THE CANOE FIGHT.

LIFE AND TIMES

OF

GEN. SAM. DALE,

THE

MISSISSIPPI PARTISAN.

BY

J. F. H. CLAIBORNE.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

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TO

THE SURVIVING VOLUNTEERS OF MISSISSIPPI AND LOUISIANA

(AND IN MEMORY OF THE DEAD),

WHO SERVED IN THE CREEK WAR OF 1813-14, UNDER THE LATE BRIG. GEN. CLAIBORNE, THIS BIOGRAPHY OF ONE OF THEIR NUMBER, BRIEFLY ILLUSTRATING THEIR PATRIOTISM, GALLANTRY, AND SUFFERINGS,

Is Respectfully Dedicated.

ALABAMA LEGISLATURE.

An Act expressing the gratitude of the State of Alabama for the services rendered by Samuel Dale. Approved Dec. 15, 1821.

Sec. 1. Whereas the territory now composing the State of Alabama was, during our late war with Great Britain, subjected likewise to the barbarities of savage warfare; and whereas our venerable citizen, Col. Samuel Dale, was the first to interpose his aid for the defense of our people, and endured privations and hardships that have impaired his constitution and reduced him to indigence; and whereas the said Dale, not having had it in his power, owing to the situation of the country, to preserve his papers and vouchers to establish his claim on the United States government, and has failed to receive even justice from that quarter; and whereas we, the representatives of the people of Alabama, feel it a duty due to them and ourselves to manifest our gratitude for his distinguished services; therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, that the treasurer be and is hereby required to pay to the said Col. Samuel Dale half the pay now allowed by the United States to colonels in the army. And that he is hereby declared a brigadier general by brevet in the militia of this state, and shall rank as such whenever called into service. And the governor is hereby required to commission him accordingly. And the treasurer is authorized and required to pay to the said brevet Brigadier General Samuel Dale, on the first day of January in each and every year, the half pay as aforesaid, for and during his life, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

PREFACE.

THE historical portion of this volume has been condensed from authentic MSS. never yet published.

The personal adventures of Gen. Dale were taken down from his own lips by Franklin Smith, Esq., the late Henry A. Garrett, Esq., and myself, at different periods. Those gentlemen — both accomplished scholars — turned over their notes to me some years ago, and I incorporated a memoir of Dale with a "History of the Southwest," on which I had been long engaged. When ready for the press, the MSS. were lost by the sinking of a steamer on the Mississippi. Until within a few weeks past I have never had leisure to reproduce the life of Dale.

He was a man of singular modesty, silent and reserved, and rarely alluded to his own adventures. He was a man of truth, and possessed the confidence and esteem of many eminent persons. As originally written, the narrative was almost literally in his own words. In the present memoir I have preserved his language in many parts, and faithfully expressed his opinions.

He was an uneducated, but by no means an ig-

norant man; a close observer of men and things, with a clear head, a tenacious memory, and always fond of the society of educated men. I venture to hope that his life, as here written, presents a fair exemplar of the genuine frontier man — modest, truthful, patient, frugal, full of religious faith, proud of his country, remorseless in battle, yet prompt to forgive, and ever ready to jeopard his own safety for the helpless and oppressed — a race of men such as no other country has produced — wholly American — a feature as prominent in our social and political history as the grand physical characteristics peculiar to this continent.

The sketch of the war of 1813–14 is necessarily cursory and brief, being confined mainly to events in which Gen. Dale was concerned. In a work now in preparation, a comprehensive view of those campaigns, with personal sketches of the prominent men engaged in them, will appear, compiled from the private journals and correspondence of several distinguished officers. J. F. H. CLAIBORNE.

Bay St. Louis, Mississippi.

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THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

GENERAL SAMUEL DALE.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage.—The Frontier of Virginia.—Whitesides' Adventure.—Intrepidity of Mrs. Dale.—A Massacre and a Wedding.—Ann Bush.—Removal to Western Georgia.—Carmichael's Station.—The Fort on Fire.—Extinguished by Sam and Alexander Dale.—Digging Potatoes.—The 'Coon Hunt.—An exciting Race.—The "Long-tail Blue."—Life on the Frontier.

I AM of Scotch-Irish extraction. My father and mother were natives of Pennsylvania, in the vicinity of Carlisle, but soon after their marriage removed to Rockbridge County, Virginia, where I was born. In the latter part of 1775 they again moved to the forks of Clinch River, Washington County, and purchased a piece of land, where, uniting with a few neighbors, we

built a stockade called Glade Hollow Fort, for protection against the incursions of the Western Indians. Here the women and children remained, each family occupying separate cabins, while the men tilled their corn-fields, keeping their guns at hand and scouts constantly on the look-out. It was a wild, precarious life, often interrupted by ambuscade and massacre, but no one of that hardy frontier race was ever known to return to the settlements. On the contrary, they pressed forward from river to river, crossing new ranges of mountains, penetrating new wildernesses, marking their march with blood, encountering privation and danger at every step, but never dreaming of retreat. Even the women and children became inured to peril, and cheerfully moved forward in this daring exodus to the West.

The first incident at our new residence that I remember occurred when my father and one Whitesides left the fort together, one bound for the mill, the other in search of horses. Soon after they separated Whitesides was seized by a party of Indians. They tied him to a tree, in the custody of

two warriors, and hastened forward to surprise the fort. By this time, however, my father, hard by, had fallen in with a foraging party from an adjoining settlement who had discerned Indian "signs." At the same moment Whitesides came dashing by them, shouting "Indians." He struck for Elk Garden Station, some ten miles south, where his own family and others were posted. His shouts put us at Glade Hollow on the alert, and the Indians, foreseeing this, ambushed themselves in a ravine. In the mean time my father and the party from Elk Garden approached, unconscious of danger. The terrific war-whoop and the crack of twenty rifles was the first they knew of the enemy. They got into the fort, leaving Bill Priest, Burton Little, and two others dead in the hands of the savages, who scalped them and retired.

Whitesides afterward informed us that his guards, intending to get farther from the fort, were in the act of untying him. One sat down, with his gun across his knees, to unloosen the thongs around his legs; the other had laid his gun on the ground.

Whitesides seized the gun of the sitting Indian, shot the other while he was stooping to recover his weapon, and, before the remaining one could reach him with his knife, he crushed the rifle over his head.

About this time Joe Horn and Dave Calhoun went to their clearings to plant corn, very imprudently taking their wives and children with them, who camped in the field. Being both off hunting one day, the prowling savages made a clean sweep of these two families. The poor heart-stricken husbands, almost crazy, returned to the fort, and the whole night was passed by all of us in lamentations and vows of vengeance.

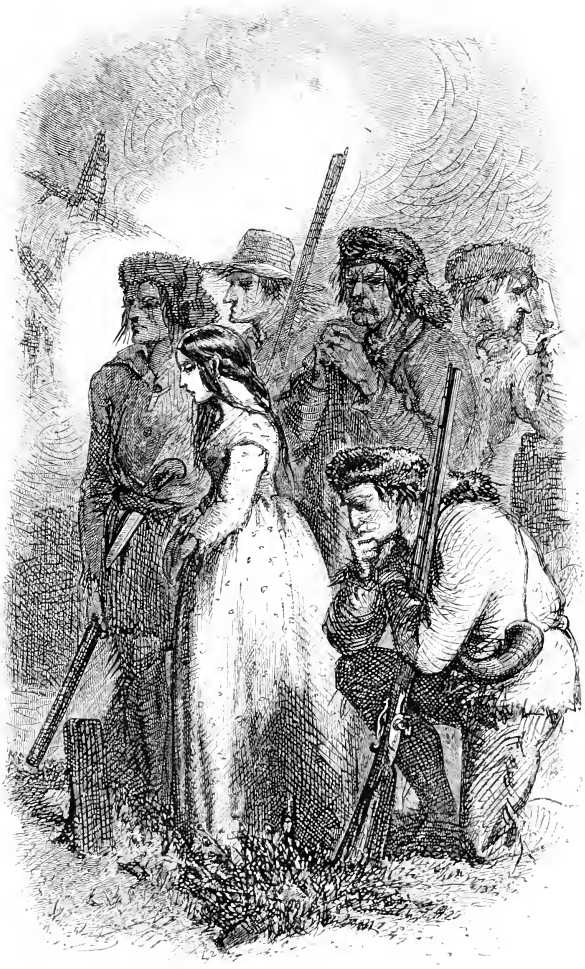
For several months after this we were not troubled, and my brother and myself were boarded about ten miles off, at Halbert M'Clure's, to go to school. Returning one morning from a visit home, we fell in with old Mr. Bush, of Castlewood Fort, who informed us that he saw Shawnee "signs" about, and that we must go back to Glade Hollow and give the alarm. Unfortunately, father had left the day before for the salt works on Holston River, and mother and

the children were alone. About nine at night we saw two Indians approaching. Mother immediately threw a bucket of water on the fire to prevent them from seeing us, made us lie on the floor, bolted and barred the door, and posted herself there with an axe and rifle. We never knew why they desisted from an attack, or how father escaped, who rode up three hours afterward.

In two or three days all of us set out for Clinch Mountain, to the wedding of Hoppy Kincaid, a clever young fellow from Holston, and Sally M'Clure, a fine, bouncing girl of seventeen, modest and pretty, yet fearless and free. We knew the Shawnees were about—that our fort and household effects must be left unguarded, and might probably be destroyed—that we incurred the risk of a fight or an ambuscade, capture, and even death on the route; but in those days, in that wild country, folks did not calculate consequences closely, and the temptation to a frolic—a wedding, a feast, and a dance till daylight, and often for several days together—was not to be resisted, and off we went.

In half an hour we fell in with Captain

Barnett and twenty men from Holston, who warned us that Indians were about, and that he was scouting for them. Father, ever eager for a fight, joined this company, and we trudged on to Clinch Mountain. Instead of the bridal party, the well-spread table, the ringing laughter, and the sounding feet of buxom dancers, we found a pile of ashes and six or seven ghastly corpses, tomahawked and scalped. Poor Hardy M'Clure was dead; several others lay around. One daughter was still breathing, but soon expired. Mrs. M'Clure, her infant, and three other children, including Sally, the intended bride, had been carried off by the savages. They soon tore the poor infant from its mother's arms, and killed and scalped it, that she might travel faster. While they were scalping this child, Peggy M'Clure, a girl twelve years old, perceived a sinkhole immediately at her feet, and dropped silently into it. It communicated with a ravine, down which she ran, and brought the news into the settlements. The Indians were too apprehensive of pursuit to search for her. The same night, Sally, who had



THE WEDDING BY THE GRAVE.

been tied and forced to lie down between two warriors, contrived to loosen her thongs and make her escape. She struck for the cane-brake, then for the river, and, to conceal her trail, resolved to descend it. It was deep wading, and the current so rapid she had to fill her petticoat with gravel to steady herself. She soon, however, recovered confidence, returned to shore, and finally reached the still smoking homestead about dark next evening. A few neighbors, well armed, had just buried the dead. Kincaid was among them. The last prayer had been said when the orphan girl stood before them, and was soon in the arms of her lover. Resolved to leave no more to chance, at his entreaty and by the advice of all, the weeping girl gave her consent, and by the grave of the household and near the ruined dwelling they were immediately married.

In the mean time Captain Barnett pursued the fugitives, and when near the Ohio succeeded in recapturing Mrs. M'Clure and her son.

About this time, Ann and Maria Bush, of Castlewood Fort, while milking near by,

were captured. Seven white men followed the trail and overtook the marauders on the Ohio. Three were in the water constructing a raft,* three were butchering a buffalo, and one was repairing the lock of his gun. At the first discharge four of the savages were slain; the three others struck boldly into the river and escaped.

Not long afterward Ann Bush married, and in twelve months was again captured, with an infant in her arms. After traveling a few hours, the savages bent down a young hickory, sharpened it, seized the child, scalped it, and spitted it upon the tree; they then scalped and tomahawked the mother, and left her for dead. She lay insensible for many hours, but it was the will of Providence that she should survive the shock. When she recovered her senses she bandaged her head with her apron, and, wonderful to tell, in two days staggered back to the settlements with the dead body of her infant. I have often heard her relate the dreadful story.

* An Indian raft consists of dried logs or drift-wood, tied together with wild grape-vines.

Toward the end of 1783 we removed to the vicinity of what is now Greensborough, Georgia, where father anticipated more tranquillity than we had enjoyed on Clinch River; but in a few months after we had established ourselves the Creeks and Cherokees became troublesome, and we were compelled to seek shelter in Carmichael's Station. These forts were merely a number of log cabins built round a small square, with sometimes a block-house in the centre or in an angle of the square, the whole surrounded by a rough picketing. Thirty families had forted at Carmichael's, the men going out every day in squads to till their fields, look after their cattle, and hunt for game. Several hundred bushels of corn had been hauled in a few days before and husked out, the corn being in a pen and the husks piled up against the fort. In the dead of night we were startled by awful yells and a blaze of light. The Indians had silently approached, bringing fire in a cow's horn to prevent discovery, and had applied it to the shucks, and retreated to the side of the square whence they had entered the inclosure. My

father and mother each seized a rifle and stood in the door, and ordered my brother and myself to keep the fort between us and the Indians, and put out the fire if possible. We ran to the corn-pen, pulled down the rails, and let the high pile of corn slip down on the blazing shucks. This soon smothered the flames. Seeing this movement, the Indians retreated, but not until two of their number had been killed by shots from the different cabins. They then set fire to an out-house stored with flax, and showed themselves in force. But our men turned out, and the women put on hats and overcoats, and, deceived by this appearance of strength, the Indians retired.

One of our best men, Captain Autrey, a few days after, took his hands out to strip fodder, and, while scouting round the field, was tomahawked and scalped, and his bowels suspended on a tree.

Father, Jim Stocks, brother Alexander, myself, and a negro fellow set out one evening to dig potatoes a few miles from the fort. We let down the fence and left it so, to facilitate our retreat in the event of an

attack. We were preparing to dismount, when some one cried out that the fence had been put up again. Father immediately gave the word "Every one for himself," and each one struck for the woods. We were fired on all round the field, but got safely back to the fort with only a few flesh wounds and two horses crippled. One rifle ball cut the cartilage of my nose.

Three days thereafter two negro fellows were dispatched from the station to put some cows in a newly-gathered corn-field. Before day the same morning my brother and I slipped out for a 'coon hunt. We had treed a 'coon, and I was in the top of a very tall tree, in the act of shaking him down, when we heard the report of several guns. My brother dashed for the fort. The next moment, about a hundred yards off, one of Carmichael's negroes came staggering along, and soon fell; the other was pursued by three Indians. It was a most exciting race. They ran straight for my tree, which was on a direct line to the fort. The negro wore a "long-tail blue," the skirts flying out as he fled. The foremost Indian seized them, but

they gave way under his grasp. He next seized the collar, and tore the whole coat from his back, and in the effort fell. This saved the negro's life. While this was taking place the two other Indians had scalped the dead negro, and were now standing under my tree. I had an old holster pistol in my belt loaded with buckshot, and it occurred to me that I might kill both of them. I blazed away, and one fell dead; the other bolted like a flash of lightning, and I saw no more of him. The first Indian now perceived me, and, picking up his rifle, which had been dropped in the chase, leveled it at me. I had often been baffled for hours by a fox squirrel in a tree watching my motions, and going round and round, so as to keep the tree between me and him. I played the same game with the Indian. He fired twice and barked the tree close to my ears, when, fortunately, a party from the fort appeared and he retreated. I shook down my 'coon and got safely in. We raised a subscription and bought an old Continental uniform coat, the best in the fort, for the negro fellow.

DODGING THE INDIAN.

Thus passed the days of my youth. Inured to every hardship, living on the coarsest food, earning our bread with our rifles cocked and primed, often witnessing the ruin of homesteads and the murder of families, my own life constantly in jeopardy, yet ever hopeful, ever relying on Providence, ever conscious of my duty to my fellow-men, never counting a personal risk for others as a merit, but only as a duty, and, in spite of privation and danger, loving the wilderness to the last.

Great cities are the centres of civilization, colleges and universities are the nurseries of learning and refinement, consecrated orators in gorgeous churches teach the solemn truths of revelation, but it is only in the boundless seas, perhaps, or in the deep solitude of mountain and valley, that the untutored eye can "look through nature up to nature's God."

CHAPTER II.

Move from the Fort.—Death of Mr. and Mrs. Dale.—Despair and Consolation.—Prayer at the Grave.—Faith in God.—Indian Troubles.—Samuel Dale volunteers.—Equipment of a Georgia Scout.—First Battle.—Desperate Adventure in a Canebrake.—Pursued by Wolves.—Loses all his Horses.—Turns Wagoner.—Opens a Trade with the Indians.—Emigration to the Tombigbee.—Terrible Death of Double-head, the great Cherokee Chief.

Many settlers had now moved into Greene County, and the Indians had ceased to be troublesome. In November, 1791, father contracted for and moved to a tract of land three miles from Carmichael's Station, for which he was to pay seven thousand pounds of tobacco. We built our cabin and made a clearing, but the blind staggers got among our horses and killed all but one. This was a heavy blow. The following Christmas my poor mother died, and in one week my dear father, broken-hearted, followed her to the grave. He never looked up, scarcely ever spoke, after her death, but took to his bed, and never rose from it again. Never be-

DALE'S PRAYER.

fore, certainly never since, though I have breasted many difficulties and endured many sorrows, has the iron ever entered so deeply into my heart. Never have I felt so crushed and overpowered by the feeling of helplessness and isolation. I was under twenty years of age; no foot of earth could be called our own; we were burdened with debt; no kindred blood or opulent friends to offer us sympathy or aid; eight brothers and sisters, all younger than myself, and one an infant, looking to me for bread, and the wilderness around our lonely cabin swarming with enemies. In this state of mind, on the night after we had laid father by our poor mother's side, when my little brothers and sisters had sobbed themselves to sleep, I went to their graves and prayed. Ah! those who are cradled in luxury and surrounded by opulent kindred can not know the whole strength of the tie that binds together parent and child that have no other friends, and how it tears the heart when that tie is broken. "'Tis the survivor dies." I went to the grave a broken-hearted, almost despairing boy. I came back tearful and

sad, but a hopeful and resolute man. I felt the weight of the responsibility upon me, that I must be both father and mother to those orphaned little ones. I had faith in Providence and in myself, and when they awoke I met them with a smile, and with kind words and a cheerful spirit. We all went resolutely to work according to our strength, and God blessed our labors.

In 1793, the Indians being restless and discontented by the advance of the whites, Captain Foote was authorized by the Governor of Georgia to organize a troop of horse for the protection of the frontier. Putting a steady old man in my place on the farm, I volunteered for the service. Our accoutrements were a 'coonskin cap, bear-skin vest, short hunting-shirt and trowsers of homespun stuff, buckskin leggins, a blanket tied behind our saddles, a wallet for parched corn, coal flour, or other chance provision, a long rifle and hunting-knife. After some months' scouting we were mustered into the United States service, and ordered to Fort Mathews, on the Oconee. The pay I received, and a first-rate crop of tobacco made

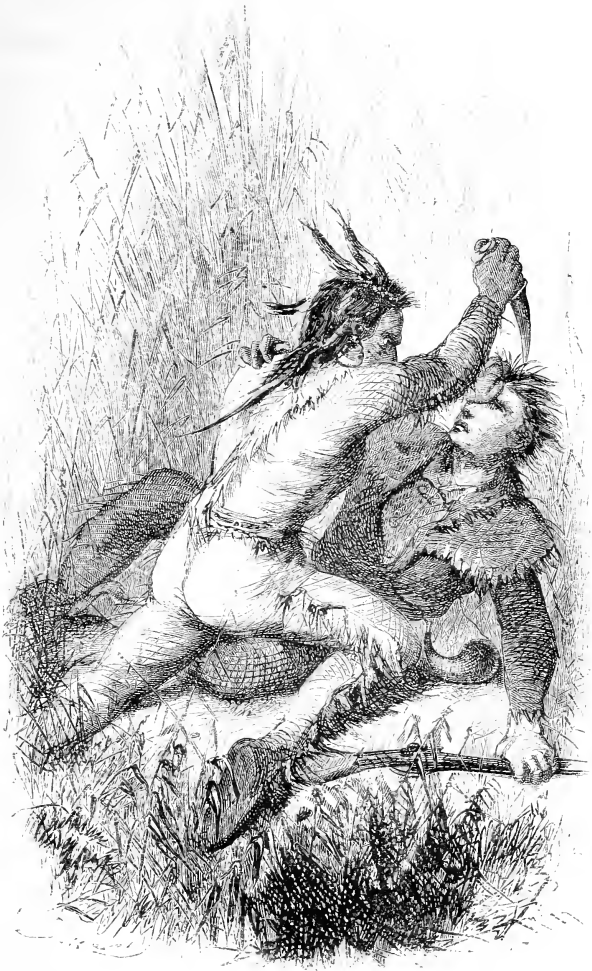
DALE AS A SCOUT.

by the children, enabled me to pay more than half the price of our land, besides having an abundant supply of provisions. Next year we extinguished the debt, and our household grew up with thankful hearts to an overruling Providence.

In 1794 the Creek Indians renewed their depredations, burning houses and driving off horses and cattle. Our company was ordered out. We followed them to the Oke-fus-kee village, near the Chattahoochie. Crossing the river before daybreak, we got silently into the town just as the Indians, having taken the alarm, were rushing from their cabins. We killed thirteen warriors, captured ten, and then set fire to the village.

Scouting in front of my company on our return march, I came upon an Indian lodge occupied by two warriors. I shot one dead; the other jumped into the cane-brake. One O'Neal, who came up just then, and myself pursued him. The cane was very thick, and we wormed along slowly, when the Indian fired, and O'Neal fell dead by my side. By this time our troop had come up, and seeing no one, and supposing that Indians were

concealed in the thicket, they began a general fire, cutting the cane all about me. I threw myself on the ground, drew up O'Neal's corpse as a shield, and it was riddled with balls, two of them inflicting slight wounds upon me. It was some time before the fire slackened sufficiently for me to apprise them of my position. At the same moment a party began to fire on the opposite side of the thicket, and the Indian, who all this time was not twenty yards off, but invisible, took the bold resolution to advance upon me and escape. Gliding through the cane like a serpent in an almost horizontal posture, he briskly approached me. I cocked my rifle, and the instant I got sight of his head I pulled trigger, but missed fire; before I could re-prime he was upon me (for I was sitting on the ground), with his knife at my throat and his left hand twisted in my hair. At the instant one of our troop (Murray) fired, and, leaping to my feet, I plunged my knife into the Indian's bosom. But he was already dead; Murray had shot him through the heart, and, without a spasm or a groan, he fell heavily into my arms.



THE FIGHT IN THE CANEBRAKE.

He was a brave fellow, so we wrapped his blanket around him, broke his gun and laid it across his body, and departed.

When we reached the Skull Shoals, on Oconee, where the paths forked, I was detailed by the captain, with three men, to take the prisoners to Greensborough, whence they were dispatched to Augusta. Soon after I was intrusted with ten men, and picketed at Fort Republic, on the Appalachee. This was, in fact, a detachment of scouts. The duty was fatiguing and perilous, and each man was sworn to perform it. Five days of every six, singly or in couples, we reconnoitred the frontier in opposite directions, each making a circuit of twenty-five miles per day. I generally rode alone. The first trail I fell in with I pursued until night overtook me, when I tied my horse and lay down under a tree. I was aroused by the snorting of my horse and the clamor of a pack of wolves; their fierce eyes glowed in the darkness around like burning coals, and their howls were terrific. I sprang into the tree barely in time: one of my shoes was torn off as I ascended. They tore up

the earth and gnawed the bark from the trunk, but, strange to say, did not molest my horse, who stood quivering with terror. I dared not shout, for fear of Indians in the vicinity. At daybreak the wolves disappeared. I pursued the Indian trail within a mile of Oconee, where the trail entered the swamp, and I presumed the party, evidently a large one, would camp for the night. I therefore turned up the river, crossed at another ford, and reached my farm late in the night, intending to report to my colonel next morning. When I rose, my horse and three others, all that we owned, were missing. With three of my scouts I followed the back trail eighty miles, but never overtook them.

In 1796 our company was disbanded. I procured a four-horse wagon, went down to Savannah, and engaged in wagoning during the winter, returning in the spring to put my horses in the plow and aid my brothers in making a crop. Thriving in this line of business, in the year '99 I invested my little capital in goods, and went on a trading adventure among the Creeks, bartering mer-

chandise for cattle and hogs, peltry, hides, and tallow, which I carried down to the seaboard and sold.

About that period, a brisk emigration from Georgia and the Carolinas, through the Creek and Choctaw country, to the Mississippi Territory, begun. I put three wagons and teams in the business, contracting for the transportation of families, and bringing back with me to Savannah return loads of Indian produce.

In 1803, Colonel William Barnet, Buckner Harris, and Roderic Easely were commissioned by the President to mark out a highway through the Cherokee nation. Ellick Saunders, a half-blood, and I were selected as guides. The road having been established, I united with Jo Buffington, a half-blood, and set up a trading-post on Hightower River, among the Cherokees. We chiefly exchanged our goods for peltries, which we wagoned to Charleston.

While thus engaged I witnessed the death of Double-head, the great chief of the Cherokees. I had gone with several pack-horses, loaded with merchandise, to a great ball-play

on Hiwassee River, where more than a thousand Cherokees, the officers from Hiwassee Fort, and numerous traders had assembled. The chief affected to receive me with severity, and said, "Sam, you are a mighty liar."

I demanded why he insulted me in public. He smiled and said, "You have never kept your promise to come and see me. You know you have lied."

He then produced a bottle of whisky, and invited the officers and myself to drink. When we had emptied it I offered to replenish it, but he refused, saying, "When I am in the white man's country I will drink your liquor, but here you must drink with Double-head."

When the ball-play ceased I was standing by the chief, when the Bone-polisher, a captain, approached, and denounced him as a traitor for selling a piece of the country, a large and valuable tract near the shoals of Tennessee River, to a company of speculators. The great chief remained tranquil and silent, which only aggravated the Bone-polisher, who continued his abuse with menacing gestures. Double-head quietly remark-

ed, "Go away. You have said enough. Leave me, or I shall kill you." Bone-polisher rushed at him with his tomahawk, which the chief received on his left arm, and drawing a pistol, shot him through the heart.

Foreseeing trouble, I left immediately for Hiwassee Ferry. Some time after night Double-head came in, evidently under the influence of liquor. One John Rogers, an old white man, who had long resided in the nation, was present, and began to revile the chief in the manner of Bone-polisher. Double-head proudly replied, "You live by sufferance among us. I have never seen you in council nor on the war-path. You have no place among the chiefs. Be silent, and interfere no more with me." The old man still persisted, and Double-head attempted to shoot him, but his pistol missed fire; in fact, it was not charged. Ellick Saunders, and Ridge, a chief, were present. Ridge extinguished the light, and one of them fired at Double-head. When the light was rekindled, Ridge, Saunders, and Rogers had disappeared, and the chief lay motionless on his face. The ball had shattered his lower jaw,

and lodged in the nape of his neck. His friends set out with him for the garrison, but, apprehensive of being overtaken, they turned aside, and concealed him in the loft of one Mr. Black, a schoolmaster. In the mean time, two warriors, of the clan of the Bone-polisher, who had been designated to avenge his death, traced Double-head, by his blood, to the house where he had been concealed. At the same moment Ridge and Saunders came galloping up, shouting the war-whoop. Colonel James Blair, of Georgia, and I followed them. The wounded chief was lying on the floor, his jaw and arm terribly lacerated. Ridge and Saunders each leveled their pistols, and each missed fire. Double-head sprang upon Ridge and would have overpowered him, but Saunders discharged his pistol and shot him through the hips. Saunders then rushed on him with his tomahawk; but the dying chief wrenched it from him and leaped upon Ridge, when Saunders seized another tomahawk and drove it into his brains. When he fell, another Indian crushed his head with a spade.

It was a dreadful spectacle and most cow-

ardly murder. Double-head was a renowned chief. In single combat he never had a superior. He wielded much influence by his oratorical abilities, and was often compared with his predecessor, the "Little Turkey," the most famous and popular of all the Cherokee chiefs. The cupidity of speculators, who have so often robbed and ruined the Red Men, tempted him to sell a portion of his country. From that moment his death was resolved upon. The rencounter with the Bone-polisher, where he acted strictly in self-defense, merely precipitated his fate. He perished apparently upon the Indian maxim of blood for blood, but was really the victim of conspiracy.

CHAPTER III.

Took-a-batcha.—Grand Council of the Creeks.—Tecumseh and the Shawnees. — Singular Ceremonies. — Shawnee Dance. — Colonel Hawkins retires. — Tecumseh's Speech to the Big Warrior. — Its Effect. — His personal Appearance. — Colonel Hawkins deceived.—His Character.

In 1808, the State of Georgia distributed by lottery a large body of land acquired from the Creek Indians. I drew an excellent water-power, the Flat Shoals, on Commissioner's Creek, and erected a set of mills; but the calling was not to my liking, and I disposed of them, and opened a farm in Jones County, which was for several years my home.

In October, 1811, the annual grand council of the Creek Indians assembled at Took-a-batcha, a very ancient town on the Tallapoosa River. At those annual assemblies the United States Agent for the Creeks always attended, besides many white and half-breed traders, and strangers from other tribes. I accompanied Colonel Hawkins,

the United States Agent. A flying rumor had circulated far and near that some of the Northwestern Indians would be present, and this brought some five thousand people to Took-a-batcha, including many Cherokees and Choctaws.

The day after the council met, TECUMSEH, with a suite of twenty-four warriors, marched into the centre of the square, and stood still and erect as so many statues. They were dressed in tanned buckskin hunting-shirt and leggins, fitting closely, so as to exhibit their muscular development, and they wore a profusion of silver ornaments; their faces were painted red and black. Each warrior carried a rifle, tomahawk, and war-club. They were the most athletic body of men I ever saw. The famous Jim Blue-jacket was among them. Tecumseh was about six feet high, well put together, not so stout as some of his followers, but of an austere countenance and imperial mien. He was in the prime of life.

The Shawnees made no salutation, but stood facing the council-house, not looking to the right or the left. Throughout the

assembly there was a dead silence. At length the Big Warrior, a noted chief of the Creeks and a man of colossal proportions, slowly approached, and handed his pipe to Tecumseh. It was passed in succession to each of his warriors; and then the Big Warrior—not a word being spoken—pointed to a large cabin, a few hundred yards from the square, which had previously been furnished with skins and provisions. Tecumseh and his band, in single file, marched to it. At night they danced, in the style peculiar to the northern tribes, in front of this cabin, and the Creeks crowded around, but no salutations were exchanged. Every morning the chief sent an interpreter to the council-house to announce that he would appear and deliver his talk, but before the council broke up another message came that "the sun had traveled too far, and he would talk next day." At length Colonel Hawkins became impatient, and ordered his horses to be packed. I told him the Shawnees intended mischief; that I noted much irritation and excitement among the Creeks, and he would do well to remain. He de-

rided my notions, declared that the Creeks were entirely under his control and could not be seduced, that Tecumseh's visit was merely one of show and ceremony, and he laughingly added, "Sam, you are getting womanly and cowardly." I warned him that there was danger ahead, and that, with his permission, as I had a dépôt of goods in the nation, I would watch them a while longer. We then packed up and publicly left the ground, and rode twelve miles to the Big Spring, where Colonel Hawkins agreed to halt for a day or two, and I returned at night to the vicinity of the council ground, where I fell in with young Bill Milfort, a handsome half-blood, nearly white, whom I had once nursed through a dangerous illness. Bill—alas! that he should have been doomed to perish by my hand—was strongly attached to me, and agreed to apprise me when Tecumseh was ready to deliver his talk. Next day, precisely at twelve, Bill summoned me. I saw the Shawnees issue from their lodge; they were painted black, and entirely naked except the flap about their loins. Every weapon but the

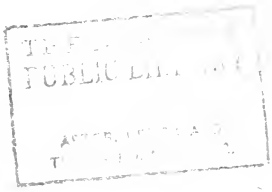
war-club—then first introduced among the Creeks—had been laid aside. An angry scowl sat on all their visages: they looked like a procession of devils. Tecumseh led, the warriors followed, one in the footsteps of the other. The Creeks, in dense masses, stood on each side of the path, but the Shawnees noticed no one; they marched to the pole in the centre of the square, and then turned to the left. At each angle of the square Tecumseh took from his pouch some tobacco and sumach, and dropped it on the ground; his warriors performed the same ceremony. This they repeated three times as they marched around the square. Then they approached the flag-pole in the centre, circled round it three times, and, facing the north, threw tobacco and sumach on a small fire, burning, as usual, near the base of the pole. On this they emptied their pouches. They then marched in the same order to the council, or king's house (as it was termed in ancient times), and drew up before it. The Big Warrior and the leading men were sitting there. The Shawnee chief sounded his war-whoop—a most diabolical yell—and

each of his followers responded. Tecumseh then presented to the Big Warrior a wampum-belt of five different-colored strands, which the Creek chief handed to his warriors, and it was passed down the line. The Shawnee pipe was then produced; it was large, long, and profusely decorated with shells, beads, and painted eagle and porcupine quills. It was lighted from the fire in the centre, and slowly passed from the Big Warrior along the line. All this time not a word had been uttered; every thing was still as death: even the winds slept, and there was only the gentle rustle of the falling leaves. At length Tecumseh spoke, at first slowly and in sonorous tones; but soon he grew impassioned, and the words fell in avalanches from his lips. His eyes burned with supernatural lustre, and his whole frame trembled with emotion: his voice resounded over the multitude—now sinking in low and musical whispers, now rising to its highest key, hurling out his words like a succession of thunderbolts. His countenance varied with his speech: its prevalent expression was a sneer of hatred and defi-

ance; sometimes a murderous smile; for a brief interval a sentiment of profound sorrow pervaded it; and, at the close, a look of concentrated vengeance, such, I suppose, as distinguishes the arch-enemy of mankind.

I have heard many great orators, but I never saw one with the vocal powers of Tecumseh, or the same command of the muscles of his face. Had I been deaf, the play of his countenance would have told me what he said. Its effect on that wild, superstitious, untutored, and warlike assemblage may be conceived: not a word was said, but stern warriors, the "stoics of the woods," shook with emotion, and a thousand tomahawks were brandished in the air. Even the Big Warrior, who had been true to the whites, and remained faithful during the war, was, for the moment, visibly affected, and more than once I saw his huge hand clutch, spasmodically, the handle of his knife. All this was the effect of his delivery; for, though the mother of Tecumseh was a Creek, and he was familiar with the language, he spoke in the northern dialect, and it was afterward interpreted by an Indian linguist

TECUMSEH'S SPEECH.



to the assembly. His speech has been reported, but no one has done or can do it justice. I think I can repeat the substance of what he said, and, indeed, his very words.

TECUMSEH'S SPEECH.

"In defiance of the white warriors of Ohio and Kentucky, I have traveled through their settlements, once our favorite hunting-grounds. No war-whoop was sounded, but there is blood on our knives. The Pale-faces felt the blow, but knew not whence it came.

"Accursed be the race that has seized on our country and made women of our warriors. Our fathers, from their tombs, reproach us as slaves and cowards. I hear them now in the wailing winds.

"The Muscogee was once a mighty people. The Georgians trembled at your war-whoop, and the maidens of my tribe, on the distant lakes, sung the prowess of your warriors and sighed for their embraces.

"Now your very blood is white; your tomahawks have no edge; your bows and arrows were buried with your fathers. Oh!

Muscogees, brethren of my mother, brush from your eyelids the sleep of slavery; once more strike for vengeance—once more for your country. The spirits of the mighty dead complain. Their tears drop from the weeping skies. Let the white race perish.

"They seize your land; they corrupt your women; they trample on the ashes of your dead!

"Back, whence they came, upon a trail of blood, they must be driven.

"Back! back, ay, into the great water whose accursed waves brought them to our shores!

"Burn their dwellings! Destroy their stock! Slay their wives and children! The Red Man owns the country, and the Pale-faces must never enjoy it.

"War now! War forever! War upon the living! War upon the dead! Dig their very corpses from the grave. *Our* country must give no rest to a white man's bones.

"This is the will of the Great Spirit, revealed to my brother, his familiar, the Prophet of the Lakes. He sends me to you.

"All the tribes of the north are dancing

the war-dance. Two mighty warriors across the seas will send us arms.

"Tecumseh will soon return to his country. My prophets shall tarry with you. They will stand between you and the bullets of your enemies. When the white men approach you the yawning earth shall swallow them up.

"Soon shall you see my arm of fire stretched athwart the sky. I will stamp my foot at Tippecanoe, and the very earth shall shake."*

When he resumed his seat the northern pipe was again passed round in solemn silence. The Shawnees then simultaneously leaped up with one appalling yell, and danced their tribal war-dance, going through

* At the battle of the Holy Ground, which occurred some time after, the prophets left by Tecumseh predicted that the earth would yawn and swallow up General Claiborne and his troops. Tecumseh refers to the Kings of England and Spain, who supplied the Indians with arms at Detroit and at Pensacola. The British officers had informed him that a comet would soon appear, and the earthquakes of 1811 had commenced as he came through Kentucky. Like a consummate orator, he refers to them in his speech. When the comet soon after appeared, and the earth began to tremble, they attributed to him supernatural powers, and immediately took up arms.

the evolutions of battle, the scout, the ambush, the final struggle, brandishing their war-clubs, and screaming in terrific concert an infernal harmony fit only for the regions of the damned.

It was now midnight, and I left the ground and made the best of my way to Colonel Hawkins's camp at Big Spring, reporting faithfully to him what had occurred; but he appeared to attach little importance to it, relying too much on his own influence over the Indians. "Colonel Hawkins," says Pickett, in his "History of Alabama," "seems to have been strangely benighted, slowly allowing his mind to be convinced that any thing serious was meditated." He had resided many years among the Creeks, and early conceived the laudable notion of teaching them the arts of civilization. In his communications to the War Department he flattered himself that they emulated the progress of the whites, and that the whole nation, with the exception of a few "fanatics" without influence, sincerely desired peace. Even after the Creeks and Shawnees had visited Pensacola to procure am-

munition, and informed Forbes and Inerarity that they meant to attack the Tensaw settlements, Colonel Hawkins assured General Flournoy that there was no danger. He over-estimated his own influence, and I ventured to tell him so as we rode from Big Spring. It was under this unfortunate advice, it will be seen, that General Flournoy subsequently refused General Claiborne's urgent application for orders to march into the heart of the Creek nation, and directed him to remain on the defensive and turn his attention chiefly "to the security of Mobile." The correspondence of General Wilkinson, General Flournoy, Judge Toulmin, Colonel George S. Gaines, Colonel John M'Kee, and all the leading men on the frontier, refer to this opinion of Colonel Hawkins. He believed that it would be a mere civil war for power among the chiefs and tribal factions, and that he would be able to restrain them. He continued to cherish this opinion until menaced with danger that compelled him to remove his family into Georgia and withdraw from his post. He was an old and faithful officer—a man of fine sense—a ster-

ling patriot, and of cool and unflinching courage. He loved the Indians; they had great confidence in him; but he was, unhappily, deceived on this occasion.

CHAPTER IV.

Adventures on the Trail.—Narrow Escape.—Mosely's Wife.—Sam Manac's Deposition. — High-head Jim. — The Jerks. —Peter M'Queen.—Colonel Caller.—Battle of Burnt Corn.—Death of Ballard.—Captain Dale wounded.—Heroism of Glass.—Colonel Caller and Major Wood.

I WAS still engaged in moving immigrants to the Mississippi Territory through the Creek nation. Toward the close of 1812, after having moved Colonel Jo Phillips and family to Point Jackson, on the Tombigbee, I started my teams back to Georgia, and went down to Pensacola. I learned there that the Indians of the lower towns were becoming every day more hostile and discontented, and that the Spanish authorities were secretly supplying them with arms and ammunition. Returning from Pensacola to get on the Georgia trail, I met a party of white men who had just buried one Daly, who had been murdered by the Indians. They exhorted me to return to the settlements on Tombigbee. My business, however, compelled me

to proceed, and I concluded to lay by during the day and travel by night. About midnight, near the forks of the Wolf-path—a noted trail in those days—I perceived a light, and at the same moment a dog gave the alarm. It was very dark, but, distinctly hearing footsteps approaching, I rode off some forty steps and dismounted, placing my horse between me and the Indians in the event of their firing, and at the same time transferring from my saddle-bags to my person a pocket-book containing eight hundred dollars, resolved to save my life and money too, if I could. They advanced within thirty paces, and paused; but, hearing no sound, one cried out, "He has gone back," and they went rapidly on the path I had traveled. Fortunately, it was too dark to note the footprints of my horse, and to this circumstance, under Providence, I owe my life. As soon as they were out of ear-shot I pushed cautiously forward, and got to Samuel Manac's, a friendly half-breed, on Catoma Creek, about daybreak. He informed me that the road was beset, and that it would be difficult to get through. The Shawnee poison had al-

ready begun to work. The hostile portion of the Indians were in arms in small parties, murdering friendly Indians and whites. I concealed myself that day, but traveled all night, and about daybreak lighted at Bob Mosely's stand, which stood at the edge of Peter M'Queen's town. M'Queen was a half-blood, of property and influence, shrewd, sanguinary, and deceitful, and had already declared for war. Mosely's wife—a most excellent, kind-hearted woman, niece of M'Queen—soon brought me a cup of coffee, and contriving to dispatch two Indian lads, who were present, on some errand, she whispered to me that her uncle was going to war on the white people, and had sworn that he would kill me on sight for bringing so many settlers into the country. The very party I had just escaped he had sent to watch the path for me. I immediately took to the woods, hiding during the day and traveling by night. On one occasion I took the wrong trail, and rode plump up to a band of hostiles at We-tum-kee; but they were so absorbed in a war-dance I got off without being discovered. I finally reached M'Intosh's

in safety, and dispatched a runner to Colonel Hawkins with the news; but he was even then firmly persuaded that the hostilities of the Creeks would only be directed against each other—that it was a war of factions, headed by M'Queen on one side and the Big Warrior on the other, and would not be directed against the whites. He appreciated the many noble traits of the Indians, but never understood their perfidy in war, nor the skill with which they can disguise their intentions.

My next enterprise was to move Judge Saffold and family to the Tombigbee in June, 1813. I knew that a detachment of troops had been ordered from Fort Mitchell to Mobile, and my plan was to obtain their convoy. When our party reached the fort the detachment was two days in advance; but we pushed on in their wake, and I had the satisfaction of lodging the judge and his estimable family safely at their new home. On this journey I saw enough to satisfy me that the Indians had determined on war. Sam Manac, a noted half-breed of the nation, made to me and John E. Myles the fol-

lowing statement on the 13th of July, 1813, which I forwarded to Colonel James Caller, commanding the 15th regiment of militia, Mississippi Territory.

MANAC'S STATEMENT.

"About the last of October thirty northern Indians came with Tecumseh, who said he had been sent by his brother the Prophet, the servant of the Great Spirit. They attended our great council at Took-a-batcha. I was there three days, but every day he refused to deliver his talk, saying that 'the sun had traveled too far.' The day after I left the ground he delivered it.

"It was not until about December following that our people began to dance the war-dance. It has been the practice of the Muscogees to dance after war, not before. In December about forty of our warriors begun this northern custom, and my brother-in-law, Francis, who pretends to be a prophet, at the head of them; now, more than half of the Creek nation engage in this dance. I drove some steers to Pensacola not long since, and during my absence my brother-

in-law and sister, who have joined the war party, came to my plantation, and carried away my best horses and cattle, and thirty-six negroes. A few days since I fell in with a party from the Autassee towns on the Tallapoosa, led by High-head Jim, bound for Pensacola for ammunition. He came up, shook me by the hand, and immediately began to tremble and jerk in every part of his body. Even the muscles of his face and the calves of his legs were convulsed, and his whole frame seemed to be drawn up and knotted by spasms. This practice was first taught to Francis by a Shawnee prophet, and began to be practiced by the war party in May last. High-head Jim asked me what I meant to do. In apprehension of my life, I answered, 'I will sell my property and join you.' He then said they were bound for Pensacola with a letter from a British general to the Spanish governor, which would enable them to get all the arms they needed; that this letter had been given to the Little Warrior when he was in Canada last year, and when he was killed it was sent to the prophet Francis. He said that, after get-

ting what was wanted from Pensacola, the Indians on the Coosa, Tallapoosa, and Black Warrior would attack the settlements in the forks of Tombigbee and Alabama; that the Cherokees would attack the Tennesseeans, the Seminoles the Georgians, and the Choctaws the settlements on the Mississippi. He said, likewise, that the war party had resolved to kill the Big Warrior, Alexander and James Curnell, Captain Isaacs, William M'Intosh, the Mad Dragoon's son, the Little Prince, Spoko-Kangee, Tallasee-Thic-si-co, and others who had listened to the talk of the whites. High-head Jim said that Peter M'Queen, when all the parties for Pensacola got together, would have three hundred warriors, and on his return would destroy the Tensaw settlements."

The effect that my communication had may be seen from the following letter:

To Brigadier General Claiborne, or officer commanding Mississippi Volunteers:

"SIR,—Inclosed is a copy of letters from Judge Toulmin, John Pitchlyn, and Mushalatubbee (Choctaw chief), and the state-

ment of Sam Dale and John E. Myles. In consequence of this information, we have deemed it advisable to call out the militia and attack M'Queen's party on its return from Pensacola. Unless this decisive step is taken, our settlements will be broken up. We set out on Thursday morning, and will have a battle before you can possibly arrive. We are badly provided, but well disposed. Pray, sir, send us such relief as you can.

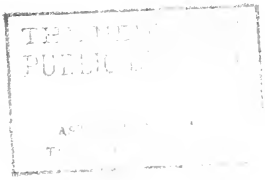
"James Caller, *Col. Commandant.*

"Wm. M'Grew, *Lieut. Colonel, Clarke Co. 15th Reg. M., M. T.*"

At this time the settlers about Point Jackson, on Tombigbee, were building a stockade, called Fort Madison, for the protection of their families. Among these I raised about fifty men, and joined Colonel Caller and his command, the whole comprising about one hundred and eighty men, the principal officers being Major Wood, Capts. Ben. Smoot, Bailey Heard, David Cartwright, Bailey Dixon (half-breed), Lieut. Creagh, Pat. May, Wm. Bradberry, Rob. Caller, Zach. Philips, Jourdan, M'Farlane, and others.

We marched on to what was known in those times as the Wolf-path, and crossed Burnt-corn Creek. Here I volunteered to go ahead, and ascertain the force of the Indians, and the proper position to fight them. My offer was treated lightly; one officer swore that we could "whip the d—d redskins any where, and whip them to h–ll." I replied, "Sam Dale can go as near h–ll as any of you; you are on the road there, and may go ahead and be d—d." I then walked off. After much debate, it was decided that I should go; not, as I wished, with one trusty comrade, but with fifteen others. I disapproved the order, but of course obeyed. We moved cautiously, and in about an hour the officer who had so contemptuously derided my proposition rode ahead of me, most probably construing my caution as cowardice. It fired me in an instant. "Halt, sir," I shouted. "Fall back, or I will blow you through. On this scout no man goes ahead of me." He slunk back. We soon fell in with an advanced party of the Indians, with pack-mules. They dropped back, and, having dispatched a messenger to the

rear, we were soon joined by our main body, who came rushing up in confusion. In a few minutes the war-whoop was sounded from the reed-brakes, the Indians being, for the most part, invisible, while our men were in the open pine woods. Early in the engagement I shot a very stout warrior, and while reloading my piece I received a ball in my left side, which ranged round the ribs, and lodged against my backbone. I vomited a good deal of blood, and felt easier, and one of my men reloaded my rifle for me. By this time our men had secured many of the pack-mules, and would have obtained a complete victory, when some one unfortunately, in a loud voice, sounded the word "*retreat*," a word that can never be uttered among raw and undisciplined troops in the presence of an enemy without fatal consequences. On this occasion a general panic ensued, and the militia—who had fought bravely, and would have charged into the swamp had they been ordered so to do—hearing the fatal word, fled from the field. My boasting bully was the first to fly. I hailed him as he passed, and would have



BALLARD AVENGED.

shot him if I could have raised my arm. Some fugitive had carried off my horse. I mounted a pony and was riding away, when I saw a friend named Ballard closely pursued by a party of Indians. I resolved to save him or perish. Captain Bailey and Jack Evans—two of the bravest men that ever lived, and both of whom afterward fell, the one at Fort Mims, the other on the Alabama—swore it was madness; but I dashed back, followed by a bold fellow named Glass, whose brother had been killed by my side at the moment I was shot. The savages were in full chase of Ballard and Lenoir, the latter making rapid headway; Ballard, who had been wounded, running slowly. I told Glass to save Lenoir; I would go to Ballard. I had got within about fifty yards of him, the Indians being within ten feet of him, when he suddenly leaped aside and shot down the foremost savage; the others instantly dispatched him. In the mean time Lenoir had vaulted up behind Glass, and they rode to me. Seeing the fall of poor Ballard, and the Indians scalping him, Glass cried out, "O Lord

Jesus, if my gun was loaded!" "Here's mine," said Lenoir, "with fourteen buck-shot in her." Glass made for a tree within fifty yards, and fired. The warrior with the reeking scalp of Ballard in his hand fell, and we made good our retreat.

The following official letters, illustrating the state of the country and the causes that led to the battle of Burnt Corn, have never been published:

"Cantonment, Mount Vernon, July 29, 1813.

"DEAR GENERAL,—Agreeably to your orders, I proceeded to this place yesterday, and found the whole country in commotion. A large majority of the Creeks have declared for war, and the settlements here will doubtless be speedily attacked. Peter M'Queen, with some three hundred warriors, has been to Pensacola, and obtained large supplies of ammunition from the Spanish governor. This we have on the testimony of David Tate and William Peirce, respectable citizens, who were secretly in the town. To obtain this large supply M'Queen handed the governor a list of the towns ready to

take up arms, making 4800 warriors. Hearing this news, Colonel Caller collected 180 men, and set out on Sunday last to intercept them.

"I have dispatched an express to Lieutenant Colonel Bowyer, Mobile Point, to send up the volunteers to this place. About twenty families have forted at Mims' house, on Tensaw, and I have sent Lieutenant Osborn, with sixteen men—all I could spare—to assist in erecting the stockade. All communication between this and the eastward has been cut off. The Indians have shot the post-rider, and seized the mails and sent them to Pensacola.

"With great respect and friendship,

"JOSEPH CARSON, *Col. Volunteers.*

"Brig. Gen. Claiborne.

"P.S.—I have this moment received the inclosed letter from Lieutenant Osborn:*

"'Mims' Stockade, July 28, 1813.

"'DEAR COLONEL,—I am sorry to inform you that ten men of the detachment that

* This gallant young officer was from Wilkinson County, and soon after fell in the attack on Fort Mims.

lately marched against M'Queen have returned, and report that they were yesterday defeated. The battle took place on the eastern side of the Escambia River, near Burntcorn Creek, about forty miles in a right line from this post, and below it. It commenced at one o'clock and lasted until three P.M. Our men fought in a very disadvantageous position. Colonel Caller and Major Wood are missing, supposed to have been killed; and Captain Sam Dale, Robert Lewis, Alex. Hollinger, Wm. Baldwin, and others, wounded; number of killed not reported.

"'This stockade is in good condition, and I am sure will be well defended. We are all in good health and spirits. God bless you.

"'S. M. Osborn, *Lt. Comm'g.*

"'Col. Jos. Carson.'"

As soon as General Claiborne (who was then advancing by forced marches from Baton Rouge with a regiment of Mississippi and Louisiana volunteers) reached Fort Stoddart, and learned the uncertainty that hung over the fate of Caller and Wood, he

wrote to Dickson Bailey, David Tate, and Sam Manac, friendly half-breeds, and they dispatched parties in all directions. The unfortunate officers were found, about the 10th of August, almost dead and partially deranged. Colonel Caller was long a conspicuous man in the politics of the Mississippi Territory, often representing Washington County in the Legislature. His son-in-law, the late Gabriel Moore, of Madison, was afterward Governor of Alabama and United States Senator. No man who knew Caller and Wood intimately doubted their courage; but the disaster drew down on them much scurrility. Major Wood, who was as sensitive as brave, had not fortitude to despise the sneer of the world, and sought forgetfulness, as too many good men do, in habitual intemperance.

This was the first battle of the war. There was no commanding officer then on the frontier to give orders. The movement originated with Colonel Caller, and the patriotic settlers promptly responded to his summons. They fought bravely, and, but for that unfortunate word "retreat"—never ascertained

with whom it originated—they would have annihilated M'Queen's party, secured all his supplies, and, in all probability, prevented the war. It is ungenerous to sneer at such an error among untrained militia, who never afterward retreated against any disparity of force, when similar errors and disasters have often happened to the best-trained armies.

CHAPTER V.

The War Department.—Its Imbecility and Negligence.—Governor Holmes.—The Mails in 1812.—Major General Flournoy.—Smugglers.—Lafitte.—New Orleans in 1813.—Brigadier General Claiborne.—March from Baton Rouge.—Transports his Troops and supplies the Sick at his own Expense.—Arrives on the Alabama.—Applies for Orders to march into the Creek Nation.—Is refused.—Ordered to act on the defensive.—Mans the several Stockades.—Death of Major Ballenger.—George S. Gaines.

THE battle of Burnt Corn, and hostile demonstrations in every quarter of the Creek nation, at length engaged the attention of the federal authorities. They had been, and generally have been, singularly indifferent to the defense of the southern frontier. Their apathy and ignorance, if carefully traced, would cast a deep stain on the history of our country. They are responsible for much of the blood shed on the frontiers of Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, and Texas. They paid no attention to the suspicious mission of Tecumseh, and permitted him to station in the Creek towns his emissaries

and fanatics, notoriously in the pay of the British government. They allowed British and Spanish functionaries to supply the savages with arms and ammunition; the local agent, Colonel Hawkins, exhibited the infirmity of his employers, and was blind and deaf to what was transpiring around him; and not until the patriotic people of Tombigbee, led by Colonel Caller, attacked M'Queen, and, though worsted, succeeded in seizing a large portion of his supplies, could the interposition of government be obtained. The condition of the settlements had become deplorable. Immigration was suspended; the mails cut off; several murders had occurred; the fields were abandoned; houses burned; cattle and crops destroyed, and the citizens crowded into ill-constructed stockades with insufficient supplies, afraid to venture out for provisions, and scourged within with typhus, scarlatina, and dysentery. The Creeks were in arms; and the Choctaws, then a powerful and warlike tribe, extending from the Tombigbee to the Bayou Pierre, and from near the sea-shore to the Tallahatchie, were growing discontented.

At length Governor Holmes, of the Mississippi Territory, whose head-quarters were at Washington, in Adams County, between which and Tombigbee there was only a monthly post,* received authority to call for volunteers to be mustered into the service of the United States. He promptly issued the call, and it was promptly responded to. The governor made every effort in his pow-

* The mails were proverbially slow. The merchants of New Orleans, in a memorial to the Post-master General in 1812, stated that "letters from the eastern cities *via* Fort Stoddart, post-marked early in November, arrived on the 22d of January. The mail from Natchez, *via* Fort Adams, arrives once a fortnight, sometimes not once in three weeks." Even steam-boats were slow subjects at that day. The "New Orleans," low pressure, the first steamer that attempted to ascend the river, left the city for Natchez on the 23d of January, 1812; a week afterward the "Louisiana Advertiser" exultingly said, "We are enabled to state that she can stem the current at the rate of three miles an hour; she went from this city to the Houma, 75 miles, in 23 hours."

In March, 1812, Livingston & Fulton completed a new boat at Pittsburg, and the "Advertiser" states, as a remarkable fact, that "she was tried, with 140 tons of merchandise on board, and advanced at the rate of three miles an hour against a current of two and a half."

The Kentucky boatmen, returning home on foot after selling out their flat-boats and cargo in New Orleans or Natchez, often made wagers to beat the post to Nashville, and generally won. The celebrated walking Johnson, the greatest pedestrian of his day, beat the mail three times, on a wager, between Natchez and Nashville.

er. He was a native of Frederick County, Va., and represented the famous "Tenth Legion" district in Congress when he received his commission from President Jefferson. He was a man of sterling virtue, and rendered eminent services during the war.

Colonel F. L. Claiborne, of Adams County (who had served under Wayne in the first regiment U. S. infantry, commanded by Colonel John F. Hamtramck, and had been promoted for gallantry in the great battle of the 20th of August, 1794), was appointed brigadier general of volunteers on the 8th of March, 1813, and ordered by General Wilkinson to repair to Baton Rouge. He was kept there until the 28th of June, when Major General Flournoy* (who had succeeded Wilkin-

* Major General Thomas Flournoy resided at Augusta, Georgia, a distinguished member of the bar. He was a gallant and accomplished gentleman, of high personal character. He has been much censured for inaction and indecision on the frontier. He was in feeble health. His force was wholly inadequate to the demands upon it. His means of obtaining information, and of communicating with the War Department, and with the state and territorial authorities in his extensive district, were precarious and slow. He was often destitute of money and military stores. He was early misled by the illusive dream of Colonel Hawkins of the

son in the command of the seventh military district) ordered him to march for Mount Ver-

advanced "civilization" and "pacific intentions" of the Creeks; and even after the massacre of Fort Mims he did not entirely discard the illusion, but held on to it until the term of service of the volunteers had expired. The prime source of his difficulties, however, was at Washington. Even General Jackson—the most energetic officer ever in the service of the United States—was scarcely a match for the apathy, ignorance, and neglect of the War Department. To this the failure of General Flournoy may be mainly attributed. A few years since, shortly before his death, he addressed me the following letter, giving some curious details of the famous Lafitte, and the state of affairs in New Orleans:

"I know of no one now in life acquainted with the difficulties I had to contend with when in command of the seventh military district. Your father (General Claiborne) defended me against the calumnies of my enemies. So did Governor Claiborne, Commodores Patterson and Shaw, Edward Livingston, and many other distinguished men with whom I acted in the public service. My conduct received the sanction of the President, and of all to whom I was accountable. That I had enemies in New Orleans is true, but they were likewise the enemies of their country—Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Englishmen disaffected to the republic—hating or not comprehending our institutions—willing to give, and, in the hour of trial, actually giving 'aid and comfort' to the enemy. Besides, there were professed smugglers and capitalists engaged in illegal traffic, who carried on a commerce with our enemies, and, at every opportunity, *supplied them with provisions.*

"Soon after I repaired to New Orleans I perceived that I must submit to this state of things, or apply even stronger measures than strict law would authorize. Governor Claiborne—who was almost enthusiastic in his Americanism—advised me to declare martial law, and take every thing in my own hands. I believed, however, that I could put matters right by adopting less objectionable meas-

non, on Mobile River. No arrangements had been made to enable him to execute this

ures. I posted guards at suitable places, and issued an order that no vessel should leave port without my written passport. They soon began to *forge* my signature, and became so expert that I could scarcely distinguish it myself. I then directed Colonel M'Rea, in command at the Balize, to examine every vessel, and detain them if suspicious, my passport to the contrary notwithstanding. Soon after, a Spaniard, ostensibly bound for Vera Cruz, arrived at the Balize. He was brought to, and presented *my* passport and his manifest. It called for some three or four barrels of flour only, but in his vessel was found over three hundred barrels of flour, and other provisions, for the enemy, who lay not far from the mouth of the river. He was sent back to New Orleans. The owner, a resident citizen, brought an action against me, and obtained judgment for several thousand dollars, which was subsequently paid out of the treasury of the United States.

"While the British fleet of observation lay off the mouth of the river, a British officer visited the city, and actually dined, several days in succession, at the public table where I was present. His presence in the city was known to ——, and ——, and ——, but only came to my knowledge after he had left. I will state another incident to show how I was beset, within and without, by scoundrels and traitors. A man called Lafitte, reputed to be connected with smugglers[a] and pirates, I determined to apprehend. I had a consultation with the governor, and we fixed upon a plan. I learned that he kept a mistress on Conti Street, and that he was expected to visit her on a certain night. I sent a corporal and six men to arrest him, but failed. The next day I ascertained that Lafitte was in the house and in bed at the time, but, on hearing

[a] In 1812, the Grand Jury of New Orleans, in their report, presented smuggling as one of the great evils of the times, carried on almost publicly. The jury was composed of the first men in the city, viz., David Urquhart, William Nott, Joseph M'Neil, Beverley Chew, J. C. Widerstrandt, Alex. Milne, sen., William Simpson, L. M. Sagory, M. Fortier, sen., G. Dubuys, Rowland Craig, Judah Tours, R. D. Shepherd, S. H. Stackhouse, William Kenner.

order. He had five hundred and fifty men, with their baggage and camp equipage, to transport through an unsettled country, and neither teams, forage, money, or supplies accompanied the order. The War Department seems to have expected the Territory to defend itself, and pay its own troops, though they had been regularly mustered into the service of the United States.

The following letters will show the miser-

the approach of my guard, had leaped out of a window and into a well close by, where he remained, with his head only out of water, until the guard retired. I likewise received a message from him, stating that he knew me well; that he crossed me on my walks every night, and could slay me, or have me slain, at any moment, either in the streets or in my quarters; but that, as he knew I was acting from a sense of duty, he would spare me if I would take no farther cognizance of him. Having failed in my plan, Governor Claiborne said he would see what he could do in the matter; that Lafitte had comrades who would betray him. He offered a reward of five hundred dollars for his apprehension. Next day, a proclamation, signed Lafitte, appeared, offering *five thousand dollars* for the governor's head! He added a postscript, however, stating that this was mere *bagatelle*. He was subsequently pardoned by the governor, and assisted in the defense of New Orleans. I know not what became of him thereafter. I could mention many incidents of a similar character, but I forbear. These I have thought fit to name in thankfulness for your sentiments for me, and the respect I feel for the memory of your father and uncle. I am an old man, indifferent to fame, but alive to the impressions of friendship, and under that influence I tender you my best wishes for your happiness and prosperity here and hereafter."

able condition of the U. S. Quarter-master's Department of that day:

"Buller's Plains, 21 miles from Baton Rouge, July 8th, 1813.

"Sir,—I arrived here last evening, preceded by 250 men of Colonel Carson's regiment, Mississippi Volunteers. The rear will be up to-morrow, under Lieutenant Colonel Ross, who will proceed with the regiment to Liberty, where he will meet a wagon-train from Natchez. I shall join the command at Liberty. It has rained every day for six weeks; the waters are very high, and the roads intolerable. Already the two hundred dollars advanced by the quarter-master have been expended for wagon-hire. I will endeavor, however, to provide for the necessary disbursements of the march.

"Very respectfully, &c., &c.,

"F. L. Claiborne, *Brig. Gen. Vols.*

"Maj. Gen. Flournoy."

To the Officer in command at Liberty, Mississippi Territory.

"Near Fort Stoddart, August 13, 1813.

"Sir,—I write for the express purpose

of saying that under no circumstances must the sick who have been left at Liberty suffer for want of any comfort. Should Surgeon Wm. R. Cox be in need of medicine, direct him to send an express to his father, Dr. John Cox,* Washington, and I will see the amount paid. If you can not procure groceries and other supplies from the dealers in town without cash, apply, in my name, to my friends Col. Nelson, H. M. Harper, and Thomas Waggoner, or either of them, to furnish you, or assist you in obtaining them, and I will be personally accountable.

"F. L. CLAIBORNE, *Brig. Gen. Vols.*"

On the 30th of July the Volunteers reached Mount Vernon, and the general immediately put himself in communication with the most intelligent citizens on the frontier, to

* Dr. John C. Cox, originally a surgeon in the British army, settled in the town of Washington at an early day. He was a man of some eccentricity, but of very decided talents and great eminence in his profession. He died some years after the war, universally deplored. As a surgeon and physician he never had his superior in the South. His son was a man of very great ability and noble traits of character, who died early, in Natchez, at the head of the profession. The descendants of Dr. John Cox are still numerous and highly respectable in Adams County.

ascertain its condition, and the points that should be occupied for the security of the settlements. Although ordered to march from Baton Rouge for the express purpose of "co-operating in the defense of Mobile," his attention was immediately drawn to the frontier. The communications from the United States Agent to General Flournoy had unfortunately persuaded the latter that the agitation among the Creeks was wholly an intestine feud, and would only, in the worst contingency, occasion civil war among themselves; and this delusion, it will be seen, influenced the decisions of the commanding general. The citizens on the frontier universally deprecated this opinion, and General Claiborne adopted their views. He wrote Colonel Hawkins, United States Agent, as follows:

"Cantonment, Mount Vernon,
near Fort Stoddart, Aug. 14, 1813.

"On the 30th ult. I arrived here with the Volunteers. I hope to be re-enforced by the 7th regiment U. S. Infantry in a few days. I can not say what will be the determination

of Major General Flournoy, under whose orders I act, but I hope to receive permission *to strike for the heart of the Creek nation.*"

In reply to his application, General Flournoy, in a letter dated Head-quarters, Bay of St. Louis, August 10, 1813, wrote: "I shall send the 7th regiment by water to Mobile. I fear that it is the design of the Spanish government to draw our force to the upper country by playing off the Indians against us there, and then to make an attempt to retake Mobile. To guard against this, Major Gibson will be directed to remain with the 7th at Mobile till farther orders. I have to entreat you not to permit your zeal for the public good (which I know you have at heart as much as any man) to draw you into acts of indiscretion. *Your wish to penetrate into the Indian country, with a view of commencing the war, does not meet my approbation;* and I again repeat, *our operations must be confined to defensive operations.*"

General Claiborne had likewise urged the commanding general to call out the militia

for the defense of the menaced settlements, but, in the same communication, General Flournoy said, "I am not authorized to make the call."

Under these restrictions, General Claiborne adopted the only measure of relief in his power by distributing his command among the several stockades to which the inhabitants had fled. He dispatched one hundred and fifty men to Fort Mims, under Major Beasley; one hundred and fifty to Fort Madison, under Colonel Carson; a company, under Captain Abram M. Scott, to St. Stephen's; and a detachment, under Captain Ben. Dent, to Oke-a-tapa, on the Choctaw line, to observe the disposition of that powerful tribe, whose junction with the Creeks was generally apprehended, and would have been fatal to the whole territory.

This distribution of troops—made by General Claiborne on his own responsibility, in consideration of the exposed condition of the citizens—has been censured by some critics; but no humane officer, seeing hundreds of families forted in feeble stockades, eighty and a hundred miles apart, and

threatened every day with the tomahawk, could have hesitated. The force thus distributed was required not only for the defense of the women and children, but to enable the men to gather their corn and cattle, without which famine would have swept away the whole population. This distribution was according to immemorial usage in Indian wars on this continent, and he had ordered more men to each stockade than had ever been assembled at any one post in the Northwest in Wayne's campaigns, or during the last war with Great Britain, or in the sanguinary settlement of Kentucky and Tennessee.

On the 2d of August he wrote General Flournoy: "The inhabitants have all taken shelter in stockades. Few of them are now capable of defense. They are crowded with women and children, who are every day threatened with the scalping-knife. I have taken the responsibility of distributing my small force for their defense. I have but eighty men now at head-quarters, and the presence of the 7th is highly desirable. Should you conclude to re-enforce me with

it, and will authorize me to enter the nation, I will do so in ten days, and give to the frontiers peace, and to the government as much of the Creek country as it desires. A strong force should enter the nation before they are every where in arms. With a thousand men, and your authority to march, I pledge myself to burn the principal towns. Three months hence it may be difficult to effect with three thousand men what may now be done with a third of that number."

General Flournoy answered: "You may dispose of your volunteers according to your judgment, but, for the reasons stated, viz., a fear that the Spaniards design attacking Mobile and Mobile Point, I must enjoin you not to give any orders or interfere with the instructions to the officers at those posts."

Having intercepted several letters from disaffected Choctaws, and being apprised by George S. Gaines, then United States Factor, of the growing discontent of that tribe, General Claiborne took the responsibility of dispatching Major Ballenger, of the 24th United States Infantry, to visit the Choctaws, who were then balancing between war

and peace. He had an interview with Pushamataha at Pierre Jugan's on the 15th of August, but, unfortunately, died there three days afterward. By the influence of Mr. Gaines, Colonel M'Kee, and John Pitchlyn, United States Interpreter, this distinguished chief was induced to visit Mount Vernon, where he was received by General Claiborne with military honors, and presented with the uniform and accoutrements of a brigadier. This ultimately secured his co-operation, with a chosen band of warriors, against the Creeks, and the neutrality of the rest of his nation.* Had the Choctaws taken up arms against us, in less than thirty days the whole country from the Tombigbee to the Mississippi would have been steeped in blood.

* Colonel George S. Gaines is still living, a citizen of Perry County, Miss. Modest, unobtrusive, intelligent, a model citizen, whose whole life has been passed, without reproach, in the service of his country. He rendered eminent services during the war.

John Pitchlyn is dead. He was ever the faithful friend of the whites, and the best friend of his own countrymen. Our government relied implicitly upon him. He has left several sons, who reside in the Choctaw nation west, men of talents and of high position, who reflect credit on their ancient and honorable name.

Colonel John M'Kee, agent for the Chickasaws, a man of fine sense, energy, and patriotism, exerted great influence over the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and secured their aid or neutrality.

The consternation in the western portion of the Territory was such that many of the citizens abandoned their homes and crossed the Mississippi. In Claiborne County committees of safety were established; in Natchez alarming rumors prevailed; even at Baton Rouge there was a general panic. The negotiations with Pushamataha, and the visit of Colbert, principal chief of the Chickasaws, to General Claiborne, who induced him to remain in camp, restored confidence.

CHAPTER VI.

The Volunteers.—Unjust Censure.—Vigilance of General Claiborne.—Inspects Fort Mims.—Cautions Major Beasley.—Lieutenant Chambliss.—Repairs to Fort Easley.—Last Letter of Major Beasley.—Fall of Fort Mims.—Dreadful Massacre.—Pickett's History of Alabama.—Letter from Judge Toulmin.—Military Precedents.

In reply to another application of General Claiborne for troops, the commanding general wrote, "If Governor Holmes should send his militia into the Indian country, he must, of course, act on his own responsibility; the army of the United States, and the officers commanding it, *must have nothing to do with it.*"

In some quarters General Claiborne was accused of remaining inactive, and refugee Tories, in their comfortable homes, sneered at the brave volunteers for skulking behind the defenses of a cantonment when they should have been marching upon the en-

emy. Impartial history at length unfolds the official correspondence, and vindicates those brave men, most of whom are now beyond the reach of flattery or reproach.

We have seen that the commanding general was restrained by his instructions from vigorous measures. His apprehensions were of the Spaniards, not the Indians; and the brigadier general, in the face of positive orders, dared not move, even though he had had an adequate force, without trampling on every law of military subordination. Nor did General Claiborne have any authority to call for the militia. Governor Holmes had standing instructions to comply with any requisition for drafted men which the *commanding general* of the seventh military district should make.

As early as August 2d, only two days after he reached Mount Vernon, General Claiborne had written to General Flournoy for "authority to call for the militia." General Flournoy wrote, "In answer to your request that I would authorize you to call out the militia, I have to inform you that I

am not myself authorized to do so, and if you will turn to the regulations of the War Department of the 1st of May last you will at once perceive it." Such authority had formerly been vested in the general commanding, but had been withdrawn.

Thus baffled at every point, General Claiborne had to rely exclusively on his own limited resources. On the 7th of August he personally inspected Mims' stockade, and issued an order to strengthen the pickets and build two additional block-houses. "To respect an enemy," says the order, "and prepare in the best possible way to receive him, is the certain means of success."

CERTIFICATE OF LIEUTENANT CHAMBLISS.

"I certify that I delivered, on the 7th of August last, an order from General Claiborne to Major Beasley, commanding Fort Mims, instructing him to strengthen the pickets, and to build one or two additional block-houses. And I farther certify that Major Beasley received a letter from General Claiborne (who was then on his route to Fort Easley) one or two days before the attack on

Fort Mims, advising him of the movements of the enemy.

"Wm. R. Chambliss,* *Lt. Miss. Vol.*
"July 16th, 1814."

General Claiborne likewise assumed the responsibility of authorizing Major Beasley to receive any citizens who would assist in the defense of the station, and issue rations to them with the other soldiers of his command. Under this regulation, the brave half-breed, Dixon Bailey, who had distinguished himself in the action of Burnt Corn, was re-

* This gallant officer was one of the few that escaped the massacre. He saw Major Beasley, Captain Jack, Captain Middleton, Captain Bailey, Lieutenant Osborn, and, indeed, all his comrades, fall. When the main building had been seized and set on fire, and there was no longer hope, though bleeding with two severe wounds, he contrived to escape through the pickets. He received two more arrow-heads in his body as he retreated. He took shelter in a large pile of brush, and fainted from loss of blood. When he came to himself again a party of savages were smoking around his hiding-place, and had actually kindled a fire at one end of it. Just as the heat became intolerable they went off. He contrived to get to Mount Vernon, and afterward to General Claiborne's residence near Natchez, where the balls and arrow-heads were extracted by Dr. John Cox. He never entirely recovered, though he lived a number of years afterward, highly esteemed, and died in Claiborne County, Miss. Perpetual honor to his memory.

ceived, with a number of others, who immediately elected him their captain. In the same order, General Claiborne directed "the active employment of scouts; and that the suffering people, whether whites or friendly Indians, must be supplied with provisions." He attached Cornet Rankin, with one sergeant, one corporal, and six mounted men, to Beasley's command, for the special service of scouting. Rankin had long resided on the frontier, was familiar with the localities, and with the language and habits of the Creeks.

On the 23d of August information reached General Claiborne, who was then at St. Stephen's, that Fort Easley—a remote and feeble stockade — would be attacked. A Choctaw Indian, whose veracity was certified to by Colonel M'Grew, appeared at Fort Madison, and informed Colonel Carson, commanding, that 400 warriors would attack first Fort Easley, and then Fort Madison. He offered to remain in custody to confirm the truth of his statement. Captain Cassity certified that he received similar information from John Walker, a white man residing in

the Choctaw nation. Mr. George S. Gaines, U. S. Factor for the Choctaws, in a letter to Judge Toulmin, communicated the same rumor. The women and children in Fort Easley were almost without defenders; not more than ten or fifteen men remained. This was, then, the post of danger. The other stations were commanded by tried and intelligent officers. Easley's was sixty miles nearer the enemy than Fort Mims, and the general determined to repair to that point. He committed Mount Vernon to the charge of Captain Kennedy, and with twenty mounted dragoons, and thirty men from Captain Scott's company, and thirty from Captain Dent's, he marched for Easley's Station. From Fort Madison he dispatched an express to Major Beasley, again enjoining the utmost vigilance. This letter was received on the 29th of August. On the 30th Fort Mims fell, and the gallant Beasley, the victim of a fatal incredulity, fell with it. On the morning of that bloody day, soon after roll-call, Major Beasley addressed to General Claiborne the following letter, which will be read now for the first time with melancholy interest:

"Mims' Block-house, Aug. 30, 1813.

"Sir,—I send inclosed the morning report of my command. I have improved the fort at this place, and made it much stronger than when you were here. Pierce's Stockade is not very strong, but he has erected three substantial block-houses.

"On the 27th, Ensign Davis, who commands at Hanson's Mills, wrote: 'We shall, by to-morrow, be in such a state of defense that we shall not be afraid of any number of Indians.'

"There was a false alarm here yesterday. Two negro boys, belonging to Mr. Randon, were out some distance from the fort, minding some beef-cattle, and reported that they saw a great number of Indians, painted, running and whooping toward Pierce's Mill. The conclusion was that they knew the mill fort to be more vulnerable than this, and had determined to make their attack there first. I dispatched Captain Middleton, with ten mounted men, to ascertain the strength of the enemy, intending, if they were not too numerous, to turn out the most of our force here, and march to the relief of Pierce's

Mill. But the alarm has proved to be false. What gave some plausibility to the report at first was, that several of Randon's negroes had been previously sent up to his plantation for corn, and had reported it to be full of Indians, committing every kind of havoc; but I now doubt the truth of that report.

"I was much pleased with the appearance of my men at the time of the alarm yesterday, when it was expected every moment that the Indians would appear. They very generally seemed anxious to see them."

Two hours later, the express having been by some accident detained, Major Beasley again wrote to the general, assuring him of his "ability to maintain the post against any number of Indians."

Fatal delusion! When the express rode out, the enemy lay concealed in a deep ravine in the immediate vicinity of the fated fort! On that terrible 30th of August, precisely at twelve o'clock M., eight hundred warriors, with terrific yells, rushed upon the gate. The awful conflict that ensued—the heroic gallantry of the officers, who fell, one

after the other, until almost all had perished —the bravery of the men—the conflagration and the massacre—have been often described. The most minute and thrilling narrative of this tragedy may be found in Pickett's "History of Alabama," the work of a finished scholar and noble gentleman, recently deceased. It is an invaluable contribution to the annals of the South, combining the startling incidents of romance with the laborious accuracy of history. He spared neither pains nor expense in pursuit of facts, and gave to the work several of the best years of his matured energies. He fortunately wrote at a period when many of the prominent actors in the scenes he records yet survived, and were in familiar communication with him; and he had access to official and personal papers and correspondence of a perfectly authentic character never before published or collated. His book should be read by every Southern household, especially in Mississippi and Alabama, for it warmly and conclusively vindicates the calumniated volunteers of 1812–13.

In the mean time, the unexpected presence

of General Claiborne at Fort Easley deterred the Indians, as was afterward ascertained, from their contemplated attack on that station, and Fort Madison was too strong. By express from Captain Kennedy he received the astounding intelligence of the fall of Fort Mims—*astounding*, because his last cautions had been received by Major Beasley on the day preceding the attack; because the morning report only the day previous showed the effective force to be one hundred and five men, besides thirty-five at Pierce's Mill (in the vicinity), who received orders from the fort; and because, in a letter dated *only two hours before the assault*, Beasley had declared himself able to repel any force that might appear! As far back as the 28th of July, before Major Beasley and his command had entered Fort Mims, Lieutenant Osborn, in a letter to Colonel Carson, said, "This stockade is in good condition, and I am sure will be well defended." And it would have been successfully defended but for the fatal confidence and contempt of the enemy that prevailed, which rendered all subsequent gallantry unavailing.

"The awful massacre at Mims," says Judge Toulmin, in a letter to General Claiborne, "will long, I trust, teach the people of this country a useful lesson. It will teach them that courage without caution is of little avail. Never men fought better; but such was the advantage given to the enemy by neglecting the most obvious precautions, that all their bravery was thrown away. Mr. Fletcher Cox (one who escaped) tells me that *the Indians were within thirty steps of the gate before they were seen.*"

In the old Cherokee war, fifteen men, in a fort near Nashville, repelled the assault of four hundred savages.

In Wayne's campaign, Fort Recovery—on the battle-field of the unfortunate St. Clair, far in advance of Grenville, the head-quarters of the general—was garrisoned by one company of infantry and a small detachment of artillery.

Forts Hamilton, St. Clair, and Jefferson seldom had more than one company of infantry, and were often left with only a subaltern's command. They were considered secure against any attack made by small arms.

Fort Chicago, on the Illinois, in the heart of the savages, was defended by fifty men against an overwhelming force of Indians, until it was evacuated by order of General Hall.

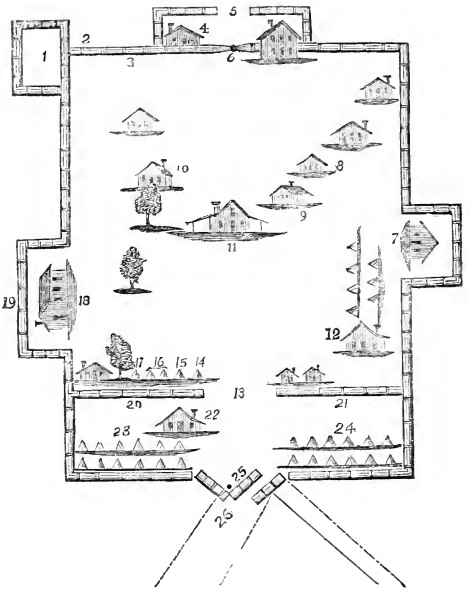
Fort Madison, besieged by over four hundred Potawatomies, was successfully defended by thirty men; and about the same time seventeen regulars, in a small post at Bellefontaine, resisted a similar attack.

Fort Wayne—a mere picket stockade, garrisoned by only one company—resisted for several days a combined attack led by Tecumseh, and was finally relieved by General Harrison.

In September, 1812, Fort Harrison, Indiana Territory, was besieged by a large body of Indians led by the Prophet. A breach was made in the defenses by the burning of a block-house. One company, of which only fifteen men were able to do duty, defended it for ten days. Of the fifteen men, two attempted to escape, leaped the wall, and were shot. This heroic defense was made by Captain (afterward President) Taylor.

DRAWING OF FORT MIMS,

Found among Gen. Claiborne's manuscript papers.



REFERENCES.

1. Block House.
2. Pickets cut away by the Indians.
3. Guard's Station.
4. Guard-house.
5. Western Gate, but not up.
6. This gate was shut, but a hole was cut through by the Indians.
7. Captain Bailey's Station.
8. Steadham's House.
9. Mrs. Dyer's House.
10. Kitchen.
11. Mims' House.
12. Randon's House.
13. Old Gateway—open.
14. Ensign Chambliss's Tent.
15. Ensign Gibbs'.
16. Randon's.
17. Captain Middleton's.
18. Captain Jack's Station.
19. Port-holes taken by Indians.
20, 21. Port-holes taken by Indians.
22. Major Beasley's Cabin.
23. Captain Jack's Company.
24. Captain Middleton's Company.
25. Where Major Beasley fell.
26. Eastern Gate, where the Indians entered.

On our own frontier, the brave Lieutenant Bailey, with twelve men, successfully defended Sinkfield's house, in the Forks, against over one hundred Indians, under the Prophet Francis.

Educated in the tactics of Wayne, one of the most impetuous yet cautious commanders of modern times, and with these precedents of Indian warfare in view, General Claiborne could scarcely credit the fall of Fort Mims. With a bleeding heart he gave orders to Captain Kennedy to bury the dead. The fort, on the morning of the attack, mustered one hundred and five effective men, under picked officers, all of them educated men, with an abundant supply of provisions, arms, and ammunition. The original fortification was a line of pickets, with one block-house, a large dwelling, kitchen, and meat-house, and two bastions, placed in position to throw upon an enemy a cross fire, in whatever direction he might approach. These works had been strengthened by additional block-houses and other defenses, as the engraving will show. Had the gates been kept closed and the men properly post-

ed in the bastions, all military history teaches that such a force might have kept at bay "any number of Indians." The courage of Major Beasley amounted almost to desperation. Although often warned, he turned a deaf ear to any notion of danger. At the onset of the enemy, in the blaze of three hundred rifles and a cloud of arrows, he rushed to close the front gate, that opened into the outward work, not yet completed. There he fell—too soon to perceive his inability to repel a superior force, by his neglect now fighting on equal terms—too late to enable the gallant officer who succeeded him to gain possession of the bastions and block-houses, which were now occupied by the enemy. The whole number in the fort, of every age, and sex, and color, was two hundred and seventy-five, of whom only twenty escaped. The bodies of one hundred and nine Indians were found around the fort, and upward of fifty died of their wounds at Burnt Corn Spring, to which they retired after the massacre.*

* Major Daniel Beasley was a Virginian, settled at Greenville, Jefferson County, as a lawyer. He was likewise sheriff of the

The personal narrative of Dale will be now resumed.

county, an intelligent and popular man, with many warm personal friends. He had an affair of honor with Mr. Fry, a rising member of the bar, of the same county. They fought opposite Rodney, and the latter fell. It was peculiarly distressing, for he was on the eve of marriage with a most beautiful woman. This rendered Beasley very unhappy. He wrote to General Claiborne to obtain a commission in the army. The general appointed him his aid; but Colonel Wood resigning about this time, Major Joseph Carson became colonel, and Beasley was appointed (by President Madison) major on the 15th of February, 1813.

CHAPTER VII.

Captain Dale at Fort Madison.—Novel Light-house.—His Reply to General Flournoy.—Women on Parade.—Death of Jack Evans.—Bill Milfort.—The Canoe Fight.—Jerry Austill.—Jim Smith.—Weatherford.—His personal Appearance, Character, and Death.

I REPAIRED to Fort Madison after the affair at Burnt Corn, and suffered much from my wound. The fort stood on a dividing ridge, in the forks of the Alabama and Tombigbee, not far from the line between the Choctaw and Creek territories. I took charge of Fort Glass, a small stockade about a quarter of a mile from Fort Madison: some fifteen families were in it. The massacre at Fort Mims had alarmed the whole country, and Major General Flournoy, disapproving the stockade system, determined to concentrate his troops at Mobile, St. Stephen's, and Mount Vernon. Colonel Carson was ordered to abandon Fort Madison. He obeyed the order reluctantly, and as his drum beat for his men to march, I

beat mine for volunteers, being determined to remain if I could get ten men to stand by me. As the last of the volunteers in the service of the United States marched out, I, at the head of fifty bold fellows, marched in. During the day sentinels were posted around the fort. At night I illuminated the approaches, for a circuit of one hundred yards, by a device of my own. Two poles, fifty feet long, were firmly planted on each side of the fort; a long lever, upon the plan of a well-sweep, worked upon each of these poles; to each lever was attached a bar of iron about ten feet long, and to these bars we fastened, with trace-chains, huge fagots of light-wood. The illumination from such an elevation was brilliant, and no covert attack could be made upon my position. As a precaution against the Indian torch, I had my block-houses and their roofs well plastered with clay. We displayed ourselves in arms frequently, the women wearing hats and the garments of their husbands, to impress upon the spies that we knew were lurking around an exaggerated notion of our strength. For provisions we shot such

cattle and hogs as fed within the range of our guns, but I carefully noted the marks and brands, and afterward indemnified their owners.

Major General Flournoy sent me a very kind note, advising me to repair to Mount Vernon, as I was certain to be attacked by an overwhelming force. I replied that there were many women and children under my charge, and I had sworn to defend them; that I had a gallant set of boys, and, when he heard of the fall of Fort Madison, he would find a pile of yellow hides to tan, if he could get his regulars to come and skin them!

About the 1st of November, 1813, Tandy Walker and Jack Evans, two of General Claiborne's scouts, brought me a note from him, requesting me to send two of my best woodsmen with them to reconnoitre the Wolf-path. I sent Bill Spikes and George Foster. Returning, Evans shot an Indian in a corn-field. They then camped at Moore's Ferry, on the Alabama, Walker and Evans lying on the bank, my men in the cane. Weatherford (the renowned chief who led

the assault on Fort Mims) happened to be coming up in a canoe. He put a negro fellow ashore to ascertain whether the sleepers were white men or negroes. The negro hailed, and Evans cried out "*Niggers.*" Weatherford perceived the fraud, and his party fired, killing poor Evans, and wounding Walker, who, however, with the assistance of my men, escaped.

A day or so after, one of my scouts brought news of eighty or a hundred Indians camped on the east side of the Alabama, near what is now called Dale's Ferry. I took sixty men, intending to bury Jack Evans, and, if practicable, attack the enemy. Crossing the river in two canoes, which I had previously concealed, we spent the night in the canebrake. At daylight I manned each canoe with five picked men, and directed them to move cautiously up the river, while the rest of us followed the trail which ran along the bank. I considered that the canoes would be useful if we had to retreat or cross the river, or to carry our wounded. When we reached Bailey's, whose cabins were on the east, and his corn-crib and field on the west

bank, we discovered two Indian canoes, laden with corn, paddling up stream. I ordered Jerry Austill to lay his canoes under the bluff and conceal his men from the Indians until I could get ahead of them. Unfortunately, the path left the river bank on account of swamp and cane-brakes, and so continued two and a half miles before it again approached the river. The Indians had, doubtless, perceived my canoes from the first, and I now saw them moving rapidly up, still far above us. We pushed on at a lively rate, George Foster and myself being a hundred yards in advance of the others. At an abrupt turn of the path we suddenly encountered five warriors. The file-leader leveled his rifle, but, before he could pull trigger, I shot him down. Foster shot the next, and the rest broke into the cane-brake. The leader of the party was Will Milfort—three quarters white, tall, handsome, intelligent, and prepossessing, and a strong attachment existed between us. He camped with me at the great council of Took-a-batcha, and privately informed me when Tecumseh was about to speak. By the influence of Weath-

erford he joined the hostiles, and was on his first war-path when he met his fate. We recognized each other in a moment; there was a mutual exclamation of surprise—a pang of regret, perhaps—but no time for parley. I dropped a tear over his body, and often bewail the destiny that doomed him to fall by the hand of his best friend. Such are the dreadful necessities of war. Some time after I sought and interred his fleshless bones; they now moulder on the banks of the river he loved so well; and often since, in my solitary bivouac, in the dead of night, have I fancied that I heard his wailing voice in the tops of the aged pines. Even now my heart bleeds for poor Will.

After this rencounter I put thirty of my men on the east bank where the path ran directly by the river side. With twenty men I kept the western bank, and thus we proceeded to Randon's Landing. A dozen fires were burning, and numerous scaffolds for drying meat, denoting a large body of Indians; but none were visible. About half past ten A.M. we discerned a large canoe coming down stream. It contained eleven

warriors. Observing that they were about to land at a cane-brake just above us, I called to my men to follow, and dashed for the cane-brake with all my might. Only seven of my men kept up with me. As the Indians were in the act of landing, we fired. Two leaped into the water. Jim Smith shot one as he rose, and I shot the other. In the mean time they had backed into deep water, and three Indians were swimming on the off side of the canoe, working her as far from the shore as they could, to get out of the range of our guns. The others lay in the bottom of the canoe, which was thirty odd feet long, four feet deep, and three feet beam, made of an immense cypress-tree, specially for the transportation of corn. One of the warriors shouted to Weatherford (who was in the vicinity, as it afterward appeared, but invisible to us), "*Yos-ta-hah ! yos-ta-hah !*" "They are spoiling us." This fellow was in the water, his hands on the gunwale of the pirogue, and as often as he rose to shout we fired, but ineffectually. He suddenly showed himself breast-high, whooping in derision, and said, "Why don't you shoot?" I drew

my sight just between his hands, and as he rose I lodged a bullet in his brains. Their canoe then floated down with the current. I ordered my men on the east bank to fetch the boats. Six of them jumped into a canoe, and paddled to the Indians, when one of them cried out, "Live Indians, by G—d! Back water, boys! back water!" and the frightened fellows paddled back whence they came. I next ordered Cæsar, a free negro fellow, to bring a boat. Seeing him hesitate, I swore I would shoot him the moment I got across. He crossed a hundred yards below the Indians, and Jim Smith, Jerry Austill, and myself got in. I made Cæsar paddle within forty paces, when all three of us leveled our guns, and all missed fire! As the two boats approached, one of them hurled his scalping-knife at me. It pierced the boat through and through, just grazing my thigh as it passed. The next moment the canoes came in contact. I leaped up, placing one of my feet in each boat. At the same instant the foremost warrior leveled his rifle at my breast. It flashed in the pan. As quick as lightning, he clubbed it, and aimed

at me a furious blow, which I partially parried, and, before he could repeat it, I shivered his skull with my gun. In the mean time an Indian had struck down Jerry, and was about to dispatch him, when I broke my rifle over his head. It parted in two places. The barrel Jerry seized, and renewed the fight. The stock I hurled at one of the savages. Being then disarmed, Cæsar handed me his musket and bayonet.*

Finding myself unable to keep the two canoes in juxtaposition, I resolved to bring matters to an issue, and leaped into the Indian boat. My pirogue, with Jerry, Jim, and Cæsar, floated off. Jim fired, and slightly wounded the Indian next to me. I now stood in the centre of their canoe—two dead at my feet—a wounded savage in the stern, who had been snapping his piece at me during the fight, and four powerful warriors in front. The first one directed a furious blow at me with his rifle; it glanced upon the barrel of my musket, and I staved the bayonet through his body. As he fell the next one repeated the attack. A shot from Jerry

* See Frontispiece.

Austill pierced his heart. Striding over them, the next sprung at me with his tomahawk. I killed him with the bayonet, and his corpse lay between me and the last of the party. I knew him well—Tar-cha-chee, a noted wrestler, and the most famous ball-player of his clan. He paused a moment in expectation of my attack, but, finding me motionless, he stepped backward to the bow of the canoe, shook himself, gave the war-whoop of his tribe, and cried out, "Sam tholocco *Iana dahmaska, ia-lanestha—lipso—lipso—lanestha.** *Big Sam! I am a man—I am coming—come on!*" As he said this, with a terrific yell he bounded over the dead body of his comrade, and directed a blow at my head with his rifle, which dislocated my left shoulder. I dashed the bayonet into him. It glanced around his ribs, and the point hitching to his back-bone, I pressed him down. As I pulled the weapon out, he put his hands upon the sides of the canoe and endeavored to rise, crying out, "*Tar-cha-chee is a man. He is not afraid*

* I can not vouch that this is good Muscogee. I spell it as General Dale pronounced it.

to die!" I drove my bayonet through his heart. I then turned to the wounded villain in the stern, who snapped his rifle at me as I advanced, and had been snapping during the whole conflict. He gave the war-whoop, and, in tones of hatred and defiance, exclaimed, "*I am a warrior—I am not afraid to die.*" As he uttered the words I pinned him down with my bayonet, and he followed his eleven comrades to the land of spirits.

During this conflict, which was over in ten minutes, my brave companions, Smith and Austill, had been struggling with the current of the Alabama, endeavoring to reach me. Their guns had become useless, and their only paddle had been broken. Two braver fellows never lived. Austill's first shot saved my life.*

* Jerry Austill is still living, a highly-esteemed commission merchant of Mobile, and lately a senator from that district. All the circumstances of this remarkable fight, as here detailed, were verified before the Alabama Legislature.

"State of Alabama, Executive Department, December 18, 1821.

"JEREMIAH AUSTILL, ESQ.: *Sir*,—I have much pleasure in transmitting, as the organ of the Legislature of this state, a copy of their resolution, approved this day, giving you their thanks for your heroic exertions during the late Creek war, in company with Brevet Brigadier General Dale, in the canoe action on the Ala-

By this time my men came running down the bank, shouting that Weatherford was coming. With our three canoes we crossed them all over and got safely back to the fort.

This fight occurred November 13, 1813, at Randon's Landing, Monroe County, ten miles below Weatherford's Bluff, where Fort Claiborne was afterward built, and the town of that name now stands.

After the war was over I asked Weatherford why he did not come to the assistance of his warriors during our fight. He said that he had no boats, and we were beyond the range of his guns; that he supposed I had a hundred men below prepared for battle; that he had but thirty warriors; that he had made a circuit of three miles, and ambushed his force in a cane-brake, intending to attack us as we marched down the river, which I had defeated by crossing my men immediately over from Randon's.

This renowned leader was born at the

bama River. I hope you may continue long to deserve and enjoy your country's gratitude, the highest reward of valor.

"Your obedient servant, JNO. M. PICKENS."

Hickory Ground in the Creek nation; his father, Charles Weatherford, was a Georgian, who established a trading-house and race-track on the first bluff below the junction of the Coosa and Tallapoosa in 1792. His mother, the beautiful Sehoya, was half-sister of the famous Creek chieftain General M'Gilivray, a man of remarkable attributes, of a diplomatic turn, and alternately (and, as some say, at the same time) a Spanish pensioner, a British colonel, and a brigadier under George Washington. William Weatherford had not the education of his grandfather, but nature had endowed him with a noble person, a brilliant intellect, and a commanding eloquence. He was, in every respect, the peer of Tecumseh, who, though a Shawnee on his father's side, was born on the Tallapoosa, in the Creek nation; his mother was a Creek. Through the influence of Tecumseh he joined the war party, and led the attack on Fort Mims. He often deplored to me his inability to arrest the carnage on that occasion; "but my warriors," said he, "were like famished wolves, and the first taste of blood made their appetites insatia-

ble." He fought like a hero, and with great military tact, until his towns were burned, his country ravaged, and his warriors slain; when, moved by starving women and children all around him, he surrendered to General Jackson. His speech on that occasion has become history. Some time after peace was restored he moved into the white settlements near Montgomery, where he married, and I was his groomsman. He said that his old comrades, the hostiles, ate his cattle from starvation; the peace party ate them from revenge; and the squatters because he was a d—d Red-skin. "So," said he, "I have come to live among gentlemen." He died, I think, in 1830, in his thirty-sixth year, of a brief but violent attack of pneumonia.

CHAPTER VIII.

Council of War.—Dale's Appearance.—His Opinion.—General Claiborne's Decision.—Major Tom Hinds.—His Character and Appearance.—Pushamataha.—Anecdotes.—Extract from the New Orleans Delta.—Weatherford's Bluff.—Fort Claiborne.—March to the Holy Ground.—The Volunteers.—General Claiborne's Dispatch.—The Battle.—Weatherford's Leap.—Christmas Dinner.—Effects of this Victory.

Shortly after this, by invitation of General Claiborne, I attended a council of officers at Point Jackson, on the Tombigbee, to deliberate on the expediency and means of building a fort at Weatherford's Bluff, where corn and cattle were abundant, and from whence the war party procured their supplies. The prevalent opinion was that the contemplated post was too near the seat of war for a force so weak and inadequate. I was at length called on for my opinion. I was a stranger to most of the council, and my appearance did not recommend me. I was smoke-tanned, and gaunt from fatigue and protracted anxiety; I wore a hunting-

shirt of a rusty brown color, homespun pants, moccasins and leggins of dressed buckskin, and a bearskin cap; a belt of panther-skin, with my pouch and hunting-knife, and a long rifle—good for a hundred yards—completed my equipment. There was a sensation — not a sneer, but a surprise — when I rose. I calmly surveyed the company, and said,

"General, there's so many shining buttons here to dazzle a fellow's eyes, I do not know whether the opinion of a frontier man will be listened to. But I have one favor to ask of you."

"Name it," said the general. "What can I do for you?"

"Sir, have the women and children now in my charge at Fort Madison brought here, and I'll be d—d if *I* don't build the fort, and keep it after it is built."

General Claiborne took two or three turns, and suddenly said, "Captain Dale, let's take a glass of grog."

After we had drunk, he said,

"Gentlemen, the point is decided. We must build the fort; at all hazards it must

be built. General Jackson is advancing, and supplies must be secured for him."

He then said, "Captain Dale, there's a duty to perform—a difficult and dangerous one. May I ask you to undertake it?"

"General, I will do what you wish, or die for it; and every fellow I have will do the same for you."

"Thank you, Captain Dale—a thousand thanks. You have a noble set of boys. Proceed up the river in canoes, reconnoitre both banks, and secure the march of my troops. General Pushamataha, with his warriors, will accompany you on the scout."

Pushamataha, the great chief of the Choctaws, then came forward, and the general invited the whole company to dinner. He introduced me particularly to Major Thomas Hinds, of the Mississippi Dragoons, and said, "Tom, if you get into difficulties on this frontier, call on Dale. Dale, if you are hard pressed, and want a man who will fight the devil himself, send for Hinds." The major was a small, square-built, swarthy-complexioned, black-eyed man, moving rapidly, speaking imperatively, beloved by his troops,

and one of the most intrepid men that ever lived.

Pushamataha on this occasion appeared with great pomp. General Claiborne had presented him with a splendid suit of regimentals, gold epaulettes, sword, silver spurs, and hat and feather, ordered from Mobile at a cost of three hundred dollars. He was a man of imposing mien, perfectly self-possessed, entirely at home in the general's tent, fearless as a lion in the hour of danger; in single combat he had no superior, and he ruled the Choctaws by the thunder of his eloquence.*

* The following account of Pushamataha and of incidents in the Mississippi Territory during the war appeared in the New Orleans Delta, August 19, 1849:

"Turning to the northeast from Williamsburg, I was soon in a country formerly the favorite hunting-grounds of the Choctaws, a powerful tribe, always friendly to the Pale-faces. They were closely allied with the French, and in the memorable battle at White Apple Village (twelve miles below the city of Natchez), so fatal to the tribe of that name, they fought under the flag of the silver lilies. During the war of 1812, when most of the effective men of the Mississippi Territory had been concentrated on the Alabama to defend that frontier, the fidelity of the Choctaws was for a brief period suspected. Tecumseh and Weatherford had passed through their towns, and Spanish emissaries from Pensacola sought to influence them. The scent of blood, so seductive to the savage, was on every breeze that swept from the southeast, where the

On the 13th of November, General Claiborne and his command marched for Weath-

Creek Indians were desolating the settlements with fire and tomahawk. At that time the Choctaws occupied the entire country east and north of Claiborne County to the Tombigbee River, and running as far south as the old counties of Wayne and Hancock. Had they seized the opportunity, Natchez, with the surrounding country, must have fallen. General apprehension prevailed, and to such an extent in the county of Claiborne, which lay along the line, that many families abandoned their homes and took refuge in the swamps. On the 18th of September, 1813, such was the anxiety of the public mind, a meeting was called at Port Gibson, Colonel Daniel C. Burnet in the chair, and it was determined to erect three stockades. The following committees were appointed, composed of well-known citizens, only two of whom now survive:[a]

"*Frontier Committee.*—Major Clarke, Captain Johnson, Captain P. Briscoe, D. M'Caleb, John Boothe, Gibson Clarke, Moses Shelby.

"*Committee of Safety.*—Thomas Barnes, William Tabor, Samuel Gibson, William Briscoe, *Harman Blennerhasset*, Colonel L. Ragan, James Watson, Thomas Farrar, Judge Leake, Robert Cochran, J. H. Moore.

"Finding it difficult, after the fall of Fort Mims, to restrain the Choctaws, the late General F. L. Claiborne, then at Fort Stoddart, on the Alabama, in command of the Mississippi and Louisiana Volunteers, dispatched Major Ballenger into the nation, and, through the influence of George S. Gaines, Esq., of Mobile (then a young man in charge of the Choctaw factory), induced Pushamataha, the most celebrated war-chief of the Choctaws, to visit his camp. When the chief approached the general's tent, he was received by the lieutenant on guard, who invited him to drink.

[a] "Captain (now General) Briscoe and William Briscoe, both distinguished citizens of Claiborne County. Blennerhasset, the same who was associated with Aaron Burr, was then residing near Port Gibson, on a plantation now the residence of Samuel Coburn, Esq."

erford's Bluff, and erected a stockade two hundred feet square, protected by three

Pushamataha answered only by a look of scorn. He recognized no officer with one epaulette. When the general came in, the red warrior shook him by the hand, and said, proudly, as to an equal, '*Chief, I will drink with you.*' Pushamataha was the most remarkable man that the tribe ever produced since the time of Chactas, their great Mingo. He was six feet two inches high, robust, and of Herculean strength. His form and features were after the finest models of the antique; his deportment composed, dignified, and seductive. He was sometimes called the 'Panther's Claw' and the 'Waterfall,' in allusion to his exploits in battle and to the sonorous and musical intonations of his voice. The late General Samuel Dale informed me that he had heard Tecumseh, Weatherford, the Prophet, the Big Warrior, and Puxenubbee, besides all our distinguished orators in Congress, but never one who had such music in his tones, such energy in his manner, and such power over his audience as this renowned warrior. Pushamataha acknowledged no paternity. 'Where are your parents?' he was once asked. '*I have no father and no mother,*' was the proud reply. '*The lightning struck an oak-tree, and Pushamataha sprung out of it just as he stands.*' Another characteristic anecdote is related of him. A feud existed between him and a Mingo of the Yazoo district, and it was understood that their knives would decide it when they met. At the head of a numerous party his rival was seen approaching, evidently agitated, and irresolutely grasping a tomahawk. Pushamataha leaped forward like a tiger, his knife gleaming above his head, but suddenly paused, and, with a scornful smile, exclaimed, '*Leaf of the Yazoo! why dost thou tremble? The wind don't blow. Go, squaw! go!*'

"This distinguished warrior died at Washington City, where he headed a deputation from his nation to transact some business with the government. He was calm, and conscious of his impending fate. A short time before he expired, General Jackson, then a senator from Tennessee, repaired to his room. He was in the

block-houses and a half-moon battery which commanded the river. It was chiefly for the security of magazines intended for General Jackson, and of a large quantity of stores already ordered there by Major General Flournoy. Without this seasonable movement, strongly urged by General Jackson, the Tennessee troops could not have kept the field. General Claiborne advised General Jackson of the stores in waiting for him, acquainted him with the outrages committed by British emissaries and the Spanish authorities in Pensacola, and added that "he wished to God he was authorized by General Flournoy to take that sink of iniquity, the dépôt of Tories and instigators

last agony, and his comrades, in low tones, were chanting the death-dirge in his ear. '*Warrior*,' said the general, '*what is your wish?*' '*When I am dead, fire the big guns over me*,' were the last words of the dying chief. General Jackson complied with his request. The remains of Pushamataha were committed to the earth in the Congress burying-ground amid the roar of artillery and the music of muffled drums, and his last words were engraved upon his tomb. Thus closed the career of one who, in civilized life, would have adorned the senate, and been regarded by posterity as we now regard the heroes of antiquity; a man of the noblest attributes, who had it in his power to depopulate our territories, but whose arm was always extended for the protection of the whites. J. F. H. Claiborne."

of disturbances on the southern frontier."* On the 26th, Colonel Russell, with the 3d regiment U. S. infantry, came up, and the general resolved upon an expedition to Eccanachaca, or Holy Ground, east of Alabama, in the heart of the enemy, one hundred and twenty miles from the new stockade. It was the strong-hold of the Indians, in a position of great strength, had been partially fortified by Weatherford, and consecrated by the Shawnee prophets, who assured their followers that if the white men dared to tread upon it the earth would open and swallow them up! Indian fugitives in great numbers, from all parts of the nation, when pressed by the whites, had concentrated there. It stood upon a lofty bluff, just below what is now Powell's Ferry, in the county of Lowndes. Prisoners, both whites and friendly Indians, were taken to this holy ground, by order of the prophets, and burned in the great square. The fanatics and prophets of the tribe made it the scene of their sorceries and incantations.

* Pickett's History of Alabama, vol. ii., p. 320; Monette's Valley of the Mississippi; Waldo's Life of Jackson.

The enterprise was deemed so hazardous the officers presented a memorial to the general against it, signed by nine captains, eight lieutenants, and five ensigns of the Mississippi Volunteers, urging the feeble condition of their men, without provisions, clothing, blankets, or shoes, the inclemency of the weather, and the want of transportation. They represented truly that there was not even a path leading to Eccanachaca, but declared their willingness to follow him if he should resolve to proceed.

"Their objections," says General Claiborne, in a dispatch published in the "Mississippi Republican" soon after, "were stated in the memorial with the dignity, feeling, and respect eminently conspicuous among the officers of that corps pending the operations on the frontier. But those abused, calumniated defenders of their country, in a situation to try the stoutest hearts, rose superior to misfortune and want. So soon as the order for march had been issued, each man repaired with promptitude to his post; and even many whose term of service had expired, and who had not received a dollar

of their arrearages, again volunteered, and with cheerful alacrity moved to their stations in the line." "Yes," continues General Claiborne, in the same dispatch, "when they were exposed, without tents or blankets, to an inclement winter; when every visage strongly portrayed the utmost extent of human suffering; when the pale, emaciated victim smiled at the approach of death, did those determined soldiers meet with fortitude the exigencies of the service. Their patience was equal to their courage. Not a murmur was heard; not a complaint was made. Subordination to their officers marked their every act, and no suffering could seduce them from their duty."

I was a witness, said General Dale (when the above dispatch was read to him in 1840), to these facts. Most of those volunteers were young men, accustomed to the comforts, many of them to the luxuries of life.* Officers and men were averse to the expedition for the strong reasons stated, but when their general reminded them of the taunts

* Gerard C. Brandon, and Abram N. Scott, both afterward governors of the state, were among them.

of their traducers on the banks of the Mississippi, with one voice they swore they would follow him or die in the wilderness. The general shed tears at these demonstrations of patriotism. He grasped us all by the hand, and we marched out of Fort Claiborne to the tune of "Over the hills and far away." Eighty miles on our march, at Double Swamp, in the present county of Butler, we built a stockade for the sick and the baggage, and left a guard of one hundred men. An advance of thirty miles brought us near our point of destination. More than two thirds of our march had been through a pathless forest. The Holy City had been purposely located, as a place of refuge, in a position of difficult access, and no trail led to it. It was the 29th of December, 1813; the weather was very wet and bitter cold; we had neither meat, coffee, nor spirits. In three columns we made the attack—drove out the Indians, killing many of them, and Weatherford with difficulty escaped on a powerful charger, making his famous leap of twenty feet over a deep ravine, and down the bluff into the Alabama, which his gal-

lant courser swam, the chief holding his rifle above his head, and shouting his war-whoop as soon as he ascended the bank. The Choctaws plundered the town, and then set fire to it. Next day we killed several Indians, and among them three Shawnee prophets, who had been left by Tecumseh to inflame the Creeks. I had noted them at Took-a-batcha, and recognized them immediately. On Christmas eve we lay shivering in our old blankets in Weatherford's corn-field, and General Claiborne, his officers and men, dined next day on boiled acorns and parched corn. The little flour and spirits on hand he ordered to be distributed among the sick. We were five days on the return march, and parched corn constituted our only food, the contractor having wholly failed to comply with the timely requisition made for supplies.

The moral effect of this bold movement into the heart of the nation, upon ground held sacred and impregnable, was great. It taught the savages that they were neither inaccessible nor invulnerable; it destroyed their confidence in their prophets, and it proved

what volunteers, even without shoes, clothing, blankets, or provisions would do for their country.

Soon after this the Mississippi Volunteers disbanded, having served out their time, and beyond their time. Only sixty remained at Mount Vernon, who had a month longer to serve, and the general bitterly complained that his brave men had been permitted to return home without shoes, and with eight months' pay due them.

Such were the difficulties encountered in that campaign; these the privations endured by patriots in the public service. I was an eye-witness of what I relate. Most of those gallant fellows have gone to their long homes, and are now deaf alike to praise and censure; but, in reciting the incidents of my own life, it cheers my heart to render this homage to their memory.

CHAPTER IX.

Old Town Expedition.—Death of Lieutenant Wilcox.—Distress of the Troops.—Rats and Mice.—Horse-meat.—Corn-growing on the Alabama.—General Jackson.—A speedy Settlement.—Rides express.—A rapid Journey.—Arrives at New Orleans.—Battle of the 8th of January.—Grandeur of the Scene.—Interview with General Jackson.—"By the Eternal."—Returns to Georgia. — Colonel Sparks. — General Winchester. — General M'Intosh.—Milledgeville.

On the 1st of February, 1814, with my command, consisting of a company commanded by Captain Evan Austill and Lieutenant Creagh, and Captain Foster's company of horse, I joined Colonel Russell and the 3d U. S. regiment in an expedition to the "Old Towns" on Cahawba River. Captain Dinkins, with a keel-boat of provisions, was dispatched up the river, while the detachment proceeded by land. The Indians got notice of our approach, and we found the towns deserted. The barge had not arrived, and we were suffering for supplies. Lieutenant Wilcox, of the regulars, and three men, volunteered to go in search of her. They set

out in a small pirogue, and capsized near the mouth of the Cahawba, wetting most of their ammunition ; they righted her, however, and proceeded. Next day they had a brush with twelve Indians in a boat ; but, their powder being damp, they were compelled to retreat. Wilson, one of my men, got into the cane-brake and came near starving, but finally joined the detachment. Wilcox, Simpson, and Armar crossed the river on a raft, to make their way to Fort Claiborne ; but, after wandering all day in the cane-brakes, they got back to the very point they had started from. To descend the river on the raft was now their only chance. At that moment a boat with eight Indians hove in sight. Wilcox and his comrades got into the cane. When the Indians saw the raft they landed, and advanced into the cane to the very spot where Wilcox and his two men stood. The nearest one was struck down by Wilcox with a paddle—he split his skull open with the blade. Simpson was then shot, and Wilcox was seized and overpowered. Armar got off into the cane and witnessed all that occurred. The savages dragged their

prisoners into the canoe and pinioned them down. At this moment the barge appeared close at hand. The Indians hastily tomahawked and scalped their captives, and took to the woods. The poor lieutenant and Simpson were found speechless, and soon expired; Armar left his hiding-place and got upon the barge.

Next day a party of our men were fired on and one man killed. Colonel Russell was in a tight place, and roundly d—d his luck. He could find no Indians, had lost his barge, and on our return march we lived on acorns and hickory nuts, rats and mice. To catch these, the soldiers would set fire to the Indian cabins, and catch the rats as they came out. I saw a soldier offer two dollars for a rat, and the offer was rejected; the owner demanded ten dollars. We camped the first night near the present town of Greensborough. I bought a horse of one of the detachment for one hundred dollars, Colonel Russell bought one, and the troops subsisted on horseflesh until we arrived at Fort Claiborne.

Exposure on this unfortunate expedition

affected my old wound, and brought on inflammation. Dr. Neal Smith, a surgeon at Fort Claiborne, skillfully extracted the ball, which had been in my body and deranging my health ever since the battle of Burnt Corn, the beginning of the war. My brave fellows now took leave of me, every man declaring they would rally again whenever I gave the word.

In March, 1814, Peter Randon—a very clever fellow, who had escaped from Fort Mims, where his father perished—proposed to me to take possession of his farm on the Alabama River, ten miles below Claiborne, as he was apprehensive that in his absence some one might get hold of it whom it might be troublesome to oust. Nine men accompanied me. We planted corn: each got his share; mine was a thousand bushels, which subsequently was consumed by the famished Tennessee troops on their route to Mobile.

About this time a friendly Indian reported that George Foster, Abram Millstead, and a negro, while hunting horses, had been killed. I took my men and went in pursuit. The Indians had fled, after chopping off

the heads and disemboweling their victims. We consigned their mutilated members to the earth.

During the summer, Colonel Milton, then commanding at Fort Claiborne, ordered Major Carson and myself to Pensacola, to induce the Creeks, who had gone there for protection, to sue for pardon and return to the nation, where a treaty of peace with the United States had been ratified. They agreed to my proposal, but the same day news came that Arbuthnot and Ambrister (British agents, afterward hung by General Jackson) had arrived in Appalachicola Bay with provisions and military stores, and most of the refugee Creeks joined the Seminoles shortly after, and remained hostile. The notorious Peter M'Queen was of this party; he not long after died in the Okofonoko swamp.

In September I rode express to Fort Hawkins, Georgia, by order of Colonel Russell, one hundred and fifty miles in three days, the route being directly through the Creek nation. I saw not a human being, and got back safely to Fort Claiborne.

Learning that General Jackson was about to attack the Spanish post, the Barancas, near Pensacola, I collected twenty men and set out to serve under him. I encountered him returning, the Spaniards having hauled down their flag. On arriving at Fort Montgomery, the resignation of Major General Flournoy, and his own appointment to the command of the seventh military district, was communicated to the general. Having a claim which the U. S. Quartermaster refused to settle or examine, I complained to General Jackson. He said nothing, but went to his table and brought me a slip of paper. I was about to say something, when he exclaimed, "Not a word, major. Present that note." He had written only three words: "*Settle with Dale.*" In half an hour the money was in my pocket.

Toward the close of December, 1814, I was at the Creek Agency in Georgia on business. Late at night an express arrived for General Jackson from the Secretary of War. The general was supposed to be in or near New Orleans, preparing for its defense against the rumored British invasion. Colonel Haw-

kins, the Creek Agent, and General M'Intosh, in command of the Georgia troops, then in that vicinity, urged me to take charge of the dispatches. An inhospitable wilderness and a perfidious and revengeful people lay on the route, but I accepted the trust. Mounted on a compactly-built horse, noted for his wind and muscle, which I purchased at the Agency for the trip, I set out the same night, taking with me only a blanket, my flint and steel, my pistols, and a wallet of Indian flour for myself and horse. In seven days and a half I reached Madisonville, on the Tchefoncta River, and forthwith engaged a fishing-smack to carry me across Lake Pontchartrain. Landing at Fort St. John, I found Quarter-master-general Piatt, who put me on a fine horse, and directed me to head-quarters, under charge of an orderly. At head-quarters, on Royal Street, I learned that the general was below, with the army, in front of the British, on the plains of Chalmette. Galloping through the city, down the river side, I heard the roar of artillery. The battle was in full blast. I gave my horse to the orderly, and rushed to the in-

trenchments. It was a magnificent vision. On each side our men stood silent and resolute. The enemy were advancing in columns, with loud cheers. Their martial approach to the American lines—the fearful recoil, as whole detachments were swept away by the discharge from our works and the broadsides of the Carolina, then anchored on our right—the heroism of their officers, who rushed to the front, waving their swords, and rallied their men into the very jaws of death, and, cheering, died—was a spectacle so sublime, that it silenced for a moment the clamor of the battle-field, and inspired every one with awe and admiration. There was a simultaneous pause in our ranks; for several minutes a dreadful stillness prevailed; not a gun was discharged; not a shout was heard; and then there burst forth, along our whole line, a blaze of fire, a crash of small arms, a deafening roar of artillery, and, when the dun smoke rolled away, the field was covered with dead and wounded, and the British columns were in full retreat — not flying ingloriously, but staggering back, like men reeling under unexpected and overpowering blows.

The terrible grandeur of the scene impressed the veteran soldiers of Napoleon, a number of whom were in the American ranks; and you may imagine its effect upon me, trained from boyhood to the ambuscades of the wilderness, and to the hand-to-hand rencounters of the frontier, where a reeking scalp is often the only evidence of the fight.

It was after midnight before I could deliver my dispatches to General Jackson. Without speaking, he tore them open, and exclaimed, "Too late; too late; they are always too late at Washington."

I then congratulated him on his victory. He rose, and shook me by the hand, and answered, modestly, "Major, if those fellows on the other bank had done their duty, it would have been a glorious day."

Major Chotard, one of his aids, a gallant officer, who distinguished himself in the battle at the Holy Ground, then, at my request, observed that, as there was little fighting now to be done in the Creek nation, it was my wish to remain with the army until the British were driven out of the country.

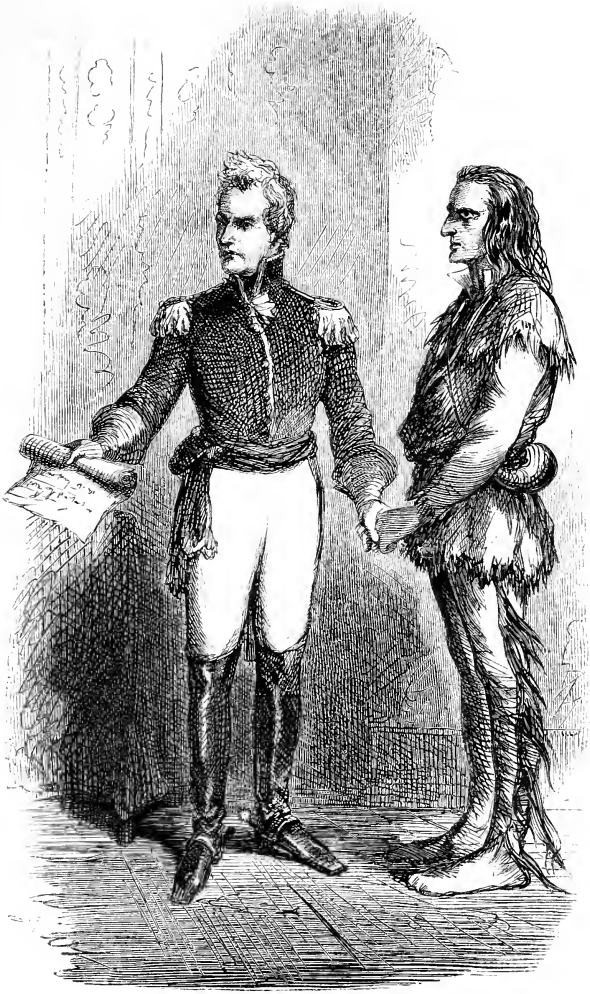
The general asked "if I was broken down by my rapid ride."

"No, sir; but I desire to be near you."

Holding up the dispatches, and my credentials from Colonel Hawkins, he turned to his officers and said, "This express has been brought from Georgia in *eight days.* From Mobile our expresses are often fourteen days on the route. Chotard, don't speak to me of stopping Dale. No, sir. You must return to the Agency and to Milledgeville as fast as you have come. In one hour Major Reid will deliver you your papers."

He then inquired as to M'Intosh's and Nixon's commands,* the disposition of the Indians, etc. While answering these questions, I was frequently interrupted by the ex-

* Colonel (afterward General) Nixon, one of the most active officers in the service. He protected the frontier very efficiently during the desultory war to which it was exposed, and was afterward stationed near the Bay of St. Louis to observe the enemy, then off Ship Island. General Jackson and General Claiborne reposed the utmost confidence in him. In private life he was a most estimable and useful citizen. He died some eight years after the war, in Pearlington, Hancock County, Mississippi. At a very critical period, his influence among the Choctaws contributed greatly to keep them in check.



DALE'S INTERVIEW WITH JACKSON.

press from Mobile, whom I had overhauled at Fort St. John. Being thus annoyed several times, the general cried out, "D—n you, sir, be silent till I ask you a question."

When he finished his inquiries, he faced the other, and said, "Now, sir, what do you know?"

"Nothing more, sir; Major Dale has told you all."

"Yes, d—n you," said the general, "I thought so. You are too slow a traveler to bring news. Chotard, write an order to Piatt to mount Major Dale on the best horse to be had."

"And what," said I, "is to be done with Paddy?"

"Who the h–ll is Paddy, sir?"

"The pony, general, that I brought from Georgia."

"You don't mean to say, sir, that you rode one horse all the way from Georgia in seven and a half days?"

"I mean nothing less, general."

"Then, by G–d, sir, he won't be able to go back."

"He is like myself, general, very tough."

"Well," said he, "I know you don't talk with a forked tongue. Now tell me, how far can you ride that horse in a day?"

"Seventy or eighty miles, from daybreak to midnight, with light weights."

"Light weights!"

"Yes, sir—an empty belly and no saddle-bags."

"Very well, major, that will do. Chotard, give Major Dale my authority, should his horse fag, to ask any man he meets to light, and, if he refuses, to knock him off and seize his horse. And, by G–d, major, I know you will do it."

I set off at daylight, and, after crossing the lake, I met an officer, who, as he approached, demanded where I was from.

"Head-quarters."

"Well, you must stop and tell me the news."

"I can't stop; if you want news you must travel my way."

"Sir, you don't know me. I'm Colonel Sparks, of the United States Army. You *must* stop."

"And I, sir, am Major Samuel Dale, and when I'm under orders I stop for no man."

The colonel bit his lip, but wheeled and rode with me several miles. When parting, I asked him whether I was right or wrong in refusing to halt.

"Right, major, and I ask your pardon."

When Colonel Sparks related this incident to Old Hickory at the dinner-table, the general said, "There isn't a man this side of h–ll can stop Big Sam, and, by G–d, Sparks, if you had stopped him I would have had you shot."

In former times it was fashionable, even among high-bred gentlemen, to swear. It was peculiarly the vice of the camp. General Jackson discarded the vulgar and abominable habit long before he professed religion. True, he would, to his latest day, when under the excitement of strong emotions, say "*By the Eternal.*" But in the sense in which he used those words, not in bursts of passion, but of patriotism, they partook more of prayer than of profanity, and may be classed with Mr. Erskine's expression in his celebrated speech on the trial of Lord George

Gordon, "*I say*, by God, that man is a ruffian who shall, after this, presume to build upon such honest, artless conduct as evidence of guilt."—*Lord Erskine's Speeches*, vol. i., p. 12.

The sensation produced in that high tribunal by these words, and by the voice, the face, the figure—by all we call the manner—with which they were pronounced by the great advocate, is related to have been electrical; but not more, I fancy, than when Jackson concentrated the fires of his clear gray eye, and exclaimed "*By the Eternal.*"

This was his exclamation when his men mutinied, and it awed them back into the ranks to atone by a harvest of glory for a momentary defection.

This was his exclamation when he left his quarters on Royal Street on the 23d of December, 1814, to attack the British invaders at the first moment of their approach. "By the Eternal, they shall not sleep on our soil."*

* See the narrative of the Honorable Alexander Walker, the most eloquent and graphic account ever written of the battle of New Orleans and its incidents:

This was his exclamation when he resolved to remove the public deposits from a powerful corporation that sought to control the

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Extract of a letter from the late Major General E. P. Gaines, U. S. A., to Colonel J. F. H. Claiborne, dated New Orleans, December 23d, 1845.

"I had the satisfaction, in the evening of the 4th of February, 1815, to receive in person from our beloved Jackson himself a detailed account of the occurrences of that memorable night. I shall never forget the valuable lesson of instruction derived from his graphic account of those occurrences.

"Jackson attributed many of the casualties suffered by his troops in this most brilliant of all his battles to the want of that minute knowledge of the theatre of action, most essential in a night attack, to enable the assailant to profit by the *panic* into which the unguarded foe is ever thrown by such an unlooked-for bold assault. Most of the forces under the command of Jackson upon that occasion had been hastily assembled. The different regiments and companies were, for the most part, strangers to each other, and wholly unacquainted with *the vast swamp* or *the narrow pass* through which the British army had approached the plantation upon which they had unwisely encamped for the night; nor had our troops any knowledge of the plantation itself, in the back part of which they found, in their efforts to prevent the enemy from turning their left flank, several ditches, drains, or mudholes, by which they were much embarrassed.

"With an accurate knowledge of the topography of the place and of each other, the few slender battalions under Jackson, amounting to little over 2000 men, would probably have forced the British army, taken by surprise and panic-stricken as they were, to have laid down their arms that night. As it was, no man of experience can doubt that this conflict secured the splendid triumph of the 8th of January, 1815, and thus saved New Orleans."

commerce of the country and the administration of the government.

This was his exclamation when Louis Philippe was juggling and huckstering instead of paying the indemnity due to us by the French. His outburst of patriotic resolution resounded across the Atlantic, and the money was paid.

This, too, was doubtless his exclamation in his last wrestle with the tempting fiend in the dark valley of the shadow of death, when his thoughts were upon that God whom he had so long worshiped in spirit and in truth.

On the third day after crossing the lake, past midnight, I halted at General Winchester's quarters in Mobile, and an orderly roused him up. I handed him his dispatch, and he said he would be ready for me at daylight. At sunrise he was not ready, but sent word to me to come at ten A.M. At that hour he said it would be twelve before he could be ready. I replied that if he was not ready then I should go without them. At twelve precisely I rode by, and the papers were handed to me. For the want of

DALE STOPPED BY THE SENTINELS.

a boat, I was compelled to go to Randon's Landing, cross in a canoe, and swim Paddy over the Alabama River, then very full. Swimming all the large streams on the way, for they were very high, and incessant rain, freezing as it fell, camping under a tree for a few hours at night, I reached Fort Decatur, on the Tallapoosa, on the fifth day from Mobile. M'Intosh's army was encamped there. It was the coldest night I ever experienced, and my clothes were glued to my body. I was challenged by two sentinels as I rode up, who said I would have to report to the main guard, half a mile to the right, before I could be admitted into the lines. I replied that "I should be dead before I could get there. I am freezing. Fire the alarm if you choose, but don't shoot me. You know me and my business." One of them ran forward to apprise the general, and I rode toward his quarters. He met me fifty yards from his marquee, and demanded my name. "Light, Major Dale, light." Perceiving my condition, he aided me to dismount, put his arm round me, and assisted me in. He had a rousing fire made,

and some hot whisky set before me. He would not let me speak until my exhausted energies were restored and I had drunk a pint of strong coffee, and then he asked for the news. I pulled out my dispatch, but he threw it on the table, and said, "You must tell it." When I related the incidents of the great battle and the flight of the enemy, this veteran soldier wept like a child, and then shouted like a madman. Such huzzas I never heard before or since. The officers came crowding in half dressed, and then the men in masses around the door, and I was obliged to stand there and repeat the story till daylight. The general then insisted on my taking some rest, and had to place a guard at the door, such was the desire of all to hear more of the glorious 8th of January.

I shall never fear for my country while such a spirit prevails.

Next day, Major Woolfolk, who was stationed at Fort Jackson, applied to General M'Intosh for supplies, as his garrison was starving. The general pleaded that he had barely enough for his own command, and the major turned away in tears. I said,

"General, you are on your way to Mobile. I have a thousand bushels of corn housed near Fort Claiborne, on your route; supply Major Woolfolk, and take of mine what you need." He directed me then to examine his stores and report what could be spared, and I reported twenty barrels of flour and five thousand pounds of pork. The general afterward told me that this was one of the most gratifying acts of his life.

Next morning, on my faithful Paddy, now quite recruited, I set out for Milledgeville. On the third evening, at sunset, I arrived there, and immediately waited on Governor Early with my dispatch. He warmly invited me to be his guest, but, travel-worn and fatigued, I preferred to go to the inn, but had scarcely got in bed before I was serenaded, and the whole city was in a blaze of light.

I was treated with great kindness and civility by the public-spirited citizens of that high-toned city. There was joy and exultation all over Georgia.

Soon after, I returned to Dale's Ferry and resumed business.

CHAPTER X.

Merchandising. — Elected to the Convention. — General Cowles Mead. — The Legislature of Alabama. — Savannah Jack. — Death of Captain Butler.—Breveted Brigadier General.—Reception of General La Fayette.—Removal of the Choctaws.—Settles in Lauderdale County, Mississippi.

While thus engaged merchandising and farming at Dale's Ferry, Monroe County, which then composed almost a territory of itself, Governor Holmes appointed me colonel of the militia, assessor and collector for the county, and commissioner to take the census and organize beats or precincts, with blank commissions for justices of the peace, sheriff, constables, and other civil offices. On receipt of these, I requested him to address them directly to the persons he preferred; but he wrote back that he would rely wholly on my discretion. I accepted these trusts with diffidence, and endeavored to discharge them faithfully.

In 1816 I was elected a delegate to a convention called to divide the Mississippi Ter-

ritory, the western portion to form a state, and the eastern to constitute the Alabama Territory. The Convention assembled on Pearl River, at the house of John Ford, an old settler, who has left many worthy descendants. General Cowles Mead, whom I had known in Georgia, presided over the Convention. He was a lawyer by profession; had been elected to Congress in Georgia, but lost his election after a contest in the House; was then sent out by President Jefferson as Secretary for the Mississippi Territory, and was acting governor when Burr was arrested and brought to Washington, the seat of the territorial government, for trial. In 1812–13 he was appointed colonel of volunteers, and while waiting at Baton Rouge for orders to march to the frontier, he was induced to become a candidate for Congress. His resignation under such circumstances was seized on by the opposition, and he was defeated by Christopher Rankin, then a young lawyer of Amite County. He never recovered from this defeat and the bitter assaults made upon him, and it rendered him sometimes cynical and harsh. He re-

moved into the county of Jefferson; was often elected to the Legislature, where he usually occupied the speaker's chair, and was the best presiding officer I ever saw. Prompt, courteous, yet decided, and often imperative, he not only preserved order, but diffused the dignity of the chair over the whole House. He was a fluent and graceful debater, rather pompous, impairing the force of his logic by the redundancy of his rhetoric. He was of elevated and noble sentiments; of unquestionable courage; irritable, but generous; full of anecdote and wit; a delightful companion, and a faithful friend. He finally died in Clinton, Hinds County, Mississippi, in the communion of the Presbyterian Church, and at peace with all mankind.

My mercantile operations at Dale's Ferry, especially in 1817, were disastrous. The influx of immigrants was incessant, and, of course, they came destitute of provisions, and hundreds of them without means. The supply in the country was very small, and wholly inadequate to the demand. From Line Creek to the Escambia, from the Warrior, Tallapoosa, and Cahawba, and far to the

north, they came with their wagons to me for supplies. Bread was the first demand. With tears, with persuasions, even with threats they demanded it. Human nature was not proof against such distress. I had saved four thousand dollars in cash, the result of long years of toil, public service, and privation, and, taking every dollar of it, I went to Mobile, and invested it, and staked my credit, to save the country from famine. These supplies I distributed, on twelve months' credit, among thousands of people, many of them utter strangers to me, and it ended in my ruin.

In 1817 I was a delegate to the first General Assembly of the Alabama Territory, at St. Stephen's, and while there, owing to some manifestations of Indian hostility, Governor Bibb conferred on me the commission of colonel. Shortly after, the family of one Ogle and several other persons were murdered, in what is now Butler County, by a party led by Savannah Jack, one of the bloodiest villains that ever infested any country. It was a horrid butchery, and was followed by others, until the whole country became alarmed.

About the same time, Captain Butler, Captain Saffold, and party, were attacked. The former, and several of his men, were killed. Saffold, a brave and very collected man, almost miraculously escaped.* Hastily recruiting thirty volunteers, I marched in the direction of the "Flat" and Fort Bibb, and interred the bodies of the dead. These had been shockingly mutilated; and poor Butler's heart had been cut out, and suspended on a stake. I was engaged in this desultory war several months, during which I strengthened Fort Bibb, and erected Fort Dale, and otherwise provided for the security of the settlements. It was impossible to bring these Indians—not more than sixty or seventy warriors—to action. In the dead of night or the silence of the ambuscade, in small parties, they would murder some unguarded family, and retreat into the impenetrable swamps and cane-brakes of Chulatchee, Bogue Chito, Warrior, and Sipsey.

* The remains of Captain William Butler and Gardner Shaw, who were killed on the 4th of March, 1818, by Savannah Jack and his party, thirteen miles west of Greenville, Alabama, were removed last summer and interred in the village grave-yard. Their skulls still showed the marks of the murderous tomahawk.

Finally, they were so closely pursued by Colonel Hunter, Major Taylor, Captain Bacon, and others, that they secretly left the country, probably making their way across the Mississippi, and were never more heard of.

In 1819–20 I served in the Legislature at St. Stephen's and Cahawba, and in '21 was appointed, in conjunction with William Young, Charles Crawford, and John Coon, to locate public roads from Tuscaloosa to Pensacola, and thence to Blakely and Fort Claiborne. We were engaged seventy-eight days, hard labor.

On the completion of this duty, the Legislature of Alabama, at the session of 1821, adopted resolutions referring to my military services in very gratifying terms, and conferred on me the rank of brigadier general, with the emoluments of a colonel in the army of the United States for life.

In '24 I was again a member of the Legislature, and had the honor of being on the committee to meet and escort General La Fayette to the capital of Alabama. Governor Murphy, Colonel Freeman, Bolling Hall, John D. Bibb, and myself, constituted the

committee.* We met him and his suite at the Chattahoochee, and, with an imposing cortége, conducted him to the seat of government. The most remarkable feature of his reception was the enthusiasm manifested by the Creek warriors on the route. At the Chattahoochee we found Chilly M'Intosh (son of the famous General M'Intosh), with a large party of warriors, who marched past the general in single file, each one giving him their hand. They then, at his request, went through the exercises of the ball-play, a display of strength and activity such as the nations of antiquity never witnessed, and only to be seen among the Southern tribes, who, by the way, are superior, physically and intellectually, more warlike, and capable of a higher civilization than any of the Northern or Western races. I refer more particularly to the Choctaws, Cherokees,

* I can not, of course, enumerate all the distinguished men who were of this party. The military escort was commanded by my old friend General Thomas S. Woodward, a man whose life has been full of incident and adventure of startling interest. Captain Abercrombie and Captain Moore, Colonel James Johnson, ex-Governor Murphy, John D. Bibb, John N. Freeman, Dandridge Bibb, and others, were along.

Chickasaws, and Creeks, whose experiments in republican government, and the administration of an enlightened system of laws, are now attracting the admiration of mankind.

When we reached the Callabee swamp, usually very bad, the Indians had preceded us, and had laid down poles, and across them heavy transverse logs to prevent them from floating, themselves in the water, and holding down the logs until the procession passed over. They escorted the general to the confines of their territory, evidently regarding him as a great warrior, deserving this spontaneous homage to his fame.

From 1825 to 1828 I served in the Alabama Legislature. In 1831, Colonel George S. Gaines and myself were commissioned by the Secretary of War to remove the Choctaws to their new home on Arkansas and Red Rivers. By the treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek they had ceded all their fine domain in Mississippi and Alabama, except a few special reservations and contingent claims. This treaty was brought about by pressure. The Indian is ever averse to the

surrender of land. Though only tenants in common, they have a superstitious reverence for the soil of their birth and the ashes of their ancestors. The Southern Indians fought long and bravely for their homes; the achievements of the Creeks rival the prodigies of antiquity. At an earlier period, the Chickasaws, single-handed, defied and defeated the science and power of the French of Louisiana, directed by officers trained in the armies of Europe. The Choctaws did not resist the cession of their country by force of arms; their chiefs concerted it, and, appealing to the tradition of their tribe that they had never shed the blood of a white man, silent submission was readily obtained. The Legislature of Mississippi—by an act of consummate policy and of absolute sovereignty, but of controverted constitutionality in respect to her relations with the federal government and its relations to the Indian tribes—had extended her jurisdiction over the Choctaws, attaching their whole territory to her coterminous counties, and taking cognizance of crimes and misdemeanors committed within the same.

This act brought about the treaty. It extinguished the powers and authority of the chiefs, abolished the tribal immunities and penalties, and would have subjected the untutored Indian to the cupidity and cunning of a dominant and instructed race. From the passage of this act—introduced by the Hon. William Haile, who had formerly been in Congress, but was then the representative from Hancock County—opposition ceased, and the treaty was made.

I found the great body of the Choctaws very sad; making no arrangements, until the last moment, to remove; clinging around their humble cabins, and returning again and again to the resting-places of their dead. Even the sternest warriors, trained to suppress every emotion, appeared unmanned, and, when we camped at night, many of them stole back, in the darkness, twenty, thirty, and even forty miles, to take "a last fond look" at the graves of their household, soon to be trampled upon by a more enterprising and less sentimental race. Some, who had not yet buried their dead—for it is the custom of the Choctaws to expose the

dead on scaffolds for a certain time, during which they spend many hours every day weeping round their remains—absolutely refused to go until the allotted time for these ceremonies had expired. We left them in their country, and they afterward removed.

I purchased of Ia-cha-hopa his reserve of two sections of land, being my present residence, near Daleville, Lauderdale County, Mississippi, and removed to it immediately. I was now authorized to collect and transport the Indians that remained on the ceded lands, and set out for that purpose; but when I got some ten miles from home, on a trail through the woods, my horse fell, and rolled over on me. My shoulder was badly dislocated, and my other injuries so severe that I was compelled to abandon the emigration service.

CHAPTER XI.

General Dale visits Washington.—Interview with General Jackson.—Their Farewell.—Mr. Calhoun.—Mr. Clay.—Mr. Webster.—Mr. Benton.—Character of General Jackson.—F. P. Blair.—The Oyster-supper.—Joseph Gales.—Peter Force.—Printers in the South.—Clerkships at Washington.—Boarding-houses.—Scandal.—Gallantry.—Citizens and Congressmen.—A Braggart rebuked.—The Ladies of Washington.—Indian Girls.—Peter Hagner.—Dale's early Home.—The Graves of his Parents.

About this time I resolved to visit Washington City, to attend to my claim for a large amount due me for corn and other supplies furnished to the troops in the service of the United States at various times, and on the expedition to Fort Dale, in Butler County. On arriving, I put up at Brown's Hotel, and next day went to the quarters of the Alabama delegation. The third day, Colonel William R. King, of the Senate, brought me word that President Jackson desired to see me. "Tell Dale," said he to Colonel King, "that if I had as little to do as he has, I should have seen him before now." The gen-

eral was walking in the lawn in front of his mansion as we approached. He advanced, and grasped me warmly by the hand.

"No introduction is needed," said the colonel.

"Oh no," said the general, shaking my hand again, "I shall never forget Sam Dale." We walked into his reception-room, and I was introduced to Colonel Benton, and five or six other distinguished men. They were all very civil, and invited me to visit them. They were talking over "*Nullification*," the engrossing subject at that period, and the President, turning to me, said, "General Dale, if this thing goes on, our country will be like a bag of meal with both ends open. Pick it up in the middle or endwise, and it will run out. I must tie the bag and save the country." The company now took leave, but when I rose to retire with Colonel King, the general detained me, ordered up some whisky, and directed his servant to refuse all visitors until one o'clock. He talked over our campaigns, and then of the business that brought me to Washington. He then said, "Sam, you have been true to your country,

but you have made one mistake in life. You are now old and solitary, and without a bosom friend or family to comfort you. God called mine away. But all I have achieved—fame, power, every thing—would I exchange if she could be restored to me for a moment."

The iron man trembled with emotion, and for some time covered his face with his hands, and tears dropped on his knee. I was deeply affected myself. He took two or three turns across the room, and then abruptly said, "Dale, they are trying me here; you will witness it; but, by the God of heaven, I will uphold the laws."

I understood him to be referring to nullification again, his mind evidently having recurred to it, and I expressed the hope that things would go right.

"They SHALL go right, sir," he exclaimed, passionately, shivering his pipe upon the table.

He calmed down after this, and showed me his collection of pipes, many of a most costly and curious kind, sent to him from every quarter, his propensity for smoking being well known. "These," said he, "will

do to look at. I still smoke my corn-cob, Sam, as you and I have often done together: it is the sweetest and best pipe."

When I rose to take leave, he pressed me to accept a room there. "I can talk to you at night; in the day I am beset." I declined on the plea of business, but dined with him several times, always, no matter what dignitaries were present, sitting at his right hand. He ate very sparingly, only taking a single glass of wine, though his table was magnificent. When we parted for the last time, he said, "My friend, farewell; we shall see each other no more; let us meet in heaven."

I could only answer him with tears, for I felt that we should meet no more on earth.

The Alabama delegation each invited me to a formal dinner, and introduced me very generally to the members. Mr. Calhoun was particularly kind. It was from him that I first received the assurance that the nullification trouble would be settled. He was a man of simple manners, very plain in his attire, of the most moral habits, intensely intellectual, something of an enthusiast, and, if personally ambitious, unquestionably

equally ambitious for the glory of his country. His style of speaking was peculiar—fluent, often vehement, but wholly without ornament; he rarely used a figure of speech; his gestures were few and simple, but he spoke with his eyes—they were full of concentrated fire, and looked you through; he was earnest in every thing. He found his way very soon to my heart, and I then, and now, deeply regret the dissension sowed by intriguers between him and General Jackson.

When I visited Colonel Benton at five o'clock in the evening, I was conducted to him in a room where he was surrounded by his children and their school-books—he was teaching them himself. That very day he had presented an elaborate report to the Senate, the result of laborious research, and had pronounced a powerful speech, yet here he was, with French and Spanish grammars, globes, and slate and pencil, instructing his children in the rudiments: he employed no teacher. The next morning I was strolling, at sunrise, in the Capitol grounds, when whom should I see but the colonel and his lit-

tle ones. Shaking me by the hand, he said, "These are my pickaninies, general—my only treasures. I bring them every morning among the flowers, sir; it teaches them to love God. Yes, sir, it teaches them to love God—love God, sir." I was struck with the sentiment, and with the labor this great man performed; and yet he never seemed to be fatigued. He was not a man of conciliatory manners, and seemed to me to be always braced up for an attack. He spoke with a sort of snarl—a protracted sneer upon his face—but with great emphasis and vigor. His manner toward his opponents, and especially his looks, were absolutely insulting, but it was well known that he was ready to stand up to whatever he said or did. It is wonderful how he and Mr. Clay avoided personal collision; they hated each other mortally at one period; they spoke very harsh and cutting things in debate; both were proud, ambitious, obstinate, and imperative; both were fearless of consequences, and, though habitually irascible and impetuous, perfectly collected in moments of emergency. They differed on almost every point,

and only agreed cordially on one—both hated Mr. Calhoun. As an orator Mr. Clay never had his equal in Congress. I would liken him, from what I have heard, to Mr. Pitt. No single speech that that consummate orator and statesman ever made produced the impression made by Sheridan in his celebrated oration on the impeachment of Hastings; no speech of Mr. Clay's may be compared with the great oration of Webster in reply to Hayne; but, for a series of parliamentary speeches and parliamentary triumphs, no British orator may be compared with Pitt, and no American with Clay. To a very high order of intellect they both united a bold temperament, indomitable resolution, and the faculty of command—the highest faculty of all. Mr. Webster, with brilliant genius, with a wit less studied, if not so sparkling as Sheridan, and with oratorical gifts not surpassed in ancient or modern times, was of a convivial, not of a resolute temperament, and was deficient in nerve and firmness. The want of these was felt throughout his career, and enabled others to succeed when he should have triumphed.

As a companion, especially after dinner, he was most delightful; at other times he was saturnine and repulsive. Mr. Clay was haughty, and only cordial to his friends. Colonel Benton was stiff with every one. Mr. Calhoun was affable and conciliating, and never failed to attract the young. But for grace of manner, for the just medium of dignity and affability, and for the capacity of influencing men, no one of those great men, nor all of them together, may be compared with General Jackson: the untutored savage regarded him as a sort of avenging deity; the rough backwoodsman followed him with fearless confidence; the theories of politicians and jurisconsults fell before his intuitive perceptions; systems and statesmen were extinguished together; no measure and no man survived his opposition, and the verdict of mankind awards him precedence over all. He had faults, but they are lost in the lustre of his character; he was too arbitrary and passionate, and too apt to embrace the cause of his friends without inquiring into its justice; but these were faults incidental, perhaps, to his frontier

life and military training, and to the injustice he had experienced from his opponents.

I saw Blair, of the Globe; Amos Kendall and Colonel Jo Gales, of the National Intelligencer. Blair has the hardest face I ever inspected. The late General Glasscock, of Augusta, one of the noblest-hearted men that ever lived, told me that a mess of Georgia and Kentucky members, dining together one day, ordered an oyster-supper for thirty, to be paid for by the mess that produced, for the occasion, the ugliest man from their respective states. The evening came, the company assembled, and Georgia presented a fellow not naturally ugly, but who had the knack of throwing his features all on one side. Kentucky was in a peck of troubles. Their man, whom they had cooped up for a week, was so hopelessly drunk that he could not stand on his legs. At the last moment, a happy thought occurred to Albert G. Hawes. He jumped in a hack, drove to the Globe office, and brought Blair down as an invited guest. Just as he entered, looking his prettiest, Hawes sung

out, "*Blair, look as Nature made you, and the oysters are ours, by G–d!*"

It is hardly necessary to add that Georgia paid for the oysters.

The first time I saw Blair, about eleven o'clock at night, he was writing an editorial on his knee. He read it to Colonel King and myself. It was a thundering attack on Mr. Calhoun—what is called a "slasher"—for something that had been said that morning in the Senate. Colonel King begged him to soften it. "No," said Blair, "let it tear his insides out." With all this concealed fire, he was a man of singular mildness of manners. He invited me to an elegant dinner at his splendid mansion, crowded with distinguished guests. He entertained liberally and without affectation, and I was charmed with the beauty and the kindness of his fascinating wife.

Amos Kendall, of whom I had heard so much as the champion of the democracy, I found a little, stooped-up man, cadaverous as a corpse, rather taciturn, unpretending in manner, but of wonderful resources and talent.

THE UGLIEST MAN.

Colonel Jo Gales is a John Bull, they tell me, by birth and in sentiment, and he has the hearty look of one. But if so, how came the Bulls to burn his office during the war? The "Intelligencer," I well remember, stood up manfully for the country, and often have I and my comrades, in 1813–14, when hungry and desponding, and beset with danger, been cheered up by a stray fragment of his paper. Colonel Gales shook me cordially by the hand, and invited me to dine with him. Being compelled to decline, he insisted on my taking a drink out of his canteen—the very best old rye ever tasted. The same evening he sent a dozen to my quarters—large, honest, square-sided, high-shouldered bottles, that we rarely see nowadays.

The printers at Washington all live in princely style; spacious dwellings, pictures, statuary, Parisian furniture, sumptuous tables, choice wines! Nothing in the metropolis astonished me so much. A printer in the South usually lives in a little box of a house, not big enough for furniture; his pictures and statues are his wife and chil-

dren; his office is a mere shanty, stuck full of glue and paste, and all sorts of traps; he works in his coat-sleeves, with the assistance, sometimes, of a little, ragged, turbulent dare-devil of a boy; he toils night and day, often never paid and half starved, making great men out of small subjects, and often receiving for it abuse and ingratitude; the most generous fellows in the world—ready to give you half they have, though they seldom get much to give. In Washington they drink Port, Madeira, and old rye; with us they seldom get higher than rot-gut!*

* *From the New Orleans Delta.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE METROPOLITAN PRESS.

The following paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers:

"Just look at the luck of Washington City editors. Gales has a country seat; Seaton has a country seat; Blair has Silver Spring; Rives the dueling-ground; Kendall has a place near town; Major Heiss owns a fine place; Mr. Ritchie purchased the princely mansion fronting La Fayette Square and the White House, built by Corcoran, of the firm of Corcoran and Riggs; General Duff Green has a number of places, including a large interest in the Cumberland coal mines."

There is some truth in this, mixed up with a good deal of varnish; but in these few lines the names of the most distinguished men connected with the press in our country are grouped together, and they form too brilliant a galaxy to pass unnoticed.

Mr. JOSEPH GALES, well known for half a century as the senior editor of the National Intelligencer, is an Englishman by birth,

I called several times to see Colonel Peter Force, then, I believe, the Mayor of Wash-

nurtured in North Carolina, and is entitled to be placed, every thing considered, at the head of the first class of American editors. His career is an instructive illustration of the vicissitudes of party. During the administrations of Madison and Monroe, the Intelligencer was considered, very justly, the bulwark of the Republican organization. It was the stalwart advocate for war with Great Britain, and ably seconded Mr. Clay in his brilliant efforts on the floor of Congress to maintain the honor, rights, and arms of our country. When the British army captured the seat of government, they destroyed the office of the Intelligencer in revenge. They adopted, it may be presumed, the maxim of Napoleon: "A journalist!" said he; "that means a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be dreaded than a hundred thousand bayonets."

And so they burned the printing-office of Mr. Gales, and cast his type into the streets.

When the great contest for the presidency ensued during the closing year of Monroe's administration, and Mr. Adams, Mr. Crawford, and Mr. Calhoun, members of his cabinet, were candidates, and likewise General Jackson and Mr. Clay, the Intelligencer took its stand for Mr. Adams, who, ever since his secession from the Federalists in 1807, had been regarded as one of the leaders of the Republican party. During the four years of his administration the Intelligencer was the official organ, and it entered with great zeal into the canvass against General Jackson. It subsequently signalized itself by a steady and able support of Mr. Clay, adhering, it must be conceded, in all these stages, to the same great principles it supported—and the Republicans supported—during the presidency of Monroe. It is certainly entitled to the merit of consistency, and there is no leading press in either hemisphere conducted with the same dignity, forbearance, and decorum. In this respect it is a model to the newspaper world,

ington. He asked me many questions about the Indians, and as often as I answered him

while in point of ability it stands in the highest rank. Mr. Gales is now long past the meridian of life. He is a living political autobiography, having known intimately the statesmen, the diplomatists, the belles, and the intrigues of three generations. What amusing memoirs he might write! He is generous and hospitable even to a fault. A professed epicure and fond of a rich cellar, the pleasures of the table and the facility with which his purse opens to every application have always kept him comparatively poor. If he has a country seat I never discovered it, but his table is one of the most *recherché* and hospitable in the city, enlivened by his anecdotes and wit, and graced by one of the most accomplished of her sex.

Francis P. Blair, better known as "Blair of the Globe," commenced his career as an editor at Frankfort, Kentucky. Amos Kendall was at one time his associate. Originally friendly to Mr. Clay, and connected with him by marriage, he subsequently, with the great body of what was then called the New Court party in Kentucky, attached himself to General Jackson, and followed the fortunes of that great man to Washington, where he established the Globe. It speedily became the national organ of the Democratic party and a prevailing influence at the White House. It maintained its ascendency, notwithstanding occasional and violent opposition in the Democratic ranks, to the close of the next administration. Mr. Blair was constantly consulted by both Jackson and Van Buren. It is certain he never betrayed them, though he had been charged with treachery to Mr. Clay. His paper was ultra from the outset, and gradually became radical, never exhibiting, at any crisis, the slightest hesitation or timidity. It never went for half-way measures. Its tone was bold, dogmatical, and defiant; its denunciations savage and ferocious; its sarcasms bit like vipers, and friends and foes alike dreaded its fangs. As a partisan journal, it was conducted with eminent ability, and with rare fidelity and courage. It never betrayed its party or was un-

he would take up first one book and then another, and show me that other nations,

grateful to its friends. On the opposition it made indiscriminate war; it charged at the point of the bayonet, and neither submission nor flight arrested its merciless tomahawk. I remember but one exception—it was always tender to Mr. Crittenden, even when flaying alive his bosom friends.

Mr. Blair is considered a remarkably ugly man. His features are hard indeed, but his countenance evinces benevolence; nor does it belie him. His manners are bland, his temper mild, and one would never suppose that he could indite the terrible invectives that daily emanated from his prolific and vigorous pen. It was a volcano constantly in eruption, blazing, burning, overwhelming with its lava-floods all that ventured to withstand it. Mr. Blair wrote with singular facility. His most powerful leaders were jotted down upon his knee, in the office, on scraps of paper, and passed immediately to the compositor—mental daguerreotypes leaping from a brain of prodigious energy.

During his residence in Washington he accumulated a handsome fortune. He lived in elegant style, and his mansion, consecrated and adorned by household divinities, whom to see was to worship, was constantly crowded with distinguished guests. He has for several years been enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* in a beautiful retreat near the metropolis, but, I am sorry to perceive, has returned to political life, and is wandering after false gods, forsaking the faith of the fathers, and trampling into the dust its holy emblems.

If the Globe owed its reputation to Mr. Blair, he is mainly indebted for his fortune to the indomitable energy and fine talent of his partner, Mr. John C. Rives, who was charged with the business concerns of their extensive establishment. Mr. Rives is a huge, burly figure, from Franklin, the roughest county in Virginia. He has a strong and masculine matter-of-fact mind, a shaggy exterior, and very *brusque* manners. Many of your Mississippi readers remember the late Robert Cook, of Lexington, Holmes County,

now, and in ancient times, in other quarters of the world, have similar customs. He

adjutant general of the state—an ungainly, rough-hewn, awkward man, of noble heart. He and Rives were cousins, and much alike, except that Cook was an Apollo compared with Rives. He is one of the shrewdest of men. His mind was originally purely mathematical, but the printing-office, the best school in the world, poured its radiance into it, and, if he does not adorn every thing he touches, he has the gift of Midas, and turns things into gold. He made a large fortune out of the old Globe establishment, and still coins money out of the Congressional Globe. He never made but one failure; that was when he bought the Bladensburg dueling-ground and turned gentleman farmer. In his office he is a Colossus, but on his farm a mere theorist, with the shabbiest stock, the meanest fences, and the poorest crops in the county.

Mr. Rives is a man of warm and humane heart. Merit in misfortune finds in him a steady friend. He is one of the few rich men I know who recur with pride to their former poverty; and it is his boast that, after he had acquired wealth, and was looking around for a wife, he chose one from the bindery of his own office, where sixty young females were employed. And well may he boast; for, with characteristic good sense, he selected one whose grace, beauty, and virtue would ornament and honor the most elevated sphere.

The career of Amos Kendall is so well known I shall merely glance at it. The son of a plain farmer—a hard-working student at a New England college—tutor in the family of Mr. Clay—a party editor in Kentucky—postmaster general and biographer of Andrew Jackson—chief director of the National Telegraph—now quietly composing memoirs of his times for posthumous publication. He is universally known for his talents as a writer, his capacity for organization and details, his unconquerable industry and ability to labor. When I first saw him he had a wheezing voice, an asthmatic cough, with a stooping frame, and a phthisicky physiognomy, reminding one of Madame Roland's description of

was the quickest man with books I ever saw, and seemed to dote on them, particu-

the great war minister, Louvet, "ill-looking, weakly, near-sighted, and slovenly—a mere nobody in the crowd." Yet this little whiffet of a man, whom the Hoosiers would not call even an "individual," nothing more than a "remote circumstance," was the Atlas that bore upon his shoulders the weight of Jackson's administration. He originated or was consulted in advance upon every great measure, and what the prompt decision and indomitable will of the illustrious chief resolved upon, the subtle and discriminating intellect of Kendall elaborated and upheld. His style is both logical and eloquent. He is, besides, a man of dates and figures—one of those persons whose provoking exactitude so often upsets theories with a plain statement. Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, one of the few men that ever encountered Jack Randolph successfully, being once thus put down by Kendall, said, "It was very unbecoming in *a fact* to rise up in opposition to his *theory*."

No man, morally, has been more variously estimated than this gentleman. Mr. Clay told me that he reminded him of Maréchal Villars, whom St. Simons, in his memoirs, describes as having but one virtue—he was faithful to his friend. To save him, there was no depth of servility or baseness to which he would not descend—but *that friend was himself.*

His enemies allege that he was, like Swift, the greatest libeler of the day, and possessed all the qualifications it requires: a vindictive temper, no admiration of noble qualities, no sympathy with suffering, no conscience, but a clear head, a cold heart, a biting wit, a sarcastic humor, a thorough knowledge of the baser parts of human nature, and a perfect familiarity with every thing that is low in language and vulgar in society.

These, however, are extreme opinions. Many who know Mr. Kendall intimately attribute to him exalted public and private virtue and great generosity of heart. That he has an appreciation of the noble and illustrious is demonstrated by his ardent attach-

larly the old, worn-looking ones. I met no man who interested me so much.

ment and unwavering fidelity to General Jackson. That he has great moral courage is evident from the fact that in no emergency was he ever known to retreat, but stood, like a savage, with his spear in his hand, and his bow and quiver at his back. We must make allowances for contemporary praise and censure. Men and parties are not so formed that there are only gods on one side and only devils on the other.

Mr. Kendall was once embarrassed in his circumstances, but was relieved by fortunate investments in Western lands. He has a country seat near Washington, but when I saw it, many years since, it was a skeleton farm, and, like himself, meagre and emaciated. Like his friend and colaborer, the Honorable Thomas H. Benton, he is now devoting himself to literary labors for posterity, and by those labors posterity will pass judgment upon his life and character. At present the opinion of the world is conflicting, and may be summed up thus:

> "Too bad for a blessing—too good for a curse;
> I wish, from my soul, thou wert better—or worse."

Mr. CALHOUN was the youngest of five distinguished men whose names were presented for the presidency during the last year of Monroe's administration. A few years previous he had entered Congress, a young man, without antecedents, and soon signalized himself as one of the ablest debaters in an assembly adorned by Randolph, Clay, Gaston, Quincy, Pinckney, and other "giants of those days." No man, except perhaps Mr. Pitt, ever acquired parliamentary reputation so rapidly. But the English orator was the heir of the illustrious Chatham, who shook the British senate with his thunder, and he entered public life sustained by patrician influences, with an organized party, powerful in numbers, but deficient in leadership, to uphold him. Mr. Calhoun began his career without any such advantages, and made his way solely by the force of intellect. At the outset, his opinions as to the constitutional powers of Congress were liberal almost to latitudinarianism.

Two things attracted my attention specially in Washington—the rage for clerkships, and the number of boarding-houses.

These opinions were distinctly announced on the 4th of February, 1817, in a speech in favor of internal improvements by the general government on the broadest scale. That speech recommended him particularly to Pennsylvania, and for many years he continued to be her favorite. Mr. Monroe soon after called him to the Department of War, which had long been in feeble hands, and the source of many evils during the recent conflict with Great Britain. He soon infused into it his characteristic order and energy. His reports were elaborate and able, and continued to enunciate the views of his speech of 1817. It would be interesting and instructive to review the expansion and contraction of this great man's mind in regard to this mooted power. No man affirmed it with more emphasis; no man, at a later period, opposed it with more zeal; and yet, toward the close of his career, in the Memphis Convention, while arguing against the general power, he returned practically to his early views by declaring the Mississippi River "a great inland sea," and therefore justifying any amount of national expenditure. But I am not writing the biography of Mr. Calhoun. I refer to those incidents only to show why and upon what grounds he was at that period presented for the presidency. The leading politicians of Pennsylvania, headed by Samuel D. Ingham, established a journal at Washington to support him. It was conducted by Thomas Agg, an Englishman, I believe, who wrote with brilliancy and vigor. It was particularly venomous toward Mr. Crawford, by long odds the most prominent candidate—a man of stubborn courage and sterling virtue, who stood impregnable to the blows of his adversaries, but was placed *hors du combat* when his prospects were brightest by a stroke of paralysis, which deprived him of locomotion and speech. The Calhoun party of that day soon after merged in the Jackson party, but I believe Mr. Agg did not follow it into this alliance, but at-

There is not, in any country, a more refined and intellectual body of men than the

tached himself to Mr. Adams. I am ignorant of his subsequent career. He probably died in an obscure clerkship, the grave of so much genius at Washington.

About the same time PETER FORCE became conspicuous in the metropolis as a journalist. He was a stanch supporter of John Quincy Adams. He published the National Journal and other papers. Mr. Force is a man of methodical mind and of singular industry. No man has contributed so much to our documentary history. His library is extensive, and abounds in rare pamphlets and journals. He still survives at Washington, and is the universal referee and arbitrator in all matters of controversy connected with the literature or politics of our early times.

We come now to General DUFF GREEN. As editor of the "Telegraph" he was known and felt from one extremity of the Union to the other. At one time he exercised some influence in the councils of General Jackson, but he was too dogmatical and dictatorial to be long acceptable to the illustrious chief, who loved dictation too well to tolerate it in any one else. In the feud which soon sprang up between Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Calhoun, Duff Green sided with the latter, and gradually became violent and ultra in opposition. As an editor he was distinguished for great abilities and great defects. He appears to have adopted the maxim of Lysander, that it is impossible to do too much good to friends or too much evil to enemies, and he seemed to regard every man as dangerous who happened to be powerful. He lived in an atmosphere of combustion, and, as has been said of Bossuet, the remotest murmur of controversy reached his ear; the first flash of the combat awakened his wrath; the first peal of the trumpet stirred his blood, and in a moment, with rushing sound, like some storm-cloud rolling along the ridges of the mountains, he might be seen sweeping down to the carnage—the eagle of the Telegraph. His pen was like the scalpel of your distinguished surgeon, Dr. Warren Stone: it cut rough and deep, but cut effect-

government clerks of Washington — hospitable, obliging, honest, and laborious. But

ually, and to the very root of what it undertook to extirpate. It probed the sore place of an adversary, and there it dwelt, tearing, mangling, torturing, whetting its bloody beak in the bowels of its victim, and lapping up the warm blood with the ferocity of a wolf. His tenacity of purpose in political combat was like the hold of a bull-dog. No blood-hound ever trailed a flying enemy with more untiring accuracy of scent. His faculty of opposition was supernaturally developed. In the assault he might be compared with Mad Anthony at Stony Point or Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi. But he did not know how to profit by a victory. His mind was restless and experimental. He was always, like a sentinel at an outpost, on the *qui vive* for an intrigue. He was suspicious where he should have had confidence, and credulous where he should have been suspicious. He often distrusted his friends and credited his enemies. He was constitutionally impulsive, speculative, and hopeful, yet subject to paroxysms of the deepest despondency. His fine eye, when animated, was radiant and expressive, yet his physiognomy was often shrouded in gloom, and verged toward insanity and suicide. He was a true friend and a good hater; an unscrupulous apologist for those whom he liked, remorseless as a Seminole on the war-path against his foes. A fair balance struck between him and the politicians of the last thirty years would leave them largely his debtor. I have never heard of any favors conferred on him—no profitable jobs—no appointment commensurate with his abilities and services—but I know of signal manifestations of ingratitude; and it may be said of him that, after having fought with his party and suffered defeat in their cause, he retired, like Xantippus from Carthage, knowing that he had more to fear from their intrigues than to hope from their gratitude. The South never had a more steadfast defender. Her equality in the Union, the intangibility of her institutions under the Constitution, was the north star by which he always steered; no temptation, no menace, no fear of shipwreck, no certainty of absolute

Congress, by a miserable and short-sighted economy, directed the wrong way, under the ruin ever prevailed on him to deviate a hair's-breadth from his course.

Contemporary with Duff Green—sometimes acting in concert, but often against him—was a man, not his equal in natural abilities, but of superior tact, of better judgment, more genial in temper, and more persuasive in manner, who knew how to improve a victory and how to recover from a defeat—a man who seldom distrusted a friend, and was still more rarely deceived by an enemy—a man who, like old Rough and Ready, never surrendered, but chivalrously flung away his sword the moment he heard the cry of quarter—a man who counseled with the aged without becoming obsolete, and caressed the young without becoming an enthusiast—who enjoyed at once the confidence of the Wythes, the Roanes, the Barbours, and Tazewells, the sages of the renowned commonwealth, and the admiration of the Masons, the Riveses, and the Floyds, who were then looming into power and pre-eminence—a man who united Parisian manners with republican simplicity, and had versatility without caprice, wit without malice, grace without affectation, courage without Quixotism, zeal without bigotry, a warm imagination and a discriminating judgment, the tact of a courtier without the slightest approach to servility or cunning, and patriotism on the broadest scale with the most intense Virginianism. I refer, of course, to the late Thomas Ritchie, of the Richmond Inquirer—"old *Nous Verrons*," as he was familiarly styled at every cross-road tavern in the commonwealth.

Politics, says Bulwer, is the art of being wise for others. *Policy* is the art of being wise for one's self. The editor of the Inquirer was an adept in both. He conquered as often by conciliation and address as by the vigor of his onset. His most deadly javelins were adorned with flowers. Every thing that he said was frosted over with an incrustation of candor. He never fought without an object, and never threw away his ammunition. Duff Green was pugnacious, and often fought for the mere pleasure of tilting. He

ad captandum and contemptible cry of retrenchment, has reduced this talented and

was as fond of scalping as Doctor Stone is of dissecting. Thomas Ritchie knew that *he* was able, when necessary, to beat down rocks. He never struck at shadows, and his opponents never laughed at his blows.

In the great presidential contest to which I have referred, he supported Mr. Crawford (a citizen of Georgia, but a native of Virginia) until his health became hopeless, and thenceforward he reluctantly yet zealously devoted the Inquirer to General Jackson, whom he had previously denounced with great asperity. But for the activity of Mr. Ritchie and the unbounded control of the Inquirer over public opinion, the vote of Virginia would probably have been cast for Mr. Adams, who was supported there at that juncture by a powerful and brilliant party. His journal and influence were then at their zenith, and he carried every thing his own way. It is doubtful whether General Jackson ever considered his services, great as they were, an atonement for his early severity. There may have been some social intercourse—an amnesty there undoubtedly was—but no love, I fancy, and little confidence.

There were two critical periods in his editorial life that threatened him with shipwreck. One immediately after the Southampton insurrection, when he broached doctrines looking to the total abolition of slavery; the other where he took ground against the famous Specie Circular and the sub-treasury, and openly preached state banks and conservatism. On both occasions, this wary and sagacious pilot, deceived by false lights, mistook the channel that public opinion finally flowed in; but he soon wore ship and spread all sail on the right tack. He suddenly became the very Cerberus of our "peculiar institutions," and the most inveterate opponent of his former *protégé*, Mr. William C. Rives, the distinguished leader of the *ci-devant* conservatives.

When President Van Buren came out with his celebrated anti-Texas letter, a caucus was held at Washington, and it was de-

useful body of men to the lowest point at which men can live in the metropolis.

termined to prevent his renomination. That arrangement carried with it the necessity for a new Democratic organ, the "Globe" being devoted to Mr. Van Buren, and too stubborn to be coaxed or coerced. Mr. Ritchie was selected for the position. For this he was indebted to Robert J. Walker, then a senator from Mississippi. In the consultations on this subject the President favored an editor from another state, whose pretensions were pressed with pertinacity. It was then that Mr. Walker related the following anecdote: The Marquis de Belle-Isle left the party of the League, and attached himself to Henry IV., in hopes of obtaining the baton of France. To the application of his friends the king said, coldly, "Let him be satisfied with my *good graces;* I owe nothing to those who bring me nothing." Mr. Polk instantly decided; his first choice was discarded for the want of political influence, and Mr. Ritchie, after some coquetting on his part, in an evil hour for his fame, became the organ at Washington. His idiosyncrasy was not national. His strict-construction doctrines and constitutional abstractions were regarded as provincialisms, and frequently placed him in antagonism with his antecedents. He was Samson shorn of his locks. The "*Union*" was emphatically a failure, fifty fathoms below the vigor of its predecessor.

Mr. Ritchie was said to have been embarrassed when he went to Washington. The public printing was probably profitable. No man knew how to employ a fortune more gracefully. He was my *beau ideal* of a gentleman, after the model of the old French school. At table his good-humor was irresistible. By the fireside he was charming. He had all the social and domestic virtues that render life agreeable and make up a perfect private character. He was honest and sincere in his political predilections, but as an editor sometimes heartless and Jesuitical. For a temporary expedient, for a party triumph, or to retrieve an error, he would change his course or strike down a friend without remorse. Strange that a man so generous in his personal relations

Let no man, particularly no married man, seek a clerkship in Washington. It is a hard and thankless service, an obscure and toilsome berth; poor you are sure to die, and the moment you are installed into office you may write over your walls the despairing words of Dante, "He who enters here leaves all hope behind." In very wretchedness, the poor clerk, disappointed in his hope of promotion, often becomes reckless. Unappreciated talent is a bitter reflection. He loses heart, and works like a machine; his early dreams are not realized, and the waters of bitterness overflow his soul. He is too proud to be toady of some swollen superior, to hang on the skirts of an intriguing politician; or, more revolting still, to play the spy and informer to the party in power. He will not stoop to tricks that dam up forever the fountains of honor, and bring promotion and infamy hand in hand. If he scorn to do this, as most clerks do

should be thus obdurate and unjust for a political necessity. It is a sort of stoicism that can not be defended, and not akin to the immortal examples of Roman patriotism which Mr. Ritchie fancied he was imitating. J. F. H. CLAIBORNE.

scorn it, and feels the dignity of an honest man, as Pope and Burns felt it in the noblest creations of their intellect, he is doomed to a long life of profitless service, or to an early and unhonored tomb! No flowers bloom upon his path, and, should the woman he has loved plant one upon his grave, the very pittance she thus piously employs must deprive her little orphans of a meal!

And this is a clerkship at Washington, so much sought for, so much envied by those who do not know its melancholy details. Better, much better go into the wilderness, bivouac on some distant lake, nestle in some mountain glen or on the flower-scented prairie, and hew out a living from wood and earth, than seek a bawble that glitters only to disappoint.

Better salaries—not rotation, but promotion—and immunity against political proscription for clerks that abstain from party intrigues and faithfully perform their official duties, are reforms sadly needed.

When a poor unfriended official dies at Washington, the only resource of his widow is—a boarding-house. And what is the

history of those establishments in the metropolis? A hard struggle for credit to begin with, a little run of patronage, a falling off, bills, duns, constables, distraints, sacrifices, ruin, broken health, and slander—for that viper seldom fails to strike its fangs into the fame of an unfortunate widow at the head of a boarding-house. If she be beautiful, it is a fatal dowry. If she have a daughter, pure as the shrined Madonna, still the foul breath of envy is on her fame, and it withers before the innocent maiden dreams that even a light word has been whispered.

Sometimes, indeed, through distress and deception, they fall. While I was in Washington, circumstances brought a sad example to my notice. She lives yet, and, if her eye falls on these lines, she will recognize the hand that was once raised to avenge her dishonor, but was stayed by her overwhelming tenderness for the destroyer of her fame. Her walk now is dreary and desolate. Kindred and friends are gone; fled forever the bright brow of innocence and youth; and yet in her destitution, lost and guilty as she was, she is less criminal than some that

judge her. "Go, and sin no more." I can not think of her without wishing that her pilgrimage may close, invoking on the false one the curse of Heaven; and yet her last prayer will be for her betrayer! Such is woman! Such the sublime and enduring character of her affections—the generous and unselfish nature of her heart!

I observed at Washington what surprised me much, that married men were in more demand as gallants than single gentlemen. Petticoat influence seemed to me to be predominant, and grave senators were managed and controlled by a pleasant flirtation. This is, perhaps, as it should be. The kingdoms of the Old World have never been so well governed as when under the administration of women; and if we could every where turn out our lazy office-holders, and substitute their pretty wives and daughters, probably business would go on better.

One thing did not please me at Washington. Some of the ladies seemed to prefer the arm of any member of Congress, no matter how ugly or repulsive, to the attentions of the handsome clerks and citizens of the

city. How great an error! The latter would offer them the homage of love and respect. The former too often gazes with the eye of unlawful passion, and weaves his deceitful web until all is lost. But, to gratify an idle vanity, the young and innocent are thrown into the path of the spoiler from abroad, who commands wealth, or rank, or influence, while the citizens of the metropolis are scorned—until Congress adjourns! and then they are allowed to hover, like summer butterflies, in the perfume of beauty, until Congress again assembles, when they are discarded for the gay deceiver, the practiced libertine, the gouty, feeble, superannuated gallants so numerous during the winter campaigns.

There are many sharp things in Washington, but the very sharpest is the tooth of slander. During my residence there a reputation was butchered every twenty-four hours. There seemed to be an organized set about Brown's and Gadsby's—a sort of fraternity, half loafer, half gentleman, wearing heavy beards, gold chains, and ratans—who did nothing but hunt up victims from day to

day. Scarce a woman, particularly if pretty, was allowed to pass without an ill-natured remark. If gallanted by a member of Congress, and especially a Southerner, there was no mercy for her. *On dits* passed from hotel to hotel, from boarding-house to boarding-house, exaggerated as they circled round, until the crude suspicion, the unfeeling jest, became a received reality. Those men were confirmed *roués* themselves; worn-out debauchees, subsisting on stimulants; discharged office-holders, bitter against all the world; or greedy office-seekers, chagrined by delay; and they avenged themselves by this war on female reputation.

At a wine-party given to me at Brown's, a rather distinguished gentleman addressed himself pointedly to me, spoke lightly of the virtue of the sex, and very plainly hinted at his successes. I had never heard such language where I came from, even among the Indians. It offended me. "Sir," said I, "no man with a true heart sneers at woman. No gentleman ever boasts of his gallantries. He who does, violates confidence, and can not, therefore, claim to be believed. There

THE BRAGGART REBUKED.

are no women in the world superior, if equal, to the women of our country. A young girl *may* be led off the path of innocence by fraud; a woman *may* sell herself for bread; but in either case she is to be pitied, not ridiculed. He who exposes her is doubly guilty, and should be damned! Love, beauty, passion may be plead for error, but nothing can excuse the villain who boasts of his success and points out his victim." With these words I dashed my wine in his face and left the table. He was a reputed fire-eater, and, of course, "pistols and coffee for two" were expected, but I heard nothing more of it. Our senator, Colonel William R. King, who was at the table, said that the whole company justified my proceeding. The gentleman himself tried to laugh it off by saying that I was "tight;" but he never appeared again in my presence.

The ladies of Washington struck me, who had so long been accustomed to the sunburned maidens of the woods, as very fair and beautiful, very fascinating and refined. In one thing they differ from our Indian women: they look one full in the face, and

it is difficult to withstand their glances. An Indian maid, when a warrior approaches, bends her head like a drooping leaf. It is only in the deepest recesses, when no others are near, that her lover sees the whole lustre of her eyes, or even the blushes that mantle on her cheek. They love intensely, and make the most faithful of wives and the tenderest of mothers.

I failed in getting my claim satisfactorily settled, notwithstanding its justice and the influence of my friends. The third auditor, to whom it was referred, Mr. Hagner, was impracticable—such a man I never saw before; the moment the word "claim" was mentioned he stiffened his back, drew up his legs, pulled down his spectacles, pricked up his ears, and stuck out his mouth as though he would bite. I would rather encounter half a dozen Indians than such a harrier of a man. His integrity was unimpeachable, but he worried me much, and I left the matter unsettled.

I returned home through Virginia and Georgia, the scene of my early adventures. Most of it I had traversed when it was a

pathless wild beset with enemies; now I found villages, towns, cultivated fields, and all the concomitants of wealth and civilization. Some old friends I met with; many were in the grave. I went, for the last time, to the place where I had laid my poor father and mother so many years ago. Briers had grown over them, and wild flowers too. I wept once more over their honest dust, and for others very dear to me, now in the grave, and, saddened and thoughtful, returned to my home.

CHAPTER XII.

Legislature of Mississippi.—State Officers.—Death of General Dickson. — Legislature of 1836. — Singular Mortality. — The great Question of the Session.—S. S. Prentiss.—Adam L. Bingaman.—Colonel George L. Fall.—The Mississippian.—John T. M'Murran.—The Democratic Leaders.—Banks.—Speculation.—Public Morals.—The Future of Mississippi.—Her History.—The Close of Life.—His Consolation.—Faith in God.—His Death.—Personal Appearance and Character.

In 1833 the Legislature of Mississippi passed an act parceling the country recently acquired from the Choctaws into counties, and providing for the organization of the same. At the first election I was chosen to represent the County of Lauderdale. The state officers were Hiram G. Runnels, Governor; Daniel Dickson, Secretary of State; John H. Mallory, Auditor; James Phillips, Treasurer; Matthew D. Patten, Attorney General.*

* All dead. Governor Runnels moved to Texas, was appointed collector of customs for the port of Galveston, and was a state senator when he died last year. General Dickson, subsequently elected to Congress by general ticket, died in Arkansas on his way to the Hot Springs. In the House of Representatives, as

The Legislature was composed, for the most part, of men of mark. Adam L. Binsoon as the reading of the journal was concluded, Mr. J. F. H. Claiborne, of Mississippi, announced the death of his colleague as follows:

"*Mr. Speaker*,—It is only a few years since, when a student in this city, I witnessed from that gallery the affecting honors paid to the remains of Christopher Rankin, the distinguished representative of my native state.

"Since that period she has lost here two statesmen, Thomas B. Reed and Robert H. Adams, eminent for their talents and virtue, and we are now called on to render the last homage to the memory of another.

"The time that has intervened since the death of my lamented colleague saves me the painful duty of being the first to communicate it to his friends now present. He died, sir, as he had lived through a life of extraordinary vicissitudes, with characteristic fortitude, with but one desire ungratified—a desire so natural to the heart—that in the last and dark hour he might be supported by his nearest and best-beloved, and the cherished ones that clustered around his fireside.

"Ah! sir, let death come when it will, in what shape it may—in the battle, or the wreck, or in the solitude of the cloister—it is appalling to human contemplation. But when it overtakes us in a distant land, and we know that our last moments of agony and infirmity are to be witnessed by strangers, and are conscious that we shall be carried to an unwept grave, where no kindred dust will mingle with ours forever, and the last hope of home and of family fades from the filmed view—oh, sir, this *is* death! this it is to *die!*

"Such was the destiny of my venerated colleague,

"'By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned.'

His dying message was for the broken-hearted, now in widowhood and orphanage—his expiring sigh a prayer for them.

"I can pronounce no studied eulogy on the dead. For twenty

gaman, S. S. Prentiss, William Vannerson, Benj. F. Stockton, Thomas H. Williams, T. M. Tucker, D. M. Fulton, John Bell, Franklin Lore, N. G. Howard, Gordon E. Boyd, W. C. Demoss, and Wm. Vick, were among the most prominent members.

Owing to a conflict between the two houses on the question of adjournment, and the suspension of business, the governor adjourned them, by proclamation, after a session of only twelve days.

In 1836 the following gentlemen composed the House of Representatives: A. L. Bingaman, John T. M'Murran, F. C. Talbert, John Wall, William Dodd, John L. Irwin, Thos. Lindsay, D. H. Hoopes, Amos Whiting, Samuel K. Lewis, Buckner Harris, A. G. Brown, Samuel T. Scott, E. S. Ragan, J. E. Porter, Joshua Murray, J. C. Monet, J.

years he maintained a high position in the public service, and died poorer than when he entered it, leaving his children the riches of an honorable name. If it be praise to have lived beloved and to die without reproach, then it is due to him.

"It now only remains for us to pay the last honor to his memory—sad, because it seems like breaking the only link that binds the living to the dead; solemn, when we reflect how soon—how very soon—some friend now present may invoke the same tribute for ourselves."

R. Nicholson, W. Dunlop, Thomas H. Williams, A. R. Johnson, Thos. W. Dulany, A. M. Paxton, A. W. Ramsay, John C. Thomas, P. K. Montgomery, Geo. Leighton, Samuel Ellis, J. W. Nicholson, Samuel Dale, W. Wethersby, J. W. Pendleton, C. C. Arnett, A. W. Jones, W. G. Wright, A. B. Dearing, D. M. Fulton, H. Phillips, Fleet Magee, Samuel J. Gholson, J. M'Kinney, Jas. Ellis, G. B. Augustus, H. W. Norton, A. E. Durham, Franklin Lore, A. P. Cunningham, T. J. Coffee, J. W. King, V. E. Howard, E. A. Durr, A. M'Caskill, Morgan M'Afee, S. S. Prentiss, T. J. Green, Alfred Coxe, J. H. Horne, George H. Gordon, J. A. Ventress, P. W. Farrar, Isaac Jones, E. C. Wilkinson, P. Duval,, Allen Walker.

Charles Lynch was Governor; B. W. Benson, Secretary of State; John H. Mallory, Auditor; Charles C. Mayson, Treasurer; Matthew D. Patton, Attorney General.*

* All these executive officers and thirty-six or more of the above representatives, all then either very young or in the prime of life, are now dead. To these may be added many of the senators, and their presiding officer, General John A. Quitman.

The Legislature of 1836, in point of talent, was the most superior body that ever convened in this state since the Convention of 1817, that met in the town of Washington.

The great question of the session was the admission of the representatives from the recently organized counties. They were opposed on constitutional grounds, mingled, however, with strong political feeling, for party lines were strictly drawn, and there was a U. S. senator to elect, whose complexion depended very much on the admission or rejection of the new members. The opposition was led by Mr. Prentiss, whom I then saw for the first time. He was the Tecumseh of the Legislature, and very much like that great orator in the control of his voice, the play of his countenance, and a peculiar way he had of hurling out his words — a sort of hissing thunder. In speaking he was always energetic, often violent, and at such times the frown of Redgauntlet was stamped upon his brow, and his expression not only sardonic, but satanic. He could be pathetic and persuasive, and then his voice became plaintive as a flute, his eye grew humid, his face sad, and he seemed to cast himself, like a child, into one's arms. When he was in a good humor his manner became playful, his eyes spark-

led, his cheek dimpled, and there was no resisting him. The prevailing tone of his voice was a spirit-stirring, clarion note, only harsh and guttural when dealing in denunciation. He had read much, particularly the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, and Scott. He had many traits of character in common with Byron, and many points of physical resemblance. There was much that was sensual in his face, but in moments of excitement it was thoroughly illuminated and purely intellectual. He had the fancy and imagination of a poet, an extraordinary memory, a faculty for sarcasm and invective never surpassed, wit and humor in inexhaustible stores, and a rare power for analysis and investigation; add to this his indomitable courage and firmness of purpose, and we have a combination of mental and moral attributes such as the world rarely sees. He selected the law for his profession, but in any other, demanding great ability and resolution, he would have become eminent. He had the genius that would have made him a great poet, a great scholar, a great general, or a great mathematician.

At the bar he never had a superior. He had not much turn for public life, not much ambition for office, and made no great figure in mere party discussion; in fact, his political information was not extensive, and in the controversies of the hustings George Poindexter, Robert J. Walker, Henry S. Foote, John D. Freeman, and others, were his superiors. He seldom read newspapers, and had no exaggerated respect for the wisdom of the sovereign people. In the days of Hamilton he would have been his devoted friend. He respected Madison, but abhorred Jefferson.* He was compelled, against his will, to admire the heroic character of Jackson, but he strongly expressed his contempt for John Tyler.† He admired

* "Our grandfather, Major L——, was a strong Federalist, of the school of Washington, and, like others of that school, *hated* Mr. Jefferson *with perfect hatred*. To his boyish intercourse with his grandfather is to be attributed much of the political spirit which marked Seargent's mature years. Seargent was a particular favorite with him, and, unconsciously perhaps, was thus early imbibing principles and a habit of feeling in reference to public affairs which underwent no essential change until the day of his death."—*Life of Prentiss*, vol. i., p. 19.

† "The President (John Tyler) is a traitor and a fool. May he meet a traitor's fate, unless the luck of the fool can save him."—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 219.

and loved Mr. Clay, his great soul, his big brain, and his lofty patriotism. But Mr. Webster, with his antique head, his Homeric imagination, and grand ideas of nationality, was the real interpreter of his political opinions. On all constitutional questions Mr. Prentiss concurred with that great jurist. In their tastes, as well as in their humor and convivial propensities, there was some resemblance between them. The exclusion of those illustrious men for General Taylor, literally a mere military chieftain, without the commanding faculties of Jackson, or the scholarship and experience of Harrison — a veteran warrior, but wholly ignorant of public affairs and the structure of our government—deeply disgusted Mr. Prentiss.*

* "I admire the character of General Taylor as much as any man, but I have great contempt for the giddiness of the people, who wish to make him President for no other reason than that of his being a successful warrior. I presume he is the best specimen of a general to be found; but to put aside all the statesmen of the country for the purpose of placing him in an office in which his military capacity can be of no service is worse than ridiculous. However, I feel but little interest in politics nowadays, and care but little what the silly sovereigns do."— *Life of Prentiss*, vol. ii., p. 429.

On the exciting question which divided the Legislature of 1836, Mr. Prentiss made a grand display of his capacity as a debater. He was vigorously opposed, however, by the Democratic leaders, and by the Mississippian, which was conducted then, as now, with consummate ability.* He was serious-

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In taking this view of Mr. Prentiss I reflect General Dale's opinions and my own. It is known to many who may read these pages that for several years the personal relations between Mr. Prentiss and the writer were not friendly, growing, not out of the Mississippi contested election, but from another matter, the result, in a great degree, of misrepresentation and malice. The feeling, on my part, soon died away, and Mr. Prentiss did not cherish it long. On the 15th of June, just before he left New Orleans for the last time, he sent me, through a mutual friend (Honorable John J. M'Rae), a touching message, recurring to the past, exonerating me from much blame, and making our future intercourse agreeable. In a few days afterward (see Life of Prentiss, vol. ii., p. 572) I announced his death in the New Orleans Courier.

I have written an elaborate memoir of Mr. Prentiss for a historical work on which I am engaged. J. F. H. C.

* Colonel George R. Fall and the late General C. M. Price were then editors and proprietors of the Mississippian. Colonel Fall established it in critical times, and from the first number to the present day it has been conducted with consummate talent and inflexible fidelity to the principles of the Democratic State-rights party. Under the control of Major Barksdale it has become one of the most influential papers in the United States.

The veteran Colonel Fall, still vigorous and full of his ancient fire, resides on Deer Creek, Washington County, on his fine estate. No man in this state has rendered so many public services, and asked so little in return.

ly embarrassed, likewise, by the position of Colonel Adam L. Bingaman, from whom he expected counsel and support. This distinguished gentleman is a native of the state, of an old, extensive, and patriotic family. He graduated with distinction at Harvard University, and on his return home succeeded to large estates. In 1814 he volunteered for the defense of New Orleans in the Natchez rifle company, and was elected first lieutenant. In politics he has always been a Whig, and a strenuous supporter of Henry Clay. He is a man of very superior and highly cultivated intellect, one of the best classical scholars in the state, of fine person and imposing manners, ambitious of distinction, yet ever scrupulous in his efforts to win it. He has always occupied a high position in the public eye, but with less conscientiousness he would have long since obtained the very highest. Personally he has always been a favorite with the dominant party, and there have been occasions when a very narrow line of demarkation separated them, and he had only to cross it to be placed in power. The present

was one of them. His convictions induced him to advocate the admission of the new members, and thus to co-operate with the Democratic party in a matter essential to their political ascendency; but he went no farther, although every temptation and every argument was presented to his ambition and his judgment. These are honorable incidents in a public career, and deserve to be recorded.

Associated with Colonel Bingaman, but not agreeing with him on this question, was Mr. John T. M'Murran, the best lawyer and closest reasoner in the House. He employed no superfluous words, no introductions or valedictions, but plunged right into the gist of the subject, and stopped exactly at the right place. He was the clearest and most logical speaker I ever heard, and a man of singular mildness of manner, universally beloved. He subsequently rose to the head of his profession, and retired upon an ample fortune. Preston W. Farrar, E. C. Wilkinson, and James A. Ventress, were leading men in the opposition at that time, of marked character and extensive influence.

On our side, Albert G. Brown, Sam. J. Gholson, Buckner Harris, Thomas H. Williams, George H. Gordon, Volney E. Howard, Morgan M'Afee, and H. W. Dunlop, were the principal speakers—men of great ability and shrewdness, firm of purpose, ardent and sincere in their convictions, and, as parliamentary tacticians, far ahead of their opponents. They secured the rights of the new counties and the admission of their representatives by a vote of thirty-one to twenty-nine, and the Hon. Robert J. Walker was soon after elected to the Senate.

This was the era of banks and discounts, wild speculation, extravagance, and license. Gaming and drinking were carried to excess at Jackson. Men not worth a button would coolly ask for an indorsement for ten thousand dollars, and indorsements in blank to be filled up to suit any trade that might offer. A refusal to indorse was resented as a reflection on one's integrity; and to suggest a mortgage as security for an indorsement was a matter of great delicacy, and generally offensive. I have seen a man not worth one cent at a gaming-table publicly staking

blank paper with the well-known signatures and indorsements of responsible men!* Al-

* The following extracts from letters addressed to the late General John A. Quitman illustrate the state of things prevailing at that period:

"Jackson, January 13, 1837.

"The note we indorsed for G—— and D—— for $5000 we shall have to pay. G—— is dead, utterly insolvent, and never was worth a dollar. D—— is habitually drunk, and neither knows nor cares, or pretends to know or care any thing about business. He has no property, and was only a genteel loafer, with some little political influence and a pretense of business, when we put our names on his paper. F—— has gone to Texas "for his country's good," and M—— would follow him if he had any thing to move away with. The other two indorsers stand upon their dignity. A—— has nothing, and C—— openly repudiates, and swears he will kill the first man that sues him. He struts through the streets with a bowie-knife in his bosom and two pistols belted round him. * * * * The Legislature is in confusion, doing nothing; and Prentiss swears they shall do nothing until the new members are purged out of it."

"Yazoo City, June 13, 1837.

"——— is out for judge. He will be elected. The bank milks freely. We have deposited $100 at every precinct in this county to treat the sovereigns, and will trip the out and out Tom Benton gold-and-silver men."

"Vicksburg, March 21, 1838.

"Do you know a Mr. D. G——y? Some time in February he brought me a letter of introduction, and seems to have spent some time with you all at Natchez. I indorsed his bill for $1000, and had it discounted here in bank. It has come back here protested for non-acceptance. Do you know where he is, or any thing about him?"

most every citizen, members included, wore pistols and bowie-knife, and a row once a

"Vicksburg, December 24.

"I am just informed by Mr. G. M. P——, who was informed by Mr. S. S. P——, that you hold a note of mine for some nine to ten thousand dollars, on which Mr. ——— is joint drawer. I am not aware that I ever executed such paper at any time for any purpose whatever. I do not owe any such debt," etc. (The writer of the above was one of the best and most correct business men of his day, but had entirely, in the magnitude of his every-day operations, overlooked this *small* affair.)

"Hinds County, June 3, 1839.

"I should like to get a contract on that section of the Mississippi Railroad between Jackson and Canton. I owe about $250,000. I am planting, in different places, some 1500 acres in cotton. I own three large plantations well stocked with negroes. Part of my debts are now due, the rest judiciously arranged to mature in the next three years. The paper now due I could discharge with my cotton crop, but about the time it comes in another set of debts matures; so I must either draw on next year's crop, or go to work on the railroad. Drawing is an up-hill business. I prefer the road, if I can arrange with your bank to draw in anticipation of my work. You can pay my debts as they fall due, supply me with provisions and clothing, and a few thousand dollars for pocket-change and a trip to the Springs, and I will forthwith put two hundred able-bodied negroes on the road."

Three years previous to the date of this letter the writer was not worth one dime. Bank discounts had enabled him to purchase this large amount of property, for which he paid enough to get possession, and then paid no more. This is only one out of hundreds of instances of that era.

From a Bank Patriot.

"Madison County, December 8, 1836.

"My astonishment has been so great to see the will of the peo-

day was the rule, not the exception. I have seen members of the Legislature with guns in the lobby for attack or defense, and nearly the whole population of the city once drawn up, at either extremity of the public square, in battle array.

With the dissolution of the banks and the substitution of cotton as the basis of a currency and exchange, the influx of the precious metals, substantial and real capital for imaginary wealth, came the amelioration of morals and a more refined standard of manners, besides a general adoption of that noblest of all principles of action, the only sure foundation for individual and national independence—*self-reliance.*

The State of Mississippi has a grand future. Her territory is extensive, yet compact, in latitudes most favorable for cotton,

ple silenced by the voice of the tyrant, General Jackson, I could not summon fortitude to write. His whole party go in for the *spoils.*

"By the way, I am anxious to hear about that directorship I hinted to you when you were at my house. I am anxious to know how I became so unpopular with the institution after having given it birth. I do not boast, but refer to every member of the Legislature for my services. I am above complaining, but, sir, what is man without gratitude?

"P.S.—I would like very much to be a director in the Planters' Bank at Jackson."

sugar, and the cereal crops. Her soil is productive, and beneath its surface lie the elements of fertility and renovation. Fine rivers penetrate her interior. Water-power for manufactories, timber for ship-building, and naval supplies are abundant. Her seaboard is commodious, accessible, sheltered from storms, and the healthiest in the world. Long lines of railroad furnish the means of intercommunication.

Her very history is heroic. The flag of the silver lilies and the banner of old Spain, once the most famous, long floated here, the symbols of sovereignty, chivalry, and the faith of Christ.

The blood-red cross of St. George, which for a thousand years has never been disgraced, once stood here, the representative of dominion and civilization.

Born upon our soil, and, as they believe, sprung from it, was a noble race of Red Men, two households of one family, who never encountered a foe that they did not defeat, and for whom Providence has in reserve, I trust, the happiest dispensations, social and political.

Colonized at an early period by bold and adventurous Americans fully instructed in the principles of liberty; soon the rendezvous of talent, intelligence, and enterprise; conspicuous at Fort Mims, Ecçanachaca, New Orleans, Monterey, and Buena Vista; contributing more than her quota to every branch of the public service—she stands a sovereign among sovereigns, the peer of the most powerful.

She was the first state in this Union, or in the world, to recognize, practically, in her fundamental law, the supreme power of the people, to abolish property qualifications, and provide absolute prohibitions against the abuse of public credit.

May she be true to herself; never ask what is wrong; never submit to any infraction of her rights; never squander her great resources; never grant any part of them to foreign stock-jobbers and speculators; and never forget the celebrated maxim of Livy, "That state is alone free which depends on its own strength, not upon the arbitrary will of another."*

* Civitas ea autem in libertate est posita quæ suis stat viribus, non ex alieno arbitrium pendet.

I am now a lonely man, patiently waiting the roll-call of the Great Chief above. Much of my life, as you have heard, has been passed in solitude, on paths beset with danger, or in deadly strife. I have been, from necessity, self-reliant and fearless; but, since the night of my father's death, when so many orphans were left in my charge, my trust has been in GOD, and the greater the peril the firmer my faith. It has comforted me in sorrow. It has sustained me, when cold and wearied, on my midnight scout. It has nerved my arm when striking for my country; and now, sir, it lights up the gloom of the grave, and shines brighter and brighter in the depths of eternity. Put your trust in HIM.

* * * * * * *

With words like these the old soldier finished his story. I wrung his honest hand in silence, and never saw him again. He died on the 24th of May, 1841, in the seventieth year of his age, calm and self-possessed, and lies buried near Daleville, in the County of Lauderdale, Mississippi.

General Dale was six feet two inches, erect,

square-shouldered, raw-boned, and muscular, noted particularly for great length and strength of arm. In many respects, physical and moral, he resembled his antagonists of the woods. He had the square forehead, the high cheek-bones, the compressed lips—in fact, the physiognomy of the Indian, relieved, however, by a fine, benevolent Saxon eye. Like the Red Man, too, his foot fell lightly on the ground, and turned neither to the right or left; he was habitually taciturn; his face and manner grave; he spoke slowly, and in low tones, and seldom laughed. I observed of him what has been often noticed as peculiar to border men of high attributes —he entertained a strong attachment for the Indians, extolled their courage, their love of country, their patience, their tenderness to their children, and their reverence for the dead. I have often seen a wretched remnant of the Choctaws, homeless and oppressed, camped around his plantation, and subsisting on his bounty. In peace, even the Creeks entertained for him the highest veneration; he had been the friend of Weatherford; he fed many when gaunt famine, more

terrible even than the "dogs of war," pursued them; but in battle, the name of "*Big Sam*" fell on the ear of the Seminole like that of Marius on the hordes of the Cimbri.

THE END.

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