, the Wolf and the Tortoise. The cause of the trouble was a maiden of the Bear totem, for she was loved by the two youthful braves of the Wolf and the Tortoise, and both desired to make her his wife. Each was a noble young man, for each had fought the Mingoes and the Mohegans and each considered that he had shown sufficient bravery to win the hand of the beautiful young maiden.

“Finally the maiden decided to bestow her hand upon the warrior of the Wolf totem, and she promised him that she would become his bride. But when this decision was brought to the ears of the Tortoise, his heart burned with jealousy, and he determined to carry off the beautiful girl by force. So he persuaded her one night to go with him to a verdant island in the river, where there was a cooling spring, where the fireflies lighted the way with their lamps, and where the whippoorwills sang their evening serenades. They launched into the stream, but, instead of paddling to the island, the warrior of the Tortoise clan steered his canoe far down the stream, and suddenly wheeling aside landed at the mouth of a cavern known only to himself. Springing ashore, he

carried the unwilling maid inside, where the floor was covered with rushes and skins of wild beasts, and where an abundance of provisions was stored. A fierce cataract was near by, so that anyone leaving by a canoe would be swept away and drowned in its boiling flood. But in the top of the cave was an exit, known alone to the Tortoise.

“In the cave lived the maiden for many months, unhappy, weeping, and sad. But he of the Wolf clan was upon her trail, and one day—while hunting in the woods in search of game—he saw the canoe at the mouth of the cave and knew that she whom he loved must be inside. The evening was clear and a full moon shed its lustre over the woodland as the Wolf crept to the mouth of the cavern and saw the Tortoise sleeping lightly upon a bearskin. Dropping to his side, he struck him with his knife. In a moment the warrior was upon his feet, but, unable to find his hatchet in the dark, he bounded through the opening at the top of the cavern and rolled a huge stone over the exit.

“The lovers embraced in momentary joy, but it was brief, as they realized that they were trapped in the cave, and that soon the Tortoise would be back again to slay them, accompanied by other warriors of his clan. There was but one chance to escape—to plunge through the roaring cataract in the canoe and to endeavor to cross the boiling rapids in safety. So with an affectionate embrace, they leaped into the frail barque and pointed it towards the frothing spume of the waterfall. In an instant they were being hurled through space in the awful current of the water. But the Great Spirit was

with them, and down the broad stream they glided, far away to the margin of a lake, where they landed, built a tepee and lived for two generations. Here they saw their own children and their childrens' children go out to war and to the chase. Here was born the father of Joseph and Molly Brant, the first, the strong Wolf of the Mohawks, the second, the distinguished wife of the great Englishman, Sir William Johnson."

Thay-en-da-negea means a bundle of sticks, but why the future Chieftain of the Mohawks was called by this name it is difficult to know. Sir William Johnson naturally took a great interest in him and sent him to school at Lebanon, Connecticut, where he was taught by a good old minister, called the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, and received a thorough knowledge of the English language. "Joseph is indeed an excellent youth," wrote the aged minister to Sir William. "He is always well, is studious and diligent."

When thirteen years of age, war broke out between the French and English colonies in America, which resulted in the conquest of Canada. With two of his brothers, Joseph Brant was present at the fighting around Crown Point in 1755. He confessed that he was seized with fear and trembling at the first firing, and was obliged to take hold of a small sapling, but recovered his courage and fought bravely during the rest of the day, seeking to win the reputation of a brave man, so highly prized by every red man of ambition. Young Thay-en-da-negea was also present at the siege of Fort Niagara by Sir William Johnson's men, and so it can be easily seen that as a youth he had a pretty thorough

education as a warrior; an education which was to stand him in good stead in the war of the American Revolution. As a school boy he was restless and uneasy, preferring to hunt rather than study. He did not graduate, and, after leaving the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Wheelock, was employed as an interpreter for a young minister who was devoting his life to missionary work among the Mohawks. Pontiac's war put an end to this duty, and he was soon engaged in various forays against Indian tribes which were upon the warpath.

Brant was a tall, handsome young Indian, with a lighter complexion than most of his race, and a very brilliant eye. In the light costume of an Indian warrior he would often creep with his companions upon the war parties of unfriendly savages, kill those whom they could, and, with the prisoners bound and guarded, would march triumphantly to their own village, and from there to Johnson Hall to receive approbation and perhaps a reward from Sir William; for he at one time offered fifty dollars apiece for the heads of two chiefs of the Delawares. The war was soon over, as has been shown in the essay on Pontiac, and young Brant was now well known as a brave, and well on the road to the chieftaincy in coming battles.

In 1765 the famous warrior married the daughter of an Oneida chief and settled at Canajoharie on the Mohawk River, the middle town of three Mohawk settlements and the home of his childhood. Here he had a comfortable house with all the needed furniture. In 1771 his wife died of consumption, and after this he came to live at Fort Hunter, some thirty miles below

Canajoharie. He also joined the Church of England, married his first wife's half-sister, and was living a peaceful and quiet existence when the storm of the American Revolution broke over the rural settlements of the Mohawk.

There the white settlers were not all friendly to the American Colonists. Believing that they were harshly used by Great Britain, and seeing that they were taxed without representation, they desired to cast off the yoke of the mother country. Those who did not desire a Revolution were called Tories. Those who were for the American cause were known as Whigs. Sir William Johnson was wealthy; he was not affected by the English tax on tea; he had received great favors from the mother country, and he, therefore, threw his influence in behalf of King George: the burly English Sovereign who was fully determined to whip the Americans into submission. Joseph Brant was now one of the most powerful and influential of the Iroquois and Mohawk Chiefs. His close allegiance to the hospitable Baronet naturally made him favor the same cause which his sister's husband espoused. But before the Whigs were sure which side the Indian warrior would champion, they asked his old schoolmaster in Connecticut to write him upon the subject, and to find out whether or no this now powerful Indian would take up the tomahawk against them.

When Joseph Brant received the epistle from good old Wheelock, he answered it with characteristic wit. "I remember," said he, "many happy hours that I spent under your roof, dear Doctor, and I especially

remember the family prayers. There you used to pray on bended knee and ask that we all might be able to live as good subjects; to fear God and to honor the King. How is it, then, that you now no longer wish to honor the very man for whom you used to pray?" To this the now aged schoolmaster made no reply, nor could he have done so.

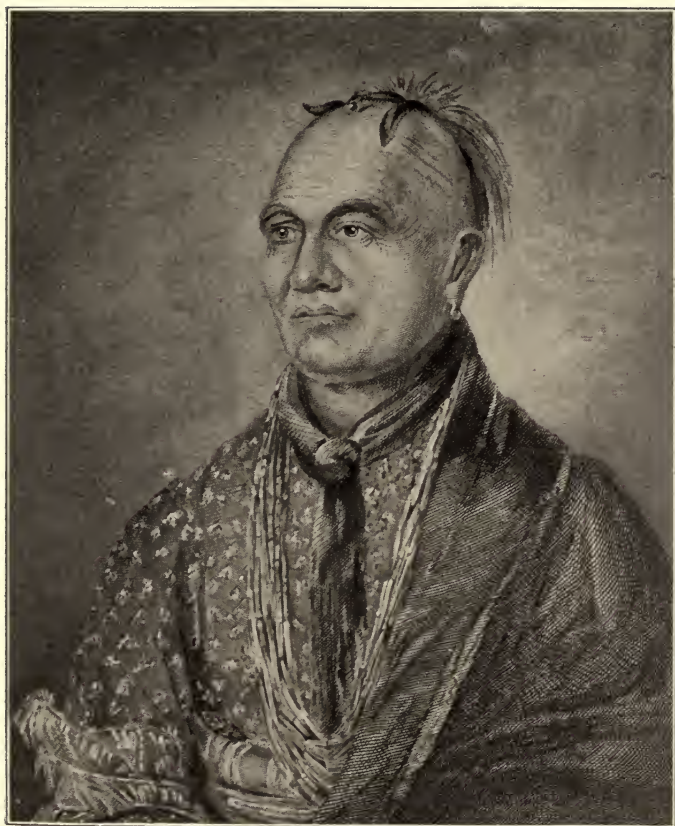
"When I joined the English at the beginning of this war," said Brant, some years afterwards, "it was purely on account of my forefathers' engagements with the King. I always looked upon these covenants between the King and the Indian nations as a sacred thing; therefore, I was not to be frightened by the threats of rebels at the time!" Thus the English gained the allegiance, not only of this able warrior, but also of all the fighting men whom he controlled. "I will lead three thousand braves to battle for the cause of England," cried Brant in London, where he was now sent by Sir William Johnson, "and with our assistance, there can be but one end of the war—England will conquer."

No wonder he was popular at the English Capital. When he appeared at court he wore a gorgeous Indian costume; tall plumes adorned his headdress; silver bands were around his sinewy arms, his dress was of the richest texture, and copper pendants hung from his clothing. In his belt of blue, red and white beads, a long glittering tomahawk was fastened upon which was engraved, "J. Thay-en-da-ne-gea." He was the lion of the London season. His portrait was twice painted; jewelled ladies sought an audience with him; while the famous Boswell wrote much about this eminent

redskin in the papers of the period. But in spite of all this flattery, he seems to have been undismayed by what he saw and to have had the good sense to buy a gold ring, upon which was engraved his full name, so that he could be identified if slain in battle. And of war he was soon to see enough to satisfy the martial spirit of any Indian warrior.

The people of New York were waiting to capture this prominent brave when he returned to his own land, but he was too shrewd for them and escaped the clutches of those who would do him harm. Landing near the city of New York in a small boat, he carefully hid himself by day, and journeying by night, soon had reached a less populated country. Finally he came to Canada, was received most cordially by the British officers, and soon had collected a large band of Indians which he put at the disposal of Sir Guy Carleton, then commander of the British troops on Canadian soil. He was ordered to join forces with a company of regulars, with six hundred Iroquois, and to dislodge some American troops from a point of land about forty miles above Montreal, known as the Cedars.

The Americans were unable to hold their own against the superior numbers of their enemies. They capitulated, and, although a number of troops—under General Arnold—came to their assistance, these were defeated by Brant and his Iroquois with great loss. The savages murdered many of the prisoners before they could be prevented, although Brant endeavored to stop them. He did succeed in saving the life of Captain McKinstry, who was badly wounded, and who had been selected^d



JOSEPH BRANT, OR THAY-EN-DA-NEGEA

by the Indians to be roasted alive. By making up a purse among the officers an ox was purchased for the bloodthirsty braves, which they roasted instead of the officer, and, as the latter was treated with great kindness by Brant, he became a firm friend of the young Mohawk Chieftain. In after years, when the war was over, Brant never passed down the Hudson without visiting the gallant captain at his home, a visit which the American greatly appreciated as can well be imagined.

Cherry Valley in Otsego County, New York, is one of the most beautiful and fertile sections of the state, so fertile that hundreds of white settlers had here taken up plantations. Their consternation was great when they learned in 1777 that Brant with a large force of Iroquois and Mohawks had determined to attack them. From Oquaga on the Susquehanna the red men approached the settlements one bright morning in May, and from the thick woods glared upon the largest fortification of the settlement, in front of which some boys were parading with swords of wood and guns of the same material. Luckily the Indian Chief thought that these were real soldiers, and fearing to attack he withdrew.

But soon two young men—Lieutenant Wormwood and Peter Sitz—rode into the wood, where his Indians were in hiding. The former had just galloped over from the Mohawk Valley to tell the people that troops would soon be sent to them, as assistance, and the other had some exaggerated dispatches upon his person, stating that the defenses of the

fort were twice as strong as they really were. It was fortunate that he had these with him, for, as they were captured by Brant and his men, these bogus dispatches made the Indians desist in an attack upon the stockade in Cherry Valley. Wormwood was killed by a volley from the guns of the savages and was scalped, an act which Brant is said to have much regretted, as he had formerly been friendly with the young man. Sitz was allowed to go, although the Mohawks were eager to torture him.

The Indians continued to flock to the standard of Joseph Brant, and the people of the frontier were in terror of their lives. Hastily they formed a militia and placed the raw recruits under the command of a lean, clean-limbed frontiersman called Herkimer, who was an old neighbor and friend of Joseph Brant. This soldier determined if possible to capture the wily brave, and so, inviting him to an interview, he marched out with three hundred men to meet him at Unadilla. When he had arrived there, a messenger came in from the camp of the Indians.

"Captain Brant wants to know why you came here?" said the Mohawk.

Herkimer looked firmly at him. "I merely came to see and talk with my brother, Captain Brant," he answered.

The Indian gazed suspiciously around at the hard-visaged militiamen.

"Do all these men want to talk with Captain Brant also?" he asked. "I will carry your big talk to Captain Brant," he continued, "but you must not come any

farther." So saying, he made off towards the camp of the Indians.

A meeting was now appointed through messengers to take place about midway between the two small armies. Herkimer hurried to the place of council, but had to wait a long time for Brant and his warriors, who showed by their actions that they suspected treachery. Herkimer, himself, scarcely disguised his intense dislike for the Indian warrior, as he looked into the keen eyes of the famous redskin.

"May I inquire the reason of my being honored by a visit from such an eminent man as yourself?" asked Brant politely.

"I came upon a friendly errand," said Herkimer. "I want to know whether you intend to ally yourself with the British or not?"

Brant looked at him defiantly. "The Indians are in concert with the King, as their fathers were," said he. "We have still got the wampum belt which the King gave us, and we cannot break our word. You and your followers have joined the Boston people against your sovereign. And, although the Bostonians are resolute, the King will humble them. Your General Schuyler has been too smart for the Indians in his treaty with them. He tricked the unsuspecting braves. The Indians have made war before upon the white people when they were all united; now they are divided, and the Indians are not frightened, for they know that they can beat you."

"I want you to give up the Tories in your party," said Herkimer.

“I refuse to do so,” answered Brant. “If all you want to do is to see the poor Indians, why, pray, do you bring all these white soldiers with you?”

So the conference ended, but the Indian Chief promised to meet Herkimer again next day. Meanwhile the frontiersman determined to massacre the Chief and his attendants when again they met. Four of his soldiers were chosen to do this, but when the time came they lost heart, and, overawed by the numbers of red warriors, failed to take the life of Brant, who met Herkimer at the appointed time, with five hundred warriors at his heels. The white man only had a dozen militiamen to guard him.

“I have five hundred of my best men with me, all armed and ready for battle,” said the Mohawk. “You, Herkimer, are in my power, but, as we have been friends and neighbors, I will not take advantage over you.” As he spoke he signalled with his hand, and with a wild, bloodcurdling warwhoop, his warriors swept around the spot where stood the frontier leader.

“Now, Herkimer,” said Brant imperiously, “you and your men may go.”

The militiamen took the hint and turning about made off into the forest as fast as their legs would carry them.

Brant and his men withdrew from Cherry Valley and marched to meet an army under General Burgoyne, which, concentrating at Lake Champlain, was beginning an advance into the interior of the State of New York. “We cannot be beaten,” said the British leader. “We will split the Colonies in two parts, and they will soon capitulate.” So with confidence and zeal the great

force of English regulars and hostile Indians crept down upon the American settlements. The farmers armed for the defense of their principles. They gathered in bands to stem the hostile invasion, and, if possible, to defeat the great and powerful force of the English.

On the Mohawk River the wooden palisades of Fort Stanwix offered somewhat of an obstacle to the progress of the British regulars. Brave Colonel Gansevoort, who commanded it, swore that he would perish rather than capitulate to the enemies of the American Colonists, but, as the fortifications were weak and the garrison was in peril, a body of militia from the Mohawk Valley marched to its relief. Early in August this force of armed frontiersmen—under rough old Herkimer—started through the forest to succor those who held the place, while one of Burgoyne's generals (St. Ledger) sent a considerable body of troops and Indians to meet the New York farmers. Brant was in command of the detachment of savages, and, realizing from past experience the militiamen would come rather heedlessly through the forest, he planned an ambushade. Near a rough bridge, crossing a low, swampy piece of ground, he placed his Indians in hiding. In a wide circle they hid around the brush upon the opposite side of the bridge.

As Herkimer's rough followers came slowly through the dense woodland, they little suspected that the Mohawks and Iroquois were crouching there before them, eager and ready to precipitate themselves upon their straggling line. The Americans were even singing, so secure did they feel, and some stopped at the stream to drink. The main body, however, pushed into the

clearing beyond, and all had crossed, except the wagon train and the rear guard, when, with a blood-curdling yell, the followers of Brant rushed to their rear so as to stop their retreat across the bridge, and began to pour a murderous fire into the startled Americans.

"Drop to the ground, men," shouted old Herkimer. "Fight the devils from behind the trees. Make every bullet count, and never give in!"

His counsel was only too much needed, for at the first Indian volley every American in the advance guard had been killed. The rest, crouching low upon the sod, took deliberate aim at the yelping Mohawks, and soon held them at bay. Again and again the frontiersmen attempted to get through the hostile line. Again and again they were driven back. A bullet struck grim Herkimer's steed and knocked him to the ground. Another hit the dauntless frontiersman in the leg and splintered the bone. But in spite of the pain in his wound he crawled to a tree, propped himself against it with his face to the enemy, and coolly taking out his tinder box, lighted his pipe. "Pray take yourself to the rear and out of harm's way," cried one of his aids when he saw the bullets crashing around his commander. "No, I will not move," said old Herkimer, with calm decision. "An American general always faces the enemy. Place two of our men behind each tree, for I note that when one man is alone the red devils run in and tomahawk him, after he has discharged his musket. Tell one of them to always reserve his load until after the first one has fired. That will keep old neighbor Brant in check."

The fight had now lasted about an hour, and the Americans were holding their own against the British and Indians, whose wild yells and war-whoops did not inspire them with much terror. But suddenly a tremendous thunder shower burst upon the struggling masses of humanity, and deep roars of the elements, fierce flashes of lightning, and ominous crashings of branches put an end to hostilities. The frightful raging of the storm drowned the yelping and groaning of the combatants. A deluging flood of water poured from the inky clouds, wetting the powder of both Indians and whites, and rendering many of the guns useless. The Indians were awed by the frightful noise of the elements, and, in sullen rage, the dark warriors of Joseph Brant withdrew from the firing line to a safe distance. The Americans, meanwhile, took a more advantageous position and waited with confidence for the renewal of the fight. Their wagons were wheeled in a circle and they crouched by them, determined that death would overtake them before they would surrender.

When the storm subsided, the Mohawks again rushed into the fray, assisted by some soldiers from Johnson Hall, called Johnson's Greens. These men were all neighbors of Herkimer's Americans, and as they came on, those who favored the cause of the Colonies could not resist the temptation to attack their former companions with fixed bayonets. The Greens stood their ground, until, with clubbed muskets, the Americans beat them to earth, while some, in deadly embrace, rolled upon the sod and were shot to death by the Indian warriors. The fighting was furious. Fierce

shouts rose above the crack of the muskets, while above the sound of the struggling men could be heard the calm voice of old Herkimer, saying:

“Be cool, boys, be cool. But lick 'em for the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.”

Thus continued the fierce battling in the wildwood, when, suddenly, hoarse cheers arose from the Americans, as with a rattle and roar two hundred men from the garrison at Fort Stanwix burst through the forest and precipitated themselves upon the British and Indians. A wild yell went up as the New Yorkers drove the Indians back, and with a sudden rush broke the English formation. In disorganization and confusion, the allied forces of invasion now withdrew, while, with loud yelps of hatred, the followers of Joseph Brant also made off into the gloom of the deep wood. The baggage and provisions of the English were soon in the hands of the victorious Americans, while several of their battle flags were seized by the hardy frontiersmen from the valley of the Mohawk. Surprise, temporary defeat, and disorganization had been turned into a victory for the grim-visaged followers of old Herkimer. The battle of the Oriskany had ended in repulse for the invaders.

Brant was now the most detested man in the border. Those who had before been friendly to him prayed for an opportunity to dispatch this venomous Indian. But in spite of his evil reputation, he always denied that he had ever committed any act of cruelty during this savage war, and none has been proven against him, while many stories of his mercy are well authenticated. When Indians were accused of brutality, Brant would

reply that the whites sometimes excelled the savages in revengeful barbarity. He defended the Indian mode of warfare, saying that the savages had neither the artillery, the numbers, nor the prisons of the white men, and that, as their forces were small, they had to use stratagem in order to win.

In the summer of 1778—when every frontiersman was in danger and all trembled for their lives—a boy named William McKoun was one day raking hay alone in a field. Turning suddenly around, he saw an Indian near by, and raising his hayrake for protection, cried out:

“Red man, what do you want?”

“Don’t be afraid, young man, I sha’n’t hurt you,” said the Indian. “What is your name?”

“William McKoun,” answered the boy.

“Oh, you are a son of Captain McKoun, who lives in the northeast part of the town, I suppose,” continued the savage. “I know your father very well. He is a neighbor of Mr. Foster. Your father is a very fine fellow, indeed. I know several more of your neighbors, and they are fine men.”

“What is your name?” the boy ventured to ask.

The Indian hesitated a moment, and then replied:

“My name is Brant.”

“What, Captain Brant?” cried the boy eagerly.

“No, I am a cousin of his,” answered the great chief (for it was Joseph Brant), as he turned to go away. Thus, it can be seen that in the midst of war he was not always the bloodthirsty savage.

Another incident well exhibited his merciful side,

for when in 1778 the allied troops, under Brant and an Englishman named Butler, attacked the settlements in Cherry Valley, the Mohawk Chieftain entered a house where he found a white woman baking bread.

"How is it that you are doing this kind of work while your neighbors are all being murdered around you?" asked the great warrior.

"We are the King of England's people," exclaimed the woman.

"That plea won't save you today," cried Brant, "for my Indians are murdering everyone."

"There is one Joseph Brant who is a man of big heart," exclaimed the woman. "If he is with the Indians he will save us."

The warrior looked pleased. "I am Joseph Brant," said he. "But I am not in command, and I don't know that I can save you. I will do what I can."

As he spoke, a band of Seneca braves approached the house. "Get into bed and pretend that you are ill," shouted Brant. And as she obeyed the Indians entered.

"There is no one here but a sick woman and her children," cried the Chief. "Leave them alone, for they are on the King's side."

After some talking the Senecas withdrew, and when they were out of sight Brant went to the door and uttered a long, shrill yell. Immediately a dozen Mohawk warriors came running across the fields.

"Here," cried their leader, "take some of our paint and put your mark upon this woman and her children." And as they obeyed he said to her:

“Madam, you are now safe, as all the Senecas and Mohawks will understand and respect this sign. Good-bye and good luck to you.”

The allied forces of Butler and Brant captured thirty or forty prisoners in Cherry Valley, but they could not seize the fort, which was well defended by numerous frontiersmen. So marching off with the plunder which they had collected, they soon were back in their own territory. The women and children whom they had captured were exchanged next year for British prisoners among the Americans, but in 1778 Brant and Sir William Johnson again advanced through the Schoharie and Mohawk Valleys, on a campaign of destruction, plunder, and revenge. Burgoyne's army had been defeated. Stout, courageous old Herkimer had died of his wounds after the bloody battle of the Oriskany, but the English cause was not dead by any means, and the Indians were still upon the warpath.

The English, Senecas and Mohawks numbered sixteen hundred men, and, as they marched into Wyoming Valley, the people took refuge in a structure known as “Forty Fort,” while the old men, boys, and a few veteran soldiers who were home on furlough marched out to meet the invaders. The Americans were well armed, were led by an excellent officer, and were fighting for the protection of their homes. Before the opening of the battle, strong spirits were distributed among the defenders, and as a number of the frontiersmen indulged too freely in whiskey and brandy, it helped to defeat the patriot force. The battle opened with irregular firing, but soon steady volleys were being poured into the

invaders by the Americans. The British gave way as the Yankee troops advanced, but in the heat of the fray several orders were misunderstood, and the line became confused. At this crisis Johnson ordered a charge of his Indians. With a wild, blood-curdling screech, they precipitated themselves upon the defenders of Wyoming, and soon, in hopeless rout, the Americans were broken into shreds. They were struck down right and left and tomahawked as they fell. The fort itself was next in the hands of the Tories and Indians, who, on a promise that no one would be harmed if they surrendered, gained an entrance to their stout defense. The women and children inside were tomahawked with ruthless slaughter, and with wild yells of delight the followers of Johnson and Brant danced around the hapless victims of war.

Unwilling to trust themselves to the plighted word of a Tory or Indian, some of the patriots plunged into the forest and made their way to the American settlements on the Upper Delaware. Many died of starvation on the way. The woods through which they went have been thus called "The Shades of Death," for, as they plunged onward to Stroudsburg and other havens of safety, in their ears rang the loud screams of their wives and children, while on their brains were engraved the awful sight of burning houses, murdered patriots and wild savages dancing in their warpaint. The massacre of Wyoming was one of the most fiendish in the annals of border fighting.

Brant was now known as the Monster. Historians have stated that he was not engaged in this campaign,

and that the Indians were Senecas and not Mohawks. At any rate, he was near the scene of slaughter, for, four months later, he was in a foray into Cherry Valley. In a massacre during this raid a man named Major Wood was about to be killed, when, either by accident or design, he made a Masonic signal, although he did not belong to this order. When Brant saw it, he exclaimed:

“Brother! you shall not die. I am a Mason and will protect you.” So he stayed the tomahawk and set the fellow free. It is said that the captive felt under obligations to join the order immediately after his release from the clutches of the hostile Indians.

The summer of 1779 had now come. The Colonists had regained their courage and were determined to put an end to these Indian invasions. So, placing General Sullivan in command of their outposts, they allowed him to strike the Indians in his own manner. This able soldier, dividing his army into three divisions, advanced into the land of the Senecas and Mohawks. His left moved from Pittsburg under Colonel Broadhead; his right from the Mohawk River under General James Clinton, while he, himself, led the centre from Wyoming. Sullivan met the English and Indians under Brant, where now stands the city of Elmira, New York. The Americans outnumbered the enemy and attacked with fury. The Indians fought courageously, but they could not stem the rush of the Colonials, who wished to revenge the massacre of Wyoming. The Mohawks, Iroquois and Senecas were killed by the hundreds. So many fell that the sides of the rocks next to the river appeared as if blood had been poured

over them by pailfuls. And soon seeing that all was lost, the Indian warriors fled from their fertile country, leaving their territory with its populous and well-laid-out villages, its vast fields of waving grain, and its magnificent orchards, to be destroyed by the patriots.

More than forty villages were laid in ruins. The famous apple orchards were cut down, and these were the product of the toil and care of generations of Iroquois. "Alas," said one old Mohawk brave. "A wigwam can be built in two or three days, but a tree takes many years to grow again." So great, indeed, was the destruction that a peace party arose among the Indians, led by the famous Red Jacket. With great eloquence he spoke of the folly of war, which they had fought for the English, and for which they had been driven from their beautiful valley. "What have the English ever done for us," he exclaimed, "that we should become homeless and helpless wanderers for their sakes?" So strong, indeed, was this appeal that secretly it was determined to send a runner to the American army in order to gain peace at any terms.

When Brant heard of this, he summoned two Mohawk warriors to his camp. "This runner must never reach the camp of the Americans," he cried. "See that he dies on the way!" So the expectant Senecas and other mal-contented waited in vain for the answering message from Sullivan and his men. A reply to their proposals never came, for the bearer of their words of resignation was lying behind some great rock in the forest with a tomahawk in his brain.

In October, 1780, the Mohawks had so greatly re-

gained their courage that with the assistance of Tory troops, under Butler, they again descended upon the settlements of the Mohawk Valley. Houses and barns were burned; horses and cattle were either killed or driven off, and those who did not fly to the protection of the stockade were tomahawked. As the Americans pushed through the woods one day, nine stout English soldiers were running through the brush. It was fairly dark, and when they suddenly heard a stern voice cry, "Lay down your arms," they were suddenly aware that they had run into the enemy. Fearing that Sullivan himself was there, they all threw down their arms and capitulated. They were securely bound and led off to a little blockhouse, where, as day dawned they found, to their chagrin, that their captors were seven militiamen of the American army.

But the invaders were not to have everything their own way, for soon the Americans, under Colonels Rowley and Willet, met them near Johnson Hall. The fighting was furious; so furious on the part of the patriots that the enemy retreated to West Canada Creek, where they encamped. It was the ground which old Hendrick had sold for an embroidered coat, but next day it ran red with the blood of the old chief's descendants. Butler was shot and fell mortally wounded by the bullet of an Oneida Indian, who bounded towards him with his tomahawk raised aloft. "Save me," cried the craven Butler, who, himself, had murdered hundreds of Americans. "Give me quarter."

"Hah!" cried the Oneida brave. "I will give you Cherry Valley quarter," and so saying he buried his

hatchet in the brain of the enemy, leaving his body as a prey to the wild denizens of the forest, who soon consumed it.

The place of this fierce fighting is to this day called Butler's Ford, and here the Tories and Indians made their last stand against the Colonists. Soon a treaty of peace had been signed between America and England, and this fierce border warfare was to come to an end.

Brant was not forgotten by the English Monarch, and he was given a fine tract of land on the western side of Lake Ontario, where he made his home, had an excellent house, and lived in the manner of an Englishman. Invited again to London, he there was asked to a masquerade, and, as he needed no mask, went in his native costume, with his tomahawk in his belt and his face painted vermilion. There were some Turks present at the ball, and one seemed to be very much interested in Brant's face. He examined it very closely, and at last raised his hand and pulled the Chief's long Roman nose, supposing it to be a mask. Immediately Brant gave a loud, piercing warwhoop, swung his glistening tomahawk around the head of the startled Mohammedan, and almost brought it down upon his turbanned skull. Ladies shrieked and fainted. Waiters fell on each other in a wild endeavor to get away. Champagne glasses and fragile plates crashed upon the floor. All was confusion and uproar until, smiling broadly, the well-known Mohawk brave placed his weapon again in his belt, exclaiming: "Ugh! I would not hurt you for anything. I only wanted to scare you as I did the Americans."

Under half pay as an English officer, the well-known Mohawk Chieftain held a commission of colonel from the King of England, although he was usually called Captain. He encouraged missionaries to come among his people, lived gorgeously with a retinue of thirty negro servants, and took great interest in the progress of his tribe. Yet his life was not an entirely easy one, as numerous enemies plotted against his life. One Dutchman, whose entire family had been killed by Brant's warriors in the Mohawk Valley, swore revenge against him and shadowed him by day and night, awaiting an opportunity to kill him. And he nearly did so in New York, where the Mohawk Chief had taken a room at a hotel which fronted on Broadway. Looking out of his window, he saw this infuriated settler aiming a gun at him from the opposite side of the street, but, as luck would have it, a Colonial officer saw the act, and running to the angry Dutchman, took his gun away from him before he could fire it.

This was not the only attempt against the life of the noted Indian brave. He was shot at one day when walking through the streets, by an unseen enemy in an old outhouse. Startled by this, he planned to return to Canada through the Mohawk Valley, but was told that he would be assassinated if he did so. He, therefore, changed his course and went home by vessel along the coast. In New York State he was detested and hated. Men remembered the awful butcheries of his Mohawks and the carnage of the battles in this state, and had Brant ever ventured among them, he would never have gotten away alive. Sorrowed by events and

seeing the gradual disintegration of his tribe, the celebrated warrior spent his declining years in sadness and regret. "Colonel Brant is a man of education," wrote Aaron Burr. "He speaks English perfectly and has seen much of England and America. Receive him with respect and hospitality. He is not one of those Indians who drink, but is quite a gentleman; one, in fact, who understands and practices what belongs to propriety and good breeding."

A remarkable piece of work by this renowned warrior was the translation of the Gospel of John and the Book of Common Prayer into the Mohawk language, copies of which are in the Harvard University. His wife, a half-breed, refused to conform to civilized life, and finally removed to a wigwam, taking some of her children with her and leaving others at her former home. The great chief, himself, died in 1807, at the age of sixty-four years, saying to a white friend with his last breath: "Have pity on the poor Indian; if you have any influence with the great Englishmen, endeavor to do all the good that you can for the poor Mohawks."

Buried beside the church which he had built at Grand River, the first church in Upper Canada, there now stands a monument over his grave, said to have cost thirty thousand dollars. Upon it is the following inscription:

"This tomb is erected to the memory of Thay-en-dane-gea, or Captain Joseph Brant, principal chief and warrior of the Six Nation Indians, by his fellow subjects, and admirers of his fidelity and attachment to the British Crown."

The civilization of the white man now sweeps by the last resting place of the red warrior of the Mohawk Valley. His tribe has vanished; his reputation belongs to the ages.

LITTLE TURTLE, OR MICHIKINIQUA:
THE MIAMI CONQUEROR OF HAR-
MAR AND ST. CLAIR

VERY few Indian warriors have ever defeated the forces of whites sent against them more than once. Nor have many of them exhibited the same talent for warfare that the English have shown. The red man has never cared for discipline or tactics, and has usually fought his battles in a haphazard manner. But there has been one chieftain who has the distinction of having defeated two separate armies of Colonists, with numbers about equal to his own braves. Judged from these successes in battle, and from his sagacity in the council chamber, Little Turtle, a Miami warrior, deserves a position of particular prominence among the American red men of distinction.

When the American Revolution came to an end, the Mississippi River was the western boundary of the United States. Long after the conclusion of peace, the British retained possession of several posts within the limits of the property ceded to the Colonists in the northern portion of the State of New York, and in Ohio and Illinois. These log fortresses became rallying points for the Indians who disliked the Americans, and who, as the tide of emigration swept westward, determined to check it. Although the British no longer

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fought against the Colonists, they sometimes supplied the hungry savages with rations, and sustained by these the Indians were aggressive, insolent, and sullen. The newly formed Government of the United States made strenuous attempts to pacify the wild tribes, and, for the most part, was successful. But the Miami and Wabash braves, under the leadership of Little Turtle, Blue Jacket and Buckongahelas, formed a strong confederation of Wyandots, Pottawattamies, Chippewas, Ottawas, Shawnees, Delawares and Miamis, who resolved to stop all white men from coming into their territory. Thirty years before, these same tribes had united under the leadership of Pontiac, and, although having a temporary success against the whites, had finally been defeated, as we have seen.

Exposed cabins and small settlements of the whites were continually burned by the red men, and the adventurous pioneers were slain whenever there was no assistance near by. Flatboats upon the Ohio River were never safe from Indian attacks, and had to run by hidden redskins on the banks. Frequently they were sunk by the enemy, although they had bullet-proof sides. . Attempts to conciliate the savages were met with insults, and, so in September, 1791, the President of the United States directed an army to march into the country of the Indians and defeat them.

In command of the American troops was General Harmar, an able leader and an aggressive campaigner. At Fort Washington, where Cincinnati now stands, he gathered a force of three hundred and twenty regulars and about twelve hundred militiamen, mostly untrained

woodsmen with little experience in border warfare. Little Turtle was the most active leader among those who opposed the invasion of the Ohio territory. He won his position of chief at an early age by his skill and bravery, for he possessed both in a marked degree. His intelligence was very similar to that of his white adversaries. His knowledge of the proper way to fight in the tangled underbrush of the Ohio woodland was supreme. His portrait exhibits a face in which quickness and keenness of intellect are strongly marked. His piercing black eyes look defiantly at the spectator and burn with the fire of ambition and resolution. He possessed every qualification for a leader of the wild denizens of the Ohio country, and indulging in the gloomy apprehension that the whites would overtop and finally uproot his race, he was strong in his denunciation of the Americans, and in his desire to annihilate them.

On September 13, 1791, the troops under General Harmar pushed into the Indian country, and soon reached the villages of the Miamis. These were deserted, so they were burned, the cornfields were cut down, and the army camped upon the ground. On the next day an Indian trail was discovered, so Harmar ordered one hundred and fifty militiamen and thirty regulars, with their officers, to push on ahead and defeat the hostiles.

Captain Armstrong, in charge of this expedition, was a man of experience in border warfare, but he allowed his entire command to walk into an ambush. The troops were hot upon the Indian trail, when a sudden



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wail from the forest was followed by the loud report of a rifle on the right of the skirmish line. Immediately a chorus of horrible yells arose from every quarter, and before the Americans fully realized it they were surrounded by a ring of spitting rifles. Men fell over each other in confusion, and terrified by the suddenness of the onslaught the militia broke ranks and fled. Armstrong, himself, was knocked into a mire, and sinking up to his neck in the bog was unable to take part in the fighting. He could only see the terrible slaughter among the regulars, all of whom were either killed or disabled. And later on he saw the Indians holding a savage war dance among the bodies of the slain.

Dragging himself out of the swamp at dark, the mud-bespattered leader crept back to Harmar's camp, while the doleful wails of the savages sounded loud in the inky blackness. And when he arrived he found that the American General had enough of Turtle's tactics to suit him, apparently for all time. At any rate he broke camp and retreated towards the settlements, until he arrived near the ruined villages of the Miamis. Here he ordered a halt and sent Colonel Hardin back towards the Indians with only sixty regulars and three hundred militiamen. These last were pretty poor specimens of soldiers, as they had, for the most part, been recruited in the Eastern states from men of no experience whatever in woodland fighting. They were undisciplined, untrained, and unaccustomed to the frontier. Many had gone out to fight in order to escape from legal difficulties at home. Their ability to cope with the watchful enemy was

about equal to that of General Braddock's troops at Fort Duquesne, and they met with about the same fate.

Hardin had no sooner arrived at the place he had been directed to go to, when a small body of Miami Indians advanced to meet his troops. These, by yelling and firing, soon attracted the volleys of his own men. As the militiamen advanced, the redskins broke into several bands, and, appearing to be panic-stricken, fled down a long gully. In a twinkling the militia started in pursuit, and were hurrying after the yelping braves, when suddenly a vast number of warriors beset the sixty regulars on all sides. Little Turtle directed the fighting, and, realizing that his greater number could soon annihilate the entire command, ordered a rush upon the soldiers of the new Republic, who had now formed a hollow square back to back, with bayonets at the ends of their long muskets. But the Indians fought like demons; rushed headlong against the glittering steel; and throwing their tomahawks at the soldiers, struck down those in front, while the others were soon overpowered by the vastly superior forces of the enemy. The militia, meanwhile, came straggling back from their pursuit of the decoy Indians, and for a short while made a fierce attack upon the savages. But now realizing that the regulars were all killed, and being unaccustomed to frontier fighting, they lost heart completely and retreated. Ten regulars got away with the mass of fugitives, and the dead were left as a prey to the wolves and other animals of the wildwood.

Elated by their success, the Indians, under Little Turtle and the other leaders, now continued their depre-

dations upon the frontier with greater audacity than ever. Harmar retreated to Fort Washington, was courtmartialled, and was honorably acquitted, but immediately resigned his commission. His personal conduct in the battles had been brave, and he claimed a victory, because the warriors of Little Turtle had not followed him up after the fight. Certainly he had made the campaign in an extraordinary manner, for never had he met the Indians with his entire force intact. By splitting his command he had weakened it badly, and thus the savages had been able to overpower the separate detachments of his army. To the sagacity of Little Turtle can be laid the Indian victory, for his was the mind that had planned the ambushade, and he was the one who had given personal direction to the annihilation of the regulars.

George Washington, who was then President of the Republic, was mortified by this series of defeats to his army, and the situation was now so grave that Congress ordered the organization of a new force to punish the savages. The Governor of the Northwest Territory, General Arthur St. Clair, was put in command of fully two thousand men and was directed to wipe out the defeat of Harmar, by administering a crushing blow to the followers of Little Turtle. Before he set out upon his journey into the wilderness, President Washington called him to Philadelphia and warned him to guard against surprise by the Indians. "You have," said he, "your instructions from the Secretary of War. The Indians have a leader of great bravery in Little Turtle, and have proven that they can fight with great strength.

You know that they lay many ambuscades. *Beware of a surprise!* I repeat it. *Beware of a surprise!*" With these words of counsel ringing in his ears, St. Clair left for Fort Washington, arriving there in May, 1791.

The leader of the American forces was a man of considerable age, and was afflicted with gout and rheumatism. In the war of the Revolution he had exhibited no particular talent, but he possessed undoubted courage. He had soon collected two small regiments of regular infantrymen and some six months' levies of militia, whose pay was two dollars and ten cents a month for privates, and thirty dollars for captains. The militiamen were utterly untrained in border warfare, and their officers had had little experience, but the regular troops were well used to Indian campaigns. There were two small batteries of light guns and a few cavalymen to swell the fighting force, which amounted in all to about two thousand warriors.

The levies of raw troops were gathered together at Fort Hamilton, twenty-five miles north from Fort Washington, and from this place an advance was begun into the Indian country on October 4th. The little army stumbled slowly through the deep woods and across the open places, cutting out its own road and making about five or six miles a day. As the wild beasts of the forest were plentiful, frequently both deer and bear were slaughtered, and venison helped to sustain the strength of the men. Halting to build another fort, christened in honor of Thomas Jefferson, the army again pressed into the country of the hostiles, while the scouts oc-

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asionally interchanged shots with parties of skulking braves. Now and again a militiaman would disappear, showing that the savages were closely watching the movements of the column, while numerous desertions cut the force down from its original numbers to fourteen hundred men. Snow was on the ground, the wintry woods surrounded the Americans with a bleak and awful silence, the sickness of St. Clair made it impossible for him to command in person, and had it not been for the efforts of the Adjutant General, Colonel Winthrop Sargent, an old Revolutionary officer, the expedition would have failed ingloriously, even before the Indians had been reached.

But now the army of invasion neared the Miami settlements, where the redskins were making busy preparation to give the Americans a warm reception. They had met in a grand war council, at which the plan of attack had been decided upon, and various tribes had been given positions in the line. Little Turtle was to be Commander-in-Chief, so he made a rousing speech, telling the Indians to fight to the last ditch, to attack the militia in preference to the regular troops, and to rush the enemy in such masses that they would be overwhelmed. An ambuscade was decided upon where the ground was most favorable to the savages, and here Little Turtle pointed out the proper positions which he wished the various warlike bands to assume. The intelligent Miami chief was not to take any position in the line of battle, but was to direct the operations from the rear, like a white general, and thus the Indians displayed more foresight than usual; foresight which was

to tell with tremendous effect upon the illy disciplined frontier detachments under St. Clair.

On November 3rd, the army of invasion camped upon the eastern fork of the Wabash River, upon a narrow hillock, where the troops were somewhat crowded together, with the artillery and cavalrymen in the centre. Around them was boggy, swampy ground, while all about the wintry woods in frozen silence gave no warning of the savage foe, lurking beneath the underbrush in vindictive anger.

The militiamen were marched well to the front, nearly a quarter of a mile beyond the rest of the troops, and there went into camp, while several bands of savages seen in the gloomy woods made them fully aware that they were in touch with the foe.

At sunrise, next morning, the soldiers were up and doing, and, as they were dismissed from parade, St. Clair sent orders that some entrenchments should be thrown up before they marched against the Miami towns, which he knew to be not far distant. Just as these orders reached the commander of this advance guard, a blood-curdling yell sounded from the woodland in front. Another and another followed, and then a volley of musketry flashed from the dense underbrush. A second volley followed the first, the militiamen could see no foe, while many of their comrades were soon writhing upon the ground in mortal agony. Some endeavored to fight, but the majority, terrified by the sudden and unexpected onslaught, turned and rushed in a wild panic back to the camp of the regulars. In vain the officers tried to stop the retreat; the men

dashed past them like cowards, and precipitating themselves among the regular troops, spread dismay and confusion among them. The veterans sprang to arms, while the drums rolled the call to quarters. As the painted braves came bounding through the underbrush, they were met with a crashing volley from the old campaigners, which halted their mad career. They stopped, crouched down behind the brush and fallen timber, and soon surrounded the camp on all sides. The pickets were either killed or driven in upon the centre; while wild yells, cries of defiance, and savage catcalls issued from the followers of Little Turtle.

But now the battle was on in earnest, and the Indians ceased their cries to creep from log to log, from tree to tree, and closer to the American line. The deep boom of the cannon reverberated through the forest, as the regulars turned their pieces against the foe. The soldiers foolishly stood in close order, and, as they were in the open, they were a shining mark for the balls of the Indians. Men fell dead and wounded upon every side; the lines began to waver and break, while St. Clair and Butler walked behind their men, urging them to be cool, and to hold their own without flinching. St. Clair's blanket, coat and leggins were pierced by eight bullets; a lock of his gray hair was clipped off by a ball; yet he came through the battle unscathed. Butler had less good fortune. His arm was broken by a leaden missile; another struck him in the side, so that he had to be carried to the centre of the line. Here, propped up upon knapsacks, he directed the fighting with grim good humor until, in one of the Indian charges, a painted

warrior broke through the American line and buried his tomahawk in his brain.

The cannon kept up their fire, but the savages turned their unerring rifles upon the gunners, and soon had killed nearly every one of them. When they saw the men lying upon the ground, they took courage, and with a wild yelping made a charge from the woodland in the endeavor to capture the pieces. But now the Americans could see the skulking foe, and with bayonets fixed, made a dash into the oncoming horde of painted braves. The Indians did not wait to receive the blow, but, turning about, scurried helter-skelter to the protection of the forest, into which the victorious rangers ran in great enthusiasm. This was shortlived, for the redskins quickly surrounded them in the rear, poured in a galling fire from behind the protection of stumps and logs, and, before they could get back to their own line, had killed one-half of those who had charged them. One detachment rushed across the Wabash in pursuit of the Indians, and, before the men returned to the American line, nearly all had been slaughtered. The dead were lying about in heaps; the tomahawks of the Indians dispatched every man who was breathing; while, as one of the packers has written in his memoirs, "the bleeding heads of the scalped artillerymen and rangers looked like pumpkins in a December cornfield on the farm in Pennsylvania."

The fight had now lasted all day, and the American army had begun to realize that it was impossible to defeat the bloodthirsty followers of Little Turtle, who, emboldened by the disorganization in the ranks of the

white men, now pushed in upon them from every quarter. It was five o'clock in the evening when the ranks began to give away. The camp and artillery were abandoned. Most of the militia threw away their arms and accoutrements. St. Clair in vain endeavored to stem the torrent of the rout. Horses, soldiers, and the few camp followers and women who had accompanied the army were all mixed together in a confusion of panic-stricken uselessness. But out of the rabble St. Clair managed to get enough men together to charge the savages, who held the roadway in the rear, to push them aside, and make room for the torrent of fugitives who now ran for their lives towards Fort Jefferson. The troops pressed on like a drove of bullocks. They stampeded; they fled ignominiously; while in their rear the wild wail of jubilation from the victorious red men sounded harshly from the dark background of the frozen forest. St. Clair, like Braddock, had been overwhelmingly repulsed.

From the moment of retreat until sunset the yelping redskins followed the panic-stricken Americans. Thirty-eight officers and five hundred and ninety-three men were slain or missing, while twenty-one officers and two hundred and forty-two men were wounded, many of whom died soon afterwards, so that practically two-thirds of the entire force of fourteen hundred were either lost or disabled. What a terrible defeat! What a humiliating blow! And all through the sagacity and ability of Little Turtle, Chief of the Miamis, the man with a red skin who organized and led an Indian army in a manner equal to the best of white leaders. Fortu

nate, indeed, was it that the Indians stopped to plunder the camp of the Americans, for, had they kept on, it is probable that only a few stragglers would have lived to tell the tale of the awful butchery. "Five hundred skull bones lay in the space of three hundred and fifty yards," said an American general, who visited the battle ground not many months after the defeat. "From thence, five miles on, the woods were strewn with skeletons, muskets, broken wagons, knapsacks and other debris." The loss to Little Turtle's men has never been ascertained, but it is certain that his dead and missing were not proportionate to those of St. Clair.

At Fort Jefferson the most severely wounded were left, while the rest of the troops, in fear and utter disorganization, hurried forward to Fort Washington and the log huts of Cincinnati. Here they huddled in security, cursing their ill fortune, their losses, and the Indians. An American officer who ran into a party of thirty braves near the battle ground a day or two after the defeat (and who was held by them until he persuaded them that he was an Englishman from Canada), was told that the troops under Little Turtle numbered but fifteen hundred, and that the number of killed was fifty-six. One of these warriors dangled one hundred and twenty-seven American scalps on a pole before his eyes, while they had three pack horses laden with as much wine and kegs of brandy as could be strapped to their backs. The savages were all much emboldened by their great victory, and numerous raids upon the border showed that they were more unfriendly to the whites than ever.

It was six weeks before the Federal authorities and General Washington knew of this catastrophe. Denny, a young Lieutenant, carried word of the defeat by horse to Philadelphia, where was then the seat of Federal Government. Washington was at dinner with company when the news of the disaster reached him, and, with an apology to his guests, left the table to receive it. He shortly returned and resumed his chair without any allusion to the incident. At ten o'clock the guests departed and left the President alone with his secretary, Mr. Lear. The General walked slowly backward and forward for a considerable length of time in silence; then taking a seat on the sofa near the fire, he told Mr. Lear to sit down. The latter had not noticed that the great man was extremely agitated, when he suddenly broke out with: "It's all over! St. Clair is defeated! routed, the officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale, the rout complete, too shocking to think of, and a surprise into the bargain!" He made these remarks with great vehemence; then pausing and rising from the sofa, he walked up and down the room in silence, violently agitated, but saying nothing. When near the door he stopped short, stood still for a few moments, and then again exploded with wrath:

"Yes," he thundered. "*Here*, on this very spot, I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor. 'You have your instructions from the Secretary of War,' said I, 'I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word, *Beware of a Surprise!* You know how the Indians fight us. I repeat it, *Beware of a Surprise!*' He went off with that, my last warning, thrown into his

ears. And yet! To suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked by a surprise, the very thing I guarded him against. O God! O God!" exclaimed the agitated President, throwing up his hands, while his very frame shook with emotion. "He's worse than a murderer! How can he answer to his country? The blood of the slain is upon him, the curse of widows and orphans, the curse of heaven!"

Mr. Lear remained speechless; awed into breathless silence by the appalling tone in which the torrent of invective was poured forth. The paroxysm passed by, and Washington sank down upon the sofa, silent, with bowed head, as if conscious of the ungovernable burst of passion which had overcome him. "This must not go beyond this room," said he, at length, in a subdued and altered tone. Then in a quiet, low voice he added: "General St. Clair shall have justice. I looked hastily through the dispatches; saw the whole disaster; but not all the particulars. I will receive him with displeasure; I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have full justice!"

Thus, in due time, St. Clair presented himself before Washington, and, although fearful of the reception which he would receive, he was earnestly and respectfully listened to by the President. The overwhelming nature of his defeat had been due to his incompetence, to his inability to teach the raw troops how to fight, Indian-fashion, before he began his march against the followers of Little Turtle, and to his failure to send out proper scouts.

Although deeply chagrined by the defeat, Congress did

not sit idle, and soon made preparations for another army of Indian fighters. The chief command this time was intrusted to "Mad Anthony" Wayne, the hero of Stony Point, and a man to whom the smell of burning powder was as champagne. He not only loved a good fight, but he knew how to handle men, how to gain their confidence, and how to whip raw levies into excellent fighting material. He accepted the command only on condition that he be given plenty of time to drill and equip his troops. The Indians, themselves, appreciated his worth. He was called "The Black Snake" by them, because he was supposed to possess the superior cunning of this reptile, and to be able to creep through the forest like the moccasin. His choice to the chief command of the army was soon to be justified by results. Yet two years elapsed from the time of St. Clair's dreadful defeat before Wayne attempted to press through the wilderness into the land of the Miamis.

During these two years numerous petty forays were made by the Indians against the border settlements. Little Turtle was in some of these, and in November, 1792, made a violent attack upon a detachment of Kentucky volunteers near Fort St. Clair on the frontier. A stubborn battle was waged all day, at the end of which, Major Marshall (who commanded the American rangers) was driven pellmell into the fort (about half a mile) with the loss of six killed, the camp equipage taken, and one hundred and forty pack horses secured by the Miami and Shawnee braves. The Indians lost but two men. Again in June, 1794, this now much-dreaded

Little Turtle was in an attack upon Fort Recovery, in which he exhibited masterful strategy, and in which a large detachment of American rangers, under Major McMahon, was cut to pieces and stampeded. Repeated efforts were made by the American Government to secure a treaty of peace with the Miami warrior, but to all overtures he turned a deaf ear. "We will hold our own country for our own people," said he. "Indian land is for the Indian. The white man must go away."

But the white man, as usual, would not go away. Instead, he came on with renewed courage, resources, and determination. Little Turtle warned his warriors that they must prepare for another struggle, and counselled them to practice evolutions and warfare. They paid little attention to these commands. "There are more long knives under the Great Snake than have ever come against us before," said he. "They are led by the best general of all the palefaces. Would it not be well if we made a treaty of peace and lived in friendly relations to these invaders?"

"No, no," shouted his hearers. "We will fight! Lead us again into battle, let your heart not shrink at the numbers of the long knives. We can defeat them! We will leave them for the wolves to feast on, even as we left the men of St. Clair's army. We will fight!" So the far-seeing chieftain of the Miamis had to again lead his supposedly invincible warriors against the foe.

When the bleaching skeletons of St. Clair's men had been buried in the dense forest, Wayne erected the fort, called Fort Recovery, and then, pressing onward through the Indian country, he built another big fortress, called

Fort Defiance, at the confluence of the Au-Glaize and Miami rivers. He had two thousand regulars and eleven hundred Kentucky horsemen with him, the latter being well used to border warfare, and excellent woodsmen. Then, the soldiers all liked the Commander-in-Chief and had full confidence in his ability, which gave them an esprit de corps, without which no army can accomplish anything. Wayne, himself, was at the furthestmost post when the attack was made upon Fort Recovery by the savages, under Little Turtle, and three weeks after this he pressed forward against the Miami towns. Determined to avoid the fate of Braddock and St. Clair, he kept his force always in open order and ready for the fray, while scouts hovered continually on his flanks and front. Every night breastworks of fallen trees were thrown up around his camps so that the savages could not "rush" the soldiers. "The paleface takes his army twice as far in a day as did St. Clair," said the Indian scouts who watched his advance. "He has men out on every side and it will be impossible to ambush him. We must fight and fight hard against this Big Serpent, for he means to win." Small parties of friendly Chickasaw or Choctaw Indians threaded the forest miles in advance of the marching army. White Indian fighters assisted them in watching the Miami and other hostiles, and thus, like a huge wolf of the woods, the army of "Mad Anthony" Wayne crept silently, stealthily, and ominously towards the villages of the unfriendly redskins.

Wayne had sent an offer of peace to the followers of Little Turtle from Fort Defiance, and had summoned

them to dispatch deputies to meet him. The letter was carried by Christopher Miller and a Shawnee prisoner, and in it the American general said: "Miller is a Shawnee by adoption whom my soldiers captured six months ago, and the Shawnee warrior was taken two days ago. I have taken several Indians prisoner and they have been treated well. They will be put to death if Miller is harmed." When, therefore, these envoys arrived at the camp of Little Turtle, the Indians were afraid to kill them, but they endeavored to delay their answer and would not send back a reply. So the now determined "Mad Anthony" advanced against them immediately and laid waste the cornfields which the Miamis had planted, and which lay in the route of his troops.

Soon the ever-ready frontiersmen burst through the woodland near the Maumee rapids, only a few miles below a British fort, called Fort Maumee, well garrisoned and well supplied. A rough breastwork was constructed to protect the American stores and baggage, and scouts were sent forward to view the position of the followers of Little Turtle. Between fifteen hundred and two thousand warriors with seventy rangers from Detroit, composed of French, English and refugee Americans, were in force near the walls of the English stockade. The Indians were Shawnees, Wyandots, Ottawas, Miamis, Pottawattamies, Chippewas and Iroquois. They lay in a place called Fallen Timbers, because the wind had here blown down the trees of the forest and had piled them up in dense rows. It was an excellent place for defense, and Little Turtle had

shown his sagacity in selecting it. With confidence the painted warriors waited for the attack, as they knew that their position was a good one, and despised the Americans, whom they had so signally routed under St. Clair. Their line was about two miles in length and all were well armed.

As General Wayne scanned the Indian position, he quickly made up his mind how to attack it. "The dragoons will advance upon the right flank," he directed. "The regular cavalry will move up on the left flank near the river. The infantry will form in two lines in the centre, and will first fire, and then charge the red vermin with the bayonet. The mounted volunteers will move over far to the left and will turn the right flank of the savages. As soon as all are ready, attack and wipe out St. Clair's ignominious rout!" The subordinate officers received his orders with enthusiasm and when all were prepared, in extended order, the whole line moved out for the fray.

In the centre of Wayne's troops was a small force of mounted volunteers—Kentucky militiamen—and they were well in advance of the two lines of infantrymen. With a wild yell, a mass of savages jumped up from the protection of the fallen trees, rushed upon the oncoming riflemen, and soon drove them back into the advancing infantry. But this success was not lasting. A volley of well-aimed bullets checked their howling advance, and, with a dogged persistence, the rangers crept on upon the savages, reserving their fire by strict orders from their beloved "Mad Anthony." As they came forward, the Indians leaped up to deliver their fire, and,

when they did so, the Americans poured a galling volley into their ranks, then, fixing bayonets, rushed precipitously upon them before they had time to load. As they charged, the cavalrymen, with hoarse cheers, galloped their rawboned steeds into the left flank of the Indian line. Their horses jumped across the fallen logs, and in an instant they were in the midst of the naked braves, slashing to the right and left with their keen swords, and cutting down all who stood in their way.

“Hah!” exclaimed General Wayne, rubbing his hands. “They give! They fall back! They run! The day is ours!” As he spoke a galloping aide came panting to his side. “Captain Campbell is killed,” said he, “and Captain Van Rensselaer is down, but Lieutenant Covington is leading the dragoons, and they are driving the redskins before them like a crowd of sheep.”

He spoke only too truthfully, for unable to stand up against the slashing charge, the red men broke and fled before the enthusiastic troopers of “Mad Anthony” Wayne. When the painted and half-naked braves attempted to make a stand, they were knocked down with ease. The second line of infantrymen did not cross the fallen timber in time to get a shot at the disappearing warriors of Little Turtle. On the left flank, the horse-riflemen had nothing to charge when they galloped into the thickets, for the unvaliant red warriors had vanished. About a hundred braves lay dead and dying upon the field. Mixed in among them were a few of the white renegades who had joined them. The action had lasted but forty minutes, and the defeats of Harmar and St. Clair had been forever vindicated.

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For two miles the now excited Americans rushed after the vaunted warriors of the frontier, who had adopted the ancient motto: "He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day." The fugitives dashed up to the walls of the British fort and implored admittance, but the garrison greeted their request with curses, and bolted the doorway in their faces. So they were forced to rush off into the dense woodland. "Burn everything up to the walls of the fort," commanded General Wayne. "Cut down the crops of the Indians, destroy their villages, level the houses of the British agents and traders to the sod. I want to give this Little Turtle and his men a lesson which they will never cease to remember!" The British commander in Fort Maumee vigorously protested against this, but Wayne summoned him to abandon his stockades, which he, of course, refused, and, not daring to interfere, saw the homes of his Indian allies soon blazing and covered with a pall of thick, black vapor. The work of destruction was quickly over, and the victorious American army was on its way back to Fort Defiance.

The troops went into winter quarters at Greenville, while the Indians were severely disheartened by their defeat. Their anger was intense against the British, for these people had goaded them on to war, had given them material aid, and, as soon as the fortune of battle went against them, had abandoned them to their fate. Starvation and hunger were rampant, as their homes, crop and stores of provisions had been completely destroyed. Their cattle, and even their dogs, had died, and, as the British in Fort Maumee would give them no

food, they sent envoy after envoy to the Americans to exchange prisoners, and to promise that, in the spring, they would make peace. All the leaders now recognized that it was time to make terms with Wayne, and many now appreciated that they should have listened to the counsel of Little Turtle, before the exasperating defeat at the Fallen Timbers. On February 11th, the Shawnees, Delawares and Miamis entered into a preliminary treaty with General Wayne, and in the summer of 1795 made a definite peace at Greenville. "Elder Brother," said a Chippewa chief, "you asked me who were the true owners of the land now ceded to the United States. In answer I tell you, if any nations should call themselves the owners of it they would be guilty of falsehood; our claim to it is equal; our Elder Brother had conquered it."

Thus another step westward was made by the whites, and another war had added thousands of square miles of territory to the people of the United States. The survival of the most fit was evident, for, had the red men possessed the same mental characteristics which the whites possessed, they would have beaten not two armies, but three armies. This small difference of ability had made them the submitting nation, while the powerful Anglo-Saxons now pushed their civilization into the unbroken forest, soon killed off all the game, built smoky cities, railroads, and steamboats; cut down all the timber, grew corn, oats and potatoes, and utilized the resources of the soil to its utmost capacity.

Little Turtle settled on Eel River about twenty miles from Fort Wayne, where the American troops built him

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a comfortable house. He made frequent visits to Philadelphia and Washington, and was made much of by the agents, who appreciated his worth. But this destroyed, for a time, at least, his influence among the people of his own color, who suspected his honesty and envied his good fortune. He, therefore, often opposed the desires of the United States Government in order to regain his popularity with his red brethren. No prisoner had ever been tortured by his warriors, as he opposed this brutal practice. Nor would he allow captives to be burned at the stake. With energy he devoted himself to the spread of temperance among the members of his own tribe, for he saw the awful results which bad whiskey had upon the once warlike braves. "These white traders strip the poor Indians of skins, gun, blanket, everything, while his squaw and the children dependent upon him be starving in his wigwam," said he. "My people barter away their best treasures for the white man's miserable firewater."

Greatly respected and deeply interested in the problems among his own people, Little Turtle spent his declining years. When asked one day why he did not live in Philadelphia instead of in his cabin on the Wabash, he replied: "I admit that you whites live better than do we red men, but I could not live with you because I am as a deaf and dumb man. I cannot talk your language. When I walk through the city streets I see every person in his shop employed at something. One makes shoes, another makes hats, a third sells cloth, and everyone lives by his labor. I say to myself, 'Which of these things can you do?' Not one. I can make a

bow or an arrow, catch fish, kill game, and go to war, but none of these are any good here. To learn what is done in Philadelphia would require a long time. Old age is coming on me; I should be a piece of furniture among the whites, useless to them, useless to myself. I must return to my own country."

What he said of old age coming on was only too true. Not long afterwards he came to his death on the turf of the open camp, and with the composure which characterizes his race. He was buried at Fort Wayne with all the honors of war, and, it is said, was about seventy years of age at the time of his departure to the Happy Hunting Grounds: those fields of elysian bliss of which the old Indian poets have told in song and story. Courageous, kind, far-seeing, eloquent, well-balanced, the memory of Little Turtle yet stirs the hearts of his few descendants, who look back upon his career with satisfaction and high regard.



Courtesy of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute.

TECUMSEH.

TECUMSEH, "THE SHOOTING STAR":
CELEBRATED SHAWANOE
DIPLOMAT, ORATOR
AND SOLDIER

WHEN Little Turtle and his army were battling with "Mad Anthony" Wayne at Fallen Timbers, one warrior—a Shawanoe—was present, who was subsequently to play an important part in the struggle between the whites and redskins for the possession of America. This was Tecumseh, or "The Shooting Star," a Shawanoe, or Shawnee warrior who was born on the Mad River in Ohio, in 1768, and whose father was killed in the fierce battle of the Great Kanawha. His twin brother, Elsk-wata-wa, the Prophet, was to become a man of note among the Western Indians, just as he was, himself, to obtain fame and notoriety.

The people of the tribe to which this celebrated man belonged were noted for "much talk" as well as for hard fighting, and Tecumseh was never at a loss for words. His appearance was always noble, his form symmetrical, his carriage erect and lofty, his motions commanding, and, under the excitement of his favorite theme of driving the American invaders from the lands of the Indians, he became a new being. When speaking

upon the subject, his countenance would light up with fiery and haughty pride; his frame would swell with emotion; every posture which he assumed, and every gesture, would be eloquent with meaning. At the same time, his language would flow with glowing eloquence, as it spoke the passionate thoughts of his very soul. His manner, too, was never coarse, nor was there any show of cruelty in his disposition. He was a man of mark among the many Indians who opposed the advance of the whites into the country watered by the slow-moving Ohio.

When the treaty of Greenville was signed, this eminent redskin was about twenty-five years of age, and, secluding himself in the forests of his own country, he there lived the existence of a hunter and trapper. There is no evidence that he was in the numerous Indian forays which took place upon the frontier at this time. In fact, various stories have come down to us that exhibit his friendliness to the whites whom he met in the forest. A band of roving Shawnees often hunted with him, and, because of his ability to sway their spirits with his words and because of his prowess in hunting, he was elected chief of this small body of woodland rovers.

One day a number of Shawnees wagered Tecumseh that each of them could kill as many deer in three days of hunting as he, himself, could. "I accept your challenge," said the great chief, "and I will return here within the period with twice as many deer as any of you." So making the proper preparations that evening, he departed next morn at daybreak into the forest.

Three days elapsed before any of the huntsmen came back, but at dusk of the third day since their departure all returned with their shoulders burdened with the game which had fallen by their skill. "Ugh! Ugh!" said one, "I have killed twelve. I have good my boast!" "And I thirteen," cried another. But, as he spoke, Tecumseh came into the light of the fire, staggering beneath a load of peltries. "Here are thirty deerskins," said he, depositing his bundle before the other hunters. "The carcasses are in the woods and I will go to get the haunches tomorrow."

Shortly after this the Shawnee chief entered the cabin of a white pioneer upon the frontier. This borderer was friendly to him and would often hunt with him in the dark recesses of the forest. So Tecumseh stalked in without introduction, and, with much gravity, seated himself in a rough hewn chair. A fat Kentuckian was sitting in the cabin. When he saw the noted warrior, he began to shake and tremble with fear, a fact which seemed to amuse the celebrated Indian. With a meaning glance at the owner of the cabin, Tecumseh remarked: "I have just returned from a night hunt against the palefaces. Thirty scalps hang in my wigwam, which I have secured in this expedition. But I am looking for just one more." Here he laid his hand upon his tomahawk. "And I must have this scalp before the setting of the sun," he thundered.

The Kentuckian was now ghastly pale and was trembling with fear. This seemed to please the famous Shawnee, and, walking over to him, he placed his hand upon his broad and shaking shoulder. "You are scared,

are you not?" said he. "But there is no reason for it. Ugh! Ugh! I am just playing with you. I would not hurt a hair upon your head." As he spoke, his host burst into a hearty laugh, which showed the frightened borderer that an Indian could joke as well as a white man.

During this period there is no doubt that Tecumseh brooded over the fancied wrongs to the members of his own race and meditated upon some method of keeping the white settlers away from the lands of his forefathers. His brother, *Elsk-wata-wa*, assumed the name and functions of a prophet and reformer among the red men, established headquarters at Greenville, and told them that he had received a divine inspiration to go among them and save them from extinction. Calling himself *Tensk-wata-wa*, or "The Open Door," he asserted that the Great Spirit had selected him as a means of deliverance to his people. Tecumseh approved of this—his brother's course—and did all within his power to aid him in knitting together the savages into a well-organized clan. A large band of the Shawnees, Wyandots, Pottawattamies, Ottawas, Chippewas, and Kickapoos soon gathered around the Prophet, who told them that the Great Spirit, who had made the red men, was not the same as he who had produced the white men, and that all the misfortunes among their race were due to the fact that they had tried to imitate the manners of the whites. He counselled them to form a great Confederation, to live righteous lives, and to prepare themselves by drill and practice in shooting, so that, when the time came, they could show a bold

front to the Americans. The Indians were seized with a great religious fever, and, burning with anger at the wrongs which they considered that the whites had heaped upon their race, were soon in a condition of mind which needed very little to flame into the passion of war.

The Commissioner from the United States to the Ohio country, and the Governor of this territory, was General Harrison, a man of cool judgment and excellent military genius. His headquarters were at Fort Wayne, in the present state of Indiana, although he had a frontier post at Vincennes. His border troops were not equal in numbers to the great body of redskins in the surrounding country, but they were well armed, well equipped, and ready for any emergency. In 1809 this able American General concluded a treaty between the Delawares, Miamis and Pottawattamies at Fort Wayne, in which the Indians ceded to the United States Government a tract of land extending for sixty miles along the Wabash River, above Vincennes. The treaty was made during the absence of Tecumseh upon a visit to a neighboring tribe, and without either his advice or knowledge. None of his followers, or those of the Prophet, were present during the transaction. For this reason, and because he considered that the Indians had given up too much of their land, Tecumseh was furiously angry, and threatened to kill the chiefs who had signed the treaty, saying: "The Americans can never survey this land, for I shall kill them if they attempt to do it. It is wrong to give away all of our possessions, and, if our people continue to do so, there will be nothing left for the red men."

This was fierce talk, but for many months Tecumseh had endeavored to form a great confederation of the Western tribes, similar to that of Pontiac. The Western Indians had been enemies for centuries, so that it was a herculean task to bring them together in bonds of friendship. Yet the astute Tecumseh visited the Creeks in the far South, and secured the friendship of Weatherford, or Red Eagle; the tribes living upon the farthest extremity of Lake Superior; and those who camped far beyond the muddy waters of the Mississippi. For four years he pushed through the wilderness, sometimes in a canoe, and sometimes on foot, making his camp among the roving bands of redskins, or alone in the solitude of the forest. Everywhere he would hold conferences and long pow-wows with the chiefs of the Western tribes and would warn them that, unless they joined with him and his brother—the Prophet—in a mighty confederacy, the whites would soon come from the East in overwhelming numbers, and would completely cover the land then held by the red men. “You must make a stand, or your children will be without hunting grounds,” he would say. “Rise, O red men, rise to defend your homes from invasion by the whites!” These appeals were not in vain; the redskins prepared for hostilities under his leadership; and in 1810 it was said that he controlled more than sixteen hundred warriors, who were fully prepared for a long campaign.

This activity of Tecumseh and the Prophet gave Governor Harrison serious alarm, and he wrote of his fears to the Government at Washington, requesting

more men and more arms upon the frontier. He even called Tecumseh before him, and said:

"Why are you trying to bring about a union of the different Indian tribes?"

The great chief looked keenly at him.

"For the same reason that you have brought about a union of your colonies," he answered. "We Indians have never objected to that, and what business is it of yours what we do among ourselves? Besides, you have so many cheats and scoundrels among you that we must unite in order to save ourselves from their clutches. What harm is there in this, pray? We are in our own country, which has been left us by the Great Spirit."

It is not known what reply the Governor made to this, but it is known that Tecumseh withdrew to Prophet's Town, a settlement which he and his brother had made on the Tippecanoe River (one of the tributaries of the Wabash) in Indiana. Here was a large body of Indians who were combining practices of warfare with their religious exercises, and were often insolent to the whites. After numerous complaints had reached him about the redskins who had settled at Prophet's Town, Governor Harrison sent a messenger to them, asking why they had established themselves here, and why they made such active preparations for war.

"The Great Spirit has fixed this spot for the Indian to kindle his campfire, and he dare not go to any other," said Tecumseh. "Elsk-wata-wa and his brother Tecumseh must remain upon the banks of the Tippecanoe, or the Great Spirit will be angry with them. Evil birds have carried false news to my father, the Governor.

Let him not believe that Elsk-wata-wa, the Prophet, wishes to make war upon him and his people. It is not true."

The messenger brought this answer back to Harrison, but in a few weeks the Governor dispatched a Mr. Barron to Tippecanoe, with a letter requesting the Indians to allow the land to be surveyed, to live at peace with the white settlers, and to submit to the Government. When Barron reached Tippecanoe, he was conducted with great ceremony to the place where the Prophet was seated, surrounded by numerous braves in their gaudiest raiment.

In a tone of great anger and scorn, the red leader rose, and said: "For what purpose do you come here? Bronillette was here; he was a spy. Dubois was here; *he* was a spy. Now *you* have come here; *you*, also, are a spy. *There* is your grave! Look on it!" He pointed, as he ceased speaking, to the ground near the spot where the emissary stood, and this person naturally began to tremble for his life.

At this juncture, the majestic Tecumseh strode from a lodge, and, in a cold and haughty tone, said: "Your life is in no danger. Say why you have come among us."

"Here is a letter from Governor Harrison," Barron replied. "I will read it: 'Tecumseh and Elsk-wata-wa, I know that your warriors are brave, but ours are not less so. What can your few brave warriors do against the innumerable warriors of the Seventeen Fires (Seventeen States)? Our bluecoats are more numerous than you can count; our hunters are like leaves in the forest, or the grains of sand upon the Wabash. Do you

think that the redcoats (British) can protect you; they are not even able to protect themselves. They do not think of going to war with us. If they did, you would soon see our flag wave over all the forts of Canada. What reason have you to complain of the Seventeen Fires? Have they taken anything from you? Have they ever violated any of the treaties made with the red men? You say that they have purchased lands from those who had no right to sell them. Show that this is so and the land will be instantly restored. Show us the rightful owners. I have full power to arrange this business, but, if you would rather carry your complaints before your great father in Washington, you can do so.’”

“I like this letter,” said Tecumseh, when Barron had finished. “I remember your Big Chief Harrison when he was with the Big Snake (General Wayne) at Fallen Timbers. I will come and hold a council with him, with thirty of my principal men. Some of my young men will wish to go, too, so there will be more of us. We will come to the home of your Big Chief in a short time.”

So on the twelfth of August, 1810, four hundred warriors, painted red, yellow and blue, armed with tomahawks and spears, and naked to the waist, paddled down the Wabash to confer with Harrison. They were a fierce-looking lot, and Tecumseh, who led them, although not much painted, was brilliant in new clothes and gorgeous blankets.

Harrison learned of the approach of the Indians from a scout, and was waiting for them upon the front porch of his own house, surrounded by a small guard of soldiers,

many citizens of Vincennes, and several civil and military officers. The redskins were soon seen coming down the river, and, landing upon the shore, they approached the house. Advancing to within about forty yards of the place where Harrison was sitting, they all halted, and, after an interpreter was sent forward, Tecumseh stated that he refused to hold the council upon the porch, but would do so in a grove near by. The Governor was perfectly willing to acquiesce, and, moving the chairs and benches to the grove, the whites seated themselves, while the redskins squatted upon the grass.

Tecumseh now began to speak. "I am determined to fight against the cession of lands held by the Indians to you whites, unless all the tribes assent to it," said he, in part. "I admit that I attempted to kill the chief who signed the Fort Wayne treaty, and, therefore, I will have my own war chiefs, in future, manage the affairs of our people, and not the village chiefs. You Americans have driven the Indians from the seacoast to where we now stand, and you will soon drive us into the lakes. I will not make war upon your bluecoats, but, if you push further into our country, I cannot hold back my followers from the slaughter of your people." He then made a summary of the wrongs which his red followers had suffered at the hands of the whites, and, as he spoke, his warriors nodded their heads in approval, saying: "Ugh! Ugh! It is the truth!"

When the great Indian leader had finished his oration, he turned to seat himself, but no chair was there, and his face showed annoyance at this seeming discourtesy.

Appreciating the expression upon his countenance, Governor Harrison immediately ordered a chair to be brought him, and, as the interpreter handed it to the celebrated warrior, he remarked: "Your father requests you to be seated."

Fire flashed from the beady eyes of Tecumseh, as he exclaimed in a loud tone:

"My father, eh? The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. On her bosom I will repose," and, drawing his brilliant blanket around him, with great dignity, he seated himself among his warriors upon the ground.

Not at all disturbed by this tart reply, Harrison continued: "You Indians are not one nation, and do not, in common, own this territory. The Miamis have been the real owners of the tract on the Wabash, which the United States has secured during the late treaty, and you Shawnees have no right to interfere with their actions. Upon the arrival of the whites in this country they found the Miamis in possession of the land, and you Shawnees lived in Georgia, from whence you were driven by the Creeks. It is absurd to say that you Indians constitute one nation, for if the Great Spirit had so willed it, he would not have given different languages to the different tribes."

As the interpreter told this to Tecumseh, his eyes began to snap angrily. Then, springing to his feet, he started to gesticulate wildly and to talk in loud, vicious tones. "What is he saying?" asked the Governor of the interpreter, but a General who understood the Shawnee language replied: "These red devils mean mischief, Governor, be upon your guard."

No sooner had he ceased speaking than all the painted warriors grasped their tomahawks, leaped to their feet, and looked angrily and vindictively at the Governor. Harrison sprang from his chair, drew his sword, and held it before him. As he did so, a friendly chief, who stood near by, pulled out his pistol, and a Captain of the troops seized a dirk and held it pointed towards the savages. The citizens who were present and who had no arms, took up clubs and pieces of the tables and chairs, while a minister of the Gospel, the Rev. Mr. Winans, ran to the Governor's house, seized a musket, and stood at the doorway to defend his family. The Indians took no move forward, but were all prepared for an attack, should Tecumseh give the word. They stood quietly until numerous soldiers ran up and pointed their loaded muskets at them, and Harrison cried out: "Cease this demonstration! Put down those guns!" Then, turning to the interpreter, he continued: "What is the meaning of this? Ask yonder Indian leader."

"All that you have said is false," cried Tecumseh. "You and the Seventeen Fires (States) have cheated and imposed upon the Indians."

"You are a bad man," Harrison replied through the interpreter. "I will have nothing more to do with you. Since you have come here for a council, you can go to your canoes in safety, but you must immediately leave my village."

When the Indians heard this message, they turned around sullenly and departed in the direction of their boats, while the soldiers kept their guns cocked until they were out of sight. It had been an exciting episode,

and the citizens breathed a sigh of relief as they saw the painted warriors disappearing through the woods. As night fell, Harrison had two companies of militia brought into the town, and ordered the men to sleep on their arms, as the Indians would undoubtedly make an attack. But none came, and all were much surprised the next day to see a Shawnee runner come into the streets of the town with a note from Tecumseh, begging for another interview. "Certain white men have told me to defy the power of the United States," wrote the Shawnee, "and I do not intend to attack either town or soldiers." Pleased by this pacific message, Harrison granted another interview, so the crafty chief of the Shawnees soon put in an appearance, attended by the same retinue as before. He was now calm, and conducted himself with courtesy and consideration.

After a lengthy conversation, the Governor said: "You know, great chief, that the mighty father of the white men in Washington has decreed that these lands which we have purchased from the Miamis be surveyed. Will you oppose our surveyors when we send them into this country?"

Tecumseh's eye flashed fire, as he replied, through the interpreter: "Nothing can shake the determination of myself and my followers to insist upon the old boundary between your land and ours, before you made this purchase from the Miamis."

He sat down amidst a chorus of "Hows!" from the chiefs assembled, and then the leading sachems of the Wyandots, Pottawatomies, Ottawas and Winnebagos

arose, and each, in turn, said that he entered in league with Tecumseh and the Shawnees, and would help them to repel any advance of the whites beyond the Wabash River.

"I will make known your decision to the Great Father in Washington," said Harrison, "and I am certain that Tecumseh's claim to the land will never be acknowledged, as the land has been bought by us from the original owners, the Miamis, who had a perfect right to sell it." The council now ended.

Next day the Governor visited Tecumseh in his camp, and was received with great politeness by the great chief, who was very frank and open in stating his views. "The Seventeen Fires (United States) will soon drown all of my people," said he, with great feeling. "If your great father in Washington will agree to give up the lands which he has bought from the Miamis; will agree never to make a treaty for land without the consent of all of our allied tribes; and will consult with me as the spokesman of these tribes; I will be your ally in the war which I know will shortly take place with England. If you will not do this, I will join with my white brothers from Canada, who have sent me many messages asking for my assistance in warfare with your people."

"I will make your views known to the President," said Harrison, "but I know that he will not agree with them."

"Well," replied Tecumseh, "as the great chief is to settle the matter, I hope the Great Spirit will put enough sense into his head to cause him to give up the land. It is true that he is so far off that he will not

be injured by the war. He will sit still in his own town and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out."

The Governor looked grave. "You are right," he said. "We will soon be fighting each other. A good many will be killed on both sides, and there will be much suffering. I ask you to agree with me, Tecumseh, that there will be no capturing of women and children by your warriors, and no torture or ill treatment of those men that your warriors take as prisoners."

Tecumseh raised his hand aloft. "I will keep my people from these things," he exclaimed. "Tecumseh has never ill treated his prisoners, nor has it ever been done in his presence." So saying, he sat down, and Governor Harrison returned to his own troops, much satisfied with the manner in which he had been received.

As the great chief had said, war was soon to break out between the whites and redskins, and, seeing the probability of this, Tecumseh soon left upon a journey to the South, where he intended to visit the Choctaws, Creeks, Seminoles, and other tribes, and to ask their assistance in driving the white men from their territory. He had marvellous success. The Indians were infatuated by his persuasive eloquence and promised their allegiance to him and his cause. At Tuckabatchie, Alabama, he addressed the Creeks in a big council, but his remarks were not greeted with the same cordiality as elsewhere. The Indians, in fact, seemed to have no interest in the confederation which he begged them to join, so growing angry, Tecumseh stamped his foot upon the ground, and, looking at the principal

Sachem, called Big Warrior, cried: "Your blood is white. You do not believe that the Great Spirit has sent me. You shall know that it is so. I leave Tuckabatchie directly, and shall go straight to Detroit. When I arrive there I will stamp on the ground with my foot and will shake down every house in Tuckabatchie."

This was certainly a wild threat, but the crafty Tecumseh knew what he was talking about, for he had heard from a white astrologer that an earthquake was soon to take place. The Creeks often talked over this threat, after the departure of the great Shawnee, and carefully reckoned upon the number of days that it would take him to get to Detroit. In course of time they estimated that he had arrived there, and, as they anxiously awaited the fulfillment of the threat, a terrible rumbling was heard, the earth rocked to and fro, the tepees and lodges trembled and shook, and suddenly many of them toppled over. Terrified and alarmed, the Creeks rushed wildly about, crying: "Tecumseh has arrived at Detroit. His threat has come true. We must join with him in his confederation or all will be lost." This was the historical earthquake of New Madrid or the Mississippi, which (according to tradition) took place upon the very day that Tecumseh reached Detroit. It secured for him a great and lasting reputation among the red men.

Shortly after this the Indians at Prophet's Town became very warlike and aggressive, so much so that Governor Harrison determined to send an armed force against them. Tecumseh was away, but his brother, Elskwata-wa (the Prophet), was a pretty good warrior, and

was burning in hatred of the whites. He inspired his followers with many good thoughts; taught them to give up firewater (whiskey) and also to till the soil. But he also preached to them that they must kill off the whites if they could, and so stem their advance into the land once held by the redskins. On September 26, 1811, at the head of nine hundred troops, Harrison moved towards the encampment of these hostiles, and, after marching for six days, camped on the eastern shore of the Wabash River, two miles above the present city of Terre Haute. A log fortress of felled trees was here constructed, called Fort Harrison, and leaving a small guard here, the main army advanced along the Wabash River until it reached a broad stream, called the Vermillion. A blockhouse was erected to protect the boats and heavy baggage, and then the white troops pressed forward to a position three-quarters of a mile away from the Indian encampment at Prophet's Town. Harrison had moved warily and cautiously, with scouts out upon either side to warn him of ambuscades. The two fortifications in his rear were excellent protection should he be forced to retreat, while his soldiers and frontiersmen were well used to border warfare, and showed no such careless advancing as had the men under St. Clair.

Seven miles northeast of the present city of Lafayette, Indiana, the army camped upon a beautifully level stretch of ground, upon which was a belt of timber. In front lay a marshy prairie, stretching away to Prophet's Town, while on the right was another marshy strip, through which ran a small stream surrounded

by willows and brushwood. It was a good position; higher than the surrounding country, dryer, and more healthful. Before the army had reached this place, the Governor had sent messengers to the Prophet, demanding that the various tribes which he had with him should return to their respective territories; that all stolen horses in their possession should be given up; and that all Indians who had murdered white settlers should be delivered over to justice. But these messengers (all friendly Indians) had nearly all been insulted and dismissed with contemptuous remarks about themselves and the Governor. Harrison was, therefore, eager to fall upon the red men and give them a sound thrashing—such a thrashing that they would not soon forget.

The soldiers reached this position about midday, and soon ambassadors came in from Prophet's Town with a request that they refrain from battle until the following day, when a peace talk could be had. Harrison consented to this, but was too wary to be caught napping, and made his men sleep in order of battle, with their muskets loaded beside them. The night was dark and rainy. Sentries were, therefore, carefully stationed upon every side of the American camp, and these were told to keep a sharp lookout for any approaching savage. As it was the sixth of November the air was crisp and chill, while the brown leaves of autumn littered the ground with a thick covering, which made it difficult for a foe to approach unobserved. Every officer and private was told exactly what to do, in case of an attack, and thus the little army of invasion rested, like a

bulldog upon the leash, ready and prepared to make a spring.

A sentinel, well in advance of the American line, was looking intently across the wide sweep of prairie in the direction of Prophet's Town—shrouded in the murk of the early morning mist—when he saw something moving in the yellow grass. The blades bent to the right and left as if some animal were creeping through them, so the watchman became alarmed. Seizing his musket, he stooped down to peer through the reedy waste, and, as he did so, a tomahawk, hurled by an unseen hand, spun through the air and just missed his head. In a second, his gun was at his shoulder, and he fired at a dark object which he saw in the reeds before him. A wild warwhoop shrilled through the stillness, as he did so, and from all about, in the tall grass, the painted forms of red men leaped from their hiding places and rushed towards the sleeping camp. But they met a different reception than that which they had anticipated. The men who had been resting on their arms had, in a moment, seized their muskets, had formed in a line facing the enemy, and met the onrush of the savages with a volley of lead.

The attacking force consisted of between five and eight hundred warriors under White Loon, Stone Eater, and Winnemac. The Prophet had mixed a mysterious broth at a meeting of the Indians the night before, and had told his followers that one-half of Harrison's army was composed of dead men, and that the other half was made up of crazy soldiers. Encouraged by this, the Indians had begun to creep across the prairie in the

direction of the American camp at four in the morning. The Prophet had also stated that the bullets of the Americans would rebound from the bodies of the red men, but this did not prove to be the case, for, as the mixed bands of warriors came onward, they were shot down by scores. Still, they attacked with terrible fury, and, armed with excellent short rifles which had been furnished them by the Indian traders, they did a great deal of damage to the American line. Soon the entire camp was surrounded by the redskins, who rushed forward with tremendous ferocity, and, where the soldiers formed hollow squares with their bayonets outward, the braves would throw themselves vindictively upon them and endeavor to knock them over with their tomahawks.

The only coward on the side of the Indians was the famous Prophet. While his followers were struggling desperately with the frontiersmen, he stood upon a small hill, well out of harm's way, and cried out encouragement to the Indians in a shrill and piercing voice. "Fight on, O my people," he kept repeating, "for it shall be as the Prophet has said. You will crush these white enemies." The sounds of his wailing could easily be heard by Harrison's men, and, although some of his warriors requested him to join them in battle, he did not seem as anxious to appear on the firing line as they had expected. His followers, on the other hand, fought most courageously, and threw themselves with desperation upon the unyielding American line. Harrison rode up and down among his men, cheering them on, and crying to them not to give in to the assaults of the red-

skins, and, although he usually mounted a white horse, in the confusion of the morning, he had seized one of another color. This probably saved his life, as the Indians knew that his usual mount was white and soon killed his own animal which a young lieutenant was riding. The rider also fell, pierced by a dozen well-directed bullets.

While the yells of the Indians were intermingled with the hoarse shouts of the rangers, the rattle of deer's hoofs was heard above the din, and, at this savage signal, the redskins retreated beyond rifle range. But they were not yet defeated, and soon formed for another onslaught, while the white soldiers re-arranged their own line, fixed bayonets, and reloaded, in anticipation of a second charge. "Give the redskins a dose of lead, first," commanded Harrison, "then at 'em with the bayonets. But keep in touch all 'along the line, and do not allow yourselves to get split up into small parties, which the red devils can surround!" His counsel was well heeded.

In a few moments the followers of the Prophet again rushed from the underbrush upon the extended line of the American rangers, and, although the savages had now departed from their usual custom of fighting behind cover, this was to do them no good. As they ran desperately against the now well-prepared men in buckskin, they were met with a murderous fire, for day was well advanced, and the white soldiers could see their gun sights. The roar from the rifles was continuous. The redskins fell to earth upon every side. Shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying men were inter-

mingled with the coarse shouts of battle, as the forms of Indians and whites struggled and fell, locked in a deadly embrace beneath a cloud of drifting smoke, which hung above the battle ground.

But now the moment came for an advance of the buckskin-clad rangers. As at Waterloo when Wellington cried: "Up guards and at 'em!" Harrison called: "On, men! Give them the bayonet, and no quarter!" With a wild yell of enthusiasm the rangers started forward and ploughed into the masses of the redskins with a will. With sharp bayonet thrusts they cut down all who opposed them, for they struck out savagely, and hacked away like Cromwell's Ironsides. Nothing could stand up against such an onrush. The Indians wilted. They gave in. They turned. They ran. And the first to skip headlong across the yellow prairie was the far-famed Prophet, whose courage had oozed from him like water through a sieve. His prophecies had all gone wrong; his incantations had been worthless, and his influence among the red men had forever parted.

Harrison now pressed on to Prophet's Town, and found it absolutely deserted, for the Indians had decided to abandon everything, and had left behind their corn, chickens, hogs, household furniture, and firearms. As the rangers swept onward, thirty-seven of their own numbers lay dead upon the famous field of Tippecanoe, while one hundred and thirty-seven wounded limped to the carts in their rear. The redskin loss was never known, but it must have been much larger than that of the whites. Flushed with victory, the Americans soon

destroyed the Indian village, and then returned to Vincennes, well satisfied with such a complete victory. Harrison, himself, had won the admiration of his countrymen; so much so, that thirty years later he was elected President of the United States, mainly because of the fame which he won in this frontier battle. The campaign slogan of "Tippecanoe (as Harrison was called) and Tyler, too," swept over the country like fire, and roused an enthusiasm for the brave leader which has seldom been equalled. It resulted in his election to the position of Chief Executive by a magnificent majority.

Tecumseh had been away at the time of the battle, and, when he heard of the defeat of his own people, he was furious with rage. Hastening to Prophet's Town, he found only ashes and desolation where once had been stores, ammunition, arms, and houses. Filled with mortification and anger, he searched for his brother, the Prophet, and when he found him, shook him by the hair, so great was his resentment; for he had told the Indians to fight no battle during his absence. The Prophet was ever afterwards an object of contempt, and, as he would walk through the Indian village, the boys would yell and jeer at him, while the braves would turn their backs when they saw him coming.

Tecumseh wrote to General Harrison that he now desired to go to Washington and visit the Great Father, a request that was granted him. But he was told that he must go alone, and without a retinue; an answer which wounded the spirit of the proud savage so deeply that, when war broke out between the British and

Americans a few years later (the War of 1812), he joined the English army in Canada, saying: "I have taken sides with my father, the King, and I will suffer my bones to bleach upon the shore of the great lakes, before I will recross the American territory to take part in any council of neutrality."

In the fighting of the War of 1812 this great chief showed that he could lead an army almost as well as a white man. His military talent was so great that he was made a Brigadier General, a position which, to my knowledge, no other American Indian has ever held among white troops, except General Ely S. Parker, who commanded a detachment of regulars in the Army of the Potomac during the War of the Rebellion. The celebrated Shawnee fought bravely at a fierce fight at Brownstown, and was also at the siege of Detroit, with about seven hundred warriors, when this city capitulated to the British. The whole American frontier was open to the ravages of the Indians and English after this event, and under General Proctor, the combined forces of redskins and redcoats swept down upon the border fortress of Fort Meigs, and here captured a number of prisoners, although they did not take the stockade.

The Indians under Tecumseh numbered about eighteen hundred in the fighting at this place, and, giving way to their instincts, they tomahawked all that they could. General Proctor made no attempt to stop them, but was looking calmly at their fiendish work, when he saw Tecumseh galloping forward at great speed. Reaching the scene of slaughter, the savage leaped from

his horse, and seizing two Indians by the throat, knocked them to the ground. Then, drawing his tomahawk and scalping knife, he cried out: "He of you who injures another prisoner will be killed by Tecumseh. How dare you wreak vengeance upon defenseless men? Cowards! Begone!" Cowed by his consuming wrath, the savages slunk away, while the great chief, turning to Proctor, said: "Why, General, did you not stop this awful massacre?"

"Sir," replied the British General, "your Indians cannot be restrained."

"Begone!" thundered Tecumseh. "You are not fit to command! Go home and put on the petticoat of a squaw."

Shortly after this the celebrated Shawnee noticed a small group of Indians near by, who were standing about some prisoners. "Yonder are four of your people who have been taken prisoners," said Colonel Elliot to him. "You may do as you please with them." Tecumseh, therefore, walked over to the group and found four Shawnees, who, while fighting on the side of the Americans, had been unable to escape the British regulars, and had been captured. "Friends," said he, "Colonel Elliot has placed you in my charge, and I will send you back to your nation to have a talk with your people." So saying, he took them with him for some distance, and then sent two of his warriors to accompany them to their own chiefs, where they were discharged, under the promise that they would never fight again against the British during the war.

The disasters to the Americans led the Government

to collect a larger army, which was placed under the command of General Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe. Captain Oliver H. Perry built a fleet on Lake Erie, sailed out to attack the British boats, and defeated them. When he had done so, Harrison moved upon Fort Malden, where both Proctor and Tecumseh were stationed. The former burned the fort and retreated with Tecumseh's Indians, meaning to join the other British forces at Niagara, but before the retreat (when Harrison was at Fort Meigs) Tecumseh had sent him a personal challenge, which ran:

“GENERAL HARRISON: I have with me eight hundred braves. You have an equal number in your hiding place. Come out with them and give me battle. You talked like a brave when we met at Vincennes, and I respected you, but now you hide behind logs, and in earth, like a groundhog. Give me answer!

TECUMSEH.”

Harrison, however, refused to come out, and, as Proctor decided to retreat, Tecumseh seriously meditated a withdrawal from the contest. “You always told us that you would never draw your foot off British ground,” said he to the English commander. “Now, father, we see that you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our Father's conduct to a fat dog which carries its tail on its back, but, when affrighted, drops it between its legs and runs off. Father, listen! The Americans have not yet defeated us by land, neither are we sure that they have done so by

water; we, therefore, wish to remain here and fight our enemy, should he make his appearance. If we are defeated, we will then retreat with our father.

“Father, you have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent to his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us and you may go, and welcome. For us, our lives are in the hand of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our land, and if it be his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them.”

But Proctor would listen to no such talk, and pretended, from time to time, that he would halt and give battle. Much to the chagrin of the redskins, he kept on moving. Finally he halted on the river Thames, in Michigan, near a Moravian town, and told Tecumseh that he would here fight it out with the advancing Americans. The great chief, himself, chose the ground for battling, with a marsh on one flank and a stream upon the other. “Brother warriors,” said he to his chiefs, “we are about to enter an engagement from which I shall, doubtless, never return; my body will remain upon the field of battle.” Then unbuckling his sword, he handed it to a chief, remarking: “When my son becomes a noted warrior, and able to wield a sword, give this to him.”

Proctor had planted his guns in the highway and had deployed his regulars between them and a little marsh. Another marsh was five hundred yards further on, to the right, and here the Indians under Tecumseh were stationed, together with some British regulars. The rest of the Indians were sent out in front, upon the

extreme right, in a position just in front of the swampy bottom of the larger marsh. The ground was nearly covered with an open growth of trees, without underbrush, so that there was little impediment to fighting. Harrison, as he came up, placed his mounted infantry in front, for this was his strongest force, composed of a splendid body of Kentucky frontiersmen under Colonel Richard M. Johnson, all of whom were well used to border warfare. The infantry was in the rear, with a considerable body on the left flank, turned at right angle to the line, so as to face the Indians in the marsh. They were told to advance at the blast of the bugle and to fight as they had done at Tippecanoe—commands which they obeyed quite faithfully. At the shrill note of the horn the horsemen trotted forward. Then, as the British regulars began to pepper them with bullets, they gave a wild cheer, galloped on, and soon were charging right into the lines of the English.

Proctor knew that he was badly wanted by the Americans, because of his numerous massacres of defenseless non-combatants, and so leaped into a two-horse vehicle in order to escape. But a dozen well-mounted men galloped after him, and seeing that he was about to be captured, the faint-hearted Britisher jumped to the earth, took to the woods, and got safely off. Tecumseh's men, meanwhile, stood their ground and did not, at first, give way before the American advance. But soon the savages posted upon the extreme right before the marsh ran wildly into the woods. The valiant Tecumseh was shot in the arm, but, disdain- ing to fly, stood up manfully, while his wild, inspiring



DEATH OF TECUMSEH.

war whoop was loudly heard above the din of battle. Thus he was holding his own men to their work, when the Kentucky cavalry, having dispersed Proctor's regulars, returned to the field of battle. Forming for the attack, they rushed, with a wild cheer, upon the mixed battalion of reds and whites. Johnson, himself, was soon near the great chief and shot at him with his pistol. Tecumseh fell, whether from this shot, or not, is not definitely known. The tide of conflict rolled by the prostrate form of the mighty Shawnee, and, with fierce cheers of victory, the Americans chased the now routed British and Indians into the forest, securing a complete and overwhelming victory.

Near the battlefield, where a large oak lay prostrate by a willow marsh, the faithful Shawnees buried Tecumseh, after the American army, flushed with success, returned to the United States. The British Government granted a pension to the widow of the noted warrior, and to his son gave a sword. The willows and rose-bushes now grow thick above the mound where repose, in silence and solitude, the ashes of the mighty chief of the Shawnees. He struggled in vain against the inevitable, and his simple grave is only one of the many monuments which mark the restless, overwhelming advance of the conquering Americans. He fought a good fight. His fame is secure upon the golden pages of history.

WEATHERFORD: THE CREEK CONSPIRATOR AND FEARLESS FIGHTER

AMONG the tribes who swore allegiance to Tecumseh, none were more powerful than the Creeks, who occupied a vast stretch of country in the present states of Alabama and Tennessee. These Indians continued their warfare against the whites, long after the death of the famous leader of the Shawnees, and, under the guidance of Weatherford, did great damage to the white pioneers of this part of the country. Weatherford was an extremely handsome savage of fine face and figure. He was possessed of great physical strength and dauntless courage, but he was treacherous and merciless to those who fell into his clutches, and was never known to give quarter to a fallen enemy. For this reason he was hated and despised by the backwoodsmen and pioneers of the Mississippi Territory.

The Creeks began their depredations upon the frontier at the same time that Tecumseh's warriors were fighting against Harrison, and soon the whites of the southern country were forced to fly to the forts and stockades for protection. The Southwestern militia was called out to repel the attacks of the savages, and, under Governor Claiborne, about two hundred volunteers took station in a strong stockade called Fort Mimms, situated on Lake Tensas, Alabama, and crowded with

refugees. A Major Beasley was placed in charge of these soldiers, while Claiborne left for the interior of the state in order to raise more troops. "Respect your enemy, and be always ready to meet him," said he to Major Beasley, when he was about to depart. "The Indians are crafty, and one never knows when they are to debouch from the dark recesses of the forest. Be continually upon your guard, and do not fail to have sentries at all times upon watch."

"I promise you that I will use every caution against attack," Beasley replied. "Do not fear, it will be impossible for the Indians to enter our stockade."

"Very good," the Governor answered, as he turned to go. "I will be at Fort Early, the next stockade, when the Indians advance, be sure and dispatch a runner to me so that I can send you reinforcements, if attacked." So saying, he turned on his heel and soon had mounted his horse.

Not many days later, a negro, who had been sent to a planter's house for a supply of corn, came running into Fort Mimms in great agitation. "De Injuns am comin'," he wailed. "De red men done took a feller dat was wid me an' kill him. O Lawzy, Lawzy. I'se been runnin' lak er rabbit!"

But Major Beasley scoffed at the news. "I don't believe you, Sambo," said he. "For several of my own men have been out scouting and have reported no sign of Indians."

A few days after this, three negroes, while looking for cattle which had strayed from the fort, suddenly ran upon a large body of savages in the woods. Hastily

returning to the stockade, they reported the matter, with much fear and trembling. "I will send out scouts at once," said the commandant of the fort, "and will see if these reports are true." So a dozen rangers were immediately dispatched into the forest to discover signs of the Indians. They remained away for a day, and, upon their return, stated that they had seen no trace of the Creeks, and that they believed that the negro had told an untruth. Consequently he was flogged—an act of injustice which was to injure the white refugees in Fort Mimms more than they expected, or imagined.

Upon the following Monday this same negro was driving some cattle to pasture, when he saw several Indians in a cleared space, who were watching him carefully, as if it was their intention to capture him when he advanced near their position. Consequently he ran back to Fort Mimms in a great state of agitation, leaving his cattle to the tomahawks of the red men. But he did not report the near approach of the Indians, as he feared another thrashing, and so, when the shrill warwhoops of the savages soon echoed from the forest, the inhabitants of the stockade were totally unprepared to meet the assault of the red men. To the number of fifteen hundred they suddenly debouched from the fringe of forest near the fort, and made a dash for the palisade. Weatherford was in command, and, from a position slightly in the rear of the line, directed the operations of his men.

It was a hot day in August. The guard before the doorway of the fort had been relaxed, and the soldiers

lollod indolently in the shade of some trees. The heavy gates were wide open. The garrison was scattered about the enclosure, little expecting an onslaught from without, while several small children were picking wild flowers near the edge of the forest.. Major Beasley, himself, was occupied in one of the buildings, when loud yells and rifle shots warned him of an Indian attack. Rushing into the open, he saw, to his dismay, that the Creeks had entered the stockade through the gates which had been negligently standing ajar, and, although several men in buckskin had endeavored to close them, the onrush of the Indians swept all before them. In a moment the frontiersmen and savages were engaged in a desperate struggle. The whites, realizing that it was a death grapple, vainly strove to keep the followers of Weatherford from penetrating the stockade, and, although there were nearly three hundred men opposed to the redskins, it was soon evident that they could scarcely hold their own against the furious attack of the Creek warriors. Every officer of the American troops was killed in his tracks. Yet the remaining frontier fighters were unable to drive the Indians from the entrance, and, in spite of their well-aimed rifle shots, the savages gradually won their way into the stockade. A Lieutenant, badly wounded, was carried into a blockhouse by two of the women, but he insisted upon being taken back into the fight, and was soon again in the thick of the m el e, where he was shot through the body by an arrow and killed.

It was now about eleven o'clock. So many of the whites had been killed that the rest had to seek safety

in one of the blockhouses, where, with both doors and windows barricaded, they endeavored to make a last resistance to the yelping Creeks. The women and children were first huddled in the centre of the building, but soon some of the women took up muskets and aided the soldiers in the defense of this last resort. The fighting was most furious at this moment, and, with a heavy bar, the Creeks endeavored to break down the doorway. Some others rolled lighted faggots against the sides of the building, and, taking fire, the miserable whites were burned to cinders. Seventeen members of the garrison broke through the line of yelping Indians and escaped, while Major Beasley, himself, was consumed by the burning embers. When night fell, all was ruin and desolation, where once had stood the strong and presumably unpenetrable fortress of the frontier, while the shrill wailing of the Indian women sounded loud above the crackling of the burning stockade which Weatherford ordered to be set on fire.

When the news of this frightful massacre at Fort Mimms reached the interior, the white settlers were roused to indescribable wrath against the Creek warriors. Steps were immediately taken to guard against a further advance of the Indians, and the sum of \$300,000 was donated by the state of Tennessee for raising and equipping a number of troops to repel the invaders and, if possible, to cripple their operations. Five thousand rangers were soon collected on the frontier, and their leadership given to a then undistinguished soldier, called Andrew Jackson, who was later to become President of the United States, because of the very qualities

of dauntless courage which he was to exhibit in the trying Indian campaign before him. He had not yet fully recovered from a severe wound received in a duel with pistols, but, although badly crippled, he had sufficient strength to give personal attention to the drill and discipline of the splendid body of Indian fighters under his command. Colonel Coffee, Davy Crockett, and Sam Houston, all famous frontiersmen, were among his soldiers, and, although thoroughly untrained in the European method of warfare, they were well able to handle a body of Indians of twice their strength.

After the massacre at Fort Mimms, Weatherford had dropped back into his own territory, where his followers had towns and resources. Some Georgian troops, under Colonel Coffee, marched against him, but, learning that Jackson was coming up, waited for him at Ditto's Landing, on the Tennessee. Here many of the white troops rebelled, as there was not a sufficiency of food, but, brought to terms by the conduct and oratory of the indomitable Jackson, they consented to a further advance into the territory held by the warlike Creeks.

Learning of the advance of this formidable body of rangers, many of the Creeks, including Chief Chinna-boy, gave themselves up to the whites and swore allegiance to them. An Indian runner hastened to Weatherford, urging him to capitulate without a struggle, but to this the chief replied:

"I will never give in as long as I have ten men to fight behind me. You can tell Chinnaboy that he is a traitorous coward, and that, if I meet him, I will deal with

him in the same manner that I would with one of my white enemies."

The wily Creek leader also exhibited traits of excellent generalship, for, when the combined forces of Coffee and Jackson reached the vicinity of his encampment at Ten Islands, he ordered a retreat of his followers to a well-fortified town at Tallushatches (now Jacksonville, Alabama), on the Southern shore of the Coosa River. Jackson's men were suffering still from lack of provisions and many were mutinous, but the remarkable leader kept them at work with promises of future pay and honors, and, when news was brought that a large force of Creeks was besieging a friendly chief called Path Killer, he divided his army. A portion, under Colonel Coffee, was sent to attack Tallushatches, while the rest were dispatched to the assistance of Path Killer.

Colonel Coffee had only nine hundred men with him, and sent forward only a few of his soldiers to attack the Indian stockade and then to retreat. He thus hoped to entice the red men from their strong position, and his plan was entirely successful. After making a vigorous advance against the Creeks, his soldiers began to fall back, and then to run away. The Indians hotly pursued, thinking that they had the white men at their mercy. But this is exactly what Coffee wished them to do. His greater force was lying in ambush, and, as the painted warriors rushed, yelping, after his flying column, his other soldiers poured vigorous broadsides into their ranks.

Dismayed and terrified, the followers of Weatherford now turned to retreat, but the Americans surrounded

them entirely. Then ensued a sanguinary, hand-to-hand encounter. Some of the red warriors broke through the surrounding line and ran back to their village, where they hid in the tepees. As long as they had power to move a limb, they fought like tigers at bay. But the white troops soon overcame all resistance, and killed all of those who had, such a short time before, rushed victoriously against them. Five of the Americans only were killed, and forty-one were wounded, while about two hundred Indians were put to death.

Weatherford was not with this division of his forces, but, with a more powerful contingent, was besieging the friendly Path Killer at Fort Talladega. Jackson hurried to the relief of this place, and, because of very swift marching, arrived there much sooner than the Creeks had expected. But Weatherford was not taken by surprise, and hurled his warriors against the militia with such fury that they gave away. Jackson quickly brought up some mounted rangers, who charged the oncoming redskins with a will. In spite of Weatherford's example and exhortations, his red warriors now broke and ran. Three miles off was a range of densely wooded mountains, and to this the Creeks hastened as fast as their nimble limbs would carry them, while the Americans followed in hot pursuit. Fully a thousand savages fell before the onrush of the men in fringed buckskin, while but fifteen of the American riflemen were killed.

As the Creeks, weary and disgruntled, rested in the security of the mountains, a warrior approached Weatherford, and said:

“Great Chief, I see that we can do nothing against

these whites. They will conquer us, no matter how long we resist. I, for one, am going to give myself up. As for you, you can continue the war if you so will, but it will be useless."

"Coward," shouted the Creek leader in great wrath. "I will have your blood for such treachery!" And with no more words, he struck the red man down with his hatchet.

With Jackson things were also going ill. His men grew so ill-humored with starvation that many revolted, and there was danger of the expedition being abandoned. One day, a starving soldier saw the General sitting under a tree, eating something, and going to him, said:

"General Jackson, I can stand this no longer. If you cannot furnish me with bread, I will go home, and many others with me. Men, sir, cannot fight on empty stomachs."

Jackson looked carefully at him before answering.

"You see that I am eating," said he. "I am always ready to divide with a hungry man. Here, take half of my supply of nourishment."

So saying, he reached in his pocket and extracted a handful of acorns.

"Thank you, General," replied the soldier. "If you can fight on such a diet, certainly I, myself, can." And so saying, he walked off humming a tune. The example of "Old Hickory" (as Jackson was nicknamed) was all that allayed mutiny and dispersal among the men.

Weatherford now collected a large force upon an island in the Tallapoosa River, near the mouth of Emuckfau Creek, and, in this densely wooded and swampy country,

waited for the Americans to advance upon him. Fierce and vindictive in his hatred for the superior race, he determined to fight to the last ditch rather than to capitulate to the men under Jackson, Coffee, and Floyd, who headed the Georgia militia. Here he had built a rude stockade, and, confident in his ability to withstand an attack, waited for developments.

On the seventeenth of January, Jackson, with nearly one thousand men, marched for the centre of the Indian country, reinforced by Fife, a noted chief, with about two hundred red warriors. As his soldiers pushed through the rough country in the direction of Weatherford's army, scouts from the latter's forces warned the crafty chieftain of the approach of the white troops. In the early morning of the twenty-second of January, the left flank of the rangers was furiously attacked by Weatherford's advance guard. Turning upon them, the men under Old Hickory soon were engaged in a furious battle. The underbrush and saplings impeded good fighting, as they afforded good cover to the redskins, but in spite of this, the buckskin rangers did as much damage as the savages. In a half hour's time the Creeks were routed, but, as the Americans rested and re-arranged their line, the Indians returned to the fray. Led on by Weatherford, in person, they did great damage until finally driven off by a bayonet charge. As the whites withdrew, because of a shortness in their provisions, the Indians claimed this as a victory.

But Jackson only drew off to prepare for another advance, while the Creeks determined to make a last stand at the Great Horseshoe Bend of the Tallapoosa

River, in the state of Alabama. Weatherford had a thousand warriors still left, although many had been killed in the recent fighting with Old Hickory. He had caused a well-fortified camp to be erected, which was built with such skill that it could only be carried by a direct assault. "We have been defeated many times," said he to his warriors, "but now we *must* win a battle. If the whites again defeat us, we shall be lost."

Jackson was now determined to crush the Indians with an overwhelming blow. Consequently, on March 27th he reached the neighborhood of the Creeks' fortifications, with a large and well-equipped army of frontiersmen and friendly Indians. The rangers had all been under fire; many of them had lost friends and relatives in the massacre at Fort Mimms; and thus there was a strong spirit of revenge among them. As they crept silently through the forest they marched in single file, and gave the impression of a huge earthworm, wriggling through the dense undergrowth. Quietly and without noise, the friendly Indians and mounted rangers were sent across the river below the Indian encampment, so as to cut off the retreat of the red men; while a small body of expert riflemen was sent forward to set fire to several buildings. As these crackled and burned in the early morning light, the remaining troops opened fire upon the breastworks, behind which the Creek warriors were hiding.

For five hours the fighting raged. At first it seemed impossible to get into the camp of Weatherford's adherents, but eventually a number of the Tennessee rangers managed to climb over the fallen logs and

timber, and to grapple single handed with the hostiles. With a rousing cheer the rest of the rangers now rushed over the barricade, driving many of the Creeks behind their houses. A desperate struggle now took place, but, seeing that they were about to be surrounded, many of the Creeks, including Weatherford, made a wild dash for freedom. Six hundred redskins were soon killed, while over two hundred captives, including women and children, were marched to the rear under a strong guard. At nightfall the pursuit of the Creeks was abandoned, and the battle of Tohopeka, or the Great Horseshoe Bend, was over. The Creeks had suffered such an overwhelming defeat that their spirit of resistance was absolutely crushed.

Weatherford escaped into the forest, and nothing was heard of him. Hundreds of his followers came to Jackson's camp and gave themselves up in the week following their defeat at Horseshoe Bend, for they realized that further resistance would be impossible. "I will accept your capitulation only on one condition," said Jackson to some of the Creek refugees. "And that is that you deliver Weatherford to me, bound by deer thongs. You must also allow me to do with him as I see fit. I know that you wish for peace, but I cannot guarantee it to you until your leader is in my hands. He is an evil man, and I do not know when he will again raise an insurrection."

Deep in the tangled forest, word was brought to Weatherford of the wish of Old Hickory.

"I will never submit to being bound," cried the Creek chieftain, "but I will surrender myself of my own

free will, if this is the only way in which peace can be assured. Were you people not cowards, I could yet defeat this boasting General Jackson."

Not long afterwards the American commander was sitting in his tent, dictating some dispatches, when a tall and stately Indian suddenly stalked inside. As Jackson, in amazement, gazed at him, the intruder said:

"I am Weatherford, the chief who led the attack upon Fort Mimms. I have come to ask for peace for my people, who desire it."

Jackson looked at him with no cheerful gaze. "I am surprised," said he, "that you should come into my presence, for I know of your inhuman conduct at Fort Mimms, for which you deserve death. I ordered that you should be brought to me bound, and should you have been brought to me in that manner, I should have known how to treat you."

Weatherford smiled. "I am in your power," said he. "You can do with me as you please, for I am a soldier. I have done the whites all the harm that I could. I have fought them and have fought them bravely. If I had an army, I would yet fight; I would contend to the last; but I have none. My people are all gone. I can only weep over the misfortunes of my nation."

Old Hickory was himself a brave man, and could not help admiring the boldness of this handsome Indian chieftain. A smile lighted his countenance, as he said:

"I will take no advantage of you; you may yet raise a war party and fight us. But if you are captured, you

shall receive no quarter. Unconditional surrender is the only safe measure for you and your people."

Weatherford drew himself up in a dignified manner, and replied:

"You can now safely address me in such terms. There was a time when I could have answered you; there was a time when I had a choice; I have none now. I have not even a hope. I could once animate my warriors to battle, but I cannot animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice. Their bones are at Talladega, Tallushatches, Emuckfau, and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself without thought. While there was a single chance for success, I never left my post nor supplicated for peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation, not for myself. I look back with deep sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left only to contend with the army from Georgia, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river, and fought them on the other. But your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man. I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should accede to. Whatever they may be, it would now be madness and folly to oppose them. If they are opposed, you shall find me among the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out can be influenced only by a mean spirit of revenge. To this they must not, and shall not sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told our nation where we might go and be safe. This is good talk, and they ought to listen to it. They *shall* listen to it."

“Go,” answered Jackson, “if you so will. I shall not hinder you. But, if you rouse further strife, beware of me and my men. We shall deal with you, next time, with no careful hand.”

The great leader of the Creeks thus departed, as proudly arrogant as he had come, and soon his form was lost in the shadows of the forest.

BLACK HAWK: CHIEF OF THE SACS AND FOXES AND LEADER OF THE BLACK HAWK REBELLION

STEP by step the whites were fighting their way across the country, and in 1832 had frontier settlements in the territory between the Illinois and the Mississippi rivers. The Sacs and the Foxes here had their towns, their principal leader being Black Hawk, a man of splendid physique and noble bearing. He was not only a warrior, but was also an orator of distinction and ability, many of his speeches possessing a poetical eloquence which is remarkable. Personally he was a brave man, but he showed no special generalship in handling his forces, and, although at first successful in attacking the whites, he soon was overwhelmed by the superior ability and prowess of the men of another race.

In 1830 the Sacs and Foxes, through a chief named Keokuk as negotiator, sold much of their land to the United States and agreed to move to the west of the Mississippi. Black Hawk was not consulted in this matter, and became very indignant when he learned what had transpired. Finding that a considerable number of Indians were dissatisfied with the treaty, he offered to place himself at their head and to rebel

against Keokuk. But open rebellion did not occur, because of difficulties with the whites, which soon turned the vindictive spirit of Black Hawk against them, and not against the men of his own race. The act which led to hostilities was peculiar.

One of the Sacs found a beehive in a hollow tree, and carried it to his wigwam. Some of the white squatters claimed that it was theirs and made the Indian give it up. But not content with this, they now plundered the savage's wigwam of all the skins which he had collected by hunting in the winter. When the Indian protested, they laughed at him, and thus ill-blood was aroused between the whites and the redskins, which finally culminated in open warfare. "We must have war," said Black Hawk in the council chamber, "or else we shall be driven into the far West, without lands, horses, or shelter. Those of you who are cowards may follow Keokuk, but those of you who wish to maintain your own against the aggressions of these whites, must take up your tomahawks with me."

An old residence of the tribe was the Sac village, situated upon a point of land at the confluence of the Mississippi and Rock Rivers, which had been occupied by them for over a century and a half. As this spot was in the limits of the ceded territory, the Americans demanded the evacuation of the village, but Black Hawk convinced Keokuk that his cession of land was illegal and made him promise to open a negotiation with the Americans, and to have the village restored. With this expectation the Indians still kept possession of the village, until the autumn of the year 1830, when

they went into the deep forests, as usual, for their winter's hunt after furs. No sooner had they departed than the whites occupied the tepees and houses in the village, and when the Indians returned, they found that hundreds of white men and women were in their own wigwams. These refused to leave, claiming that the village rightly belonged to them, and so angered the savages by their obstinacy that the chiefs of the allied tribes of Sacs and Foxes determined to drive them out by force.

The white settlers were not in sufficient numbers to oppose the savages, and, realizing their weakness, offered to compromise by living in company with the tribe. Strange as it may seem, the Indians agreed to this, but soon regretted their bargain, as the whites appropriated all the best planting lands, crowded the red men out of their homes, and at length told them that they must leave the village. Many complied, but Black Hawk and a number of warriors refused to move; a fact which led the whites to complain to the Governor of Illinois of the "encroachments of the Indians, and unfair dealings of the Sacs and Foxes."

"I will immediately send the militia to your assistance," wrote the Governor to the complaining citizens. "I furthermore proclaim that the state has been invaded by foreign enemies. The soldiers are for the public defense. They will remove the Indians, dead or alive, to their proper position across the Mississippi River." Seven hundred militiamen began an immediate advance upon the settlement, but General Gaines, the commander of the United States troops in that

section of country, foreseeing that this movement would provoke the Indians to open hostilities, hurried to Rock River in order to mediate between the soldiers and redskins. He arrived before the Illinois militia had reached the ground, and, by means of a long harangue, persuaded about a third of the Indians to peacefully retire across the river. The rest, including Black Hawk, refused to leave the place, the women imploring their husbands to fight rather than to abandon their homes.

Seeing that he would have to use his best powers of persuasion, Gaines held a council with Black Hawk on the seventh of June, and there argued for peace for over an hour. The savage leader was painted and armed for battle, and was surrounded by many of his best warriors. "I am not afraid of the Americans," said he, "and I will not remove from my rightful possessions. I am fully able to make war against your soldiers, and to drive them into the sea, if necessary. Let your men come on. I am ready to receive them." Notwithstanding their proud boasts, as soon as the militia came up on the twenty-fifth, the followers of Black Hawk abandoned their position without firing a gun. Two days later, Black Hawk made his appearance again, with a white flag, and demanded another parley, after which a treaty was agreed upon, whereby he and his malcontents relinquished their claim to the territory under dispute. Satisfied with this turn of affairs, the militia withdrew.

Peace was to be of short duration, for the Indians still retained their feelings of exasperation caused by the treatment which they had received, and the Ameri-



Courtesy of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute.

BLACK HAWK.

cans did not live up to the terms of their treaty. As usual, they scoffed at the requests of the redskins, and told them that their demands were unjust, when they asked for a supply of corn which had been promised them. Black Hawk's men grew bold and surly. Early in 1831 they attacked a band of peaceable Sioux, encamped near an American fort at Prairie du Chien, and killed twenty-eight. This exasperated the white settlers, and a demand was made for the murderers. Black Hawk refused to deliver them up. "This is an affair between two Indian tribes, independent of the authority of the Great White Father," said he. "I will not give up my people, because of this. You can do what you like about it." As the murdered men were, at the time of the killing, under the protection of the United States Government, the Indian chief was, of course, in the wrong.

It was now the spring of the year 1832, and Black Hawk had collected a force of Sacs, Foxes and Winnebagoes amounting to about a thousand warriors. Crossing the Mississippi, the redskins marched upon the frontier settlements, burning and scalping with a ruthless hand, and driving the white inhabitants before them in alarm. Farms were abandoned; remote settlements were left to their fate; while forts and stockades were crowded with refugees. The Governor of Illinois ordered out a brigade of militia, and, under General Atkinson, the soldiers marched for the scene of hostilities. Regular troops soon joined with the state militia, so that three thousand four hundred men were marching towards the arrogant chief of the re-

bellious Indians. Black Hawk saw that he could not cope with such a force, and so withdrew from the open country into the swamps, from the protection of which he sent out marauding parties against the settlements. The country was in the greatest fear and alarm.

Atkinson halted for reinforcements and dispatched a Major Stillman with two hundred and seventy men to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Black Hawk's hiding place. Learning of their approach, the chief sent out three of his warriors with a flag of truce, and an invitation to the officers to visit his camp. The white soldiers paid no attention to the flag, took the Indians prisoners, and killed two other Winnebagoes who came up to look for their first party, when the emissaries did not return. This was not the boasted method of warfare which the white man prided himself upon, and it naturally enfuried the followers of Black Hawk. There were but forty in the camp, as the rest were out hunting, and, when the whites pressed forward to the attack, these armed themselves for the fray, and quietly waited for the rangers to approach. The latter advanced in much disorder, crossed a narrow creek, and were confidently pushing towards Black Hawk's camp, when they were fiercely assailed by the savages. Although outnumbering the redskins, they were no match for them, and soon were thrown into great disorder. Their situation finally became so desperate that the retreat was sounded on the bugle, and they ran away in great confusion. It was a signal triumph for the savages.

More troops were ordered to join with Atkinson.

Five companies of artillery made a rapid march of eighteen days from Fortress Monroe, on the Chesapeake, to Chicago, on Lake Michigan, but were attacked by cholera on the route, so that all were unfit for service before they even reached the seat of war. Only nine were left alive in one entire corps. Many men already at the front deserted. Some died in the woods, and their bodies were devoured by wolves. Others straggled into the settlements with their knapsacks on their backs, staggering from faintness and wounds. They were shunned by the inhabitants as the source of a mortal disease, and were left to shift for themselves. General Scott, who was advancing with reinforcements, directed Atkinson to pursue the campaign without waiting for him, as his entire force was knocked out by the dread scourge, so the American leader determined for an immediate advance upon the warriors of the now much-feared leader of the Indian forces.

As the frontier soldiers scoured the country in the endeavor to drive the savages from their lurking-places, Black Hawk began to retreat. Abandoning a camp which he had formed at the Four Lakes, he moved towards the Mississippi, having been assured by the tribes who lived in this quarter that they would not only join his party, but would also furnish him with plentiful supplies and provisions. He was to be grievously disappointed. No allies joined him, no provisions were brought to his camp, and scouts told him that the Americans were close upon his trail. As he was about to cross the Wisconsin River, about forty miles from a frontier fortress, called Fort Winnebago, he was at-

tacked by an advanced body of the Americans, under General Dodge. The fight began just at dusk, and, although sixteen of the red men were slain, the rest escaped across the stream. Many of the women and children were captured by the white soldiers as they attempted to run down the river in canoes, and many of them were drowned, as their frail barques were sunk by the fire of the frontiersmen.

The once boastful Indian chief was now terrified by the advance of his despised enemies, and his vaunted courage had ebbed with the decay of his fortunes. Had he been a Tecumseh, or a King Philip, he would have made one last desperate stand against the whites, and would have died at the head of his rebellious warriors. He had suffered no wrong from the white settlers beyond that of personal insult, and, although he had been driven from the home of his forefathers, it had been only after a treaty with members of his tribe. Yet, it is hard to restrain our sympathy for him and his people, for now, surrounded on three sides, his one thought was of safety, and he was bent solely on the means of escape for the remnant of his fighting force.

On August 1st, as he was attempting to cross the Mississippi, he was interrupted by an armed steamboat, called the *Warrior*, the Captain of which has written the following account of the engagement which then took place:

“I was dispatched with the *Warrior* alone to Wapashaw’s village, one hundred and twenty miles above Prairie du Chien, to inform them of the approach of Black Hawk, and to order down all the friendly Indians

to Prairie du Chien. On the way down we met one of the Sioux band, who informed us that the Indians (under Black Hawk) were on Bad Axe River, to the number of four hundred. We stopped to cut some wood and prepare for action. About four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon (August 1st), we found the *Gentlemen* where he stated that he had left them. As we neared them, they raised a white flag and endeavored to decoy us, but we were a little too old for them, and, instead of landing, ordered them to send a boat on board, which they declined. After some fifteen minutes' delay, giving them time to remove a few of their women and children, we let slip a sixpounder, loaded with canister, followed by a severe fire of musketry, and if ever you saw straight blankets (Indians running) you would have seen them there. I fought them at anchor most of the time, and we were all very much exposed. I have a ball which came in close by where I was standing and passed through the bulkhead of the wheel-room. We fought them for about an hour or more, until our wood began to fail, and, night coming on, we left and went on to the Prairie. This little fight cost them twenty-three killed, and, of course, a great many wounded. We never lost a man, and had but one wounded—shot through the leg. The next morning, before we could get back again, they had the whole of General Atkinson's army upon them. We found them at it, walked in and took a hand ourselves. The first shot from the *Warrior* laid out three. I can hardly tell you anything about it, for I am in great haste, as I am now on my way to the field again. The army lost eight

or nine killed, and seventeen wounded, whom we brought down. One died on deck, last night. We brought down thirty-six prisoners, women and children. There is no fun in fighting Indians, particularly at this season, when the grass is bright."

What he says of Atkinson's arrival is only too true. Atkinson arrived with a vengeance, and, after a three hours' action, totally defeated the Indians; great numbers of them being driven into the Mississippi and drowned, or captured, by the American sharpshooters. Black Hawk stole away and got safely off, during the action, leaving all his baggage behind him, and certificates signed by British officers, testifying to his good character and excellent services rendered by him to the British cause in the war of 1812. With a small party, he reached the Winnebago village of Prairie du Chien, and, despairing of eluding his persevering pursuers, told the chiefs of this settlement that he wished to surrender himself to the whites, and that, if they wished, they might put him to death. But the Winnebago warriors did him no harm. Their women presented him with a suit of white tanned deerhide, as a testimonial to his bravery and gallantry; made much of him, and crowded about the renowned chieftain in wonder and delight. After a few days of rest he was accompanied by two Winnebago chiefs to the headquarters of General Street, where he was delivered into the hands of the American General.

The soldier was seated at a table, when the famous warrior entered, and, greeting him cordially, he asked him if he had anything to say for himself. The cap-

tured chieftain drew himself up to his full height, and then spoke in a slow and majestic manner. Although renowned only as a warrior, his oratory is quite equal to that of Red Jacket and other famous speakers of the Indian race; and had he not been noted as a war chieftain, his speeches would have given him distinction among those of his own color.

“You have taken me prisoner with all my warriors,” said he. “I am much grieved, for I expected, if I did not defeat you, to hold out much longer and give you more trouble before I surrendered. I tried hard to bring you into ambush, but your last general understands Indian fighting. The first one was not so wise. When I saw that I could not beat you by Indian fighting, I determined to rush on you and fight you face to face. I fought hard. But your guns were well aimed. The bullets flew like birds in the air, and whizzed by our ears like the wind through the trees in winter. My warriors fell around me; it began to look dismal. I saw my evil day at hand. The sun rose dim on us in the morning, and at night it sunk in a dark cloud, and looked like a ball of fire. That was the last sun that shone on Black Hawk. His heart is dead and no longer beats quick in his bosom. He is now a prisoner to the white man; they will do with him as they wish. But he can stand torture, and is not afraid of death. He is no coward. Black Hawk is an Indian.

“He has done nothing for which an Indian has been ashamed. He has fought for his countrymen, the squaws, and papposes, against white men, who came year after year to cheat him and take away their lands.

You know the cause of our making war. It is known to all white men. They ought to be ashamed of it. The white men despise the Indians and drive them from their homes. But the Indians are not deceitful. The white men speak bad of the Indian and look at him spitefully. But the Indian does not tell his. Indians do not steal.

“Black Hawk is a true Indian and disdains to cry like a woman. He feels for his wife, his children, and friends. But he does not care for himself. He cares for his nation and the Indians. They will suffer. He laments their fate. The white men do not scalp the head; but they do worse, they poison the heart; it is not pure with them. His countrymen will not be scalped, but they will, in a few years, become like the white men, so that you can't trust them, and there must be, as in the white settlements, nearly as many officers as men, to take care of them and keep them in order.

“Farewell, my nation! Black Hawk tried to save you and avenge your wrongs. He drank the blood of some of the whites. He has been taken prisoner, and his plans are stopped. He can do no more. He is near his end. His sun is setting, and he will rise no more. Farewell to Black Hawk.”

Although much impressed by this oration, the General ordered the noted chief to be made a prisoner, and sent to Washington to confer with Andrew Jackson, who was the President. Arriving at the seat of government, the celebrated warrior was soon ushered into the presence of the chief magistrate, whom he greeted with the words: “I am a man and you are another. Do with

me as you will. I know that you will give me fair treatment."

Later on, he said: "We did not expect to conquer the whites, no. They had too many houses; too many men. I took up the hatchet, for my part, to revenge the injuries which my people could no longer endure. Had I borne them longer without striking, my people would have said, 'Black Hawk is a woman; he is too old to be a chief; he is a Sac.' These reflections caused me to raise the warwhoop. I say no more of it; it is known to you. Keokuk once was here; you took him by the hand, and, when he wished to return to his home, you were willing. Black Hawk expects that, like Keokuk, we shall be permitted to return, too."

"You must feel no uneasiness about your women and children," said the President. "They will be looked after and will be protected from their Indian enemies. You must promise me never to lift the hatchet again against the white man, and then you can return to your own race."

Having secured the necessary promise, Black Hawk, with some companions, was sent to Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, where he was amazed and much flattered by the immense crowds of spectators who flocked from all quarters to obtain a view of him. The sight of the navy yards, arsenals, and ships of war made him realize the weakness and insignificance of his own nation compared with the Americans, and, upon viewing some troops in New York, he exclaimed: "I once thought that I could conquer the whites, my heart grew bitter and my hands grew strong. But the white

men were mighty. I and my people failed. I see the strength of the white men. I will be the white man's friend. I will go to my people and speak good of the white men. I will tell them that they are like the leaves of the forest, very many, very strong, and that I will fight no more against them."

From New York the Indians returned by way of Albany and the Great Lakes to the Upper Mississippi, where they were set at liberty. No incident worthy of record took place for three years after his liberation, until the summer of 1837, when a battle occurred between the Sacs and Foxes, on one hand, and the Sioux upon the other, in which this noted chieftain participated. The remainder of his life was peaceful enough, as he was honored by both reds and whites. Invited to a dinner at a Fourth of July celebration at Fort Madison, Wisconsin, he was seated to the right of the toastmaster, who spoke of him as follows, when his health was proposed:

"Our illustrious guest. May his declining years be as calm as his previous life has been boisterous and filled with warlike events. His present friendship to the whites fully entitles him to a seat at our board."

To which the now aged warrior responded:

"It has pleased the Great Spirit that I am here to-day. The earth is our mother, and we are now permitted to look upon it. A few snows ago I was fighting against the white people; perhaps I was wrong; let it be forgotten. I love my towns and cornfields on the Rock River; it is a beautiful country. I fought for it, but it is now yours. Keep it as the Sacs did. I was once

a warrior, but I am now poor. I love to look upon the Mississippi. I have looked upon it from a child. I love the beautiful river. My home has always been upon its banks. I thank you for your friendship. I will say no more."

Black Hawk—the orator, and defeated, though not crestfallen chieftain—died October 3rd, 1838. Many whites, as well as Indians, assembled at his tepee to pay their last respects to the noted red man, and buried him as the Sac chieftains had always been interred. This was according to his wish. Instead of covering his body with earth, it was placed upon the ground in a sitting posture, with a cane between the knees, supporting the hands. Slabs and rails were then piled around the remains, and the bones of Black Hawk were left to the care of the elements. During the following winter the body was stolen, and a year later was found in the possession of a surgeon of Quincy, Illinois. But the Governor of Iowa, learning of this outrage, compelled the thieving medical man to restore the skeleton of the noted warrior to his friends. These interred the bones of the chief beneath the ground, with a simple headstone to mark the last resting place of the once powerful warrior of the Sacs and Foxes.

OSCEOLA: THE SNAKE OF THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES

IN a rude stockade in Florida, an officer of the United States Government sat before a rough-hewn table, upon which was laid the papers of an Indian treaty. It was the year 1832. Before him stood several Seminole chieftains, one of whom was nearly white and had a sharp, intelligent and crafty-looking countenance.

"You see," said the American soldier, pointing to the paper, "by the terms of this agreement, you Seminoles are to give up all your possessions in Florida, are to receive \$15,400 upon arriving at your new home, and shall each have a blanket. Your women will each have a new homespun frock. Seven of your chiefs must consent to this agreement before it becomes a law. That is the will of our great father, President Jackson."

"I will sign your paper," said one of the gaudily-attired Seminoles, stepping forward.

"And I, also," said another.

But he of the sharp features jumped quickly between them and the parchment. It was Osceola, half Indian and half white, a redskin of treacherous courage and implacable hatred for the whites.

"I shall never sign these lies," said he with violence, "you whites are all cowards and cheats!" and, seizing his long knife in his right hand, he plunged it through



Courtesy of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute.
OSCEOLA.

the paper with such force that it went clean through the table upon which it lay. Then turning haughtily, he left the room, and disappeared.

The officer wrote to Washington that, in spite of the opposition of some of the chiefs, the treaty would be ratified by the Indians and they would leave their homes in the Everglades and swamps to the possession of the whites. But, in this, he was mistaken. It became apparent that the Seminoles intended to fight rather than to give up their lands to the white pioneers. A General Thompson called the real leaders of these Southern redskins to another conference, in October, 1834, and said:

“I have told you that you must stand to your bargain; my talk is the same. Your father, the President, who is your friend, will compel you to go. Therefore, be not deluded by any hope or expectation that you will be permitted to remain here.”

“We will remain and will fight,” answered the spokesman of the chiefs.

Six months later, they were again called together to hear the message of their father, President Jackson, the great white chief in Washington. General Thompson read them the message of this wise statesman, which ran:

“My children, I am sorry to have heard that you have been listening to bad counsel. You know me, and you know that I would not deceive you, nor advise you to do anything that was unjust or injurious. Open your ears and attend now to what I am going to say to you. They are the words of a friend, and the words of truth.

“The white people are settling round you. The game has disappeared from your country. Your people are poor and hungry. All this you have perceived for some time. And nearly three years ago you made an agreement with your friend, Colonel Gadsen, acting on the part of the United States, by which you agreed to cede your lands in Florida, and to remove and join your brothers, the Creeks, in the country west of the Mississippi.”

After going into the terms of the treaty, the message concluded with:

“I now learn that you refuse to carry into effect the solemn promises thus made by you, and that you have stated to the officers of the United States that you will not remove to the Western country. My children, I have never deceived you, nor will I ever deceive any of the red people. I tell you that you must go, and you will go. . . . But lest some of your rash men should forcibly oppose your arrangements for removal, I have ordered a large military force to be sent among you. . . . Should you listen to the bad birds that are always flying about you, and refuse to go, I have directed the commanding officer to remove you by force. This will be done. I pray the Great Spirit, therefore, to incline you to do what is right.”

This strong appeal divided the Seminoles, a considerable number consenting to their removal; but Osceola would not hear of such a step, and, when protesting against the matter in the presence of General Thompson, grew so angry that he drew a knife. “Arrest this man, immediately!” cried the now irate soldier, “and put him in irons until further orders.”

Maddened and outraged by this treatment, Osceola secretly swore revenge. The devil rose in the soul of this mongrel of the Florida canebrakeś, and he made an oath to never rest until he had the life blood of General Thompson. But, simulating a spirit of peace, he agreed to sign the treaty, and to do all in his power to persuade his people to follow his example. He was playing a part, and his true nature soon asserted itself, after seventy-nine of his people (men, women, and children) signed the compact with the Government of the United States at Fort King. Osceola, himself, put his name to the deed, but two weeks later shot down a white interloper who had penetrated the dense jungle of the Everglades, where he had made his home. Soon all of the Seminoles were in arms, and the Government of the United States was plunged into a desperate conflict, which was to last for seven long and tedious years.

There were three important and crucial events in this bitter struggle. One was the annihilation of Major Dade and his men; another the shooting of General Thompson, and a third the capture and death of the crafty and treacherous Osceola.

Only five hundred regular troops of the United States army were in Florida in the fall of 1836. One company was at St. Augustine; six were in the centre of the state at Fort King, and three were near what is now the town of Tampa, at Fort Brooke on Hillsboro Bay. "Two companies will leave Fort Brooke on December 16th, to meet an equal number from Fort King near the forks of the Ouithlacoochee River, in order to make an active campaign against the Seminoles," wrote General

Clinch, the director of the Southern army at that time, to the commander at Fort Brooke. So, collecting the necessary men, that part of the expedition which was to come from Fort Brooke was soon made up, placed under the charge of Major Francis L. Dade, who had fought gallantly at Tippecanoe twenty-five years before, and, with one hundred and nine effectives, and a guide (half negro and half Spanish) started towards the place of rendezvous. One six-pound cannon, drawn by four oxen, brought up the rear.

The troops were not able to make speedy progress, for tangled weeds, branches, and vines grew across the roadway in dense confusion. In four days they only went sixty-five miles into the jungle, in whose dank and soggy depths the keen eyes of Osceola's men watched like ferrets. Lean-bodied warriors crept like snakes through the undergrowth, by paths known to themselves alone, and kept their cruel chieftain continually advised of the advance of the little army. Even the half-breed guide was a spy and a traitor; he had told the Seminoles by what route the whites were to advance, and had hinted to them that it would be an excellent opportunity to annihilate the entire band. Osceola prepared to do so, and, in a place favorable for attack, collected a strong body of half-naked and well-armed redskins.

On December the 28th, Major Dade's little battalion crossed the waters of the Ouithlacochee and marched slowly along the sandy trail which was the only road. The ground was rather open and covered with a sparse growth of tropical palmettos. On the right was a small

pond, surrounded by a swampy marsh, overgrown with rank grass, five feet high, and scrubby bushes and trees. On the left it was open and without much grass. The troops pushed on unsuspectingly, but behind the rank growth of weeds several hundred Seminoles, under Micanopy, lay in ambush. Osceola was away upon a mission of death, and had left strict orders that not a savage was to fire his piece until the signal was given.

The Americans were strung out in a long line, and were totally unsuspecting of any attack. Two Lieutenants were in the advance, and after them marched Major Dade with the main force, the six-pounder in the midst of the light-hearted soldiers. They trudged along singing, but Micanopy had his eye upon the leader of the expedition, and, as he passed by, the Indian took careful aim at his head. *Crack!* a rifle shot rang out upon the clear air, the gallant Major fell prostrate to the ground, and, with a wild, blood-curdling warwhoop, the Seminole warriors discharged a gruelling volley into the advancing column. The two Lieutenants in front immediately went down. The suddenness of the attack appalled and staggered the Americans.

But, although staggered, there was no panic, and the whites were not disorganized. With immediate promptitude the soldiers fell back from the road into the trees, and returned the rifle fire of their savage enemies. Crouching behind fallen logs and palmetto stumps, they only discharged their muskets when they saw a redskin show himself, and so accurate was their fire that the attackers finally withdrew. For forty minutes the battle had raged with fury.

About fifty Americans were now left, and, with a knowledge of Indian tactics that is commendable, they instantly began to fell trees for a breastwork in the form of a triangle. The wounded were carried to the centre, and the six-pounder was placed where it could rake the oncoming foe. Working with desperation, the whites had succeeded in raising a protecting barrier, three tree trunks high, when a terrible yell from the forest of palmettos announced another Indian attack. The Seminoles poured a destructive fire into the little fort. Men fell upon every side, but with stolid and grim determination, the soldiers fought on in silence.

Unfortunately for the soldiers, their palisade was in a slight hollow, so the Indians commanded it from all sides. Lieutenant Keais lay helpless against the breastwork with both arms broken, until killed by a bullet through the head. Another officer, Henderson, continued to load and fire his musket with a broken arm, until dispatched by a leaden missile in the chest. A Doctor did great damage with two double-barreled shotguns, until finally knocked over by the accurate fire of some Seminoles who had crawled into the trees. Captain Gardiner was seen by one of the survivors to fall, crying out: "I can give no more orders, my brave boys. Do your best!" But soon there was no more fire from the log breastworks; the Indians swarmed into the rude fort, and it was all over with Major Dade's battalion.

Although the Seminoles took many scalps, they left three men alive, who feigned death, and, as they were bodily wounded, looked as if they had suffered the fate

of all. One of them was shot by a lurking warrior when he tried to get away. The other two, however, crawled off towards Fort Brooke, sixty-five miles through the Everglades, and one of them reached this haven of refuge. The third was shot by a Seminole. When news of the annihilation of Dade's men reached civilization, it sent a thrill of horror through the entire country, and made the whites more determined than ever to annihilate the followers of Osceola.

This chief, it will be remembered, had sworn vengeance against General Thompson for throwing him in irons, and now was to have his oath fulfilled. The General was, on December 28th, dining with nine other gentlemen at the storehouse of Mr. Rogers, two hundred and fifty yards from Fort King. As the weather was mild, doors and windows were thrown open wide. The repast was a good one, wine was upon the table, and it is said that one officer had proposed a toast: "To the speedy capture of that knave Osceola and a termination of the war." No sooner had the words left him than a volley rang out. The officer dropped to the ground, mortally wounded; a wild yell sounded in the ears of those who survived this sudden and unexpected assault, and Osceola bounded into the room, followed by a dozen warriors.

At the first fire, General Thompson had been struck and had fallen prostrate to the ground. Leaping to his bleeding form, Osceola scalped him, held his hand aloft, and uttered a yell of triumph which was long remembered by all who heard it. Five others lay dead upon the ground. Those who were not killed leaped from

the windows and fled. Five of them, who were fortunate enough to start towards the fort, escaped; but the others, who dashed towards a sheltering hill of sand, near by, were shot down by the skillful Seminoles. The cook, who was a negro woman, crouched behind a barrel in a dark corner, and was so thoroughly protected by her color that she was not seen by Osceola, who, pausing for a moment to take another scalp, darted out again, uttering a peculiarly shrill and piercing yell, so that those in the fort might know who was the leader of this bloody attack. His vengeance had been complete.

After this tragic affair the war continued as before. The Seminoles increased in numbers, through additions of runaway negroes and criminals from the Creeks and other tribes adjoining. Their strength seemed to be greater than usual, and, when driven into a corner, they fought like wildcats, without any thought of surrender. All Florida was in a panic of fear. The fugitives from Seminole wrath were reduced to such sore straits that Congress passed a bill to send them food and clothing until peace could be declared. To such extremities was the Government driven, that a force of one thousand Southern and Western Indians was enlisted to help subjugate the dreaded Seminoles.

In the last days of October, 1837, a solitary Indian was one day seen in the edge of the timber before Fort Peyton. He held up his hand in token of peace, and, being allowed to approach nearer, said: "I have a talk from Osceola to Big Chief."

"What does he want?" asked the sentry who had challenged him.

"He not far off. Wish to speak with Big Chief Jessup" (the commander of this stockade).

"I will give him Osceola's message," said the sentry.

When General Jessup heard that the savage Seminole was near by, he immediately devised a scheme for capturing him. Finding that he could not entice him into the fort, he ordered one of his officers, with over a hundred soldiers, to seize the Seminole chief, under cloak of a flag of truce. This sharp trick was successfully operated, and, although it was a piece of the most flagrant treachery, the wily enemy to white government was at last secured. The affair is a perpetual stain upon the honor of the United States.

In spite of his vigorous protests, Osceola was sent to St. Augustine and afterwards confined in the dungeon at Fort Moultrie, Charleston, South Carolina. Crushed by the humiliating position to which he had sunk, and brooding over the misfortunes of his race, he pined away and died within a year. The war kept on as vigorously as before, and did not terminate until 1842. Then the great bulk of the Seminoles was sent beyond the Mississippi, and a few, who were harmless, were allowed to remain in Florida.

The skeletons of the unfortunate soldiers who fell with the gallant Major Dade were collected, and buried in St. Augustine with appropriate ceremonies. A monument was erected to the memory of these courageous men. At West Point is also another monument, the inscription upon which reads:

"To commemorate the Battle of the 28th of December, Between a Detachment of 108 U. S. Troops and the

Seminole Indians, of Florida, In which all the Detachment Save Three Fell Without an Attempt to Retreat.”

All honor to these brave men who, dying with their face to the foe, nobly upheld the finest traditions of the army of the United States!

ROMAN NOSE: THE CUSTER OF THE CHEYENNES

ALL the world admires a brave man, whether he be of red, black, or yellow complexion. All the world respects the leader of a gallant cavalry charge, whether it be successful or not. The British leader of the heroic 600 has been celebrated in both prose and poetry. The gallant Von Bredow of the Franco-Prussian War; the fearless Custer; the impetuous Farnsworth of Gettysburg fame, have all had their stories told by scores of writers; but here is the story of an Indian who led as fierce a gallop as that of the courageous British squadrons at Balaklava, and it is a tale which should live as long as that of any of the other heroes of sabre, spur, and cuirass, whose names adorn the most exciting pages of history. All honor to Roman Nose, the intrepid leader of the Cheyennes, whose mad gallop across the alkali wastes of the Arikaree Valley in the spring of 1868 has had but little recognition by writers of stirring deeds and desperate attacks!

Two years before the conflict between the followers of Roman Nose and the soldiers of the United States Government, a council was held near Fort Ellsworth, Kansas, between General Palmer and the head men of the Cheyenne tribe of Indians. The conquest of the Ameri-

can continent had begun. The steel rails of the Pacific Railway were being laid across the hunting grounds of the red men, and they, considering and believing the ground to be their own, had come to protest against this invasion of their soil.

As the General in command of the post listened to the words of the chiefs, suddenly a noble-looking Indian stood up and advanced in a solemn and majestic manner to the centre of the chamber in which the council was held. It was Roman Nose: one of the finest specimens of the untamed savage. His physique was superb. A large head, with strongly marked features, lighted by a pair of fierce black eyes, a large mouth with thin lips, through which gleamed rows of strong, white teeth; a Roman nose, with delicate nostrils like those of a thoroughbred race-horse, first attracted attention; while a broad chest, with symmetrical limbs, on which the muscles on the bronze of the skin stood out like twisted wire, were some of the marked characteristics of this splendid American savage. Clad in buckskin leggins and moccasins, elaborately embroidered with beads and feathers, with a single eagle feather in his scalp-lock, and a rare robe of white buffalo, beautifully tanned and as soft as cashmere, thrown over his shoulders—he stood forth—the mighty war chief of the Cheyennes—and said in measured tones:

“We will not have the wagons which make a noise (steam engines) in the hunting grounds of the buffalo. If the palefaces come farther into our land, there will be scalps of your brethren in the wigwams of the Cheyennes. I have spoken.”



Courtesy of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute.

ROMAN NOSE.

But, in spite of what the noble-looking chieftain had said, the white settlers continued to push into the sacred precincts of the Cheyennes, to take up homes there, and to treat the red men as if they had neither right nor title to the soil. The Indians were soon upon the warpath. Under Roman Nose and Black Kettle, they swept through western Kansas like a whirlwind of vindictive ferocity. They fought the gangs of workmen engaged in the duty of laying the rails for the hated Kansas Pacific Railroad; attacked the isolated homesteads of the adventurous squatters; ruthlessly slaughtered men, women and children, and ran off cattle, sheep, and horses. From June to December, 1868, they murdered one hundred and fifty-four white settlers and freighters; captured between thirty and forty women and children; burned and sacked twenty-four farmhouses; and attacked several stagecoaches and wagon trains. Great excitement existed along the border settlements of Kansas and Colorado. Appeals were made to the authorities of the general government to give protection against the terrible Cheyennes, or else allow the people to take matters into their own hands and revenge themselves against their hereditary enemies. General Sheridan, then in command of that military department, was fully alive to the responsibilities of his position, and, in his usual decisive manner, set about the task of crippling the wild riders of the plains.

In order to punish these bloodthirsty Cheyennes, the celebrated Sheridan had not the necessary number of troops. Congress, however, had authorized the em-

ployment of detachments of frontier scouts to be recruited from the daring spirits always to be met with upon the border. So the General was only too ready to listen to the request of one of his young officers, Major George A. Forsyth, who asked him to grant him permission to raise a body of scouts, independent of the regular army. After listening quietly to what Forsyth had to say, Sheridan remarked:

“I have determined to organize a scouting party of fifty men from among the frontiersmen living here on the border. There is no law that will permit me to enlist them, and I can only employ them as scouts through the quartermaster’s department. I will offer them a dollar a day, and thirty-five cents a day for the use of their horses, which will, I think, bring good material. Of course, the government will equip them, and they will draw soldier’s rations. If you care for the command, you can have it, and I will give you Lieutenant Fred Beecher, of the Third Infantry, for your second in command.”

“Thank you, General,” was Forsyth’s answer. “I accept the command with pleasure.”

“I thought you would,” said Sheridan, smiling. “And yet I hesitated to offer it. Understand if I had anything better, you should have it.”

“I am glad to get this,” was the reply of the gallant Major.

There was little difficulty in obtaining capable men for the new command. There were hundreds of Civil War veterans upon the frontier, while many a plainsman was only too ready to have an opportunity of getting

even with the wild riders of the West. In fact, men had to be turned away, so eagerly did recruits flock to the standard of the Original Rough Rider. In two days, Forsyth—who had been with Sheridan in his famous ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek—had enrolled thirty men at Fort Harker. Sixty miles westward was Fort Hayes, where twenty more were obtained two days later, so that in five days from the time that Forsyth had been given the command, he was marching into the Indian country at the head of as brave a body of plainsmen as ever swung a rifle across their shoulders. They were looking for trouble, and they found it.

Roman Nose and his Cheyennes were known to be somewhere near the Republican River, northwest of Fort Hayes, and, as the little troop scouted northwards, there were frequent indications of large camps of Indians which had been abandoned only a few days before the arrival of the command. On the morning of September 10th., a small war party of savages attacked a train near Sheridan, a tiny railroad town some eighty miles beyond Fort Wallace, another fort where Forsyth had stopped to rest his men. They had killed two teamsters and had run off a few cattle.

Immediately Forsyth's Rough Riders were upon the trail of these Indians, and followed it until darkness put an end to all pursuit. Next morning the chase was continued, the trail grew continually larger, and finally developed into a broad, well-beaten road, leading up the Arickaree fork of the Republican River. It was evident that a large number of Indians was ahead, but Forsyth had come out to fight, not to run away,

so he pressed hard after the retreating band. As darkness fell on the evening of the eighth day from Fort Wallace, the command was halted and went into camp near a little sandy island in the river: a mere sandspit of earth formed by the shallow stream as it divided and then came together again about a hundred yards from the place of parting. The water was only about eight feet wide and two or three inches deep.

During the last three days of the march, game had been very scarce, which convinced the soldiers that the Indians, whose trail they were following, had scoured the country with their hunting parties, and had driven off every kind of wild animal. Provisions were getting low. The day following would see the command nearly out of supplies of all kinds. But Forsyth was called "Sandy," because of his grit and nerve, and he determined to push on after the redskins until he found them, and to fight them even if he could not whip them, in order that they might realize that the Government was in earnest when it said that the marauders of the peaceful settlements were to be punished.

The first flush of dawn was reddening the sky next morning, when Forsyth, who was awake, suddenly caught sight of something moving stealthily by upon the horizon. At the same moment the sentry saw it, and cocking their rifles, the two soldiers gazed intently into the dim distance. Suddenly the soft thud of galloping hoofs came to their ears, and, peering just above the crest of rising ground between themselves and the horizon, they caught sight of the waving feathers upon the scalplocks of three mounted warriors. In an instant

their rifles spoke in unison, and with the cry of "Indians! Turn out! Indians!" they ran back to the camp. In a second it was in confusion. Men jumped to their feet and seized their rifles, as with a loud shouting, beating of Indian drums, and rattling of dried hides, about a dozen redskins galloped down upon the camp in the apparent endeavor to stampede the horses. Crack! crack! sounded the well-aimed rifles of the scouts, and, as the Indians sheered off, carrying with them three of the pack mules, one of their number dropped to the turf.

"Saddle up! Saddle up, quickly, men!" was the next order, and, in a very few moments, the horses were saddled and bridled, while every man stood ready to mount. Daylight had begun to appear by now, so that one could see objects within a few hundred yards; when suddenly an old-time scout, who stood next to Forsyth, put his hand upon his shoulder, and cried: "Oh, heavens, General! Look at the Indians!"

Forsyth's heart sank to his boots as his eye followed the direction of the scout's outstretched hand. For the ground seemed literally to sprout Indians. They apparently jumped from the sod itself, and over the rolling hills, out of the thickets, from the bed of the stream, along the opposite bank, and out of the long grass upon every side, hundreds of redskins—with shrill cries of vindictive hatred—rushed down upon the fifty scouts, standing immobile at their horses' heads. "Fire!" shouted Forsyth, when a few of the red men came quite close, and, as the sharp crack of the rifles spat at the yelping braves, several ponies went down.

The Indians fell back, out of range, and a few moments were given to the cool-headed United States officer to perfect plans for a retreat.

After a moment's hesitation he shouted his orders: "Lead your horses to the little island. Form a circle fronting outwards! Throw yourselves upon the ground and intrench yourselves as rapidly as you can!"

No sooner had he ceased speaking than, in almost a solid mass, the scouts retreated to the island, keeping up a vigorous fusillade upon the surrounding Indians. On the left, down the stream, a way to escape lay open through the little gorge up which the command had marched, but Forsyth knew enough of Indian tactics to realize that the savages would line these bluffs with warriors. Once upon the island, and they would have to attack over open ground. Intrenched in this position, the soldiers had an even chance of standing off this overwhelming mass of Indians, who, realizing that they had the white men in their power, rode around the brave little army with yells of derision, and shot at them repeatedly as they broke into a run in order to get to the chosen position. A steady and galling fire poured in upon the scouts from the reeds and long grass. Horses fell to the earth on all sides. One man was killed, several were badly wounded. Enfuriated at their blunder in not seizing the island before the whites had a chance to reach it, the various chiefs rode rapidly around, just out of rifle range, and yelled to their dismounted warriors to close in on all sides. The steady crack of rifles sounded everywhere; the horses reared and plunged at their tethers; men cursed and

groaned; the Indians howled savagely, and above the frightful mêlée could be heard the calm commands of Forsyth:

“Steady, men! Steady, now! Aim low. Don’t throw away a shot!”

At this thrilling moment, and as the men with tin-cups, pocketknives, and tin dishes, were shovelling up enough of the gravelly soil to form a rude protection, one of the plainsmen shouted:

“Don’t let’s stay here and be shot down like dogs! Will any man try for the opposite bank with me?”

“I will,” cried out a man upon the other side of the circle.

“Stay where you are, men. It’s your only chance!” called Forsyth, as he stood in the centre of the command, revolver in hand. “I’ll shoot down any man who attempts to leave the island.”

“And so will I,” shouted McCall, the first sergeant.

“Get down to your work, men! Don’t shoot unless you can see something to hit. Don’t throw away your ammunition, for your lives may depend on how we husband it!” again cried Forsyth. And, as there was a temporary lull in the fight—many Indians having fallen to the rear of their line, badly wounded—the scouts grew cool and determined, vigorously dug into the sand with their knives and plates, and soon had a good-sized barricade thrown up. Indian women and children now covered the bluffs back of the valley, on the north side of the stream, and their shouts and wailing showed that many a redskin warrior had been sent to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Meanwhile one stalwart warrior of magnificent physique and noble countenance carefully watched the circle of scouts from a hillock down the winding course of the Arickaree. It was Roman Nose—head chief of the Cheyennes—his face painted in alternate lines of red and black; his body naked, save for a red scarf about his waist; his head crowned with a magnificent war bonnet, from which, just above the temples and curving slightly forward, stood up two short, black buffalo horns. A long tail of eagles' feathers and herons' plumes waved gracefully from the back of his head, while a beautiful chestnut pony, held by a single deer thong, pawed the earth beneath the supple frame of the chieftain.

For days this intelligent war chief had seen and watched Forsyth's scouts as they followed the trail of his warriors. A few miles beyond, he had prepared an ambushade for them, so, if they had not camped where they were, they would all have been undoubtedly annihilated. There were Northern Cheyennes, Oglala and Brulé Sioux, a few Arapahoes, and a number of dog, or renegade soldiers composing this savage army. In all there were almost one thousand warriors, accompanied by their squaws and children, who were eager to see the annihilation of the white men and the triumph of their brothers, husbands, and fathers. Just think of it! One thousand to fifty, and those fifty without food, without horses, and hemmed in upon a tiny island which could be easily reached, across only a few inches of water! But such a fifty had not been seen since the time of the Greeks who held the pass at Thermopylae.

Listen, and hear how they made one of the most desperate stands of history!

Roman Nose was furious with anger, because he had told his men to occupy the island, and they had not done so. But he was confident that he could soon crush the white men, even as members of his tribe had annihilated Fetterman's command, a few years before, near Fort Phil Kearney, in Wyoming. Summoning his leading chiefs to him, he pointed out to them the proper position to place the warriors in, so as to get the best possible line of fire upon the entrenched camp; and, explaining to them that, while a number of them kept the whites at bay, fully five hundred should assemble around the bend in the river and prepare for a cavalry charge, he himself trotted his horse down the bed of the stream, well beyond the view of the defenders of the little island.

The clear atmosphere of a bright September day gave just the proper light for accurate rifle fire. A steady rain of bullets fell against the sides of the little mounds which the Rough Riders of '68 had erected, but the scouts only returned the shots when they saw an opportunity to effectively use their cartridges. Many a badly wounded brave could be seen crawling over the plain to a place of safety, while the wails and shrieks of the women on the bluffs sounded harshly discordant above the rattle of small arms. The horses were groaning in the agonies of death, and, as the last animal fell to the ground, one of the savages cried out in English: "There goes the last horse anyhow!" which proved that some white renegade was in the

ranks of the Sioux, Arapahoes, and Cheyennes. Forsyth, who had been walking about among his men giving directions and commands, now lay down behind a gravel mound, and, as he did so, a shot hit him in the fore part of the thigh, and ranging upward, made it impossible for him to stand upon his feet. "Are you alive!" shouted several of the men, knowing that he was dangerously injured. "Yes, I'm all right," called out their commander cheerfully, but, as he spoke, the fire from several Indians who had crawled up upon the lower end of the island made him lie down close to the gravelly soil. Three of the plainsmen saw the flash of one of the rifles from the centre of a little bush, and, taking accurate aim, sent a bullet crashing into the skull of the Indian brave. A wild, half-smothered shriek welled up from the sagebrush, showing that another redskin had gone to the land of the hereafter.

But Forsyth was now struck again, the bullet shattering his leg bone about midway between the knee and the ankle. A few moments later he rashly exposed his head, and one of the Sioux riflemen immediately drew a bead upon it and sent a bullet through the top of his soft felt hat, which fortunately had a high crown, so it glanced off, ripped through the skin of his head and fractured his skull. In spite of these grievous wounds, the brave soldier kept both his nerve and his courage, and, seizing a rifle, took a shot at some Indians who dashed up on horseback within rifle range. The Doctor, who had been closely watching them, took a quick shot at the foremost, and, as he dropped from his pony's back, cried out: "That rascally redskin will not trouble

us again." Immediately afterwards a dull thud told Forsyth that someone near by had been hit, and, turning around, he saw the Doctor fall upon the sand, saying: "I'm done for this time." A bullet had entered his forehead just above the eye, and the wound was a mortal one. He never spoke another rational word, and lingered for three days before dying.

At this moment, trotting up the bed of the river, appeared the wild cavalry of Roman Nose, five hundred in all, and in about eight ranks of sixty front, extended order. Before them all, upon a magnificent chestnut horse, rode Roman Nose himself; his Springfield rifle grasped in his right hand, and naked, save for his war-bonnet, silken scarf, moccasins and cartridge belt. A bugle rang out from somewhere in their midst, a bugle which had been either captured or stolen from the whites, and which some renegade, or half-breed, knew how to use; and to the shrilling note of this instrument, the savage horde came on.

From the hair of the Indians fluttered eagle feathers and plumes of the white herons, which are sometimes seen along the rivers of the great West. Their faces were painted black, with red and yellow stripes running horizontally. They were naked, save for moccasins and cartridge belts; while each held a rifle in his hand, and had a tomahawk and knife stuck into his belt, for close, hand-to-hand work. Their ponies were of every color, shade, and description, but were fat and in good condition, for the bunch grass was plentiful in the country watered by the branches of the Republican. Some

had lariats of buffalo thongs wound around them, while each was held by a single strand looped around the under lip. Roman Nose was about five paces in front of the centre of the line, while slightly in advance of the left of the oncoming column was the medicine man, an equally brave, but older chieftain. Savage cries of encouragement sounded from the bluffs, where the women and children were standing by thousands, to watch the annihilation of the whites, and, as they echoed across the rolling prairie, Roman Nose waved his hand to them assuringly. Then turning towards the breastworks upon the island, he shook his clinched fist in savage defiance at the enemies of his country, and raising himself to his full height, struck the palm of his hand across his mouth as he uttered a wild, piercing battle cry. Each warrior answered it; even those lying in ambush near the river's edge took up the blood-curdling slogan.

When Wellington saw Ney's cuirassiers debouching from the huts upon the hill of La Belle Alliance, he gave the order to form in hollow squares, and said: "Reserve your fire until you can do damage, and make every shot count. Never give in to the cavalry, lads. What will they think of this in England?" With cool, Anglo-Saxon courage the men of the North met the furious charge of the soldiers of France without wincing. Eight attacks failed to break the devoted squares at Waterloo. It was this that saved the day for England and her allies. Here, thousands of miles away, were men of the same birth and breeding as those who stemmed the onslaught upon the plateau of Mount St. Jean, and,

although they were to be charged by enemies that outnumbered them tenfold, they prepared for the fray with the same bulldog determination which actuated the redcoats at Waterloo. "The Indians are going to charge us," called out Lieutenant Beecher. "You are right," was Forsyth's reply. "Let the men get ready. Six shots in each rifle magazine, and one in the barrel. Have the revolvers loaded and ready, and never, under any circumstances, fire at the Indians until I give the word of command! We can break their line. Of that I am certain. Only steady, men, steady, and do not waste a single shot!"

As he ceased speaking, the gallant leader propped himself up in his rifle pit, placed his rifle and revolver before him, and calmly waited for the onrush of the followers of Roman Nose. And with a wild, earsplitting yell they came on. A withering fire poured in from the redskins in ambush, so that, for eight or ten seconds it fairly rained bullets. Then came a sudden lull, as the gallant five hundred thundered up the ravine towards the defenders of the island. They came nearer, nearer. Now they were within a hundred yards, and the expressions on their painted faces could be plainly seen. It was the time for action,—a moment which Forsyth fully realized.

Sitting up in his rifle pit as well as he was able, and leaning backwards upon his elbows, the grim and determined officer shouted, "Now!"

Instantly the scouts scrambled to their knees, with their rifles at their shoulders. Each man looked carefully along the barrel of his piece, and then a ringing

volley sounded above the wild yelping of the painted followers of Roman Nose: the courageous.

Crash!

On came the red warriors, screeching like a pack of timber wolves in the season of greatest hunger.

Crash!

In the centre of the line, a dozen ponies went down. Their riders fell headlong upon the turf, but the rest did not falter. The Indians were now but sixty yards from the breastworks.

Crash!

The ponies seemed to be falling over one another. In heaps, both redskins and horses lurched headlong into the clear waters of the Arickaree. Shrieks, groans, and savage yelping were mingled with the shrill wails of the women and children who were witness to this, one of the most glorious charges in history.

Crash!

Great gaps began to show in the ranks, as the Indians came within fifty yards of the island of death. On the extreme left the medicine man reeled on his pony's back and fell headlong into the stream, while his followers galloped madly over his prostrate form. Roman Nose, with a loud yell of defiance, swung his Springfield rifle over his head, as he galloped furiously to the edge of the island. He reached the very end of it, when

Crash!

The courageous Indian leader—the Custer of the Cheyennes—staggered and reeled. He toppled over. He went down amidst the thunder of unshod hoofs, and prostrate upon the sand he lay, while his intrepid

warriors leaped their foaming horses across his bleeding form. But on, on, they came, while the cool-headed plainsmen took careful and deliberate aim.

Crash!

The Indians were now galloping upon the firm soil of the island. They were within twenty yards of their enemies. They began to stagger. They hesitated. They faltered.

Crash!

The seventh volley of lead swept through their broken ranks, and, throwing themselves upon the off side of their horses, with horrible cries of disappointed rage, the great wave of painted warriors broke, divided, and scattered in every direction. With a ringing cheer, the scouts jumped to their feet, and, seizing their revolvers, poured volley after volley into the retreating and demoralized ranks of the running foe. The great charge of Roman Nose was over; the impetuous warrior lay dead upon the field of battle; and his wild, naked followers, crazed with anger and disappointment, collected in groups, just out of rifle range, and shook their fists vindictively at Forsyth's devoted band; who, again sinking to their rifle pits, made haste to load for the attack which they knew would shortly come. The charge of the five hundred had been as futile as the wild gallop of the six hundred British hussars at Balaklava.

* * * * *

This was not all of the battle, but it was all of Roman Nose. Twice again the Indians attempted to charge the island, but they were easily driven away. Two

scouts, meanwhile, had crawled through their lines from Forsyth's command, had successfully escaped the watchful eyes of the Indians, and carried news of the desperate situation to the United States troops at Fort Wallace, Kansas, some hundred miles away. Colonel Carpenter, with seventy men of the Tenth Cavalry, seventeen scouts, and an ambulance, immediately marched to the rescue of the gallant Rough Riders. On the morning of the ninth day of the siege of the island, one of the weary men on watch suddenly sprang to his feet, shouting:

"There are moving men on the hills." Everyone who was strong enough, and not sufficiently starved out from eating mule and horse meat, jumped up in an instant.

"By Heavens! There's an ambulance!" cried Grover, the oldest scout. The Rough Riders of '68 were rescued at last.

* * * * *

When Carpenter's men were looking for the besieged command of Sandy Forsyth, one of the troopers noticed something white in a small valley through which he was scouting. Calling one of his companions to him, they galloped up to it, and found it to be a beautiful wigwam made of freshly tanned, white buffalo skins. As one of them entered, he saw, upon a brush heap, a human figure, wrapped in buffalo robes. Stripping off the covering, his eyes fell upon the body of a splendid specimen of Indian manhood. Over six feet in height, the savage had a stern and royal look, a majestic brow, a firm and placid mouth, a magnificently modelled

torso, and limbs like whipcord. Rich garments had clothed him, and heavily ornamented weapons were carefully placed near by. In his breast was a deep, gaping wound from a bullet which had pierced his heart.

“It is Roman Nose,” said one of the scouts. “See the face. It is that of a hero.”

On the return from the rescue of Forsyth, the men stopped at the lonely tepee in the valley. The arms and equipment were appropriated, as the legitimate spoils of war, but the famed war chief was allowed to sleep on undisturbed. With a regard for his great bravery, the frontiersmen did not move the body of the courageous warrior from its bed of boughs. Thus, alone, unguarded, and unwatched, the remains of the invincible Cheyenne were left to the vultures and lurking gray wolves: the scavengers of the wide, untouched and illimitable plains.

GERONIMO: THE TERRIBLE APACHE

AT the inauguration of President Theodore Roosevelt, March 4, 1905, an aged Indian chieftain rode in the procession, clothed in rich and gaudy attire. As he passed by the reviewing stand, I watched the expression upon his face. It was stolid, imperturbable, sad, and as he looked up at the figure of the Chief Executive of the all-conquering Anglo-Saxons, he did not deign to give him a nod of salutation. With a scowl upon his countenance, he rode up the broad avenue, while the people gazed at him in some amazement. It was the renowned Geronimo: the blood-thirsty Apache chief.

This warrior had fought in many a desperate encounter with the whites of Arizona and New Mexico, and, because of his strength of body and ability to live in a country in which his pursuers could scarcely exist, it was many years before he was eventually captured. Physically he was somewhat "squatty," but with a tremendous girth of chest. His muscles were as hard as bone, so hard that he could light a match upon the bottom of his feet. His wants were few, and he cared for no luxuries. War was his business, his life, and victory was his dream. He would gladly travel hundreds of miles to attack a Mexican camp, or an isolated village. He would incur every risk to run off a herd of cattle, mules, or sheep.



Courtesy of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute.
GERONIMO.

Geronimo, in his native wilds, wore no clothing save a narrow piece of calico, or buckskin, about his loins, a headdress also of buckskin, crested with the plumage of the wild turkey and eagle, and long-legged moccasins, held at the waist by a string, and turned up at the toes by a shield which protected him from stones and from the "cholla" cactus. If he felt thirsty when on the warpath, he knew where to find the tiny springs and brooks of the arid wastes, or, if he could find no water, he would put a stone or twig in his mouth in order to induce a flow of saliva. With this as a stimulus, he would journey onward for hours.

This crafty warrior would pitch his bivouac by nightfall at some distance from any spring, where his pursuers would be least likely to look for him. Generally it would be upon the side of some rocky mountain, along which no trail would be left, and up which no pursuing band of United States cavalymen could ascend without making so much noise that they would wake him long before they were near enough to do any damage. He was familiar with every ravine, cavern, cañon, defile, gorge, and place which was inaccessible to horses. When on a raid, his followers often lived upon rats, mice, rabbits, and coyotes, and, if very hard pressed, killed and ate the horses which they were mounted upon. No wonder that they held out against the white men for months after any other Indian tribe would have been annihilated.

As the whites took up ranches and settlements in Arizona and New Mexico, there was continuous difficulty with the Apaches. Various causes led to a final outbreak, and, much as one may regret the fact, the

actions of some United States officers who were on the frontier were mainly the reason for Indian hostility. The Apaches soon instituted a reign of terror in the Southwest, and there seemed to be no cruelty too atrocious for them to commit. They made sudden and daring raids upon the scattered ranch houses, burning them to the ground, killing the inmates, and carrying off the sheep, cows, and horses.

One day a ranchman of New Mexico was returning from a distant search for a stray heifer, when, upon mounting a hill just beyond his ranch house, he saw flames issuing from the roof and windows of his home. Putting spurs to his horse, he galloped up to the front yard, anxiously looking for signs of his family. As he did so, a wild yell came to his ears, and gazing across the plain, he saw a band of four Apaches, with his little son in their arms. Waving their hands at him defiantly, they soon disappeared beyond the sloping hillocks, while he, terrified and horrified at this unlooked-for assault, hastened to the garrison of United States troops, ten miles away, to warn them of the raid and ask assistance. Not long afterwards a squad of cavalry was in hot pursuit of the redskins, guided by the heartbroken parent, who urged his horse at top speed in the endeavor to overtake the marauders. But knowing that pursuit was almost certain, the Apaches had rested their ponies, and, as they were fresher and tougher than those upon the trail, they soon left the latter far behind. Plunging into a shallow river, they wheeled about, and, while one held the little boy in his outstretched arms to let the heartbroken father

know that they still had him, the other shouted defiantly at the United States soldiers. Then, turning suddenly, they were soon lost in the mountains.

This was but one of many such raids, so when General Crook took command of the United States troops of Arizona, in June, 1871, the settlers of the border country were in a frenzy of delight. At once this skillful Indian fighter enrolled a number of friendly savages as scouts. They were under a chief named Miguel, who was perfectly familiar with the mountain haunts of the Apaches, and, like bloodhounds upon the trail of criminals, were perfectly able to hunt down the followers of Geronimo to their last resort.) In December the American troops gathered in the Tonto Basin, a mountain plateau surrounded by high ridges of the Mogollen, the Mazatal and the Sierra Ancha ranges, heavily timbered slopes deep with the winter's snow. (For the first time since they had been striving against the whites, the Apaches found themselves matched in their own game. The allied scouts of Crook's army were as keen, as daring, and as untiring as the followers of Geronimo, and piloted the men in blue uniforms to the very heart of the bad lands, where was the lair of these enemies of the border.

Splitting into small detachments, the United States soldiers scoured the barren wastes in search of their human quarry. The Apaches skulked, like mountain lions, in the crevasses and coulies of the hills, and, seeing that they were being surrounded, concentrated in their strongholds, three of which were almost impregnable. These were the fortress at the summit of Turret Butte,

the cliffs of the Superstition Mountains, and the cave in the cañon of Salt River.

Major Brown's command was near the latter place on December 28, 1872, when one of the friendly scouts came up to the officer, saying:

"Heap 'Pache down below in cave. I show you there, if your men follow. I live there once, but now heart bad against Geronimo."

"My men will follow any trail you lead them on," said the United States officer. "We will be ready to fight any band of Apaches in Arizona in fifteen minutes. Lead us to the fort."

The soldiers welcomed the news of a near-by fight with a cheer, for they were tired of perpetual marching with no enemy in view, and, starting from their bivouac in a small box cañon at the first appearance of a certain star in the East, they pushed onward through the night. At daybreak they were at the cañon of the Salt River, where, in a cave halfway down the face of a vertical cliff, the Apaches were in hiding. The trail leading to this stronghold was narrow and dangerous, so narrow in fact, that, should the Indians have discovered the presence of the whites before they reached some rocky hills, they could have annihilated the command. "Men, will you follow me?" asked the gallant Major, at this juncture. "We will," came from every throat. "Then look to your carbines and ammunition," continued Brown. "Put some crackers, bacon, and coffee in your blankets slung over your shoulders; fill your canteens with water; give a look at your moccasins, and follow me."

The friendly scouts gathered about little fires, and stuffed themselves full of mule meat, while the soldiers were picketing the horses and mules. Then their medicine men walked before them, telling them what to do, how to shoot, and how to creep upon the enemy. This ceremony was soon over, and, as the bright light of the guiding star began to twinkle in the East, the soldiers and slinking redskins softly began the descent to the cave of the Apaches.

Moving like a long file of spectres, the band of attackers crept down the sides of the barren mountain. For an hour or more the progress was leisurely. The air was chill and blew keenly through the scraggy cedars, which, like ghostly sentinels, nodded and beckoned in the wind. At the crest of each hill the column halted for a few moments, when a warning "*Tzit! Tzit!*" hissed from the rear, signalled that the last man had reached his place in line. Thus the black army of death approached the sleeping followers of Geronimo.

Midnight had come, and all was silence. The sharp yelp of a coyote sounded far off across the barren waste, and Nantje (the head Indian scout) turned, seizing Major Brown firmly about the body. "Quiet," he whispered. "We have discovered a footprint in the soil!" All were still, as the keen-eyed scout lay down upon the trail with some comrades by his side, and, with their blankets over their heads so that not the slightest gleam could escape, struck a few matches and inspected the sign. "Ugh! Ugh!" growled Nantje. "It is a big bear's foot. He has been here but an hour past. It is good luck for us, for when a bear crosses

the path of a war party, they will meet the enemy and will be successful!"

Moving onward again for three or four hours, suddenly the warning, "*Tzit! Tzit!*" sounded from the advance guard. "Ponies!" whispered the scouts, and there in a small, grassy glade were fifteen Pima ponies, which had been driven up the mountain by Apache raiders that very night. "See," cried Nantje, "the sweat is not yet dry upon their flanks. Their knees are full of cactus thorns, against which they have been driven during the night. The Apaches have done this."

"Carefully, now," whispered Major Brown. "Advance with great caution, and make no noise. We are within rifle shot of the enemy."

Although there was no moon, the stars gave out sufficient light to show that the soldiers were in a country filled with huge rocks, behind which a well-armed foe could fight for hours. In front was a deep valley: dark, precipitous, vague. "You are at the place," said Nantje. "A dozen picked men must be sent forward with me to climb down the precipice in order to attack."

"All right," whispered the Major. "Fifty more will come behind you. A strong detachment will hold the edge of the precipice to prevent any of the hostiles from getting above and killing our people with their rifles. As soon as these first detachments secure the field, the rest of our force will come down."

The Indians in the cave below were absolutely unaware of the approach of the soldiers. They were in high good humor, and were dancing to keep themselves warm. Several of the raiders who had just re-

turned from a trip of killing and robbing in the settlements near Florence, on the Gila River, were bending over a fire, and stirring some deer meat in a bubbling pot, while a few sleepy squaws were cutting faggots. Sheltered in the bosom of these grim precipices, they fancied themselves secure from any intrusion save that of the eagle, the hawk, the turkey buzzard, or the mountain sheep. The fire danced upwards, sending the fitful gleam of the flame over the rugged precipices of inky blackness; while far below the glowing current of the rushing Salado sounded like solemn music of an invisible orchestra. But, hark, as the first glint of dawn reddened the horizon, a call sounded forth, and its echoes woke the stillness of the grim solitude: "We have you surrounded. You cannot escape. Surrender!"

Taken aback at this unlooked-for demand, the Apaches scattered, like slinking wolves, into the cave. They then hurled back their savage defiance in their own tongue. "We will die first. Not one of your own party will escape from the cañon!" The death wail came from the fortress, and then, out of the cave and over the great pile of rock, which protected the entrance, swarmed the warriors. Although outnumbered three to one, they fought like tigers. The bullets rained down upon the rocks like hailstones, and, striking the roof and mouth of the cave, glanced along and wounded a number of the women and children. Sharp wails of pain and rage rent the air as the battle continued.

Again the Apaches were summoned to surrender, or, if they would not do so, to allow such of their women and children as they desired pass out between the lines.

But to this demand came yells of defiance. A little boy, not more than four years old, now ran out of the cave and stood dumbfounded at the affray. Without a moment's pause, Nantje rushed forward, grasped the trembling infant by the arm, and escaped to the lines of the troopers with the boy unhurt. A bullet struck the little Apache, but did not injure him, and, as the new recruit reached a place of safety, the troopers gave a yell of encouragement and appreciation of the brave rescue.

The end of the fight had nearly come. A detachment left by Major Brown at the top of the precipice to protect the retreat, in case of necessity, had worked its way over to a high shelf of rock, overlooking the cave of the Apaches, and began to tumble down great boulders, which speedily crushed the greater number of these rude warriors of the mountains. The rifle fire grew hot and savage; so savage that, in twenty minutes, every Indian was dead at his post, and the troops swarmed into the little fort. In the inner recesses of the cave were the women and children, a number of whom had been struck by glancing bullets and fragments of rock. They were seized, carried to the pack train, mounted on horses and mules, and started for the nearest railway station. The great fight in the mountains was over.

This was a crushing blow to the savages. Driven to bay in their chosen fortress, where they thought that no one could reach them, all of the warriors had been exterminated, while only one white soldier had been killed. As Major Randall, two days later, delivered another crushing blow to the hostiles, at Turret Butte,

the remaining Apaches, including Geronimo, soon capitulated to the governmental forces. But this snakelike warrior was not to remain long in peace and quiet, for he resented the control of the whites. In May he escaped from Fort Apache, taking with him thirty-four warriors, eight boys, and ninety-one women, who travelled one hundred and twenty miles before camping. Thus and thus only they eluded the cavalry sent in pursuit, and, although chased hundreds of miles, the band safely reached the wild wastes of the Sierra Madre Mountains.

General Crook pushed hot upon the trail of the terrible Apache. The thermometer registered one hundred and twenty degrees, and often more. The air was like a fiery furnace, and the soil was like a hot stove, under the feet of the troopers. Often the metal work upon their guns became so hot that it could not be touched with the bare hand, and sometimes, aflame with thirst, they would reach a tiny spring—the only one for miles—to find it befouled by the retreating Apaches, so that neither man nor beast could drink from it. Still Crook persisted and finally captured the crafty Geronimo. He held him for only one night, and then the slippery Apache escaped to the arid wasteland, leaving his wife behind him in the hands of the soldiers. Several nights later he stole into camp with four of his warriors, found his wife's tent in the blackness, and, before the dozing sentries discovered him, was off again into the wilderness, with his better half strapped before him on his scraggly pony.

Geronimo retreated into Mexico and lost himself in

the treeless mountains which seemed to be incapable of sustaining human life. But he was pursued by the American troops as if he were a wild animal. Fortunately, a treaty with Mexico made it possible for United States forces to venture far beyond the Rio Grande, and thus several detachments were soon upon the trail of the outlawed Apache. Captain H. W. Lawton and Assistant Surgeon Leonard Wood did their utmost to capture him. He was hunted from mountain range to mountain range; through snowfields, cactus plants, and sun-baked ridges. Every device known to the red men was practiced to throw the pursuing enemies off the trail, but the half-breed trailers were good, and it was soon evident that not a spot could be reached by Geronimo's band which would offer them security. Twenty-five different commands, or detachments, representing four regiments, kept up this persistent trailing through narrow paths, along dangerous divides, down side cuts into the middle of precipices hundreds of feet high, up precipitous banks and beetling crags; sometimes leading the jaded horses for hours, at times looking vertically into cañons whose bottom was a mile below. One of the scouts, while looking for signs of the fugitives, rode one horse nearly five hundred miles in less than seven days and nights; while a young lieutenant once climbed a mountainous ascent for twenty-six hours, with the heat at 110°, and without water for eighteen hours of this time. Such perseverance was bound to tell.

At length Lawton's troopers, clinging to the trail like bloodhounds, and suffering much from heat and thirst, cornered Geronimo's men in a valley three hundred

miles south of the Mexican boundary line, in the Sonora range of mountains. There had been several skirmishes with them along the way, and the United States troopers had shown great gallantry under fire, especially in rescuing their own wounded troops when under close range of the rifles of Geronimo's Apaches. The food supply of these fugitives was now exhausted, and, realizing that to stand out longer would be the height of absurdity, the Indians made signs of peace. At the risk of his life, a young lieutenant, named Gatewood, of the Sixth Cavalry, went unattended into Geronimo's camp, and meeting the Apache chieftain face to face, gave him the terms of speedy surrender. The old chief was helpless, and he knew it. So he surrendered and was brought back to New Mexico with the remnants of his once powerful army of mountain fighters.

Upon his capture and return to the United States, a tremendous call went up from the settlers of the Southwest to have him removed to some place from which he could not escape. "We do not know when this terrible raider will not again break out and renew his plundering and murder," wrote a committee of the settlers to the Department of the Interior. And thus, in deference to the wishes of the white pioneers, Geronimo and the few people of his tribe, who had survived the war, were sent to Florida, and then to Alabama, to be confined upon a reservation. Geronimo, the famous fighter, died in 1909, treasuring no doubt to the last, happy memories of the time when, as a mountain outlaw, he was the scourge and terror of the Southwestern frontier.

RED CLOUD: THE SIOUX VON SEYDLITZ

A STALWART warrior of the Sioux nation was lying before his tepee, busily sharpening his hatchet upon a stone, when a cloud of dust upon the horizon warned him of the approach of a rider. He looked up languidly, as a calico pony approached at breakneck speed, and, when a half-naked warrior threw himself upon the ground and advanced to speak with him, he scarcely deigned to notice the visitor.

“Mahapiya-luta,” said the dismounted warrior, “I have news for you. Great news.”

“Ugh,” said he with the hatchet. “Let us have it, Soboya.”

“The palefaces are upon the waters which sound with the music of bells. There are many of them with horses with long ears, and boxes which run on wheels. They are cutting down the pine trees and are building a big house. The squaws of the paleface warriors are with them, and the papposes. They have iron pieces on wheels which speak with the voice of thunder, and instruments which, when placed to their mouths, sound forth in tones of sweetness. Yea, they are many and they are in the heart of our best hunting grounds.”

Mahapiya-luta had leaped from the turf, as the other



Courtesy of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute.

RED CLOUD.

was speaking, and in his eyes shone a fierce and sinister lustre.

"How many are there?" he asked.

The courier looked puzzled for an instant, and then held up both hands with a sweeping motion.

"There are as many as ponies in yonder herd," said he. "The palefaces are as thick as trees along the side of the mountain behind our camp. But we are greater by ten times. Yes, we can sweep them off the face of our land."

"And we will," shouted Mahapiya-luta, who was known to the whites as Red Cloud. "Did I not tell the Great White Eagle (General Carrington) so, in the council at the house, called Laramie by the palefaces? Did I not say that if he and his Long Swords stole the country of our fathers without asking my permission that we would take their scalps? Did I not tell him that the fireboat which walks on mountains (locomotive) could not come into our hunting grounds and scare off all the game? Show me the place where the palefaces have camped, O Soboya, and we will drive them from the soil."

"Come with me," answered Soboya, "and you can see for yourself that what I say to you is the truth."

* * * * *

On a plateau between two branches of the Piney Creek—a branch of the Powder River in Wyoming—a camp and stockade had been established, on the thirteenth of July, 1866. Four miles away was the magnificent Big Horn Range of Mountains, with a towering

snow peak, called Cloud Peak, jutting nine thousand feet into the azure sky. It was a lonely place—the farthest post of United States regulars in the wilderness—but as General Carrington, its commander, looked about him upon the wide plateau decked with beautiful flowers, and green with waving grass, he smiled grimly at the scene of natural beauty. The mountains and hills were covered with pines of restful green, the waters of the creek and its tributary rivulets were as pure as crystal. Trout leaped in the tiny pools and cataracts. Antelope grazed upon the wide sweep of the plains, while deep-rutted trails showed where the bison had recently passed by. “It is a glorious situation,” said Carrington to himself, “but the Indians will not let us enjoy it as we should. Well, they will find us ready and prepared. I, for one, am glad to be here.”

As the soldiers fell to work to erect the stockade and buildings of this new fortification, called Fort Phil Kearney, they were not long in realizing that the redskins did not intend to leave them alone. Picket posts were established upon the surrounding hills, which overlooked the Bozeman trail and approaches from both the East and the West. Three times they were attacked by the hostiles. Upon the third of these, a warrior in warpaint and feathers rode far out beyond his yelping followers, and, shaking his clenched fist at the soldiers who were bringing up a howitzer, called out:

“Red Cloud has told you to leave the hunting grounds of the Sioux. If you remain here, you will all be killed. Red Cloud has spoken.”

A jeer of derision greeted this insult, and a case-shot was immediately exploded among the clusters of red men. They scattered like chaff before the wind. The soldiers cheered their departure, and, turning towards the fort, withdrew in close order, with their faces towards the evil-looking adherents of the Sioux chieftain.

This was not the last attack upon General Carrington's frontiersmen, by any means, for many who ventured from the fort were ambuscaded. The wood trains which went out to fetch logs from a saw mill, some miles away, were constantly attacked. There was fighting all the time. Many stragglers who had ventured out alone were cut off and killed. A few were scalped, and crawling back to the stockade, were rescued by their now terrified companions, who were constantly warned not to leave the protection of the log fortress. From the first of August, until the close of the year, the Indians killed one hundred and fifty-four persons, wounded twenty more, and captured nearly seven hundred horses, mules, and cattle. Every train which passed over the Bozeman trail was attacked, and there were fifty-one demonstrations against the fort by Red Cloud and his followers. Men grew used to war and the sound of spitting bullets and flying arrows.

Among the officers of the fort was a Captain Fetterman, who had had less experience in the country than the other officers, and who was always anxious for a fight. On the twenty-first of December a wood train was sent out to gather a supply of timber for the fort, and, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the lookout on a hill nearby signalled that it had been attacked by the

Indians in force, about a mile and a half from the fort. A relief party of eighty-one men was immediately sent out to the aid of the beleaguered whites, and the command was entrusted to Fetterman. He boasted that with this troop he could ride through the entire Sioux nation.

As the soldiers left the post, General Carrington gave specific orders that they were not to pursue the Indians across a trail which was visible from the fort. "You shall relieve the wood train, drive back the Indians, but on no account pursue them beyond the Lodge Trail Ridge," said the careful commander at the moment of departure, and in a loud voice. "All right," called Fetterman, "I shall be sure to obey your orders." With a smile on his face, he rode out into the open, taking a direction which would lead him to the rear of the Indians who were menacing the wood train.

Red Cloud was in command of the savage horde upon the plains, and, when he heard that Fetterman's command was approaching, he directed his braves to retreat down the valley. The wood train immediately broke corral, and, as the redskins went away, made for the fort. Fetterman and his men rode after the red men, and, entirely disregarding the orders from General Carrington, followed the fleeing braves down a ravine. This was exactly what Red Cloud had wished, and, taunting the oncoming soldiers with jeers and insults, he had soon drawn them into an ambushade. Suddenly the bluecoats found themselves surrounded. Too late they turned about to retreat to the protection of Fort Phil Kearney. In their rear a vast and overwhelming

mass of Indians galloped upon them, driving them into a circle for defense, and shooting them down by scores. The whites fought gamely and well, but it was of little avail. They were soon overwhelmed by the great numbers of the Sioux, as well armed as they were themselves, and led by Red Cloud in person. Soon not a single soldier was alive, and the air resounded with the wild warwhoops of the victorious savages.

At the fort the heavy firing of the battle was heard about twelve o'clock. Carrington instantly dispatched fifty-four men to the relief of Fetterman and his doomed command, who had disappeared from view behind the sloping hills. The men went forward on the run. Carrington, himself, mounted the observatory tower, fieldglasses in hand, and anxiously scanned the distant hills. He was fearful of the result of the expedition, but dared say nothing to his officers and men, or to the women and children who had husbands and fathers in Fetterman's detachment. Late in the afternoon the relief party returned with terrible tidings of an awful disaster.

When they had reached the end of the ridge nearest the fort, they saw evidences of a great battle. Forty-nine men were lying behind a pile of rocks, in a space only about six feet square. They had been killed by arrows and spears, and not by bullets. Fetterman was found prostrate behind a hillock with another officer by his side. As their heads were burned and filled with powder around the wounds, it was evident that they had committed suicide when they found that it was all up with them. On every side were signs of the fiercest

kind of hand-to-hand fighting. Behind a pile of stones were two civilians who had been armed with modern six-shot rifles, and as many Indian ponies lay near by, it was evident that they had put up a stout defense. Ghastly and mutilated remains, shot full of arrows and stripped naked, were on every side. Red Cloud and his braves had had a terrible victory.

By this defeat and slaughter of Fetterman's command, Red Cloud gained so much fame that he was chosen to be the leading war chief of the Sioux. Thousands of painted warriors enrolled themselves with his band, and he soon found himself in control of numbers of daring spirits who were constantly on the lookout for another battle with the Government troops. Travel on the Bozeman trail was given up entirely. Letters from the soldiers which got through the prowling Indians to the East often had in them the words: "We are in constant fear of our lives. This may be my last letter. The Indians fairly swarm about the fort." Men of the garrison who had moved West for adventure's sake had found all that could satisfy the most delicate palate. Danger was always present.

As winter passed and the warm breath of summer blew across the prairie, Red Cloud was persuaded by his warlike followers to make another attack upon the whites. The painted braves were weary of cutting off stragglers and attacking stagecoaches; they wanted another stand-up fight. Half of the Sioux were armed with rifles which they had obtained from white traders, and some had repeaters. There were about three thousand of these red warriors, and they were not

cowards, although they had a healthy respect for the white troops. Under cover of frequent skirmishes, Red Cloud collected his adherents within striking distance of the fort, and by the first of August he was prepared to have a desperate encounter with those who had dared to trespass upon the land of his fathers.

Woodcutting was still going on in the vicinity of this stockade in the far wilderness, and, under the leadership of Major James Powell, numerous soldiers protected those engaged in this task. The wagons used by the woodcutters were furnished by the quartermaster's department. In order to afford as much protection as possible to their occupants in case of an onslaught by the Sioux, loopholes were cut in the sides. Major Powell had fourteen of such vehicles, and he drew them up in the form of an oval, as the men busied themselves in cutting down the neighboring forest trees. The wheels were removed from all but two, which were placed at either end of the barricade. It was thus a formidable obstacle to an Indian attack.

On August the second Indians were seen approaching the fort in great numbers. Red Cloud had made his plan of attack, and had decided to annihilate the little detachment under Major Powell (twenty-eight in all) before he set upon Fort Phil Kearney. Although his warriors dashed forward with extreme speed, they were seen long before they reached the wagon-box corral. On they galloped—three thousand of them—and, as they appeared above the rolling hills, the sun glistened upon their shining rifle barrels and painted faces. Chanting a wild war song, and brandishing spears and rifles

aloft, they came down upon Powell's little force like an overwhelming wave of the sea. Yelping with savage delight at the thought of an easy victory, they sent forward a party of two hundred red men to stampede the mules which were used in the wagons. The herders stood them off for some time, but, seeing that it was useless to fight against such odds, retreated towards Powell's corral. Immediately a large force of painted braves hastened to cut them off.

But Powell dashed out from the wagon boxes to their rescue. With him were only fifteen men, but they shot so accurately into the mass of Indians that the redskins turned to drive them away. The herders, meanwhile, made their escape towards the fort, and, after a stiff brush with another detachment of Red Cloud's army, managed to reach the safety of the log stockade. Powell retreated to his wagon boxes, and there, with his paltry twenty-eight, prepared for the onslaught of Red Cloud's three thousand. There were greater odds here than when Roman Nose charged upon the defenders of Beecher's Island, and the whites were to distinguish themselves as splendidly as did the Rough Riders of "Sandy" Forsyth.

"Lie down!" shouted Powell to his men. "Throw blankets over the tops of the wagons to screen yourselves! Bore loopholes through the sides of the wagons with the augurs, if you need more room to fight. And, for your lives, don't fire until the savages are close upon us!" So saying, he stationed himself at the end of the corral, rifle in hand, and awaited the onslaught of the painted followers of Red Cloud. As he ceased speaking, three

civilians and one old frontiersman, a dead shot, succeeded in joining his party. Thus the numbers were increased to thirty-two.

Powell was seven miles from the fort, and the chances were that he would be relieved. This gave him some satisfaction, as he saw Red Cloud busily giving directions to his warriors, and massing them for a charge upon the corral. The redskins were determined to ride clean over the soldiers and end the battle with one, swift blow. Remembering their success with Fetterman, they doubtless felt that the fate of the thirty-two would be the same. Their women and children were with them, and, massed upon a number of hills, eagerly watched their relatives as they formed in line of battle. Five hundred Sioux warriors, magnificently mounted, suddenly detached themselves from the three thousand, and, urging on their multi-colored steeds with blows and wild cheers, started head-on for the corral.

On, on, they charged. Slowly went the ponies at first, but gradually their speed was increased, until they were galloping with great swiftness upon the silent wagon boxes. A cloud of alkali dust surrounded the yelling band, while, in their rear, Red Cloud gathered together his main force to rush into any opening which the five hundred might make. They went on, on, on, until it seemed as if they would be right among the wagons, when, with a deafening roar, a frightful and overwhelming fire was poured into their very faces. A rain of bullets ploughed into the mass of redskins. Ponies rolled over each other in great confusion. Painted warriors fell headlong upon the turf. All were mixed

together in a wild and tangled mass of maddened bronchos and screaming Sioux.

As each of Powell's men had several rifles, the fire from the wagon boxes was steady, persistent, and continuous. Checked, but not halted, the redskins rode up to the very edge of the corral and shot over the tops of the wagons at the garrison. But not one leaped into the enclosure. Dividing like a great billow of the sea, what was left of the five hundred swept around the hollow oval in a vain endeavor to find an opening. But, as they rushed onward in a mad and desperate gallop, a withering fire was directed into their very backs, so that many fell helpless to the ground within striking distance of the sides of the wagon boxes. So close were the Sioux that often one bullet from a frontiersman would kill two redskins. The rifles of Powell's men were hot from rapid use, and revolvers finished the defense of the gallant thirty-two, as the Indians rode back to their disgruntled companions.

Disgusted with the failure of this attack, Red Cloud consulted with his chieftains, and determined upon another method of procedure. Seven hundred Indians were formed into a skirmish party, and were told to creep as near the corral as they could and to pour a heavy fire into the wagons. The rest—about two thousand warriors—were gathered upon a hill and placed in several long lines. They were to overwhelm the men under Powell, and to deal with them as they had with Fetterman,—the disobedient. Let us see how they fared.

After the skirmishers had poured a hot fire into the silent wagon boxes, which literally tore the tops to

pieces, the two thousand began a mad gallop towards the corral. Again there was an awful silence, until they reached a distance of ninety yards or so from the defenders of the wooden oval. The thirty-two had been reduced to twenty-eight, but their spirits had not suffered. As the stalwart braves came onward in splendid war bonnets and beaded war shirts, it was a sight which would have made many a man quail. Several had shields of buffalo hide upon their left arms, which were brightly painted and decorated with fantastic designs. Led by the nephew of Red Cloud, they dashed forward in a wide semicircle, chanting wild war songs, calling upon the Great Spirit to aid them, and brandishing their weapons aloft. It was a clear day. The sun shone brightly upon them, and made good targets for the silent and watchful men from Fort Phil Kearney.

They advanced in a wild, uneven column, when
Crash!

A volley poured into their faces, knocking the nephew of the great Red Cloud to the turf, and sending down full twenty warriors among their plunging bronchos. Still they came on, and

Crash! Crash!

A still more deadly mass of lead ploughed gaps in the line. They did not falter, but swept forward with fierce cries of anger and disdain. Ponies screamed in agony and broke from the mass of maddened braves whenever their riders fell prostrate to the turf. The Sioux were now within twenty yards. It was a terribly critical situation. Should they leap over the wooden

barrier, it would be all over with Powell's valiant band. But

Crash! Crash! Crash!

The Sioux were so close that the troopers rose to their knees, in their excitement, and threw their augurs, revolvers, and knives into the faces of the Indians. It was like the charge of Grover's brigade on Stonewall Jackson's men behind the railroad cut at Second Bull Run. The white men did anything to keep off the foe. They were desperate.

Crash! Crash! Crash!

Others were keeping up the fire. The Indians wavered. They broke. They began to ride away. A fierce cheer rent the air from the brave twenty-eight, and, upon a hillock a half mile away, Red Cloud, like Napoleon at Waterloo, bitterly bewailed this sudden and appalling reverse. He thought that he saw the end of his power as head war chief of the bloodthirsty Sioux.

With desperation the Indians now formed for another attack. The ground around the corral was literally piled with heaps of the slain. In spite of this they charged six times upon the defenders of the wagon-box corral. For three hours there was continuous fighting and stubborn resistance. Finally, as Red Cloud's warriors apparently formed for a last, desperate onrush a shell burst in the midst of the Indian skirmishers, and, through the trees away off to the left, the gallant defenders of the wooden fortification saw the blue uniforms of approaching soldiers. They were saved!

Cheer upon cheer rent the air, as, at the head of one hundred men, Major Smith galloped into view. The

herders, woodsmen, and scouts who had escaped from their camps in the morning had reached the fort with the news of Powell's danger. Thus, all who could be spared from the stockade had been sent, with a howitzer, to rescue the brave defenders of the wagon-box corral. Red Cloud's warriors retreated in sullen silence, carrying off their dead, as is their custom. Had they again turned upon the whites, when they were in the open, there is no doubt that they could have nearly annihilated Smith's little body of rescuers, because of their overwhelming numbers.

When Powell's rangers reached the protection of Fort Phil Kearney, many were half crazy with the excitement and nervous strain of the fight. Several never completely recovered from the terrible experience through which they had just passed, and Powell, himself, was an invalid for three years. Never had white men displayed greater hardihood, courage, and fighting prowess against overwhelming masses of redskins; and the fact that nearly half of the total Indian force were either killed or dangerously wounded (as was afterwards learned from Red Cloud himself) bears full witness to the accurate marksmanship of the whites.

* * * * *

A treaty was made with all the Sioux within six months, and Fort Phil Kearney was abandoned to its fate. The troops were withdrawn. The followers of Red Cloud immediately burned the wooden stockade to the ground. Red Cloud, himself, never afterwards participated in an important action with the soldiers,

although elected to the position of head chief of the Sioux. The prestige which he had lost at the wagon-box fight returned after the abandonment of Fort Phil Kearney, and he was always admired and respected by his red followers. In the war of 1876, General MacKenzie surprised his camp before he had an opportunity to go upon the warpath, which, to say the least, was most fortunate for those who wished to have peace upon the frontier.

The Sioux leader lived to be nearly ninety years of age, and, when questioned upon his feelings about the defeat by Powell's men, would say: "It was a big fight. The long swords fought as I had never seen them before. My warriors were as thick as blades of grass. I went in with many. I lost over half. The long swords shot true to the mark. My warriors never fought again."

SITTING BULL AND CRAZY HORSE: GENERAL AND ABLE LIEUTENANT OF THE GREAT SIOUX REBELLION

A TROOP of United States cavalymen wound, like a great worm, up the dry bed of a tortuous creek. It was in March, 1876, and the weather was bitterly cold. Sharp, biting gusts blew the dry alkali dust into the faces of the bronzed troopers. But with determined manner they pressed on towards the purling waters of the Powder River.

As the weather-beaten commander of this expedition trotted quietly in the front of the line, a horseman suddenly appeared upon the horizon, and, galloping hard for the travel-stained column, drew rein before the leading officer.

"General Reynolds," said he, "the village of Crazy Horse is not more than five miles away. You must approach with caution, but, as you outnumber them, I feel sure that there can be but one outcome of the fight."

The officer in command smiled grimly.

"Thank you, Lieutenant," said he. "You have scouted well. We will be all prepared for a brush with my old friend Crazy Horse within an hour."

Then, turning about, he called:

“Close column, men! Tighten saddlegirths, and look to it that your ammunition is all ready. We are about to have a warm affair.”

As the men busied themselves with their arms and accoutrements, a lean timber wolf sneaked from behind a small bunch of cottonwood trees. Sitting on his haunches, he howled dismally. It was the song of death.

What did this alkali-covered column mean—there upon the bleak, unpopulated Wyoming plains? Why these grim-visaged warriors: these munitions of war: these scouts and vigilant-eyed officers of the Government? It meant that the last great Indian campaign had begun; and that within the course of a year the power of the native Americans would be irrevocably broken. The country of the Sioux was encircled by the forts and agencies of the white men. A railroad now crossed the continent and ran through the land of the elk and the buffalo. Surrounded by their civilized enemies, the Indians determined to make one last desperate stand against the whites.

Sitting Bull, an Unkpapa chief and medicine man, was the real leader of the Sioux. His were the brains which conceived and executed the movements of the warriors. But Crazy Horse, an Oglala, was the true leader in time of battle. Sitting Bull was the Grant, and Crazy Horse the Sheridan, of the Sioux army. One conceived and the other executed.

There was plenty of ammunition among the savages, and they were as well armed as the soldiers. There were still many buffalo in the country of the red men,

and of food and clothing they had abundance. Their women and children were with them. Their ponies were many. Their warriors numbered several thousand. And, realizing that they were now encircled and enveloped by their hated enemies, they determined to make a last, desperate resistance to the power of the Government, which had determined, late in 1876, that thereafter all Indians in the Northwest must live upon the reservations.

"God made me an Indian, but not a Reservation Indian," Sitting Bull had said.

"The Great Spirit has told me that I shall defeat the whites," Crazy Horse had added.

Thus, stimulated with a just pride in their own strength and resources, the Sioux retreated to the region of the Big Horn mountains, determined to retain their independence, and to drive off the whites. They were patriots fighting for the soil which they had been born upon. They fought gamely, desperately, mercilessly; until beaten in detail by the superior ability of the whites, they at last were forced to a peaceable life upon the Government reservations.

General Reynolds soon found the Indians. Under fire from a band of warriors upon the hills, his men charged upon the camp of Crazy Horse and drove the redskins to a high bluff. While shot at very heavily by the warriors, the soldiers began to destroy the tepees. The fire from the followers of Crazy Horse grew more and more accurate. In spite of a stout resistance by the troopers, the redskins began to push them very hard. They soon had found the range of

the camp, and many of the cavalrymen went down before their accurate aim. Suddenly Reynolds ordered a retreat—so suddenly that the bodies of several of his men were left behind to the fury of the Sioux, while one wounded man, it is said, was abandoned to an awful fate among the hostiles.

As is always the case when white men move back before red, the followers of Crazy Horse grew more and more bold as the whites withdrew. It was bitterly cold—so cold that the soldiers suffered intensely from the zero weather. Following the example of Crazy Horse, the red men made a vigorous attack upon Reynolds' force, and, by a bold and impetuous advance, succeeded in recapturing seven hundred of their own ponies which the troopers were driving before them. After this they seemed to be satisfied with their actions, and, apparently unmindful of the freezing temperature, rode quietly and joyously back to their own camp. All the honors were with Crazy Horse, and he was the hero of the western plains.

What General Crook said when Reynolds returned is not worthy of repetition, for he was the commanding officer of this expedition against the Sioux and was hastening to the assistance of that officer with his infantry and wagons. It was a disgraceful affair from the viewpoint of the Americans, but in the camp of the Sioux there was dancing and song. "The Great Spirit is upon our side," chanted the warriors. "We shall drive the palefaces into the land of the setting sun. We shall again sleep in peace upon the prairie." But they could not read the signs aright.

At Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, nine hundred cavalrymen and three hundred infantry were soon in motion against the Indians. Crook was in command of this, the most efficient force which had ever been sent against the Sioux. He was an officer of large experience, and so, on May 29th., 1876, began the advance, before the weather was too hot for campaigning. Past the ruins of old Fort Phil Kearney marched the dusty column; past the beetling cliffs of the mountains; the great stretches of glorious prairie covered with variegated wild flowers and the bleaching skulls of buffalo; on through the deep defiles and coulees of the numerous crystal streams which rippled through this glorious plateau, until, on June 9th., the army encamped upon the south side of the Tongue River. Here a message was received from Crazy Horse, which said:

“If you cross my river, my warriors will take your scalps. Go back into your own country and leave me and my children alone.”

But Crook had no intention of going back. Instead of that, he remained where he was and laughed at the threats of Crazy Horse: the vainglorious.

At half-past six the cry of “Indians! Indians!” roused the weary troopers from their preparations. *Crash! Crash!* came two rattling volleys, and from the bluffs across the river arose the wild war whoops of the followers of the great Sioux leader, who had begun to make good his threat.

Springing to their feet, the soldiers immediately formed in line of battle and replied to the shots of the redskin braves. Imagining that the canvas tents of

the white men were full of soldiers, the Sioux directed their fire upon them, and the camp was swept with bullets. Fortunately the troops had run out into the open, and, forming in a long skirmish line, vigorously replied to the fire of the warlike followers of Crazy Horse. The mess chests in camp were split with bullets; several horses were struck; the wagons were splintered by the leaden balls; a few tent ropes were cut; and the shelters toppled to the ground. "Cross the river with your battalion and charge the enemy!" shouted General Crook to Captain Mills, and, as the troopers splashed through the water with bugles blaring and pennons fluttering, he turned to a young lieutenant, and said: "Now watch them retreat! Nothing can stand this advance!"

With fierce war whoops the Indians greeted the charge of the troopers, and, aiming at them, endeavored to keep them away. They did not realize that the men under Mills were old-time fighters, and, not at all frightened at their rifle fire, charged upon them vigorously. Meanwhile the long-range rifles of the other troopers began to find them; so, waiting until the whites had reached the very top of the bluffs, they suddenly broke and fled. Few of their numbers had been wounded, and they had not killed a single United States soldier.

Leaving a portion of his men to guard the baggage and wagons, Crook now pushed on after the retreating Crazy Horse. In a few days he had reached a large, rolling bit of prairie, surrounded by high bluffs, near the Rosebud River. He camped here, while some of

his Crow and Shoshone Indian scouts went on a buffalo hunt. Crazy Horse had his own scouts out watching the movements of the oncoming column, and when he saw them in such a favorable position for attack, he, himself, began the battle. In this he showed a confidence that few Indians had ever exhibited.

It was half-past eight upon a gloriously bright morning, when rifle shots sounded from the bluffs over which the Indian scouts had disappeared. A cloud of dust soon arose upon the skyline, and galloping into camp came a few of the Crow and Shoshone scouts. They were yelping with fright.

“Sioux! Sioux! Heap Sioux!” they shouted. “They are coming! Get ready!”

The bugle blared the call to arms, and immediately the troopers fell in. They were none too soon, for, suddenly, out on the plain before them came hundreds of painted warriors. Crazy Horse had joined forces with Sitting Bull. Their combined commands were determined to crush Crook's column, as Red Cloud had annihilated Fetterman. Gay with paint and war bonnets, they streamed out upon the plain, yelling their savage war songs, and firing their rifles at long range. The feathers from their head-dresses floated out in the wind; their war ponies were grotesquely painted; their entire bodies were bright with brilliant buckskin or yellow ochre. They circled around like blackbirds upon a field of grain. Thousands seemed to be in sight, and they were apparently little afraid of the resolute-looking forces before them.

It did not take Crook long to give his orders. “Charge,

with your troop, in front," he shouted to Mills. "Van Vliet, take your squadron to the rear and keep the Indians from circling round us. To the left Royall and Henry's battalion will charge. The infantry and part of the Second cavalry will hold the centre!"

The fight was now on in earnest. Mills' troopers struggled through a bog; raced across a long stretch of prairie, and rushed up the bluffs upon which the Sioux were riding around in a circular motion. They dashed upon the Indians with revolvers drawn. Firing them in the very faces of the red men, they nearly reached the hostile line, when the Sioux broke and fled to a second ridge. Charging them here was quick work for the cavalrymen. But the savages would not stand and galloped off to a safe distance. As the troopers dismounted to form a skirmish line, the redskins circled about them, kicking up clouds of alkali dust, yelping like mad men, and firing at intervals. They only wounded one or two of their assailants.

The soldiers under Royal, Henry and Van Vliet had equal success in driving back the Sioux, until Henry was severely injured by a bullet which struck him in the face. The friendly Crows and Shoshones fell upon the flanks of the followers of Crazy Horse, about this time, but did little damage. The numbers of Sioux seemed to increase every moment, and, when Henry fell, they attacked with some spirit. Twice the redskins galloped across his prostrate form, but luckily he was not hit by the ponies' hoofs. His men rallied and rushed to his rescue. There was fierce fighting over the body of the gallant cavalryman—such fight-

ing as at Cressy, Agincourt and Poitiers, when men fought hand-to-hand. Clouds of dust arose from the feet of the plunging horses; the air resounded with the fierce wails of the Indians; while the *crack, crack* of rifles spat their slogans of death above the tumult of the fray. Mills was withdrawn to gallop down a cañon in order to attack the village of Crazy Horse, and, as his troopers disappeared, the Indians seemed to grow less eager to advance. Gradually their rifle fire slackened; they turned their ponies' heads towards their village; and soon went off down the sides of a deep cañon. For two hours this conflict had lasted, and the honors had been about even.

When Mills dashed down the cañon with eight troops of cavalry, he confidently expected to gallop into the Indian village and annihilate what reserve Crazy Horse had left behind him. His men moved rapidly and had come within a short distance of the tepees, when firing was heard in front.

"Halt!" shouted Mills. "Cinch up saddlegirths! load revolvers, and see that your ammunition in your guns is properly adjusted!"

No sooner had he halted than an aide came galloping up from the rear.

"Mills," said Nickerson, the courier, "Royall has been badly handled; there are many wounded. Henry is severely hurt, and Vroom's troop is all cut up. The General orders that you and Noyes defile by your left flank out of the cañon and return, at once, to the field. He cannot move out to support you and the rest, on account of the wounded."

“I will not obey,” said Mills at first, so anxious was he to reach the village; but, thinking better of his resolution, he ordered his men to turn to the left and defile out of the cañon. It was well that he had done so, for just below was a great dam, covered with logs and broken timber. It was a trap laid by Crazy Horse. Here he had massed a great body of Indians, and had the eight troops of cavalry advanced, they would have been annihilated.

This ended the operations for the day. Crook camped upon the battlefield. Ten of his soldiers had been killed, and twenty-seven had been seriously wounded. It is true that he had driven the followers of Crazy Horse from the scene of conflict, but, as he himself had exhausted all his ammunition and a larger part of his supplies, he was forced to retreat to his base. Crazy Horse had protected his own village, crippled his adversary, and had withdrawn in peace and security. He had stopped the further progress of the expedition and had fought a drawn battle with one of the ablest of Indian fighters. His reputation and prowess among his own people was thus increased tenfold, and he was the idol of his nation.

The great numbers of savages under Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull soon camped further north in the valley of the Little Big Horn. Here on June the 25th., 1876, they were attacked by General Custer. In “Famous Cavalry Leaders,” I have fully described the great fight which there took place, so it is useless to speak further of this famous affair. Custer, and the greater portion of his command, were annihilated. The Indians

escaped towards the Northeast, and, eluding the vigilance of Gibbon and Terry, were soon hastening towards the Canadian border.

After the defeat of General Custer, the Government realized that the Sioux war was a more serious affair than they had at first considered. Reinforcements were hurried into the country of the hostiles, and Crook and Terry were ordered to press after the Sioux with the utmost celerity. As Terry's forces were in bad condition, and were soon withdrawn from the field, Crook alone was left in active pursuit of the retreating bands of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull. He chased them through the burning solitudes of that vast Northern wasteland like a veritable bloodhound. Through rain, snow and drought his weary troopers kept after the Indians. During the heated summer months there was no forage for the horses, and the rations of the men became wellnigh exhausted. The savages had swept the country free of game. They, too, were suffering from lack of subsistence, but their condition was never as bad as that of the troopers under Crook.

On, on, went this indefatigable column; now subsisting upon mule and horse meat; now thankful for a few raw onions which grew in the hollows unbaked by the blinding sun. Finally, when the supply of rations was reduced to two and one-half days', Crook realized that his men would all die of starvation if forage and food were not at once secured. It was either food, or death in the wilderness.

One hundred and fifty of the best men, with the last of the mules and the best horses, were formed into an

advance party under Captain Anson Mills, of the Third Cavalry, and sent to Deadwood City in the Black Hills to get provisions. They pushed on, little expecting to see Indians. But at a place called Slim Buttes, in the northwest corner of South Dakota, the scouts discovered a large village of forty or fifty lodges of the Sioux, pitched upon the banks of a small stream called Rabbit Creek. American Horse—a prominent chief—was here in command, and he was a good fighter. But Mills determined to attack the camp at once and made his dispositions with care.

The attack was a complete success, and the village was taken with but little loss. Some of the Sioux were killed and others were captured. Many escaped through the ravines to a plateau surrounding the valley, and, throwing up rifle pits, determined to sell their lives dear rather than to surrender. Several took refuge in a cave, and, when commanded to come out, replied with jeers and taunts, saying: "Crazy Horse will soon be here, and he will rescue us." American Horse was with these warriors, and he fought like an ancient Greek.

Mills promptly dispatched a courier to Crook, on the fleetest horse in his command, to ask for reinforcements at once. Then he vigorously assaulted the cave. The little band inside sold their lives dearly, and even the women used guns with good effect. But no one could have stood up against the rain of bullets that was showered into the cavern. American Horse surrendered, and when Crazy Horse—with some six hundred warriors—came galloping up to the ridge, where some of his followers had hidden, he was too late. Crook had



Courtesy of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute.

AMERICAN HORSE.

joined with Mills. Imagining that only a few men were there before him, Crazy Horse charged upon the troopers, yelling his war song with all the fervor that had rung at the battles of the Rosebud and Little Big Horn. He was greatly astonished at the numbers of his antagonists, and, realizing his mistake, retired to the tops of some tall buttes with the soldiers after him.

Now occurred one of the most picturesque battles of the West. The Sioux were all around upon the buttes and were silhouetted against the sky. Steadily the soldiers advanced against them up the sides of the cliff. They scaled it under fire and reached the level plateau upon which Crazy Horse and his men were scattered. With a loud cheer they charged the redskins upon the run. The Sioux divided; fled; and left the field and camp to the troopers. In their camp were found many letters belonging to Custer's men which had been sealed, ready for mailing, when they had been annihilated at the Little Big Horn. There were also books, saddles and equipment of the "Fighting Seventh." Thus, that which had been lost came back to the men of the army and brought many tearful recollections of the gallant men who had been killed with Custer.

Sitting Bull was in Montana and still unfriendly. Troops were put in motion to bring him to terms, under General Nelson A. Miles. It was the winter of 1876-7 and a severe one, but the soldiers had fur boots, fur caps and clothing of the thickest texture. With such provision they could easily move and fight in the zero temperature of that northern land.

On October 18th., a wagon load of supplies from Glendive, Montana, was attacked by the Sioux, and, after the hostiles had been driven off, the troops who escorted the train moved to a place called Clear Creek. The Indians followed, and, during a lull in the hostilities, a messenger rode out from their lines, waving a paper, which he left upon a hill, stuck between two forks of a stick. When it was picked up, it read:

“YELLOWSTONE.

I want to know what you are doing travelling on this road. You scare all the buffalo away. I want to hunt in this place. I want you to turn back from here. If you don't, I'll fight you again. I want you to leave what you have got here, and turn back from here.

I am your friend,

SITTING BULL.

I mean all the rations you have got and some powder. Wish you would write me as soon as you can.”

Several days later General Miles, with nearly four hundred troopers, overtook Sitting Bull on Clear Creek. There were one thousand warriors with him of the Miniconjous, San Arcs, Brulés and Unkpapas, together with their wives and children. A meeting was arranged with the old chief, but the wily Sioux refused to come into the Reservation. He became engaged, as he talked, and his manner seemed more that of a wild beast than a human being. “He finally gave an exhibition of wild frenzy. His face assumed a furious expression. His jaws were tightly closed, his lips were

compressed, and you could see his eyes glisten with the fire of savage hatred."

A young warrior stole out of the Indian lines, as the conversation progressed, and slipped a carbine beneath his blanket. Several others followed him, and gathered around Sitting Bull as if they meant treachery. Miles, who had only a revolver, ordered these savages to retire, and, obeying reluctantly, they withdrew. Sitting Bull argued like a conqueror; he would not come into the reservation; he wanted the troops to leave the country. He spoke this way in two conferences, and, seeing that nothing could be accomplished by further parley, Miles told the chief to prepare for fighting, for he intended to attack immediately—in five minutes. Taking his watch in his hand, he counted off the time; while the savages, shouting defiance, galloped back to their own lines.

Suddenly, smoke ascended from the Indian camp. The Sioux had fired the prairie grass. In the midst of clouds of flame and smoke the troops pressed home the attack upon the hostiles. Although Sitting Bull's warriors far outnumbered the whites, they were driven away from their camp. Under the leadership of Gall and other warriors, they charged wildly upon the Government troops. Sitting Bull—as at the Custer massacre—did not appear upon the firing line, but remained in the rear, giving directions. He was a better talker than fighter and believed in allowing the young bloods to do the actual campaigning. They fought hard, too, and at one time pressed the whites so closely that—like Wellington's men at Waterloo—they were forced

to form in hollow squares. The Indians were driven for forty miles.

Seeing that they could do nothing with the troops, many of the Sioux broke into small bands and scattered. Two thousand of them, however, came in on the third day and surrendered. Sitting Bull refused to think of such a measure, and, making for the Canadian boundary line, rode off into British territory. His depleted and starving camp was subsequently attacked, in mid-winter, by a detachment under Lieutenant Baldwin, and was still further crippled. Game to the last, he threw himself upon the protection of England, crossed the Canadian line, and lived for some years in peaceful security.

At last, realizing that he would be better off in his old hunting grounds, he returned to the United States and surrendered to the army. A large territory was assigned to the Sioux as a reservation, and an Indian agency established at Pine Ridge, in South Dakota. This place became the rallying point for the scattered bands of Sioux who still looked to Sitting Bull for counsel. Supported in idleness by the Government, and occasionally exhibiting himself with Buffalo Bill's "Wild West Show," the noted chief lived for some time in great contentment. But within him slumbered a deep dislike and distrust of the whites. He was one of the prime movers of the Ghost Dance uprising in 1890, and, while resisting arrest, was killed by an Indian policeman. Peace to the aged counsellor and sachem of the Sioux!

Crazy Horse had still one more fight in him before he, too, was forced to capitulate.



By permission of Kurz and Allison.

DEATH OF SITTING BULL.

Late in December of 1876, Miles started after this gallant fighter, who was supposed to be in the valley of the Tongue River, south of the Yellowstone. He found his village not far from the place where Crook had battled on the Rosebud. There were between eight and nine hundred warriors posted on the cliffs surrounding a valley of the Wolf Mountains,—a spur of the Big Horn Range. The position was a good one, because the soldiers had to scale some bristling heights to get at the savages, but they were equal to the emergency.

“You have had your last breakfast,” shouted the red warriors as the soldiers began to climb up to their position. “You will not eat again.” But they did not know with whom they were dealing. Undaunted by the superior position of the red men, and unfrightened by their jeers, the soldiers crept up the face of the cliffs, as the shells from their artillery exploded among the followers of the gallant Crazy Horse. The bluffs were icy and snow-covered. It was rough work to scale them; it was only accomplished after slow, dogged, determined crawling, with a halt every moment or so to fire at some Indian above. The plunging shots of the savages did little damage, for their aim was unsteady. The red men clung to their post tenaciously, but they were routed—driven off—and forced back upon the plateau in the rear. Snow was now falling, and the combatants fired at each other in a blinding blizzard.

This was the last stand of Crazy Horse and his band, for their ammunition was about gone, and, not possessing the knowledge necessary to manufacture more, they were unable to prolong their resistance. Their

confederates were nearly all captured. Sitting Bull was miles away and could not be reached. The Brulé Sioux and Unkpapas had surrendered. Their supplies were in the hands of General Miles and his men. Their fate was sealed.

In the early spring Crazy Horse surrendered, with the remnant of his once formidable band of frontier fighters. He was placed in a reservation of the Brulé Sioux at the Red Cloud Agency. "He did not surrender with the humility of a defeated, broken-spirited chief," Major-General Jesse W. Lee has written me. "He was an unsubdued warrior; a great soldier chief; and had come in to make such terms as would bring peace and rest to his people, who had scarcely known defeat under his valiant leadership. To his mind there was no *unconditional surrender* about it. He was willing, for a time, to give up the uncertain buffalo for the certain Agency beef; to exchange the old, worn-out skin lodges for new and handsome army duck."

But Crazy Horse chafed under the restraints of the agency. He was restless, uneasy and unsatisfied with the tame conditions which he found. He was watched by detectives and was closely guarded, but one day escaped and came to Spotted Tail: another rendezvous of the Sioux, forty miles away. Trouble was feared from him, and what subsequently occurred is best told in the language of General Lee, who was there at the time, in charge of the Brulé Sioux at Spotted Tail Agency in Northwestern Nebraska. He says:

"We soon called the chiefs together and told them that probably some trouble might occur at Red Cloud,

but it must not affect them, and for all to remain perfectly quiet and have no fear. We then had only to wait! Imagine, if you please, being compelled to sit down over a powder magazine, with sparks flying around, and wondering how long it would be until the blow-up comes. We felt certain an explosion *would* occur, but uncertain as to the hurt it might do. Well, we had not long to wait! About 4 P.M. *an Indian courier arrived in the Northern camp—not to us!*—his quivering horse all white with foam,—with the startling news that their friends were fighting at Red Cloud, and that the troops were coming to Spotted Tail Agency.

“The old scout, Joe Merivale, well known and respected by the Northern Indians, had been sent to their camp with some reliable Agency chiefs, to meet just this contingency and allay excitement. By dint of hard effort they were succeeding fairly well, when Black Crow came to us and said, “*Crazy Horse is in the Northern camp!*” This came like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. Could it be possible, after all the precautions, spies, detectives, and the large force of troops and Indian allies, that the one man of all others they wished to secure *had made good his escape and had come to our Agency?*

“The arrival of the Indian courier from the Indians had produced intense excitement, but when he was soon followed by Crazy Horse, there was a wild scene, beggaring description. The bold warrior, the venerated hero of his band, who had ever led them to victory, was in the midst of devoted friends, and to them a hunted victim of rank injustice and cruel persecution.

“All the tepees in that camp came down with magic swiftness, and had it not been for White Thunder, and other loyal Brulés, a stampede would have resulted at once; merciless slaughter of unsuspecting whites on the line of flight would probably have followed, and another Indian war inaugurated.

“The ‘reliables’ surrounded and harangued the camp and restored some degree of quiet. Word was sent to the Indians under Touch the Clouds, to bring Crazy Horse to the Post. Major Burke, Dr. Koerper and myself, with an interpreter, started for the Northern camp, about three miles from the Post. When over half way out, we met over three hundred armed Indians in good line of battle, not so much *guarding* as *escorting* Crazy Horse, in the direction of the Post. There were war bonnets and war shirts in profusion, and had it not been for a score or more of ‘reliables,’ intermingled with the three hundred, we might have had serious trouble. Touch the Clouds was on one side of the great warrior and the brave, handsome White Thunder on the other, with the austere and desperate Black Crow just in the rear. Just here I would add that White Thunder and Black Crow had determined to shoot Crazy Horse, should he make a break.

“We took Crazy Horse to the Post, or I would better say, he and his three hundred friends were taking *us* there. Just as we reached the little parade ground of Camp Sheridan, Spotted Tail, able planner that he was, arrived from another direction, with not less than three hundred of his trusty Brulé soldiers, all armed with good breech loaders, principally Winchesters. This

number, with more who joined soon after, gave good solid backing, and, with our ninety soldiers at quarters, ready to aid at a moment's notice,—turned the scale and kept it safely in our favor. As if by intuition, these forces of Indians formed on either side of a walk, leaving a small space, about 6'x8', in the center. It was a wild, weird scene; and had the spectacle been for display, it would have been grand beyond compare, but, as it meant most serious business, and was fraught with danger, every nerve was under the severest strain. For once, Crazy Horse realized that his prestige had forsaken him; for once he was in the presence of one whose mastery he dare not, then and there, dispute. Spotted Tail, the coolest man of all the assembled hundreds, in the plain, Indian blanket garb, without any insignia of chieftainship, stepped into the little arena, and in a few words, delivered in a clear, ringing voice, with dignity and eloquence, addressed Crazy Horse, who was almost within touch: 'We never have trouble here; the sky is clear; the air is still and free from dust! You have come here and you must listen to me and my people! *I* am chief here. We keep the peace. We, the Brulés, do this! *They* obey me! and every Indian who comes here must listen to me! You say you want to come to this Agency and live peaceably. If you stay here, you must listen to me. That is all!'

"It is hard to justly render an Indian speech, especially on such an occasion; but had you heard its telling points and pauses, emphasized and punctuated by the click of loaded rifles, you would have thought it one of the most effective speeches ever delivered. Its

conclusion was greeted with four hundred vociferous 'hows.' One frenzied Northern Indian, believing his friend Crazy Horse was to be harmed, wanted to sacrifice himself in his place. He caught hold of Major Burke's arm and excitedly exclaimed: 'Crazy Horse is brave, but he feels too weak to die today. Kill me! Kill me!' The Brulé guns were already loaded, and had a shot been fired, serious trouble would have begun.

"After a few more words, and as night was coming on, the crowds dispersed, and we got Crazy Horse into Major Burke's quarters to have a talk. He seemed like a frightened, trembling, wild animal, brought to bay, hoping for confidence one moment and fearing treachery the next. He had been under a severe nervous strain all day, and it plainly showed.

"Before proceeding with what was the last talk or council, let me go back a little. Soon after we heard Crazy Horse had reached our Agency, a courier arrived from Red Cloud with the following message from Clark: 'Dear Lee:—There has been no fight. Crazy Horse's band is just going into camp and will give up their guns without trouble, in all probability. Crazy Horse has skipped out for your place. Have sent after him. Should he reach your Agency, have "Spot" arrest him, and I will give any Indian who does this, \$200.' Soon thereafter, a squad of fifteen or twenty Indian scouts arrived from Red Cloud, having been sent after Crazy Horse to arrest and take him back. It was understood then, and afterwards known to be a fact, that they overtook Crazy Horse as he was riding along quite leisurely with his sick wife, and when they asked

him to go back with them, the prestige of his name and warlike deeds overawed them when he said: '*I am Crazy Horse. Don't touch me! I'm not running away!*'

"At our talk in Major Burke's quarters, Crazy Horse seemed to realize his helplessness. We assured him we had no reason to do him any hurt; and he promised, almost at the outset, to go with me next day to Camp Robinson.

"The best solution of the matter was to get Crazy Horse back to Red Cloud safely and quietly; let him make his talk there with the authorities, who could decide what should be done as to granting or refusing his desire for transfer to our Agency. He said he wanted to get away from trouble, that he had brought his sick wife to be treated and came for that purpose only. I told him I would remember what he said and repeat his words to the authorities at Robinson. Several of the chiefs were held responsible, under a binding Indian pledge, for Crazy Horse's safe keeping during the night and his reporting to Major Burke next morning at nine o'clock.

"Crazy Horse reported at the appointed time next morning and said he had changed his mind about going back to Red Cloud, because he 'was afraid something would happen.' He asked us to go down without him and fix up the matter for him and his people. We assured him we had no thought of harming him in any way; that he owed it to his people at Red Cloud to return, and we insisted upon his return peaceably and quietly, to which he agreed upon the following

express conditions, which, under the circumstances, Major Burke and I felt we had a perfect right to make: first, that neither Crazy Horse nor myself should take any arms; second, that I would state to the Soldier Chief at Red Cloud all that had occurred at Spotted Tail Agency, and that if Crazy Horse had made a statement of the facts, I would say to the Soldier Chief that Major Burke, Spotted Tail and I were willing to receive him by transfer from Red Cloud, if the District Commander so authorized; that Crazy Horse should make his statement to the Soldier Chief as to what occurred, how 'he had been misunderstood and misinterpreted; that he wanted peace and quiet, and did not want any trouble whatever.'

"We made Crazy Horse no promise that he would be transferred to Spotted Tail Agency, because *we* knew and *he* knew that could be settled only by the higher authority at Red Cloud. Boiled down to a simple statement, our promise to Crazy Horse was that he should be *heard* on his own behalf, upon arrival at Red Cloud. On this condition, he was willing to return peaceably, and with Major Burke's express consent, *I guaranteed its fulfillment.*

"Crazy Horse asked to ride horseback, which request was granted. We started from the Northern camp about 10.30 on the morning of September 5th. In the ambulance with me were Louis Bordeau, the interpreter, Black Crow and Swift Bear, two reliable Agency chiefs, and High Bear and Touch the Clouds, Crazy Horse's friends. By consent, seven Northern Indians went along to see fair play, but Good Voice and Horned

Antelope, two 'reliables,' rode with Crazy Horse, to take care of him and prevent his escape.

"When about fifteen miles out, small parties of Spotted Tail's Indian soldiers began to arrive, and when half way, about twenty miles, I had over forty reliable Indian soldiers. Crazy Horse then realized that he was practically a prisoner.

"At one time, Crazy Horse dashed ahead and disappeared for a moment over the brow of a hill one hundred yards away. 'Twas here he probably obtained a knife of an Indian family stampeding to Spotted Tail. He was soon overhauled and said he went ahead only to water his horse. He was then directed to ride immediately in the rear of my ambulance, and he saw at once he was closely guarded. He seemed nervous and bewildered, and his serious expression showed clearly he was doubtful of the outcome. He said but little, but his appealing looks seemed to ask, 'Is this treachery?' Ignorant of what was in store for him, I tried to reassure his friends by telling them not to worry, that I would do exactly as had been promised, present his case, and he could be heard also.

"When within fifteen miles of Red Cloud, I sent a note to Clark by a swift Indian courier, asking whether I should take Crazy Horse to Post or Agency. I also stated briefly and explicitly that we had to use tact and discretion in securing Crazy Horse without precipitating serious trouble, and that we had promised him that he should be heard by the Commanding Officer, or the 'Soldier Chief,' when we reached Red Cloud, and I requested that arrangements be made accordingly.

“When within four miles of Red Cloud, I received this answer, in writing: ‘Dear Lee:—General Bradley wishes you to drive direct to his office with Crazy Horse. Yours, Clark.’

“I had built the post and knew that the C. O’s office was next the guard house. This brief note, being silent as to the important parts of my request, signified to my mind that Crazy Horse was to be put in the guard house, but still I hoped that *he would be allowed to say a few words, at least, which would redeem the promise we had made in good faith.*

“We proceeded to the post, my Indians on either side of the ambulance, with pieces ready for instant use, and Crazy Horse in the center. Upon arriving at the C. O’s office, I was met by the Adjutant, who informed me that General Bradley directed that Crazy Horse be turned over to the officer of the day. I said: ‘*No, not yet!*’ and asked if Crazy Horse could say a few words to the C. O. before this was done. I was referred to the General. I had Crazy Horse dismount, go into the office and sit down, and Swift Bear, Touch the Clouds, High Bear, Black Crow and Good Voice went in with him. I stationed an Indian soldier at the door with orders to admit no one while I was away. I then went to the General’s quarters, some 200 yards distant, and in earnest and respectful language preferred my request, and he informed me, in no doubtful terms, that ‘*twas no use!*’ The orders were peremptory; he could not change them; General Crook himself could not change them, and nothing further need be said, and the sooner I turned over Crazy Horse the

better!' I tried to explain what had been done; just what had been promised in securing Crazy Horse, to all of which the General said: 'It's too late to have any talk.' I replied: '*Can he be heard in the morning?*' The General looked at me steadily for an instant, but did not answer. I was again ordered to deliver Crazy Horse to the officer of the day, and 'tell him to go with the officer of the day and not a hair of his head should be harmed.'

"General Bradley was every inch a soldier. An order to him was law and gospel and met with prompt, undeviating obedience, and woe betide the one who dared question, evade or fail in obeying *his orders*. I knew the General too well to attempt to prolong the interview. I felt that as it must be done, 'twere well 'twere quickly done,' yet, as I retraced my steps to the office, I had a glimmering hope that on the *morrow* Crazy Horse might be heard and the promise thus redeemed. I told Crazy Horse '*the night was coming on* and the Soldier Chief said it was too late for a talk; that he said for him to go with the officer of the day and he would be taken care of and not a hair of his head would be harmed.'

"At the conclusion of my message, the chiefs uttered a joyous 'how!' Crazy Horse's face lighted up hopefully, and he stepped quickly across the room to the door and took the officer of the day, Captain Kennington, warmly by the hand. *My duty, my military duty*, was done, but I took Touch the Clouds and High Bear, Crazy Horse's friends, to one side to explain to them, as best I could, the unexpected turn affairs had taken,

and how it was I had nothing more to do with the matter and that I was entirely subject to higher authorities there.

“Crazy Horse willingly went along with Captain Kennington, closely followed by two soldiers of the guard with side arms, straight to the guard house and into the main door. When he reached the prison room, he saw the dungeon cells, the small grated window, and some prisoners in irons, it was said. Across the puzzled brain of this Indian leader, whose life had been free as the wind, there no doubt flitted the terrible thought of prison chains and ignominious death. He was, then and there, at last brought face to face with what the white man had in store for him. To his mind, abandoned by his friends, alone, betrayed, and surrounded by a score or more of his armed enemies, he sprang, with the desperation of an infuriated tiger, into the main guard room, and drawing from his clothing a long, glittering knife, attempted to plunge it into Captain Kennington, but the Captain’s drawn sword diverted this purpose; he then sprang outside, striking right and left and struggling to make his way to where his seven friends were.

“At this juncture, Little Big Man, an erstwhile friend and comrade of Crazy Horse, appeared on the scene. He seized Crazy Horse by the arm and attempted to force him to the ground. The great chief, even in his frenzy, was too magnanimous to plunge the knife into the heart of Little Big Man, but merely punctured his arm to free himself from his treacherous grasp. He then tried hard to kill a soldier of the guard

who blocked his way. Swift Bear, Black Crow and Fast Thunder caught him, and in the struggle Captain Kennington called out: '*Kill him! Kill him!*' and just then an Infantry soldier of the guard made a successful lunge and Crazy Horse fell, mortally wounded, with a deep bayonet thrust in his right side.

"The friendly Indians prevented Crazy Horse's friends from firing on the guard. All the Indians were taken by surprise, and upon the pressing appeal and earnest demand of his friends, Crazy Horse was carried into the office from whence he came.

"Confusion followed; troops turned out, and pandemonium seemed to have broken loose in the Indian camps. Even the friendlies, though they disliked Crazy Horse, were not pleased with the result, and there was not much that could then be explained to their satisfaction.

"Crazy Horse's uncle at once sought to take revenge, but two friendlies caught and led him away. Touch the Clouds asked permission to take Crazy Horse to an Indian lodge and let him die there, but it was refused. He then asked to remain in the office with him, and that was granted on condition that he give up his gun. I recall his remarkable reply: '*You are many. I am only one. You may not trust me, but I will trust you! You can take my gun!*'

"Crazy Horse's old father and mother were also allowed to remain with him. About 10 p.m. Touch the Clouds sent word that Crazy Horse wished to see me before he died. I went to the office. Crazy Horse was lying on the floor, as he desired. He took my

proffered hand and said between his dying moans, 'My friend, I don't blame *you* for this; had I listened to you, this trouble would not have happened to me.' He died at midnight, and thus passed away the restless, untamed spirit of as brave an Indian chief as ever drew a bow or wore a moccasin.

"After his death I was informed, and the statement is, I believe, in the official reports, that he had threatened to kill General Crook, should the General scold or speak roughly to him, at a proposed council to be held at Crazy Horse's camp, some days prior to this trouble. General Crook was on his way in an ambulance to the camp for the talk, when one of the scouts, or some one who was watching Crazy Horse, met him with news of this impending danger, and the General returned to the post without meeting Crazy Horse. This *may* have all been true, but whether it was merely an idle threat, announced in a spirit of bravado, or if made and meant, he would have sought an excuse to carry it into execution can never be known.

"A field officer of Cavalry, then a Captain, informed me that his troop was detailed to take Crazy Horse from the guard house that night at midnight and push on rapidly to the railroad, and from there he was to be sent as a prisoner to the Dry Tortugas.

"When he died, Touch the Clouds shook hands with all present, thus showing he had no bad heart toward anyone.

"Crazy Horse's father made some pathetic remarks as to the life and character of his son. He asked that he might take the body away and give it an Indian

burial, and consent was given—*the lifeless form was harmless then!* The offer of an ambulance was declined, and at daylight, September 6th., the gray, bareheaded, wailing, wretched, old father and mother, followed on foot out of the post the travois on which was lashed the body of their only son and protector. Their pitiable condition appealed to the sympathy of everyone, and as they passed Major Burrowes' quarters, they were kindly offered something to eat, which they accepted with apparent gratitude, and then resumed their mournful journey.

“With respect to Crazy Horse, I neither eulogize nor condemn. I have merely stated the facts as they occurred, mainly under my own observation, or as told to me by reliable eye-witnesses. There is no Indian journalist, author or reporter, to present the warlike chief's side of the sad story of his tragic fate. With the lapse of time, his name and fame may linger for a while in the traditions of his tribe, and then fade away forever.”

CONCLUSION.

Farewell to the Indian!

We have seen that, from the time of the very earliest European adventurers, to the great Sioux uprising of 1876, there has been but one result of the contact between the whites and those of another color. Powhatan, the diplomat, was as unable to keep his land from the Anglo-Saxon invader as was Sitting Bull, the tactician. For nearly four centuries the gradual conquest of the American continent went on apace, with frightful carnage, suffering and race hatred. The most fit survived; the people of lesser intelligence and thrift had to give way to those of superior attainments.

It has been a picturesque struggle. There has been the fierce battling against the Pamunkies of Virginia and Opechancanough, the ruthless Virginian. There has followed the strange warfare in the rude forests of Massachusetts with King Philip, and the neighboring contest with Sassacus, chief of the Pequots. Later, was the sanguinary struggle in the Mohawk Valley of New York; the wild fighting around the wooded slopes of the Hudson; the swift marches and vainglorious retreats in the dreamy forests near Lake George, and by the banks of the gray, glittering Champlain.

Then, as the restless pioneers crept southward and westward, was the carnage of Tippecanoe; the stalwart campaigning in the trackless forest of the Illinois; the battling in the land of Weatherford, the Creek conspirator; and the long-continued campaign in the dark and dismal gloom of the Florida Everglades. It was a time which put men upon their mettle, and in which no shirker or weakling could hope to have a place of responsibility.

The most desperate struggles were between 1868 and 1876; struggles which have made heroes of both red men and white. As the steel rails of the Union Pacific road crept steadily but surely across the continent, the Sioux and Cheyennes desperately endeavored to stem the overwhelming influx of white settlers, who followed in the wake of the army and the railroad. There was fighting—and plenty of it—for Custer, Crook, Miles, Forsyth and the other gallant officers of the United States army. Such chiefs as Roman Nose, Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull and Red Cloud fought with all the tenacity and strength which they could command. It was of no avail. The fields of the Rosebud; Beecher's Island; the Little Big Horn; and Slim Buttes; mark stepping-stones in the conquest of the continent by the white invader.

I, myself, have trod over the ground on which Opechancanough battled with the whites in Virginia; have packed across the wide sweep of prairie in Wyoming which once echoed with the wild shouts of the followers of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull; have slept near the crystal waters of the Powder River; and have camped

where the cañons once echoed with the rifle shots of Lieutenant Sibley, a gallant scout of Crook's command, who was with him at the battle of the Rosebud. There were no signs of the red man in this magnificent country. He had vanished from the grassy plateaus and beetling mountains, as had the game which once abounded in the fertile land.

The Indian of the plains has disappeared. Now, educated in the ways and customs of the whites, in various schools for the members of his race, he joins in the conquest of the soil, and in modern progress, by the same methods adopted by those of superior mental development. The gorgeous war bonnets, magnificent trappings, and painted accoutrements have given way to the sober dress and technical instruments of the whites. The picturesqueness and color which surrounds the native American will shortly fade away. Spirited has been the history of his struggle for the land of his forefathers, and sad has been its ending.

Farewell to the Indian of the plains!

•
THE END.

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