ANTHROPOLOGY

Recollections

of

John Johnston

sented to me by Mrs. Edith Burt Trout, widow of Capt. Harry G. Trout
d great-granddaughter of the author, Col. John Johnston

March 5, 1927 Mrs. Trout's father was General Andrew S. Burt.

Colonel John Johnston

Col. Johnston's Memoirs

Those who follow the history of one nation in its relations with its subject races, will read the following narrative with interest. In his official position, as guardian to the ignorant and savage wards of the United States Government, John Johnston saw that the difficulties which he was constantly endeavoring to adjust, were only the beginnings of a long series of blunders, whose end is not even yet. If, in 1835-40, the United States had taken the advice, as expressed on page 18, and used it as a precedent for future action, General Grant's grave accusation against his country in 1868 would not have been needed.

John Johnston saw the Indian question from both sides. He neither idealized the savage nor minimized the obligation of the nation. His was a clear vision, born of his daily experiences at Upper Piqua, when the ten tribes inhabiting this part of the middle west, were his next door neighbors.

To those of the Johnston lineage still remaining in Southern Ohio, this personal narrative will be welcome. It is a picture of the times and manners of a period constantly becoming more interesting as it fades into the past. The daughter of this staunch pioneer, Mrs. Julia Johnston Patterson, lived in Dayton many years, and left sweet memories behind her.

Charlotte Reeve Conover.

Dayton, Ohio, October, 1915.

Recollections of Sixty Years

by

John Johnston

Indian Agent for the U. S. Government at Piqua, Ohio, from 1806 to 1853. Reprinted from Cist's Miscellany, Cincinnati, 1842, together with account of the state of the Indian Tribes inhabiting Ohio.

Edited by

Charlotte Reeve Conover

Published by

John Henry Patterson

1915

Recollections of Sixty Years

By John Johnston, Esq.

Upper Piqua, Nov. 26, 1845.

Mr. Charles Cist, Esq.

Dear Sir—

In conformity to a promise made you in Cincinnati, last summer, that I would write you some account of my rambles over the mountains and throughout the West, more than a half century ago, having some weeks of leisure, during a sojourn at the Harrodsburg Springs, in August and September last, I employed the time in putting on paper what had then occurred to my mind. In the hurry of packing up my baggage, or in the confusion at Frankfort on the occasion of the funeral of the remains of Boone and his wife, I lost my manuscript, and since my return to Piqua, I have been so much occupied with the affairs of the farm, together with occasional bad health, that I could not until the present redeem my promise.

By the conflagration of the establishments of the Indian department at Fort Wayne, by the Indians, I lost nearly all my books and papers, and have to write altogether from memory. If spared life and health, you may expect further communications.

Your friend and obedient servant,

John Johnston.

CHAPTER I

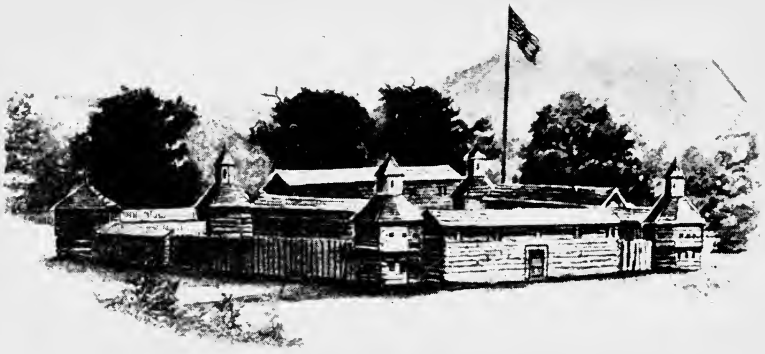
Boyhood Experiences

I was at Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, at sixteen years old, behind the counter in the store of a good honest Presbyterian Elder, Judge John Creigh, when it first entered my head to become an adventurer in the far West. Many of the troops who perished in the defeat of St. Clair, in 1791, rendezvoused at Carlisle, were there disciplined, prepared for the field, and marched westward. The United States owned extensive grounds and barracks there, erected during the Revolutionary War, and used at the present day as a military depot. Here some of the officers returned after the carnage at what is now called Recovery. Among these was Major Thomas Butler, who was shot in the leg, and who commanded all the troops collected at Carlisle, for the army under General Wayne.

I thus early became familiar with persons who had been in the West, heard the beauty and extent of the country described, its large lakes and rivers, boundless forests, extensive prairies; and I was determined to behold with my eyes what had been so often described in my hearing. Accordingly, the son of my patron, Judge Creigh, and myself, set out about January 7, 1793, for the Ohio, with a mercantile establishment. I crossed the mountains on foot, with the wagons, for the protection of the property, young Creigh having preceded me on horseback to make arrangements for transporting the goods down the river.

After a tedious and harassing journey in the midst of winter, through frost and snow, averaging twelve to fourteen miles a day, for there were no turnpike roads then in Pennsylvania, I reached Pittsburg in safety with my goods, and descended the Ohio to Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, without encountering the smallest accident. We took in for a passenger at Pittsburg, a French lady from Paris, in pursuit of her husband, an emigrant some time settled at the French

grant—Gallipolis. The meeting of the parties in that wild country was interesting and affecting in the extreme. Previous to the finding of her husband, the lady's caresses were all bestowed upon a favorite dog, which had accompanied her from her own fair France. He ate with her and slept with her; but on meeting with her long-lost husband, the poor dog, as was to be expected, was no longer noticed. He evidently felt the neglect, and by his looks and manner sensibly rebuked his mistress. We were detained a day and night at the station, to share in the joy of our passenger, for we had treated her kindly, and she was very grateful.



Fort Washington, Afterward Cincinnati

In 1793 the French inhabitants at Gallipolis had a fort built, and a regular military organization, for their safety from the Indians. The officers wore blue as uniforms, with white facings, after the fashion of their own country. In the fall of 1794, in ascending the river to Pittsburg, I called at Gallipolis to see our former friend, Madame; found her in good health, much altered in dress and appearance, alarmed about the Indians, tired of the country, and urgent upon her husband to abandon it and return to France.

Early Conditions

All kinds of merchandise were high in price, and in demand at Fort Washington. The army was cantoned at Hobson's Choice, just below where is now the city of Cincinnati. Money plenty:—the currency, with the exception of some

specie, was all of the paper of the Old Bank of the United States. A great proportion of the circulation was in bills of three dollars, three dollars being then the monthly pay of a private soldier. It was a common expression with the troops to call the bank bills "oblongs." This was more especially the case at the gambling tables. Gambling was much practiced among the officers and retainers of the army.

The principal merchants and traders with the army at Cincinnati, in 1793 and 1794, were Abijah Hunt and brothers, Smith and Findlay; the late Gen. James Findlay; O. Ormsby; Tate (afterwards Bullock); Ferguson, Wilson, Creigh, and others not remembered. Traders with the produce of the upper country were constantly coming and going. The pack horses, for transporting supplies to Forts Hamilton, St. Clair, Jefferson and Greenville, were all procured in Kentucky. Captain Benham had the command of the pack-horse department, and was called pack-horse master general. He was assisted by John Sutherland, Wallen, and others, as subordinate captains, each having the care and management of 40 horses with the requisite number of divisions. This branch of the service was very laborious and dangerous, the drivers being often killed by the Indians. Ox teams were also employed in transporting supplies to the out-posts above named. Several generally went together and were protected by escorts of troopers or dragoons. Pack-horse companies often went unprotected, because they went quicker and were not so liable to be attacked by the Indians.

Pioneer Tragedies

A certain Scott Traverse owned an ox team, with wagon, frequently passing alone as far as Greenville, unharmed. He never would wait for an escort. Going always when he was ready, he prided himself on his good fortune. At last, on one of his trips, near Fort Hamilton, he was overtaken by the Indians and himself and his oxen killed, his wagon burnt, and the loading carried off and destroyed. He was often cautioned against his foolhardiness.

Elliott, the partner of Elliott and Williams, the army contractors, was killed in the summer of 1794, between Cincinnati and Fort Hamilton. He was on his way coming in from head-

quarters of the army, at Greenville, having, as was reported, settled up all his business previous to the commencement of the campaign, and was not to revisit the army any more. The body when recovered was abused and mutilated by the Indians. It was brought into Cincinnati and interred.

I think it was in June, 1794, I went to Greenville in an escort commanded by Major Winston of the dragoons. There were several ox teams, with pack-horses, quartermasters' men, and others along; some on foot and some mounted. The late Daniel Conner of Cincinnati, and myself, were together on foot. The escort was large, extending on the road a considerable distance. A few miles in advance of Griffin's station the front of the line was fired on by the Indians, and several men killed and scalped by them before the dragoons came up.

Indians Watching Troops and Transports

They had been detained at the station, and not a man of them came up until the mischief was all over. The officer in command was blamed, but not brought to court martial. Had his force been properly distributed in front and rear no attack would have been made. No doubt at all the Indians, as was their constant practice, had their scouts watching our progress, and finding the dragoons remiss in their duty they availed themselves accordingly. They got little or no booty. I often learned from the Indians in after times, that no detachment of troops ever left the Ohio without their progress being daily watched by the Indian spies.

CHAPTER II

A Friend of the Indians

After the peace with the Indians, and after I became agent for many of the tribes, my acquaintance with their distinguished men was of long continuance, and in many cases highly instructing and interesting.

The following are the names of some, which after a lapse of more than forty years now occur to my mind:—of the Delawares, "Kithtuleland" or Anderson, the principal chief, a half-breed, the son of Mr. Anderson by a Delaware woman, who resided prior to the Revolutionary War, below Harrodsburg, on the Susquehanna, and who gave name to the ferry, long within my remembrance, called "Anderson's Ferry." This chief was a very dignified man in character and appearance, upwards of six feet high, well proportioned; a man of great benevolence and goodness; of excellent understanding, but not a public speaker; was greatly beloved by his people. In 1823 he must have been about sixty years old.

In pursuance of treaty stipulations with the United States I removed the whole Delaware tribe, consisting of twenty-four hundred souls, to their new home southwest of Missouri river, near the mouth of the Kansas, in the year of 1822 and '23. Such is the fate of this once war-like and powerful tribe, that there were many persons among them in the years mentioned who were born and raised within thirty miles of Philadelphia, and who have gone at our bidding into the far West. There no doubt they will communicate to the wild tribes of that country the over-reaching craft, cunning and deceit of the white man.

I will give an instance to show that the Indians are capable of performing some of the highest acts of humanity and magnanimity. During the last war, the Delawares claimed and received the protection of the United States. The tribe was committed to my keeping during the war of 1813.

A Friendly Visit

C. M., a plain country farmer, came to my house at Upper Piqua to see his benefactor, the chief Anderson. This man then resided two hundred miles below Cincinnati, near the Ohio river, and his only errand was to return his acknowledgements to the aged and humane chief who had once spared the lives and property of himself and family.

It appeared that he was emigrating to the West, in 1792, on the Ohio river, in a Kentucky boat; that near the mouth of the Scioto a number of Indians, who afterwards proved to be Delawares, pursued him in canoes and finally got before him, so that escape was impossible. He did not at all fire on the Indians, and this doubtless contributed to his ultimate escape; but making a virtue of necessity, turned his boat to the shore and landed among the Indians. Himself and all his people were immediately taken out and conducted prisoners over some hills to the camp where was Anderson and other head men.

The prisoners being seated and C. M. interrogated through an interpreter, after a warm discussion among the Indians, the chief, Anderson, informed the white people they were at liberty to depart with their boat and all it contained, and cautioned them to be on their watch further down, as there were other Indians waylaying the river, who would certainly murder and rob them if they fell into their hands. They found everything in the boat as they had left it, and after dividing liberally their stock of provisions with the Indians, they put off with light hearts and many thanks to their uncouth benefactors, and reached their place of destination in safety.

The head of this family hearing that Anderson and his people were stationed at Piqua, in the war of 1812, came a long journey of over two hundred miles to see and thank his benefactor. The interview took place in my then "Log Cabin," and in my presence. At our treaty with the Delaware, in 1817-18, at my instance a pension of one dollar a day was settled upon Anderson, which he continued to receive during his life.

Famous Chieftains

The second chief of the Delawares was Lapauchile, a full-blooded Indian, also a very large, fine looking man. At the treaty above mentioned, a pension of fifty cents a day was settled on him, during his life. These two chiefs died since their removal westward—both beloved and popular men of the Shawanese.

Black Hoof

There was Kituwekasa or Black Hoof, the principal chief, a great orator, small of stature—died at Wapaghkonetta, Allen county, Ohio, at the age of more than one hundred years, some time before the tribe emigrated westward. He was probably in more battles than any living man in his day. His first great affair was at the defeat of Braddock. He was born in Florida, and, his nation being the most restless and warlike, was a continual thorn in the side of the Southern English Colonies, warring against them continually. They hovered along the frontiers of the Carolinas and Virginias, until they entered Pennsylvania, giving names to several of the rivers and places

within that province and Maryland. The other chiefs of his tribe were: the Shemenetoo or the Snake, Biaseka or the Wolf, Lolaway or Perry. Tecumseh was of his tribe, but not a chief until he threw off the authority of his nation and became the chief of a banditti, for his followers at Tippecanoe were composed chiefly, if not altogether, of outlaws from all the surrounding tribes. His father was a renowned chief, and killed in a fort at the mouth of Kanawha, before the Revolutionary War, under the following circumstances:—the Indian chiefs were invited to a truce by the commanding officer, when a soldier crossing the Kanawha river to shoot turkeys, was waylaid by some Indians, killed and scalped. His comrades, going over and finding the body, returned enraged, rushed into the fort, and despite of the entreaties and authority of their officers, fell on and murdered the ambassadors of peace, leaving not one of them alive.

Hatred of the Whites

This, with other cases of atrocity, which has been related to me by the Indians, was assigned as a cause for the deep-rooted hatred which Tecumseh always manifested toward our race. His feelings were so intense on this head that he often said he never looked upon the face of a white man without being horror-struck or feeling his flesh creep. Although he was unquestionably a true patriot, and brave man, it is nevertheless a fact that in the first fight he was engaged in with the Kentuckians, on Mad river, he ran away, leaving his brother, wounded, to take care of himself; but was never known to flinch afterwards.

He was undoubtedly among the great men of his race, and aimed at the independence of his people by a union of all the Indians, North and South, against the encroachments of the whites. Had he appeared fifty years sooner he might have set bounds to the Anglo-Saxon race in the West; but he came upon the stage of action too late—when the power and resources of the Indians were so much impaired and weakened as to render them unable to effect anything against their powerful neighbors.

This celebrated man was about five feet ten inches in height, square, well-built form for strength and agility; about forty-

eight or fifty years old when he fell at the battle of the Thames, during the last war.

Tecumseh signifies in English, a wild cat or panther crouching to spring upon his prey.

The Shawanese successively inhabited Ohio, the country on the Scioto at Chillicothe, and Old Town, the Mad river country at Zanesfield, Bellefontaine, Urbana and Springfield, the Great Miami at Staunton, Lower and Upper Piqua. From the latter place they were routed by the Kentuckians, when they took refuge on the Auglaize and Hog Creek, extending their settlements down as low as Defiance. Latterly they had chiefly congregated at and near Wapaghkonetta, twenty-nine miles north of Piqua, from whence they finally emigrated southwest of Missouri, in 1826 and 1833.

Tecumseh, or The Shooting Star

The Shawanese were divided into four tribes, viz: the Chillicothe, Mequochake, Piqua and Kiscopokee. Tecumseh was of the last-named tribe, and on account of their restless, warring propensities, this tribe numbered very few fighting

men when they left Ohio. The prophet, Elsquatawa, was a twin brother of Tecumseh, a man void of talent or merit, a brawling, mischievous Indian demagogue.

Treaties and Missions

The Wyandots were a part of my agency also. They occupied the Sandusky country, the country of the Huron, in Michigan, and a tract of land near Malden, in Upper Canada. Their principal chief was Tarhee or the Crane, who resided at Upper Sandusky, where he died twenty-five years ago; and from the treaty of Greenville with Gen. Wayne, in 1795, was a steadfast friend of the government and people of the United States.

About forty years ago this tribe contained twenty-two hundred souls, and in March, 1842, when as commissioner of the United States, I concluded with them a treaty of cession and emigration, they had become reduced to eight hundred of all ages and both sexes.

Before the Revolutionary War, a large portion of the Wyandots had embraced Christianity in the communion of the Roman Catholic church. In the early part of my agency the Presbyterians had a mission among them at Lower Sandusky, under the care of Rev. Joseph Badger. The war of 1812 broke up his benevolent enterprise.

When peace was restored the Methodists became the spiritual instructors of these Indians, and continued in charge of them until their final removal westward of Missouri river, two years ago. The mission had once been in a very prosperous state, but of late years had greatly declined, many of the Indians having gone back to habits of intemperance and heathenism: a few continued steadfast to their Christian profession.

Of this number was "Grey Eyes," a regularly ordained minister, of pure Wyandot blood, a holy, devoted and exemplary Christian. This man was resolutely opposed to the emigration of his people, and was against me at every step of a long and protracted negotiation of twelve months' continuance. I finally overcame all objections; on the last vote, more than two-thirds of the whole male population were found in favor of removal.

The preacher had always asserted that under no circumstances would he ever go westward. His age was about forty-eight years; his character forbade any approaches to tampering with him; and although I felt very sensibly his influence, yet I never addressed myself to him personally on the subject of the treaty; but as soon as the whole nation in open council had voted to leave their country and seek a new home far in the West, I sent an invitation to the preacher to come and dine with me and spend the evening in conversation; he came accordingly.

Speech With the Indian Minister

I told him that in consequence of his sacred character, I had abstained from using any means to influence his course in relation to the pending negotiations; that my business with him had no concealment; it was open, and communicated to all men, women and children, and as many of their white friends as desired to hear me in open council; that I came to them with the words of their great father, Harrison, and although the lips that first uttered these words were cold in death, still they were the words of truth—which all must acknowledge were for their present and future good; that in the treaty I was about to sign in a few more days with their chiefs, ample justice was done their whole nation, and this too as well on account of my own character as the character of him who had sent me to treat with them; that if he—the preacher "Grey Eyes"—was called to preach the gospel to his nation and race, it was his duty to go with them westward and do them all the good in his power; that in a few more years the Indians would be all gone from Ohio and Michigan, and he well knew he could not, by reason of his ignorance of our language, minister to the whites, and that it must therefore be evident to all that the Providence of God called loudly upon him to go westward with his people and there administer as he had done to their spiritual and temporal wants.

He replied that during the progress of the treaty, he had opposed me to the utmost extent of his power; that now the nation having decided by a large majority on selling their lands and removing to the West, he had determined on uniting

his fate with it, and would prepare to go along and do all the good he could for his people.

From this time forward the preacher and myself were very good friends. He frequently called and ate with me, on all which occasions I called on him for a blessing, which he pronounced in his own language, in a very devout and becoming manner. When I had brought my business with the Wyandots to a close, and was on the point of leaving there, I sent for my good friend the preacher and gave him all my remaining provisions and stores, not of large amount, remarking to the Indians present, to prevent their being jealous, that their minister being the servant of Jesus Christ, devoting his time to the care of their souls and bodies, to the neglect of himself and family, it was proper therefore that I should provide for him as far as lay in my power; to which they very readily assented.

The Wyandots were always a leading tride among the Indians of the Northwest; with them was the sacred fire deposited at Brownstown, Michigan, and here was the great council of the confederacy held and peace and war decided upon in the war of 1812. The place was polluted with the spilling of blood in battle, and no council could ever after be held there.

Sad Case of the Indians

There is nothing in the history of the settlement and extension of the English and their descendants upon this continent so melancholy to the mind of the Christian and philanthropist as the case of the Indians, the primitive inhabitants and lords of the country.

Since the first landing of the Europeans to the present day, hundreds of tribes of the natives have been swept away by the avarice, cupidity and vices of the white man, leaving not a single individual to testify that they ever had an existence; and what is most disreputable in this matter to our race, up to the present moment, not a single effectual attempt has been made by the English government during our Colonial vassalage, nor since the American Revolution, by the Congress and President of the United States, to lay the foundation of a system to preserve the unhappy race of the red man from final extinction.

All our plans have been directed to shifts and expedients to acquire their lands and push them farther back, without in the least altering the tenure of their possession. The last

story on our part was, go southwest of Missouri and we will never call upon you for the cession of another acre.

In reference to this very matter, in my farewell speech to the Wyandots, they were told that the white people loved land; it was their food; that they in the course of time might be called on in the West to sell the lands which I had assigned them by the treaty; but no matter who invited them to council for such a purpose, if it was the President himself in person, to shut their ears and obey no such call; never for a moment entertain a proposition of the kind.

If you do this you will be safe; if you once listen you are undone, for the white man will overcome you with money and goods.

What do we see already? While I am writing this sheet,we read that a deputation of the Potawatomies is on a visit to the President at Washington imploring him to put a stop to the demands made upon them to abandon their present homes; and yet it is but a few years, certainly not more than twenty, since those same Indians left Indiana, the country near Chicago, and Michigan, at our bidding and to make room for our population. Is it any wonder that the Indians cannot be civilized; and that all confidence on their part in our race is at an end?

Seeing that our avarice, over-reaching and encroachments upon their homes have no limits, nothing can save them but a total change in our policy towards them. I had been officially connected with the Indian service upwards of thirty years and had reflected much upon their deplorable condition. The result was communicated many years ago to the men in power at Washington, through Gen. Joseph Vance, our then, as at present, representative in Congress.

My plan was predicated upon the basis that without a local government, adapted to the condition and wants of the Indians, and for their exclusive use and benefit, their race must perish. Nothing has since occurred to change that opinion, but much to confirm and strengthen it.

What the Government Should Do

A territorial government, under the authority of Congress, should be established over the Indians, to be composed

of a Governor, Council and House of Representatives: the Governor to be appointed in the usual way by the President and Senate, the Council to be composed of the Indian agents for the time being, and the House of Representatives to be composed exclusively of persons elected by the various tribes. The members in all cases to be Indians by blood, each one so elected and admitted to a seat, to receive from the United States Treasury $2 or $3 per day for his attendance, and $2 or $3 per day for each thirty miles' travel going to and returning from the seat of the Indian government, as a delegate in Congress as a matter of course should.

A plan of the kind here proposed, would gradually introduce among the Indians a knowledge of civil government and its blessings, and pave the way for their civilization; without something of the kind their race must perish. That it is a sacred debt due to the primitive inhabitants of the land, from the representatives of the American people in Congress assembled, no man acquainted with the wrongs of the red man will attempt to deny.

Connected with the providing a government for them must be a solemn covenant on the part of Congress that no attempt shall ever be made to purchase or alienate any part of the Indian territory, and the total abandonment of the practice of removing competent and faithful agents for political cause.

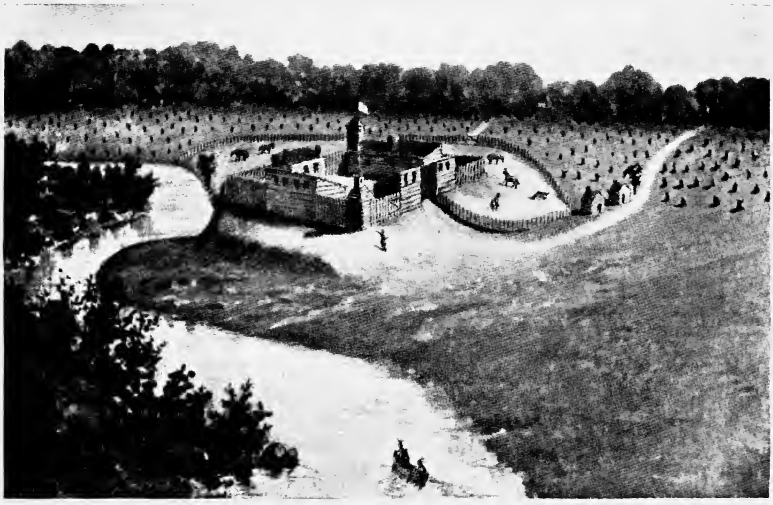
The longer an honest and competent agent is in office, the better for both the government and the Indians. So mischievous in its effect has been this practice of removing men in the Indian service, that I have known persons under Gen. Jackson's administration to receive the appointment of Indian interpreter, who knew not a single word of Indian; and another who received the appointment of blacksmith and held the place for several years, and never perform a day's work at the anvil and bellows.

Notorious, wicked and incompetent men have in many instances been appointed agents and commissioners for managing their affairs; and a course of measures pursued towards them for the last sixteen years, in violation of treaties, law and right that has banished from the minds of the Indians every vestige of confidence they ever had in us. Wholesale frauds have been practiced upon them by men in office, to the disgrace of the government and people of the United States.

CHAPTER III

The Miamis and Little Turtle

During my agency at Fort Wayne, the Miamis were a part of my charge. They formerly inhabited this river, the Miami of Ohio, and here where I live were their principal towns—extending from the mouth of Loramie's Creek, including the ground occupied by my farm down to, and including lower Piqua, the present town of Piqua. The Miamis, in the old French War, which terminated with the peace of 1763, took part with the French, and were obliged to abandon their towns



Fort Wayne in 1793

here; and sought a refuge on the upper waters of the Wabash and the Miami of the Lake, near the mouth of the St. Joseph and St. Mary's Rivers, where Fort Wayne stood. The Shawanese and Delawares adhered to the British interests, and were the occasion of the expulsion of the Miamis from this point.

The Miamis were anciently called the Teewightewees; and

after them the Shawanese took their places here, and gave it the name of Piqua, from one of their tribes. Of this tribe, the Miami, was Meshekenoghqua or Little Turtle, a celebrated orator and chief who signed the treaty of Greenville with Gen. Wayne; a man of great wit, humor, and vivacity, fond of the company of gentlemen, and delighted in good eating.

Indian Chief Little Turtle

From the portrait in the National Museum at Washington, since destroyed by fire

When I knew him he had two wives living with him under the same roof in the greatest harmony; one an old woman about his own age—fifty—the choice of his youth, who performed the drudgery of the house; the other a young and beautiful creature of eighteen, who was his favorite, yet it never was discovered by any one that the least unkind feeling existed between them.

This distinguished chief died at Fort Wayne about twenty-five years ago, of a confirmed case of the gout, brought on by

high living, and was buried with military honors by the troops of the United States.

The Little Turtle used to entertain us with many of his war adventures, and would laugh immoderately at the recital of the following. A white man, a prisoner of many years in the tribe, had often solicited permission to go on a war party to Kentucky, and had been refused. It never was the practice with the Indians to ask or encourage white prisoners among them to go to war against their countrymen. This man, however, had so far acquired the confidence of the Indians, and being very importunate to go to war, the Turtle at length consented, and took him on an expedition into Kentucky.

As was their practice, they had reconnoitred during the day and had fixed on a house recently built and occupied, as the object to be attacked, next morning a little before the dawn of day. The house was surrounded by a clearing, there being much brush and fallen timber on the ground. At the appointed time the Indians, with the white man, began to move to the attack. At all such times no talking or noise is to be made. They crawl along the ground on hands and feet; all is done by signs from the leader. The white man all the time was striving to be foremost, the Indians beckoning him to keep back. In spite of all their efforts he would keep foremost, and having at length got within running distance of the house, he jumped to his feet and went with all his speed, shouting at the top of his voice, "Indians! Indians!" The Turtle and his party had to make a precipitate retreat, losing forever their white companion; and disappointed in their fancied conquest of the unsuspecting victims of the log cabin.

From that day forth this chief would never trust a white man to accompany him again to war. During the Presidency of Washington, the Little Turtle visited that great and just man at Philadelphia, and during his whole life after, often spoke of the pleasures which that visit afforded him. Kosciusko, the Polish chief, was at the time in Philadelphia, confined by sickness to his lodgings, and hearing of the Indians being in the city, he sent for them, and after an interview of some length, he had his favorite

brace of pistols brought forth, and addressing the chief, Turtle, said:

"I have carried and used these in many a hard-fought battle in defense of the oppressed, the weak, and the wronged of my own race, and I now present them to you with this injunction, that with them you shoot dead the first man that ever comes to subjugate you or despoil you of your country." The pistols were of the best quality and finest manufacture, silver mounted, with gold touch-holes.

The Other Side of the Story

The white people, by their knowledge of letters, are enabled always to exhibit a long catalogue of grievances against the Indians, whilst they not possessing the same advantages, their wrongs are in a great measure unrecorded and unknown. I will cite two instances of many that occurred during my long intercourse with the Indians, which, for cold-blooded, unprovoked, and premeditated cruelty, have never been exceeded and seldom equaled, among savage or civilized people.

In the time of sugar making, 1824, one of the subordinate chiefs of the Seneca Indians, with eight of his people, were hunting within the limits of Madison county, Indiana, a new county then, and thinly populated. Having spent the previous fall and winter there, they were distinguished for their inoffensive, orderly and peaceable conduct. In March of that year, Bridge, Sawyer, Hudson, and a youth under age, the son of Bridge, with another person whose name I have forgotten, and who made his escape to Texas, the common refuge of all bad men, matured and perpetrated a plan for murdering the unoffending Indians.

Those five white persons repaired early on a certain day to the hunting cabin of the Indians under a pretence that they had lost their horses, and asked the two Indian men to go with them in the woods in different directions to search for them, each party taking an Indian. When they got them out a sufficient distance they basely murdered them; and after covering up the bodies, returned toward the Indian camp. The poor women seeing the white men return without their husbands, came out to meet them. One of them in front, who was a Delaware, half white, and spoke English, asked, much

agitated, for her husband. They told her that he would come by and by, and to turn and go into the house. It appeared by the confession of these monsters in human shape, that they had not the heart to shoot her down facing them, but as soon as she turned away from them, they shot her, though not mortally. She fell on her knees, imploring mercy for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, telling them she was of their own flesh—alluding to her color—and in that condition they knocked out her brains with a hominy pounder, and with knives, tomahawks, and the same instrument, they murdered the remaining women and children; whole number murdered, nine.

To cap the climax of this tragedy, and show to what a degree of callous, hard-hearted depravity, men calling themselves Christians may arrive, these murderers were next day found in attendance on their knees at a religious meeting in the neighborhood.

As soon as the murder was known among the Indians, many of whom were in the neighborhood hunting, they declared if the murderers were not secured and punished, satisfaction would fall upon innocent persons, as they could not restrain their young men. The frontier became alarmed; the murderers apprehended with the exception of the one who fled to Texas. An express was sent to me with the news; I repaired to the spot, took immediate measures for the security of the prisoners, reported the case, first to the Governor of Indiana, who declined acting, and second to the Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun, who promptly acted, giving me ample powers to prosecute to conviction and execution, and to spare no expense.

The conduct of this upright and able secretary in this and many other cases which fell under my notice, placed him above all praise. He filled that department, in my estimation, better than any other man since the days of Washington. At the time of Gen. Jackson's coming into power, I was at the seat of government settling my accounts. A friend called on him to solicit his influence with the President in favor of his being continued. Mr. Calhoun appeared to be surprised that any fears should exist on the part of any faithful, competent man, and expressed his

utter abhorrence at having anything to do, pro or con, with such dirty work.

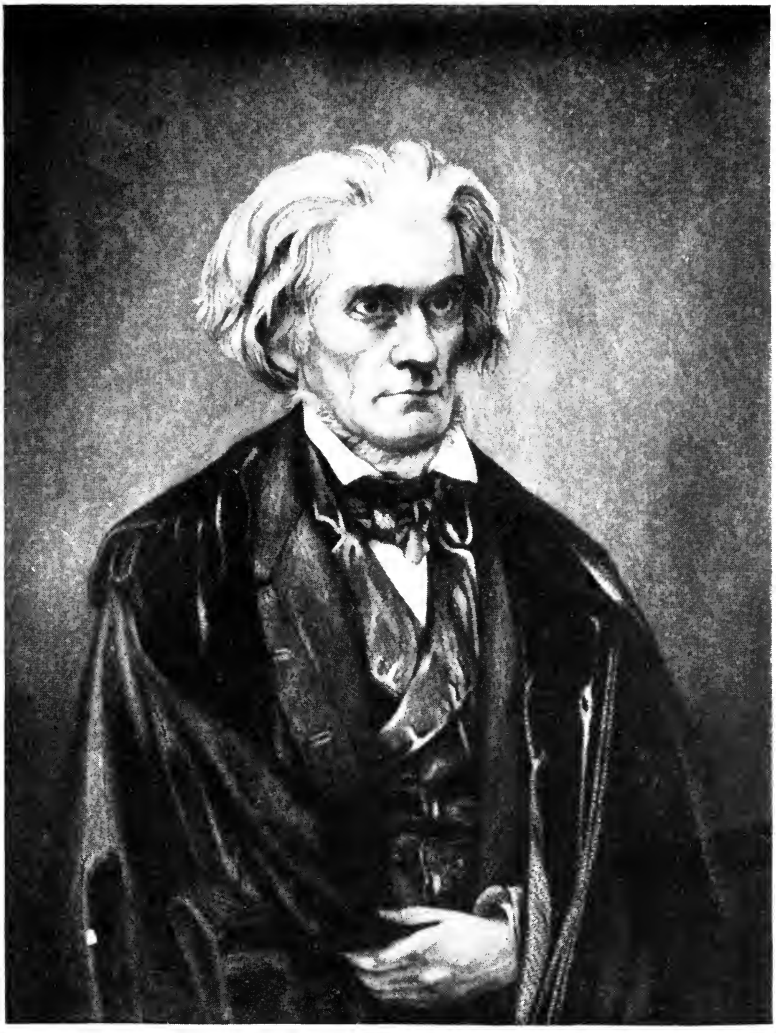
After a year's delay the prisoners were tried, convicted and ordered for execution. His Honor Judge Wick presided. My chief counsel was the late General James Noble, one of the Senators in Congress from Indiana, assisted by three others. Bridge, Sawyer, and Hudson suffered; young Bridge being a minor, was pardoned at the place of execution by the consent of the Indians. Three of them witnessed the awful scene, the Governor attending a mile off to act as circumstances might require. This affair cost the United States from first to last, seven thousand dollars. The justice of the country was vindicated in the eyes of the Indians, and they were satisfied. Thanks be to the distinguished man then at the head of the war department, who disdaining the popularity of the mob, chose to obey the dictates of duty and honour.

The other case happened with the Wyandots of Sandusky, about seven years ago, in Hancock county, Ohio. One of their beloved chiefs and counsellors of the Christian party, took a hunting excursion with his family; his camp was visited in the evening by three white men with axes, who proposed to the Indian to lodge all night in his camp.

This being readily agreed to, the women gave them their suppers, after which the Indian, agreeable to his uniform custom, kneeled down and prayed in his own language, and then lay down with his wife to sleep, little suspecting that these fiends in human shape, who had been so hospitably and kindly entertained by himself and his wife, were at that moment plotting their destruction.

As soon as the man and his wife were sound asleep, the white men rose on them with the axes they brought and killed them in the most brutal manner, and then robbed the camp, taking off the horses. The murderers living not many miles off, were soon discovered and apprehended, committed to prison, and afterwards permitted to break jail and escape.

I was not in the service at the time of this murder, or a very different fate would have awaited these villains. In 1841 and 1842, when, as United States Commissioner, I was treating with the Wyandots, one of these murderers was reported to me as being in the jail of Wood County, Ohio, under a charge



J. C. Calhoun

of passing counterfeit money, and of course within our reach. I immediately reported the fact to the Commissioner for Indian Affairs at Washington, asking for authority and funds to proceed against the offender. No money would be furnished to sustain a prosecution against the offender, although there was no lack of proof, and the murderer escaped. This time I had not John C. Calhoun to sustain me and see justice done to the Indians.*

Cases innumerable, and nearly as bad as the foregoing, have occurred during my long acquaintance with the Indians. In a period of fifty-three years since I first came to the West, an instance of white men being tried, convicted, and executed under our laws for the murder of Indians has not come to my knowledge, other than the one given in this narrative. I had very great difficulty in persuading the Indians to witness the execution in Indiana. They said they would take my word that the murderers had been hung. I told them no—they must witness the fact with their eyes, being well aware that bad white men would tell them we had deceived them, and permitted the murderers to escape. When the culprits were cast off and the death struggle ensued, the Indians could not restrain their tears. They had witnessed death in every shape, but never before by hanging.

During my negotiations with the Wyandots, in 1841 and 1842, I ascertained a fact which had previously escaped my notice—that they had no horses previous to 1755, the year of Braddock's defeat. The first owned by the Wyandots were captured in that disastrous campaign.

My agency embraced all the Indians in Ohio, as well as the Delawares of Indiana, who would not consent to be separated from me. In addition to these enumerated, were the remains of the Munsee, Mohegans, Nanticokes, a part of the Mohawks, Senecas, and Ottawas. The two last had rights in

*My partiality for Mr. Calhoun has reference to his former position as an executive officer; for I should be loath to endorse his waywardness in politics, especially his doctrine of State Rights and Nullification. His late speech as President of the Memphis Convention has gone far, however, to redeem his former errors. The broad and liberal ground taken there, in regard to the duties of the General Government in assuming the care of navigation of the Mississippi and all its tributaries accessible to steam power, considering his high standing in the South and the almost certainty of his again coming to the Senate, is a great point gained to us of the West. It will be remembered that Gen. Jackson refused his assent to an appropriation for improving the Wabash river, and yet that stream is included in Mr. Calhoun's tributaries of the Mississippi, for it is navigated by steamboats.

the soil of Ohio, which they ceded to the United States by joint treaty with the Shawanese and Wyandots.

A Plea

There is not now an acre of land owned or occupied by an Indian in Ohio. Fifty-one years ago they owned the whole territory. Does not the voice of humanity cry aloud to the Congress of the United States to give them a country and a home in perpetuity, and a government adapted to their condition? Will impartial history excuse this people and their government if they permit the destruction of the primitive race to happen without one adequate effort being put forth to save them? I shall, during the long nights of the winter, prepare you some further notice of the natives and the first settlement of Ohio by the whites.

CHAPTER IV

Memories of Notable Men

In the present degenerate state of the country, divided as it is into factions, the frequent abandonment of principles by public men in the pursuit of popularity and office; the extension and perpetuation of slavery by the authority of the general government, and that at a period, too, when a large portion of the Christian world were uniting to put the evil down; that the free states of this Union should be found aiding and assisting in such a policy, and for the purpose of giving it the largest possible scope, despoiling a friendly neighboring power of one of its most valuable provinces, will be recorded among the blackest pages of the history of the nineteenth century.

Amidst all these appalling and national grievances, it is some consolation to recur to the character of a patriot, soldier, and statesman, who lived for his country, and who for purity of design, honesty and fidelity in the discharge of public duty, would advantageously compare with the purest men of Greece, Athens, or Rome.

I shall therefore devote a part of this communication to some of the incidents which came under my notice in the life and services of the late President Harrison. Everything connected with his name forms part and parcel of the history of the West.

First Acquaintance With Harrison

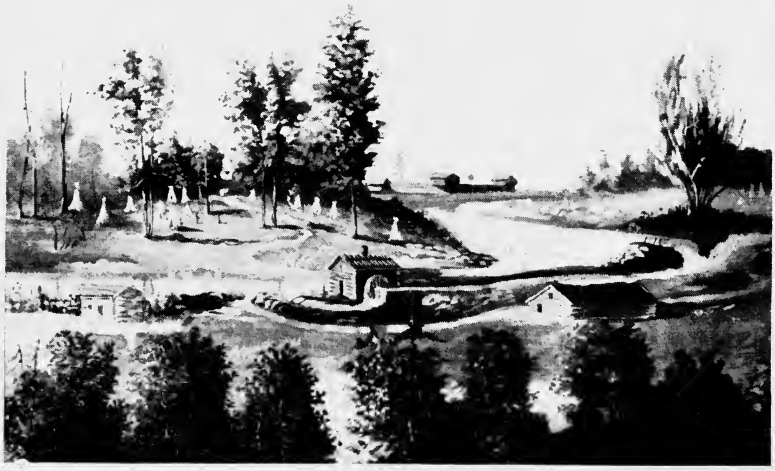
I first saw Lieut. W. H. Harrison at Hobson's Choice, in 1793, where Gen. Wayne's army was then cantoned. He was one of the aid-de-camps; a young man of popular manners and very prepossessing appearance, a great favorite with the soldiers and the whole army; had the character of a peacemaker, and from the relation in which he stood to the commander-in-chief exercised much influence.

I had no personal acquaintance with him, at the time nor after, until he became Governor of Indiana, where as an officer in the Indian department, I became subject to his control and government; but I often heard him spoken of by the soldiers and others, as a kind-hearted, humane and generous man, dividing his stores with the sick and needy.

William Henry Harrison

He entered the army at Philadelphia, during the first Presidency of Washington. I heard him relate the circumstances. He went to that city for the purpose of finishing his medical education; troops were at the time raising for the protection of the western frontier, laid open and exposed to the incursions of the Indians, by the entire defeat of St. Clair's army, in November, 1791. To use his own language, he fell in love with the drum and fife, applied to Gen. Washington for a commission, who appointed him an ensign. In 1792, and immediately—as well as I can recollect—without going home to his family, he repaired to the Ohio and joined the army.

Duels were frequent in the army, and from the warm temperature of Gen. Wayne, it was said that he rather encouraged than forbade them. Not so with Harrison: I often heard that he was a successful pacificator in many quarrels between the officers. Some fatal duels took place after the army reached Greenville; one resulted in the death of both the principles, Lieutenants Bradshaw and Huston; both Irishmen, and both fell mortally wounded. The cause of the quarrel was a very trivial matter—a mere point of etiquette. Bradshaw was what was called a gentleman in his own country; bred a physician. Huston was by profession a weaver. The former showed some slight towards the latter, probably over their cups. A challenge ensued, and they were buried within three hours of each other.



Site of the Present City of Wapakoneta

Writing occasionally for the quartermaster, I had access to all Bradshaw's papers. He had kept a regular journal of all his travels, which showed him to be a scholar and a person of accurate observation. Among his papers were several letters from a beloved sister in Ireland, urging his return. It was evident they were people of rank and distinction. Alas! she was never more to behold that beloved

brother, so much longed after. He had a duelist's grave; not a stone or stick to mark where he lay. Capt. Tom Lewis, one of the aids, and Major Thomas H. Cushing also had a duel.

The watch of the latter saved his life. Lewis's pistol bullet having lodged directly in the center of Cushing's gold watch, the watch was destroyed, but it saved his life. Another duel, threatening at first the death of both parties, took place under the following circumstances at Wilkinsonville, on the Ohio:—The officers having dined together in mess—as was too often the case in those days—got drunk before quitting the table. Capt. Frank Johnston, a near relative of my own, and Mr. Dinsmore, quarreled and agreed to fight with pistols, across the table.

The weapons were got and loaded: the other officers seeing such a scene of murder about to be acted, became sobered, ran out of the hut and kept peeping through the cracks to see how the affair would terminate. It seems Johnston fired first and struck the pistol arm of his adversary at the wrist, and shattered it above the elbow, and thus ended the affair. My friend Johnston closed his life not long after by hard drinking.

The Request

At the second treaty of Greenville, in 1814, I was on the ground two weeks before the arrival of Gen. Harrison, the principal commissioner on the part of the United States. I had pitched my markee on an elevated spot near the creek, for the convenience of water, and a flagstaff erected with my flag flying.

On his arrival the General sent for me, and said he wanted as a favor, that I would permit the location of the flag to be changed, and the staff to be erected on the spot where Gen. Wayne's quarters were in 1795, at the date of his celebrated treaty with the Indians. He said the ground was consecrated to him by many endearing recollections, which could never be effaced from his memory, and that he wanted all the details of the great treaty about to be held, to conform as near as could be to the one which had preceded it nineteen years before. I, of course, assented, and our flag waved over the spot on which General Wayne's quarters stood.

Consultation With Secretary of War

It was at this first treaty of Greenville, 1814, that the Indians were first formally invited by the United States to take up the hatchet and make common cause with us against the English. Fortunately, the treaty of peace which was soon afterwards signed at Ghent, rendered the services of our new allies unnecessary.

I happened to be at Washington, in 1812, at the time Congress was deliberating on a declaration of war. Gov. Hull was there also. The Secretary of War, Dr. Eustis, sent for me to call at his house in the six buildings, early on a morning.

His wife, the daughter of John Langdon, of New Hampshire, was up and in readiness to receive me, and said they expected me for breakfast. They married late in life and had no children. The secretary soon came down stairs, and at once told me he wanted to consult me about Indian affairs; that Congress would, in a few days, declare war against Great Britain; that he wanted me to return to my station in Ohio as soon as possible; (I had at this time been transferred from the agency at Fort Wayne to a new agency at Piqua, having in charge all the Indians of Ohio, with the Delawares of Indiana) and to go direct to Pittsburg to conduct a detachment of troops through by land, the safest and best route to Detroit. I replied that I could not do this, being at the time engaged in the transportation of a large amount of public property from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Georgetown, which must go by Cumberland, Brownsville, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Piqua, as it could not go by the Lakes from the danger of capture by the enemy, and that I must attend to this duty in person.

He then interrogated me about the Indians—how will they conduct in the war between us and the English? Can they be kept quiet? I answered promptly and decidedly, that the Indians would be for or against us in the war; that we must immediately engage their services or they would go over to the enemy; that they were altogether mercenary in their feelings, and governed by a thirst for blood and plunder, and did not much care on which side they fought; but that they would be on one side or the other was most certain—and I urged him to take the most prompt and decisive measures in time to engage them.

I offered to raise a thousand Indians within my agency, provided their families were fed and supported by the United States, and such a force would be fit to beat any two thousand of the same kind which the enemy could raise.

The Delawares, Shawanese, Wyandots and Senecas of my charge constituted the veterans of the Indian Army in all former wars, and they were anxious to take part with us. The Secretary replied that the President—Mr. Madison—on this point was immovable; that no entreaty could induce him to consent to the employment of such a force; and further, he remarked that Governor Hull, who was there, assured him that he could keep the Indians neutral; (using a figure) he had only to beckon with his finger and they would obey.

Disastrous Consequences

The counsels of Governor Hull prevailed; the consequences were most disastrous; the loss of some of the best blood of the country; the temporary disgrace and loss of Michigan, and the loss of forty millions of the treasury of the United States, all of which I fearlessly assert might have been prevented by the employment of the Indians named in the beginning of the war; and furthermore, the Upper Province of Canada taken from the enemy the first campaign.

Whilst at Washington, I learned that Hull was an applicant for the command of the Northwestern Army. Gov. Worthington was then in the Senate. I took the liberty of warning him against the appointment. The people of the country where he was to operate had no confidence in him; the Indians despised him:— he was too old, broken down in body and mind to conduct the multifarious operations of such a command. The nomination was made, objected to, referred to a committee, reported on favorably, and confirmed.

On the very same day he passed the Senate, the poor, vain, weak old man was seen in full dress uniform, parading the streets of Washington, making calls. When the army rendezvoused at Dayton, Hull requested me to send him twelve or fifteen trusty Indians to accompany the army into Canada, as spies and guides. The requisite number went.

On parting with them, they were requested, as soon as discharged, to return, find me out and make report. They

did so. They left the army at the river Canard, between Sandwich and Malden. The Chief Butler, son by a Shawanese woman, of Gen. Richard Butler, who fell at St. Clair's defeat, an intelligent, observant man, was the speaker. He said they left the army doing no good; would, he thought, do no good, and at last be defeated; that the Indians from the North were coming down like a swarm of bees, and by and by would eat them all up.

This Butler was at the defeat of St. Clair, and, it has been often reported, put an end to the life of his own father. The story ran thus: General Butler, being mortally wounded early in the battle, was, by his own request, set up leaning against a tree with his pistols loaded and cocked; that an Indian rushing towards him, was fired at and missed, when the savage dispatched him with his tomahawk. I never asked the Indian, Butler, to give me any information on the subject, knowing the repugnance they always feel to speak about such matters. I never saw General Butler, the reputed father of the Shawanese chief, but the Indian was a marked half-breed, and very closely resembled both in person, features and character, all the members of the family I ever did see. He had one sister who bore the same striking resemblance to the parent stock. The general was a trader among the Shawanese before the Revolutionary War. His last wife was a Semple from near Carlisle, Pennsylvania, lived at Pittsburg in my time, and enjoyed a pension from the United States.

CHAPTER V

Tribes and Treaties

In the year 1803, the French government ceded the whole of Louisiana to the United States, and in 1804, Governor Harrison was appointed by President Jefferson to receive possession of the Upper Province, and to organize its government. He repaired to St. Louis for the purpose. Many of the Indians came in from a distance to meet their new father, as was the invariable custom.

The Governor ordered provisions to be issued to them. To his utter astonishment, they refused to receive any. At this time he and all present were greatly surprised, for it was known they had come far, and must be hungry. They were urged for their reasons for conduct so unusual. They were for some time silent. The Indians are exceedingly averse to saying anything calculated to hurt the feelings of those whom they meet in council. The speaker, seeing that a reply was expected, at length addressed the Governor:—

"Father, we have traveled far to see you and are both weary and hungry; but father we are afraid to take your bread and meat, for we hear you Americans are very greedy for land that you love, and eat it; and therefore we think if we take your provisions you will want some of our land in return."

The Governor having assured them he had no such intention, the Indians took the provisions daily while their visit continued. Gen. John Gibson was Gov. Harrison's Secretary for the Indiana Territory; the same person who accompanied Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of Virginia, in 1774, in his expedition against the Indians of the Scioto; and was the interpreter of the celebrated speech delivered by Logan, the Mingo Chief, and recorded in Jefferson's Notes of Virginia, about the year 1797.

Logan's Speech
(From Jefferson's Notes on Virginia)

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last Spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance: for my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one."

The genuineness of this speech, which Jefferson pronounces to be equal in eloquence to any thing ever produced in the old world, was questioned in many of the newspapers and periodicals of the day. I think the ample testimony accompanying the notes has settled the question. But I had it from Gen. Gibson's lips, that every word of that admirable production, as published in the notes, was communicated from Logan through him to Governor Dunmore.

Gibson was many years an Indian trader, and spoke the Delaware tongue fluently; was an officer in the Virginia line on Continental establishment in the Revolutionary War; a very old man when I knew him, nearly blind; and could render very little assistance to Gov. Harrison in the business of the Territory. He was poor, and the emoluments of the office necessary to his comfortable support.

In those days the old servants of the country, if honest and capable, were not turned out of office upon the cold charities of the world.

Logan

A Council of Tribes

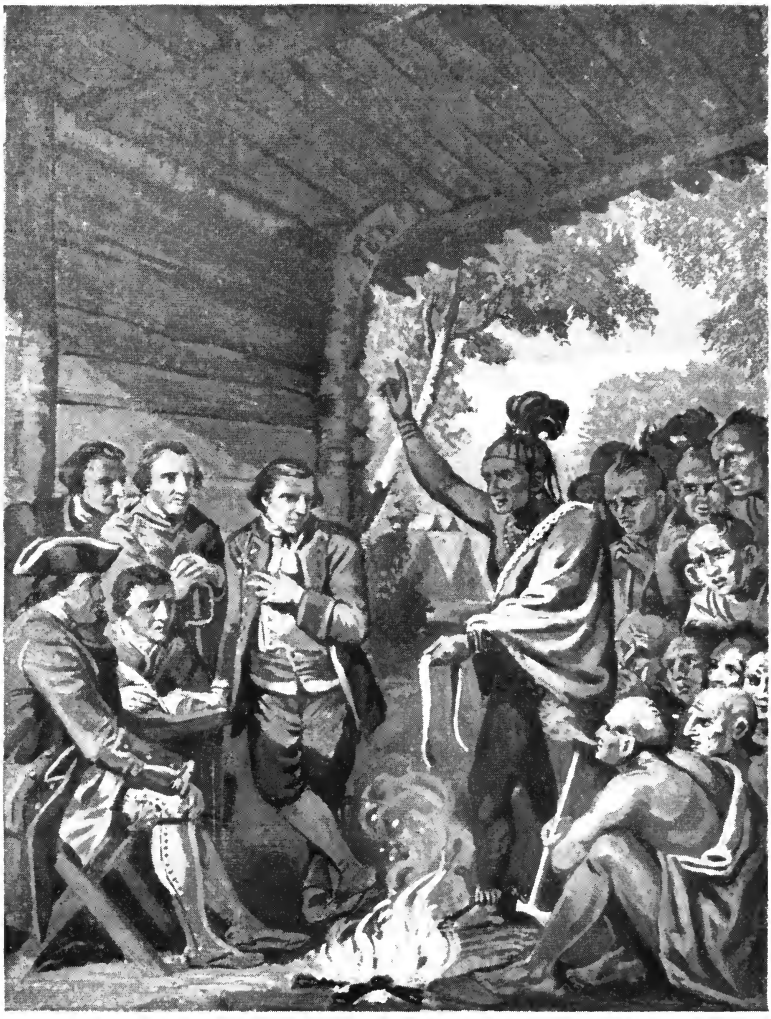
Twenty-eight years ago, on the death of the great chief of the Wyandots, I was invited to attend a general council of all the tribes of Ohio, the Delawares of Indiana, and the Senecas of New York, at Upper Sandusky. I found on arriving at the place, a very large attendance.

Among the chiefs was the noted leader and orator, Red Jacket, from Buffalo. The first business done, was the speaker of the nation delivering an oration on the character of the deceased chief. Then followed what might be called a monody, or ceremony, of mourning and lamentation. Thus seats were arranged from end to end of a large council house, about six feet apart. The head men and the aged, took their seats facing each other, stooping down their heads almost touching. In that position they remained for several hours.

Deep, heavy and long continued groans would commence at one end of the row of mourners, and so pass round until all had responded; and these repeated at intervals of several minutes. The Indians were all washed, and had no paint or decorations of any kind upon their persons, their countenances and general deportment denoting the deepest mourning. I had never witnessed anything of the kind before, and was told the ceremony was not performed but on the decease of some great man.

After the period of mourning and lamentation was over, the Indians proceeded to business. There were present the Wyandots, Shawanese, Delawares, Senecas, Ottawas and Mohawks. The business was entirely confined to their own affairs, and the main topic related to their lands, and the claims of the respective tribes.

It was evident, in the course of the discussion, that the presence of myself and people, (there were some white men with me) was not acceptable to some of the parties, and allusions were made so direct to myself, that I was constrained to notice them, by saying that I came there as the guest of the Wyandots, by their special invitation; that as the agent of the United States, I had a right to be there, or any insult was offered to myself or my people it would be resented and punished.



Logan Speaking

Red Jacket was the principal speaker, and was intemperate and personal in his remarks. Accusations, pro and con, were made by the different parties, accusing each other of being foremost in selling lands to the United States. The Shawanese were particularly marked out as more guilty than any other; that they were the last coming into the Ohio country, and although they had no right but by permission of the other tribes, they were always the foremost in selling lands. This brought the Shawanese out, who retorted through their head chief, the Black Hoof, on the Senecas and Wyandots with pointed severity.

Indian Oratory

The discussion was long continued, calling out some of the ablest speakers, and was distinguished for ability, cutting sarcasm, and research; going far back into the history of the natives, their wars, alliances, negotiations, migrations, etc. I had attended many councils, treaties, and gatherings of the Indians, but never in my life did I witness such an outpouring of native oratory and eloquence, of severe rebuke, taunting, national and personal reproaches. The council broke up late, in great confusion, and in the worst possible feeling.

A circumstance occurred towards the close, which more than anything else exhibited the bad feeling prevailing. In handing round the wampum belt, the emblem of amity, peace and good will, when presented to one of the chiefs, he would not touch it with his fingers, but passed it on a stick to the person next him. A greater indignity, agreeable to Indian etiquette, could not be offered.

The next day appeared to be one of unusual anxiety and despondency among the Indians. They could be seen in groups everywhere near the council house in deep consultation. They had acted foolishly, were sorry, but the difficulty was, who would first present the olive branch.

The council convened late, and was very full; silence prevailed for a long time; at last the aged chief of the Shawanese, the Black Hoof, rose—a man of great influence, and a celebrated orator.

He told the assembly they had acted like children and not men, on yesterday; that he and his people were sorry for the

Red Jacket

words that had been spoken, and which had done so much harm; that he came into the council by the unanimous desire of his people present, to recall those foolish words, and did there take them back—handing strings of wampum, which passed round and were received by all with the greatest satisfaction

Several of the principal chiefs delivered speeches to the same effect, handing round wampum in turn, and in this manner the whole difficulty of the preceding day was settled, and to all appearance forgotten.

The Indians are very courteous and civil to each other, and it is a rare thing to see their assemblies disturbed by unwise or ill-timed remarks. I never witnessed it except on the occasion here alluded to, and it is more than probable that the presence of myself and other white men contributed towards the unpleasant occurrence.

I could not help but admire the genuine philosophy and good sense displayed by men whom we call savages, in the transaction of their public business; and how much we might profit in the halls of our legislatures by occasionally taking for our example the proceedings of the great Indian Council at Sandusky.

Reverence for the Dead

The Indians have a great and abiding reverence for the places of their dead. I have known the Munsee and Nanticokes to raise the remains of their friends many years after interment, and carry them to their new homes and re-inter them. The virtuous dead and those who have been useful and beloved in life, are long remembered and mourned after. I have seen the head chief of the Putawatimies, Onoxa, burst into tears in speaking of the Sun, a man who was distinguished as a preacher of peace among the tribes; who went about settling difficulties, healing the sick, and to use the language of the chief when he told me of the death of his friend and benefactor, "he was constantly traveling about among us doing good, and died on his road."

In 1820, the Wyandot chief, "The Cherokee Boy," came to me in great distress, stating that his dead was buried on land now owned by a white man in Sandusky country, and that

the man was clearing and preparing to plow up the graves, and wanted my assistance to prevent the apprehended desecration,

I told him I had no authority over the case; that the man had purchased the ground from the government, and could do as he pleased with it; and the only relief to his feelings which I could think of, was for him to raise the dead and remove them to his own land. It was then summer, and if he would do this, I would write a letter to the man, asking him to suffer the place of his dead to be undisturbed until the winter, at which time they should be removed. The old chief readily assented. I wrote the letter, and accordingly he removed the dead to his own land.

I have known Indians, not under the teachings of missionaries of the Gospel, at the approach of death, have very clear hopes and expectations of going to Heaven. I have never known any that did not believe in the immortality of the soul and a future existence.

CHAPTER VI

Further Reminiscences

In the year 1801, the Society of Friends, belonging to the yearly meeting at Baltimore, commenced their labours of love among the Miamis of the Wabash, thirty-five miles south-west of Fort Wayne. William and Mahlon Kirk, with other assistants, were sent out from Maryland to conduct the agricultural operations, and introduce among the Indians such of the mechanic arts as were suited to their condition.

The Friends were gaining fast upon the confidence of the Miamis, until the traders, whiskey and rum sellers, with other bad men in the Indian country, began to poison the minds of the Indians against their best friends; and the benevolent enterprise was finally, after some years, given up, the mission transferred to the Shawanese of Ohio, and continued until their final removal south-west of Missouri.

The society, at a considerable expense, introduced farming among the Shawanese; built them a grist and saw mill, at Wapaghkonetta; and the writer of these sheets was made the almoner of a female friend in Ireland—whose name he was not permitted to know—to the amount of one hundred pounds sterling, to be expended in stock and implements of agriculture among the Indians of his agency. This trust he faithfully executed, sending an account of the expenditure, with a suitable address from the chiefs through the hands of the committee of Friends for Indian concerns at Baltimore.

Confidence in the Quakers

Acts such as the preceding, with the accounts transmitted through the Delawares of the just and humane government of the Quakers in Pennsylvania towards the primitive Indians, has made them all repose great confidence in persons of their society. If I were young, in the prime of my years, and once more placed in the management of the Indians, I would take

for my assistants in the service none but Quakers, and with such, and just men in the administration of the government, I would want no soldiers to keep the Indians in subjection.

See how the Cherokees are distracted with interminable and bloody feuds, by reason of Schermerhorn's treaty, made with about one-tenth of the nation; and with the knowledge of this fact, ratified by the Senate and President of the United States. Already some of the best men in the nation have been assassinated in consequence; and at this moment the United States dragoons are in the Cherokee country—Lieutenant Johnston, my own son among them—hunting up the murderers and trying to restore peace. The latter is impracticable: the cause lies too deep—too much blood already shed:—and all this by the unjust acts of the general government, in wresting their country from them under the solemn mockery of a treaty made with a handful of irresponsible persons.

And now, amidst all the contentions for the acquisition of territory to the Union, already too large for its good, no voice is raised in Congress to secure to the natives a perpetual inheritance in the soil. They are still to be creatures of a temporizing policy, to be pushed back out of the way as our race approaches them, until, as Black Hoof once remarked to me in reference to this matter:—

"We will go anywhere you please, if you will afterwards let us alone, but we know from past experience, you will keep driving us until we reach the sea on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, and then we must jump off,"—meaning there would be no country or home left for the Indians at last. Does not our past and present policy towards this unhappy race but too clearly tend to confirm these apprehensions?

A New Responsibility

In 1817, I was charged by Governor Cass with the management of the Ohio and the Indiana Indians, in bringing them to the treaty of Miami Rapids. I collected seven thousand, with which we moved to the treaty ground.

Much rain had fallen on the way, and we were long on the journey. Provisions became scarce; the hunters were seldom successful in procuring game. Such of the Indians as

were not encumbered with women and children, with myself and some of the interpreters, left the main body, stating that we would proceed on to a noted camping ground in the prairie, called the Big Hill, and there await the coming up of the main body; that when we got all together we could consult and determine upon our future course of operations.

In a few days the whole were assembled at our encampment; a grand council held. The result was that they did not intend leaving that place until they made a sacrifice to the Great Spirit.

I urged in the council to omit this on the present occasion; that we were then behind our time several days; that we were suffering for want of provisions; that the commissioners of the United States were anxiously waiting for us, as no business could be done before our arrival; that plenty awaited us the moment we reached the treaty ground.

The council decided that the Indians could not leave the spot until they sacrificed; and requested me to write to the Governor their determination, and to ask for some things which they needed to complete their arrangements for the sacrifice, namely, tobacco, and some white muslin to dress the priests. We wanted flour, meat, and salt for provisioning our party, all of which I wrote for;—distance to the treaty ground, twenty miles;—sent down runners, with horses sufficient to bring back what was wanted.

The commissioners, on the receipt of my communication, were indignant at the delay; would send us nothing but the provisions—writing me positive orders to bring the Indians on immediately; that they could not wait the delay of their sacrifice.

Determination of the Indians

The chiefs were called together, the commissioners' letter read and explained, to which they instantly replied, that they could not and would not go to the treaty ground until after they sacrificed; that the Great Spirit would not aid them; and that if they were not indulged in doing what they had always been accustomed to do, on entering on any important business, they would forthwith return home.

The result was communicated to the commissioners, with an earnest request, that the Indians be indulged in what they

believed to be a conscientious duty; that the articles wanted might be sent up; that I would hurry the arrangement. The commissioners finally assented to my request, and forwarded the articles ordered.

The Indians held their sacrifice, after which we proceeded in a body to the treaty; remained on the ground six weeks; procured a large cession of country, and all of us white men connected with the service, elated with our success.

All Northwestern Ohio was at this time ceded to the United States. The greatest opposition was experienced from the Wyandots, who by the cession were cut off from the lake shore, and placed sixty miles interior. They reserved a spot of one hundred and sixty acres on Sandusky Bay, for a camping place in their occasional journeys to visit their friends in Canada. The attachment of the Wyandots was ardent for their native country. The night they agreed to give it up many of the chiefs shed tears.

Pioneer Hospitality

During the war of 1812, Gen. Harrison had his headquarters part of the time at Piqua, and occasionally sojourned with his staff at my log cabin. There was but one fire-place in the house, chimney of cat and clay—a phrase well known to back-woodsmen,—and in the cold weather the family and guests made quite a circle.

The women, in cooking the supper, were often compelled to step over the feet of the General and his aids; and then at bed time such a backwoods scene! The floor would be covered with blankets, cloaks, buffalo robes, and such articles as travelers usually carry with them for the purpose of camping out. No one ever looked for a bed in those times. It was not unusual for twenty and thirty persons to lodge with us for a night. The Indians frequently were of the number.

Missionaries of all denominations, Catholics and Protestants, were alike welcomed. We lived on the extreme verge of the frontier, where travelers could nowhere else find accommodations. We obeyed to the letter the injunction of the Apostle—given to hospitality. I was sometimes censured by my Protestant friends for entertaining Catholic priests. This proceeded from an unhappy spirit, and chiefly the result of

ignorance, and produced no difference with myself or that excellent woman who shared so largely in all my labours growing out of those troublesome times. The Ministers of Jesus Christ of whatever name, always found the latch string of our cabin door—as the lamented Harrison said to the old soldier—"hanging out."

My aged mother lived with me at the time. On the General taking leave of us, setting out for the North, he asked for garden seeds. The old woman immediately took him up by saying—"What do you want with a garden; are you not going right on to retake Detroit, and drive the British out of Canada?" The General knew full well he could do nothing effectual towards the reconquest of Michigan without the co-operation of Commodore Perry, and his fleet was not yet ready to go on the lake.

Valued Confidence

On several occasions during the war I was requested by the General to copy his confidential communications to the War Department.

I am not at liberty, even at this late day, to disclose any part of that correspondence; but I may nevertheless be permitted to say, in justice to my old and valued friend, that in the prosecution of the war, he was often thwarted in his designs by the secretary of the department; and that this was especially the case while Gen. Armstrong presided over it—a functionary who did the greatest injustice to Gen. Harrison, and in the end was the occasion of his retiring from the command of the army. He could not serve in justice to his own honour under such a man. His slanderous history, put forth pending the contest for the Presidency in 1839, and for the purpose of affecting the prospects of Gen. Harrison, failed of its object, and only proved the malice and premeditated baseness and hatred of the author.

And Mr. C. J. Ingersoll has lately thought it his duty to put forth another history of the war to traduce and vilify the illustrious dead. He has, however, received so many severe rebukes from distinguished living witnesses, as to render the work totally harmless as a chronicler of the truth.

It is not very extraordinary that a man who boasted that if he had lived in the days of the Revolution he would have been a Tory, should delight in slandering him in whose veins flowed some of the best blood of the patriots and sages of that memorable struggle.

CHAPTER VII

Recollections of General Harrison

I spent some of my early years in the ancient town of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in the family of an aged, respectable citizen—the late Judge John Creigh. Gen. John Armstrong, of the Revolution, was from the same parish in the county of Fermanagh, Ireland, from which my honoured father and mother emigrated to the United States, sixty years ago, and where I was born, in the year 1775.

In passing home from Washington to the West, I think in 1809, I took the town of Carlisle in my route; and called to see my old and venerable preceptor, Judge Creigh. The conversation turned upon Gen. Armstrong, then the Minister of the United States to France. The old Judge remarked: "He was born here; I have known him from infancy; was a bad boy, is a good man; and although possessed of talents, he never had any good principles." Then he added, that the President could not have sent a more suitable tool to the Court of St. Cloud—alluding to the total disregard of the just rights of nations and individuals which dictated the policy of Bonaparte.

This was the opinion of one who knew the author of the Newburg letters, and corresponded exactly with that which I afterwards formed of the man, on reading some of his orders to Gen. Harrison—orders which if carried out, would have disgraced any civilized nation in the world.

Governor Harrison was Superintendent of Indian Affairs within Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Michigan. His power and patronage were very extensive; in a great measure unlimited. Mr. Jefferson had the most unbounded confidence in his patriotism, wisdom and integrity.

I have no recollection of the Executive ever having negatived any of his recommendations. His numerous treaties with the Indians of the Northwest were conceived and exe-

cuted in the spirit of paternal kindness and benevolence; his government over them was distinguished for mercy and liberality, wisdom and justice.

In 1840 I received a message from Caldwell, the Pottawotomie chief, as follows:—

"My old friend and father Johnston, I still hold you fast by the hand, even up to the shoulder, (meaning that nothing could break his friendship for me). I have been for three years past invited by my father, (meaning the representative of Mr. Van Buren) to come and make a treaty with him. I have shut my ears against him, for he is a liar and speaks with two tongues. But I hear my old friend and father, Harrison, is soon to become President, and when he becomes my father again, I will go and settle the business of my nation with him. And although I fought hard against him last war, I know him to be honest, and will not cheat and tell me lies."

About the same time I received many messages of congratulation from other Indian chiefs. They were all delighted at the prospect of Harrison becoming their great father.

Poor fellows, his death blasted all their hopes. More than once the President declared in my hearing his firm purpose of having a total change made in the government of the Indians. They and the old soldiers of the campaigns of Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne, were looking up to him for justice long delayed. Had Providence spared him they would not have been disappointed. Year before his election he told me he was so annoyed by the applications of old soldiers that he thought he should be compelled to spend a winter at Washington, in order to make known their claims to Congress; but he said his finances would illy justify the expense.

A Frequent Guest

Pending the Presidential election in 1840, Gen. Harrison was occasionally an inmate at Upper Piqua. He was there a few months previous to the death of my beloved wife. She had enjoyed his acquaintance for almost forty years, and took a deep interest in all that concerned his happiness and fame. She was an humble, pious and devout Christian, and cherished a sincere desire to see all others in possession of those

hopes which sustained her through a life spent in the wilds of the West, under circumstances of more than ordinary trial and difficulty.

She sought an opportunity of conversing with the General on the subject of religion, urging upon him that as he was getting old it was time he should turn his attention to the close of his earthly career, and seek his peace with God in the gospel of his Son.

Rachel Robinson Johnston
At the time of her marriage, 1802

He replied that he was long convinced it was his duty to make a public confession of Christianity, that the people of the United States had made him a candidate for the Presidency, that if he was then to unite with the church it would be ascribed to a desire of popularity, and would do the cause of religion a serious injury and make himself the subject of uncharitable remarks in the political journals, but, he said, as soon as this contest for the Presidency is over, let it be adverse or prosperous to myself, it is my purpose if my life is spared to make a religion after the inauguration.

It is well known that the President had the proper understanding with the Rev. Doctor Hawley of St. John's Church in Washington to become a member of that church on Easter Sunday, April, 1841. The Doctor stated this fact over his remains. Late in March, 1841, I went to the President's house on a Sunday evening. The whole house was filled with visitors of all sorts. I was pained to see this, on account of the character of its incumbent; at last an opportunity occurred of my speaking to the President. I told him I was sorry to see the house the resort of such a multitude of idle persons on the Sabbath Day, that I feared those matters would get into the newspapers and injure his character.

He said he regretted much himself that persons would visit him on that day, that the city was full of people and all wanted to see him, but as soon as the crowd dispersed and went home, that house in future would be closed against all visits on the Sabbath Day.

He remarked further, "To show you how much I have been engaged since coming into this house, I do not know a servant in it but the porter at the door; I do not know the man that cooks my dinner."

A Friend of the President

Both before and after the inauguration, the President had seen fit to notice me on several occasions, and made me the medium of confidential communication between himself and others; this gave me out of doors, with many persons, the character of a favourite. I was therefore frequently called upon to present persons to the President elect and the President de facto. I evaded this as much as possible, because the calls were so frequent as to give the General the most serious annoyance. At times I had so many individuals to present that it became necessary to have a written list of the names and read them off at the presentation. At length I concluded to decline all further services in that way, out of regard to the value of the President's time, his comfort and peace.

A few days before I left the city, a member of Congress called on me to present a friend of his to the President, remarking that he had not time to go himself. I said I had declined taking any one there for some days, but to oblige him would

take his friend, and named the hour at which I would be ready. The gentleman came, and we repaired to the White House; I introduced my friend, the Rev. Mr. Hand, of the Methodist Church, from the lower counties of Pennsylvania.

The President replied, "I am under obligations to the Methodists, for they all voted for me." "Yes," said I, "General, and all the praying people of the United States voted for you."

"I believe it was so," was his reply.

I spoke to him twice in favor of some Democratic gentlemen in office who were apprehensive of being displaced. I knew them to be good officers, and as far as I could ascertain had not interfered with the elections of the people. He said he did not wish to turn any deserving man out of office, but the office holders had so generally perverted their official influence and power to control the elections everywhere, that he believed if he did justice to the country very few of them could be retained; if his life was spared he would see that in future they would let the people do their own voting.

An old resident in Washington remarked to myself, "your President will be the most popular man in Washington of any that has ever occupied the White House. Although he has been here but a month, he is so much out among the people that more persons know him already than knew Mr. Van Buren in all his four years."

I was a member of the Harrisburg Convention, and in order to perform all the service I could to my old and honoured chief, and with a view of mixing with the middling and lower classes of the people as much as possible, I performed the whole journey, going and returning, on horseback, always stopping at the taverns frequented by wagoners, farmers, mechanics and working men.

I thus had unrestrained access to the rank and file of the political army. I could tell them more about "Old Tip," as they called him, than ever they had heard before. I had large audiences;—sometimes the bar-room could not contain the people; dozens would be pressing me to drink with them because I could tell them so many good things about "Old Tip;"—his popularity was unbounded; payment of my tavern

bills was often refused because I was his friend and of the Convention that was going to make him President, for from the day I set out for Harrisburg until the election was over, I never once doubted of his success; the evidence met me at every step of my journey.

The last time that Gen. Harrison slept under my roof, was in the summer of 1840. He was expected in the town of Piqua in the evening. I went down to meet him, and for the purpose of bringing him home, that he might be quiet and refreshed with comfortable quarters, a good bed and sleep, all of which he greatly needed.

He had reached the town, and was surrounded at Tuttle's Hotel with an immense crowd, so that it was some time before I could get near him. The people were already making a platform of boxes in the street to get him out to speak. He had ridden nearly fifty miles the same day and delivered three speeches. I asked if he had any refreshment since his arrival. None whatever. I ordered some tea, ham and bread and butter, and after partaking, he was on the stand and spoke an hour. Col. Chambers took his place, and I slipped the General through the crowd to my house, three miles off.

His Principles as to Public Funds

After supper we sat up late, talking about old times. He asked me how I got along since being turned out of service by Gen. Jackson. I replied, as well as I could; that I had not wealth, but a competency; kept out of debt, and made the two ends of the year meet. He said he could not do so well; and asked me, "why did you not speculate and make a fortune, as other men did in the service?" I told him he had always enjoined upon his subordinates, that we should never apply the money of the public to private purposes, and that he had always enforced this rule, both by precept and example; and in a pleasant mood observed—"If there is anyone to blame why I have not made a fortune, it is yourself." He laughed at my rejoinder.

I must have handled from first to last, a million and a half of the public money, and I am very confident that I never applied one hundred dollars of that sum to private purposes, over and above my stated compensation. The practice

of doing so was unknown to the service in those times. Governor Harrison would never touch the public money, but would always give drafts on the proper department, accompanying the bills and accounts rendered. If Providence had spared him he would have proved a blessing to the whole nation. Honest and without guile himself, he would, as far as lay in his power, make the public servants honest also.

Among the numerous persons who visited Gen. Harrison at my house, was the venerable Boyer, at that time eighty-seven years of age; beyond all dispute the last survivor of Washington's guard, for the original discharge I have seen and copied and could verify the same, as being in the proper hand writing of Col. Cobb, the aid-de-camp, and bearing the genuine signature of the Commander-in-chief. The following notice of the death of this aged patriot soldier, was published at the time, from the Ohio State Journal:

"Mr. Scott:—I will thank you to republish from the last Piqua Register, the obituary notice of the venerable Boyer, who died in my county (Miami), on Saturday, the 23rd, ultimo. Many of your readers in this city will doubtless remember the iron frame and commanding person of the patriot Whig soldier, who rode the white horse, with the war saddle equipments of Washington, in the great Whig Convention of 1840, carrying the banner inscribed—'the last of Washington's life guards.'

"He was my neighbor for more than thirty years past; an ardent, unwavering Whig; and it was my purpose to have made the effort of taking him to Baltimore, as my colleague to the Whig National Convention, in May next. Death, which destroys all the hopes of man, has in this case, alas! disappointed me. My old friend—the friend, follower, and protector of Washington in many a well-fought field, has gone to the grave full of years and full of honours. It will be seen by the date of his discharge, that he served to the latest period, the Revolutionary Army having been disbanded many months before."

JOHN JOHNSTON,
of Piqua, Ohio.

John Johnston on the Ohio Indians

Together With a Vocabulary of the Language of the Shawanese

Columbus, October 2, 1843.

A letter from John Johnston, Esq., etc.:
(Reprinted from the Archoeologia Americana)

Piqua, June 17, 1819.

Sir:

The Indians inhabiting Ohio, are the Delawares, Wyandots, Shawanese, Senecas and Ottawas.

The Delawares emigrated from the lower parts of Pennsylvania, and the adjacent parts of New Jersey, and were the primitive inhabitants of that country. They were once very numerous and powerful, but many disastrous wars with the white people, reduced them to a mere handful. Attempts have been made without success, particularly by the Moravians, to introduce Christianity and the habits of civilized life among them. At present, they are more opposed to the gospel and the whites, than any other Indians with whom I am acquainted. The far greater part of this tribe reside on White River, in Indiana. They have sold their country without any reserve, at the treaty of St. Mary's of last year, and the United States have engaged to remove them west of the Mississippi; to provide them with territory there, and have guaranteed to them its peaceable possession. Their peculiar aversion to having white people for neighbors, induced them to remove to the westward. They intend to settle on the River Arkansaw. This tribe has been in Ohio between fifty and sixty years.

The Wyandots came from the country near Quebec, about two hundred and fifty years since. In their migratory excursions, they first settled at Detroit; then removed to the upper end of Lake Michigan, and settled near Mackinaw. They engaged in war with the Indians there, and separated into two companies; one of which went to the northward; and the

other, which was the most numerous, returned to Detroit, and finally extended its settlement along the southern shore of Lake Erie, all the way to Sandusky Bay. Their language is entirely distinct from that of any of the other tribes in Ohio. Many words are pure Latin. All the time the French had dominion in Canada, the Roman Catholics maintained a mission among them. They were nearly all baptized by the missionaries, and nearly all the aged people still wear crucifixes in their bosoms under their shirts.

Between the years 1803 and 1810 the Presbyterians supported a missionary and a farming establishment among them, on Sandusky River. A few converts were made by them, who were put to death by the Catholic Indians, on account of their religion. The British traders were all opposed to the mission, and had influence enough to get General Hull to unite with them against the missionary, Rev. Joseph Badger. Mr. B. was recalled by the synod, and was succeeded by the Rev. J. Hughes. The minds of the Indians having been much agitated by the prospect of hostilities between England and the United States, which were commenced at Tippecanoe by the impostor, called the Prophet, the mission was withdrawn. For three years past, the Wyandots have had a Methodist Preacher, a man of colour, among them. His name is Stewart. His preaching has wrought a great change among them. About fifty persons in the nation publicly profess to belong to the Protestant Church. A school is about to be established for them at Upper Sandusky.

The Shawanese have been established in Ohio about sixty-five years. They came here from West Florida, and the adjacent country. They formerly resided on Suwaney River, near the sea. Black Hoof, who is eighty-five years of age, was born there, and remembers bathing in the salt water when a boy. "Suwaney" River was doubtless named after the Shawanese, "Suwaney," being a corruption of the Shawanese. The people of this nation have a tradition that their ancestors crossed the sea. They are the only tribe with which I am acquainted, who admit of foreign origin. Until lately, they kept a yearly sacrifice for their safe arrival in this country. From whence they came, or at what period they arrived in America, they do not know. It is prevailing opinion among

them, that Florida had once been inhabited by white people, who had the use of iron tools. Black Hoof affirms, that he has often heard it spoken of by old people, that stumps of trees covered with earth, were frequently found, which had been cut down by edged tools.

For several years past, the Society of Friends, at a considerable expense, have supported an agricultural establishment among the Shawanese. They have a grist mill and saw mill, which are kept in complete order for the use of these Indians. The Friends are about to establish a school. This truly benevolent denomination of Christians do not yet attempt to instruct these people in the principles of Christianity, believing that they are not yet sufficiently acquainted with the arts of civilized life. This tribe is bitterly opposed to Christianity, alleging that God gave them a dispensation suited to their situation, and that he did the same for the whites. They fancy that the Divine Being comes and sings in their religious meetings, and if they do not hear his "still, small voice," they conclude their sacrifice is not accepted.

Before attending treaties, great councils, or any other important national business, they always sacrifice, in order to obtain the good will of the Great Spirit. On a visit to the President of the United States, some years since, having arrived near Wheeling, they retired into the forest, encamped, killed game, and prepared the sacrifice. While singing, they heard, as they believed, the voice of the Great Spirit distinctly. They set forward on their journey with alacrity, anticipating the best success in their business.

The Senecas came from the northern parts of New York, and adjacent parts of Canada. They labour more steadily, have better houses and farms, and appear more like white people in their dress and manners, than any other Indians in Ohio.

The Ottawas have resided from time immemorial on the waters of Lake Erie. To improve them in their condition, no attempts have been yet made. The Ottawas, the Chippewas and Putawatimies, from the similarity of their languages, must have been one nation at no remote period. East of the Mississippi, and north of the Ohio, they are the most numerous and powerful tribe of Indians.

All the Indian nations are divided into tribes, after the manner of the Jews. The Shawanese have four tribes.

1. The Piqua Tribe, which they say, originated as follows: In ancient times, they had a large fire, which, being burned down, a great puffing and blowing were heard in the ashes; they looked, and behold, a man stood up from the ashes!—hence the name Piqua—a man coming out of the ashes, or made of ashes.

2. The Mequachake Tribe, which signifies a fat man filled—a man made perfect, so that nothing is wanting. This tribe has the priesthood—they perform the sacrifices and all the religious ceremonies of the nation. None but certain persons of this tribe are permitted even to touch the sacrifices.

3. The Kiskapocoke Tribe. The celebrated prophet, Elsquateway, and Tecumseh, his brother, belonged to this tribe. They were always inclined to war, and gave much trouble to the nation. They finally separated, and took up their residence at Greenville, in this state, in 1806, since which time their history is generally known. In the late war, they lost twenty-two warriors in battle and are quite reduced in numbers. They have now removed to their former place of residence at Tippecanoe.

4. The Chillicothe Tribe. Chillicothe has no definite meaning—it is a place of residence.

The Indians generally believe that they were created on this continent. The Shawanese only have a tradition to the contrary; but it is somewhat doubtful whether the deliverance which they celebrate, has any other reference than to the crossing of some great river, or an arm of the sea. That the Indians are descended from the people of the East, I think, incontestably proved, by their religious rites, ceremonies and sacrifices. Considering the great length of time which must have intervened since they left that country, we are astonished at the resemblances which still exist between them.

Agriculture makes a slow but steady progress among them. Many Indians have taken to the plough. Last year, the Indian Agent delivered to them thirty-six ploughs, and every thing necessarily belonging to them. These were chiefly furnished at the expense of the Society of Friends. The Agent has now on hand implements of husbandry to the value of £100 sterling, to deliver to them at the next council. This was given them by an ancient female friend, of Cork, in Ireland. The yearly meeting of the Friends in Ireland, has given

the sum of £150 sterling, to be applied to the same benevolent purpose. The Indians are turning their attention more and more to the raising of cattle. The Shawanese have appropriated, of this year's annuity, $1420, for the purchase of cows and calves; and they previously had one hundred and twenty-five head of horned cattle, and two hundred hogs.

The Senecas and others, at Lewistown, have three hundred hogs, and one hundred and fifty horned cattle.

The Wyandots and Senecas, on Sandusky River, have fifteen hundred hogs, and five hundred horned cattle.

The stock of the Indians is everywhere increasing within the limits of this agency. One individual owns seventy head of cattle.

The Reservation of the Wyandots, at Upper Sandusky, is twelve by nineteen miles, including within its limits some of the best land in the state.

When the Wyandots first settled at Detroit, they killed buffaloes and elk at Spring Wells. The whole country between the Lakes and the Ohio abounded with them.

JOHN JOHNSTON,
Agent for Indian Affairs.

Caleb Atwater, Esq.

Treaties now in force between the Indian Nations, (who reside within the limits of Ohio and the adjacent Territories) and the United States.

The Treaty with Major General Wayne was made and concluded at Greenville, August 3rd, 1795.

By this treaty, the United States are bound to pay the following tribes, annually forever, the following sums.

To the Delawares,	$1,000
the Wyandots,	1,000
the Shawanese,	1,000
the Miamis,	1,000
the Ottawas	1,000
the Chippeways,	1,000
the Putawatimies,	1,000
the Kikapoos,	500
the Weas,	500
the Eel Rivers,	500
the Piankeshaws,	500
the Kaskaskias,	500
Total	$9,500

By the Treaty of Fort Industry, of July 4th, 1805, the United States are to pay, annually, forever, to the Wyandot, Munsee, Delaware and Shawanese Tribes, $1,000.

By the Treaty of Detroit, November 17th, 1807, the United States pay annually forever,

To the Ottawas,	$800
the Chippeways,	800
the Wyandots,	400
the Putawatimies,	400
	$2,400

By the Treaty of Fort Wayne, of June 7th, 1803, the United States agree, in consideration of the cession, by the Indians, of the great Salt Springs on the Saline Creek, near the mouth of the Wabash, with four miles square of land around the same, to deliver the Tribes who were parties to it, one hundred and fifty bushels of salt, annually forever.

By the Treaty of Vincennes, of August 13th, 1813, the United States engage to increase the annuity of the Kaskaskias to $1,000, making the same perpetual.

By the Treaty of Grousland, near Vincennes, of August 21st, 1815, the following perpetual annuities are granted by the United States.

To the Miamis,	$600
the Eel Rivers,	250
the Weas,	250
	$1,100

By the treaty of Vincennes, of December 30th, 1805, the United States are to pay a perpetual annuity to Pinakeshaws, of $300.

By the Treaty of Fort Wayne, of September 30th, 1809, the United States engage to pay the following permanent annuities:

To the Delawares,	$500
the Miamis,	700
the Eel River,	350
the Putawatimies,	500
the Weas,	100
	$2,150

By the Convention of Vincennes, of October 26th, 1809, the United States grant to the Weas a permanent annuity of $300.

By the Treaty of Vincennes, of December 9th, 1809, the United States engage to pay the Kickapoos a permanent annuity of $500.

By the Treaty of Fort Meigs, of September 29th, 1817, the United States engage to pay the following annuities, to wit:

To the Wyandots, annually forever,	$4,000
the Shawanese, annually forever,	2,000
the Senecas, annually forever,	500
the Putawatimies, annually, for 15 years,	1,300
the Chippewas, annually, for 15 years,	1,000
the Ottawas, annually, for 15 years,	1,000

By the several Treaties concluded at St. Mary's, in Ohio, in the months of September and October, 1818, the United States have engaged to pay the following permanent annuities:

To the Wyandots,	$ 500
the Senecas and Shawanese, of Lewis Town,	1,000
the Senecas of Upper Sandusky River,	500
the Ottawas,	1,500
the Delawares,	4,000
the Miamis,	15,000
the Putawatimies,	2,500
the Weas,	1,850

By the various Treaties before mentioned, the United States are bound to support blacksmiths and armouries among the Indians, the expense of which, including the purchase of iron, steel and tools, is not less than $5,000 annually.

By the Treaty of Fort Meigs, it is stipulated that a grist and saw mill shall be built for the Wyandots on the Reserve at Upper Sandusky, and the same provision is made for the Miamis in the Treaty of St. Mary's, of October, 1818.

Manners, Customs, Etc., of the Indians

War is always determined on by the head warrior of the town, which feels itself to have been injured. He lifts the

war hatchet or club; but as soon as it is taken up, the head chief and counsellors may interpose, and by their prudent counsel stop it. If the head warrior persists and goes out, he is followed by all who are for war. It is seldom a town is unanimous; the nation never is; and within the memory of the oldest men among them, it is not recollected that more than one-half of the nation have been for war at the same time; or as they express it, "taken the war talk." The head warrior, when he marches, gives notice where he shall encamp, and sets out with one or two only; he fires his gun and sets up the war whoop. This is repeated by all who follow him, and they are during one or two nights, marching off. Parched corn and jerked meat, constitute the warrior's provisions while on the expedition.

Peace is determined on and concluded by the head chief and his counsellors, and "peace talks" are always addressed to them. In some cases, when the resentment of the warriors runs high, the chief and his counsellors have been much embarrassed.

Murder. If murder be committed, the family of the deceased only, have the right of taking satisfaction; they collect, consult and decree. The rulers of a town or of the nation, have nothing to do or say in the business. The relations of the deceased person consult first among themselves, and if the case is clear, and their family not likely to suffer by the division, they determine on the case definitively. When their tribe may be affected by it, or in a doubtful case or an old claim for satisfaction, the family consult the tribe and when they have resolved on having redress, they take the guilty, if he is to be found, and if he flies, they take the nearest of kin. In some cases, the family who have done the injury, promise reparation; and in that case they are allowed a reasonable time to fulfill their promise and they are generally quite earnest of themselves in their endeavors to put the guilty to death, in order to save an innocent person. This right of judging and taking satisfaction being vested in the family or tribe is the sole cause why their treaty stipulations never have been executed. A prisoner taken in war is the property of the captor to kill or save at the time of capture, and this right must be purchased.

The Ceremony of Initiating Youth Into Manhood

At the age from fifteen to seventeen years, this ceremony is usually performed. They take two handfuls of a very bitter root, and eat it during a whole day; then they steep the leaves and drink the water. In the dusk of the evening they eat two or three spoonfuls of boiled corn. This is repeated for four days and during this time they remain in a house. On the fifth day they go out but must put on a pair of new moccasins.

During twelve moons, they abstain from eating bucks, except old ones, and from turkey cocks, fowls, bears and salt. During this period they must not pick their ears, or scratch their heads, with their fingers, but use a small stick. For four moons they must have a fire to themselves to cook their food with; the fifth moon, any person may cook for them, but they must serve themselves first, and use one spoon and pan. Every new moon they drink, for four days, a decoction of the button snakeroot, and emetick; and abstain from all food except in the evening, when they are permitted to eat a little boiled corn. The twelfth moon they perform for four days, what they commenced with on the first four days; the fifth day they come out of their house, gather corn cobs, burn them to ashes, and with these rub their bodies all over. At the end of the moon, they undergo a profuse perspiration in the sweat house then go into the water and thus ends the ceremony. This ceremony is sometimes extended only to four, six or eight months, or twelve days, but the course is the same, and it is always under the direction of the great leader.

War Physick. When young men are going to war, they go into a sweat house made for the purpose, and remain there four days, and drink tea made of bitter roots. The fourth day they come out, have their knapsacks ready, and march. The knapsack is an old blanket, and contains some parched corn, flour, jerked meat, and leather to patch their moccasins with. They have in their shot bags, a charm, a protection against all ills, called the "war physick" or "war medicine," composed of the bones of the snake and the wild cat. The traditionary account of this physick, is, that in old times the wild cat or panther devoured their people; they set a trap for him, and

caught him in it, burned him and preserved his bones. The snake was in the water; the old people sang, and he shewed himself; they sang again and he shewed himself a little out of the water; the third time his horns and they cut off one of them; he shewed himself a fourth time and they cut off the other horn. A piece of these horns, and the bones of the wild cat or panther, is the great war medicine.

Marriage. A man who wants a wife never applies in person; he sends his sister, mother, or some other female to the female relations of the woman he names. They consult the brothers and uncles on the maternal side, and sometimes the father, but this is only a compliment, as his approbation or opposition is of no avail. If the party applied to, approve of the match, they answer accordingly to the woman who made the application. The bridegroom then gets together a blanket, and such other articles of clothing as he is able to spare, sometimes a horse, and sends them by the woman to the females of the family of the bride. If they accept of them, the match is made, and the man may go to the house as soon as he chooses; and when he has built a house, made his crop and gathered it in, made his hunt and brought home the meat, and put all this in the possession of his wife, the ceremony ends; they are married; or, as they express it, "the woman is bound." The appellation is, "the woman that lives with me," or "the mother of my children." The law has been understood differently by some who insist that when they have assisted the woman to plant their crop, the ceremony ends, and the woman is bound. A man seldom or never marries in his own tribe.

Divorce. This is at the choice of either of the parties. The man may marry again as soon as he will but the woman cannot during the continuance of the yearly sacrifice, which lasts about twelve days. Marriage gives no right to the husband over the property of his wife, and when they part, she keeps the children, and the property belonging to them and to her. Not infrequently they take away everything the husband owns, his hunting equipage only excepted.

Adultery is punished by the family and tribe of the husband. They collect, consult and decree. If they determine

to punish the offenders they usually divide and proceed to apprehend them; one-half of them go to the house of the woman, and the other to the family house of the man, or they go together, as they have decreed. They apprehend them, beat them severely with sticks, cut off their noses, and sometimes crop them, and cut off the hair of the woman, which they carry home in triumph. If both parties escape and those in pursuit return home and lay down their weapons, the crime is satisfied; if they apprehend but one of the offenders, and the other escapes, they take satisfaction from the nearest of kin. This crime is satisfied in another way; if the parties offending absent themselves till the yearly sacrifice is over, then all crimes are buried in oblivion, murder excepted; and the mention of them, on any occurrence which brings them into recollection, is forbidden.

Sacrifices and Thanksgiving. The Indians have two sacrifices in each year. The Principal festival is celebrated in the month of August; the precise time is fixed by the head chief and the counsellors of the town and takes place sooner or later as the state of the affairs of the town, or the forwardness of the corn will admit. It is called the green corn dance; or, more properly speaking, "the ceremony of thanksgiving for the first fruits of the earth." It lasts from four to twelve days, and in some places resembles a large camp meeting. The Indians attend from all quarters with their families, their tents and provisions, encamping around the council worshiping house. The animals killed for the sacrifice are cleaned, the heads, horns and entrails are suspended on a large white pole with a forked top, which extends over the roof of the house.

The women having prepared the new corn and provisions for the feast, the men take first some of the new corn, rub it between their hands then on their faces and breasts, and they feast, the great chief having first addressed the crowd, thanking the Almighty for the return of the season and giving such moral instruction to the people as may be proper for the time. On these occasions the Indians are dressed in their best manner and the whole nation attend, from the greatest to the

smallest. The quantity of provisions collected is immense, everyone bringing in proportion to his ability. The whole is cast into one pile, and distributed during the continuance of the feast among the multitude by leaders appointed for the purpose. In former times, the festival was held in the highest veneration and was a general amnesty which not only absolved the Indians from all punishments for crimes, murder only excepted, but seemed to bury guilt itself in oblivion. There are no people more frequent or fervent in their acknowledgements of gratitude to God. Their belief in him is universal and their confidence so strong that it is quite astonishing.

Vocabulary of the Language of the Shawanese

Collected by Col. John Johnston

(Gathered during an experience of forty years as Indian agent of the United States Government)

One, Negote.
Two, Neshwa.
Three, Nithese.
Four, Newe.
Five, Nialinwe.
Six, Negotewathwe.
Seven, Neshwathwe.
Eight, Sashekswa.
Nine, Chakatswe.
Ten, Metathwe.
Eleven, Metathwe, kitenegote.
Twelve, Metathwe, kiteneshwa.
Thirteen, Metathwe, kitenithwa.
Fourteen, Metathwe, kitenewa.
Fifteen, Metathwe, kitenealenwe.
Sixteen, Metathwe, kitenegotewathwe.
Seventeen, Metathwe, kiteneshwathwe.
Eighteen, Metathwe, kitensashekswa.
Nineteen, Metathwe, kitenchakatswe.
Twenty, Neeshwateetueke.
Thirty, Nithwabetueke.
Forty, Nialinwabetueke.
Fifty, Nialinwabetueke.
Sixty, Negotewashe.
Seventy, Neshwashe.
Eighty, Swashe.
Ninety, Chaka.
One hundred, Tepawa.
Two hundred, Neshwa-tepawa.
Three hundred, Nithwa-tepawa.

Four hundred, Newe-tepawa.
Five hundred, Nialinwe-tepawa.
Six hundred, Negotewathwe-tepawa.
Seven hundred, Neshwathwe-tepawa.
Eight hundred, Sashekswa-tepawa.
Nine hundred, Chakatswe-tepawa.
One thousand, Metathwe-tepawa.
Two thousand, Neshine Methathwe-tepawa.
Three thousand, Nethina Metathwe-tepawa.
Four thousand, Newena Metathwe-tepawa.
Five thousand, Nialinwa Metathwe-tepawa.
Dog, Weshe.
Horse, Meshewa.
Cow, Methotho.
Sheep, Meketha.
Hog, Kosko.
Cat, Posetha.
Turkey, Pelewa.
Deer, Peshikthe.
Racoon, Ethepate.
Bear, Muga.
Otter, Kitate.
Mink, Chaquiweshe.
Wild Cat, Peshewa.
Panther, Meshepeshe.
Buffalo, Methotho.
Elk, Wabete.
Fox, Wawakotchethe.
Muskrat, Oshasqua.
Beaver, Amaghqua.
Swan, Wabethe.
Goose, Neeake.
Duck, Sheshepuk.
Fish, Amatha.
Canoe, Olagashe.
Big Vessel, Misheolagashe.
Paddle, Apapewee.
Bridle, Saketonebetcheka.
Man, Elene.

Woman, Equiwa.
Boy, Skillewaythetha.
Girl, Squithetha.
Child, Apetotha.
My wife, Neewa.
Your wife, Keewa.
My Husband, Wysheana.
Your Husband, Washetche.
My Father, Notha.
Your Father, Kotha.
My Mother, Meegah.
Grandmother, Cocumtha.
My Sister, Neeshematha.
My Brother, Neethetha.
My Daughter, Neetanetha.
Old Man, Meaneleneh.
Chief, Okema.
Great Chief, Kitchokema.
Soldier, Shemagana.
Hired Man, Alolagatha.
Englishman: By the Ottawas, Sagonas.
By the Shawanese, English-manake.
Frenchman, Tota.
American, Shemanese, or Big Knives.
The Lake, Kitchecame.
The Sun, Kesathwa.
The Moon, Tepethkakesathwa.
The Stars, Alagwa.
The Sky, Menquotwe.
Clouds, Pasquawke.
The Rainbow, Quagcunnega.
Thunder, Unemake.
Lightning, Papapanawe.
Rain, Gimewane.
Snow, Cone.
Wind, Wishekuanwe.
Water, Nipe.
Fire, Scoote.
Cold, Wepe.

Warm, Aquetteta.
Ice, M'Quama.
The Earth, Ake.
The Trees or the Woods, Metequeghke.
The Hills, Moqueghke.
Bottom Ground, Alwameke.
Prairie, Tawaskote.
River, Sepe.
Small Stream, Thebowithe.
Pond, Miskeque.
Wet Ground, or Swamp, Miskekopke.
Good Land, Wesheasiske.
Poor Land, Melcheasiske.
House, Wigwa.
Council House, Takatchemoke Wigma.
The Great Spirit, or Good Spirit, Wishemenetoo
The Bad Spirit, or the Devil, Matchemenetoo.
Dead, Nepwa.
Alive, Lenawawe.
Sick, Aghqueloge.
Well, Weshelashamamo.
Corn, Dame.
Wheat, Cawasque.
Beans, Miscoochethake.
Potatoes, Measheth ake.
Turnips, Openeake.
Pumpkins, Wabego.
Melons, Usketomake.
Onions, Shekagosheke.
Apples, Meshemenake.
Nuts, Pecanu.
Nut, Pacan.
Gun, Metequa.
Axe, Tecaca.
Tomahawk, Cheketecaca.
Knife, Manese.
Powder, Macate.
Lead, Alwe.
Flints, Shakeka.

Trap, Naquaga.
Hat, Petacowa.
Shirt, Poleneca.
Blanket, Aquewa.
Handkerchief, Pethewa.
Pair of Leggins, Metetawawa.
Eggs, Wawale.
Meat, Weothe.
Salt, Nepepimma.
Bread, Taquana.
Kettle, Acohqua.
Sugar, Melassa.
Tea, Siskewapo.
Medicine, Chobeka.
I am very sick, Olame, ne, tagh, que, loge.
I am very well, Ne, wes, he, la, sha, ma, mo.
A fine day, Was, he, kee, she, ke.
A cloudy day, Mes, quet, wee.
My friend, Ne, cana.
My enemy, Matche, le, ne, tha, tha.
The Great Spirit is the Friend of the Indians, Newecanetepa, Weshemanitoo.
Let us always do good, Weshecatweloo, Keweshelawaypa.

Specimen of the Wyandot Language

One, Scat.
Two, Tin, dee.
Three, Shaight.
Four, Andaght.
Five, Wee, ish.
Six, Wau, shau.
Seven, Soo, tare.
Eight, Au, tarai.
Nine, Ain, Tru.
Ten, Augh, sagh.
Twenty, Ten, deit, a, waugh, sa.
Thirty, Shaigh, ka, waugh, sa.
Forty, An, dagh, ka, waugh, sa.
Fifty, Wee, iash, a, waugh, sa.

Sixty, Wau, shau, waugh, sa.
Seventy, Soo, tare, waugh, sa.
Eighty, Au, tarai, waugh, sa.
Ninety, Ain, tru, waugh, sa.
One hundred, Scute, main, gar, we.
God, ta, main, de, zue.
Good, Ye, waugh, ste.
Bad, Waugh, she.
Devil, or Bad Spirit, Degh, shu re, noh
Heaven, Ya, roh, nia.
Hell, Degh, shunt.
Sun, Ya, andes, hra.
Moon, Waugh, sunt, ya, an, des, hra.
Stars, Tegh, shu.
Sky, Cagh, ro, niate.
Clouds, Oght, se, rah.
Wind, Izu, quas.
It Rains, Ina, un, du, se.
Thunder, Heno.
Lightning, Tim, men, di, quas.
Earth, Umaitsagh.
Deer, Ough, scan, oto.
Bear, Anu, e.
Raccoon, ha, in, te, roh.
Fox, The, na, in, ton, to.
Beaver, Soo, taie.
Mink, So, hoh, main, dia.
Turkey, Daigh, ton, tah.
Squirrel, Ogh, ta eh.
Otter, ta, wen, deh.
Dog, Yun, ye, noh.
Cow, Kin, ton, squa, ront.
Horse, Ugh, shut, te, or Man carrier.
Goose Yah, hounk.
Duck, Yu, in, geh.
Man, ain, ga, hon.
Woman, Utek, ke.
Girl, Ya, weet, sen, tho.
Boy, Oma, int, sent, e, hah.

Child, Che, ah, hah.
Old Man, Ha, o, tong.
Old Woman, Ut, sin, dag, sa.
My Wife, Azut, tun, oh, oh.
Corn, Nay, hah.
Beans, yah, re, sah.
Potatoes, Da, ween, dah.
Melons, or Pumpkins, O, nugh, sa.
Grass, E, ru, ta.
Weeds, Ha, en, tan.
Trees, Ye, aron, ta.
Wood, O, tagh, ta.
House, Ye, anogh, sha.
Gun, Who, ra, min, ta.
Powder, T, egh, sta.
Lead, Ye, ar, ara.
Flints, Ta, wegh, ske, ra.
Knife, We, ne, ash, ra.
Axe, Otto, ya, ye.
Blanket, Deengh, tat, sea.
Kettle, Ya, yan, e, tih.
Rum, We, are, se, wie.
Meat, Oh, wagh, tha.
River, Ye, an, da, wa.
Bread, Da, ta, rah.
Dollar, Sogh, ques, tut.
Shirt, Catureesh.
Leggins, Ya, ree.
Bell, te, ques, ti, egh, tas, ta.
Saddle, Quagh, she, ta.
Bridle, Cong, shu, ree.
Fire, Seesta.
Flour, Ta, ish, rah.
Hog, Quis, quesh.
Big House, Ye, a, nogh, shu, wan, a
Cornfield, Ya, yan, quagh, ke.
Muskrat, So, he, ash, iya, hah.

Cat, Dush, rat.
Wild Cat, Skaink, qua, hah.
Mole, Ca, in, dia, he, nugh, qua.
Snake, Tu, en, gen, seek.
Frog, Sun, day, wa, shu, ka.
Americans, Sa, ray, u, migh, or Big Knives.
Englishmen, Qu, han, stro, no.
Frenchmen, Tu, hugh, car, o, no.
My Brother, He, en, ye, ha.
My Sister, A, en, ya, ha.
Father, Ha, yes, ta.
Mother, ane, heh.
Sick, Shat, wu, ra.
Well, Su, we, regh, he.
Cold, Ture, a.
Warm, Ote, re, a, ute.
Snow, De, neh, ta.
Ice, Deesh, ra.
Water, Sa, un, dus, tee.
Friend, Ne, at, a, rugh.
Enemy, Ne, mat, re, zue.
War, Tre, Zue.
Peace, Scan, o, nie.
Are you Married, Scan, dai, ye.
Am not Married yet, Augh, sogh, a, sonte, te-san-dai, ge.
Come here, Owha, he.
Go away, Sa, cati, arin, ga.
You trouble me, Ska, ingan, tagh, qua.
I am afraid, I, agh, ka, ron, se.
I love you, Yu, now, moi, e.
I hate you, Yung, squa, his.
I go to war, Ayagh, kee.
I love peace, Eno, moigh, an, dogh, sken, onie.
I love all men, Away, tee, ken, omie.
I have conquered my enemy, Onegh, e, ke, wish, e, noo.
I don't like white men, Icar, tri, zue, egh, sta, har, taken ome enumah.

Indians, I, om, when.
Negro, Ahon, e, see.
Prisoner, Yan, dah, squa.
He is a thief, Run, neh, spua, hoon.
Good Man, Room, wae, ta, wagh, stee.
Fish, ye, ent, so.
Plums, At, su, meghst.
Apples, Sow, se, wat.
Fruit, ya, heeghk.
Salt, Anu, mah, ke, he, one; or white people's Sugar.
Sugar, se, ke, ta.
Honey, the same.
Bees, Un, dagh, quont.
Moccasin, Araghshu.
How do you do, Tu, ough, qua, no U.
I am sorry, I, ye, et, sa, tigh.
I am hungry, Yat, o, regh, shas, ta.
You wilt be filled, E, sagh, ta, hah.
I am dying, E, by, e, ha, hongz.
God forgive me, Ho, ma, yen, de, zuiti, et, te, rang.
Auglaize River, Qus, quas, run, dee, or the falling timber on the river.
Blanchard's Fork of the Auglaize, Quegh, tu wa, or claws in the water.
Sandusky, Sa, anduste, or water within water pools.
Muskingum, Da, righ, quay, a place of residence.
Cuyahoga, Ya, sha, hia, or the place at the wing.
Miami of the Lake, Cagh, a, ren, du, te, or standing rock.
The sea of salt water, Yung, ta, rez, ue.
The Lakes, Yung, ta, rah.
Detroit, Yon, do, tia, or Great Town.
Defiance, Tu, en, da, wue, or at the junction of two rivers.
Chillicothe, Tat, a, ra, ra, or leaning bank.
Cincinnati, Tu, ent, a, hah, e, whagh, ta, the landing, or place where the road leaves the river.
Ohio, O, he, zuh, or something great.
Mississippi, Yan, da, we, zue, or the great river.

Names of the Rivers by the Shawanese

Ohio, Kiskepila Sepe, from Kiskepila an eagle, and Sepe a river.

Kenaway, meaning, having whirlpools or swallowing up; some have it that an evil spirit lived in the water which drew substances to the bottom of the river.

Scioto, was named by the Wyandots who formerly lived on it—signification unknown.

Great Miami, Shimeamee Sepe, or Big Miamee.

Little Miami, Chekemeamee Sepe, or Little Miamee.

Muskingum, is a Delaware word, and means a town on the river side. The Shawanese call it Wakitomo Sepe, which has the same signification.

Hockhocking, is a Delaware name, and means a bottle. The Shawanese have it Weathakaghque, or Bottle River.

Auglaize River, Cowthenake Sepe, or falling timber river.

Saint Mary's, Cokotheke Sepe, or Kettle River.

Miami of the Lake, Ottawa, Sepe, or Ottawa River. The Ottawas resided on this river from time immemorial.

Blanchard's Fork of the Auglaize, Shupsquate Sepe, or the Taylor's Creek. It seems that Blanchard was a tailor, or a man that sewed; he was a native of France, intermarried with a Shawanese woman, and after living here thirty years, died in 1802, at or near where Fort Findlay now stands. He has now living at Wapaghkonetta, seven children, four sons and three daughters, half breeds.

Hog Creek. Another branch of the Auglaize, from Koske, a hog, and Sepe a river, i. e., Hog River. Where McKee, the British agent, resided on the head waters of Mad River; expecting an invasion from the United States troops, he sent his hogs here, under the charge of Indians, and hence the name of the Creek.

Sandusky River, named by the Wyandots, who have it Sondusky, i. e., water. The Shawanese call it Potake Sepe, a rapid river.

Detroit Strait, or River, Kekacamege, the narrow passage or strait.

Kentucky is a Shawanese word, and signifies, at the head of a river. Kentucky River was formerly much used by the Shawanese in their migrations north and south; hence the whole country took its name.

Licking River, Nepenime Sepe, from Nepepenime, Salt, and Sepe, River, i. e. Salt River.

Mad River, Athene Sepe, flat or smooth stone river.

Cumberland River, Maquehoque Sepe, which signifies a tree with a large knot, or excrescence. This tree grew on the Indians' leading path at the crossing place. It became the practice with all those who passed this way to whistle, and so pass around the tree; few, however, could pass round in one breath, the circumference of it was so great.