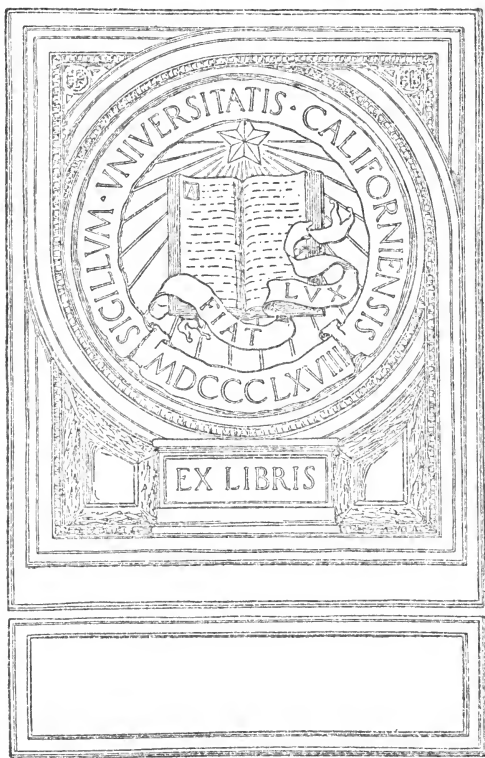
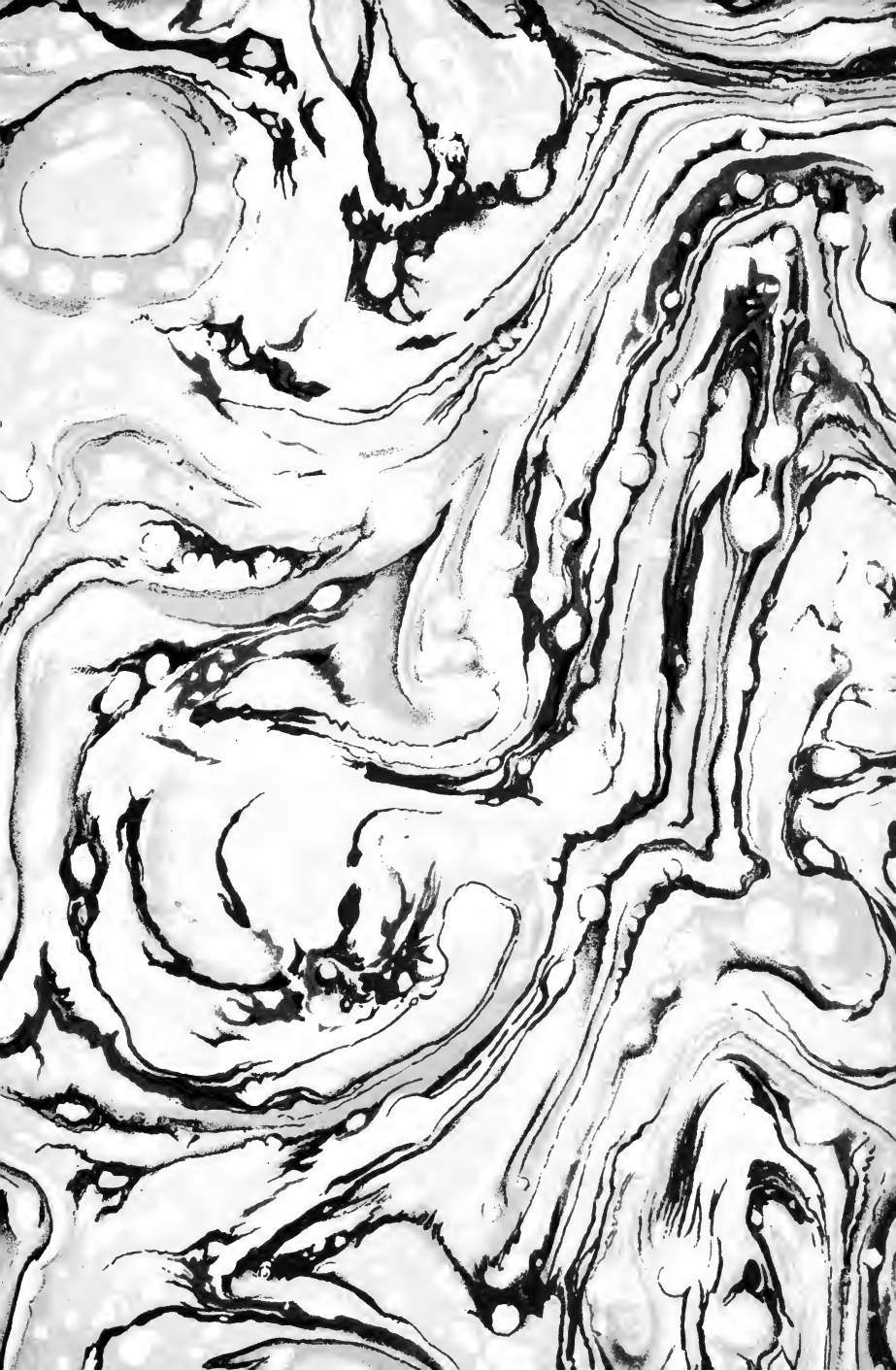


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THE ONÉOTA

THE RED MAN
AS
SOLDIER

CONTAINING

A BRIEF BUT TRUE RELATION OF THE
MEMORABLE STRUGGLE

WITH THE

SKÁNIATARÁT-HAGA

OR

PEOPLE-FROM-BEYOND-THE-GREATWATER

WILLARD E. YAGER

ONEONTA, N. Y.

1912

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Prefatory

The following pages were prepared as part of a monograph on primitive Red warfare. They may very well stand by themselves, however; and mindful of the uncertainties of life I print them now, in passing justice to a great people, long dumb, but who I doubt not will in fullness of time have advocates of their own—abler, it may well be, if not of better will.

Facts recently published which show the “Brown man’s burden” in Peru may perhaps have prepared the reader to consider with more patience those here presented, revealing in a measure the conduct of the White man in the settlement of what is now the United States.

WILLARD E. YAGER.

Oneonta, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1912.

From Massachusetts Bay back to their own hunting grounds, every few miles is written down in imperishable record as a spot where the scanty, scattered tribes made a stand for justice and their right. Neither Greece, nor Germany, nor the French, nor the Scotch, can show a prouder record. And instead of searing it over with infamy and illustrated epithet, the future will recognize it as a glorious record of a race that never melted out and never died away, but stood up manfully, man by man, foot by foot, and fought it out for the land God gave him.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I

The Earlier Wars

THE superior skill of the Indian in war the Border tacitly conceded by persistent endeavor to follow his peculiar methods.¹

In general the Frontiersman carried a far better weapon than his adversary, and ample facilities—tho' no peculiar knack or exclusive ingenuity—enabled him to keep it in better condition. His fire, therefore, was wont to be more deadly. Rarely indeed, however, might he vie with the Red foeman in crafty plan and artful execution; in ready concealment and concert of action under cover; in cunning approach, the swift and sure retreat, the hundred minor ruses.²

What the invader did acquire of the native art of war was applied, in the sequel, somewhat to diminish the heavy balance of loss that clearly he suffered in all the early stages of the long struggle, of White with Red, which at Fort Duquesne may be said to have been fairly inaugurated.

Still more effectively was such knowledge turned to account in the Fight for Freedom.³ The minute-men at Lexington fired, "like the Indian," from "behind trees, rocks and stone fences."⁴ The Virginia riflemen used at Saratoga the arts learned from the primitive foe at Kanawha and earlier.

To the methods of certain minor commanders in the Revolution might be applied the very words of Father

1—e. g. Captiv. 179; Smith, N. Y., 131; Van Camp. 148; Egl. 131; Fr. II. 498. 2—Captiv. 261-2; Winn. West I. 126. 3—Captiv. 262. 4—Egl. 131, 167.

THE EARLIER WARS

Vimont, in speaking of the Iroquois—that he “would as soon be besieged by hobgoblins: when they are afar, one believes them at his door; when they throw themselves on their prey, one had supposed them in their own country.”

A generous foeman, prompt in appreciation of the good fight or the gallant man, as a Wayne or a Custer,¹ the Indian had little tolerance for sluggishness or ineptitude in war. Hearing that Braddock was marching against them in close order, the chiefs at Duquesne were highly amused and declared that the English would die “all one pigeon”—an accurate forecast.²

Three years later, in the Forbes expedition against the same post, Col. Grant and his Highlanders, under cover of darkness, stole a march on the Ottawa, Ojibwa and Wyandot, then aiding the French. At dawn Grant might easily have made the surprise complete, but before moving permitted the drums to beat and the fife to play. Thus warned, the Indians promptly seized a point of vantage and proceeded to cut down the Highlanders as before they had done by Braddock's men.

Hearing of this mismanagement, Tecárotanéga, the keen old Caughnawaga so well described by Col. James Smith, could only account for it on the supposition that Grant might too freely have partaken of “spirituous liquors.”³

Some of the Iroquois were with Braddock in the carnage at Fort Duquesne. They were very properly disgusted that he had not summoned them in council. Abercromby, who headed the fiasco of 1758, before Ticonderoga, they had heartily despised “from the outset.”

Long tells of a Seneca chief who spoke of Washington as “a good man, but with no experience.” The place which in later years the Commander-in-chief held in

1—Heckw. 192; Walk. 98, 100. 2—Dr. V. 111. 3—Captiv. 234.

INDIAN AND FRONTIERSMAN

the esteem of the Iroquois seems to have been due mainly to his prudent, if not generous intervention in preventing the proposed confiscation of their lands.¹

Smith notes the contemptuous opinion held by the Caughnawaga of Ohio concerning the martial qualities of the people of Pennsylvania and Virginia—who seemed to them “like fools,” in that “they could neither guard against surprise, run nor fight.”²

Nor was this judgment without reason. In the sole county of Berks, Pennsylvania, during the French and Indian war, 1755-63, no less than one hundred thirty-four persons were killed, and a fourth the number captured, when to the enemy the loss, so far as ascertainable, was “only four.” Brunner explains the failure of the settlers as due, not to a want of “watchfulness or determination,” but to “the cunning and sagacity” of the enemy.³

Of all real warfare with the natives in early days, the struggle with Philip, 1675-76, was perhaps most successful. But the Wampanoag and the Narraganset, who bore the brunt, had been notably a peaceable people; they were hemmed in by the English occupation; they were driven to fight at woeful disadvantage of arms and supplies; and they contended, not only against a White population perhaps ten times their own, but against great numbers of their proper race: Mohegan, Pequot, Niantic, many Praying Indians—at one time, even the Iroquois.

The combined strength of these Indian allies of the English, by one of whom Philip himself was slain, may well have exceeded that of the patriots who faced both. For the Whites in the war, they very commonly proved themselves wretched strategists, and the pusillanimity they at times displayed is only equaled by the cruelty

1—See page 85; also, League I. 246; II. 122, 196-7.

2—Captiv. 203. 3—Brunn. 62-3.

THE EARLIER WARS

and vindictiveness—common indicia of cowardice—with which, the foe finally worsted, they pursued and murdered.

Let me hasten to add, in justice to Massachusetts, that such her earliest war record cannot fairly be termed singular. The Cayuga, in 1748, refused longer to aid New York in the struggle with the French, unless the Colonials would come out and “fight like men.”¹

Webb’s abandonment of the relief expedition to Oswego, 1756, looked to the resolute warriors of the League like “giving up.” The year thereafter they were to see three hundred French and Indians swoop down on German Flats—burning sixty houses, slaying forty of the occupants, and carrying into captivity thrice the number—all without the loss of a man, when, not a mile away, snugly ensconced in a fort, lay within sound and even sight a force superior to that of the invaders.²

In Pennsylvania the population of the interior, safe against the formidable inroads of the Shawnee, Delawares, Ottawa and other allies of the French, vented savage spleen at the incompetence and constant disaster on the frontier by murdering, wherever with safety this might be done, friendly and defenseless people of the same race with the terrible foe on the border.

Crowning infamy, perhaps, was the deliberate massacre, 1763, of a remnant of the Conestoga—butchered to the last soul—men and babes, women, and those whose heads were white “with the snows of many winters.”

For some reason, this particular atrocity has been ever remembered—among a thousand such on the part of the “Christian and enlightened” invader: some few well hidden in obscure chronicle; far more but hinted, even there—their only perfect record in the Book of Wrath.

1—Hist. Iroq. 290. 2—Ib. 308, 313.

IROQUOIS AND FRENCH

II.

Heard, frontiersman and steeped in all the bitter prejudice of his kind, could but acknowledge for the Eastern Sioux that they were "the most expert and daring skirmishers in the world"—even as Col. James Smith, of long experience in warfare with the Ohio tribes, had declared them "fatal enemies."

More eloquently, for the military genius of the Red man, whether of Plains or Forest, speaks the record—of more than two centuries—wherein, search as he may, the reader will find perhaps no passage of greater value and interest than that which affords some glimpses of the fierce and obstinate struggle between the Iroquois and the French of Canada.

Lasting with but slight intermission for near two generations, from the decade 1640-50 to the year 1700, it was doubtless the fairest trial at arms between Indians and Europeans that ever occurred.

In the census of 1666, the number of males resident in the various plantations of Canada, of between sixteen and fifty years, is returned at one thousand three hundred forty-four.¹ Though less by some hundreds than the probable fighting force of the entire League at the time, this available was amply supplemented by troops from France—De Tracy, in the year of the census, having with him in an expedition against the Mohawk no less than six hundred of the famous Carignan-Salieres, a regiment that had won well-merited renown in fighting the Turk.

The five nations of the League were by no means always in accord for the prosecution of the war, and seldom or never brought their combined strength to bear upon the French. Moreover, they had at all times

1—Col. Doc. IX. 57.

THE EARLIER WARS

to reckon with the Indian allies of the latter—how many it would be difficult to say; tho' what with the Praying Indians of the East, the Ojibwa, the Ottawa, the Illinois and the Miami, the total must have equaled their own.

Thanks to peaceful relations with their Dutch and English neighbors, the warriors of the League were in general pretty well supplied with arms and ammunition—tho' as late as 1693 they complained of a dearth of both—and could keep their guns in some order.

However, until the break between France and England known as "King William's War," 1689-97, they might look to the English for no other assistance. Indeed, as says Colden, the measures taken during "all King James' reign" were rather a source of embarrassment to them.¹

Even after war declared, "distractions in the Province" so engrossed attention that for long the Iroquois were "left solely to contend with the common enemy"²; and when finally in 1691 a hundred or so of Colonials under Peter Schuyler joined twice as many Mohawk and some River Indians for an expedition against Montreal, the considerable success achieved was mainly due to the men of the Castles—who fought with great valor and effect, on no occasion yielding ground "till the English first gave way."³

As the River Indians in this expedition proved even less reliable than the Colonials, and as the latter rendered little or no further assistance to the Iroquois in their long struggle with the French, I think we may fairly say that this brave people fought the war unaided,—as assuredly they fought it after their own fashion, and that of the fathers save for the substitution in good part of gun for bow.

1—Cold. I. 99. 2—Smith, N. Y., 129. 3—Cold I. 160.

DUTCH AND ENGLISH AND IROQUOIS

As to the result, Morgan concludes that "but for the constant supplies from the mother country," the French power in Canada must "inevitably have been overthrown." Colden—near to the time—thought the Iroquois, "by themselves," an "overmatch for the French of Canada"; who having, he says, all the time the war lasted "eat their bread in continual fear and trembling," hailed the advent of peace as "the greatest blessing that could be procured for them from heaven."¹

The French had aimed at nothing short of the "extermination" of the Iroquois²—their original policy was that of the Puritan. Finding after fifty years of obstinate endeavor that so far from being able to accomplish this, they could with difficulty hold their own, they finally "resolved to try all means to gain the affection" of these redoubtable barbarians.³

In this there was better success. And from 1700 until the fall of Canada ensued comparative peace; a part of the Iroquois, thro' the persistent effort of agents and missionaries, coming indeed to be well-disposed toward the hereditary foe.

III.

The Dutch, oppressive and savagely cruel in their treatment of the peaceable natives dwelling along the lower Hudson,⁴ had wisely concluded, after an early encounter costing the life of the commander at Fort Orange,⁵ that it were better to conciliate the warlike Iroquois. A tree of peace was planted; in exchange for peltries, the coveted flintlocks so rigorously denied to the River tribes were freely supplied to the Mohawk and their associates; and sheltered by the powerful League the Northern plantations grew apace.

1—League I. 16; Cold. I. 99, 261. 2.—Hist. Iroq. 216. 3.—Cold. II. 52. 4.—See page 27, et seq. 5.—Narr. 84.

THE EARLIER WARS

Treated with some semblance of decency and justice, against "Queeter," the mayor of Albany, and his people, the Iroquois never raised the hatchet.

To this peaceful status, on the surrender of New Netherland, did the English succeed; and sensible of its supreme importance, they sought by all means to maintain it. More, they entered into formal alliance with the League, and would gladly have made its people their fellow citizens.

But to this the free warriors demurred. For indeed they asked nothing of sovereigns beyond the sea. It was they who gave.

Said Gov. Sloughter in 1691: "If the French get our Indians, they certainly get all America." "I pretend to be able to demonstrate," wrote Gov. Bellomont, somewhat later, "that if the Five Nations [the Iroquois] should at any time, in conjunction with the Eastern Indians and those that live within these plantations, revolt from the English to the French, they would in a short time drive us out of this continent."¹

Well might the Onondaga orator in council at Albany, 1694, proudly draw the attention of the English governor to that tree of peace in whose shade "all these English colonies have frequently been sheltered." For verily it had been to them as a Tree of Life.²

Of the pact with the English, Colden, in 1727, wrote that history could in his opinion furnish not an instance wherein "the most Christian and most Catholic Kings" had observed any treaty "so strictly and for so long a time" as had "these barbarians, as they are called."

This "singular fidelity" upon the part of the Iroquois ran to the end; nor ever did the English experience the primitive but unequalled war-power which toward the close of the seventeenth century had turned the flourish-

1—Hist. Iroq. 239, 254. 2—See, Cold. I. 214.

ENGLISH AND WESTERN INDIANS

ing plantations of the French into a desert, and which a century later was to sweep as with fire the wide frontier of the rebellious colonies.

IV.

If never compelled to measure arms with what was perhaps the most redoubtable native power east of the Mississippi, in armed collision with the tribes to the south and west the English, tho' equipped with better weapons than the French in their earlier struggle, and commanding far more of men and means, had hardly better success.

Not the most elementary history may omit mention of Braddock's crushing defeat at Fort Duquesne—present Pittsburg—July 9, 1755. Not so generally known is the fact that the battle was Indian planned and mainly Indian fought—the Ottawa, Ojibwa and Wyandot most prominent; and that the Red men, with trifling loss—not above “two or three wounded,” says Carver, though Smith thought seven killed—slew of the English and Colonials more than the entire number of warriors engaged.¹

Duquesne was finally taken—by Forbes, in an elaborate campaign of the year 1758, involving some seven thousand troops. But in the course of operations Grant and his Highlanders, as already noted, sustained a severe reverse at the sole hand of the Indian allies, losing in killed, wounded and prisoners between three and four hundred.

Trifling again was the loss of the Indians; tho' not long after this encounter, summoned by their families and perhaps unwilling further to hazard their lives in the quarrel of the French, most of them went “to the

¹—Dr. V. 111-12, 113; Carv. 179; Captiv. 184, 233; Consp. I. 107.

THE EARLIER WARS

hunting." Left to their own resources, the French had soon to evacuate the post, where somewhat later Gen. Stanwix built Fort Pitt.¹

Not two years after Grant's disaster, Col. Montgomery, with another body of Scotch troops—and Britain had no better—aided by volunteers from Carolina among whom were "many gentlemen of distinction"—in all some sixteen hundred men—was badly worsted by the Cherokee in a fierce battle near Fort Loudon, June 27, 1760.²

In Pontiac's War, beginning with the year 1763, "nine British forts"—outlying posts—were captured; for hundreds of miles the border smoked, and panic reigned as far toward the sea as the valley of the Hudson.³ Fortunately the strong garrisons in the stout forts at Detroit and Pittsburg managed, tho' with difficulty, to hold their own against no more than gun and bow.⁴

Within a few weeks Fort Pitt was relieved. The investment of Detroit lasted for fifteen months, the besiegers having by far the advantage in the one sortie attempted. The siege ended only when late in the summer of 1764, Bradstreet reached the scene with an army of no less than three thousand.

Peace soon followed; a covenant with the English; and, in the not infrequent order of events, the death of Pontiac. Men such as he were held to be dangerous to the interests of civilization, and the readiest, as by no means uncommon solution of the problem was—as here—the assassin's knife.

The force investing Detroit had been reckoned in the autumn preceding the relief expedition at "about five hundred."⁵ Certainly it was no larger in 1764. Aside from his own Ottawa, the nearer Ojibwa, a part of the Potawatomi, and the Wyandot—who had fought a hun-

1.—Britn. XXI. 681; Captiv. 234. 2.—See p. 35. 3.—Th. II. 113. 4.—Consp. I. 202. 5.—Th. II. 105.

ENGLISH AND WESTERN INDIANS

dred wars and were by no means enthusiastic—the only tribes then acting with Pontiac were the Shawnee and Delawares of Ohio, the Ohio Iroquois and a few Miami.

Let it not surprise the reader, however, that British officers in the year named returned the total of Indians in arms at thirty thousand! The reason need not be surmised. They could not otherwise, they said, “give an honorable account of the war.”¹

Wherefore such exaggeration was the rule—both then and long after. Much of it still stands in “history,” where if otherwise regrettable, it certainly serves, with due explanation, as a monument to Red prowess.

Col. Smith, competent to judge as hardly another man on the border, and who was serving at the time as an officer under Bouquet, thought there might be a thousand opposing that commander when in the same year with Bradstreet’s expedition, he marched against the Shawnee and Delawares. Bouquet himself seems to have reckoned the opposition at less; since in a speech to the hostiles on reaching the Muskingum he averred—no deception possible—that his force of fifteen hundred “greatly” outnumbered them.²

The tribes of the North acting with Pontiac could hardly have put more men in the field. And neither north nor south was the entire available of any tribe ever brought into action.

It is doubtful if in all his bold and far-reaching endeavor to drive the invader from the old Red land, the patriot could at any time count on more than two thousand to twenty-five hundred warriors.

They wrought wonders—Smith asserting that for every man they lost they killed or captured ten. Yet vain was their striving—and vainly might ten thousand have striven thus, and every man a Pontiac. A human tide was rising, slow but inexorable—more than two mil-

1.—Captiv. 260. 2.—Consp. II. 218.

THE EARLIER WARS

lions of the grim and cruel strangers already firmly seated in the Land-of-the-Dawn, beyond the Ohio and the mountains.

V.

Marking the events of Pontiac's war—the two long years full of woe and fear and manifold death to the swarming invader—the mind returns to a bleak December day a century earlier when a thousand men of Plymouth, Massachusetts and Connecticut, having driven the Narraganset warriors from a stockade in Kingston swamp, southern Rhode Island—resistance virtually at end, the battle won—deliberately set fire to the crowding wigwams filled with old men, women and children. And there perished, runs the old chronicle, “no man knoweth how many.”¹

Thirty-eight years before at Mystic, Conn., the pious John Mason, falling on the Pequot in their slumber, had made a like holocaust—perhaps as great, assuredly not less atrocious.

Mason met with no opposition worthy the name—mere “striking and cutting with bows, hatchets, knives, etc., after their feeble manner.” His loss was but two killed and some few wounded.

Throughout the “war” the Pequot contended to no better advantage; and their pitiable resistance at end, they were trailed to the last hiding place by Indian allies of the English,² to be foully murdered or sold into captivity often worse than death.³

Sassacus their chief, “a noble and high-spirited man,” says DeForest, fleeing westward was slain by his ancient

1—Holl. I. 279-80; Dr. III. 35. 2—e. g. Dr. II. 106. 3—Holl. I. 71.

THE WAR WITH PHILIP

enemy the Mohawk—his scalp sent, a valued gift, to the English. Connecticut retained the savage trophy; to Boston went a lock of “black and glossy hair.”

The atrocity at Kingston swamp, a deed for which is no parallel at least in any early record of Indian warfare, was not accomplished with the impunity enjoyed by John Mason.

For the Narraganset in the interval had acquired a few guns, which, by Roger Williams, they knew well how to use.¹ Before the “great Swamp-fight” came to an end some eighty of the English lay dead, and nearly twice the number had wounds; of which died many in the hasty and frightened retreat from the scene of infamy—through night and bitter storm.

The Indians reoccupied the stockade. What their loss was it is impossible to say, though not long after they told the Nipmuk it had not been great.² The statement may have referred merely to warriors; but even so the common historical estimate, of a thousand, is probably as exaggerated as clearly is the figure of six hundred for the houses in the stockade.

This contained but four acres. Onnaya, capital of the Oneida, had in 1634 within a stockaded area greater by nearly a half, only sixty-six houses—tho’ these of the “long” type.³

The Swamp-fight was an episode in Philip’s War, shameful culmination of long outrage and oppression.

Beginning with the theft of the native’s corn and the spoliation of his dead, rapacity and tyranny came finally—the hard invader overwhelmingly superior at length in men and means—to harrying “the heathen” with fire and sword, with strange scriptural cursings and weird blasphemy, from all save worthless nooks and corners of the ancient land—his by every element of title, and

1.—Key 86. 2.—Dr. III. 87. 3.—Holl. I. 277; Narr. 149.

THE EARLIER WARS

whereto he had kindly welcomed the serpent brood, nursing them in their cold necessity.

To resist the final onslaught of "an honest, harmless, Christian generation," there were, it is probable, not above a thousand or twelve hundred warriors. Reading that Church and his men in the summer of 1676 killed "Indians"—commonly fugitive—to the number of "about seven hundred," one is to bear in mind that this number, tho' stated without explanation, includes, to judge by all we know whether of this or later warfare against the native, a large proportion of noncombatants.

DeForest, good authority, thought twelve hundred "a liberal estimate" for all the fighting men of Connecticut when first known;¹ and there and in Rhode Island dwelt perhaps the greater part of the Indians of New England. Again, Parkman estimated that "between the Ohio on the south and Lake Superior on the north, the whole Indian population, at the close of the French war [1760], did not greatly exceed" ten thousand warriors; while a fine and fertile region in present New York, considerably larger than the combined area of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, contained originally but some two thousand fighting men—of the Iroquois, an exceptionally sedentary people.²

On such data, a population of twelve to fifteen thousand is a generous estimate for aboriginal New England, say three thousand warriors. But during the English occupation of half a century, to Philip's war, the natives had declined—thro' vice and disease introduced by the European and by the wars he fostered. When hostilities began there may have remained ten thousand, half of whom—ten to twelve hundred warriors—sided sooner or later with the Red patriot.

1—DeFor. 48. 2—Conspir. I. 148; Doc. His. I. 766.

THE WAR WITH PHILIP

Desperately and effectively, if handicapped in all ways, did they struggle. And the English, if unable to equal them in wild courage and certainly far inferior in the art of wild war, pursued ultimate advantage with a vindictiveness and cold cruelty which was a marvel even to the Iroquois. Eighty-odd years later when the Caughnawaga of Ohio, an offshoot of the Five-Nations, were discussing the expulsion of the Virginians—that which was deemed possible—they expressed doubt, based on old memories, as to the possibility of a like result in war with the fierce New England men.¹

The struggle of 1675-76 broke the power of the New England tribes once for all. They had been a peaceable people—their wars of small account, as all the records show—and no doubt made their stand for the old land with less of vigor and skill than the Iroquois might have summoned, or the Shawnee, or the Cherokee. But the war over, the English counted six hundred slain; while of “fair houses and cattle” the loss was indeed grievous, no less than thirteen towns having been entirely destroyed.²

Yet there were compensations. The land was, at last, to the Saints—all undisputed, from the mountains to the sea.

The land! It was for this they had “destroyed the heathen”—this honest, harmless, Christian generation. “The Lord was pleased to smite our enemies and to give us their land,” wrote the bloody Mason. Arguing for the expedition against the Narraganset, purely predatory as any in the history of their friends the buccaneers,³ the promoters urged that could but the squaw-sachem Weetamoo be taken, “her lands would more than pay all the charge.”⁴

1.—Captiv. 203. 2.—Thatch. I. 162. 3.—N. Eng. Mag., Oct., 1911, p. 174. 4.—Dr. III. 6.

THE EARLIER WARS

The land! It was for this that "God" was seen torturing "his enemies" at Mystic and "dunging the ground with their flesh."¹ For this, that Philip's body was miserably hacked in pieces; and that his little son—a child of nine—though the ferocious clergy would forthwith have had his blood, was finally sold to die in West Indian slavery.²

It was for the land that, at Taunton, the ghastly head of poor hunted Weetamoo was set upon a pole—whereat, we read, some of her people there prisoned made "most diabolic lamentation."³ For the land, that the noble Canonchet was shamefully done to death; and stout old Annawon, whom the ruffian Church himself would have spared; and even the squaw-sachem Magnus—every one a prisoner of war.

Ah, the land! That God made fair and peaceful; that men—in blasphemy "His people"—had drenched in blood and turned to flaming horror.

There are those, I believe, who to this day defend such deeds as "necessary." But patience and the Christian spirit of a John Eliot or a Roger Williams—the simple natural kindness abundantly manifest in the "savage" himself—would have won the coveted land in all peace.

What beside their pleasant country—rolling under great forest, rimmed by the sea—was the loss to those who in this memorable struggle cast their fortunes with the generous and magnanimous Philip, may not be known. No great reliance surely can be placed on the estimates of old chronicles, the necessity for "an honorable account of the war" being as imperative then as later.

We know that, the cause ruined, Nipmuk and Connecticut River Indians who had embraced it migrated

1—Mason 12. 2—Th. I. 175. 3—Dr. III. 6.

THE WAR WITH PHILIP

in considerable number to Canada—whence long after they were to descend in hereditary vengeance.¹ Many Narraganset, hostilities at end, were settled with the Niantic; and refugees from all the tribes involved fled, during the war and after, to the Abnaki of Maine and the Mahican of the Hudson.² The heaviest blow fell upon the tribe of Philip, the Wampanoag proper or Pokanoket, of whom one hears little more. But for long their number had been diminishing.

Perhaps of all those engaged with the unfortunate sachem two-thirds were destroyed—the greater part killed, not in battle, but in the merciless harrying that followed Philip's death.

In this bloody work, of particular service were the native allies of the English—as numerous, it may well be, as the partisans of Philip, and conspicuous the war throughout. The contest thus assumes the character, not of a struggle on respective merits between White man and Red, but of a joint attack on Philip and his people by men of both races. So were the English enabled to supplement superior arms and resources with all the native military skill.

It was an Indian who found the fort at Kingston, which otherwise had escaped the great force of Winslow; and an Indian was first to climb the stockade.³ Indians led the way to Annawon's last camp; Indians hunted down and captured the brave Canonchet; and a Wampanoag, one of his own people, slew Philip—as we have seen.

Had all this wild soldiery been solidly arrayed against "God's people," results no doubt had been different. "You will accomplish nothing," wrote DeLamberville to De la Barre, "without a number of disciplined savages."

1—Thatch. I. 161-2. 2—Handb. II. 29. 3—Ind. Narr. 50; Holl. I. 277.

THE EARLIER WARS

Even against Indians and English combined, Philip, but for a disagreement with the Narraganset,¹ might long have maintained the formidable character of his early operations, perhaps. Then, as often thereafter, it was discord and jealousy which—skillfully fomented by the invader, where possible—were to prove the most effective agency to the destruction of native power.

Yet we have here an observation not less applicable to the history of any other primitive people—to that of our British or German ancestors, for example. The capacity for wide political combination is developed with civilization.

VI.

Early hostilities between the Dutch and the Indian belong to the period when the white and bearded men who had suddenly appeared from “another world,” coming on “great birds,” were still *manittowock*, demi-gods—armed like Zeus with the thunderbolt²—whose will, however cruel, it was perhaps impious to resist.

The Niantic told Mason “they would not fight with Englishmen, for they were *spirits*,” but Uncas would they fight.³ It was more than twenty years after the affair near Ticonderoga wherein Champlain shot without provocation two chiefs of the Iroquois, and in the interval had fallen at the hands of the French many others of their people, ere they began at length to retaliate—slaying, in turn, two of the ruthless strangers.⁴

If the reader think it argues dullness that, for so long, a conception thus false should have paralyzed native skill and vigor, let him note how till the war with the Pequot—some seventeen years after the Landing—the English in the same way lived “in constant fear” of their

1—Dr. III. 91. 2—Key 82. 3—Mason 17. 4—Hist. Iroq. 178

DUTCH AND RIVER INDIANS

mysterious neighbors—regarding them, a fact going far perhaps to explain the awful deeds at Mystic and after, with “a superstitious horror such as they had of the devil.”¹

Even warriors like Black-Kettle, the famous Onondaga who dying declared he had “made the whole earth tremble,”² might well hesitate to encounter with human arms beings who fought with thunder—like the mighty Heno to whom the Iroquois prayed for rain.³

For Alexander himself, as says Philostratus, turned in dread, at the very height of his great career, from the country of certain “holy men beloved of the Gods,” dwelling between the river Hyphasis and the Ganges—believing that their cities, defended as they were “with tempests and thunderbolts shot from the walls,” he “never could have taken” though he had led “three thousand such as Ajax to the assault.”⁴

With the stranger still a supernatural being, to whom violence, indiscriminate slaughter and torture were as the breath of life, Kieft’s “war” of 1643-45 proved hardly more than a massacre—monstrous, unprovoked—beginning when the trifling and inhuman commander conceived it would be “a deed of Roman valor” to fall by night on a hundred or so of River Indians, who had taken refuge in the settlements from a raid of the Mohawk.

Most of the poor refugees, three-fourths of them women and children, were put to death. DeVries, who from Manhattan, that black February night, had heard “the shrieks of the savages murdered in their sleep”—it was at Pavonia, on the Jersey shore—says that next day a few yet living came “to our people in the country”—some “with their hands, some with their legs cut off; some holding their entrails in their arms; and others

1—Holl. I. 265. 2—Cold. I. 253. 3—League I. 188. 4—qu. Green. 12.

THE EARLIER WARS

with such horrible cuts and gashes, that worse than they could never happen.”¹

Notable, in the feeble retaliation which followed on this early illustration of the “softening influence of civilization and a higher religion,” is the fact that though two-score Dutchmen were slain, DeVries “never heard” that “the savages” permitted “women and children to be killed.”²

Crowning infamy of Kieft’s infamous war was achieved in course of an attack, of a winter night in the year 1644, on an Indian village supposed to have been located near present Bedford, in Westchester county. The assailants were one hundred and thirty in number, Dutch and English—the latter under command of the arch-ruffian John Underhill.

In a fight in the open near two hundred of the Indians were speedily cut down. Not satisfied with this, when the survivors took refuge in their houses, the Christians set fire to them. Whereupon, runs the old chronicle, “the Indians tried by every means to escape, not succeeding in which they returned to the flames. What was most wonderful is that among this vast collection of men, *women and children* not one was heard to cry or scream.”³

If aught is needed to make perfect this record of atrocity, it may be found in the statement that the fiendish crew having returned to Manhattan, “a thanksgiving was proclaimed.” They had but one man killed, some fifteen wounded.

The victims had “demeaned themselves as soldiers”; but to no purpose. It was reckoned that of Red men, women and children had been butchered, or burned alive, above five hundred.

1.—Narr. 227, 228; Doc. Hist. IV. 103-4. 2.—Narr. 229, 260. 3.—Narr. 283; Doc. His. IV. 16, 17.

IN PENN'S COLONY

It is to be hoped that the sum of villainy perpetrated in two years of shameful war on a peaceable people by the Dutch—or perhaps more properly the Manhattanese, Jogues telling us that on the island were even then “men of eighteen different languages”—was not so great as by the *ex-parte* record would appear.

At any rate, such was not to run on with impunity. In the Esopus wars the Indian came to his own as a fighting-man—it being found needful in the second, 1663, to raise twice the force of the natives—those about present Kingston. And having a few guns, the latter now dealt more damage than they suffered.

Now, too, women and children were killed, in attack, not only by the Christian but by the Pagan—who had adopted the “war measures” approved by civilization. Happily, on neither side were non-combatants burned to death, nor was there any killing of prisoners apparently—save in one instance, by the Christian again.

The cause of the second Esopus war appears to have been the seizure, without treaty or preliminary, of Indian lands. As to be expected, in the end the *Swanneken*—as the natives termed the Dutch—kept what they had stolen, though at a long price in blood and treasure.

VII.

In pleasing contrast with the wretched chronicle for Manhattan and the mid-plantations, is the story of the settlement about Fort Orange, where were no sanguinary and infamous scenes such as above sketched. The land wanted, whether of Mahican or Iroquois, was bargained for and the price paid. And there was peace.

For long, too, peace dwelt with the colony of the noble *Onas*, William Penn—desirous of a truth, as says his charter, to bring the natives “by gentle and just

THE EARLIER WARS

manners to the love of civil society and the Christian religion.”

“Do not abuse them, but let them have justice, and you win them,” he wrote. “I desire to win and gain your love and friendship by a kind, just and peaceable life,” runs his letter to the Shawnee and their neighbors. And to the Iroquois he said that those with him “neither made war upon others, nor feared war from others; because they would be just.”¹

The Lenapé distinguished two sorts of *Wapsit*, or White people: *Swannak* (*Swanneken*) or Bitter-Beings, and *Quakels* or Good-People.² The first term is from the native word *swan* or *schwan*, meaning sour, acrid, bitter; the second is the very word “Quaker,” as pronounced by the native.

The Quaker morally was all that which most other White men were not. For more than seventy years, then, Penn’s colony, built on justice and humanity, enjoyed unbroken peace with the natives—even as, pursuing justice and kindness thus, has Canada.

Not till the border and the mid-region had filled with men of Puritan tradition—*Swannak*, Bitter-Beings, sneering at the Quaker for a misguided wretch thinking to be saved by “good works”; prating of a peculiar God and a sole and only worship; hating the “heathen” and glib with savage Scripture that bade them “utterly destroy” him, “nor show mercy”—not till then, till ferocity and fanaticism had trampled down justice and humanity, did the war-cloud settle on the hills and dales of Penn’s Forest.³

Returning from the cowardly massacre of the Conestoga, the “Paxton Boys” met one Thomas Wright, who, learning of the infamous act, expressed horror and repulsion. “Didn’t he believe in the Bible, and didn’t

1—Harv. 20, 27; Hist. Iroq. 256. 2—Heckw. 142. 3—Harv. 78, 79; Shimm. 43, 44; Consp. II. 122, 307.

OPECHANKANO'S LONG STRUGGLE

the Bible command that the heathen be destroyed?" And with that the wretched assassins went their way, in serene assurance of all rectitude.

What manner of men such proved, once the war raged which had been provoked by their brutal aggression, we have seen. They could "neither guard against surprise, run nor fight." For the Indian, he had come with good reason to be regarded as "a fatal enemy"—the "most redoubtable of all foes" in his native woodland.¹

VIII.

The half-told story of the long war between the French and the Iroquois is of special interest in that it permits comparison of the respective battle-merits of Indian and European, contending on something like equal terms.

As closely would one follow a specific account of the struggle, running over twenty-odd years, between the English in Virginia and the coast tribes forming the confederacy of the Powhatan. For here the invaders were long successfully resisted, apparently with very slight recourse, on the part of the native, to the means afforded by civilization.

Unfortunately, details are of the scantiest. The Cavalier kept even fewer notes than Frenchman or Puritan.²

We know that, purposing to learn what manner of "seede" it was, the Pamonki soon after the first settlement planted gunpowder. But if thus, and in similar ways, they came partially to understand the nature of the strange and fearful substance, with all success were they kept from the means to apply such knowledge—Stith saying, long after, when war began, that for the

1—Captiv. 228; Winn. West III. 51. 2—v. e. g., Th. I. 91,

THE EARLIER WARS

most part the natives "durst not stand" even "the presenting of a staff in the manner of a firelock."

Nor were they numerous. There appear to have been many villages. But if the Chickahomini and the Pamonki could count warriors to the number of some two or three hundred each, the Mattaponi, a tribe nearly as prominent, had but thirty.¹ Smith thought that for the entire coast-region, from Fairfax county to Princess Anne, there might be reckoned twenty-four hundred fighting-men.

And not all participated in the war—the Potomac, for instance, returning Opechánkano's beads and thereby refusing to lend assistance.

The natives had been disposed to be friendly. When his people "murmured at our planting," says Percy of Powhatan, "this weroance made answeare again, very wisely of a savage: 'Why should you be offended with them, as long as they hurt you not nor take anything away by force? They take but a little waste ground, which doth you nor any of us any good.'"

Fifteen years had passed since these words, and Powhatan—"great and noted man, tho' a savage"—had passed away. The murmurs grew louder, and with reason.

The strangers had hurt many. Opechánkano himself, chief weroance or sachem, had been trapped and made prisoner by the swashbuckler Smith—to be redeemed but at heavy ransom.² Much had been taken—and by force; and not merely a little "waste" land, but a vast quantity—of the best and fairest. "It was not enough," writes Burk, himself a Virginian, that the natives had abandoned to the grasping invader all "the delightful region on the seashore"; the "little that re-

1.—Handb. I. 260, 822; II. 198. 2.—Handb. II. 139.

OPECHANKANO'S LONG STRUGGLE

mained" was to be "wrested away by insatiable avarice and rapacity."

The strangers were now between four and five thousand, a large proportion fighting-men—probably, as in early Canada, as many as forty in the hundred.¹ They were rapidly increasing in number.

Opechánkano, tho' these misfortunes had come upon him in old age, for he was now nearly eighty, resolved at length to expel the pestilent intruders at whatever hazard.

In March, 1622, using the stealthy and treacherous methods already employed by the invader, he fell without warning on all the settlements save some few in the vicinity of Jamestown, killing and taking of the Swannak between three and four hundred. This for all the advantage to the enemy of swords, firelocks and cannon. Eighty plantations were ravaged; and Jamestown itself had fallen, perhaps, but for the warning of the traitor Chanco.

The war that followed was of the most ruthless—the Pagan sparing sometimes, but the Christian making "no prisoners"—giving "no quarter."² It was ordered that for "the utter extermination of the Indians," there should be annually three expeditions—to sweep all the land, from the sea to the head of every river.³

The "Christian" stopped at nothing. A peace was offered to the natives and accepted. As the corn planted in faith of it was ripening and the Indians gathered for the harvest, the representatives of that which Parkman with rare but unconscious irony has termed "our own frank and manly race," fell by stealth on those who had confided in their honor—massacring without distinction of age or sex. It was sought even to repeat this "strat-

1—Egl. 34; Col. Doc. IX. 58. 2.—Th. I. 87. 3.—Moon 28.

THE EARLIER WARS

agem," as it has been termed; but Opechánkano was not again to be deceived.¹

The great battle of the war was fought at Pamunkey, in 1625—Gov. Wyatt himself leading the English. Tho' the Red "bowmen" at length gave way, the men with firelocks dared not pursue their "advantage."

After fourteen weary years a truce was arranged.

For the Whites it was high time. By sickness, famine and battle they had lost so heavily that but for frequent succor "from the other side of the Great-Lake"—as runs the Iroquois phrase²—the colony founded at Jamestown might well have been erased. Five years of peace, bringing shipload after shipload of immigrants, was not merely to make good these heavy losses but to render the invader perhaps twice as numerous as when hostilities began.³

The loss of the Powhatan in the long war appears not to have been great. But such as it was, it could not be repaired in the brief armistice. Nor could they hope for new strength from abroad. Around them were only enemies—Siouan tribes and Iroquoian, with which they had long been at war.

Opechánkano was now a very aged man, nearly a hundred—half blind, unable to walk. Yet his spirit remained indomitable, his mind vigorous.

Provoked by fresh encroachments on the part of the Swannak, he organized another general onslaught, 1641, wherein during a single day fell between four and five hundred of the enemy. Followed a wild panic, a hasty arming in overwhelming force, and a harrying and hunting lasting for more than a year.

Pursued in blindness and weakness by a squadron of horse led by Berkeley, the heroic old barbarian, soul

1.—v. Th. I. 87, 88, 89. 2.—Cold. I. 215. 3.—Britn. XXVIII. 122.

THE VALIANT CHEROKEE

of those who yet strove for the land "where their fathers had been placed by the bounty of heaven,"¹ was finally surprised and taken.

The English authorities, be it said to their honor, impressed by his noble demeanor in captivity, would have spared the patriot. But a ruffian of Paxton type, one of the guard set over him, took care to defeat this generous intention—mortally wounding his helpless charge by a shot in the back.

With the death of this remarkable man, whom Stith termed a "politic and haughty prince," and Burk "the Hannibal of Virginia," expired all resistance.

The confederacy fell apart; and its members, making separate treaties, went one after another upon reservations—where prisoned, they began soon to degenerate; more slowly, to dwindle to extinction.

The Pamonki, in 1656, could still muster a hundred warriors—who joining the Whites in the desperate battle fought that year near the falls of the James, were, with those of the conquerors who participated, nearly all destroyed by their old-time foe the dauntless Cherokee.

IX.

The battle of the Falls of the James was accounted the fiercest ever fought by Indians "on the soil of Virginia." The Red people of the mountain region who there proved their skill and valor on the English and native allies, continued from that day forth, ably, with unvarying courage, and against all comers to maintain their cause.

In 1760 we find them routing Montgomery and his strong force near Fort Loudon—the war in which occurred this notable passage having begun with the murder, barbarous as treacherous, of their envoys.²

1.—Burk. 2.—See p. 18; Th. II. 154-6, 163.

THE EARLIER WARS

In the Revolution the Cherokee sided naturally against their hereditary oppressors the colonists, contending thence on, unconquerable, for nearly twenty years. After 1800, resolutely facing the inevitable, they embraced civilization and within a brief period had made astonishing progress.¹ The government they formed, regular as that of their White neighbors, was more just, more honest. Sequoya, veritable "man of genius," as Du Ponceau calls him, invented a wonderful syllabary—preserving a rich and world-old language, with much strange primitive thought.

Unfortunately the new estate, of peace, industry and progress, was not to endure. In vain did every virtue plead the cause of those who were now, by comparison, but a small people. In 1838, responding meanly to the demand of the rapacious Border—who thought to find gold on the lands which the Supreme court of the United States had declared the Indian's in sovereignty and of immemorial right²—defying justice and commonest humanity, the Government sent an army to dispossess the Cherokee.

Most of them, helpless, seeing no prospect of succor by Red gods or White—weary, as well they might be, of the mere proximity of the Swannak—took the long trail to the setting sun; hundreds, and even thousands, to die of hardship by the way³; the survivors, happily, to find in the far land of the Territory a kinder fate.

Not a few there were, however, who with all the old courageous spirit, refused thus to be torn from the ancestral soil; and who, fleeing to the faithful mountains, dwelt there for long in the ancient way.

By God's mercy there have been just men ever, even among the Sour and Bitter. In the end, terms were obtained for these poor refugees; and to-day in Swain,

1.—Starr. 141-2. 2.—Britn. XI. 756. 3.—See, p. 108.

EXPULSION OF THE TUSCARORA

Jackson and Graham counties of North Carolina—in the heart of the beautiful old land—are yet some two thousand descendants of those who long ago, facing the terrible white-faced stranger armed with the lightning, fought so bravely and so well by the Falls of the James.

X.

Of the Tuscarora, the Hemp-People—living when first known to us in the pleasant region of the Roanoke and the Neuse, in North Carolina—John Lawson, surveyor-general of the colony, who knew them well, wrote that they were an amiable people, treating their White neighbors with a uniform kindness, ill requited.

These latter were slaveholders. “More barbarous and inhuman than the savages,” wrote De Graffenried, governor of the German settlement at Newbern—for all their “religion and education possessed of more moral deformities,” said Lawson—certain of them passed in this instance from the usual abuse of the native, and theft of his lands, to the seizure of his wife or child to be sold into servitude.

Fierce reprisal followed. The Tuscarora were near relatives of the Iroquois; and while not so warlike, proved quite equal to a proper vindication of their rights.

Counting their many dead at the hands of a long-suffering and erstwhile peaceable and friendly people, whom Lawson tells us they had looked upon “with scorn and disdain”—unable to make head against them with the aid even of their precious neighbors of Virginia—the aggressors at length hit upon a scheme such as later was to arouse the fiery indignation of Red Jacket: “Indians were hired to fight against Indians.”

Between the Tuscarora and the tribes to the south and west, mainly Siouan, were feuds of long standing. In two expeditions, many hundreds of the latter were rallied

THE EARLIER WARS

against the Hemp-Gatherers—who, in the second onfall, March, 1713, suffered severely in the destruction of a palisaded town of theirs situated in present Greene county.

On this reverse, the greater part of the Tuscarora forthwith returned to the land of their forefathers, in central New York, casting their fortunes with the League. Ultimately they were known as the Sixth nation.

Settled mainly along the Susquehanna and in Madison county, near the Oneida, from time to time the immigrants were joined by small parties who had lingered in the South, the entire migration covering a period of several years.

The expulsion of the Tuscarora from the region of the Neuse, tho' due primarily to the aggression of the Whites, is by no means attributable, be it noted, to the superior prowess of the latter. In the expedition of 1712 against the Indians Barnwell, commanding the Carolinians, had but forty men; of natives there were some five hundred. In that of 1713 Moore led thirty colonists, and the Indians were more than nine hundred.

In both campaigns, the native allies acted independently, making terms and disposing of prisoners as they saw fit.

II

Before the Revolution

I.

I HAVE dwelt at some length on these early wars. Their story is little known and is of importance—primarily, as showing the Indian to have been from the outset an enemy to be reckoned with; and again, for certain facts disclosed as to causes and conduct whereto later will be need to refer.

Concerning the part played by the native in the French and Indian war and in the so-called “conspiracy” of Pontiac, enough perhaps has been said.¹

By then the tribes east of the Mississippi had taken the measure of the adversary. He was no longer “from heaven”—source of “power and goodness”—as Columbus and his cruel followers had been taken to be.² Rather, as declared the Manohoac, in Virginia, he had “come from under the world, to take their world from them.”³

Nor longer could a few men “destroy a whole region and take no risk.”⁴ The sight of the fierce wan face at whose “savage appearance” the Red children ran screaming,⁵ served with their fathers, at the close now of the third century after the Discovery, but to rouse with well justified hatred the superb wild courage.

Though the native might never hope to equal the wonderful armament of the robber from oversea—though to the last, as in the overwhelming defense on the Little Big-Horn, the primitive bow was to be pitted against the firearm in increasing perfection—by dint

1.—Pps. 18-20. 2.—Columb. 4. 3.—Moon. 20. 4.—Columb. 6. 5.—Hopk. 23; Catl. 59.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

of great energy and ingenuity the Forest men had considerably lessened the disparity.

Copway tells of Ojibwa who to obtain "the snake that spat fire and death" spent months in the "tedious and perilous journey" from Lake Superior to Quebec.¹ Gradually even this far tribe had acquired some of the deadly instruments—though none of the best, it will be imagined—and had learned to use them and to keep them in fair condition.²

Moreover, through closer association—compelled by pressure of invasion, and by the wide conquests of the Iroquois when freely supplied with guns³—and as well through a growing sense of the common peril in the presence of the stranger, old tribal jealousies had been much allayed and it was becoming possible to bring together considerable bodies of able fighting-men from various groups.

Such had perceived that in all the art and mystery of war they were far more proficient than the Bitter people who despised and would override them.

At Duquesne, then, and in the great endeavor of Pontiac the Red men began at length to maintain their cause with a success commensurate with its justice. And even as the Christian had taught them, they smote and spared not.

The obstinate battle of Point Pleasant, or the Kanawha—where the Shawnee and Delawares, with a few Iroquois and Wyandot, after severely handling the famous Virginia riflemen, so cleverly outwitted and evaded them—was the chief event in Dunmore's war, the next, 1774. Due directly to the cowardly murders by Cresap and Greathouse, when Logan's family were brutally slain,⁴ it had causes farther reaching. Says Parkman, no apologist for the Indian, surely: "A mul-

1.—Capw. 46. 2.—e. g. Losk. 16, 32. 3.—Cold. I, 22, 4.—Dr. V, 41.

ASSASSINATION OF CORNSTALK

itude of squatters had built their cabins on the Indian lands, adding insult to aggression and sparing neither oaths, curses nor any form of abuse and maltreatment to the rightful owners of the soil.”¹

II.

Dunmore’s war was of brief duration—a peace being hastily arranged as the attention of both parties was drawn to a far wider contest impending, one great enough to embrace all others—that of the mother-land with the rebellious colonies.

Before the storm broke was time for yet another entry in the long record of White atrocity.

Foremost of the Shawnee in the Kanawha fight had been Cornstalk. A man of noble presence, of fine courage, remarkable ability and striking eloquence, after the event named he was marked as one dangerous to the interests of “a superior race.”

In the spring of 1777, the chief, who at the instance of the colonists had been endeavoring to secure the neutrality of his warlike people in the contest now engaging, came to the fort at Point Pleasant to make report. He stated frankly that the Shawnee were unwilling to pledge neutrality, and further expressed the fear that ultimately they might side with England.

Angered at the unpromising intelligence, the commander of the fort basely seized the chief, holding him, with his son, who meanwhile had joined him, in close captivity.

Not long after, a soldier, one of a force from Virginia encamped nearby, while out hunting was shot—“by Indians.” What “Indians” does not appear. It may well have been Iroquois; or mere renegades—of no tribe,

1.—Conspir. II. 307.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

and for whom none could justly have been held responsible.

But such considerations did not trouble the Border. It stood ever ready to avenge upon the nearest Red man, however innocent, the misdeed of any of the same race.

As the body of the slain soldier was borne to the camp, on a sudden rose the wolfish cry, "Kill the Indians in the fort!" And Hall, commander of the militia, sprang himself to head the ruffians who forthwith rushed to realize the infamous thought.

Warned of imminent death by a few who, frightened and horrified, outran the mob, Cornstalk, turning calmly to his young son who showed some natural agitation, said with all gentleness: "The Great Spirit has seen fit, my son, that we die together; and to that end has brought you hither. It is his will; let us submit."

Thus nobly, at the hands of wretches styling themselves "Christian"—the dauntless heart pierced by seven assassin bullets—fell this marvelous "pagan," his "savage" fortitude admirable as the rarest in the record we term "civilized." The son, so touchingly and tenderly admonished, died not less bravely.¹

III.

When the colonists, captious and by no means patient, had involved themselves at length in war with England, far more than the King's troops did they fear the Indians.

Acting together, the latter might perhaps have left the *Wapsit* to fight it out among themselves—the course which wise old Tecárotanéga had advised in the final struggle of the French with the English.²

But the Red men were by no means one people—they were many small peoples. And to no single group or tribe round which raged the "whirlwind"—as the

1.—Dr. V. 49. 2.—Captiv. 211.

NEUTRALS AND GNADENHUETTEN

Seneca Honayáwus so aptly termed it—was neutrality possible.

“He that is not with me is against me.” So, perhaps, will men ever argue. In the end neutrality like any other right, however “natural,” must in practice rest somewhere on might.

Ancient illustration of this in Red history was the sad story of the Narraganset; more recent—not less cruel—that of the friendly Conestoga.

In the face of such experience the Onondaga did attempt a middle course—only in the end to be attacked and decimated without warning, 1779.¹ Three years later even the callous Border was to shudder at another incident in point.

If the reader visit the beautiful old Moravian cemetery at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, he may chance upon a mossy gravestone, flush with the shaded sward—for here “death leveled all”—whereon may be deciphered: “Benigna, an Indian girl.”

Several such are there, serving still to recall the blessed and heartening story of the unselfish labors, which, while the ruffian of the border raved and ravened among the simple Forest folk, the venerable Moravian patiently pursued for their enlightenment and salvation.

Discouragements were many. For the natives, mostly of the Lenapé group—Mahican, Delawares, Nanticoke—they proved docile and eager for the light. But the first mission at Shekoméko—near present Pine Plains, in Dutchess county of New York—from a prosperous beginning was speedily brought to naught through the machinations of the border pander—battering on the vices taught the natives and bitterly opposing any and all endeavor for their improvement.

1.—Hist. Iroq. 362.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

Transferred from Shekoméko to Pennsylvania—to the valley of the Lehigh and the Susquehanna country adjacent—again was the good work interrupted, the prosperity of some years rudely broken, in the French and Indian war. Both missionaries and their families lost their lives, and many converts.

This was the deed of hostile Indians, admitting some excuse in the rude ignorance of its authors. But a few years later, in Pontiac's war—the unselfish labors of the missionaries having been meantime resumed and borne good fruit—it became necessary to gather the converts, about one hundred and fifty in number, and take them to Philadelphia to protect their lives against the border spawn known as the "Paxton Boys."

These were the cowardly murderers of the Conestoga. Already, falling upon some of the "praying Indians" in sleep, they had butchered them, women with men. And they thirsted for the blood of all.

By the resolute action of the authorities and people of Philadelphia, where for a year the poor refugees were forced to live in barracks, death by violence was spared them; though by smallpox died more than a third.

The war at end, still trusting in the White man's God, the survivors returned to the Susquehanna; where shortly the faithful missionaries had a third time recruited their flock. In 1770, troubled afresh by their Christian neighbors, the praying Indians removed to western Pennsylvania, and two years later to Tuscarawas county of Ohio.

Here, on the Muskingum, was established the peaceful village of Gnadenhuetten, near the site of one yet bearing the name so full of faith and trust; and here, at "the Huts of Grace," befell the horror of March 8, 1782.

NEUTRALS AND GNADENHUETTEN

The "Moravian Indians," as those of Gnadenhuetten were known to the Border, were described by Wingenund the Delaware as a "foolish" folk, whose "only business was praying" and who "would not fight"—confiding instead in the "fair promises" of the faithless White man that preserving neutrality they should suffer no harm.

As to the substantial accuracy of the description there can be no doubt.

By their own people the course pursued by the converts was little approved. Some angrily threatened to kill them as deserters: others warned them vehemently, though in friendly spirit, that in the end they would perish by the hand they trusted.

It was true prophecy.

Early in the year 1782, Indians from Sandusky made a descent on the Pennsylvania frontier. As commonly the case in these forays—whether of Red on White, or of White on Red—women and children were killed.

The Border lusted for blood. But Sandusky was far and dangerous. They bethought them that nearby was the Christian congregation of Gnadenhuetten, and that men there were few.

True it was that these simple souls, putting all trust in the God of whom they had been told by the good Moravians, were—as not long before they had earnestly represented to the Half-King, a celebrated chief of the Hurons—at "peace with all men." True was it, as the commandant at Pittsburg had borne witness, that "their deportment" the war throughout had been nothing less than "a benefit conferred upon the whole country."¹

But what matter? One and all this blameless people were "Injun." More, they were "Canaanites"—an "ac-

1.—Losk. III. 134, 152.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

cursed race," whose land had been given to the "Saints" for an inheritance. It was God's work to smite and utterly destroy them—even to the babe at the breast.¹

In the first week of March, one hundred and sixty horsemen gathered near Wheeling, and led by one David Williamson, took the trail for the upper Muskingum. Reaching Gnadenhuetten, they were received "in the most hospitable manner;" and the hospitality duly accepted, it was explained that, concerned for the safety of the converts in these troublous times, the borderers were come to take all to Pittsburg, where protection would be assured.

Cheerfully assenting, the Indians, of whom there were somewhat less than a hundred—more than two-thirds old men, women and children—forthwith set about preparation for the journey, among other things handing over such weapons as they had to be cared for till Pittsburg was reached. When in readiness, they were assembled in two large houses. It was then that Williamson placed a strong guard over them, and calling his followers together, formally submitted the question—Shall the prisoners be taken to Pittsburg, or all be put to death?

With few exceptions, the miscreants voted murder; and the betrayed were thereupon notified that on the morrow they must die.

Of the scene that followed, next morning, the ghastly details need not here be recalled. Frightful as was Mystic—as were the early Dutch slaughters, and the holocaust after the Swamp fight—the deliberate atrocity of Gnadenhuetten finds truer parallel, perhaps, in that "gloomy chamber" at Cawnpore where were hacked to pieces the women and children of the English garrison.

But the little ones slain at Gnadenhuetten were like-

1.—Losk. II. 172, 207; III. 176. Consp. II. 117. Mason, 18.

NEUTRALS AND GNADENHUETTEN

wise scalped, it appears—a detail of ferocity whereby the Swannak may be said to have surpassed the mere Sepoy.

A lad, thus mutilated, counterfeited death, and after the wretches had withdrawn made his way to Sandusky. Another managed in some way to conceal himself, and was overlooked. These two were all that escaped. Of the ninety-six murdered—a deed in extenuation of which may be pleaded not “heat of battle,” nor yet that the victims were “enemies,” nominal or real—no less than thirty-four were children, many of tender years.

From the hour when placed under guard, the prisoners seem to have foreseen their fate—beginning forthwith to sing and pray and to exhort one another to have all confidence in the mercy of Jesus. And in the midst of like simple devotions came the end. If the victims perished in the White man’s faith, it was in primitive pagan fortitude.¹

Commenting on the massacre at Cawnpore, English writers exhaust execeration. Relating that of Gnadenhuetten, a recent American historian is inclined to the opinion that it was “not justifiable.”

Perhaps the reader may sympathize rather with the more natural expression of the Kentuckian Smith—a prominent figure in these savage times, but an honest man and a kind—who wrote curtly and bluntly that it was “an act of barbarity” beyond any he had ever “known to be committed by the savages themselves.”²

True to its traditions, the Border cherished and protected the “stern men” of Guadenhuetten. Some attempt at an official investigation appears to have been made; but in the end Gen. Irvine wrote William Moore, president of the executive council of Pennsyl-

1.—*vid.* Dr. V. 24, 25; Shimm. 133-4; Losk. III. 177-182.

2.—*Captiv.* 264.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

vania, that "further inquiry into the matter" would "not only be fruitless," but might even "be attended with dangerous consequences."¹

Why add to trouble when trouble teemed? Moreover, the sufferers—as one Breckinridge at about this time, expressed the prevailing sentiment on the border—were only the "animals vulgarly called Indians."

Col. John Gibson, commanding the Seventh Virginia regiment, could not bring himself to accept this comfortable view—writing to the senior bishop of the Moravians, at Bethlehem, that the murderers seemed to him "the most savage miscreants that ever degraded human nature." And Sherrard, a worthy chronicler of the day, describes them as "desperate, wicked and unprincipled men," though such as common "upon the outskirts of civilization."²

One reads with a sense of relief the frank language of Gibson and Sherrard; as with greater, that of the honest old Kentuckian, Col. Smith.

In a welter of cant and loathsome bigotry—where the Brown man slaying the White man's wife and child is guilty of fiendish crime, righteously punished by blowing from the cannon's mouth; but where if the White man slay the Brown woman and the child at her breast, it is an act, not justifiable perhaps, but pardonable in that the "Christian" has been "maddened" by "pagan" reprisal for mountainous wrong—in an atmosphere thick with tortuous sophistry, smooth self-righteousness and smug hypocrisy, it is healing and refreshing to find now and then an eye to pierce and see clear; a heart to feel; a tongue to utter just judgment.

IV.

Familiar as were the English—whether of motherland or the colonies, whether rebel or loyalist—with the

1.—Heckw. 81, note. 2.—Sherr. 9.

ENLISTING THE INDIAN

fighting qualities of the primitive American; accustomed as they had been to his systematic employment against the French, there can be no question that, internecine war threatening, the first thought of both parties was to secure his assistance.

Before the battle of Lexington Massachusetts had enlisted a company of Stockbridge Indians and was admonishing missionary Kirkland to engage the Oneida. A few months later, in the expedition against Quebec, Arnold employed a considerable number of Abnaki, and for a time the Caughnawaga aided the invasion.¹

In the light of facts like these, the passage in the Declaration charging among other injuries that the King of Great Britain had "endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages," may be thought to ring somewhat hollow.

The chief of the Abnaki acting with Arnold was taken prisoner. Carleton, governor of Canada, at once released him. The English too were bidding for Indian aid. The summer previous Gage had written Lord Dartmouth, from Boston, that the government need not be "tender" in the matter, as the rebels had already set the example—bringing "as many Indians down against us here as they could collect."²

The "collection" was not great. Had the Indian been no more forgiving than the borderer, had revenge—as runs the graceless and perennial libel, not merely of cheap romance but of "history"—been the master passion of the Forest heart, for the colonies not a hatchet would have been raised. The hour for vengeance, if ever, had struck; and a Brant was keen to conditions as a Washington.

1.—Shimm. 35; Dr. III. 136; Hist. Irq. 351. 2.—Shimm. 30-31.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

The far tribes, while they had heard of the French and the English, knew nothing of the Colonist; the near tribes knew him only for his "bitterness."

Between the latter and the Swannak how often had the Great King intervened in justice!¹ Everywhere, too, he had lavished gifts and kind words. He had been hospitable—receiving many a sachem in a wonderful longhouse beyond the Greatwater. Never had he robbed the Red man of his lands, nor plundered him in trade, nor stolen his children, nor foully assassinated in time of peace.

In other days, when some had held to the chain of Onontío—the governor of Canada—the Great King had made war; but fairly and man-fashion. There had been little treachery—no hideous indiscriminate massacre.

What could be expected of these Swannak, now in rebellion against their lawful ruler? Their present favor? The Red man asked nothing of them. Their gratitude, should they prevail? How kindly everywhere had the fathers received them, and there had followed but generation on generation of unspeakable wrong. Their vengeance? Already "the lawful owner of the soil" was but "the animal called the Indian." Could malice and hatred go further?²

In the end the Chocta, who aided the American cause, were to fare no better than the Cherokee siding against it. And this, to the high racial intelligence that produced a Philip, a Pontiac, a Tecumseh, was fairly clear from the outset. "If you conquer," said Little Abraham the Mohawk, speaking—at the German Flats conference, 1775—concerning the war and certain lands in dispute, "you will pull us off altogether."³

1.—Buckongahelas. V. Thatch. II. 174. 2.—See, *Indian Speeches*; e. g. Dr. IV. 110, V. 99; *Sms. Hist.* 132; *Cold.* I. 46, 214. 3.—*Shimm.* 34.

RED MEN WITH THE COLONIES

Montgomery dead and Canada holding to the crown, considerations such as these were apparent perhaps to the most enthusiastic. It might not be so easy to induce the Indians "to take an active part" for that "glorious cause" on behalf of which missionary Kirkland had been directed to importune the Oneida.

Those whose plainest right had been steadily scorned and trampled in blood, might not prove so eager in defense "of *our* rights"—as ran the letter to the missionary. On the whole, perhaps neutrality was the most that could be hoped for.

And such was the view of Congress—which, on July 12, 1775, formulated an address to the tribes generally in which they were asked merely "to remain at home and not join on either side."

None the less did England continue to recruit. And it became clear that sooner or later the near tribes all must be involved. On May 25, 1776, Congress resolved anew—"That it was highly expedient to engage the Indians in the service of the United Colonies." The enlistment of two thousand was authorized.¹

V.

General Schuyler wondered where so many as two thousand Indians not already in the service of Great Britain might be found. And indeed, had the Red man exercised no more discrimination and possessed no more sense of justice than commonly found among the settlers—had he confused all in one dull undistinguishing hatred as but too often the wont of the Border by everything Indian—the doubt had in effect proved well-founded.

However, the Iroquois had been fairly well treated. The Oneida, and particularly the noble old sachem

1.—Vid. Shimm. 30-36.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

Skenándo—known later as “the White man’s friend”—set much store by the advice of the missionary Kirkland, an ardent revolutionist. They were not, had never been, so strongly attached to the Crown as the Mohawk.

With little difficulty, then, this of the Five-Nations was persuaded to stand neutral. Later, when such attitude became untenable, most of them espoused the cause of the colonies. The Tuscarora, subject particularly to their influence, pursued the like course.

Gov. Tryon, in 1774, had reckoned the Oneida at some fifteen hundred souls.¹ As to the entire Iroquois league he gave, however, but two thousand warriors—an estimate agreeing substantially with that of Sir William Johnson some few years previous—and as the Seneca alone counted for nearly or quite one-half in the total, the figure of fifteen hundred must be taken to include many Tuscarora. Together the two tribes may have had three to four hundred warriors—a majority Oneida, People-of-the-Stone, and among the best in the League.

Walter Butler, the well-known partisan for the King, was killed on West Canada creek by “Anthony, a Mohawk.” A number of this “nation,” with dependents on the Schoharie, appear also to have sided with the colonists.

With them, too, were a few of the Onondaga; and many of that tribe remained inactive.² The statement that Onondaga raided Cobleskill, in May, 1778, appears to be an error. The hostiles were Oquaga, Seneca and others.³

Along the Hudson Tryon estimated that there were “three hundred fighting-men”—fragments of the Esopus and related groups, and known as “River Indians.” These, though by no means such warriors as the Iroquois,

1.—Doc. Hist. I. 766. 2.—Hist. Irq. 363. 3.—Fr. II. 152, 154.

RED MEN WITH THE COLONIES

were also for the colonists; as were the Stockbridge Indians, and other remnants of tribes, in New England.

In Pennsylvania, where missionary influence was strong, many of the Lenapé aided the colonies—Washington in general orders of Oct. 18, 1779, mentioning specially the services rendered at Cuskusking by certain “of our friends the Delaware nation.”¹

In the South, the Catawba, though numbering now not above a hundred warriors perhaps, were faithful to the settlers—as of old. Of great value in this quarter was the accession of the Chocta—able fighting men, and two to three thousand warriors strong. Their neutrality alone would have been of prime importance; but several companies joined the Continental army, fighting valiantly from Stony Point to Yorktown.²

It is they, with the Oneida, whose rugged faces are prominent in historical paintings of the time.

Lloyd speculates on the probable issue, had the League in the Revolution been unanimous and active on behalf of the Crown—saying that Burgoyne then might well have succeeded and the war have ended in triumph of the royal arms.³

Be that as it may, the part played by such of the Iroquois as lent aid to the colonists was of great moment. While they could not, as in the days of Frontenac, save the border from “a field of blood,”⁴ their watch and ward mitigated in no small degree the blows dealt by their late associates.

Many Oneida and Tuscarora joined Gates; and no less than two hundred rallied against Sir John Johnson on his invasion of the Mohawk and Schoharie valleys in the fall of 1780.⁵ It was a force to a third as large

1.—Shimm. 87, 123; Nort. 193. 2.—Cush. 299-300. 3.—League II. 196. 4.—Smith, N. Y., 196. 5.—Fr. II. 121; Sms. Hist. 424.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

as that which Brant had been able to gather against Sullivan the summer previous!

Apart from any service in battle, the Indians friendly to the colonists—as guides, as scouts, as messengers on occasion of extraordinary peril and difficulty—proved invaluable.

Thomas, the Oneida, was the first to warn Tryon county of St. Leger's approach; and the warning was ample.¹ But for Indian scouts Sullivan's expedition, even if possible, had proved far more difficult, more dangerous and less effective.² Grim was the recognition of this, when an Oneida taken by the Seneca during the invasion was promptly tomahawked for an archtraitor—the story affording a parallel for many a bloody passage between tory and rebel.³

In the same way, scores of Delawares were recruited for Brodhead's co-operation with Sullivan on the Allegheny⁴—their services, as we have seen, conspicuous—while in two expeditions against the Cherokee during the Revolution prominent and equally distinguished were Chocta and Catawba.⁵

Through all the harrowing chronicle of the time, present everywhere as mentor and savior to the harassed Border is the friendly Indian. And when finally, in the spring of 1783, Capt. Thompson goes from Canajoharie bearing the tidings of peace to the British garrison at Oswego, of the four men picked to accompany him on the dangerous mission, most useful by far proves a Stockbridge Indian.⁶

In all at least a thousand Red men must have borne arms for the colonies, at one time or another. Of those friendly there were, counting the numerous Chocta, five times as many.

The discrepancy between the available and the active,

1.—Ann. 90. 2.—Norton 66. 3.—Jem. 120. 4.—Shimm. 109. 5.—Moon. 72; Cush. 299. 6.—Fr. II. 648.

RED MEN WITH THE KING

here, is worthy of note. It was often as great or greater in chronic warfare between tribe and tribe.

VI.

In the summer of 1775 Lewis Morris, as appears from Eastman's early sketch of his life, was directed by Congress "to secure the co-operation of the Western Indians."¹ The statement hardly accords with public professions of a desire for Red neutrality at the time; but whatever his instructions, Morris in pursuance went to Pittsburg.

As would be imagined, nothing came of the mission. The Shawnee could not so soon forget the brutal murders resulting in Dunmore's war—as no more could their neighbors the Miami and the Wyandot. For the Cherokee they yet smarted under wrongs, not so recent, but as great; and the Ohio Iroquois, if they had no special grievance, were by tradition friends of the King. The Ojibwa, the Ottawa, the Sauk, the Potawatomi, knew nothing of "united colonies."

Here are many names; and to read much of our history, not to mention an extravagant fiction, one might imagine that legions of Indians took the field for the Crown.

Yet in the year after Sullivan's campaign—which so far from materially weakening or intimidating the Iroquois, but stung them to greater activity—Guy Johnson reckoned there were of that people but some eight hundred in actual service.² In 1781, when they had particularly "distinguished themselves," there had been "generally five hundred in the field."

The Ohio Indians were not more active. Stronger than either, perhaps, were the Cherokee; but now as always their warfare was mainly defensive. For the Oji-

1.—Eastm. 421. 2.—Hist. Iroq. 369.

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

bwa and their neighbors, they rallied in some number to the Burgoyne expedition and to that of St. Leger. But little is heard of them later. The White man's war was far and there was much to busy them at home.

Concerning the Iroquois with the King, no other authority is comparable with Guy Johnson's. The estimate of five hundred of the League afield in 1781 is reliable, then, as anything in history. Perhaps half the number would cover the Ojibwa in service, in any one year—this to include Missisauga. For Praying Indians, of Eastern Canada, allow—a liberal estimate—as many more.

In the South the largest party out against the Kentucky settlements in 1782, year of greatest activity in that quarter, is again five hundred—the estimate Daniel Boone's. They were Shawnee, Cherokee, Wyandot, Ottawa, Delawares, "and several others near Detroit."¹

Take double the number in this army for warriors of all the tribes last mentioned who were acting on the offensive during any one year of the Revolution, and still, if we add five hundred Creeks—operating on the Georgia frontier—we have as a probable total of Indians in the field for the Crown during any one season—Northern, Western and Southern—but some twenty-five hundred.

All, however, were experienced fighting-men—quite other than, for example, the "River Indians."

We are wont to measure the number of hostiles on the frontier by the damage wrought. Along a thousand winding miles, from the upper Connecticut to the Kentucky, scarce a settlement was unvisited; and in many places—as wrote Campbell, of Tryon county—all was lost "but the soil." The incursions ran in New York to within thirty miles of the lower Hudson, and all across Pennsylvania into New Jersey.²

1.—Boone 167-8. 2.—Shimm. 132.

RED MEN WITH THE KING

Far greater was the havoc than in French and Indian days. For then the New York frontier had been bulwarked by the Iroquois; and though central New England was now well sheltered, it was behind new settlements—while a fresh frontier had been opened in western Pennsylvania, Virginia and Kentucky.

Appalling was the loss of life.

Tryon county of New York comprised only the settlements lying west of a line running north and south at the center of present Schoharie county.¹ Its population in 1774, as estimated by Campbell, was some ten thousand. By the end of the war more than a third of the inhabitants had been slain or captured or driven from the country, while another third, mostly loyalist, had emigrated. Among those left were "three hundred widows, two thousand orphans."²

Just east of Tryon county was the fertile valley of the Schoharie—long settled, prosperous. Hardly less was the havoc here. And far down the Mohawk, as well.


And if as nowhere else on all the border, perhaps, fell ruin and bloodshed on the frontier of New York, yet everywhere did war gather a heavy and bloody toll. Only with the worst in European warfare are the conditions comparable—nor ever there does one read of so great distress through a foe so feeble in number.

1.—Ann. 325. 2.—Ib. 358.

III

In the Contest with England

I.

PERATIONS for the Crown on the Southern frontier were conducted almost exclusively by the Indians. In the North the Iroquois were associated commonly with Canadians and loyalists; and what part belongs to the Christian, what to the Pagan, in these joint operations, is not always easy to determine.

At Oriskany, "the crimson field," Aug. 6, 1777, the plan of battle, as Campbell observes, was clearly Indian—a typical Red ambushade—and the Iroquois probably chose the spot, as later the Newtown ground.¹ The Indians led the fight, and the Seneca were most prominent.²

The total force of the assailants, Indians, tories, rangers, was perhaps equal to that of the frontiersmen, though no very reliable data appear—whether for the entire body with which St. Leger laid siege to Fort Stanwix—at present Rome—or for the "detachment" engaged at the semi-circular ravine some miles below his camp where the battle occurred. Of Americans, under Nicholas Herkimer, there were at least eight hundred.

Though taken rarely by surprise, when, on their march to relieve Fort Stanwix, the dense forest at the ravine was suddenly sheeted far round them in flame, the militia promptly rallied and fought with fine courage and firmness. For some four hours had the battle

1.—Norton 112. 2.—Fr. II. 81.

THE WAR OPENS

raged, with the utmost obstinacy, when Lieut. Col. Willett of the garrison contrived a sortie, in force. News of this diversion coming to the combatants, the Indians and their allies at once drew off, to save their camp, leaving the surviving frontiersmen in possession of the field.

It had been a desperate struggle.

Nowhere to better advantage do the soldierly qualities of the Border appear—nor to worse, it must be admitted, its hateful turbulence. The battle, under most unfavorable conditions and at the ultimate cost of his life, had been forced on the gallant Herkimer by the taunts and inexcusable insult of certain of his own men.¹ The veteran is himself the heroic figure in the memorable scene—propped against a great tree in the thick of the envenomed fight, where neighbor struggled with neighbor, savagely and to the death—badly wounded, yet calmly lighting his pipe while watching and guiding the hazardous defense.²

To the staunch courage of their commander, to his coolness and his old-time experience of Red warfare—for the fighting on both sides had been carried on in Indian fashion—did his unruly following, it is probable, owe escape from supreme disaster. As it was, very dearly did they pay for ignorance, rashness and bravado—Campbell, a man of candor and with unequalled means of information, saying that of the eight hundred who went into the ravine, “nearly two hundred” were killed, while as many more were wounded or taken.

Though the far-reaching importance of their valorous deed in checking the operations of St. Leger was soon apparent, and though everywhere it was loudly acclaimed, by the men of Tryon county, who paid the price, the battle could only be regarded as “dis-

1.—Fr. II. 484. 2.—Ib. 72.

IN THE CONTEST WITH ENGLAND

astrous.”¹ Never again during the long war did they rally with equal zeal and confidence against the silent people, so long friends powerful as ill-appreciated, now at length the most redoubtable of foes.

Of the Seneca, who bore the brunt at Oriskany, the Nettle-Ground, Mary Jemison said that thirty-six were slain and many wounded.² Mohawk and Canadian Indians were also engaged in number, and altogether Campbell thought the Red loss in killed might fall not much short of a hundred.

The rangers and the “tories”—the latter the name applied to loyalists of the colonies—seem to have taken very good care of themselves and to have suffered little at the ravine. At Willet’s hands, in the sortie, they fared worse, and in sum their toll of dead and wounded may have equalled that of the Indians.

It is to be remembered, in considering the military merit at Oriskany, that the Americans were aided by some few Oneida. Thomas, sachem, orator and warrior of ability, the faithful and untiring friend of the settlers, here laid down his life for them; while Han-Yerry, another well-known member of the tribe, is recorded as performing “prodigies of valor.”

Two years later, while serving as guide in the Sullivan expedition, Han-Yerry also was to die—by a hundred wounds, at the hands of the infuriated Seneca, but a little earlier fast friends and fellow-countrymen in the League.

II.

If the Iroquois were more prominent than the loyalists at Oriskany, at Newtown they outnumbered them two for one.

1.—Fr. II. 358; Hale 185. 2.—Jem. 117.

THE SULLIVAN EXPEDITION.

Here, protected in a measure by a rude breastwork of logs—such as they had built from the earliest times—some five or six hundred of the League, with the aid—whatever that may have been—of perhaps half as many Tories and rangers, held Sullivan and a force of four thousand regulars, provided with artillery, for a matter of six hours.

The primitive fortification occupied a low ridge some five miles east of present Elmira; and the site was chosen with the usual good judgment. The battle took place Aug. 29, 1779. Brant commanded the Indians, who were mainly Seneca and Cayuga. In the end Gen. Poor succeeded in turning the Iroquois left, when nothing remained but flight.

The Indians withdrew with the skill of their race in such situations—the pursuit, which continued for two miles, returning but “eight scalps!” On the field were found eleven of their dead; and later the bodies of a few others, finally succumbing to wounds.

The loss of the Americans, fighting at long range and with cannon, was trifling—half a dozen killed and some forty wounded.

Gen. Sullivan was unwilling to believe that a force so inconsiderable could thus have baffled his powerful army. He thought the enemy fifteen hundred, at the least.

Two prisoners assured him, however, that Brant and Butler had but eight hundred men all told; and this estimate is rather more than that of the well-known scout and Indian-fighter Van Campen, who before the battle, wherein he played a prominent part, made a careful reconnoissance of the hostile camp.¹ For the rest, the statement harmonizes well with the general data as to the fighting strength of the hostile Iroquois, and is no more open to doubt than that of Mary Jemison—ques-

1.—Nort. 115; Van Camp. V, 141, 142.

IN THE CONTEST WITH ENGLAND

tioned by none—concerning the loss of the Seneca at Oriskany.

In reading of the number of scalps taken in the pursuit, the reader—who perchance may be building hero-myths of the border—should bear in mind that to avoid inconvenience, a wounded Indian, if captured, was commonly dispatched; and that rarely indeed, for the same reason, was quarter granted.

At Coshocton, in Ohio, two years later, Brodhead, finding himself somehow with about twenty prisoners, confided them for safe-keeping to the “militia”—a term designating the borderers with the expedition. The captives were Delawares—of both sexes and all ages.¹

On the way to Pittsburg, the frontiersmen deliberately murdered all their charges save some few, the victims being duly scalped. The usual excuse appears, that the murderers had been much “exasperated by frequent outrages,” etc., etc.²

Facts such as these—and they abound—may tend to moderate that generous indignation with which the neophyte reads that Indians killed some of their prisoners at Oriskany, and that at Minisink they dispatched many wounded. It was a black and horrid war—wherein the “Christian” was more uniformly and persistently cruel than the Pagan; wherein “enlightenment” contended on no higher plane than savagery; and wherein the “patriot,” for all the precious cant one reads, cannot, in the nature of things, have been the moral superior of his former neighbor the tory.

The battle of Newtown opened the way for Sullivan’s famous expedition against the Cayuga and Seneca, July 31 to Oct. 15, 1779—through present Schuyler, Seneca, Ontario and Livingston counties; with detachments, in returning, through Cayuga and Tompkins.

1.—See p. 82. 2.—Shimm. 124.

THE SULLIVAN EXPEDITION.

There were no other battles. Village after village was burned and cornfield after cornfield laid waste; while the Iroquois, hopelessly outnumbered, must needs content themselves with cutting off stragglers—of whom there were few, the expeditionaries having commonly the good sense to keep close.

When Lieut. Boyd and a party of about thirty did venture, or stray, from the main body—in present Groveland, Livingston county—they were promptly killed or captured, almost to a man. Boyd was put to death by torture, a thing to “have been expected” in the “present exasperation of their minds”—as said Washington, in similar case.

The Sullivan expedition ranked as the most important enterprise of the year in the War for Independence. “The western part of New York,” explains Campbell, “was the granary whence the Indians and Tories drew their supplies. Cut off from these, it was thought they would be driven back into Canada, and that a stop would be put to further incursions.”

Washington particularly enjoined on Sullivan “total destruction.” The country was to be, “not merely overrun,” but utterly ravaged. In the terror caused by such “chastisement,” the Iroquois, he thought, might be brought *to sue for peace*. Possibly, even, they might “be engaged, by address, *secrecy* and stratagem, to surprise the garrison of Niagara and the shipping on the lakes”—putting these “into our possession.”¹

Two days after Sullivan’s return to Easton, where the regiments went into quarters for the winter, the Commander-in-chief “congratulated the army” on the “complete and full success of Maj. Gen. Sullivan.”

Forty towns had been “reduced to ashes, some of them large and commodious.” Crops of corn had been “en-

1.—Nort. 64-5, 68, 77, 78.

IN THE CONTEST WITH ENGLAND

tirely destroyed, which by estimation would have provided 160,000 bushels." The "whole country" of the Seneca and Cayuga had been "overrun and laid waste, and they themselves had been compelled to place their security in precipitate flight."

The quotations are from general orders dated at More's House, Oct. 17, 1779.¹

Had Washington waited a year, results might have seemed to him less satisfactory—the expedition of 1779 against the Western Iroquois finding, indeed, almost exact parallel, for effect, in that led by Frontenac, 1696, against the Onondaga.

It was the latter of which Colden wrote that the Indians "suffered nothing by this chargeable expedition" save the loss "of their corn and their bark cottages"; and that at best it was only "a kind of heroick dotage."

Eighty-odd years after Frontenac, the Cayuga and Seneca were living in very good houses of logs, had large cornfields as when first known, and moreover fine orchards and some domestic animals.

All was destroyed. But "fair houses and cattle" were not yet of supreme importance to these hardy and resourceful Forest folk. Their lives remained and in the way of the fathers, not yet forgotten, could be sustained. But for a winter of extraordinary severity following, they would have suffered little by the chargeable expedition of Sullivan. As it turned, game was scarce and "many of our people," writes Mary Jemison, "barely escaped with their lives."

But escape they did, and spring found them keen for vengeance.

III.

While Sullivan was invading the Seneca country by way of the Chemung and the lakes, Col. Brodhead, ad-

1.—Norton 180-181.

THE IROQUOIS RETALIATE

vancing with six hundred men from Pittsburg, by way of the Allegheny, was endeavoring to meet him at some point on the Genesee. This force got no farther than the present state line; but burned a few villages, with their corn—of the Seneca and Monsi Delawares—and took five scalps.¹

The first counterstroke of the Indians was in response to Brodhead's provocation—small parties falling on the frontier south of Fort Pitt as early as the middle of March, 1780. Shortly such forays had spread to all the region adjacent.

In April Brant was on the head of the Delaware—burning Harpersfield, killing two rangers there and capturing several others. By the middle of the same month many settlers had been slain or taken, and much damage done, on the Mohawk as well.

Simultaneously small parties began to appear in the Wyoming region, of Eastern Pennsylvania, and in Northampton county on the lower Delaware. They crossed even to the Schuylkill, killing and burning to within thirty miles of Reading.²

All this was a foretaste. On the second of August Brant and Cornplanter with a force of between four and five hundred, mainly Iroquois, descended on Canajoharie and the region adjacent, south of the Mohawk—burning two forts, a mill, a church, and something like a hundred houses and barns; driving away or destroying three hundred head of cattle; killing twenty-four of the inhabitants, and capturing above seventy. It was "a disaster next to that of Oriskany."³

Two months later—the crops now gathered—Sir John Johnson left Niagara at the head of some five hundred regulars, rangers and Tories, and traveling much of the way to the Susquehanna over the road opened the year

1.—Shimm. 109; Nort. 192-3. 2.—Fr. II. 297, 322; Shimm. 116, 120-21. 3.—Fr. II. 357-8; Hist. Iroq. 369.

IN THE CONTEST WITH ENGLAND

previous by Sullivan,¹ was joined, near the mouth of the Unadilla, by Brant and Cornplanter with the force operating in August at Canajoharie.

From Unadilla—present Sidney—the entire body moved by the main valley to the Charlotte—going by the latter stream, the lake at Summit and the Kanangara to the upper Schoharie. Camp was pitched on the evening of October sixteenth at some three miles from present Fultonham, site of the “Upper fort.”

Timely warned, the inhabitants were mainly within the stockades next day; but revenge swept the valley in flame and smoke.

Of three forts “the Middle,” at present Middleburg, was the chief—a strong stockade with two flanking blockhouses, barracks for the soldiers, and huts for the settlers taking refuge. It had a garrison of about four hundred.

The first or Upper fort unmolested, at the second the invaders halted for a time. They carried a small mortar and a brass six-pounder, and seemed to have some notion of forcing the place. Probably they had hoped for a surprise. And only a surprise could have availed.

Three shells were dropped into the Middle fort. And there was some cannon-fire, though ill directed. The musketry, plentiful enough, availed nothing. Several times the garrison made petty sallies and skirmishes ensued. Parley the defenders thrice refused by rifleshot.

Finally, torch in hand, the invaders swarmed on down the valley. Behind them no less than three hundred fires might be counted at one time—“buildings, barracks of grain and stacks of hay.”²

As they passed the “Lower fort,” the stockade built round the old stone church yet standing at Schoharie,

1.—Sms. H. 399. 2.—Fr. II. 421.

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they lodged in the stout building a cannon-shot or two—their faint trace still visible—but was little or no delay there. Six miles north, near present Sloansville, the second camp was pitched.

On the morning of the eighteenth the little mortar, now useless, was sunk in a “vlaie” or swamp of Charleston township, in Montgomery county, and thence the invaders harried their way to the Mohawk.

Fort Hunter, at the junction of the Schoharie, was evaded; and parties having been detached to ravage the northern shore, the main body kept along the south bank of the river for some ten miles, encamping finally near Spraker’s.

Not far away was Keator’s rift. The plan was to ford in the morning and attack Stone Arabia—five miles northwest of the camp, three from the Mohawk.

But the situation was now thickening. When Sullivan had invaded the Genesee country, he greatly outnumbered any possible defense. He had but to keep his troops together and ravage in all safety. Here numbers were vastly in favor of the defenders, and two days of “chastisement” had roused the country.

While the Indians and rangers were lighting their pipes that night round the campfires gleaming far along the shore of the Mohawk, from fifteen miles down the valley Gen. Robert VanRensselaer was marching against them with the militia of Albany, Schenectady and Columbia counties to nearly double their effective. As well, there were two hundred Oneida under Col. John Harper.

To the south was Col. Vrooman, with a strong force drawn from the Schoharie garrisons. Across the river and co-operating, under Col. Brown, reputed one of the best soldiers and bravest men on the frontier, was a considerable garrison at Fort Paris, near Stone Arabia.

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All told, close upon the raiders was three times their force. To some extent they must have understood the situation: and from Spraker's, that night, they might easily have found safety, up Flat creek—going thence, by the Cobleskill, to Summit and the Charlotte. But the work of vengeance was not yet complete—they were bold spirits, and they held on.

It is marvelous, under the circumstances, that they managed to do this with success. As always, fortune played no small part.

Keator's rift was crossed early on the nineteenth. Not far from the river, a mile perhaps, the van encountered Col. Brown—with about two hundred men, partly of the garrison, in part local militia. Brown had been directed by Van Rensselaer to sally and hold the enemy, against the arrival of the formidable force under the general now close at hand.

Over-eager it may be, incautious certainly, Brown ordered his men into an open field when in plain sight of the enemy—here mainly the Iroquois. Speedily flanked, he was himself shot down, and with him fell about a fourth of his command, the rest breaking in utter panic.

Simms appears to imply¹ that Van Rensselaer, who was on the right bank of the river, reached Keator's rift in time to have crossed and prevented this disaster. But Brant having been mainly concerned with the defeat of Brown, it is by no means unlikely that Johnson remained at or near the ford, anticipating and prepared to dispute this very movement.

A court of inquiry the following spring declared un-animously that the general's conduct on the nineteenth of October had been that of a "a good, active, faithful, prudent and spirited officer."² As such good and pru-

1.—Fr. II. 444. 2.—V. Hals. 299.

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dent officer, he may have judged that to attempt the ford could but add to a disaster already incurred or inevitable. What seems clear is, that the sortie itself was ill-judged.

Van Rensselaer pursuing his march on the south side of the Mohawk, the destroyers, having beaten Brown, broke into small bands and had the temerity again to apply the torch. Later they came together and pushed on—now rapidly and with little time for destruction—toward St. Johnsville.

Meanwhile the militia was crossing the river—at Ehle's rift; half a mile below Fort Plain, some seven above Keator's. Much time was consumed in the operation and it was late before the pursuit could be resumed.

Accounts of what followed are scanty and conflicting¹; but it appears that well toward night, at a point "a little below St. Johnsville," as Simms places it—who living long in the locality cannot well be mistaken—Van Rensselaer finally overtook and engaged the enemy.

Not many shots had been exchanged when darkness put an end to them. Johnson thereupon withdrew to a low peninsula, across whose base a small breastwork had been thrown up. Van Rensselaer fell back down-stream some distance, planning, as the understanding was, to renew the battle by moonlight. In pursuance, Harper with the Oneida crossed the river; while Col. Duboise, with a considerable body of local militia, took position above Johnson's on the same side.

The moon rose, and to Harper and Duboise waiting to hear from the commander, came no word.

Not far above the low point held by the enemy was a ford. Doubtless they had been making for this when overtaken. As the light broadened, a stir was noticed in the camp of the invaders. They had spiked the

1.—e. g. Barb. 283-4; Fr. II. 451-2.

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famous six-pounder and were stealing toward the ford. Many of the Indians had already gained the opposite shore. It is likely that they were covering the passage.

Harper and Duboise did not open fire. Simms explains that they were under "strict orders" to await the movement of Van Rensselaer.

Whatever the fact, the opportunity had soon passed. For worn though they were with forced marches and endless labor, the marauders proved expeditious in the crisis. Soon the water glinted from the leggins of the last man—and to Van Rensselaer remained, next morning, but a perfunctory following of some miles on the South shore; where a few stragglers, utterly worn out, "purposely surrendered."¹

It is a queer story. The prisoners gave out, it is chronicled, that had Van Rensselaer pursued his advantage on the night of the nineteenth, Johnson and most of his party must have been taken. Which may or may not have been true—for there was Brant to reckon with, a leader unsurpassed.

To add to the bitterness and disappointment, Capt. Walter Vrooman, who had been sent out from Fort Stanwix to destroy the boats in readiness for Johnson at Oneida lake, was surprised by the latter on the way west and every man taken in a command of fifty.²

IV.

Of course the Border stormed. There was all provocation. Scores of lives had been lost, many had been carried into captivity, and the damage done was immense—even as the effect was far-reaching.

A month after Brant and Johnson pitched camp at the mouth of the Kanangara, Madison was writing from

1.—Fr. II. 451-3; Barb. 283-4. 2.—Fr. II. 453.

BETTER FORTUNE FOR BORDER

Philadelphia that "the inroads of the enemy on the frontier of New York" had been "most fatal" in respect of diminished supplies for the army. The settlement of Schoharie, "which alone" had been able to furnish "eighty thousand bushels of grain for public use," was totally laid in ashes."¹

Little better was the case along the Mohawk. On the north shore, erstwhile flourishing, for ten miles—from Tribes Hill opposite Fort Hunter to the Nose near Spraker's—but two houses had been left standing; and miles farther, to Palatine and beyond, was the ruin only less complete.

On the south shore, what with the preliminary work of Brant and Cornplanter, the scene was as grim. "The cocks crew from the forest-trees," and the dogs, running wild, howled plaintively for the masters dead or in captivity.²

And all unavenged! For the raiders had escaped with inconsiderable loss.

Van Rensselaer remained, however, and the Border was prompt in venomous attack. He was a dullard and coward. He was related by marriage to Sir John Johnson and had deliberately sacrificed the settlers and connived at Johnson's escape. The findings of the court of inquiry known,³ it was said that men like the brave Harper, who had been called in witness, were "afraid to testify" against one of Van Rensselaer's "wealth and influence."

Against all this stands the conclusion of the court that the "public clamours" concerning the general's conduct, "before and after as well as in the action of October nineteenth," were "without the least foundation."

It is safe to say that VanRensselaer was neither coward nor traitor and that he did his best. For his

1.—Fr. II. 471. 2.—Barb. 284; Fr. II. 336, 449, 488. 3.—p. 68.

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martial skill, it was probably equal to that of his critics.

Col. Marinus Willett, who undertook the defense of the New York frontier in 1781, had better fortune. The time was more favorable, the ardor of the enemy being by this considerably abated, and Willett by long training in the school of the Indian was better qualified.

Hearing that a considerable force of the allies was in the neighborhood of Corrytown, south of the Mohawk, the new commander gathered two hundred and sixty men¹ and went to meet them. They were found camped in a cedar swamp, some two miles east of present Sharon Springs.

Arranging a clever ambushade nearby, his men distributed in the familiar Indian crescent, Willett sent out a decoy—of a few rangers. These were presently followed into the trap; and the provincials, well-concealed behind trees and logs, were soon firing to good effect. In spite of this, the enemy had begun stubbornly to rally, when the commander bethought himself to call in loud tones for “the militia.” It was an artful ruse. For though the entire provincial force was already in action, the tories and Indians, thinking there were reserves and fearing to be surrounded, forthwith broke and fled.

Willett “continued the chase but a short distance” and left the field “without burying any of the dead,” of whom there were five. His advantage, such as it was, sufficed, however, to stay the invasion—if indeed any was proposed.

The loss to the enemy was “supposed” to be, in killed and wounded, “about fifty.” No slightest reason for this satisfactory conclusion appears, nor any more for the statement that the enemy was superior in number.²

Late in October Willett had another opportunity. The

1.—Fr. II. 498. 2.—Fr. II. 499-500.

BETTER FORTUNE FOR BORDER

enemy again appeared in the Sharon region—a great tory center—in force variously estimated at from four to six hundred—regulars, rangers, tories and Indians.

Maj. Ross and Walter Butler were in command. They had come, part way in boats, by Buck island—near the outlet of Lake Ontario—Oneida lake, the forks of the Unadilla and Cherry Valley.¹

Crossing the Montgomery county boundary at Argusville, the invaders went to Corrytown and thence to the Mohawk—raiding down the south shore well into the town of Florida. Here the main body crossed the river, directing their course to Johnstown, which—for whatever reason—appears to have been the objective.

At Johnson Hall, Willett, who had made all speed from Fort Plain, overtook the allies and a sharp skirmish ensued. Forces were about equal and neither suffered much.

Willett went back to Fort Plain; and the invaders, camping that night at Bennett's corners some four miles from the Hall, moved northerly and westerly by the outlet of the Garoga lakes, toward Trenton Falls. Thence, turning west and south across the head of the Mohawk, the way would be clear to Oneida lake and Oswego, or—by the old Iroquois maintrail—to the Genesee.

Meantime Willett had advanced to Fort Dayton, near present Herkimer. From that point, having ascertained the probable route of the enemy, he moved rapidly up the West Canada, falling in with Ross near Black creek, a tributary from the east. Here a brief encounter took place, and the pursuit continuing, shots were again exchanged on the West Canada, not far above Trenton Falls.

It was there, the place yet known as "Butler's Ford," that Walter Butler was killed. Unconscious apparently of the proximity of the pursuers, he had fallen behind

1.—Hals. 305.

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the main body of the expeditionaries, and while drinking from a spring on the farther shore of the stream, was brought down by a shot from the rifle of Daniel Olendorf.

“Anthony, a Mohawk sachem well known in the valley,” at once dashed through the ford and quickly tomahawked the wounded man—his fate that which without doubt he had more than once meted to others, as one familiar enough on the frontier.

“Quivering in death,” Butler was scalped, Willett consenting—though this perhaps is a detail hardly worth noting; a wounded tory taken on Foxen creek, Schoharie, the following summer being scalped some hours previous to death.¹

At Butler’s ford, or thereby, Willett gave over the pursuit of the invaders, being short of provisions and believing, as he wrote, that they might well be left “to the compassion of a starving wilderness—in fair way of receiving a punishment better suited to their merits than a musket-ball, a tomahawk or captivity.”

Not so ran the thought of Ross and his men. With Indians in the party, there was in autumn no “starving wilderness.” True they had left the body of Butler at the ford. But their prisoners and most of the plunder were safe.

A fortnight later, the invaders, though traveling on rather short rations, had reached without further adventure the bountiful valley of the Genesee.²

V.

If the Border learned with grim satisfaction of the ignominious and cruel death of Walter Butler, held

1.—Fr. II. 547, 549; 601. 2.—Fr. II. 550.

MINOR AFFAIRS IN NORTH

chiefly responsible for the barbarity at Cherry Valley in the fall of 1778, other news of the year 1781 was by no means pleasing.

Early in March a party of eighteen, from the garrison, had been cut off by Brant at Fort Stanwix.

In July Capt. Woodworth, with some sixty rangers, while scouting on the West Canada a few miles above Fort Dayton, was drawn into an ambuscade laid by eighty of the enemy—as supposed—“mostly Indians.” At the first fire fell fully one-half of Woodworth’s command; and of the remainder, who speedily fled, all were slain or taken save three Whites and half a dozen Oneida acting as scouts.

The latter, on finding the trail, had advised Woodworth to await reinforcements. But he crudely ignored the suggestion, remarking that if “anyone was afraid” the way to Fort Dayton was open. Well known for his courage, the ranger paid with his life for the temerity and self-sufficiency characteristic of his time and class.¹

This battle of Fairfield, seldom mentioned in conventional history—perhaps because not flattering to racial conceit—is rated by Simms “the bloodiest transaction for the numbers engaged that took place in Tryon county during the Revolution.” It recalled but too vividly a chilling disaster shortly before the Sullivan campaign—on the Delaware, near the mouth of the Lackawaxen—the “battle of Minisink,” as known—July 22, 1779.

There, of the militia of Goshen and vicinity, one hundred and forty-nine in number, who rashly fired on Brant when he summoned them to surrender, “only about thirty” had lived to tell the story.

Col. Tusten, nominal commander in this bloody affair, had been opposed to the pursuit of the dangerous foe, knowing them to be in superior force. But with the fatuity rarely lacking in such case, one Maj. Meekin had

1.—Fr. II. 508-13.

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defied both prudence and discipline, flourishing his sword and shouting truculently: "Let the brave men follow me—cowards may stay behind." And one and all the borderers had followed—to their death.¹

If at Minisink Brant's force had been considerable, it was small—perhaps sixty—when early one morning some few days after the Ross and Butler raid, he suddenly appeared in the valley of the upper Schoharie, having with him Adam Crysler, a tory formerly of the neighborhood.

Apparently the object of the expedition was but to bring off Crysler's family. For, this effected, the invaders after some skirmishing retired—by the south and west—driving a few cattle and horses.

Pursued by a somewhat larger force of rangers and troops from the Upper fort, at Summit lake—then known as Utsayantha—the reivers made a stand. The encounter was of the briefest—the troops, with the honorable exception of one Sacket, a Boston man, promptly taking to their heels and the rangers soon following. Sacket, endeavoring to stand his ground, was killed; as among the rangers was Joachim VanValkenberg, first settler at the mouth of the Schenevus—at Colliers—and accounted one of the best scouts on the frontier.²

Such was the "battle of Utsayantha." There were scores, and more than scores, of the sort, along the New York frontier during the Revolution—the work in the main of petty chiefs and small parties.

Early in September, 1781, before the Ross and Butler raid, Cobleskill in Schoharie county had been visited, for the second time. Half the buildings yet standing were burned and several prisoners taken.

September 22 the flourishing village of Wawarsing, in Ulster county, was plundered and put to the torch—

1.—Barb. 420; Hals. 267-8. 2.—Fr. II. 525-30; Hals. 306.

HOW THE BORDER FOUGHT

with great loss of property; though the inhabitants, taking to the fort, nearly every one escaped. The destructives were pursued, but to no effect.

In the latter part of October at Myndert's valley, Sharon, a party of six Indians, with a tory named Walradt, captured Lieut. Jacob Borst and three others—taking them to Niagara by the Cherry Valley creek, the Susquehanna and the Chemung. Borst, one of the best known patriots of Tryon, died in captivity.

In the same month and that following occurred numerous petty affairs, with no better result for the Frontier, in the valley of the Mohawk.

Till the close of the war, though the borderers had to contend with no further large parties, was little or no diminution of guerilla enterprise. And against such "hobgoblin" warfare—as long before Father Vimont had well styled it—coming from nowhere, striking swiftly and with small ruth, passing suddenly and mysteriously as it came—the New York frontier, now a century later, was little better able to make head than the French of Montreal had been. The difference, in the eighteenth century, for the conquerors of the French—far more numerous and better armed and equipped than they—lay mainly in the ready and constant support afforded by a well-settled region on the seaboard.

VI.

Dangerous as the Red man was in set battle, here was a phase of his hostility even more to be dreaded.

There was a rifle—a better gun than the Indian's, at any rate—in every cabin. Rangers were numerous, whose sole and constant business it was to watch and ward. Everywhere small forts and stockades had been erected and "alarm-guns" mounted.

IN THE CONTEST WITH ENGLAND

The primitive warrior having no adequate means and seldom the time to reduce them, such forts proved commonly of great value, and occasionally, the alarm timely, saved all—as at Wawarsing. Now and again the rangers gave an excellent account of themselves. In the summer of 1780 a considerable party of Ohio Indians raiding the region southwest of Fort Pitt, were thus cut off, almost to a man.¹

Certain individuals won particular distinction as “Indian-fighters”—using the methods of the adversary and acquiring considerable proficiency. And they were constantly in action.

Finally, there was much wild and bloody work by prisoners—who violating the implied parole where life was spared, fell upon their captors by stealth—in sleep, most commonly. One reads frequently of such incidents.

None the less, taking the war together, the balance was heavily against the Border. Nor did the most famous of its heroes make ever a record to compare with that—grim indeed!—of many an even inferior chief.

Such, for example, as the terrible Seth’s-Henry—whose wareclub left in Vrooman’s-land in the Schoharie valley, August, 1780, was notched for thirty-five persons slain and forty taken captive. “At a later period,” remarks Simms, naively, the fatal score “was much larger.”²

Startling though this primitive record of individual achievement, there is parallel enough. Indeed Assacumbuit, an Abnaki devoted to the French who visited the King at Versailles in 1706, is said to have carried a club scored with no less than ninety-eight notches, for Englishmen slain.³

It would be pertinent if for comparison with the very definite record of Seth’s-Henry, there were a summary,

1.—Shimm. 118. 2.—Fr. II. 398, 526. 3.—Dr. III. 140.

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for example of Murphy's exploits. But the chronicles which so carefully preserve the sinister tallies of the chief, tell little of the famous rifleman.

He accompanied Sullivan, it appears, and was with Boyd in the ill-fated Groveland affair. Here he is said to have slain two Seneca and to have made a clever escape. The year before he had shot Service—a well-known tory, living on the Charlotte—who, a party having come to his house to arrest him, had menaced Murphy with an ax. Says Simms:

The wife of Service, seeing the determined look of the rifleman, caught hold of his arm and besought him not to fire. He gently pushed her aside and patting her on the arm said: "Mother, he will never sleep with you again." In another instant the unerring bullet had penetrated the tory's heart.¹

It is supposed that somewhere in the same neighborhood that witnessed this atrocity, fell the hated Seth's-Henry—also by a bullet from the famous "Virginia rifle."

The war at end, the chief, who was born and had formerly lived in the Schoharie valley, thought it safe to return. His suspicion aroused by the threatening demeanor of former neighbors, he soon deemed it expedient to leave the country—taking a trail for the Charlotte. Murphy followed, and the story runs that Seth's-Henry was never again seen.

Whether Murphy really did kill him, and by what means, if any, are left to the imagination. Certain is it, that no scruple as to act or method protected tory or Indian, whether during the war or for long after. It was an eminently patriotic and praiseworthy deed to shoot Service in the presence of his wife. Mark the "gentleness" with which the foul deed was accomplished!

1.—Fr. II. 188, 257-8.

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Over in Kingston, not so far away, they had hanged loyalists for no more than their "exasperating" opinions. And Service was supposed to have sheltered the enemy.

Perhaps it should be added that no torture accompanied the "stern measures" at Kingston—unless indeed the mental anguish to the victims "and their families" is to be considered such.¹

The life and adventures of Tom Quick, another border hero, have been somewhat fully recounted. For pleasant reading, I can hardly commend the little book—though profitable, perchance. It has at any rate the merit of frankness—more than can be said for the bulk of border literature.

A well-known passage tells how some two years after the close of the French war, in full time of peace, the miscreant lurked patiently one day in the reeds by Butler's rift, on the Delaware, till a canoe appeared—there in an Indian hunter, his wife and three children. They were paddling slowly along, "the children enjoying the journey and seeming very happy."

Waiting till the boat was well within range, the watcher suddenly sprang from hiding, and covering the Red stranger with deadly rifle, ordered him ashore. As the Indian, deprived thus foully of any chance for resistance, reached the bank, Quick shot him. Then, deliberately, one after another, he tomahawked the mother and the children.

The older children "squawked like young crows"—so, in his old age, the assassin was wont in artless language to relate. The last, a babe in arms, cooing and smiling stretched tiny brown hands toward the dripping ax. Well-nigh even the "iron frontiersman" had been touched to spare the innocent; but remembering, betimes, the homely border proverb of "nits make lice," he hardened his wolfish heart and smote.

1.—Barb. 558.

STRUGGLE IN THE SOUTH

It should be explained, perhaps, that the chief figure in this perilous adventure with a "bloody and relentless foe," had been greatly "exasperated" in early life by the death of his father—killed by a war party. An exemplary son, he felt it incumbent on him, from that time forth, to destroy, by whatsoever means, all of the Red race who should at any time cross his path.

In the war of the Revolution he rendered, thus, considerable service on the frontier; and peace declared, he lived for yet many years on the upper Delaware—respected and even admired by his hardy neighbors—his regular business the assassination of any Indians who might unwittingly stray into the neighborhood; incidentally, a hunter and trapper.

During his last illness, this excellent son expressed profound regret that he had not been able more fully to avenge the death of an honored sire—whose loved spirit must have marked with peculiar satisfaction the filial piety manifest in the pitiless slaughter of babes and sucklings.

VII.

The Quicks, great and small, were many on the border, waging a war that knew no truce with a ferocity seldom or never equaled by the foe.

For the rudest warrior fresh from the age of stone, though sometimes he killed all, was nevertheless moved often by natural compassion—carrying small children with infinite pains over wide reaches of wilderness, to be cherished as his own; and sparing, habitually, more of both sexes and all ages than he slew.

On the other hand, rarely indeed does one read of an Indian—a child, even—in Border captivity. It is a fact going a long way to supply the chronicle of White barbarity which was never written.

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And yet, for all its butchers, armed with the deadly rifle; its Indian-fighters; its scouts and rangers; its numerous militia; its companies and even regiments of continentals—the New York frontier, as we have seen, acting mainly on the defensive and confronting but some hundreds of Iroquois, with rarely the like number of Tories, Canadians and regulars—these last not more expert in the business of war, certainly, than former neighbors, fellow-colonists and soldiers of the American army—was undeniably at sore disadvantage.

Nor elsewhere was the contest, though more definitely of Red man against White, to better advantage for the latter.

Brodhead's expedition against the Seneca in 1779 is an excellent illustration of the "dry blow." Two years later, marching to the Muskingum in Ohio, he burned the Indian village of Coshocton, killed a few of the hostile Delawares, and took some twenty prisoners—mainly old men, women and children—of whom most, as heretofore related, were butchered during the return.¹

Whether any of the actors in this scene of savagery were with Col. Lochry when four months later he marched, from the Pennsylvania frontier, to join George Rogers Clark at the "Falls of the Ohio"—present Louisville—I know not. But of all in the command—near a hundred of rangers and volunteers—beset by Brant on the way, there escaped hardly a man.²

In latter May of the following year, 1782, Col. Crawford headed five hundred Pennsylvanians, in an expedition against the Indian town of Sandusky. When near to his destination, he was defeated—by a force mainly Indian and not more than equal to his own—was himself captured, and this happening soon after the atrocious massacre of Gnadenhuetten, he was tortured

1.—p. 62. 2.—Shimm. 125.

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and burnt at the stake. Washington thought the retaliation natural.¹

Six weeks after the Crawford expedition the Indians responded with the destruction of Hannastown—county seat of Westmoreland, south of Pittsburg—and the burning of Miller's fort, nearby. At the latter point, a few settlers were killed and many captured.

Again, as many a time before on the Pennsylvania frontier, during the Revolution and earlier, fear and panic ran so high that whole counties lay abandoned.²

In the fall of 1782, when George Warner and Peter Zimmer were captives at Niagara, they found, among some two hundred prisoners there, "nearly one hundred" of the famous Virginia riflemen.³

No Indians were prisoners in Virginia at this time— if indeed at any time during the Revolution—and the comparison suggests both the superior skill of the Indian, warring on the southern frontier, and his greater magnanimity. Boone and Kenton, let it be noted, Van Campen—even the hideous Quick—all were captives during the war. Had the Red foeman been as ruthless as his antagonist, not a man of them had seen the dawn of peace.

In Kentucky the defense was maintained, as perhaps nowhere else so systematically, by means of strong stockades; few of which the Shawnee and their associates had the means to force. Sieges were frequent, and occasionally a station was surprised and so taken. In general, behind their wooden walls the settlers were safe. When they grew impatient and attempted to meet and punish the enemy, in the open, it was commonly another story.

In March, 1782, Estill, a well-known ranger, learning on his return from a reconnoissance that a party of

1.—Heckw. 284, note; 285-8. 2.—Shimm. 137; see, also, *Ib.* 97-99, 102, 114, 119, 120, 124. 3.—Fr. II. 605.

IN THE CONTEST WITH ENGLAND

Wyandot had but just retired from his own station, essayed with equal force to pursue and cut them off. The invaders were overtaken at Little mountain on the Licking. At the first fire their leader was badly wounded. His followers would thereupon have retreated, apparently. But the chief's clear voice was heard, sternly calling them to their posts.

Wearied of ineffectual skirmish, Estill, extending his line, undertook at length to surround and close. He was furiously met, and in an hour's time, of his main body but four wounded men were left to flee. One or two others may have escaped—the account is not clear; as uncertain also is the loss of the Wyandot, though supposed—again “supposed”—to have been considerable. Estill himself was among those killed.¹

In May following Ashton's station was attacked. Capt. Ashton, venturing to pursue the assailants with twenty-five men, lost his own life and half the command. Early in August, Capt. Holder, following with seventeen men a small party that appeared at Hoy's station, was beaten off with four killed and several wounded.

A week later came an encounter far more serious. A force reckoned at fully four hundred Indians, with some few Canadian rangers, laid siege to Bryant's station, near present Lexington.

The garrison was prepared, and after a day or two the Indians withdrew—with some loss—nothing of importance effected. Thereupon Cols. Todd and Trigg, with Maj. Harland and Daniel Boone, collecting a force of about two hundred, made bold to follow, and coming up with the invaders at a point on the Licking some forty miles to the east, gave battle. The frontiersmen were defeated—with heavy loss—Todd, Trigg and Harland among the dead.

1.—Dr. V. 185-6.

THE WAR CLOSES

The experienced Boone, by long tuition under the Indians themselves not less cautious than brave, had been opposed to the attack. But, border-fashion, he had been overruled—one McGary, who had listened to his prudent counsel with ill-concealed contempt, whooping and spurring his horse into the river and calling on "all who were not cowards" to follow.

Learning of the sore disaster, George Rogers Clark—then at the Falls of the Ohio—took up the pursuit in sufficient force, and trailing the Indians back to the Miami, burned several of their villages there—taking also "five scalps."

It was but another "dry blow."¹

VIII.

Considering events in general on the Southern border during the Revolution—those here briefly narrated as well as many others, commonly of a minor sort but not less sinister in the main—Col. James Smith, a man of philosophic turn, wondered if "the known world" could produce "troops" to compare with the Indians—whose methods of fighting might have anything like the same "tendency to annoy the enemy and save their own men."²

Washington, in his way, seems to have been as strongly impressed. The legislature of New York proposing at the close of the Revolution forthwith to confiscate the lands of the hostile Iroquois, he at once protested—saying that such action could but end "in another Indian war."

Instead he recommended acquiescence in the Indian title; the establishment of a boundary; strict prohibition of settlement beyond such line; satisfactory compensation should it be found necessary to move it westward.

1.—Boone 166-71; Dr. V. 188, and note. 2.—Captiv. 261.

IN THE CONTEST WITH ENGLAND

Whoever was "acquainted with the nature of Indian warfare" would not "hesitate to acknowledge" that such was at once "the cheapest" as the "least distressing way of dealing with them."

The Iroquois he classed among the nations still "powerful"—testimony which, taken with their small number when the war began, the length of the struggle, and the hundred encounters, great and small, is ample to confirm Smith's opinion that the Forest foemen contrived wonderfully to save their own forces while inflicting heavy loss.¹

The counsel of Washington, wise as humane—entitling its author, in the opinion of the Iroquois, to special consideration in the spirit-land²—was substantially followed in New York, where no more was armed contest with the primitive owners of the soil.

The Seneca and their associates, very sensible of the changed conditions, and coming more and more to the new way, deemed it best—the question submitted to them with some fairness and decency—to relinquish in due course most of the broad lands no longer of use as hunting-grounds, receiving therefor some compensation. A considerable number removed to Canada—whither already the Mohawk had gone; where were Iroquois colonies of long standing; where something of the old world yet endured, and where might be brightened the traditional chain with the Great King.

In the land of the loyalist the Iroquois have been notably well treated. Accepted as a real and valuable element in the collective life—their natural rights recognized and duly protected—they number to-day with their dependents some ten to twelve thousand; as many, perhaps, as of old.

1.—See, League II. 197-99. 2.—Ib. I. 246.

THE WAR CLOSES

Nearly half the number, moreover, may still be found on the reservations in New York. There—in the old land—if for more than a century now they have lived uneventfully, it has in the main been peacefully—their neighbors, for the most part, coming finally to share the generous and enlightened sentiment of the historian Campbell, who wrote that remembering how “in the days of their glory” they had protected “this infant colony from the ravages of the French,” he was well disposed to “blot out the record” of the Revolution.¹

1.—Ann. 230.

IV

Beyond the Ohio

I.

BUT if peace and some measure of justice came, thus, to the Iroquois—elsewhere, the War of Independence past, the swarming Swannak had shortly resumed the old-time violence and oppression,¹ and in sharp retaliation grew the memorable record of still a century of heroic struggle—not merely for Red rights, but existence. Even along the Ohio the merciless contest endured for yet a generation—a fact among the most astonishing in history, if conditions be considered.

For the census of 1790 showed the United States to have a population of close on four millions. In the next decade was increase of nearly one-third. In 1810 the census returned 6,779,308—a gain of twenty-eight hundred and fifty thousand in twenty years, or more than one hundred and forty thousand per annum.

Steadily this “human sea” rolled to the west; and no lands were more coveted than those beyond the Ohio.

To bar their seizure, the invaders had no slightest conception of any native right. Brackinridge, editor of the Knight and Slover narratives, wrote in 1782 that, “so far from” admitting the Indian title, he conceived that “not having made a better use” of the land “for many hundred years,” they had “forfeited all pretence to claim.” He would “as soon admit a right in the buffalo.”²

1.—See p. 40-41. 2.—Kn. and Sl. 69, 70.

THE HUMAN SEA

Of a sort of paleolithic moral development—though a touch of civilization enabled him to rough-hew English and to quote law-Latin—this interesting product of the border offered a radical plan for extinguishing the native title—if any there were. “The animals vulgarly called Indians” being by nature “fierce and cruel”—the reader may here contrast the clemency and humanity of the Man and Christian—their “*extirpation*” would be “useful to the world,” he suggested, while “honorable” to those who could “effect it.”¹

In the light of sentiment such as this, it is needless to ask why the hatchet was raised. There were thousands of Brackinridges on the border, their deeds not less shameless and revolting than their principles.

If in invasion of Red proprial right lay the main cause of hostilities², there was trespass more heinous. Wrote Gen. Harrison to the legislature of Indiana in 1807: “The utmost efforts to induce the Indians to take up arms would be unavailing, if *one* only of the *many* persons who have committed murders on their people could be brought to punishment.”³

Never, perhaps, was provocation greater. Never was war more righteous. If the Indian proved “fierce and cruel,” he might well urge “Christian” example—from the baleful day of Mystic.

Just though their cause, it is none the less a wonder—as proof of surpassing courage—that the Indians of Ohio dared appeal to arms. There were then—in the central and western region, and in adjacent Indiana—three tribes closely allied: the Shawnee, of never above two thousand souls; migrant Delawares, to the number of perhaps fifteen hundred; the Miami, with related Wea and Piankashaw—in all, it may be, three thousand.

1.—Kn. and Sl. 6, 62. 2.—Dr. V. 74; Th. II. 244. 3.—Th. II. 230.

BEYOND THE OHIO

Some sixty or seventy hundreds to oppose as many hundred-thousands!

They might count on the assistance of some few Seneca; of the hundred warriors, or so, of the Hurons, or Wyandot, who dwelt about Detroit and Sandusky; or may be twice or thrice as many Potawatomi, and a few Kaskaskia and Kickapoo—the homes of these in the region of the Wabash. The glory of the Ottawa had departed with Pontiac; but many would follow the lead of their old allies and neighbors the Hurons. Of the widespread Chippewa, the Missisauga might aid.

Altogether, there was the possibility of perhaps two thousand five hundred fighting men.

In fact, in the first war—1788-95—carried on almost exclusively by the Shawnee, the Delawares and the Miami, they appear never to have mustered more than a thousand warriors. And if, under Tecumseh, in the War of 1812, the total rose to double the number—that which may well be doubted, the Wyandot being then lukewarm¹—it was only for the briefest period. At the battle of the Thames, where the great chief fell, his following was probably not five hundred.

A handful against a host, the defenders were at starting disadvantage likewise in the matter of arms. At the Vincennes conference, July 30, 1811, some of Tecumseh's personal following still carried the bow.² The guns they had, procured of the English, were at best but mediocre muskets.

Nearly all the Border was using at this time the American rifle, developed—in Pennsylvania, particularly—from the early German arm of the sort and the sole weapon of precision. It afforded vastly superior range; a readiness of fire theretofore undreamed of; astonishing accuracy; economy of ammunition.

1.—*vid.* *Handb.* II. 714; *Th.* II. 220. 2.—*Th.* II. 208.

Against this novel and terrible weapon—in the hands of foes without number—the Forest patriot could but set his splendid valor, his matchless art of war—and a leadership of the highest.

It is indeed marvelous how in every emergency this resourceful, though by no means prolific race found the man for the hour.

Remarkable at this time was *Mishikináqua*, the Little-Turtle, leader of the Miami—his mother, it is said, a Mahican. Equally notable in battle, though of less distinguished intellect perhaps, was Blue Jacket the Shawnee. In *Buckóngahélas*, the Breaker-in-Pieces, the Delawares found a war chief noble and humane as brave and capable.

II.

In the war of the Revolution the Shawnee and their associates had fought as allies of the Crown. The struggle with England at end, they readily agreed to lay down the hatchet, provided—"especially"—that the Americans would keep "to their own side of the Ohio."¹

For a time, then, the sun of peace shone.

But its beams were transient. The settlers believed with Boone that the expedition of Clark, when in 1782 he burned the towns on the Miami, had "damped the spirits of the Indians and made them sensible of our superiority."² Soon, therefore, they were wantonly violating the boundary stipulated—such aggression, as truly enough says Thatcher, being always "and almost necessarily attended with other provocations."³

That the guardians of the wilderness were fully aware of their inferiority both in arms and numbers, there can be no doubt. But that any such considera-

1.—Shimm. 143. 2.—Boone 171. 3.—Th. II. 244.

BEYOND THE OHIO

tion could damp the wild, free spirit, was in truth a strange delusion.

Again the war cloud gathered and shadowed the land—in petty expeditions, which, if “attended with no honor,” produced untold alarm.¹ In 1790 Gen. Knox, secretary of war, reported to Congress that “within two years past upwards of fifteen hundred persons” had been “killed or carried into captivity, and a great amount of property destroyed.”²

It was resolved, once for all, to break the power of the defenders and bring them to submission. The task was assigned to Gen. Josiah Harmar—veteran of the Revolution, reputed an able leader.

With fifteen hundred men he marched from present Cincinnati in the fall of 1790, and by mid-October his advance was at the Great Miami village, near present Fort Wayne. It was in flames—prototype of Moscow—when reached, Míshikináqua having put it to the torch, as all other of the towns in the vicinity.

Next day the chief engaged a detachment of between two and three hundred troops, under Major Fontaine, and badly beat them. This encounter took place on the 17th. The day following Harmar with the main of the army had reached the scene, several of his scouting parties having been cut off *en route*.

Only three days later, nothing having been accomplished in the interval, the invaders were in hurried retreat.

Eight miles on the way to the Ohio, learning that the Indians had again assembled at the site of the Miami village, Harmar sent back Col. Hardin, at the head of a considerable force, with orders to engage them. Hardin lost nearly a third of his command, and when finally, sadly demoralized, the expedition made Cincinnati, the

1.—Th. II. 252. 2.—Dr. V. 189.

HARMAR AND ST. CLAIR

toll of dead was some two hundred, including a "very great proportion of officers."¹

The Indians had suffered little, and exultant they urged the war with renewed vigor.

The situation on the Western frontier "became truly alarming."² In response to President Washington's appeal for "prompt and efficient measures," Congress made provision for another and larger army—command being given to Arthur St. Clair, governor of the Northwest territory.

St. Clair planned a systematic campaign—building Forts Hamilton and Jefferson, on the Miami, to secure his movement. Much time was thus consumed, as in assemblage of troops and supplies, and it was again October before the expedition left Cincinnati.

Of the two thousand troops, some hundreds were frontier militia. Though the proportion was not so great as under Harmar—who had charged, in his report, that in Fontaine's fight the borderers had "shamefully and cowardly" thrown away their arms and fled, "scarcely firing a gun"³—so many as he had, St. Clair's experience with the militia was to prove no better than his predecessor's.

Scarcely had he entered the hostile territory, when they began to desert in numbers; and a regiment having been detached to recover the fugitives, the effective of the army had been reduced to about fourteen hundred men, when, on the night of November 3rd, camp was pitched on a southern branch of the Wabash, at a point twenty-odd miles north and somewhat to the west of Greenville, Ohio.

The main body occupied rather high land—a steep bank affording some protection, on the east. A quarter of a mile beyond, on a rise of ground, were three hun-

1.—Dr. V. 189-91. 2.—Th. II. 246. 3.—Dr. V. 189, 190.

BEYOND THE OHIO

dred Kentucky militia.¹ It was this advance on which fell the sudden and furious attack of the Red men—in the gray of the morning, Nov. 4, 1791.

The borderers at once broke and fled wildly—upon the main camp. Close behind, their shrill war cry waking the sleepy dawn, came the tawny assailants—half invisible as they flitted from tree to tree—and thus were many of the panic-stricken fugitives swiftly overtaken and as swiftly slain.

Quickly the *melée* had traversed the intervale—dim under great maples—and was rolling upward to the high land. But here the veterans were roused; and cannon crashing—hundreds of rifles cracking—the Americans charged in turn.

To and fro the battle swayed, both sides contending with extraordinary tenacity. At the end of an hour the result was still in the balance, when, animated by the fiery harangue of the Blackfish, who declared that for him it was victory or death, many of the Indians abandoned their guns for the deadlier tomahawk—stealing close in the smoke of the artillery.

Then, at length, the Americans broke; the camp was taken; and in the disorderly retreat that followed, the slaughter, over miles, was appalling. More than six hundred of St. Clair's force were killed outright and nearly half as many wounded, a large number mortally.

Thirty-eight officers were among the slain, twenty-one were wounded. Of the former was Col. Butler, second in command. St. Clair himself, by a miracle, escaped—though with eight bullets through his clothes.²

A few of the victors followed the shattered remnant of the army all the way to Fort Jefferson, thirty miles distant. Most of them, after four or five miles, gave over the pursuit to plunder the camp.

1.—Th. II. 247. 2.—Th. II. 249; Dr. V. 74-75.

TREATY OF GREENVILLE

It is commonly stated that the number of Indians engaged in this memorable encounter, disastrous to civilized arms as the defeat of Braddock, was equal to that of the force under St. Clair. But there seems no good reason to doubt the statement of George Ash—captured on the Kentucky frontier when a lad of ten, reared a Shawnee, and participating in the battle on the side of the Indians—that they counted but eight hundred and fifty warriors.

Their killed, including those who died of wounds, Ash placed at thirty-five. A Missisauga who visited Montreal some months after the action, laid the Indian loss at but nine.¹

Foremost among the tribes engaged were the Miami, with—as always—the redoubtable Shawnee, and the Delawares. Some Seneca are supposed to have lent a hand—more of the Wyandot. There were fifty Kickapoo. As many of the Potawatomi left the Red camp the night before the battle, though others of that tribe may have remained. A few Ottawa and Chippewa appear to have participated.

Míshikináqua acted as generalissimo in the battle of the Wabash, and Blue Jacket led the Shawnee. Buck-óngahélas was probably in command of the Delawares.

III.

Following the disastrous defeat of St. Clair, came yet more than two years of warfare, wherein if no encounter of anything like equal importance occurred, the border nevertheless suffered severely.

In a few major affairs, as at Fort St. Clair in 1792, fortune of war was commonly with the tribes.² Repeatedly the Seventeen-Fires, as the Indians termed the

1.—Th. II. 249; Ash. 433. 2.—Th. II. 252.

BEYOND THE OHIO

States, proposed peace; but as overtures were always in terms of land surrender, they came to nothing.

Long though fate might dally, however, indulging somewhat a skill and valor to move the gods, none the less was it inexorable. This incredible resistance—enduring—if we reckon from the Revolution—for now more than half a generation, with but the briefest intermission—must needs end.

Sometimes in the strange story called History it has happened that a small people has been wonderfully preserved, in merciless and sweeping invasion, by accident of difficult situation or a barren soil. But the land of the Shawnee and their allies had no slightest natural barrier and the soil was deep and fat.

Ravening now for the old Red cornfields and hunting-grounds were an hundred thousand; and far beyond this clamorous multitude, pressed host on host—to the sea, and over. Impossible though it might be to overcome the aboriginal owner in battle, at any rate he could be “trampled under”—as Harrison told the Wyandot.¹

In 1792, command on the Ohio was given to Gen. Anthony Wayne, of Stony Point fame—a brave man, a cautious—for all his soubriquet of “Mad Anthony”—and one of long experience in border warfare. The Indians knew him as “the Blacksnake,” they fully appreciated his ability.

Wayne proceeded to his task with a prudence that eloquently attests the respect and fear inspired by native arms. The following winter he spent, near Pittsburg, in recruiting troops and carefully drilling them. The next summer he advanced to Cincinnati, and having established a post at Greenville—six miles beyond Fort Jefferson, on the west branch of the Miami—he built a second fort on St. Clair’s battlefield, twenty-odd miles to

1.—Th. II. 216, 218.

TREATY OF GREENVILLE

the north—naming this Recovery. Here he passed the winter of 1793-4.

By this time the stupid and unlovely Border was railing at his "slowness."¹ But Wayne had no mind to repeat the experience of Harmar and St. Clair, and gave no heed to "the people."

The summer following, having been reinforced by sixteen hundred Kentucky militia—many of them mounted—which with his two thousand regulars gave him a force some three or four times that which the tribes could muster, he advanced to the Maumee—building Fort Defiance at the junction of the Auglaize.

After two years of patient preparation, well protected against any possible disaster by a chain of forts and garrisons running all the way to Cincinnati, Wayne was at length in position to act. For the eastern and southern portions of Ohio, he offered the Indians "a quantity of goods to the value of \$20,000," with half the amount—in goods—"henceforward every year forever."² This they might take, and peace; or he would wrest from them what he could, by force and arms.³

Most of the Indians, weary of the long war—which, well fought as it had been and destructive to the enemy, had availed so little to stem the vast invasion—were for bowing to the inevitable and accepting Wayne's proposal. Said Mishikinaqua, in council:

Twice we have beaten the enemy, under separate commanders. We cannot expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps. The night and the day are alike to him. During all the time that he has been marching upon our villages, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. Something whispers to me that it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace.⁴

Whether, or not, the "whisper" reached their ears as well, Blue Jacket and other chiefs of influence were

1.—Dr. V 80. 2.—Treaty of Greenville. 3.—Dr. V. 81, note. 4.—v. Th. II. 257-8.

BEYOND THE OHIO

still for resistance. They taunted the Turtle with cowardice, and stung to the quick, he joined them.

How many were the intractables and their followers, it is impossible to say. Ash puts the final rally at three hundred. More or less, it was over these that Wayne, on the 20th of August, 1794, near the falls of the Maumee—almost under the walls of the British fort still maintained there—won the battle of Fallen-Timbers, “the greatest victory ever gained over the Northwest Indians.”

The American loss in killed and wounded was one hundred and thirty to forty. The loss of the tribes the early chroniclers pretend not even to “estimate”—contenting themselves with vague words, such as “carnage” and “horrible havoc.” Safe to say, it was not great—the Shawnee, who bore the brunt, being returned a decade later at fifteen hundred, as many as in 1783 or 1793.¹

However, the success of Wayne, such as it was, brought the signature of a treaty—at Fort Greenville, a year later—its terms, be it noted, “the same as were offered before the battle.”²

IV.

Long as the war ending with the treaty of Greenville, was the peace that followed.

Mishikinaqua never again bore arms against the White man. Satisfied that further resistance could avail nothing, he studied the stranger ways and soon manifested a decided taste for civilized life, expressing the belief that in its acceptance lay the sole hope of his race.³

Again and again he visited the capital of the Seven-teen-Fires—where his strong intellect, his shrewd wit,

1.—Handb. II. 537. 2.—Dr. V. 81, note. 3.—Voln. 465.

TECUMSEH THE STATESMAN

his kindness and courtesy, won the attention and sincere esteem of men such as Volney, the French philosopher, and the renowned Kosciusko.¹ Humane in war as he was brave, in peace his generous soul was stirred to its depths by the manifold evils brought upon his people through strong drink.

The legislature of Kentucky, on his forcible representation, passed a law forbidding the sale of liquor to Indians. That of Ohio, to its lasting disgrace, ignored his plea for prohibition—here, as elsewhere commonly, the Border deliberately filling its pockets in the misery of a race.² The “iniquity of slavery,” which later was to arouse “the conscience” of a people by such means become wealthy enough to support a conscience, strikes one as hardly more heinous.

This noted chief—his mind, assuredly, “of no common order,” as Parkman remarked concerning the Ojibwa Minavávana—died at Fort Wayne, in the summer of 1812, where he was buried with the honors of war. His illness was of brief duration; and death came to him, as he had insisted it should, in the free air and on the bosom of mother Earth—after “the old way.” He met it with the noble patience which we are wont to term Christian, but which was quite as characteristic of these admirable Pagans—firm in their belief that a happy immortality awaited him who had been brave, just and unselfish.

By the members of his tribe, the Miami, Mishikinaqua’s disposition to accept the new ways was viewed for long with a jealous eye. In the end, most of them came to his way of thinking.

So, too, the Delawares—to whom the last injunction of the famous Buckóngahélas had been, reliance on the friendship of the Seventeen-Fires.³ And so, likewise,

1.—Dr. V. 77-9, Th. II. 267-9. 2.—Th. II. 265-6. 3.—Th. II. 179-80.

BEYOND THE OHIO

the Wyandot—the “elder brothers”¹—who—of the historic Iroquoian stock—had, though few in number, attained by sheer force of character and intellect an influence in Ohio, and the region about the head of Lake Erie, as great as that wielded of yore in the League by the Onondaga.²

Quite other, in the impending ruin of their world, was the attitude, for the most part, of the indomitable Shawnee. Once the peace-loving vassals of the Iroquois, they had been tempered in long and bitter experience to proud independence and a power in arms redoubtable as any the Swannak encountered.

For them, “the old path.” But Blue Jacket, their long-time leader, though on the battlefield he had no superior, was neither orator nor statesman. Further, he drew to the limit of years.

With the wise and generous approval of the aging chieftain, came into prominence, at this juncture, among the Shawnee, a man uniting all titles to distinction and influence—one who would have been remarkable among any people in such a crisis—*Tecumseh*, He-that-Springs.

It was Tecumseh whom Trumbull described as “the most extraordinary Indian in United States history”—albeit Harrison rated as high, or higher, the “venerable” *Tarheh*, the Crane, of the Wyandot—whose friendship he held an “honor.” The decision, as in many another case, would turn perhaps on the judge—the question is of interest, chiefly, as illustrating the plenitude of Red genius.³

No love for the Swannak and their ways had Tecumseh—and with reason.

When he was a child they had slain his father, in the battle at the mouth of the Kanawha. Later, on the Tennessee, they had killed an elder brother who filled the

1.—Th. II. 212, 217, 219. 2.—Ib. 211; Handb. I. 589. 3.—v. Handb. II. 694, 714.

TECUMSEH THE STATESMAN

father's place. Later still, another brother had fallen—at his very side, as together they faced the Blacksnake.

Then, when the battle of the Timbers was fought—it was not yet half a generation—had the Forest people owned all the land, to the Ohio—their villages on the twin Miamis. Far flowed Miami-of-the-River now, the great Miami, through a land all *Wapsit*—all the white man's. From the village on the Wabash where now dwelt Tecumseh and his people, it was farther to the field where his father fell than to the Mississippi.

Nearly all this vast interval filled as by some strange magic, with the swarming foe,¹ and now—more truculent, more insatiable than ever—they clamored anew for land—still land. “We shall be pushed into the lakes,” said the chief to Harrison.²

All this had Tecumseh and his people seen, and more—the world-old forest swept away, their hunting destroyed, their children corrupted, their women debauched, their friends and kinsmen wounded and miserably slain—without cause.

And though the Blacksnake, taking the Great Spirit to witness by the pipe, had promised with much writing that the Red men should be fully protected in the “quiet enjoyment” of all lands not ceded—that any doing them violence should be surrendered for punishment—not one White ruffian had been brought to justice, nor “one only” of the “many persons” who had “committed murder on their people.”³

Trust the Seventeen-Fires? Even the Blacksnake—a warrior!—had proved false. One and all, the *Wapsit* were hypocrites and knaves—as long ago the fathers had discerned.⁴ For Buckóngahélas and his final words, dying he was no longer the wise counselor, who, twenty years earlier, had warned the foolish Praying Indians

1.—Hale 230. 2.—Th. II. 233. 3.—See Harv. 127; Th. II. 230-31. 4.—Th. II. 183.

BEYOND THE OHIO

of Gnadenhuetten that Swannak ruled the Long Knives—and that therefore no trust could be placed in them.

“They would make slaves of us, if they could,” he had said then; “since they cannot enslave, they kill us. They are not like the Red men, who are enemies in war but in peace are friends. They take the Indian by the hand and at the same moment destroy him.”¹

A soldier from very early years, Tecumseh was more—a thinker. From Harmar’s overthrow, and before, he had marked the skill and valor of the “men first in the land.” But what availed the skill and courage of a tribe—or of two, or three, or five—against this countless host, like the leaves of the forest for number and as constantly renewed?

The *Wapsit* had no tribes. Though of varying features, of differently colored eyes and hair—a mixed people²—all acted together. Why should not all Indians? “Nor would he give rest to his feet,” he declared, “until he had united all Red men in defense of the soil.”³

Again, the Swannak must come no farther—the boundary made with the Blacksnake must remain inviolate. But how maintain the boundary, if tribes, even parts of tribes, might validly sign away lands within it?

All had fought for the lands. “The Great Spirit had made them the property of all.” Then all, concluded this keen reasoner, must join for any valid sale.⁴

The political conceptions of Tecumseh have been likened to those of Philip or of Pontiac. But there is a wide difference between a confederation, temporary or permanent, and amalgamation.

The Iroquois league was a permanent federation and potentially a nation. But nationality must have come by evolution. For said the Iroquois to subject Dela-

1.—Heckw. 81. 2.—Heckw. 187. 3.—Dr. V. 123. 4.—Th. II. 231-3.

THE PROPAGANDA

wares at Philadelphia, 1742: "You can no more sell land than can women."¹ Nor did the Delawares, nor any other conquered tribe, have any voice in the affairs of the League.

Ultimately Delawares and Iroquois might have become one people, as Saxons and Normans. But Tecumseh's plans succeeding, a Red nation had sprung forth—into being—a single sovereignty to replace a score of petty groups, independent each group however trifling.

It was the thought of a Cavour or a Bismarck.

And the fine courage, the unshakable resolution! Gov. Harrison had threatened that, the Indians opposing the seizure of their lands, "swarms of hunting-shirt men" should pour forth "thick as mosquitoes on the shores of the Wabash." Said a Wyandot, urging submission:

Let me tell you, should you defeat the American army, you have not done. Another will come; and if you defeat that, still another—one like the waves of the Greatwater, overwhelming and sweeping you from the face of the earth.²

But the patriot who haughtily told the governor that "the Sun was his father, the Earth his mother," was "determined to defend the lands." He and his people "had retreated far enough"—they "would go no farther." They did not want war, they did not intend to strike the first blow; but needs be, they would "die like men."³

V.

Remarkable as the political conceptions of Tecumseh was the energy with which he sought to realize them—giving indeed "no rest to his feet," in journeys that ranged from beyond the Mississippi to Florida; and urging everywhere with native eloquence and logic untrained but powerful, the consolidation and united

1.—Cold. II. 106. 2.—Th. II. 207, 219. 3.—Dr. V. 123; Th. II. 236, 239, 233, 213.

BEYOND THE OHIO

action, against a supreme and common danger, of the warring tribes that for centuries had maintained a proud but ineffective autonomy.¹

Blue Jacket is said to have accompanied and aided the Shawnee statesman in his earlier efforts.² But death must soon have claimed him.

Of greater service to the new political doctrine was a moral and religious movement which somewhat earlier had been inaugurated by *Ténskwatáwa*, the Open-Door.

Curiously, "the Prophet," as Tenskwatawa is known in history, was a brother of Tecumseh. Genius was a family trait.

Modern nations, to preserve their sovereignty, establish and sedulously maintain not merely armies and navies but primary industries.

Pontiac was perhaps the first Red man clearly to perceive that in the struggle for liberty and the land, his race was at woeful disadvantage because little by little it had come to rely largely upon the invader for tools, weapons and even food. "You ask me to fight the Whites," said Waneta, in a council of the Sioux, 1862. "You are unreasonable. First, I have no powder and lead. Second, I cannot live without the Whites."³

Doubtless Pontiac, in his great endeavor of a century earlier to combine the tribes against the English, had been met with the same argument. And he knew well that such deplorable dependence was of recent origin. As much knew all Red men of intelligence. Said Canássatégo at Lancaster, Pa., in the summer of 1744:

Some of the young men of the English would every now and then tell us that we should have perished, had they not come into the country and furnished us with strouds [coarse woolen goods] and hatchets and guns and other things necessary for the support of life. But we always gave them to understand that we lived before they came amongst us; and as well, or better, if we may believe what our fore-

1.—Handb. II 714; Th. II. 223. 2.—Dr. V. 123. 3.—Heard 161.

THE PROPAGANDA

fathers have told us. We had then room enough, and plenty of deer, which were easily caught. And though we had not knives, hatchets or guns such as we have now, yet we had knives of stone and hatchets of stone and bows and arrows, and those served our uses as well as English things do now.¹

To restore the independence of his race, Pontiac urged "the necessity of dispensing altogether with European commodities." The Red man must return to the ancient way.²

Similar was the teaching of Tenskwatawa. Let there be no more commerce with the alien! Let the fur mantle replace the trader's blanket—firesticks, the steel. Let no man more touch the accursed firewater. Let there be no marriage with the stranger.³

Pontiac gave to his injunctions a religious sanction. They followed the will of the Great Spirit, as communicated to a Delaware. Let them be obeyed, and divine favor would be restored to the Red man, in happiness and prosperity.⁴

More direct was the sanction of Tenskwatawa. He was himself the voice of the Great Spirit. He had been "taken up to the spirit world,"⁵ and there had received his message. The proof was, that he had been granted power to stay death—whether by sickness or on the battlefield.

It was in 1805 that the Prophet announced his mission. The following summer he foretold, it is said, an eclipse of the sun. Thereafter, his authority well established, his doctrines spread widely, and with rapidity. John Tanner, among the Northwest Indians at this time, says they were received in some measure by "the remotest Ojibwa." The Open-Door himself visited the Creeks, in the summer of 1811; in the main the work was carried on by converts. In this latter way, it reached even to the Seminole.⁶

1.—Cold. II. 140. 2.—Dr. V. 51. 3.—Handb. II. 730; Th. II. 188. 4.—Consp. I. 204, 207. 5.—Handb. II. 729. 6.—*vid.* Dr. V. 128; Handb. II. 730; Th. II. 195.

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Tenskwatawa told Harrison that he had no other intention than "to introduce among the Indians those good principles of religion which the White people profess."¹ But he taught with emphasis that the Red men all were brethren, and that intertribal strife must cease—which, with the unity of feeling resulting from the religion he had made common to many tribes, greatly assisted Tecumseh's schemes of amalgamation; as, in the determination of the chief to maintain the Greenville boundary, did the Prophet's doctrine of non-intercourse.

We have already seen that the Delawares in the main, as most of the Miami and a majority of the Wyandot, were opposed to the course of Tecumseh. Still less did they recognize the religious pretensions and teachings of the Prophet. Indeed, in the tribes generally those in authority looked askance on the brothers—as a rule. Power and station were threatened.

But opposition was guarded. Offensive in resistance, several chiefs lost their lives on various pretexts.

The following of the brothers had become formidable. Beside the greater part of the Shawnee, most of the Potawatomi, of the Kickapoo and of the Ottawa were with them—as many also of the Ojibwa,² the Sauk and the Winnebago; some few of the Delawares and Wyandot; and more of the Miami.

At Tippecanoe, Place-of-Buffalofish, in present Indiana—on the west bank of the Wabash, at the confluence of a stream which still bears the name—the Prophet had fixed his residence. Around him had gathered upward of a thousand converts, drawn from many tribes—some three to four hundred able warriors.

Here, too, Tecumseh made headquarters. In the spring of 1811, he informed Gov. Harrison that having

1.—Th. II. 204. 2.—Chippewa.

ATTITUDE OF SOUTHERN TRIBES

“succeeded in combining the Northern tribes, he was about visiting the South, for the purpose of completing the scheme.”¹

VI.

The Southern tour, though adding nothing to the incipient Red state, was not without result. No doubt the rising of the Creeks, on the surrender of Detroit, the following year, was largely the result of Tecumseh's representations at this time.²

Even the Chocta, firm friends of the Seventeen-Fires from the day of the Revolution, were well nigh persuaded—in a great council held on the Tombigbee, near present Columbus, Mississippi.

In the end, a peace-loving people and already well on the road to civilization,³ they were led by the celebrated Apúshamatáha—who, like Tarheh the Wyandot, believed successful war impossible—to stand by the old bond. Later, they even took part against their neighbors the Creeks—in the desperate struggle of that brave people for liberty—joining the army of the Swannak with no less than seven hundred warriors, who proved but too effective.⁴

Thus faithful to the Government, in due time did the Chocta receive their reward—the treaty of 1820 which solemnly pledged to them their ancient heritage, being cynically violated, some few years later, in a brutal and shameless expatriation.

Cushman, who frequently visited the great camp at Hebron, where they were assembled for the long and perilous journey, tells of the piteous wail of the women, mourning night after night for the land of the fathers and their ravished graves.⁵

1.—Th. II. 235 2.—Dr. IV. 55. 3.—Cush. 116. 4.—Cush. 307, 317, 323. 5.—Ib. 114, 116, 177.

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The Chocta had never borne arms against the oppressor. In his defense, they had shed their best blood. On his gratitude, his honor, his justice and his humanity, they had staked their all. And here was the end! The defiant Creeks fared better—holding their lands for longer.

For the Cherokee, busy under devoted missionaries and teachers in building their remarkable advancement, they had given no heed to Tecumseh and the Prophet. Some few aided against the Creeks. But for the most part, they by then had abandoned the warpath for the ways of peace.

The expulsion of this kindly and unoffending people—an act which President Monroe had declared would be not less “revolting to humanity” than “utterly unjustifiable”¹—took place in the winter of 1838-9. They were then sixteen thousand or more. Nearly one-fourth—some *four thousand*—perished miserably in the hazardous journey, far from the old land they held so dear, to which these poor people were shamefully driven by a tyranny and cruelty comparable only with the blackest of Spain’s in the Netherlands.²

It is by facts such as this, and a hundred others—many of which must needs be noted in a review even so brief as the present—that the reader comes to understand that “disgust, melancholy and horror,” which the story of European settlement in America aroused in the soul of the generous Raynol.

Pertinent becomes the inquiry whether men like Philip, Pontiac, Tháyendanéga,³ Black Hawk, Chief Gall—knights and heroes, every one—whether warriors of savage type even, such as the fierce Hiokatoo—who though treating with constant “tenderness” his frail White wife Mary Jemison, slew women and children

1.—Dr. IV. 112. 2.—See, p. 36; Handb. I. 247. 3.—Iroquois name of Brant.

ATTITUDE OF SOUTHERN TRIBES

nevertheless at Cherry Valley—were not in truth the saviors of their race.

Utterly ignorant of the means used by the Christian to despoil the Pagan; sedulously maintained in such ignorance by the *ex-parte* record called History—"false and fawning as a courtesan," as wrote Dumas—the reader has thrilled with horror, perhaps, at some lurid and exaggerated picture of Indian "massacre."

But in the expulsion of the Cherokee was more of deliberate cruelty than in all the frontier warfare of the Seneca; in the pillage and long starvation of the Sioux—cause of the first frantic appeal to arms, 1862—were done to a lingering death, perchance as many poor mothers, with their babes, as later were to perish savagely, though with more mercy, under the tomahawk.

At the close of the long war between the French and the Iroquois, a delegation from Onondaga, coming to Montreal, were received with salvo of cannon. The Indians allies of the French passed the grim comment that fear made Onontío² "show more respect to his enemies than love could make him do to his friends."³

In a debate in the House of Representatives a few years since, it was conceded that of the many tribes dwelling in California at the time of the American occupation, only those who fought the invaders have now any land. Such as "trusted the Government"—by far the larger number—robbed bit by bit of their all, wander to-day, having received no penny of compensation, in pitiful beggary and degradation.⁴

One may well ask whether Uncas would have had the friendship of the Puritan, but for the proud hostility of Sássacus; whether Skenándo would have been recognized

1.—Heard. 42, 47, 51, 344; Taopi VI. 60. 2.—Iroquois name for the governor of Canada. 3.—Cold. I. 262. 4.—v. N. Y. Mail, Dec. 27, 1904.

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as "the White man's friend," but for the fierce enmity of such as Hiókatoo; whether Apúshamatáha would have been buried in the Congressional cemetery, whether Tar-keh would have seemed great and venerable to Harrison, but for the noble defense of the Red land by Tecumseh.

Philip fell, and his "mangled body" was quartered and "hung upon four trees."¹ Pontiac was forced to a reluctant peace, and was assassinated. Tecumseh was slain, and strips of skin were cut from his body "as mementos."

Yet from the blood of these, and heroes like them, sprang the hard-won rights of a race.

Only as a bitter and humiliating experience, running over more than two and a half centuries, made it clear, in the end, to the most obstinate that "the animal vulgarly known as the Indian" was sufficiently "fiendish" and "venomous" to defend himself—valiantly and with surpassing ability, in an endless Thermopylae—using at need, as Suffolk claimed was Christian England's right, all means that "God and nature" had supplied—did the Red man win surcease at length of the pitiless oppression beginning at Jamestown and Plymouth.

"The Wapsit," said Buckongahelas, "enslave those not of their color—though created by the same Great Spirit that created them. They would make slaves of us, if they could. Since they cannot enslave, they kill us."

But, in the end, the free spirit that set death above servitude saved body even as soul.

VII.

Returning to the Wabash from the Creek villages on the Coosa—probably by way of the winding Tennessee

1.—Dr. III. 43.

TIPPECANOE AND AFTER

—Tecumseh and his followers, some thirty in number,¹ learned of an untoward event.

This was the battle of Tippecanoe. Some days earlier, Harrison with nine hundred men had come to "the Prophet's town," demanding—first, that some horses alleged to have been stolen by the followers of the Prophet should be returned; second, that two Potawatomi, also of his following and alleged to have committed murder, should be delivered for "justice"; third, that one and all, the Indians living at Tippecanoe should forthwith leave the country.²

The reader may search all history for a more signal illustration of tyranny and the brutal cynicism that knows no right save might. Harrison himself is witness to the "many persons" who had "committed murder" on the Indians, whereof not "one" had been brought to punishment. He was himself engaged at this time in a scheme for the wholesale pillage of the Indians by means of a trumpety land sale. Of his final demand, that their village be abandoned, the right of the natives to dwell where they would within their own dominion is clear beyond discussion.³

For men who would not admit themselves enslaved and who believed debate at end, there could be but one answer to terms thus outrageous; and when early on the morning of Nov. 7th, 1811, the Indians fell with fury on the camp of Harrison, it was to find him expectant and fully prepared.

They were not half his number—"a few of our young men," as Tecumseh later said⁴—and it was again the trade-gun, the bow and the club⁵ against musket, rifle and bayonet. But the struggle was of the fiercest; and before the Indians had given it over, as too costly, above

1.—Cush. 306. 2.—Th. II. 209. 3.—Th. II. 230; Dr. V. 121; Harv. 156-7. 4.—Th. II. 212. See also Ib. 206. 5.—Ib. 208, 229.

BEYOND THE OHIO

sixty of the invaders had been killed and double the number wounded. Among the slain were some of the best and bravest of Harrison's officers.¹

The loss of the Indians, unknown exactly, was conceded to have been much less than that of the Americans, who promptly took up the return to Vincennes, though managing before departure to plunder the Indian village. Whether the stolen horses were recovered, or their equivalent, does not appear. Certainly they had been dearly won.

Such was the famous battle of Tippecanoe, that gave to Harrison the nickname by which he was known in the "hard-cider campaign" of 1840.

It can hardly be called the "great victory" described on the hustings—unless, indeed, any advantage whatever in battle with the Indians was considered such—but it had an important result in destroying the prestige of the Prophet. He had promised his followers invulnerability. His magic had failed. They largely abandoned him. And the defection was a loss to Tecumseh as well.

Perhaps, because of this, the great Shawnee still labored for an honorable peace. At a general council of the tribes at Mississinewa, on the Wabash, in the spring of 1812, he averred that had he been present no battle would have occurred.² And his clever diplomacy might in truth have found some peaceful solution in the premises.

Later, the chief proposed to go to Washington and lay all matters, more particularly American claims to lands beyond the Greenville boundary, before President Madison. But for this Harrison either could not, or would not make arrangements such as Tecumseh deemed fitting.³

1.—Dr. V. 124. 2.—Th. II. 212. 3.—Ib. 211.

TIPPECANOE AND AFTER

Doubtless both had begun to see that forces were in play which neither might hope to control. The struggle with England was near to fresh outbreak. A legion of settlers clamored ever more persistently for all that was the Indian's.

In the summer of 1812 Tecumseh began to gather the Northwest tribes for the inevitable conflict. In August he is said to have taken part against the Americans in an affair with the English near Detroit.¹ Early in the year following, he led from the Wabash some six hundred warriors², and receiving a regular commission as brigadier-general, became the "head and life of the Anglo-Indian department."

In thus espousing the British cause, Tecumseh had in no wise abandoned his great plans. It was but a new means to the same end. It was perhaps the sole means.

Again the pestilent Swannak were hammering at the boundary; and defended but by the Indian, it could not long stand. Should the English be successful, in this new war, settlement might cease. Fighting the battles of the King, then, the Red men fought their own. Fighting them side by side, they more and more lost sight of the primitive political divisions which from the first had proved so fatal to the common cause.

Come what might, it was better to go with the King. His people, true, were proud and arrogant; continually they were seeking to use the Indian for their own advantage. Very clearly did Tecumseh perceive this—he had told Harrison as much.³

But, already—in the case of the Iroquois—the Wap-sit of Beyond-the-lakes had given proof of that broad justice and humanity, which later would enable them to boast, that, in all their progress across a continent, they

1.—Dr. V. 126. 2.—Th. II. 224. 3.—Dr. V. 123.

BEYOND THE OHIO

had provoked no bloodshed with the "people first in the land"—building ever in peace.¹

VIII.

However keen his perception, however cogent his reasoning, the great Shawnee could bring to his views not all even of his own people.

Among the most cherished possessions of the tribe were a golden chain and a letter. The writing—from their "Father, the President," as therein he was styled—declared in terms that for so long as the Shawnee and their children should "act justly toward the White people and their Red brethren," for so long would he "never abandon them." The chain, "of pure gold" that could "never rust," was seal and emblem of the pledge.²

Relying upon this solemn promise, more than a hundred warriors turned a deaf ear to Tecumseh, taking part with the Seventeen-Fires, instead—effectively aiding, and Logan, their leader, falling in battle.

It was of Logan, this chief, that Gen. Winchester, the American commander, wrote that "more firmness and consummate bravery" had rarely "appeared in the military theatre." Buried "with all the honors due to his rank," it was "with sorrow as sincerely and generally displayed as ever I witnessed."³

The peace of Ghent won, the United States, by treaty of the year 1817, agreed that for their "faithful service in the late war with England," there should issue to these loyal Shawnee a patent for much land around the old council-house at Wápakonéta.

On a branch of the Maumee,⁴ this of a truth was beloved ground—scene of many a noble word and high deed, fondly treasured. Here were the hallowed graves.

1.—v. Chadw. 145. 2.—Letter of Jefferson, v. Harvey 130. 3.—Dr. V. 133. 4.—Known then as "Miami-of-the-Lake," the second of the "two great Miamis."

THE LOYAL SHAWNEE

Here were the old waters and the mighty trees whose sight and sound stirred deepest memory.

In all the fair land beyond the Ohio—River-Beautiful—was no place more dear to this mysterious people. And at length it stood pledged them forever!

They had done well to place their trust in the White Father—he held fast by the golden chain. Tecumseh, wise though he seemed beyond the common—tempted though they had been to abide by his counsel—had been mistaken. No more the chief was; and who had followed him, were scattered or slain. Themselves, their children, their children's children, should dwell forever in the old land.

Poor simple souls! who, unlike their great compatriot, not even then had learned the bitter lesson of the Swan-nak. Barely a dozen years had passed when their peace and comfort were savagely assailed.

In the interval, though reckoned the most restless of the tribes, they had made astonishing progress in civilization.¹ Realizing that with the changed way of living, they had more land than needful, they doubtless would readily have parted with the excess—after the example of their brethren the Iroquois, in New York.

But for the Border this was not enough. It demanded all. The Indians were helpless. Why not rob them? And forthwith began the reign of menace, falsehood, treachery, and mountainous fraud.

The generous Cass, secretary of state, who had made the agreement of 1817—men, be it said to their honor, such as Gen. Vance and John Johnston—would have aided the Shawnee in their forlorn struggle. But with Jackson—cruel and relentless as the rudest savage—declaring venomously that the Shawnee “should fare no better” than the persecuted Cherokee—every plea failed.²

1.—Harv. 144, 230. 2.—Harv. 164, 212, 259.

BEYOND THE OHIO

In the end, stripped of their fields, their fair orchards and gardens, their herds, their good houses—the “loyal Shawnee” went forth in poverty, sorrow and bitterness to the far land of Kansas—compelled to a journey of eight hundred miles in an inclement season, their suffering by the way most pitiful.¹

Such was the gratitude, such the justice, such the humanity of the Seventeen-Fires!

IX.

In the sanguinary scenes about the head of Lake Erie, during the War of 1812, the Red men fighting nominally for the King were perhaps as many at the outset as English and provincials combined—rendering, says Chadwick, a Canadian, “most important service.”² If not so brilliant a warrior as Míshikináqua—who, left to his own devices, would probably have been more than a match for Wayne³—Tecumseh nevertheless proved himself easily the equal whether of Proctor, the British commander, or any American pitted against him.

For more than a year the allies carried all before them, capturing not only the outlying posts of Mackinaw and Fort Dearborn—the latter within the limits of present Chicago—but Detroit and the territory of Michigan.

At Frenchtown, on the river Raisin, southwest of Detroit, the Americans early in the year 1813 suffered a severe reverse; and three months later Harrison was shut up in Fort Meigs—which he had built on the Maumee, at the rapids. Twelve hundred Kentuckians, undertaking to raise the siege, were scattered with slaughter.

The only favorable events for the Americans up to autumn of 1813 had been a small affair at Brownstown,

1.—Harv. 221-3, 231. 2.—Chadw. 145. 3.—See, Voln. 423.

TECUMSEH'S LAST BATTLE

near Detroit, in August, 1812, and a notable defense of Fort Stephenson, on the Sandusky, a year later by Major Croghan.

But the Seventeen-Fires burned now for seven millions! It was not for a thousand or two of Indians and as many of the King's troops to defy for long a power so formidable. The inevitable was hastened by Perry's brilliant victory over Barclay, in the naval battle off the mouth of Detroit river—Sept. 10, 1813.

Perry master of the lake, Harrison advanced in force from Fort Meigs; and Proctor, having evacuated Malden, at the mouth of the Detroit, which had been the center of British operations, beat a hasty retreat by the valley of the Thames.

Tecumseh—most of whose following, weary with the war, had now left him—covered Proctor's retreat, though said to have been opposed to the movement and to have compelled at length the stand made near present Chatham.¹

It was there Harrison gained the "victory of the Thames," much exploited—like the questionable advantage of Tippecanoe—in the "hard-cider campaign"; but easily won—his force, says Hale, a contemporary historian of repute, "being greatly superior."² Some six hundred English—"nearly the whole of the party"—were captured.

Tecumseh was not taken. He had fallen—in the thickest of the fight; and dead with him lay between thirty and forty of his bravest followers. They had borne the brunt.³

The famous chief had been noted for his humanity. Early persuading his people to abandon the primitive war-measure of torture, in the struggle now ended he had often intervened to prevent the murder of prisoners—

1.—e. g. Dr. V. 124. 2.—Hale 268. 3.—Th. II. 224; Dr. V. 124.

BEYOND THE OHIO

for indifference to which he had even rebuked Proctor.¹

Quenched at length was the wild but generous and lofty spirit—and the Border rejoiced. It was a great victory—of vastly more importance than the capture of six hundred English.

So the Border exulted—and savagely triumphed. Drake, writing about 1840, declared he had “often heard it said” that there were “those who still owned” razor-straps made of Tecumseh’s skin! Apparently, it was merely the precise form of mutilation which this well-known authority questioned. As to the general fact he appears to have had no doubt whatever—such savagery, on the part of the borderer, being, for the rest, entirely familiar.²

Cautioned by Brock as to the care of the prisoners when Detroit was taken, Tecumseh returned the curt answer that he “despised them too much” to suffer harm to befall them.³ One fancies the proud spirit, yet lingering by the body so shamefully mangled on the field of the Thames, that grimly smiled to see the erstwhile scorn thus amply justified.

It is said that even in death the stern countenance wore the air of *hauteur*, which with the stamp of high intellect, had been its distinction in life.⁴

X.

Tecumseh’s great schemes perished with him. Never again were the Indians of the Northwest to be marshaled as Red men against White, nor was any concerted action to save the old world and the old life.

Even the Shawnee all were soon adapting themselves, as best they could, to the fast changing conditions. And

1.—Handb. II. 714; Dr. V. 124; Cush. 331; Th. II. 241.
2.—Dr. V. 125, and note. See, Heckw. 342. 3.—Dr. V. 127.
4.—Ib. 124.

THE DEEDS OF BLACK HAWK

so too the Wyandot and the Potawatomi—as, before the war, the Delawares and the Miami had done. The Ottawa and the Ojibwa kept longest to the ancient path; but behind them for yet many years was unbroken wilderness.

Remained the Sauk, of northern Illinois; and the Winnebago, in Wisconsin. In 1832 came the clash with a part of the former tribe—the last “Indian war” of the Northwest this side the Great river.

Black Hawk was the Red leader—who had fought under Tecumseh, and perhaps had caught something of his ideas. Beset, he endeavored to unite with some few hundred warriors he could himself muster, the Ottawa, the Potawatomi, and the Winnebago. Except as to a few of the tribe last named, the plan failed; and in the end, even these joined the enemy.¹

The origin of the war—aside from the usual insult, pillage, debauchment and murder, specification of which may be found in Drake’s chronicle²—was the expulsion of the chief and his people, under pretense of a deed signed by Keokuk but to which they were not party, from a village-site and some hundreds of acres of choice corn-ground at the junction of the Rock river with the Mississippi. The first blood was shed by the pillagers, and with treachery—Black Hawk to the last having essayed to keep the peace and in peace to keep what by every test was his.³

For a time the outraged Indians carried all before them, forty warriors under Black Hawk in person putting to flight, at Sycamore Creek, seven times their number of the persecutors, under Stillman.

This was on the 13th of May. A wild alarm followed, and a month later some three thousand troops, regulars and militia, had taken the field against the four or five

1.—Dr. V. 145, 157, 159. 2.—See, *Ib.* 145, 146, 148, 150, 161. 3.—*Ib.* 148-9.

BEYOND THE OHIO

hundred Sauk; Congress in addition had provided for six hundred rangers; "several hundred" Sioux and other tribal enemies had been enlisted, and steamboats and artillery were in service.¹

Sole hope of the old men, women and children of the band, Black Hawk—himself now advanced in years—had no course other than precipitate flight.

Abandoning his camp near the head of Rock river, with that marvelous skill in retreat of which Red warfare affords so many instances, he crossed the country to the Wisconsin—artfully concealing his trail—and thence set out down the river for the Mississippi. He aimed to cross and find refuge in the great spaces beyond.

The movement was based on assurance of help by the way in men and provisions. Both failed; and starving the fugitives sped on—Gen. Atkinson with nearly ten times their fighting force pursuing, aided by the hostile Sioux; the steamboat *Warrior*, equipped with cannon, ranging the Mississippi—to cut off the flight, should Atkinson have been outmaneuvered.

Handicapped and perishing though Black Hawk and his band, only once did the relentless pursuit get within striking distance—when Dodge, with nine hundred militia and his Indian allies, overtook them at a point on the left bank of the Wisconsin something like a hundred miles from the start.

The Sauk, when this overwhelming force appeared, were a mile or so from the river.

Fortunately night was falling. With fifty or sixty brave followers, Black Hawk held the whole press of blood-thirsty assailants till his women and children had reached the river bank and crossed thence to the shelter of an island. Next day, unmolested by Dodge—who was balked by the stream—nearly all the fugitives gained the north bank and were speedily beyond reach.

1.—Dr. V. 149, 151, 153.

THE DEEDS OF BLACK HAWK

The evasion had been accomplished with a loss of not above fifteen men, and may be reckoned among the most notable in military history.

This occurred on the 21st of July. Ten days later the fugitives, cutting across country, had reached the Mississippi, at the mouth of the Bad-Ax, some forty miles above Prairie du Chien. They would doubtless have made the other shore in safety, had not prompt notice of their approach been conveyed to the commander of the Warrior by the watchful Sioux.

When Black Hawk saw the steamer approaching, in pity for the women and children he would have surrendered. He hoisted a white flag. The overture was answered with canister, and for an hour the Indian camp was shelled.

Next day, Aug. 2nd, Atkinson had come up with a force of sixteen hundred, exclusive of Indians. Black Hawk had then perhaps three hundred men—half starved, worn with long marching and fighting.

With the warriors, were hundreds of noncombatants. To save these, the brave old chief would again have capitulated. No opportunity was afforded. The militia forthwith opened fire.¹

Then, in black rage and despair, the warriors seized their arms and shrewdly and wonderfully did they fight; for, strange to tell, most of the band escaped—not a few across the wide river.

The Indians killed in this final encounter were by contemporary estimate some one hundred and fifty—"many of them" women and children.

Atrocious was the deliberate sharp-shooting of the latter. Runs the narrative:

When the Indians were driven to the bank of the Mississippi, some hundreds of men, women and children plunged into the river and hoped by diving, etc., to escape

1.—Dr. V. 158.

BEYOND THE OHIO

the bullets of our guns. Very few, however, escaped our sharp-shooters.¹

Inconsistent though the carnage here described with the estimate of Indian loss made by the same writer, as above stated, the narrative sufficiently proves the murder of non-combatants.

A crime as black was the loosing of the Sioux on the forlorn survivors of the terrible retreat and final slaughter. In this way, beyond the river—on the day following Atkinson's dastardly work—fell, by consent of the American commander, yet a hundred or more of the hapless fugitives, it is said. It was a service, for which, times changing, the Sioux were roundly to pay.²

The American loss in the closing scene of "the Black Hawk war," as it was termed, was perhaps not far short of that of the Sauk—counting men only of the latter.

Of the total loss to the oppressor in this infamous harrying of an unoffending people, there is no figure. But it was great—disease proving more fatal than bullets. Moreover, the bill for the war was staggering.

For the glory, it fell only to the Red patriots; whose fine old leader Black Hawk, imprisoned at Fortress Monroe for a time after the war, was shortly released for very shame. Taken thereafter to Washington and the principal cities of the East, he was everywhere lionized.

1.—Dr. V. 157. 2.—See, Dr. V. 158; Handb. II. 477.

V

Later Southern Wars

I.

IT had begun to dawn on the mind of the unprejudiced that the real “animal” on the border was by no means the Indian, and that humanity and morality both aside, it might *cost* less in some measure to respect Red rights.

Events in the South were shortly to strengthen the idea.

Mention has already been made of the rising of the “Creeks”—on the fall of Detroit, August, 1812. Such was the name in use by the Whites to designate the members of a confederacy strong as that of the Iroquois, whose villages were on the Coosa and Tallapoosa and the lower Chattahoochee, in Alabama and adjacent Georgia. They were of mixed origin and different language, but the Muskogean stock and tongue were dominant—representing probably the “Alibamons” who so bravely struggled against the merciless De Soto.¹

Allies of the English and hostile to the Spanish in the early days of Georgia, on the outbreak of the Revolution the Creeks held like the Iroquois to the pact with the King, and hostilities with the Frontier continued until 1790.²

Between the Creeks and the Shawnee, a considerable body of whom had for years made their home with the confederates, was friendship of long standing. Tecumseh and the Prophet came among them as brethren. And since the peace of 1790 with the Swannak, the conduct

1.—e. g. Antiq. 211. 2.—Hale 226.

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of the latter had supplied the usual grounds for offense and apprehension.

Teaching the unity of the Red race, the expulsion of the stranger, the restoration of the old world for the original people—the fiery words of the brothers fell on willing ears.

Yet was the usual difference of opinion. Whatever the evils, the *Ani-Kawita* or Lower Creeks, of the Chat-tahoochee—an older group and perhaps of different origin—were little disposed to war as a remedy. Among the Upper Creeks even, were many who preferred peace.

The rising of 1812 seemed to have subsided of itself, when, in the fall of that year, Jackson marched into the country with some two thousand five hundred volunteers from Tennessee. There were no battles, and the Tennesseans returned.

A year later of a sudden the smoldering fires sprang anew; and the inhabitants of the Tensau settlement having taken refuge in Fort Mimms, the place was forced by *Lámocháttee*, the Red-Eagle—or “Weatherford,” as he was also called—with some hundreds of warriors.

Of nearly three hundred in the fort somewhat more than a third were old men, women and children. When most of the soldiers had fallen, these last took refuge in the blockhouses and “seizing upon what weapons they could find, began to defend themselves.”¹

The Indians set fire to the buildings, and most of the inmates who did not meet death as they endeavored to escape, perished in the flames. Only seventeen reached safety at Fort Stoddard.

This holocaust of Fort Mimms is without doubt the greatest cruelty chargeable to the Red man in all his long struggle with the merciless oppressor. Whether equal to the atrocities of Mystic, Kingston swamp, Bedford, Pavonia—to the deliberate potting of women and

1.—Dr. IV. 49.

WEATHERFORD AND THE CREEKS

children at the Bad-Ax—or many another of demoniacal doings by the “superior race” in the Western wars¹—is a question the reader may decide for himself. Certainly the premeditation was lacking which makes the peculiar infamy whether of Gnadenhuetten or the Conestoga slaughter.

And it is further to be considered in forming judgment of comparative cruelty, that far more were inhumanly destroyed in the White man’s many horrors; that in these the victims were commonly passive and without means of resistance; and that whereas the ruthless slayers at Fort Mimms were of those “left in darkness”—as says the old chronicler Wassenaer—the butchers at Mystic, Kingston, Gnadenhuetten, and in the Western atrocities, had for many centuries been “beneficently favored” with the Light.

Brutal as the massacre at Fort Mimms, the “Christian” was shortly to respond in kind. Nay, he was shamefully to surpass the primitive and “benighted” adversary.

Jackson was soon again in the field, at the head of three thousand five hundred Tennesseans.² Seven hundred Chocta came to his aid³—a company of Cherokee, all the Lower Creeks and many of the Upper.

Lamochattee saw nearly as many of his race arrayed against him as espoused his cause. His followers were compelled to rely largely on the bow,⁴ where the Tennesseans—many of them mounted—carried the deadly rifle and were provided with artillery, which was used with effect. The country afforded no natural stronghold.

Under such circumstances the issue could not be in doubt. The patriots fought with admirable valor—always and everywhere meeting death, as wrote Col. Coffee, “without shrinking or complaining; not one asking to be spared, but fighting as long as they could stand.”⁵

1.—See, pps. 135-7. 2.—Hale 270. 3.—Cush. 323. 4.—Dr. IV. 56. 5.—Dr. IV. 56.

LATER SOUTHERN WARS

It was the splendid spirit with which their fathers had faced the first oppressor, the equally cruel Spaniard.

After repeated reverses, a part of the Creeks proposed peace. Jackson refused to treat—being determined, as later he wrote, “to exterminate.”¹

The last desperate stand was made at the great bend of the Tallapoosa, *Tohópeka*, where a rude fort sheltered “nearly a thousand”—though many of these women and children. It was carried at length by thrice the number of borderers, commanded by Jackson in person and aided by some hundreds of Indians.

The battle lasted nearly five hours. Only four of the Creeks surrendered, but many escaped—among these the Eagle.

The loss of the assailants—allies included—was perhaps a hundred killed, with twice as many wounded. That of the Creeks is commonly stated at between five and six hundred.

Beyond doubt a large proportion of the “Indians” killed were non-combatants. It was not many years earlier that Blount, governor of Tennessee, had deemed it needful to issue “strict orders” that Red women and children be spared in border raids.² George Rogers Clark was less “tender”—expressing the opinion that the tribes beyond the Ohio would certainly yield, once convinced that in event of war they and “their families” must perish.³

With Clark, thought the Border generally; and the killing of Indian women and children stands admitted in the report of the Talássehatchi battle. At Atási, though a small place, no less than two hundred of the inhabitants were “hewn to pieces in their wigwams.” On the ordinary basis of computation, not more than one-fourth of these could have been men, of war-age.⁴

1.—Dr. IV. 51. 2.—Winn. West. IV. 148. 3.—Ib. III. 78. 4.—Dr. IV. 51, 56; Handb. I. 107.

WEATHERFORD AND THE CREEKS

Tohopeka won, Jackson endeavored to secure the person of Lamochattee. While he was plotting to this end, there appeared one day, at the camp on the Hickory-Ground, a tall Indian of fine presence, who gaining admission to the commander, said:

I am the chief who commanded at Fort Mimms. I am in your power—do with me as you please. There was a time when I had a choice. I have none now.

I have done the White man all the harm I could. Once I could animate my warriors. They hear me no longer—their bones are at Talassehatchi, Taladega, Emuckfa, Tohopeka.

While there was a chance I never asked for peace. But my warriors are gone; I ask it now—not for myself, but for my people.

There are varying and somewhat longer versions of this speech. They do not differ in substance.

Jackson was so moved—as indeed the fierce Hiokattoo might have been—by the nobility both of word and deed, that though he had intended to hang the chief, he forthwith released him on his promise to labor for peace. And with this the war ended.

Weatherford, in later years, was distinguished for industry and sobriety. Though contemporary notices describe him as cruel, later investigations represent him as naturally clement and humane.¹ His courage, genius and eloquence were recognized from the first.

II.

The war with the Creeks was perhaps the most uniformly successful ever carried on against the Indian. Unquestionably, however, the issue was in large measure due to aid given Jackson by the Chocta and others of the race. A signal illustration of the fact that most fatal to the Red cause was the Indian himself, it serves

1.—e. g. Egl. 262.

LATER SOUTHERN WARS

well to point the wisdom of Tecumseh, seeking once for all to abolish the noxious tribal distinctions.

The loss suffered by the Creeks was by no means irreparable.

Within a few years after their removal to the Territory, they seem to have been nearly as numerous as of old. The permanent effect of the struggle had been to strengthen the peace-party and incline the tribe as a whole to civilization. ¹

The migration took place between 1836 and 1840. It was somewhat earlier that began the famous contest with the Seminole—a more primitive branch of the Muscogee, located in Florida—which was to last for more than seven years; was thoroughly to humble the pride of the Swannak, and was to demonstrate once for all the advisability of respecting Red rights.

The particular cause of the war was land robbery, under the ordinary pretext of a treaty—negotiated with a part only, and by far the smaller number of those interested.¹

The Seminole had been willing to surrender the greater portion of their lands. But the Border demanded all, together with expatriation.

It was supposed that they were few—easily to be “rooted out,” as ran the lawless lingo of the frontier. Estimates after the war, however, placed the number of warriors at as high as two thousand. This may well have been above the truth.

The United States at the time had a population of some fifteen millions.

The woeful disparity in men and means considered, any long resistance to the will of the White man seemed out of the question.² But the Seminole were fairly well armed, some few with rifles³; they were greatly aided

1.—v. Dr. IV. 73, 125; 122, 123, 129, 131; Catl. 207. 2.—Dr. IV. 121. 3.—Ib. 142.

OSCEOLA AND THE SEMINOLE

by the nature of the country, full of streams and swamps; and their leader, the intrepid Osceola, was a man of genius.

It is said that in his veins, as in Weatherford's, was a strain of Scotch blood. Whatever the fact, both were by nature and training as Indian as Philip or Tecumseh.

Confiding his old men, women and children to the security of natural fastnesses of swamp and thicket—foot-loose and free, the chief and his devoted followers began in December, 1835, a contest among the most memorable in all the endless struggle of poor humanity for the life, the liberty and the pursuit of happiness which our ancestors for themselves so passionately demanded as God-given; but which so obstinately and so shamefully they denied to the race that had welcomed them, poor, weak and oppressed, to a land the Indian's of immemorial right—given him, as declared the Seminole, “by the Great Spirit himself.”¹

Thousands on thousands of regulars and militia were marshaled against the little band of patriots, under generals like Gaines and Scott; more by far of warriors from other tribes—Creeks, Shawnee, Delawares—were enlisted against them than they themselves had counted, at the highest²; from Cuba bloodhounds were brought to track and seize them;³ and rewards to as high as two hundred dollars were proclaimed for every Indian killed.⁴

It was in vain. Appearing suddenly, striking hard, fading like wraiths, the Seminole were unconquerable.

It need hardly be said that in this war—as in most others—warriors taken in small number, particularly if wounded, were summarily “knocked on the head.”⁵ Red women and children, however, fared better than those

1.—v. Catlin 202-3. 2.—Dr. IV. 134, 140. 3.—Ib. 150, 151. 4.—Heard. 339, note. 5.—e. g. Dr. IV. 132, 154, 155. Cf. Ib. IV. 67; V. 61.

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of the Whites—the enemy being unable to find them. And here, doubtless, is one reason for the prolonged resistance.

In the fall of 1837 came an act which aroused the indignation of honorable men the country over. Osceola and several other leaders, with many of their people, were seized under a flag of truce to which they had responded.

The government disavowed the act; but the prisoners were not released, and in January, 1838, Osceola died at Fort Moultrie.¹ From Catlin, who knew the chief well, having made his portrait, I take the following significant passage:

After these events I returned to New York, and to my great surprise, on my arrival in that city I learned that Osceola was dead. He died the next day after I left the fort, and his disease was announced as a sudden attack of the quinsy.²

The attentive reader will hardly escape the impression that Catlin regarded this sudden death as suspicious.

Physically the famous chief was by no means the ideal Red man, being slender and of a gentle though somewhat melancholy expression. He was tall and straight, however. Catlin mentions his “soft and delicate hand.”

The death of the chief did not have the effect that might have been anticipated.

For yet five years the Seminole, embittered by the outrage, fought with undiminished valor and deadly effect. In the end, the larger number were persuaded to join the Creeks, the Chocta and the Cherokee in the Territory. But some hundreds, rejecting all overtures, took refuge in the Everglades.

And here the Government was fain to leave this invincible remnant—whose descendants, slowly increasing, number at this time between five and six hundred.

1.—Catl. 205; Handb. II. 159. 2.—Catl. 207.

OSCEOLA AND THE SEMINOLE

“Peaceable and honest,” a recent visitor found them, and leading the old free life.

But not quite in the old way. For among their valued possessions are many sewing-machines—whereby they do the beautiful embroidery so well known.

VI

The Trans-Mississippi Struggle

I.

THE cost of the Seminole war was never accurately computed, but is commonly placed at between thirty and forty millions.¹ The loss of life ran to some fifteen hundred troops, with more than as many settlers.²

The fact that with such expenditure of life and treasure nothing of importance had been effected which might not, with a little patience, have readily been gained in peace and honesty, lent force to the protestations of those in the United States who urged justice for the natives in lieu of pillage and murder. Borne down for long by the Swannak—as before them had been such wise and humane spirits as Eliot and Roger Williams—they were heard with some attention by those who counted the dead and reckoned the cost of the war with the Seminole.

Equally cogent was the splendid defense of their rights made in the next generation by the trans-Mississippi tribes.

Into detail of these wars I may not well enter. Greatest of the heroic figures in a wild scene now fast growing dim, move the Sioux, perhaps, and related tribes—though almost as imposing are Cheyenne, Pani and Comanche.

And even the Apache! To whom the convention of fiction would bid me apply the standard epithet of “fiendish”—albeit Gen. Leonard Wood, speaking from long experience, did not hesitate to say, recently, that

1.—Catl. 205; Chadw. 144; Dele. 445. 2.—Catl. 205; Handb. II. 501.

CONDUCT OF THE WARS

he had seen no men "anywhere in the East who came even near these Indians in simple dignity, courage and character."¹ And such is the earliest testimony—of missionary Parker, who wrote in 1838 that, at war then only with the hated Spaniard, they were "well spoken of."²

In the trans-Mississippi wars was seldom or never any wide concert of tribes corresponding to the "conspiracies" of the Forest Indians. In all, the struggle was forced upon the natives³—who in general, as I have elsewhere shown,⁴ were a peace-loving folk; and who knew well the number and superior resources of the foe.

"We did not expect to conquer," said Black Hawk; "the White men had too many houses—too many men. I took up the hatchet to revenge injuries which my people could no longer endure."⁵

Such was everywhere the alternative, beyond the Great river—war or servitude.⁶ Often the choice was narrower. "I believe," said a Teton chief, "that I must die. Better to die fighting than to starve to death at the agency door."⁷

To the manhood and courage which in either case chose the nobler part, none but a churl will refuse respect and admiration.

Since childhood, the reader will no doubt have been familiar with a hundred charges of dire cruelty on the part of the Western tribes, in their defense of life and liberty.

Were all such true, it were nevertheless considered, by one disposed to examine the question with fairness, that at the time of these wars they were yet a primitive people—contending, whether after Biblical fashion, or the rude rule of our own ancestors. Barbarism is, with-

1.—Broch. 21. 2.—Park. 32. 3.—e. g. McLaugh. 131. 4.—Red Man at War, Sec. I. 5.—Dr. V. 164. 6.—vid. Taopi 99. 7.—McLaugh. 196.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI STRUGGLE

out exception, gross and revolting in battle. Whether actually more cruel than civilization—with its more refined methods—is a question that need not now be considered.

For the particular case, it is proper to say that the Western Indians were not commonly given to the torture of prisoners¹; that while they often killed non-combatants, they spared and treated with kindness far more than they slew²; and that in the final wars, particularly with the far tribes, they acted with close regard for the rules of war supposed to obtain among the civilized.³

Of more importance than any plea in mitigation, is the fact that "Christian" cruelty, in the long struggle, easily surpassed that of the Pagan.

The Sioux, many of whom, in 1862, killed White women and children on the Minnesota frontier—cheated of their lands, finally, in return for long and faithful friendship—had for months before the beginning of hostilities watched their own wives and children slowly perishing by starvation.⁴ Of Little Crow, patriotic leader in the uprising, Heard—by no means open to the charge of "sentimentality"—has written that "it is not believed" he was at any time "guilty of the murder" of those helpless and unarmed.⁵

It was the body of an enemy thus humane which was cast to rot upon an offal-heap; while at Stony lake such of his followers as asked for quarter were "met with a saberthrust that finished them."⁶

But murder in battle had long been the rule of the Border. Prisoners were ever few—there is almost no mention of wounded prisoners.

1.—Clark 311, 396. 2.—e. g. Heard, 148, 186; Taopi vi. 3.—e. g. Gen. Sherman, qu. Brooks 250. 4.—Heard 42, 47, 51. cf. Bishop Whipple, *Ib.* 344-5. 5.—*Ib.* 143. 6.—*Ib.* 309, 331.

CONDUCT OF THE WARS

At Stony lake, the Sioux, seeing "the purpose" of Sibley's troops to "press on toward their families," beat a hasty retreat.¹ Such was commonly "the purpose" of White commanders in these wars.² And it was not to make prisoners.

When the camp of the unoffending Piegan—sore stricken with smallpox at the time—was surrounded and taken by surprise, in Montana, 1870, of more than one hundred and seventy killed—very plausibly described as "Indians"—less than twenty were males and of war-age. The remainder, above one hundred fifty in number, were old men, women and children.³

"A great number of men, *and women*, were among the dead" left on the field by the Indians, when Gibbon overtook the Nez-Percés, at the Big-Hole valley, Montana, in the summer of 1877. Joseph, "blood-thirsty" leader of "savages," had in the campaign of which this was an incident, very rigidly restrained his own followers from the destruction of non-combatants.⁴

In the attack on twenty Bannock lodges in southern Idaho, by Howard, the following year, perished "*all* the women and children"—above a hundred in number.⁵

Long before the uprising in Minnesota, Harney had won the undying hatred of the Teton Sioux by a pitiless massacre of their families. To him the western Border seems, indeed, to have ascribed the authorship of the savage saying, "Nits make lice."⁶ But, as we have seen,⁷ this brutality was far more ancient—Irish tradition attributing it to the God-fearing Cromwell.

Custer's "crushing defeat" of Black-Kettle's band of Cheyenne, Nov. 27, 1868, was little better than the Piegan affair, it has been said.⁸ If this be true, eight years later he was to make expiation.

1.—Heard 330. 2.—See p. 126. 3.—v. Grinn. 5. 4.—McLaugh. 358; 350, 359. 5.—Handb. I. 130. 6.—Heard 187, 337. 7.—P. 80. 8.—Cush. 92.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI STRUGGLE

Perhaps some few of his troopers might have survived the ill-starred field of the Little Big-Horn, had not Reno begun the fight by killing the women and children of Chief Gall. "That made my heart bad," said the chief in telling the story, years afterward.

"We had to defend our wives and children"—was the Crow King's explanation of the fight.

II.

Small wonder that the Sioux hacked the bodies of such enemies! And even for this barbarity was "civilized" precedent:

Fleeing women holding up their hands and praying for mercy were brutally shot down; infants were killed, and **scalped**, in derision; men were tortured and **mutilated** in a manner that would put to shame the savage ingenuity of interior Africa.

The above passage is not from fiction. It is a true and careful narrative of events near old Fort Lyon, in the state of Colorado, when—at about daylight on the 29th of November, 1864—the Third Colorado cavalry and a battalion of the First, under Col. Chivington, fell upon the Cheyenne and Arapaho camp on Sand creek. I take it from the report submitted to Congress on the 14th of January, 1868, by eight reputable citizens—among them Gens. C. C. Augur, Alfred H. Terry and William T. Sherman.

Some further data are needful to a full understanding of the atrocity involved in the "Chivington massacre"—as it is known. During the summer previous, there had been hostile passages with the Cheyenne and Arapaho; but a few weeks earlier they had sent word to the commander at Fort Lyon that the war "had been forced upon them," and that they desired peace.

WHITE CRUELTY VERSUS RED

Thereupon they were directed to come in, with their families, and were given assurance that until an interview with the governor of Colorado could be arranged, they should be fully protected.

There were three or four hundred in camp on the morning of Nov. 29th—"mostly women and children," says Clark—but few of whom escaped. The leading chiefs and the greater number of warriors had been treacherously "*lured away*" ere the attack.¹ Until they returned, to gaze in stony horror on the mangled remains of their old men, their wives and their children, they had fully expected that peace would be concluded.

Perhaps the reader, jealous of racial honor, will be disposed at this point to accuse me of prejudice and *ex parte* statement—asking why I do not introduce instances of Indian cruelty in the Western wars.

My answer would be that the story from the standpoint of the oppressor has been a thousand times related, with forced rhetoric, gross exaggeration and deliberate suppression of White infamy; that of the last I have by no means written the full story; and that in all that is fairly chargeable upon the Indian, I find not a passage to equal the devilish doings at Fort Lyon.

For a worthy parallel we must recur, say, to the scenes at Mystic, Bedford, Gnadenhuetten—to the work again of the Christian and the civilized.

"The monster Brant" is stock phrase in cheap fiction, if not in "history"; and one reads of "the awful massacre" of Wyoming even in a formal "Handbook of American Indians." For "the horrors of Cherry Valley," they have thrilled countless readers for now some four generations.

Yet, as finally admitted by Campbell himself—who had dubbed Brant "monster" in sheer imagination of

1.—Clark 39.

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events at Wyoming—that chief “was not within many miles of the spot,” when these occurred¹; and though the battle was accompanied by great and vindictive slaughter, it is thereby in no wise distinguishable from many another, in the primitive and terrible struggle of Red man with White, where either side held the other at mercy.

There was probably no such person as “Queen Esther,” cruel and murderous.² Nor was there any massacre of prisoners after the surrender of the fort. So far from this, consisting mainly of women and children—among the former Catlin’s grandmother and mother—they were, says that eminent authority, treated in all ways “with the greatest propriety and kindness.”³

At Cherry Valley thirty-two of the Frontier were slain—“*principally* women and children.” Compared with the massacre at Kingston swamp⁴, the toll to cruelty is negligible—or that at Pavonia⁵; at the Piegan camp, or the Bannock.

Finally, at both Wyoming and Cherry Valley loyalists in number were engaged—of whom Brant wrote, his word reliable as that of any man on the border, that they showed themselves “more savage than the savages themselves.”

Again the greater blame must fall upon the Christian and the civilized.

III.

However, we are concerned here not so much with the causes and conduct of wars waged with the Indian—though I have deemed it important incidentally to notice both—as with the quality of the Red defense.

1.—Ann. 256. 2.—vid. Hist. Irq. 359. 3.—Catl. 28, 29. See, also, Shimm. 96. 4.—See p. 20. 5.—p. 27.

THE MAJOR WARS

As to the tribes beyond the Mississippi, they certainly proved most redoubtable.

The hostilities provoked by the butchery at Fort Lyon cost the government thirty million dollars and engaged eight thousand troops. The Indians, less than a thousand strong, killed hundreds of the treacherous foe and destroyed a wealth of property—at a total loss, says the Sherman report, of “fifteen or twenty.”

Continues that document: “The result of the year’s campaign satisfied all sensible men that war with Indians was both useless and expensive.”

Two years later the conclusion thus stated was fully corroborated, in the issue of the war—its immediate causes somewhat obscure—wherein the Plains tribes generally had become involved. Hancock commanded the large force engaged, and under him were officers like Custer. The Indians fought with their wonted ability, killing “many soldiers, besides a large number of settlers,” and destroying much property.

“We are forced to believe,” says the authority already quoted, “that their entire loss consists of *six* men killed.”¹

Concerning the first war with the Sioux, in Minnesota, 1862, Heard observes that had the stories been true which were “told by the Whites as to the number of Indians killed in different encounters,” their loss would have been “several hundred.” By careful inquiry pursued among the prisoners at Fort Snelling, he himself fixed the total, including all Indians mortally wounded, at forty-two.

Galbraith’s estimate for the Border, soldiers and citizens, was seven hundred thirty-seven—many of the number, however, non-combatants.²

1.—Taopi 108. 2.—Heard 243-4, 248.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI STRUGGLE

In the summer following, Sibley with "between two and three thousand men," and Sully with "a large body of cavalry," attempted once for all to crush the hostiles—then in the Devil's-lake region, Dakota, and estimated at seven to eight hundred fighting men. They had but two or three hundred miserable trade-guns, with now and then a captured rifle, and very little ammunition. The main reliance was still the bow.¹

The expedition gained finally a point some six hundred miles northwest of St. Paul. There were repeated encounters.

The "scene of operation" being "a prairie country where hiding places are few and pursuit easy," it would be assumed that the Sioux—poorly armed, cumbered with all their women and children, and outnumbered at least five to one—suffered severely. Sibley reports a total known Indian loss of forty-four killed.

The rule of battle had been no quarter. The Christian, like the Pagan, had regularly scalped the dead—and in at least one instance the living. Attack had been commonly, if not regularly, directed against non-combatants, as the most expeditious method of compelling their defenders to terms.

Though casualties to the American force were returned at rather less than the estimate for the Sioux, the moral sacrifice considered the result of the expedition was hardly a matter for congratulation. Nevertheless, did the pious commander recommend that thanks be rendered "to a *merciful* God for manifest interposition" against "remorseless savages."²

The direct cost of the Minnesota war ran to some ten million dollars. Indirectly it had cost far more.

To the candid observer it was again apparent that, justice and humanity apart, it would have been far cheaper honestly to pay the Sioux for their lands; or at least

1.—Heard. 323-4. 296, 303. 2.—Ib. 331, 326, 328, 334.

THE MAJOR WARS

to have saved their wives and little ones from starvation.

But wisdom still appealed in vain. It was greed that ruled—blind, unreasoning; knowing not truth nor ruth. In the decade that followed, the White man, says McLaughlin—very familiar with the story—“broke all the treaties,” endeavoring to seize “with the strong arm” that which he had “solemnly covenanted.”¹

Followed the “fierce reprisal”; and high as blazed the legendary courage of the Sioux, more remarkable was their skill.

The Sherman report had foretold the result: “If it be said that because they are savage they should be *exterminated*, we answer that aside from the [in]humanity of the suggestion, it will prove exceedingly difficult.”²

The defense was not uniformly successful. But the few advantages over the Indians were won at great cost. Among the commanders well beaten, were men such as Crook. The climax came on the 25th of June, 1876, when, on the memorable field of the Little Big-Horn, “the flower of American cavalry” was shattered and well nigh annihilated.

That the Americans should have been defeated, is not surprising; for the Sioux outnumbered them, and largely. What astonishes is, that of Custer’s veteran troopers—fighting to the death, and equipped with the most effective weapons then known—more than ten times as many should have fallen as of the primitive foe—indifferently armed, and so scantily supplied with ammunition that in the end they were forced to the bow.³

“It costs less to civilize than to kill,” the Sherman report had declared.⁴

Of this the battle of the Little Big-Horn furnished a most persuasive illustration. Three years later the

1.—McLaugh. 390, 391. 2.—Taopi 113. 3.—McLaugh. 160; N. Y. Herald, June 27, 1886. 4.—Taopi 114.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI STRUGGLE

Carlisle school was in process of establishment—dawn of a better day in the relations of White man with Red.

No doubt an event of the year following contributed powerfully also to the new policy—being the marvelous campaign made by Chief Joseph and his Nez Percés in their march, from the Wallowa country of northeastern Oregon, across central Idaho, over the Bitter-Root mountains, and through western and central Montana, to Canada.

From our earliest account, the Nez Percés had been lovers of peace—making war only “in self-defense.”¹ Robbed of their lands, pillaged and outraged even to repeated murder by the ruffianly Border,² in the spring of 1877 they resolved on liberty or death. A dozen of their immediate oppressors were speedily slain, and having worsted with entire ease, and small loss to themselves, the soldiers sent “to punish” their “depredations,”³ they forthwith set off on that famous flight—for freedom, in a better land.

The fighting-men were not above three hundred. They were cumbered with their families. Pursuing was Gen. Howard, with a force double their number, of which a good part was cavalry. The telegraph had summoned to his aid Gen. Gibbon, from Fort Shaw—to intercept the fugitives should they succeed in passing the mountains. And Gibbon’s force was some two hundred.

In the early movements, Howard was outmaneuvered, outfought and distanced. On the Big Hole river, over the mountains, Gibbon surprised the camp of the Indians; but breaking away, they finally beat him off.

A few days later, turning back, they deftly cut out Howard’s horses, and leaving him helpless, got safely away to and down the Yellowstone.

1.—Park. 235-6. 2.—McLaugh. 346-50. 3.—Ib. 352-3, 355.

THE MAJOR WARS

There Col. Sturgis was waiting, with three hundred and fifty of the Seventh cavalry and many Indian scouts. Feinting, the fugitives avoided for a time; but were overtaken at length in a broken country north of the Yellowstone. Valiantly, there, did the wild rearguard face the savage pursuers, holding grandly, while the women and children fled for their lives by a friendly canyon.

So the supreme danger was passed; and Sturgis could not again get near enough for effective fighting. On the Musselshell, he was left behind for good and all.

The long flight—of more than fourteen hundred miles—came to end at Snake creek, near the Bear-Paw mountains, in Montana; where the fugitives, terribly worn by trail and battle, paused to rest at length “in a fat and beautiful country”—secure, as they believed, in the land of the King.

In fact, they were thirty miles south of the boundary. And so it was, and here, that some days later Gen. Miles came upon them in great force. The reward of prodigious toil—of the most admirable devotion, courage and genius—had been snatched from their grasp by a malignant trick of fate.

Even thus, the Spartan band, fortifying themselves in amazing fashion, managed for four long days to foil the best endeavor of the adversary—surrendering only on assurance that they should be returned to their native country.¹

The pledge was shamefully broken—the captives being sent, not to Oregon, but to the hated Territory. Ultimately, after much suffering, they were transferred to the Colville reservation in Washington, where in 1904 died the famous Joseph.

He was a man well above six feet in height and of noble presence.

1.—McLaugh. 363-4.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI STRUGGLE

Whitebird with more than a hundred followers, many of them warriors, had made good his escape shortly before the surrender. Of those who gave themselves up were four hundred and thirty-one. Something like a third of the tribe had succumbed to "the fearful march and tremendous fighting."

The retreat of the Ten Thousand is most often cited to parallel the astonishing feat of the Nez Percés. But Xenophon and his comrades, from the river Zapatas to modern Trebizond, covered but half the distance. Though it was in winter, they were burdened with no host of women and children. Finally, they encountered only rude mountaineers, to whom they were vastly superior in arms and discipline, and whom in every contest they easily outnumbered.

Surely there is here no parallel for the retreat of Joseph and his band. It has none. A Xenophon would have given it true place, as the most famous in history.

"Of Joseph," I write. Yet whether the brilliant strategy was his—indeed, mainly his—has been much mooted. Some of the survivors of the famous flight, yet living on the Colville reservation a few years since, were wont to say that Looking-glass—a brother of the chief, killed two days before the surrender—was the real leader. Whosoever the genius, it was pure Indian; and the Nez Percés generally are justly described—in a recent article by Prof. Chamberlain—as of "high intellectual type."

IV.

Sundry minor episodes of the long struggle beyond the Mississippi would be pertinent to illustrate the soldierly qualities of the Indian.

Of such is the Paiute "outbreak," in 1860; when that kindly people—dwelling in northwestern Nevada—hav-

SOME MINOR EPISODES

ing summarily dispatched a couple of ruffians who had kidnapped and shockingly abused two little girls of the tribe, were summoned by the Border to deliver, on pain of war, the bloodthirsty "murderers" of these "innocent and hard-working settlers."¹

The Paiute manfully refused; and Major Ormsby with one hundred and sixty volunteers having attacked them in consequence, was beaten off with the loss of half his force. The Indians had suffered little, and peace followed.

It may be noted at this point that the Bannock war of 1878, a barbarous massacre in the course of which has already been mentioned,² had for immediate cause a crime by White men similar in character to that for which the Paiute administered justice.³

Most noteworthy of all minor events in the far West, perhaps, is the famous "Modoc war," of 1873, in the course of which—taking refuge in the desolate "Lava-Beds," on the somber shore of Rhett lake, in northern California—*Kintpuash* or "Captain Jack," with a handful of ragged followers, defied for four months an army with cannon.

The whole country followed the prodigious defense—whereof a recent critic remarks that as many of the besiegers, thus beset, would have lasted not one day.

Hostilities had the usual origin—in "the bad faith of the White man." And the White man shed the first blood.⁴ In the end the Modoc were beaten, though more through dissension than by the arms of the foe.

Kintpuash had some fifty or sixty warriors when he sought the fastness of the Lava-Beds. There were thrice as many women and children. In the four months, he counted five men killed and eight women.⁵ Of the besiegers there fell eight officers, fifty-five soldiers and

1.—Hopk. 70-72. 2.—p. 135. 3.—Hopk. 138-9, 142-3.
4.—McLaugh. 320. 5.—McLaugh. 320, 338.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI STRUGGLE

civilians, and two Indian scouts. As many more of the assailants were wounded, not a few mortally.

At the time of the surrender the entire force afield, against the handful of Modoc, was nearly a thousand. There were beside some seventy Indian auxiliaries, hereditary foemen, without whose assistance perhaps nothing at all had been effected.

Of the prisoners, Captain Jack and three others were hanged, for "murder and assault with intent to kill in violation of the rules of war."¹

And treachery, in the killing of Gen. Canby during a peace parley, the primitive commander had certainly been guilty of. None the less, remembering the shameful circumstances of Osceola's taking²—not to mention many another black deed of treachery, on the part of the civilized, which here I am sore tempted to recall—one is strangely at loss to understand how the "superior race" could well punish for "violation of the rules of war."

Their leaders thus put out of the way, the remainder of the "hostiles" were exiled to the Quapaw reservation, a small district in the northeastern part of the Territory, and so closed what Bancroft somewhat inadequately terms "a brave and stubborn fight for land and liberty."³

Some few years after the war, one of the "fiercest" and most "bloody" of the Modoc at Quapaw was "ordained to the Christian ministry" and placed in charge of a church there.⁴

It may occur to the reader in contemplating this phenomenon that fierceness and blood-lust, if inherent, are not thus speedily to be eradicated—though by the influence even of that resplendent civilization whose progress

1.—McLaugh. 343. 2.—See p. 130. 3.—v. Handb. I. 698. 4.—McLaugh. 315.

THE OLD WORLD PASSES

from ocean to ocean might be roughly measured, perhaps, by the crumbling bones of Red women and children.

V.

It is the wont to speak of the "conquest" of the Indian—of his "extermination," even.

Surely the latter term is amiss.

In the course of the long and brilliant defense of their inalienable rights by the first dwellers in the land, group after group was annihilated, it is true—though by the vice and disease of civilization rather than its arms. But the race survives; nor is it "dying out."

Gone is the old free life, like that of our fathers; and the dream of Tecumseh is realized at length in the virtual passing of tribal distinctions—save, perhaps, for bureaus and courts. By dress and ways a large part of our Red population is hardly distinguishable at this time from citizens of other race. In all fields of modern endeavor are Indians of pure blood, who judged by the highest standards are meeting with ample success. Not merely are there Indian farmers in plenty; but Indian merchants, lawyers, legislators and excellent writers.

More, by popular estimate, even as I close this brief record, an Indian "scores the most distinctive success of any American" in the Olympic games at Stockholm—receiving from the President formal assurance that the achievement makes for the upbuilding of the nation in "those qualities which characterize the best type of American citizen."

Here is no "extinction." On the contrary, the census of 1910 showed that within ten years the population classed as Indian, some three hundred twenty-five thousand, had increased by nearly twenty per cent.

Nor is this the whole story; since from early days there has been amalgamation of White with Red, and

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the movement of late has broadened and accelerated. In the strange mingling called "American" the Indian to-day is an element of importance, and beyond doubt one of the most valuable.¹

So the man first-in-the-land still is—transformed, even as the Saxon, but with a firm foothold and a future inscrutable in the plan of the Great Spirit. In the struggle for existence as conditioned by peace and civilization he holds his own.

And to the last as much was his, though contending at tremendous odds, in the elemental struggle by arms.

It was the land we conquered. It was the infinite forest leveled, the endless prairie plowed, the countless dun cattle slaughtered, the fiercest torrent and the wildest valley fettered at length—in thousand miles on miles of shining steel—that curbed, in the end, the spirit as wild and free; that bent it, after proud centuries, to the dull yoke of civilization.

The very skies fell upon this primeval man; and in the utter, inevitable and irretrievable ruin of all that fair and ancient world of which he seemed a part—so nice and intelligent the adjustment—naught saved him, at the hands of a swarming and merciless foe, save flawless courage and a skill in arms marvelous as inimitable.

1.—v. Chadw. 152.

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