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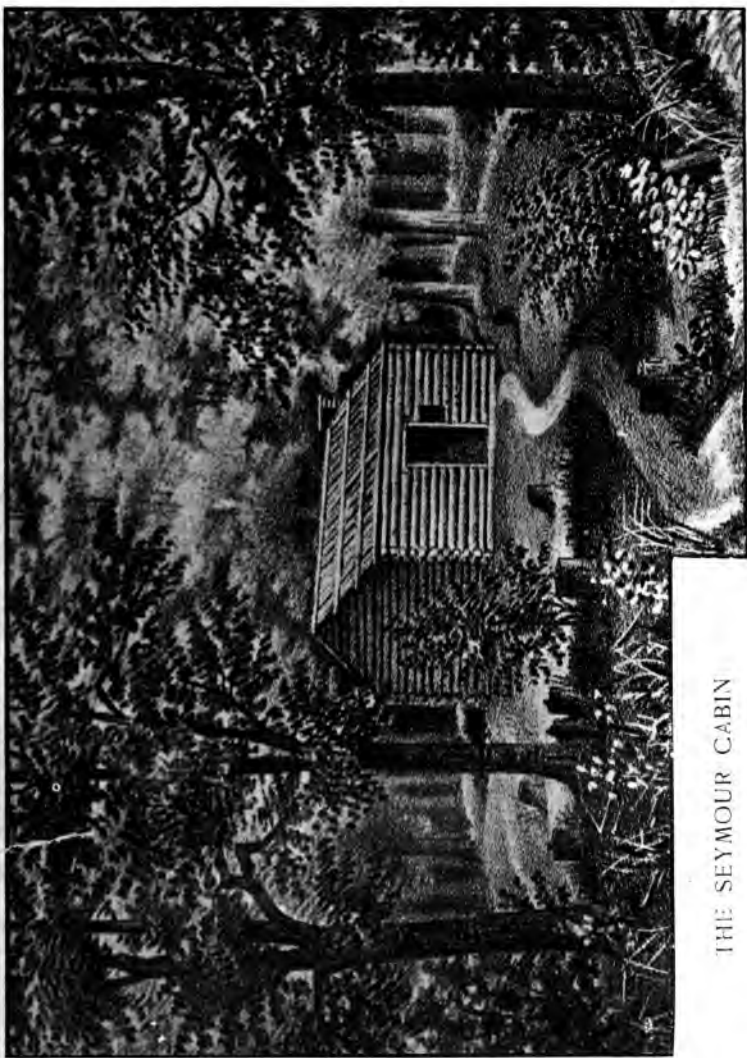
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THE SEYMOUR CABIN

PHILIP SEYMOUR
OR
PIONEER LIFE
IN
RICHLAND COUNTY, OHIO

FOUNDED ON FACTS

BY REV. JAMES F. M'GAW

Author of "THE IMPRESSED SEAMAN," ETC.

WITH HISTORICAL ADDENDA

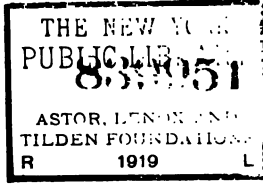
BY A. J. BAUGHMAN

Secretary RICHLAND COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THIRD EDITION

A. J. BAUGHMAN
MANSFIELD, OHIO

1902



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To Gen. R. Brinkerhoff, my friend and co-worker
in Historical and Literary pursuits, this volume is
respectfully inscribed.

A. J. BAUGHMAN.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

In publishing this edition of "Philip Seymour, or Pioneer Life in Richland County, Ohio," I am but complying with the law of demand and supply.

The former editions are exhausted, and the demand for the work not only continues but seems to increase as year by year we are further removed from the pioneer period—the most interesting epoch in the history of the county.

Ninety years have come and gone since the incidents in the Philip Seymour story transpired. The changes, inventions and improvements in those years have been the most wonderful and remarkable in the history of the world Tennyson wrote,

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

And in this new order, man has made the forces of steam and electricity the creatures of his will. Even Niagara no longer pours its mighty flood in sullen roar of idleness. Its powerful force has been conquered and made to turn the wheels of industry and to send along lightning-laden wires the subtle force that moves the wheels of traffic, and bursting forth into light, turn night into day.

While we congratulate ourselves that we live in an age of improved utilities, let us never forget the struggles and hardships of the pioneers, whose work was so effective in the advancements which followed, and whose love of home and of country strengthen our faith in human character, and unselfish purpose.

The plot of the Philip Seymour story was the conception of the late Rev. James McGaw, a writer of historical romances, founded on facts, who lived at Washington village, this county, but is now deceased. The story is so

entertainingly told that the book has held a high place in pioneer literature for half a century.

Questions have often been asked what became of the leading characters of the book.

Mr. McGaw used the name "Seymour," which he Americanized from "Zeimer," a German name of Swiss origin.

In 1799 Frederick Zeimer, a native of Germany, came with his family—wife and seven children—from Maryland and entered one-half of section 27 in Washington township, Pickaway county, Ohio. He was a man of means, and after getting considerable land, upon which he established his married sons, he removed to Richland county, with his wife, youngest son, Philip, and daughter Kate, and entered a quarter section of land in the Black Fork valley, where the terrible tragedy occurred, September 10, 1812. At the close of the war of 1812, Philip returned to his former home in Pickaway county, and later sold the Richland land to Michael Culler. The deed was executed May 1, 1815, before Thomas Mace, a justice of the peace in and for Pickaway county, Ohio.

On the second day of April, 1815, Philip Zeimer was married to a Pickaway county girl named Betsy Valentine, whose family was a prominent and numerous one of that county. Their marriage is recorded in the probate court records among the earliest marriages in that county. Philip and Betsy Zeimer were the parents of five children—three sons and two daughters—all now deceased. Philip's wife died in 1836, aged forty-eight years and seven months. Philip died August 8, 1850, aged sixty-five years.

For the above facts we are indebted to Noah Zeimer, a kinsman of Philip, and to ex-Senator A. R. Van Cleaf, of Circleville.

The man who was said to be engaged to Kate Zeimer was Jedediah Smith, who came and entered land in Washington township, this county, in 1812. Mr. Smith, in looking for land, was directed to the Zeimer cabin, where he met and fell in love with Kate. He was at his old home in Wash-

ington county, Pennsylvania, when the Zeimers were killed by the Indians, and did not return to Ohio until 1816. He did not marry until several years after Kate's death.

"Billy Bunting" was Levi Bargahiser, who became a wealthy farmer in Sharon township, this county, where he died December 26, 1868, aged seventy-seven years. While he may have had some peculiarity of speech, he did not lisp, as represented. And he did not marry an Indian as stated by McGaw. His wife's maiden name was Susanna Eshelman, whose people lived in Licking county.

Concerning other personages mentioned in the work, the reader should remember that while the book deals with historical facts, it is also embellished with touches of fiction.

A. J. BAUGHMAN.

Mansfield, Ohio, December 1, 1902.

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BIOGRAPHICAL.

My first acquaintance with REV. JAMES F. MCGAW occurred, as near as I can now recollect, in 1856. I was then the editor and proprietor of The Mansfield Herald, and, among other things, was interested in securing and preserving the early history of the county. As I gathered material for this purpose, I published it in The Herald, and asked for more. In response Mr. McGaw brought himself to my notice in some way (I do not remember how), and offered to furnish me the early history of Washington Township. He did this very satisfactorily, and we soon became warm friends. He was a few years older than I, but we had various affinities, especially in historic and archæologic investigations, and were often together. I visited him at his home in Washington village, and we explored in company such portions of the county as possessed especial historical interest. In one of these expeditions we visited what has since been known as Pipe's Cliff, and Hemlock Falls. Prior to that time they had no names, but we thought they deserved special designation, and so they were duly christened in the columns of The Mansfield Herald. Mr. McGaw, more romantic than I, stood up stoutly for an Indian name for the falls, but I overruled him, and insisted that the old hemlock tree which then overhung the falls should give it a name. To appease him, I told him he could give an Indian title to the cliffs, which he did.

As the weeks rolled on he continued to furnish historical sketches for publication, and extended his researches to the neighboring townships of Mifflin, Monroe, Worthington and Jefferson, and to him we are all indebted for the

preservation of many items of early history, which otherwise would now be entirely out of reach.

As time rolled on the idea dawned upon him to write a story founded upon the facts of the early history of Richland county, and make Philip Seymour its hero—at last the story started, and I published it, first as a serial in *The Herald*, and then in pamphlet and book form. The story interested everybody, and gave to Mr. McGaw quite a reputation as a writer.

Subsequently he wrote another serial story, entitled, "Mary Worthington," which I also published in *The Herald*, but it did not interest the general public as much as Philip Seymour, and therefore was not republished in book form. The paper in which the last chapter of "Mary Worthington" appeared closed my proprietorship of *The Herald*. Then came the exciting political contest of 1860, which was followed by the war of the Rebellion, and in the midst of its engulfing requirements Mr. McGaw disappeared from my vision and I never saw him again.

Recently, however, I have received from his brother some additional facts, from which I am able to complete this brief sketch of his career.

James Franklin McGaw was born in 1823, near Chambersburgh, Franklin county, Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish parentage. He was the son of Rev. James McGaw and Mary Flender McGaw.

The McGaws were Scotch, and came to this country about the year 1700. In 1833, when James was ten years old, the family moved to Ohio, settled at Massillon, and resided there about ten years.

There were eight children in the family, four boys (of whom James was the youngest) and four girls.

His father was a clergyman of the United Brethren and Wesleyan denominations, and whilst at Massillon he was a presiding elder. Subsequently he was located at different points as his appointments as an itinerant preacher required.

One of the boys died in infancy, but the other three grew up and became preachers of the same faith. John,

the eldest, is still living at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Thomas, the other brother, resides in Michigan.

James was a bright, intelligent boy, but received such education only as common schools afforded.

When about seventeen years of age he taught school about seven miles south of Wooster, and from that time to the end of his life he was a school teacher the most of his time, and was successful in that vocation. At times he traveled and lectured on astronomy, geology and temperance. He was licensed to preach but never took a settled charge.

About the year 1854, the family moved to Richland county, and settled in Washington village, where the father, in his old age, kept a country store, and James taught school, and whilst there he wrote the book entitled "Philip Seymour, or Pioneer Life in Richland County."

During the war he resided in Butler, Indiana, where he taught school and lectured during vacations. After the war he removed to Springfield, Illinois, where he taught school and remained a year or two. From there he removed to Tyner City, Indiana, where he taught school until the autumn of 1872, when he was taken sick with typhoid fever and died, leaving a wife and no children. His wife was a daughter of Daniel Black, of Bowerston, Harrison county, Ohio, who in early life was a sailor, and was impressed from an American vessel into the British service. An account of his adventures was published by Mr. McGaw under the title of "The Impressed Seamen." It was a book of about three hundred pages and attracted much attention.

Mr. McGaw, as I remember him, was a man of medium height, with a well built and hardy form. He had dark hair and was quite nearsighted and wore glasses. For his opportunities he was a man of very liberal culture, and was in all respects a good man and a good citizen, and deserves kindly remembrance as one who sought to do good to all in his day and generation.

R. BRINKERHOFF.

INTRODUCTION.

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

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

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

The Indian tribes in possession of Ohio at this time, were the Shawnees, Wyandots, Miamis, Pinkashaws, Delawares, Eries, Winnebagoes, and some portions of the Six Nations. The Shawnees are said to be the oldest inhabitants of this State.

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

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

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

PUBLISHER.

PHILIP SEYMOUR

OR

PIONEER LIFE IN RICHLAND COUNTY

CHAPTER I.

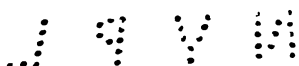
Adventure of Philip Seymour with Kanotche and the Bears.

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

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

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

Whistling for his dog, he directed his steps toward a dark and dismal looking swamp, which lay some few miles north of his residence. He had heard that this was the retreat of the wild beasts which were yet remaining in the wilderness. On nearing the edge of the swamp he secreted himself behind the trunk of a huge forest tree which the giant tread of the infuriated winds had uprooted. Philip had remained in this position but a few moments when his attention was arrested by a rustling noise among the thick bushes of the swamp. Soon the bushes parted and two huge black bears came peering through. Philip, resting his rifle upon a log, fired, and one of the monsters fell, quivering in the agonies of death, while the other retreated. Almost instantly with the discharge of his rifle, rang the sharp crack of another through the forest, the ball of which struck the tree a few



inches below where Philip's rifle rested. At this sudden and unlooked for report, Philip started to his feet, and looking in the direction from which the sound proceeded, discovered a savage about one hundred yards from him in an opposite direction on a small elevation, which for some distance overlooked the swamp.

At sight of the savage, Philip sprang behind a tree and reloaded with the utmost speed. The Indian, on seeing him thus preparing for an encounter, threw down his rifle and tomahawk, and holding up his hands, ran towards him with as much haste as possible, exclaiming, apparently much frightened:

"Me no shoot you! me no shoot you! me no kill you!"

Philip lowered his rifle, and the Indian coming up, with earnest gesticulations, reiterated:

"Me sorry—me no hurt you—me like you—me likes all white face—Indian and pale face friends—hunt the deer together—live in same wigwam."

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

"Kanotche lies!" said Philip, eyeing him sternly, "Kanotche would kill the white man. He would shoot him unawares, like a coward."

Kanotche writhed and could not endure the gaze of Philip. He, however, protested his innocence of evil intent, saying:

Kanotche shoot at bear. Kanotche see no white man"—and to prove his sincerity tendered his assistance in securing the prize. Philip, pretending that his suspicions were removed, accepted it, and such portions of the bear as were of value were conveyed to the Seymour cabin. A good supper was prepared for Kanotche by Kate, Philip's sister, and the Indian departed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, Harry would take my place, you know; you would not miss me."

And Philip looked at Kate roguishly, and she, blushing, jumped up and playfully boxed his ears. Philip dodged, and they were just getting into one of their pleasant frolics when the door opened, and before the astonished family stood a young emigrant to Ohio.

CHAPTER II.

Henry Monroe—Adventure with Indians—Johnny Appleseed.

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

“Why, Henry!”

“Well, I declare!”

“Why, who have we got here?”

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

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

Henry Monroe was a young Pennsylvanian from the same neighborhood whence the Seymours had come. Many a day he had swung Kate upon the grape-vine swing, near the school house, and many an imprudent lad had he punished for presuming to claim any of Kate's attentions. Thus they grew up together; of her he dreamed day and night, and when Kate's parents moved to Ohio, he, of all others, suffered most at parting. Nor was this regard unrepaid, for Kate actually thought him the bravest and handsomest boy in school, except Philip. Since the removal of the Seymours to Ohio Henry had summoned courage sufficient to write a letter to Philip, but somehow or other it was all to or about Kate, so that Philip threw it into her lap and said:

“There, Kate, I did not mean to open your letter, but Hank misdirected it!”

And of course, as Philip would not answer it, common politeness required Kate to write and say something in reply, and so Henry thought he must answer Kate's kind letter, and thus missives had passed for some months, until Henry thought it took too much

writing to say so little, and so one day he packed his knapsack, strapped it on his back and started for Ohio, with enough money to enter a quarter of land.

Ohio was a very undefinable place and people thought that if you struck it anywhere you were right in the neighborhood of your friends, though they might be two hundred miles off! So Henry, instead of steering directly West, pushed for Zanesville, and he supposed he would have but a day's tramp to Mansfield, and thence to Kate's, as her place must adjoin the town somewhere. He followed up the Muskingum until he came to the White Woman, without company, trusting to the declared good will of the Indians and an excellent rifle for safety.

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

his nerves were as firm as steel, and as the Indians sprang forward with wild whoops and raised tomahawks he shot the first through the head and before the second could recover from his astonishment he dealt him a blow over the scalp with his clubbed rifle. The savage tottered and fell, but sprang up and staggered to the bank, where a second blow from Henry knocked him into the rapid current.

This first experience of life in the wilderness most effectually drove sleep from Henry. He strapped his knapsack and following the White Woman according to directions, traveled steadily by the trail, as he supposed, until daylight, when to his alarm he found that he was lost. He had wandered away from the river, and the trail which seemed plain enough before, he now found to be only in his imagination. Most anxiously he sought the river, but found no sign. At the rising of the sun he set his face directly eastward, as he knew that he was on the west side of the river, and traveled about two miles steadily onward. Finally, on ascending a high hill, he climbed a beech tree, looked anxiously out, and to his inexpressible joy found that the great valley could not be more than a mile distant. He descended, and with renewed vigor pursued his way, having carefully noted several landmarks for his guidance.

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

"I wonder whose nursery this is," thought he. "It didn't come here by chance, that's sure. Hallo! More

Indians? They missed me for supper and now they want me for breakfast." Henry dodged into a thicket of apple trees and listened. In a moment he saw an inverted tin bucket-rise up over the enclosure followed by a huge shock of black wiry hair. After the hair came a pair of buckskin breeches with shoeless feet sticking through. A pair of eyes might be seen, burning black, near the bucket; and Henry decided at once that beneath hair and breeches somewhere was a human being, and he crazy.

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

"Hallo, stranger!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Johnny eyed him anxiously as he spoke of the Indians, but made no inquiries until having struck a fire, he heated some water, threw in some brown rye, and then drawing forth some cold meat and bread from a pouch that he carried, sat down with Henry,

who contributed from the stores in his knapsack for his share of the meal.

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



SCENE ON THE BLACK FORK.

“So you are going to Mansfield, are you? Going to settle?”

“I don't know whether I will or not; I have acquaintances there.”

“Have you? I know everybody there. Who are they?”

“The Seymour family.”

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

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

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

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

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

The feelings of the Seymours may be better imagined than described; especially Kate, who could not control her bounding heart and cause it to "down" at her bidding, but threw herself into the arms of Henry.

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

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

CHAPTER III.

Biographical Sketch of Johnny Applesseed.

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

Johnny Applesseed made his appearance among the pioneers of Richland county at a very early period. His real name was John Chapman, but he was commonly known by the name of Applesseed. He received this sobriquet from the circumstances of his rearing and cultivating apple trees from the seed, which he sowed in different localities.

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

Religiously considered, Johnny was a rigid Swedenborgian. He maintained the doctrine that a spiritual intercourse could be held with the dead, having himself had frequent conversation with the inhabitants of the spirit land, two of which, of the feminine gender, had revealed to him the consoling news that they were to be his wives in a future state, provided he would keep himself from a matrimonial alliance while on earth. He vowed celibacy, and never could be prevailed upon to pay any amorous attention to the female sex. Johnny possessed a kind, good heart,

which made him a welcome visitor among the whites and Indians, the latter never molesting him, but regarding him with a kind of superstitious veneration. His personal appearance was very singular



JOHNNY APPLESEED.
(JOHN CHAPMAN)

and remarkable, being quick in conversation and restless in his motions. His eyes were dark and sparkling, and his hair and beard were permitted to attain their greatest length. His clothing was generally half worn out before he obtained it, having received it in exchange for apple trees. Johnny scarcely ever

wore any other covering on his head than nature furnished him with, and he usually went barefooted, even in winter; and generally slept in the woods.

Such is the brief outline of the history of this singular personage, who first made his appearance in Western Pennsylvania, and later in Ohio. Johnny left the county of Richland about twenty years ago, in order to find a more extended sphere of usefulness. But he did not long survive after he left. He died as he lived, a blameless, moral man, near Ft. Wayne, Indiana, in 1847.

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

Johnny had been at Mr. Seymour's before and had formed quite an attachment to the family. His frequent visits to the house had induced Philip to indulge in some pleasantries respecting him and Kate. Johnny had endeavored to instil into the minds of the family the doctrines of Swedenborgianism, and on these occasions Kate was sometimes made the object of his appeals. Philip, taking the advantage of these, could at every opportunity indulge in some pleasant jokes at Kate's expense.

"Good evening, Mr. Chapman," exclaimed Philip

Johnny opened the door, "we are right down glad to see you once more, particularly Kate, who has had me fears that the red skins had taken your scalp."

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

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

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

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

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

"Ah! young man, in this you are mistaken," said Johnny, "there is a power in kindness—in returning good for evil—which is more effective in subduing the evil propensities of a savage nature than in all the weapons of warfare under the sun."

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

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

"I believe not," replied Philip, "nor can I say that I have any particular inclination to do so, though I

offer no objections against the man, his doctrines or his followers. I allow every one the right to think on the subject of religion for himself. You perceive, Johnny, I am not in a spiritual mood to-night; my mind runs upon Indians, more than angels, a good deal."

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

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

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

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

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

Johnny listened attentively to the narrative, and when he had concluded, remarked to Mr. Seymour that it might be well to remove the family to the block house for a few days, and related some circumstances in addition, which induced him to think that the savages were not as friendly as they had been.

The old gentleman, however, contended that there was no danger. The Indians, and especially Kanotche, had always been friendly, and he could see no reason why they should change their feelings.

"It will do no harm to spend a short time at the block house," said Henry; whose recollection of his own adventure the previous night was still vivid in his mind, although he kept it to himself for fear of exciting the family; "it is evident the Indians meditate something, whether mischief to the whites or not remains to be seen."

"Well, well," said the old man, "we will keep a good look out, and see what turns up; at present let's

change the subject. How did you leave the folks?"— and the old gentleman launched off into inquiries in regard to Henry's family in Pennsylvania.



BLOCK HOUSE.

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

adventure with the Indians and cautioned him to be on his guard.

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

Henry was dreaming of Kate and a rosy future.

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



BLACK HAWK.

CHAPTER IV.

Departure of Henry Monroe—Adventure with Rufner.

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

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

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

On the day following the departure of Henry, Philip, anxious for another adventure in the woods, and feeling lonesome in the absence of his friend, took up his rifle, and bidding the family good morning, sallied out into the wilderness just as the sun was appearing in all its golden glory.

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

There was an abundance of inferior game in the woods, but this did not come within the purview of this day's adventure. He wished to have another en-

counter with a bear, wolf, or wild cat, but could not get a glimpse of any of these.

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

The shades of evening had gathered over the forest, and the thick underbrush conspired in a great measure to shut out the light of day. This made Philip the more cautious in awaiting a fair opportunity to discharge his rifle. Nearer came the advancing footsteps, until at last the full form of a man emerged from the deep thicket into the little opening. In a moment Philip discovered, to his infinite delight, the person to be none other than his friend and companion of the forest, Martin Ruffner, and springing from behind the tree, in an unthoughtful manner, had just pronounced the word, "by —," when crack went Ruffner's rifle, and the young man sprang into the air, exclaiming, "Oh God! Ruffner, I am shot." In a moment Ruffner recognized his friend, and running up to him found that the ball had done him no serious damage, having merely grazed his body. Philip soon recovered from his fright, and requested Ruffner to accompany him home, which was readily complied with, as he was on his way there to communicate to the family his fears as to their safety in their present defenseless condition.

CHAPTER V.

Martin Ruffner.

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

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

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

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

Some time after Ruffner had emigrated to this coun-

try, several other families also came, among which was the Seymour family already noticed.

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

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

While on his way thither he observed the tracks of a bear, which, appearing fresh, he determined to follow some distance at least. The trail led him several miles, when it finally disappeared altogether. He then turned in the direction of the Seymour cabin, but had not proceeded far before the event took place mentioned in the preceding chapter.

It was late at night when Philip and his companion arrived at the cabin. The family were all in bed. But on entering, Kate cheerfully arose and prepared them something to eat, after which they laid down and soon were enjoying the luxury of dreamless slumber, from which they did not awaken till the sun was pouring his flood of light upon the distant hilltops.

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

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

"I tink so, too," replied Ruffner, "for, py schings, Ize not often shoots for nottink."

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

"Think no more about this affair, Kate," replied Philip, "it's all over, and no one is hurt. Life is full of dangers."

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

"Ter tevelish pugger—plast his plack heart—von be cums to me mit his titos, I will send him vare Ize sent more as a goot many of his sort."

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

"Dos I tink so? py shuperter, I tinks I dos. Vy, py te old Harry, it's not more as some veeks ago ven two of tese red fellows vent right shstrait into the cabin of two of mine friends* near to Sandusky ant shopped tem to pieces mit ter little axes."

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

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

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

"Vy, sez I, Mesther Schapman, it is tese Inshun puggers, vat goes trough the voods, mit ter axes schopping town our mens, vimmens, and schil'rens."

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

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

"Vy, mine Cot, voman, it is von of ter worstest Dutcherin schobs in all ter kuntry."

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

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

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

"Vell, vell, Kate," replied Ruffner, "I will spoke ter whole mit you, youst tell you all apout it," whereupon the Dutchman filled his pipe with tobacco, and, after giving it a few puffs, began his story, relating the whole affair in broken English as best he could, during which he made many ludicrous blunders, but

Philip and Kate managed to preserve a respectful attention until he was through. Towards the close of his story Philip's mind became much agitated, his face became flushed, and his eyes assumed a fearful aspect. It was evident that emotions of vengeance were agitating his bosom. The murder was cold-blooded and desperately cruel, and he had not heard all the particulars till now, as Johnny Appleseed had merely mentioned the circumstance.

Ruffner concluded his story by saying: "Boor Kibbs, he was a prave fellow—put tese Inshun raskals have done der schob for him."

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

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

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

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

Philip paused a moment; he cast his eyes upon his parents, then upon Kate; his glance was anger, his countenance assumed, if possible, an aspect yet more wrathful than before. Again he spoke, "Curse these red hounds, and may the hissing thunderbolts of heaven fall thick and fast upon them——"

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

"Mine Cot in Himmel, Gaty," replied Ruffner, "vot is ter matter mit ter man—py ter old Harry, I tinks as how he goes mad as von vild evil von."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yah, yah," replied the Dutchman, "dat ish it, py ter old Harry; yust let tem come on mit ter little axes, and I shous tem vitch vay ter vind plows."

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

CHAPTER VI.

The Murder of Gibbs and Buel.

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

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

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

Two Indians, named Omic and Semo, belonging to the Ottawa tribe, frequently passed by this cabin, on their way to the mouth of the Huron river, where they exchanged their venison and furs for powder, lead, tobacco, whiskey, etc. Forming an acquaintance with Gibbs and Buel, they made this cabin their stopping place over night. One morning about two o'clock these savages came to this cabin highly intoxicated, making a tremendous uproar, and demanded admittance. Fearing that they would keep up their noise all night, they were admitted. As soon as they had got inside they commenced a general "pow wow." Gibbs ordered them to keep quiet or quit the cabin. They refused to do either, whereupon they were knocked down and dragged out.

The Indians then withdrew from the house, and nothing was heard of them for one or two days, when

they returned perfectly sober, and in a friendly manner, making no allusion to their former treatment. This was done to remove all suspicion as to their intentions. They returned again in the evening of the same day and requested permission to stay all night, which was immediately granted as before. Gibbs and Buel went to bed, and the Indians lay down as usual before the fire, and in a few moments apparently slept soundly. After Gibbs and Buel had been asleep something over an hour the savages quietly arose, each grasping his tomahawk, and stealthily going to the bed, dealt their blows at the heads of the sleepers. The blow aimed at Buel was well directed and the hatchet was buried in his skull; but the blows not being given simultaneously the noise of the stroke upon the head of Buel aroused Gibbs, who, springing to his feet, encountered the two savages. Gibbs made a desperate resistance, but was immediately struck with the tomahawk of one of the savages, severing his right arm, except a piece of the skin, which held it fast. Instantly another blow broke his left arm; then making a desperate bound, he sprang from them and fled, but being hotly pursued as he entered the bushes, he was shot by Semo with a pistol.

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

An examination of the body of Buel revealed the fact of his head having been split open, his legs

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

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

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

Semo was next demanded of his tribe. At first they refused to give him up, but on being satisfied of his guilt they consented to do so. A delegation was

sent to receive him. The savage on finding that he was to be delivered into the hands of his enemies, asked permission to say a few words to the company. It was granted him, and he arose. He was a tall, well-built man, and somewhat graceful in his movements. Every eye was fixed upon him, and every ear was opened to hear what he had to say.

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

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

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

*The particulars of this affair have been published in Moore's West. Mag., Vol. 2, No. 5, taken from the MSS. History of the “Fire Lands.”

CHAPTER VII.

Ruffner's Adventure with Wolves.

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

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

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

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

"Py tunder," mentally ejaculated the Dutchman, as a loud yell broke upon his ears, "voolvs, by shupiter." In an instant another frightfully mingled howl rent the air some distance in the forest behind him, which was answered by those in the swamp with no less unmusical vehemence. Ruffner was alone—

darkness was around him, and a ravenous foe under cover of that darkness had surrounded him.

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

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

"Vot," said he, half aloud, "Vill tese tarnal puggars schase me on ter dree, un den keep up ter voolish

parking mit a noise more as like vild tevils? Py schings, I vill shtop some of ter troats."

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

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

It may not be improper to notice in the conclusion of this chapter that Ruffner had under his jurisdiction an orphan lad of about fourteen years of age. The original name of this boy was William Buntley, but when he came under the care of our Dutchman he received the name of "Bunty Billy," from the circumstance that he was thick set and heavy built. Billy was naturally a smart, active boy, quick in understanding, good natured and somewhat witty. He had an impediment in his articulation, known by the name of "lispings." Billy possessed a rifle which Ruffner

had purchased for him ; he was fond of the woods, and, considering his age, was a good marksman. Ruffner was very kind to the lad, and proffered to take him to the block house for safety, but Billy refused, stating that he could take care of himself.

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



A WESTERN INDIAN VILLAGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hunting Excursion.

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

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

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

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

"Thgermany gosthenth," replied Billy, much astonished, "thdinkenth, can anything fly on thwo legths—"

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

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

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

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

"Vell, I tinks ve'd petter go more as a little vile d~~is~~ v~~ay~~, den ve vill go von leetle vile anuder v~~ay~~, and after a vile sthop at der place vere ve vill find ourselves vere ve never vas."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Quite a poetic comparison, Mr. Chapman," replied Philip, "but tell me, are you not afraid of your scalp being taken by the 'red vermin' which infest these woods?"

"No," replied Johnny.

"And why not?" asked Philip.

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

"Satan!" exclaimed Philip with a smile, "and pray, Mr. Chapman, who is he?"

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

Philip was not expecting this retort, and for a moment seemed at a loss for a reply. Casting his eyes upon Ruffner, with a half suppressed smile, he wished to discover whether he understood the import of Johnny's rejoinder. Ruffner's perceptions were keen enough, and he replied:

"Dat ish it, Mesther Chapman; he has got ter wrong pig by ter ear dish time. Dish feller tinkt because he ish a good scholar dat he knows ebery ting; but, by schingo, Mr. Schapman, you know more in one leetle minute den he knows mit all his books."

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

"Ah, young man," replied Johnny, "the desolation and eternal misery of one immortal spirit under the

influence of Satan, is infinitely more lamentable than the destruction of the whole human family, temporarily considered."

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

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

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

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

This region, at the time of which we write, was beautifully wild and romantic, containing an abundance of game. Bears, wolves, wild cats, deer and raccoons were more numerous here than in any other region of the country. This was owing to the greater

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER IX.

Adventure with Snakes.

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

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

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

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

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

"Rattleshnakes!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "vere ish ter rattleshnakes?" But before he could say any more his ears caught the sound of the venomous reptiles, as a general rattling among their tails had now commenced, and rising to his feet said—

"Vell, I tinks I hears ter noise under ter tails, and I sponse ve had petter yust let tem be."

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

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

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

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

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

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

As we have remarked, he lay in this restless condition; how long, he could not tell. At length he found himself deprived of locomotion, and a sort of stupor came over him. His feelings were most singular and distressing. He tried to move, but in vain. Presently a huge rattlesnake came crawling towards him;

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

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

“Vot is ter matter now, man? Vot kind of a voolish vay is dis of getting out from ter bed? Vy, py ter Old Harry, you looks more as like ter Satan himself!”

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

“Vy, mine Cot, man, vere ish ter any schnakes?”

He had scarcely asked the question, when casting his eyes toward the place where he lay, he discovered the head of an enormous rattlesnake peering from the crevice of a log against which he had rested his head during the night. Ruffner uttered an exclamation of surprise, and was about to stoop down to the earth for a club with which to dispatch the reptile, when another, not quite as large, made a leap at him, just as Philip was about to warn him of his danger.*

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

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

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

After our heroes had despatched the two serpents as already mentioned, they proceeded to the shanty which they had forsaken in the evening. Here the—

*Capt. James Cunningham stated that along this stream, dozens of these reptiles have been discovered numbering from 100 to 200.

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

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

CHAPTER X.

Hunting Excursion—Indian Cabin—An Adventure.

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

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

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

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

The sharp crack of a rifle broke in upon the young man's reveries, and casting his eyes below him he discovered a full grown buck making his way up the hill with the utmost speed, in a direct line to where he sat. Philip grasped his rifle and sprang behind a tree. As the animal neared the spot where the young man stood, having somewhat slackened its speed, he discharged his rifle and the beast gave one desperate leap into the air, fell backwards, and expired. The ball had pierced its heart.

Ruffner, who had heard the report of Philip's rifle, ascended the hill, not knowing what might have happened to him. In a few moments his eyes caught sight of Philip standing over the fallen animal.

"What luck, Martin!" exclaimed Philip, anxious to know at what he had discharged his rifle. "I suppose I have finished the job which you began at the bottom of the hill?"

"I finish mine own schobs," tartly replied the Dutchman, "poot ven I cannot get troo mit him, den I calls for help."

"Very well, then; but what have you killed?"

"Vot have I kilt! Vy yust cum and see, and den you can shudge for yourself."

Philip accompanied the Dutchman to the bottom of the hill, where he beheld the lifeless form of a gigantic bear. The animal was a male, of the largest size. The ball from Ruffner's rifle had been driven through the animal, having pierced its heart, when a few death struggles ended its earthly career.

The hunters proceeded now to divest the animals of their hides. This was soon accomplished and their bodies were left for the empty stomachs of the howling wolves. The hunters then continued down the banks of the stream, but without meeting with any further success, till they came upon the confines of a dense thicket, which they entered, and to their no small astonishment found a solitary cabin, very rudely con-

structed.* On entering it they found that it was uninhabited, though bearing marks of having recently been occupied.

"Vot dosh all dish mean?" inquired Ruffner. "Py shings, dish ish a leetle Inshun house."

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

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

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

"Dat ish it—dat ish it," replied the Dutchman; and I shpose him a leetle house witout ter Inshun."

"But there is no time to lose here, Ruffner," said Philip, "we must look for game," and so saying the hunters left the cabin.

Retracing their steps, they returned in the direction of the hill upon which they had met with such success in the morning. But meeting with no game which they considered worthy of their attention, they concluded to seek a shelter for the night, and at the dawn of day, return home.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How grand is nature," exclaimed the romantic young hunter, while Ruffner sat smoking his pipe, unconscious of the beauties around him. "How grand is nature," repeated he, "the green earth, the

*These have since been denominated "Pipe's Cliffs," in memory of the Delaware Chief of that name, who resided near Jeromeville, in now Ashland county. Pipe's Cliffs are in the vicinity of Green Gables.

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

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

It was but a few moments till our heroes discovered the two Indians, a man and a woman, ascending the

rock on which they had just been seated. As soon as they had gained the summit, the old Indian, for such they discovered him to be, became somewhat agitated, and pointing his finger to his feet, exclaimed in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard by our hunters:

“White man here!”

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

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

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

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

"I dusn't tink any ting sdrange apout it," said the Dutchman, at the same time calling Philip's attention to footprints made upon the soft moss, which had overspread the rock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Py shupiter, young mans," exclaimed Ruffner, "vood you makes love mit dat Inshun vomans?"

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

"Shust as you blease?" replied Ruffner.

"Enough," cried Philip, and they left the rock.

CHAPTER XI.

The Chieftain and His Daughter—Eagle's Nest—Thunder Storm—Hemlock Falls.

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

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

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

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

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

Proceeding on the trail of the Indians for some distance without coming in sight of them, they halted on the banks of a small stream,* which at that time

*Since called Switzer's Run, which empties into the Clear Fork, a short distance east of Newville.

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

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

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

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

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

cliff was a thick growth of underwood, into which they retired, securing their persons and fire arms as best they could with the skins of the animals they had killed.

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

"Py shupiter," exclaimed the Dutchman, "dish ish a pig shoo—" Crack went an electric rocket with the energy of Omnipotence, and in the same instant a huge oak, standing some distance in the rear of where they sat, was shivered to pieces, one of which was precipitated within a few feet of them. It was a fearful crash, and for a moment the two hunters seemed sensibly affected by the shock. This astounding report was quickly succeeded by another, and another, though at much greater distances. Next came the sweeping winds, bearing down everything in their course. The noise of their roaring was heard like the heave and swell of the tempest tossed ocean, under the desolating energies of a tropical hurricane. Rain and hail were descending in such prodigious torrents, as induced our hunters to conclude that the "prince and power of the air" had opened one of the gates of a supernal canal, through which flowed all the waters of the universe. Certainly it was nothing less than a liquid avalanche, sweeping out of the storm clouds of heaven, and the steady roar of the wild war of the elements—the wind driven rain, hail riven air, flickering, burning and brightening, with the astounding thunder peals and crashes of falling trees, mingled in terrific confusion, echoing with deep repeatings and muffled reverberations, from hill to hill, suggested to the romantic young hunter the idea that ten thousand demons were summoning, with dismal roll, a million fire spirits to the world's conflagration.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Cascade," answered Philip.

"Yaw, dish gascate."

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

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

"A suspicious looking locality," replied Philip, "but I am anxious to learn its character, and I think we can succeed much better now than if we wait till morning. As to this place being inhabited by robbers I have no fears. But there may be a body of Indians encamping here. If so, they will not attack us now. Let us proceed cautiously until we discover the nature

of this light. The adventure may be dangerous, but the advantage is on our side; we will be under cover of darkness, and if we discover the company to be too numerous, we can retreat unnoticed. If they are Indians it is evident they do not anticipate the approach of any enemy to-night, as they have their fires burning."

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

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

"Inshun!" exclaimed Ruffner, in a somewhat agitated tone of voice, when instantly the figure was recognized by Philip also. As Ruffner spoke, the Indian glided behind a rock and was lost to sight. At first Philip thought the Indian had heard the voice of Ruffner, but he knew that the roar of the falls would not permit the sound of ten such voices to become audible from the distance where he stood, and as to their being discovered where they were, under cover of such deep darkness, was out of the question. Under these considerations, his fears were dismissed, and they still continued to advance towards the light, until they came within ten steps of the rock upon

which they had seen the Indian. Here they paused, and a consultation was held, in which it was agreed that one of them should advance upon the rock referred to, and with the utmost caution examine the place and discover if possible the position of the Indian. This adventure was somewhat bold and perilous, and was undertaken by Philip, while Ruffner was to cover his retreat in case of an attack.

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

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

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

CHAPTER XII.

Hemlock Falls—The Chieftain and His Daughter.

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

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

These falls when viewed under the soft and mellow light of the moon, remind one of the poetic descriptions of the fairy lands, where spirits and elves assemble to hold their nightly festivals in the still moonlight, which, falling upon and through the checkered curtain of green, gives enchantment to the view. Such is but a faint description of this natural curiosity as it appeared to Philip at the period of this adventure.

As our hunters entered this cavern a bright blazing fire, the light of which, falling with an enchanting softness on every object around them, gave the place an aspect of the most fascinating and dreamy beauty. Overhanging this arching entrance, and creeping out



HEMLOCK FALLS.

of the crevices of the rock above, came down a thick curtain of wild vines, interlaced and commingled with luxuriant honeysuckles with their bright colored blossoms fringing the front of the cave on either side of the falls.

But the most beautiful sight which met the vision of the young man, was the young Indian maiden. Her eyes met his as he entered the cavern, revealing to him,

as he imagined, a hidden world of brightness and sunshine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, sir," frankly replied the old man; "after the murder of my brethren** by Colonel Williamson, I

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

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took up the hatchet against the whites, and remained their inveterate foe till the treaty of Greenville.* This book tells me to return good for evil, but I have returned evil for evil. I have taken the lives of many, but those days are past. I have heartily repented of my wickedness, and shall do so no more."

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

"That may all be true," replied the old man, "but what action did your government take against the man himself? None. He was a murderer—a base murderer. The blood of nearly one hundred men, women and children is this day crying against him from the village of Gnadenhutten, and among that number were those bound to me by the dearest associations."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Morning came. Daylight had spread her rosy wings over the forests, and the mingled melodies of

cliff was a thick growth of underwood, into which they retired, securing their persons and fire arms as best they could with the skins of the animals they had killed.

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

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

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

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

Morning came. Daylight had spread her rosy wings over the forests, and the mingled melodies of

the woodland minstrels were floating upon the morning air.

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

"Curse the snakes," cried Philip, at the same moment discharging his rifle, and burying its contents in the head of an enormous rattlesnake, which lay coiled ready to spring upon the young woman. The animal was solitary and alone, and probably had taken refuge there during the night, having been attracted by the light of the fire. He had, doubtless, made up his mind to spend that stormy evening with our heroes, and passing by the heads of the sleepers, and not wishing to disturb their pleasant dreams, had coiled himself up to rest in the further end of the cavern. But Philip had a soul above snakes, and no sooner did the monster prepare to give battle, than the heroic and snake-hating hero came down upon his huge snakeship with a mighty blow, sending his bewildered spirit to join those of his species, which had been dispatched on a previous occasion.

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

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

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

The two hunters now stepped outside the cavern on purpose to take a more definite view of the falls

which appeared more beautiful, and less gloomy and awful, than when they had first seen them.

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

To this Philip readily consented, well knowing the place to which he alluded; and after partaking of some venison and corn bread, the whole party set out for the cliffs, where they arrived about the middle of the forenoon.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

Captain Pipe.

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

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

death of my parents, my sister and myself, in company with several others, left Gnadenhutzen for the village of Wappatomica,* on the Muskingum. Here we lived, passing the time away in hunting and fishing.

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

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

"At this time I was young and rash; I feared no danger and despised cowardice, and I determined to lift up the hatchet in defense of my country. My sister having married a young warrior, I now had no one to claim my particular attention, and I resolved to enter the battlefield and distinguish myself as a warrior.

*This village stood about sixteen miles from the present site of Coshocton.

**This expedition was under the command of Colonel Angus McDonald, by order of Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia in 1774.

“After leaving the Muskingum I bent my steps towards the Scioto Valley. Here were several Indian villages belonging to the Shawnees. These towns were situated in the most delightful country I had ever seen. Shortly after the burning of the villages along the Muskingum, another expedition was fitted out for the purpose of destroying our villages on the Scioto. A large army of whites made their appearance at the mouth of the Kanawha. Having left our towns on the Scioto we met their forces at this place. A battle ensued, and many were killed on both sides; but finding that we were going to be overpowered, our chiefs sued for peace. Accordingly the troops were ordered to Camp Charlotte, where the principal chiefs of the Scioto tribes met them and negotiated a peace. There was one chief, however, who refused to enter into this treaty. This was Logan. After this treaty I left the Scioto for the Sandusky country, and was soon placed at the head of a squad of young warriors. Ours was a scouting party, and we determined to wreak our vengeance on every party of white soldiers we met.

“Passing by an interval of some six or seven years, in which nothing of much importance occurred, I now come to an event in the history of our race which for inhumanity and cold-blooded barbarism stands unparalleled in the history of Indian wrongs. I refer to the murder of Gnadenhutten Indians. From that day to the treaty of Greenville I was an inveterate foe to the whites. I was in the battle of St. Clair’s defeat and also in the battle of the Miami of the Lakes, where General Wayne so nobly distinguished himself. We thought there never was such another man as Wayne. Our warriors stood in awe of him. After the treaty of Greenville I came to this region of Ohio, where I have remained ever since.

“A few years after my sister and myself left Gnadenhutten for the Muskingum, she married a young

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

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

Philip was deeply interested in the old man's history, during the recital of which the eyes of the In-

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

dian were fixed upon him. The young maiden, too, was seen to cast upon him occasional inquiring glances. In some parts of the narrative she seemed deeply affected.

When the old Indian had finished his story he arose from his seat for the purpose of continuing his journey, motioning to the young woman to follow him.

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

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

"What! Captain Pipe, of Jeromeville?" inquired the astonished young hunter.

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

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

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

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

The old man grasped the hand of Philip, a tear stood in his eye, and after gazing upon him for a moment, evidently much affected, he said:

"Young man, you are an honor to your race. May the Great Spirit be your protector. The blessing of

Captain Pipe be upon your head. I shall expect to see you at my cabin before I leave this region."

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

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

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

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

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

"That is true," replied Philip, "but this old fellow must be an exception in our hostility to the race. And as for that beautiful girl, no man, friend or foe, shall harm a hair of her head; besides, Martin, I have come to the conclusion to pay the old chief a visit to inform myself as to her origin. Don't you remember he said she was his adopted daughter? There is some meaning in this."

“Vot ter tevil is ter matter mit your prains now?” ejaculated the Dutchman; “shposen he did say ‘topted taughtner,’ vot of dat?”

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

“Vot you mean py ter orishun?” inquired the Dutchman, with a vacant stare.

“Why, I mean,” said Philip, “that she is a white girl.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.

Home Scenes.

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

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

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

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

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

Philip fairly sank under this cutting rejoinder, and Kate gave vent to a hearty laugh. The Dutchman, too, seemed highly pleased, while Philip smiled, evidently dumbfounded.

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

Johnny, not knowing of Philip's interview with the old chieftain and his daughter, and supposing that the admonition he had given him in the woods at their last interview had been "seed sown in good ground," came to the conclusion that a religious

change had really been effected in the young man's heart, and wishing to offer him every encouragement, mildly replied :

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ah! indeed," said Johnny, after hearing Philip's account of the two Indians. "That old man is an honor to his race. A more kind hearted and peaceable man is nowhere to be found. I have lodged with him many a night, and have enjoyed myself most agreeably in his company. As to his daughter, she is one sweet child, fit for a king's wife."

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

It was with much delight that Johnny heard Philip speak thus in favor of at least one of this race of people.

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes," replied Johnny, "I know them well. I often call upon them and always receive a hearty welcome. The old man is religiously inclined, and possesses an amiable disposition, though under deep provocation he is terrible. As to his daughter, I have thought that there was some hidden mystery connected with her history. She is not his blood, but as to her origin I have nothing definite."

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

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

"Well," replied Philip, "you may rest assured that I will endeavor to find out all that I can about the young woman's history."

Here the conversation respecting the adventure was brought to a close, and other topics pertaining to a wilderness life were discussed, in which Johnny Appleseed acted a conspicuous part.

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

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

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

"The voice of an angel," cried Johnny Appleseed, as the music of Kate fell upon his ear, arousing him from his slumber. Johnny had evidently been dreaming of heaven, and had mistaken the voice of Kate for that of an angel. Springing from his bed he dressed himself, and went down stairs, where he found the family astir. Presently Kate made her appearance with a pail of milk in each hand, and pass-

ing the cabin door bid Johnny a good morning, and continued her way to the spring, while the deep forest around her echoed the music of her voice.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XV.

Captain Pipe—Burning of Crawford—Lily Pipe.

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

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

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

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

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

It may not be uninteresting to state in connection with the above that this chieftain, in company with a British officer named Elliott, and an Indian chief named Pimoacan, visited the Tuscarawas Indians in the fall previous to their murder by Colonel Williamson, and induced them to leave their villages and throw themselves under the protection of the British government. Some of them, however, returning in the early part of the following spring to gather in their corn, were surprised and cruelly butchered by that inhuman monster.

This bloody affair enraged the already highly exasperated chieftain, and he vowed vengeance. In a few months afterwards an opportunity offered itself. An expedition under the command of Col. Crawford was fitted out to destroy the Moravian villages along the Sandusky. The object of the expedition was one of extermination. No quarter was to be given; but a general massacre of men, women and children were the standing orders of the army. The expedition was unsuccessful. The Indians were aroused to the highest pitch of indignation, and they flocked around their chiefs in vast numbers. Captain Pipe and another chief named Wingenund were the two leading spirits in this enterprise. Col. Crawford was taken prisoner, and suffered a most horrible death at the stake. Crawford's trail to the Sandusky led through Richland county. The spot where Col. Crawford suffered, according to Col. John Johnson, was a few miles from Upper Sandusky, on the old trail leading to the Big Spring, Wyandot Town. It was on the right bank of the trail, going west, on a bottom on the east bank of the Tymoctee Creek. The notorious Simon Girty was present during the burning of Col. Crawford, and witnessed his horrible sufferings with a savage delight. It is stated, however, that Girty offered to purchase the prisoner from the Indians for three hundred and fifty dollars. But Pipe considered the proposition a high insult, and replied, with a scowl of indignation on his countenance:

"Sir, do you think I am a squaw? If you say one more word on this subject, I will make a stake for you, and burn you along with the prisoner."*

Some time after the treaty of Greenville, Captain Pipe removed to the waters of the Black Fork, where he remained a friend to the whites. His cabin, ac-

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

ording to the testimony of the early settlers, was always open to the white men.

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

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

*We state this fact upon the authority of the historian Heckewilder.

CHAPTER XVI.

Philip in Love.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Nay, nay," replied Philip, somewhat confused, "I cannot bring my mind to believe that there is one drop in her veins. There is something within my bosom which prompts me to say she is purely Anglo Saxon. She is so unlike all that constitutes a savage nature, that it is impossible for her to be of Indian origin. One glance at her love-speaking eyes would be suffi-

ient to convince you that the girl is *no savage*, at least."

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

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

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

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

"Heigh ho," exclaimed Kate, "what rhapsody! One more flight like that and I am doubtful whether you will get back again."

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

The sun had indeed already descended behind the distant hills, and twilight dews were falling fast, as Kate and Philip Seymour arose from their seats and retraced their steps to the cabin.

Several days had passed away before Ruffner and Billy again made their appearance at the Seymour cabin, during which Philip had neither heard nor seen them. The time appointed for them to meet him at his cabin had arrived, and all eyes were watching their approach. It was late in the evening before they made their appearance, which was hailed with delight by the whole family.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Now, thir," responded Billy, "that's a question to ask a thinsible *man* like mythelf. Do you thuppose, thir, that I would sthand outthide and thoot inthide?"

"Enough, Billy, enough," said Philip, "you are just the man for this undertaking, and I am proud to tell

you that I consider the old folks just as safe in your hands as in my own."

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVII.

Captain Pipe at Home.

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

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

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

But in the midst of these there was a living flower, "the fairest of them all," and on whom the eyes of the astonished beholders were transfixed. This fair flower was the Indian maiden. She sat by the side of the old man attired in graceful robes of azure and white ornamented with various colors of embroidery. A bandage of sparkling gems of contrasted colors surrounded her head, while her jet black hair fell in glossy ringlets around her shoulders. Another, set with brilliants, surrounded her neck. Her feet were encased in richly colored moccasins, highly ornamented with different figures wrought out of beads.

Pendent from her ears were two massive gold rings, and several of the same metal encircled her fingers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“One day, while in the woods hunting, I overheard a conversation of a party of the Greentown Indians in which the carrying out of this act was agreed upon, in case of the slightest provocation from any of the settlers. I am afraid the present war will breed diffi-

culty in this neighborhood. Tecumseh is stirring up hatred between the Indians and the border settlers, and I think the influence of this bad man is felt in this region. For my part, while I remain here, which will only be a short time longer, I shall apprise the settlers of any impending danger I may discover. Tecumseh has made application to me to join his ranks, but I refused him with scorn, and the haughty chief has vowed vengeance upon me—”

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

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

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

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

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

Here the chieftain gazed upon the young man for a moment with an inquiring glance, and then broke the silence by asking him why he should know her origin.

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

“And what if she were of Indian extraction? Would that lessen your interest in her future happiness?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Young man,” replied the chieftain, “the ways of Providence are mysterious, and we are sometimes lost to account for His peculiar dealings towards us. The history of the maiden is shrouded in mystery to all but myself. She is supposed to be my daughter, and is called Lily Pipe. Her Indian name is *Onishisha*, which means handsome woman. She is a

particular favorite of a white man named Jonathan Chapman, who has taken much pains in instructing her in matters of religion."

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

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

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

"Not at present," replied the chieftain.

"And must Lily forever remain ignorant of her origin and the names of her parents?" inquired the young man much disappointed.

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

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

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

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

"It would give me much pleasure," said the chieftain, "to have your company longer, but you must consult your own feelings as to that."

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

"God grant it," said the old man, and the company started for the wigwam, where after partaking of the old man's hospitalities they started for home. Be-

fore separating, however, Lily had placed a valuable gold ring upon Kate's finger, while Kate in return presented Lily with a beautifully wrought necklace, which she had worn on the occasion.

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

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

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

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

"I did," replied Kate.

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

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

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

"Go to thunder with your snakes," replied Philip. "But tell me, Kate, do you think the young woman could be persuaded to take up her residence among the whites?"

"I cannot positively say," replied Kate, "but if there is any person who could persuade her to do so,"

continued she, smiling, "you are undoubtedly that person."

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

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

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

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

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

In a few days after the interview with the old Indian and his daughter, as related in the chapter preceding, the settlements of the Black Fork were thrown into the utmost consternation by hearing of the surrender of General Hull. News came flying in all directions that Hull had surrendered his army, and that the Indians and British were destroying every-

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

thing before them—that large bands of marauding Indians were scouting the wilderness in all directions, plundering and murdering the defenseless settlers. The panic which this intelligence created in the minds of the settlers was great. Mothers clasped their little ones to their bosoms with palpitating hearts.

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

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

It was ascertained, however, in a few days afterwards, that the alarm was unfounded, and that the British and the Indians had enough of work to do in the region of the lakes, for this surrender was immediately followed by a series of splendid naval victories.

But the cheering news that followed the alarm, did not relax the energy of the settlers in constructing

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

houses of safety. They occupied a dangerous position, being in the wilderness, and in the midst of Indians, and knowing that the least provocation from the whites would be sure to arouse their vengeance, they continued their efforts until a sufficient number of such houses were erected.

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

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

War with Great Britain—The Copus Settlement—Village of Greentown.

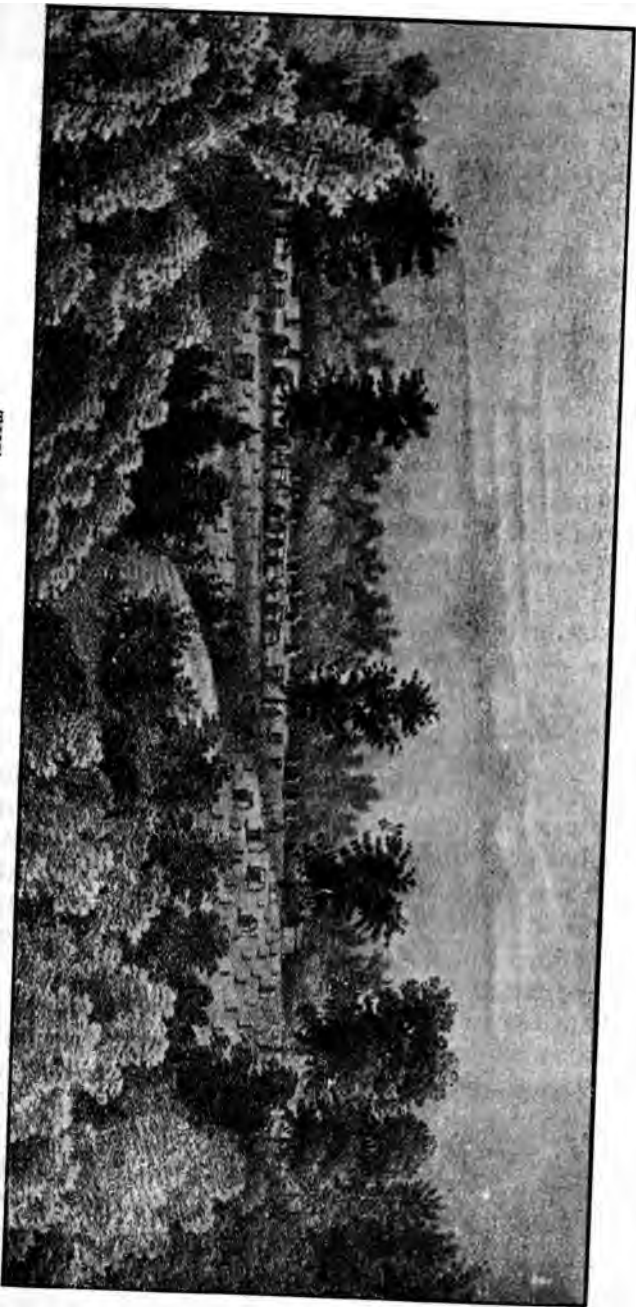
Let them take the last look at the grass covered grave,
Where rests the remains of their forefathers brave.
The hills and the valleys—the dark waving woods,
The murmuring brooks and the broad rolling floods,
The bold mossy rocks which environ the shore
Where the bright waters dance or the wild torrents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

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

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

Among the suffering portions of our State, during the campaign, Richland county may be enumerated. At this period the county contained but few white inhabitants, and the present thriving city of Mansfield consisted of two or three log cabins. In fact the northern part of the State was almost a perfect

THE INDIAN VILLAGE OF GREENTOWN.



wilderness. There were only about forty laid out counties, many of which were not yet organized, among which was Richland. At this early day (August, 1812), no block houses were yet erected in Mansfield. There were several, however, in the county, as already hinted. One of these was on the Clear Fork of the Mohican; one at Beam's old mill, now Campbell's mill, on the Rocky Fork; one where Ganges now stands; besides a picketed house on the Black Fork, owned by Thomas Coulter.

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

About two and a half miles south of the cabin of Mr. Copus stood an Indian village, named Greentown, which consisted of sixty cabins, with a council house about sixty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. The Indians were of the Delaware tribe, and their chief was named "Zeshauau," or James Armstrong. These Indians were friendly, and to a great degree under the

*Properly spelled Zelmer.

influence of christianity and civilization; and up to the commencement of the war they had preserved an unbroken friendship. They would, in their hunting excursions, often call at the cabins of the white settlers, and pass the "weary hours away" in conversation and sporting exercises.

The village of Greentown was situated in a pleasant location, near the banks of the creek. The Indians had selected this spot on account of the romantic scenery, which surrounded it. It is said by those who visited it at this period that a more lovely spot was nowhere to be found. Here had these red sons of the forest lived for years, in the full enjoyment of their natural rights, and under what they supposed to be the protection of the United States laws. But as the sequel will show, a most shameful and outrageous wrong was practiced upon them.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Capture and Burning of Greentown.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well," replied the officer, "there are but two ways for me to proceed—either to persuade you to comply

with my request, or arrest you as a traitor to the government. If I fail in the first I shall not in the alternative."

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

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

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

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

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

"Sir, in accordance with the instructions received from my superior officers, I am authorized to request you and your warriors to lay down your arms and throw yourself under my protection. A due regard shall be paid for the safety of your persons and property till the close of the present war. A refusal to comply with this demand will subject you and your tribe to instant death, and your village shall be burnt

to ashes. I have brought your white friend, Mr. Copus, to witness this treaty. In him you have the greatest confidence, and he will assure you that, contrary to his or your will, my instructions must be carried out."

"Captain," said the chief tremblingly, "I will call a council of my warriors and return you an answer immediately."

Accordingly a council was called, in which the matter was briefly discussed, and an answer returned in the course of an hour, stating that they had unani- mously agreed to submission.

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

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

"Captain," said the chief, as he stood transfixed upon the spot, "I have reposed the most implicit confidence in your honor and integrity—you have promised protection to our persons and property, but I am afraid that promise is broken. I submitted myself and tribe under your protection, and the more readily by reason of the influence of Mr. Copus. We are now without arms, and in your power, but I demand that we know the cause of those volumes of smoke."

When upon the Captain dispatched a messenger to the village to ascertain the cause.

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

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

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

But now a sad change had come over them. Those days had fled forever, and for the last time they had mingled in each other's society in this the home of their youth. The sun had arisen for the last time upon their forest wigwams, and now they had bid the graves of their sires a final farewell.

Now, to a people who, for generations past, had been accustomed to the unmolested possession of the

wilderness, and the unobstructed freedom and right of roaming at pleasure through their own hunting grounds, a sudden uprising of a contrary power, brought against them in a manner so violent, could not fail to arouse in them a spirit of retaliation, for

—“violence can never longer sleep,
Than human passion please. In every heart
Are sown the seeds that kindle fiery war.
Occasion needs but fan them and they blaze.”

That occasion was now given in this outrage; and the provocation was rendered the more flagrant from the consideration that a solemn protection was offered to their property, on condition of peaceable submission. But they now considered themselves under no legal restraint, and on that ground they vowed retaliation.*

*The burning of Greentown was not a breach of faith, for the officers did not sanction the act. It was done without warrant by a couple of militiamen who had dropped out of the ranks for that purpose. They had had relatives murdered by the Indians, and it was but human for them to retaliate in some way for the wrongs suffered from the Indians.

CHAPTER XX.

Murder of the Seymour Family—Death of the Heroic Ruffner.

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

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

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

“Yeth, thir, I geth thso,” said Billy.

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

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

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

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

“All right,” said the savage, and Billy hastened home to inform Ruffner of his discovery. Instantly the Dutchman called to mind the chieftain's warning, and taking his rifle in hand set out immediately in

pursuit of the savages. Believing from what Billy said that they would make directly for the Seymour cabin, Ruffner followed in hot pursuit, and soon struck their trail, which he followed cautiously for some distance, until he came in sight of the Indians unperceived. They were all seated upon the trunk of a fallen tree, apparently very busily engaged in conversation. Ruffner had approached within fifty yards of where they sat, but he could get no nearer without being discovered.

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

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

After they had thus discussed together for a few moments, they suddenly sprang to their feet, and casting their eyes around them in all directions, started in the direction of the Seymour cabin, followed by the daring and intrepid Dutchman, who kept himself far enough in the rear so as not to be discovered by them. In a short time they came in sight of the cabin, when they once more halted for a moment, then emerging from the woods entered the clearing and thence the cabin door, where they were joined by Ruffner in a few moments afterwards. The savages were no little surprised on beholding the unexpected Dutchman, and cast upon each other an inquiring look. On their entry they appeared friendly, shaking hands with the whole family. Nor were the family in any wise alarmed, as the visitation of Indians was no rare oc-

currence. But the sudden change produced in their looks as Ruffner entered, aroused the suspicions of Philip, who recalled to memory the chieftain's warning. Ruffner had also detected the change and he bent his piercing eyes, full of vengeance, upon the savages. His look was angry, and the savages seemed awed on beholding his wrath swollen countenance.

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

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

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

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

That silence was horrible! The eyes of the intrepid Ruffner were riveted with a fixed stare upon the savages. Kate could no longer endure this deathly gloom. Advancing towards the gallant Dutchman, with trembling step and palpitating heart, she exclaimed in tones of despair:

"Oh! My God! Mr. Ruffner, we shall all be murdered."

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

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

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

On recovering from this momentary panic, the savages rallied, and the attack commenced. A rush was

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

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

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

As yet the poor affrighted Kate had not returned to consciousness, but lay upon that bloody cabin floor unconscious of the awful and soul-chilling scene around her. Over her senseless body these unfeeling savages held a council of death, in which it was agreed that after her return to consciousness, and after she had delivered up to them the old man's money, she

should also be murdered. But it was difficult for some time during the council to get any one to perform the deed. Kate was a handsome girl, and the Indians, bloodthirsty as they were, felt loth to commit a deed so dreadful on a creature so beautiful. At length one consented.

"Me got big heart—me kill white squaw," said this human brute.*

Kate was aroused to consciousness, and for a moment she stood gazing around her in deep bewilderment.

"Oh! God of mercy!" exclaimed she, "am I dreaming, or is this a horrible reality?" Then fixing her eyes upon the prostrate forms of her mangled parents, she wrung her hands in anguish and wept aloud—"Mother! mother! dearest mother!"

She could say no more; her sorrow-stricken heart was too full, and her quivering lips and choked utterance were stifled with sobs of unutterable anguish.

Poor Kate! She was not only doomed to witness the work of death around her, but compelled to wade through the blood of her parents and generous protector, who were now lifeless at her feet, and deliver into the brutal hands of the murderers her father's money, and then set before them such eatables as were in the house, after which the brutal Kanotche sank his tomahawk into her brains, and the innocent girl fell to the floor, mingling her blood with that of her parents.

The Indians left the cabin as the sun was shedding his last beams of light upon the forest; but, oh, merciful God! over what a heart-chilling scene of sorrow and death was that evening closing.

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

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

it was some time after nightfall when the company returned.

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

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

cautiously and noiselessly returned to the party and communicated his discovery.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



COACOCHE (WILD CAT).

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

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

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

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dread, and indeed with some hesitation, as to commencing the attack in his presence.

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

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upon them to remain in the house, he consented to let them occupy the barn, with the understanding that they should return to the cabin before daylight. The soldiers then retired to the barn, and Mr. Copus and the family to their beds in the cabin.

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

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

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

The night was dark and moonless, and the messengers of death, silent and frightful, had gathered themselves around that solitary cabin, ready at the appointed hour to smite their victims to the earth. Yet no one of that little band, save Mr. Copus, dreamed that danger was so nigh.

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

After the soldiers had sat and conversed a while with the family, part of them agreed to go to the spring to wash themselves. Mr. Copus remonstrated—told them not to act so rashly—but they persisted and went. Mr. Copus wanted them, in case they went, to take their rifles with them; but they refused, and went to the spring, setting their rifles

against the cabin outside. When in the act of washing, a long, loud and soul-chilling yell rent the air, as if a hundred furies had been let loose from the pit of hell, and in an instant that cabin was surrounded by about forty-five painted savages, cutting off the retreat of the terror-stricken soldiers at the spring.

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

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

We now turn to the condition of affairs inside of the cabin. On hearing the yells of the savages Mr. Copus sprang from his bed, and seizing his rifle, partly opened the door in order to discharge it at the advancing Indians, but in the act of discharging his rifle he received a ball through his bosom, and staggering backward fell across the table exclaiming:

"Men, I am a dead man, but don't be discouraged; defend yourselves and my family like men."

He spoke no more. His trembling and affrighted wife helped him on his bed, where he breathed his last in about one hour. Just as they were closing the door after the fall of Mr. Copus, Dye made his appearance as already stated, and falling inside, the door was made fast.

Whether Mr. Copus discharged his rifle or not cannot be told with any certainty, but the most probable

*This man's name was George Dye, of Leatherwood, Guernsey county, Ohio.

opinion is that he did, as an Indian was immediately afterwards discovered lying mortally wounded in the yard, a ball having passed through his bowels. It is thought that both fired at the same instant, each ball taking effect.

The contending parties now stood seven against forty-five: five soldiers, one of whom received a wound in the thigh, with Henry Copus, aged nine years, and Wesley Copus. This was a fearful odds. Dye's wound was very painful, yet he bore it patiently, animating his companions with words of encouragement.

As soon as the door had been fastened after the entry of Dye, a general fire was opened upon the cabin, and the sharp cracks of forty rifles rang upon the morning air, while leaden messengers of death flew thick as hail upon the walls and door of the cabin. Add to this the fierce yells of the infuriated savages, together with the roar of the rifles, and you have the "mingled horrors of the noise of battle." But there were brave hearts in that cabin who looked death in the face without a tremulous emotion. Would that we could here record all their names.*

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

The firing now became incessant—volley after volley of rifle balls were poured in the cabin, until the door and walls were perfectly riddled; and at every volley more than forty frightful yells rang through the deep forest. Thus for the space of one hour did the savages continue to fire into the house, but finding that they could effect but little in this way they ascended the bluff, and with renewed yells, if possible

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

more frightful than before, poured their balls upon the cabin roof, expecting to dislodge those who had taken refuge up-stairs. They were now under cover of logs and trees and supposed themselves in a more secure position. Several on attempting to gain the inside had fallen around the house and paid the forfeit of their insolence. But to their no small astonishment they found that the side of the hill was no less hot, for at almost every fire some redskin received a mark. The soldiers did not waste their ammunition in firing at uncertainties.

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

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

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

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

On returning they fired upon a flock of sheep, which during that eventful morning had clustered together

on the side of the hill, looking down in amazement upon that frightful scene of carnage. The poor creatures tumbled down one after another until they lay in a promiscuous heap.

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

The besieged now gave themselves over as lost. Each looked into the face of his companion sadly and sorrowfully. The mother clasped her children to her bosom with that fondness and despair which none but a parent can feel under such trying circumstances.

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

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

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

"Now, boys," exclaimed the intrepid Dye, though smarting under the pain of his wound, "aim at the

hearts of the red devils, and each of you select your man."

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

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

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

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

They had advanced in this manner upon the cabin, not knowing what had befallen it, for the purpose, if possible, of frightening the soldiers, by way of a joke. But they had almost carried the joke too far. A few moments more, and, in all probability, a fearful havoc would have been made among that unsuspecting party.

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

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

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

A word of explanation and we shall conclude this chapter. James Copus was a minister of the gospel—had preached to the Greentown Indians, and had enjoyed their utmost confidence. Upon his persuasion the Indians had submitted themselves to the officer. Afterwards, finding their village destroyed, they wrongfully supposed that Mr. Copus was accessory to the act, and that through his influence the deed had been perpetrated. Had the Indians really known that Mr. Copus had no hand in the matter they might not have molested him.



KING PHILIP.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Philip and Alfred Bradley—Encounter with Indians—Pipe's Cavern.

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

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

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

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

The two young men had accidentally met on the banks of the stream, where they formed an acquaintance.

"Mr. Bradley," said Philip, after they had revealed to each other the causes which led to their adventure in this region, "since our histories are similar I propose that we here form a league of friendship and unite our fortunes, be they good or bad."

"Agreed," said Alfred; "I am in for adventure. I seek danger and excitement, and have left the abodes

of civilization for that purpose. Mr. Seymour, agreeably to your narrative, you are now the last of your family—you have none to mourn your loss. Like myself you are left to meet the changes and perils of life friendless and alone.

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

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

“Truly,” replied Philip, “our trials and conditions in life are remarkably singular. But those scenes are past and gone, and we are now entering the arena of greater perils. I hope a kind fortune will protect us in our perilous adventures.”

Here the conversation ended; and the young pioneers left the banks of the stream, and after mak-

ing the necessary preparations, started into the wilderness.

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

"What a delightful country!" said Alfred.

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

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

"I did. The sound is familiar, and I'm much mistaken if we don't have some shooting to do before long. But——"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Can't we storm the castle and take them prisoners?" asked Alfred, apparently in the greatest earnest.

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

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

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

"Philip," said Alfred, "I am aware that the odds are fearful, but the victory would be more glorious in case we would overpower them. I may overrate our heroism, but I feel as though we can demolish every red rascal of them."

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

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

"I think not," replied Philip; "they do not suspicion our being here, and by retiring some distance in the thicket we can elude their observation, as they will leave the cabin at the first dawn of the day."

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

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

"What infernal throats!" exclaimed Alfred, as a horrible yell broke upon the morning air, as the sav-

ages left the cabin to pursue their journey through the wilderness.

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

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

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

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

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

Onward came the two stalwart savages, little dreaming that they were rushing into the jaws of death. Nearer and still nearer came the unsuspecting Indians. Crack! crack! went two rifles at the same instant; and the two savages fell to rise no more. Philip and his companion rushed to the spot where the fallen savages lay, but not until they had re-loaded their rifles. One of them was just breathing his last, while the other made several unsuccessful attempts to gain his feet.

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

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

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

"Come, come," cried Philip, "we must away; it may be that their companions have heard the report of our rifles, and will make their way back again."

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

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

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

Our heroes were now doubly armed, as they seized the rifles of the fallen Indians and carried them along. Continuing their journey they came to a spring of singularly transparent water which formed a most interesting natural phenomenon. It was now mid-day and the sun was pouring its flood of light upon the surface of the water, which being refracted and reflected the various hues of the rainbow appeared upon the objects at the bottom. Our young heroes gazed with admiration and delight upon this natural well.

After satisfying their curiosity they continued their journey until they came to a small opening on

the side of the hill. On entering this aperture they found to their no little astonishment a spacious cavern, presenting a magnificent appearance inside, as it abounded in beautiful stalactites and stalagmites.

The inside of this cavern presented signs of being inhabited by Indians, for our heroes found several Indian trinkets lying scattered around. Our young hunters entered the cavern amidst a death-like silence and gloom.

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

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

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

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

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

"Hobgoblin, devil, saint or sinner, or whatever you may be," interrogated Philip, "I conjure you, by all the saints of the calendar, to tell us where we are, who *you* are and what freak of nature placed you here?"

"The voice of Philip Seymour, the last of the Seymour family," replied the voice; "I know you, young man, your mission hither is one of blood—you seek revenge for the blood of your murdered relations. But, young man, I would have you remember that one

mightier than thou hast said, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay.'"

"Nay, nay, mysterious stranger," replied Philip, "I will be the victor of my own vengeance; I call not to my aid other strength than my own, and that of my companion with me here. But, pray, are you a dead or living spirit? Your voice is familiar, and yet I cannot identify it with any living."

"Young man," replied the voice, "you knew me once, and is it possible you would so soon forget me? You ask me to reveal myself to you, this I will do on one condition."

"Name it," replied Philip, "and I will comply."

"But will you swear by the Great Spirit that you will not reveal my name or this location* to any one living, except the young man now with you, and to him only under the same obligation?"

"We will both swear," replied Philip.

"Then," said the voice, "in the name of the Great Spirit, I invoke His angels as witnesses," and so saying, a tall and nobly shaped Indian chief made his appearance before the eyes of the astonished hunters.

"*Captain Pipe!*" ejaculated the bewildered Philip; "in the name of God, Captain, how came you here?"

"Young men, you seem much agitated and no little astonished," replied the Captain. "Compose your minds and I will reveal to you the history of my life since last we met. Yours I know up to the murder of your family."

"But where is Lily?" asked the young hunter hurriedly.

"Ah, sir," and the old man hung his head and wept.

"Is any ill befallen her?" asked Philip, with breathless anxiety.

*This cavern is situated about two miles north of Castalia, in what is now called Erie county.

"Her life is in the hands of Him who gave it, but where she now is I cannot tell. Her disappearance is wrapped in a profound mystery."

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed Philip, "and are all my hopes thus prostrated in a moment? Is Lily in the hands of the cruel savages? She shall be rescued."

"Mr. Seymour," replied the old man, "calm your feelings and you and your companion follow me to my inner chamber, and I will give you all the particulars of Lily's mysterious disappearance."

Accordingly the two followed the old chief, who led them through several apartments, until they came to one more ample than the rest, which was the one the old chief occupied since he had taken up his abode in the cavern.

After the old man had led our heroes into this apartment he bade them be seated, and taking down some "jerk and honey," requested them to partake of his hospitality, after which he related to them all he knew concerning the disappearance of his daughter, and then concluded by giving them an interesting tradition concerning this locality.

This account will be given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Disappearance of Lily Pipe—The Chieftain's Story—The Happy Hunting Ground.

Fair Lily's fame began to sound afar,
And many a hero, to woo her love,
Unbent his rigid brow. She favored none,
But frowned upon them all.
They vengeance vowed.

"Young man," said the old chieftain, after he had shared his hospitality with his guests, "a few days after you visited me at my cabin our mutual friend, Jonathan Chapman, also paid me a visit. He highly complimented your father's family, particularly your sister Kate. He manifested much anxiety concerning the safety of the family, and expressed his determination to warn you of any impending danger, if in his power. He spent the evening with us, during which his attention was particularly directed to Lily, in spiritual instruction. The next morning he bade us farewell and left for Mansfield, since which I have heard nothing from him. In a day or two afterwards my daughter and I left for Cleveland, where we arrived in safety, and in a few days after our arrival Lily disappeared, since which no tidings have reached my ears concerning her destiny. This loss sets heavily upon me. Dear child, she's in the power of some unfeeling villain. She has refused the hand of some noble young warriors. But enough, my feelings overcome me, and my eyes overflow with tears. There is one consolation left me, and that is, I have commended her into the care of the Great Spirit, whom I know will protect her from a cruel fate."

Philip, who during the old chief's pitiful lamentation, had sat a silent hearer, sprang to his feet as the old man ceased speaking. His eyes were suffused

with tears, but wiping them away, and commanding his feelings, he burst forth into a torrent of the most bitter and bloody denunciations against all concerned in the affair. Then turning to his companion, thus addressed him :

“Alfred, in you I have the utmost confidence—your integrity and courage are beyond reprehension, and now, with your assistance, and in the name of her who is dearer to me than life itself, I will traverse this wilderness in search of that angel, and rescue her, or fall in the attempt.”

“Philip,” interrupted his companion, “here’s my hand to aid you in the adventure. The soul of Alfred Bradley burns for revenge, and fears not the face of danger.”

“Enough,” cried Philip, “’tis the voice of a hero, and with such a noble specimen of bravery and daring courage we cannot fail in our undertaking.”

“But whither would you go?” inquired the old man, “All is darkness and uncertainty.”

“We will traverse this wild forest in all directions,” said Alfred—“visit every settlement, explore every locality, and shoot every suspicious looking rascal we find lurking in the woods.”

“Well,” said the old man, “with such determination and resolution you cannot fail to be successful; and here permit me to confer upon you the lasting blessings of old Captain Pipe.”

“Thank you, sir, thank you,” responded the young men; your blessing is duly appreciated, and we feel more than ever the utmost confidence in the success of our adventure; but ere we start upon our expedition we would have you relate to us the traditionary legend connected with this remarkable locality.”

“There once was,” commenced the chieftain, “an exceedingly beautiful young Indian maiden who died very suddenly on the day she was to be married to a handsome young warrior. The young man was a

brave and fearless hunter, but the unexpected loss of his young squaw so deeply affected his mind that he could not cease to mourn for her night and day. The young man often visited the spot where his betrothed was buried, and would sit there lamenting from sunrise till sunset. His friends tried to console him, but to no purpose. War and hunting had lost their charms and he threw aside his war-club, bow and arrows. He had often heard the old people talking of a holier and happier land, where the sun never went down, and where no sorrow and disappointment could enter. He had heard them say there was a lovely path which led to this delightful country, which they called the land of spirits, and where all the true and faithful had gone. This path the young man wished to know, as he had determined to follow it and join his lost one in the land of souls. Accordingly, after having made preparations, he started upon his journey. It was on a clear, beautiful summer morning. The trees were green, the flowers in full bloom, and the birds were chanting their merry songs in the forest. His course, as tradition affirmed, lay in a westerly direction.

“For awhile the country over which he traveled presented no change. Forests, hills, valleys and streams wore the same aspect as in his native land. At length he came to a region where dark and chilly storms wrecked the skies. The trees were stripped of their green leaves, flowers had died and withered away. Sunshine and warmth and pleasant breezes were no longer felt. Being scantily clad, he began to suffer with cold. Under his feet were beds of snow, and above his head were rolling turbulently across the heavens the murky storm clouds. Weary and fatigued he lay down to rest, after seeking a shelter from the storm. During his slumber he dreamed. In a moment he was in sight of the land of spirits, where his eyes rested upon the object of his search. Soon

she was by his side. 'Come,' said she, 'I will show you the red man's happy hunting ground.' The young man followed her until they arrived at the margin of a clear, running stream, abounding with all manner of the most beautiful fish. 'This,' said she, 'is the river of life. Whoever drinks of this element can never die. But cast your eye to the other side,' said she, pointing her finger in that direction. 'That is the red man's everlasting home.' The young man cast his eyes in the direction pointed out, and beheld what he had never before seen. A lovely and seemingly unbounded forest lay before him, through which roamed herds of countless deer, buffalo and other wild animals. Thousands and tens of thousands of the gayest plumed birds of all kinds were nestling among the branches of the trees, filling the forest with the most delightful music. The forest was clothed in a mantle of unfading green, while an endless variety of the most beautiful and fragrant flowers were interspersed over the wide expanse, presenting a loveliness beyond the power of description.

"How I long to wander in that delightful land," said the young man.

"Ah," replied the maiden, "that wish cannot now be gratified. None but the *souls* of men and women can enter there. You cannot take your body, or your bow and arrows there. You must go back the same road you came, and when the Master of Life calls you, follow Him, and He will conduct you safely through, and give you another body which will live forever."

"The young man awoke and found himself in this cavern. Here he resolved to spend the remainder of his life, which was very short. In a few years he died—the Master of Life called him home to join the company of the young maiden in the spirit land."

Philip and his companion listened with much interest to the old man's legend, and after pausing a moment, Philip replied:

"Venerable sir, your tradition contains some features peculiarly applicable to the condition of my mind at this time. Like that young warrior I shall start in search of your missing daughter, and should I fail in finding her in some earthly wigwam, I hope to find her nestled among the unfading beauties of the spirit land."

"May the blessings of the Great Spirit rest upon your adventure," said the Captain with much feeling.

"And now, young men," continued he, "I conjure you to reveal this location to none but those in whom you can repose the greatest confidence. This cavern is known to but few; in fact I know of none living at this time who are in the habit of visiting this place. It was at one time the residence of the Scioto Hermit, as he was afterwards named. He remained here for some time, but getting into difficulty, the particulars of which I cannot now relate, he left, and wandering south, came to a cave* near Chillicothe, which he entered and occupied for some years.

"It is my intention," continued he, "to remain here until I can hear some news from my daughter. Possibly this cavern may be of some use to you, and perhaps I can render you some service. There are several prominent war chiefs who are at this time under the direction of the American Government, to whom I shall communicate this affair. These chiefs are well known to me, and being my friends, will lend me their aid in recovering my daughter. Once more I must request you and your companion to use caution and circumspection on entering this cavern."

The young men promised strict compliance, and after relating to the chief their adventure with the Indians at the cabin of Gibbs and Buel, and showing

*This cavern is situated about eleven miles south of Chillicothe, on the road to Portsmouth. At the time the hermit (Wm. Hewitt) went there it was a perfect wilderness. He occupied this cave fourteen years, and died at the age of seventy years.

him the finger ring which they found in the cabin, they left the cave and directed their course towards that region now known as Ottawa county, where they arrived a few days after a couple of skirmishes* had taken place between a party of Indians and American soldiers. From this region they continued up the stream for some distance until they came to the foot of the Rapids. This place they determined to make their winter quarters.

It will be recollected that when the war broke out in 1812 there were then residing about sixty families at the Rapids. This country was originally the Indians' El Dorado, and previous to Wayne's campaign was densely inhabited by the red men.

*The surrender of Hull gave opportunity for the Indians to commit depredations. Accordingly immediately after this surrender, a party of British and Indians made their appearance at the Rapids, and wantonly plundered the settlers of all the property they came across, and then returned to Detroit in their canoes. There were, however, three of this party who remained with the intention of plundering the few scattered families in the wilderness. One of these was a young Delaware chief named Sac-a-manc. This was the same notorious chief whose name was a terror to many a poor pioneer family. Like a stealthy tiger he sought his prey in ambuscade. The name of Sac-a-manc was well known among the pioneers on Owl Creek, Knox county, where he distinguished himself in the scalping business. The condition of this region, therefore, at this period, was indeed perilous. The country was desolated, and everywhere were seen scouting parties of Indians.

CHAPTER XXV.

Adventure with Indians.

"Again they moved with cautious tread;
Through forest drear their course they led."

It was a beautiful morning, about the middle of October, when Philip Seymour and his companion left the Maumee Rapids for an excursion in the wilderness. Their course lay mostly in a southern direction. Autumnal breezes were blowing among the forest trees, whose leaves indicated the approach of "stern old winter."

There is a beauty in the varied year. In the vernal months all is loveliness and enchantment—the air softens into balm, and buds and flowers spring up at our feet. In summer the heat drives us into the cool shade, where our bodies are soothed by the refreshing breeze. In autumn the fields are covered with the profusion of nutritive treasures, and the slender boughs bend with the most delicious fruit. Autumn has always been looked upon as the most melancholy part of the year, for with it comes the decay of the leaf and the withering of flowers, and the songs of the woodland minstrels are hushed amid the howling winds that sweep with desolating energy through the forest.

"Alfred," said Philip, after they had gone some distance, "our adventure is somewhat perilous, and requires the utmost caution."

"It may be," responded Alfred, "but our failure shall not be the consequence of any want of courage on my part. Believe me, sir, when I assure you that I now feel as though we could fight a regiment of fiends and take by storm their smoky citadel."

"Thunder and Mars!" exclaimed Philip, somewhat amused at the laconic expression of his comrade. "Wonder if you couldn't——"

"Indians, by hokey!" ejaculated Alfred, before his companion could finish his sentence; "see, yonder are Indians," and in an instant each sprang behind a tree.

"They are all ill looking dogs," said Philip.

"Nay," said Alfred, "they look more like painted devils than dogs."

"There's a considerable sprinkling of them," replied Philip.

"More than a baker's dozen," responded Alfred. "Curse them," continued he, "how I should like to make my report to that tall one in front."

"Keep cool, Alf., keep cool," whispered Philip, "we'll track the infernal dogs to their kennels."

"What direction are they going?" asked Alfred.

"Nearly south," responded Philip. "Keep silent till they have gone by, and then we shall follow them at all hazards."

In a few moments the Indians were out of sight, but thinking it best to remain quiet until they had gone a mile or two in advance, our hunters remained in ambush some half an hour longer, when they followed cautiously in pursuit, but did not succeed in overtaking them. They continued on their trail until the next day about noon, when suddenly coming upon a newly cut road* they lost all signs of the trail.

"What does all this mean?" exclaimed Philip on beholding this unlooked-for road.

"Rather mysterious," said Alfred, "but no doubt it is the work of these infernal savages."

"Not exactly," said Philip; "redskins don't work on the roads—too infernal lazy for that. Besides, I cannot imagine of what benefit such a road would be to them."

*It is well known that about the middle of June, 1812, the army of Hull left Urbana and passed through the present counties of Logan, Hardin, Hancock and Wood into Michigan. They cut a road through the wilderness, and entered Forts M'Arthur and Findlay on their route, arriving at the Maumee on the 30th of June.

"Let us follow the south end of this road," said Alfred, "until we come to its termination."

"Agreed," said Philip, and the young men pursued their journey, until they struck the banks of a beautiful stream of water on which stood a small fort,* which they entered. Here they learned that the newly cut road was the one over which Hull led his army from Urbana. They related to the commander of the fort their adventure, and particularly the circumstance of seeing a body of Indians whose trail they had followed into the road.

The commander was much surprised on hearing that a party of Indians were lurking in the woods so near his quarters. In fact, at first he felt disposed to call in question the information, but on being assured that such was really the case he made every preparation necessary for an emergency. Our heroes took refuge during the night, and the next morning, though contrary to the earnest solicitations of the officers, they again commenced their journey and continued until they came to a romantic gorge through which ran that beautiful stream of water, the Auglaize. .

"This is nature in its primitive grandeur," said Philip to his companion. "How I love to gaze upon such soul-inspiring magnificence. Here through this ravine for ages past has rolled this ever restless flood of waters, and here to-day this same flood heaves and swells and rushes onward to mingle its waters with those of the great lakes into which they are poured."

"Upon my word," said Alfred, much interested in Philip's dissertation upon the scene before him, "you are something of a romancer. You seem perfectly enraptured, and I was going to say almost beside yourself. I presume your happiness would be complete with Lily at your——"

*Fort Findlay.

But before he could finish his sentence the crack of a rifle from some invisible agent on the opposite side of the ravine was bourne to their ears. Instantly the young men sprang behind a ledge of rocks near the water's edge. Here they were hid from sight.

"The rascal missed his mark that shot," whispered Alfred, somewhat agitated.

"Perhaps not," replied Philip, "for I don't think either you or I constituted that mark."

"Do you not suppose the rascal shot at us?" interrogated Alfred, in a little astonishment.

"I do not," said Philip. "The report is too distant. Let us remain here awhile, and perhaps the fellow will make his appearance."

The place where our young pioneers lay was so situated as to prevent the approach of any intruder without detection, and as the shades of night were once more gathering over the forest they determined to make this their camping ground until morning.

The sun had now sank in golden glory behind the distant hill-tops, while a full orb moon rose high above the eastern horizon, shedding its mellow light upon the sparkling waters as they rolled murmuringly in their narrow channel. 'Twas a night scene upon the Auglaize. A host of glittering stars sparkled in the heavens, blending their rays with the soft and mellow light of the moon.

As our young heroes lay in this secluded spot meditating upon their situation of loneliness and peril, their attention was arrested by the sound of footsteps over their heads.

"Hist!" said Alfred, as the sound became more audible.

"By the ghost of Homer," whispered Philip, "I'll send the first red-skin to the land of dreams that dares to darken the entrance to this cliff. Now, Alf.," continued he, "hold yourself in readiness."

In a few moments the cause of their alarm was visible, for before them stood a half naked young savage, as they supposed, eyeing them with the look of a tiger. In a moment Philip sprang to his feet and raised his rifle to shoot him down in his tracks. Click went the trigger, but his weapon missed fire. Alfred, on seeing his companion's piece miss fire, brought his rifle to his shoulder, but not seeing the Indian attempting to defend himself, did not discharge it at him.

"Stand," said Alfred, "and deliver up your arms, or you are a dead dog."

"Hold! hold!" cried Philip, "my God, Alf., hold off," and springing to the side of the young man, clasped him in his arms, exclaiming: "It's Bunty Billy—my God, Billy, in the name of Heaven, how came you here?"

In a moment Billy recognized his friend, but being overcome with joy at such an unexpected meeting he could not speak. Tears started in his eyes, and with his arms folded around the neck of his friend he sobbed aloud. It was the first time Billy had shed a tear since he had parted with his friends in Richland county. Alfred stood gazing upon the two with strong emotions of heart.

CHAPTER XXVI.

History of Bunty Billy's Adventures Since the Murder of Martin Ruffner—Fight with Wolves—Unexpected Meeting with Indians—They Prove Friendly.

"They talked of days gone by, and many a scene
Of pleasure in the forest wild;
But most of all, their meeting in a place so strange."

William Buntly, or Bunty Billy, as he was generally called by the early settlers on the Black Fork, has been introduced in a preceding chapter. Since the murder of the Seymour family nothing had been heard of him. His disappearance from the Black Fork was a matter of conjecture among the people. Philip had visited Ruffner's cabin after the burial of his parents and found it dreary and desolate. He had made inquiry concerning Billy, but no one had seen him. It was, therefore, supposed that he had either been murdered or taken prisoner.

Philip was no little astonished in meeting him alone in the wilderness so far from the haunts of civilization. He was also constrained to discredit his vision. But contrary to his expectations he found that the supposed savage was none other than the generous hearted Bunty Billy, the history of whom, since the death of his master, Martin Ruffner, will form the subject of this chapter.

It will be recollected that Billy was the first to give the alarm concerning the party of Indians who murdered the Seymour family.

After the Indians had committed the murder they determined to dispatch Billy also. With this intention they proceeded immediately to the cabin of Ruffner, hoping to find him there, but had not gone more than a mile when they met him in the woods with his rifle on his way to the Seymour cabin. The Indians

recognized him first, and secreting themselves awaited the boy's approach.

Coming up to them they sprang out of their hiding place and ordered him to halt. The sudden appearance of the savages alarmed him, and hastily raising his rifle to a level, fired upon the one nearest him, but



“BUNTY BILLY” A PRISONER.

the ball whistled harmlessly by the savage, who, rushing upon him, was about to smite him to the earth with his tomahawk, when the strong arm of another savage arrested the blow, at the same time protesting against the murder of the boy.

The savages held a short council as to what they should do with him, and after some conversation it was agreed that they should not kill him, but that

they would make a prisoner of him, and sell him to some chief.

"You must come along with us," demanded one of the Indians.

"Well, thir," said Billy, "thinth I cannot fight yer, I can follow yer."

"You brave boy," said his swarthy captor, "you make good warrior."

"Thoo good to murther women and old folkth," said Billy.

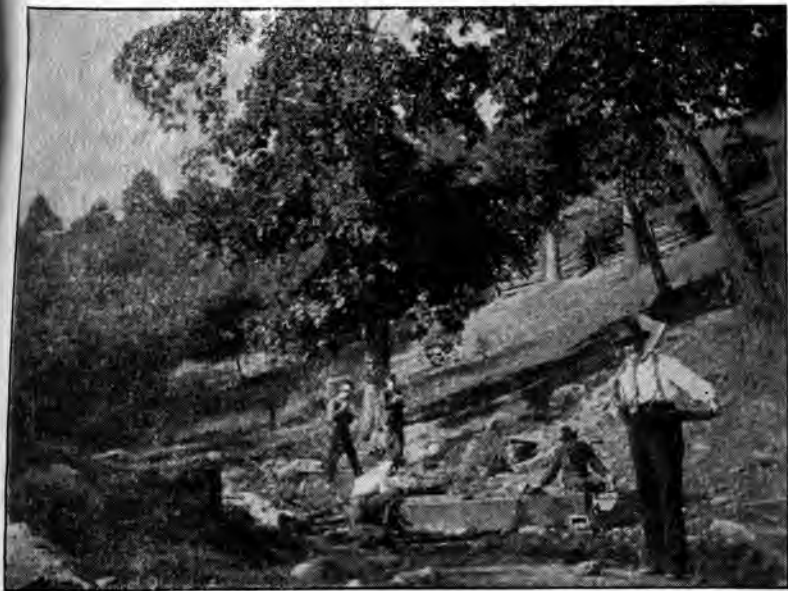
This, with similar conversation, passed between the Indians and the orphan boy. Billy was alone in the world—homeless and friendless—his life was at the mercy of bloody savages, yet his manly and independent spirit soared above cowardice. His precarious situation would have dampened the feelings of older persons, but Billy's heart, though but a boy's, was Indian proof, and fearless of the consequences he spoke as he felt.

As the morning sun was rolling his chariot of light up the eastern sky, Billy and his captors found themselves on the banks of the Clear Fork. They had halted near where the thriving village of Bellville now stands for the purpose of resting and refreshing themselves. From thence they proceeded to the banks of the Vernon river, or, as it is often called, Owl Creek. Here Billy was transferred into the hands of an old chief, who, with some of his tribe, were on their way to the seat of war on the Maumee. The next morning after their arrival on the waters of Owl Creek Billy and his new master took up their line of march.

The old chief was much pleased with the boy and gave special instructions to treat him kindly.

Billy recognized his kindness and sought every opportunity to gratify his new master.

Towards evening they came to the banks of the Olentangy or Whetstone river,* where they erected their tents and encamped for the night. Next morning they again took up their march and continued their journey until they arrived at the banks of the Sandusky, now in Crawford county, and following the banks of this stream finally came to the mouth of the river.



BELLVILLE GOLD REGION, LONG'S RAVINE, WHERE NUGGETS HAVE BEEN FOUND.

This region was at the time the favorite residence** of Indians, and here Billy found himself in the midst of savages. Turn his eyes which way he would, and naught but painted savages met his gaze. During his residence among the Indians in this region Billy had

*In Marion county.

**It was in this region that a band of Wyandots, called the "Neutral Nation," once lived.

a fine opportunity of becoming acquainted with their manners and customs. He was a prisoner, yet he had all the privileges of his companions. In their sporting exercises he made himself their superiors, which, on several occasions, he feared would prove dangerous to his life. But Billy was determined, come life or death, to become master of the sport. His heroism was always approved by his master, who would often pat him on the head and call him in broken English: "Fine boy—brave boy—good boy," etc.

Billy remained in this region for several days, during which time he affected entire contentment. One day the Indians held a council, in which it was proposed to form a scouting party for the purpose of plunder. Accordingly the time was appointed on which to set out on their expedition. Billy, though contrary to his solicitations, was left behind with the women and children and old men. It was on this occasion that he meditated his escape. The Indians left the village early one morning and Billy the night following. The scouting party left for the Huron river, and Billy for Fort Findlay, of which he had heard the direction, and had been assured that it stood upon Blanchard's fork of the Auglaize.

The evening Billy started upon his lonely and perilous journey was dark and rainy. The wilderness was shrouded in gloom. Wild beasts and wild men surrounded him; but these were no barrier in his way. He had been raised in the woods, amidst the yells and howls of savages and wild beasts. His trusty rifle was upon his shoulder, his scalping knife hung at his side, and in his bosom he carried a heart magnanimous—above fear and cowardice.

Billy followed the bank of the river till daylight, when, after securing a shelter, he determined to remain in it till dark, fearing the Indians might be in pursuit of him.

During this night he was attacked by a gang of wolves, but he managed to keep them at bay. In the course of an hour or two after he had started from his shelter his eyes caught a glimpse of a light some distance ahead of him in the woods. Moving cautiously towards it he discovered it to be the camp fire of a small band of Indians. Examining the camp carefully he perceived that the party consisted of three savages, either of whom he could have laid dead in his seat, but fighting them was out of the question. Watching them for some moments he discovered that they were in great glee, making merry over their supper, after which they lay down to rest. Billy kept quiet for some time after the savages laid down, until he imagined they were asleep, when he again commenced his journey. After traveling as far up the river as he deemed necessary, he crossed the stream and proceeded westward, hoping to strike the banks of Blanchard's Fork, and then the fort. Continuing his course till morning he again sought shelter, and laid by till evening, when he continued his course, as he supposed, towards the fort. But Billy had missed his course, and instead of making Fort Findlay, his place of destination, he arrived at the gorge or ravine where he met his friend Philip Seymour.

Billy's adventure since leaving the Sandusky was attended with no danger other than that arising from the attack of wolves. But with these he was familiar, and knew well their disposition and mode of attack. The report of the rifle which Philip and his companion had heard, was produced by Billy, who had discharged it at one of these creatures. The animal had followed him, but Billy delayed his progress by giving it the contents of his rifle.

After Philip Seymour had recovered from the surprise into which the unexpected meeting of Billy had thrown him, the two friends, with Alfred, retired to the shelter under the bank, where they entered into a

conversation, in which each party revealed to the other his adventures.

"Billy," said Philip, after the former had given the latter a history of his adventure, "I am very glad to see you once more. I have often wondered what had become of you since the murder of our friends on the Black Fork. I had come to the conclusion that the red fiends had taken your scalp, too."

"Thee here, Mr. Themour, thee here," said Billy, holding out his rifle, "do you think, thir, that this thooting iron will permit any of theth curthed rathkalth to inthult my dreaming thell in thucth a ridiculous manner?"

"Ah, Billy," replied Philip, "your 'shooting iron' is by no means a sure guard against such an act of Indian cruelty. Many a brave and fearless hunter has fallen a sacrifice to savage cruelty notwithstanding his means of defense."

"Cuth their picthurth," responded Billy, "they can't thcalp me 'fore I give them one dothe of melted lead, anyhow."

"Some backbone in this fellow, Alf.," said Philip, addressing himself to his companion. "Billy's the real grit, and no mistake."

"There's none," replied Alfred, "that I have seen in my travels, who combine such heroism and sagacity, considering his age. I am truly proud of his courage, and shall hope to have him as our forest companion, provided he would be pleased to join our expedition."

"That is just what will please him," said Philip. "What say you, Billy?"

"Well, thir, thinth yer have axed me a thivil quethion, I muth anther yer," said Billy. "The fact ith I'm in for anything like thooting Inthunth. Blathe their thkinth."

"But, Billy, you must be subject to our admonition," said Philip, "and not expose yourself and us incautiously."

Several hours had thus passed away and the little party had enjoyed themselves with the most heartfelt happiness. Weary with conversation they lay down to rest with their rifles under their heads. Their slumber was unbroken, and they did not awake till morning twilight was visible.

As soon as our heroes had partaken of some refreshments, they left their shelter and once more plunged into the forest and continued their course in a southerly direction until they came in sight of an Indian village,* on the banks of a stream** of water. Near the village was a fine orchard of fruit trees*** of about ten or fifteen years' standing. These trees were laden with fruit. Upon inspection they found the principal inhabitants to be old men, women and children.

"What next?" asked Alfred, as they came to a halt a few hundred yards from the village. "Shall we enter the village and rely upon the mercy of the savages, or shall we retreat before we are discovered?"

"Thee here, Misther Alf.," interrupted Billy, "thee here; ther'th no going back with thith thild until I thee thum of the thquaws, if nothing elthe."

"Come, come, Billy," said Philip, "you musn't be so venturesome, you'll get us into a bad fix by being too rash. It won't do; you must be obedient or we'll never live to see Lily's face again. You know, Billy, if you were to get into a snap I am bound to help you out. Therefore, you must not put our lives in danger by being so desperately reckless."

*This village was called Wap-agh-ko-notta, and was the residence of the Shawnees after they were driven from Piqua, by Gen. Clark.

**Hog river, so called by the Indians, from the circumstance of Mr. McKee, the British Indian agent, driving his swine along the stream as he was fleeing from the incursions of Gen. Logan in 1786. It was also called Ottawa river.

***Supposed to have been planted by Johnny Appleseed.

"Hist," said Alfred, "I hear the sound of footsteps among the brush. I'm afraid we're caught this time."

The young hunters each sheltered himself behind a tree and held himself in readiness for defense, but scarcely had they found shelter when the voice of a lone canine sentinel broke the stillness of the night, with a good English accentuation of bow, wow, wow.

"Blatht the dog," said Billy, and raising his rifle to his shoulder was about to give the animal a quietus, but Philip prevented him.

"Get out—go home, you infernal whelp," said Philip, as the animal continued his howling. But the dog had never been trained in Noah Webster's school of language, and as the Dutchman would say he could "nix forsthay," and therefore he howled with more vehemence.

"What the deuce shall we do?" asked Alfred. "If we retreat the dog will pursue us and bring out all the warriors of the village on our track, and if we stay here we shall be surrounded and taken prisoners."

"Well, our dilemma is none of the pleasantest, and I am lost to know how to decide," said Philip. "But it is my opinion——"

At this moment a combination of yells greeted their ears. The savages had heard the barking which they knew to be an indication of danger. Instantly they hastened to the place where they found our heroes. Upon discovery, Philip stepped from behind a tree, and advancing toward an old chief, proffered him his hand, which the old man readily accepted. Alfred and Billy came next, each in turn shaking hands with the old man and his warriors. The old chief invited them to the village, where they spent the evening and the next day in the most agreeable manner. Some of the inhabitants could speak the English language quite fluently.

It was during their stay in this village that Philip formed the acquaintance of several friendly chiefs,

one of whom will form the subject of an interesting chapter in this narrative.

After spending a day or two with these friendly Indians our young heroes again commenced their adventure, shaping their course in the direction of the Muskingum. They had learned from the old chief that a party of Indians had passed near their village in that direction, and Philip and Alfred determined to follow them. We shall leave our heroes in pursuit of the savages and give the reader a short sketch of history relating to the village of Wa-pa-kon-et-ta as it was made known by the leading chief, Black Hoof.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Biographical Sketch of Black Hoof—The Distinguished Sha-wa-noes Chief.

“And thus while seated on his couch of green,
The old man talked of many a scene
Of days gone by. Of many a legend old,
And magic tale.”

Black Hoof, the old Indian chief mentioned in the last chapter, belonged to the Sha-wa-noes tribe. He was a warrior of high rank and notoriety, and was born in Florida, a few years after which, with a portion of the tribe, he removed to Ohio and Pennsylvania.

Black Hoof, with others of his tribe, was present at Braddock's defeat, near Pittsburgh in 1755. He was engaged in all the wars from that time until the treaty of Greenville in 1795. He was noted for his cunning, sagacity and experience; and united with these was his fierce and desperate bravery. He was bold and daring almost to recklessness. Being the inveterate foe of the white man, his vengeance knew scarcely any limits; and under his tomahawk and scalping-knife many a white man had met his eternal fate. Black Hoof maintained that no peace should be made nor any negotiations entered into with the whites, except on condition that the latter should repass the mountains and leave the Mississippi valley to the sole occupancy of the native tribes. These were his sentiments, and he exerted all the energies of his mind and body in carrying them out.

Black Hoof was the orator of his tribe, and was well versed in the traditions of his people. But although he was a stern and uncompromising enemy of the whites, and through a series of forty years he had nerved his arm in a hundred bloody battles, he became

at length convinced that the struggles of his race against the encroachment of the whites were in vain. A deep conviction of this truth rested upon his mind, and he communicated his apprehensions to his tribe. The campaign of General Wayne completely overthrew all hopes of their success, and he abandoned the project forever. He signed the treaty of peace at Greenville, and continued a faithful friend to the whites ever afterward. He died at the advanced age of 110 years, a short time previous to the treaty of 1831.*

In the war of 1812 Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, paid him a visit for the purpose of enlisting him in their cause, but he peremptorily refused them; and although he did not personally take an active part in the war, he exerted a salutary influence in favor of the Americans.

Such was Black Hoof, the distinguished Sha-wa-noes chief. Philip and his companions were highly entertained and pleased with him; and although an untutored savage, they found him to be a graceful and pleasing man.**

They had conversed with him with freeness and interest, and he had revealed to them a thrilling account of his adventures for forty years past.

Black Hoof was the particular friend of Captain Pipe. They had fought side by side against the whites up to the treaty of 1795. He had learned of the burning of Greentown and the massacre of the

*This treaty was made with the Senecas of Lewiston, and the Sha-wa-noes of Wa-pa-kon-etta, by James Gardner and Col. M'Ilvain, commissioners appointed by the Government. The terms offered to these Indians were liberal, and they consented to be removed beyond the Mississippi. They were removed to the Indian Territory on Kansas river in 1833. Poor Black Hoof, his remains are on our soil, while his tribe roam over the lands of the far west.

**Col. Johnson describes this man as the most graceful Indian he had ever seen, and as possessing the most natural and happy faculty of communicating his ideas.

whites on the Black Fork, and expressed a deep abhorrence of the whole proceeding, but laid the blame of the affair upon Cols. Greer and Kratzer. He had been informed of his friend's (Captain Pipe's) removal to Cleveland, but knew nothing of the circumstances of his daughter's mysterious disappearance.

On being told of this affair he seemed somewhat perplexed, and deeply affected. He applauded the gallantry of Philip and his companions, and promised them the protection of his tribe while in his dominions.

Before dismissing the history of Black Hoof we must notice one or two other traits in his character which in Indian life seem quite remarkable. It is well known that Indians practice polygamy, and are generally in favor of sacrificing the lives of prisoners at the stake. These two enormities Black Hoof condemned. He lived forty years with one wife, and never put to death a single prisoner by fire. He was not present at the burning of Crawford, or perhaps that unfortunate man might have been spared the pains of such a horrible death.

With these considerations concerning the life and character of this remarkable man, we are prepared to fully appreciate his sterling integrity.

Philip and his companions left the old chief much entertained, delighted and refreshed, with the understanding that they would return to the village on their way back from the Muskingum.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Philip and His Companions Resume Their Journey—Meeting with Indians in the Black Hand Narrows—A Company of Scouts.

The captive's hand hath laid him low.
He knew not that his foes were near.
In death he sleeps, and life's warm glow
Has fled his bleeding body there.

Philip and his companions, after leaving the village of Wa-pa-kon-etta, shaped their course towards the headwaters of the Scioto, and proceeding down its banks came to a white settlement, in which they found a commodious block house,* where they were hospitably entertained. They communicated to the settlers the object of their adventure in this region, and made inquiry as to the condition of the country through which they had to pass on their way to Zanesville.

It was a cold and wintry morning when our heroes left the block house, and once more plunged into the wild woods. Winter had now set in—black clouds and dark days—deep snows, chilling winds and biting frosts were to be encountered. The prospect before them was, to use a modern phrase, “a little mixed.” But the bold and fearless hearts of Philip and his companions cowered not before the approach of cold or danger. Their object was one of humanity, and upon the success of their adventure depended the happiness of the fearless and generous hearted leader of that little band. They were inured to hardships, privations and dangers. Each one was homeless and friendless, and dependent upon his own exertions for support and protection. Reader, place yourself, by imagination, in their condition—in the heart of a

*This block house was situated in what is now called Delaware county.

dreary wilderness, exposed to the inclemency of the weather—rain, sleet, snow and cold, while wild beasts and savage foes roamed the woods in all directions.

“Billy,” said Philip, “I’m afraid that camping out these cold nights will be hurtful to your health. I am almost sorry I did not prevail upon you to remain in the block house till Spring.”

“Thirtainly, Mr. Themour, you’r mithtaken in yer man. Billy Buntly’t h not the thap to freethe ath long ath ther’t h a bearth thkin in the woodth with a thprinkling of wool on the outhide.”

“True, true, Billy, I didn’t think of that. Bear’s wool is by no means scarce; and with such a suit, old Boreas may come blustering and howling among the forest trees with breath as cold as icicles.”

“And who the mithief ith old Mither Boreath? Never hearn tell of thuch an individthual in all my born dayth,” asked Billy, somewhat at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the word Boreas.

The apparent earnestness with which Billy asked the question, coupled with the comic expression of his countenance, constrained Philip and his companion to indulge in a hearty laugh. Aware that Philip and Alfred were indulging in a laugh at his expense, Billy collected his wits and coolly replied:

“Yeth, yeth, now I underthand yer—blatht yer—thith Boreath—they thay ith death on thnaketh—they can’t thand hith lookth, no how.”

“Bravo, Billy,” cried Alfred, “you’re a trump; Phil., come, own up—Billy’s got you.”

“Quarter, Billy, quarter,” cried Philip, “I’ll surrender——”

But ere he could complete his sentence his attention was arrested by a party of three Indians, some distance in the advance of him, and softly calling upon his comrades, bade them conceal themselves behind the trunk of a fallen tree.

In a few moments the savages halted, and seating themselves upon a rising knoll commenced satisfying their appetites with their luncheon. From the voracity with which they devoured their food our heroes supposed they had traveled and fasted for some considerable length of time.

"How I should like to give that thaucy looking thevil there a leaden pill for the purpothe of tharpending hith appetite and aiding him in hith digethion," said Billy, after eyeing him for a moment.

"Ah, but Billy," replied Philip, "he might not happen to accept the dose, or, in other words, you might fail in sending the prescription into his bread basket at such distance, and in that case the patient might assume the office of surgeon and trouble you for the use of your scalp."

"Well, thir," replied Billy, "if either of you will dothe your man, I'll thwear by the man in the moon that I'll thicken mine."

"Why, bless your life, Billy," replied Philip, "you wouldn't attempt a shot at so great a distance when there is such slim chance of escape, in case of a failure. Why, Billy, it is full two hundred and fifty yards to where they are sitting."

"I can thoot him—I can thoot Shathan himthelf at twithe the dithtance. It only dependth on you and Alf. to do your parth."

"And are you really in earnest, Billy?" asked Philip.

"Thirtanly, thir, Mr. Themour; I knoth what I thay."

"Billy," replied Philip, "I am proud of your courage and bravery, but I must protest against their exhibition on this occasion. I think it rather a doubtful case to interrupt these red vermin before night. We are in for a contest with them, but our attack must be under cover of darkness."

Our heroes thus lay secreted for some time conversing in a low tone of voice, during which the savages seemed to enjoy themselves in the highest degree. After finishing their meal they proceeded on their journey, followed by our heroes, until they came to a romantic gorge, known to the early hunters by the name of the "Black Hand Narrows."* Here the Indians made their camp for the night.

The sun had gone down behind a heavy bank of dark clouds, as our hunters arrived at these Narrows. They had traced the Indians into the defile, but fearing to enter until they had reconnoitered, they did not pursue them.

The Narrows were dark and gloomy and the wilderness around them cheerless and forbidding. The young men were in the midst of dangers, but these dangers had no terrors to disarm them of their courage.

"Alfred," said Philip, "you and Billy remain here while I make a circuit to the top of the cliffs. The red fiends are in this gorge and will make their camp in the most secure position. In case I am attacked you can come to my assistance. But until discovered you must remain quiet."

Philip then proceeded noiselessly and cautiously to the top of the cliff, and halting on the very verge, discovered a light beneath him, but could see no signs of the savages themselves.

It was evident to Philip that the camp fire was under his feet and reflected the light to the opposite. The side of the Narrows on which he stood seemed considerably more elevated than the other. Returning to his companions he bade them to follow him to the

*This is probably one of the most picturesque spots in Ohio. Cliffs of enormous rocks line the sides. In some places the rocks hang over in a semi-circular form, on the under surface of which the Indians have drawn the outlines of wild animals, etc., and also *that of a huge black hand.*

other bank, where they discovered the three savages seated under the shelving of the rocks immediately under the cliff where Philip had stood. A bright fire lighted the gloomy gorge, and the unsuspecting savages were making merry over their evening meal, little dreaming that the eyes of their white foes were upon them. Their camp was, as Philip had expected, in the most inaccessible part of the gorge. They could not approach them at either end of the Narrows without detection, but from their position on the lower bank they had an uninterrupted view of the savages.

"Now's our chance," said Philip. "Billy, single out your man and make sure your aim."

"Well, thir," whispered Billy, "I will thettle my account with that ugly looking thavage. He juth lookth like the thame thap who took me prithoner on the Black Fork, and I want to thoot him becauth he juth lookth like him."

"A very good reason, Billy," said Philip, "he shall be your man." Then turning to Alfred he said:

"Alf., you single out that fellow on the left, and I will take the other. One, two, three," said Philip in a whisper, and the report of three rifles rang out upon the night air of that dark and gloomy gorge, bringing almost instantaneous death to three unsuspecting savages within. But in a few moments after the report of their rifles had died away in the distant forest, the sound of advancing footsteps were heard in their rear.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Philip, "we are pursued by Indians—each one of you fly to a tree and reload as speedily as possible."

"Let 'em come," said Billy, "they thall have a warm recepthun."

Accordingly each hunter sprang behind the nearest tree and in a moment or two was ready for action.

The report of their rifles had died away, and a deep silence settled around them. Each listened eagerly to hear the sound of the footsteps that had alarmed them, but all was silent as the grave.

'Twas a dark and dreary night. The heavens were overcast with clouds, and the pattering rain had commenced falling. A cold November wind was stirring the tree-tops with a low, murmuring sound, while each drop of rain, as it fell to the earth, contributed its mite to the music of "confused sounds of falling waters and moaning winds."

Our heroes remained in this position some fifteen or twenty minutes without hearing one single sound save that of the pattering rain; and just as Philip was about to call his companions to follow him down the cliff, into the Narrows, where the dead savages were lying, the sound of human voices was borne to his ears.

"What could that report of fire arms mean?" asked the voice in good English, some three or four rods in the rear of where our heroes stood.

"Who comes there?" shouted Philip, as the sound of this voice reached his ears.

"Friends to the white man, but foes to the red," replied the voice. "Who are you and what is your business here?"

"I, sir," replied Philip, "am at the head of a party of scouts in search of marauding bands of Indians. We are lying here in ambush, and if you are a friend to the American cause meet me half way between our warriors."

Accordingly the two commanders met each other under the cover of his own men. In a few moments more, and the two parties were together, and descending the cliff, entered the Narrows, halting at the camp fire of the savages, whom they found already dead. "Poor fellows," said Alfred, "they have eaten their last supper and sung their last song."

"Not tho poor, Mr. Alf., ath you thuppose," said Billy. "Thith fellow that I thettled with ith in good marketable order. Thoundth, Mr. Themour, thith ith the thame thkamp that took me prithoner. Blath me if it aint. I knoth him by that thcar on the thide of hith nothe."

The two parties took refuge in the Narrows till morning, when they parted, the one retracing their steps to Zanesville, the other (Philip and his companions) toward the lake, first visiting the village of Wakatomika for the purpose of obtaining another conversation with Black Hoof. But on their arrival they found that the old chief, with a small party of his warriors, had left the village to visit Captain Pipe at his subterranean residence in Erie county, of which Philip had informed him on his previous visit. Black Hoof had left instructions with his people to entertain them hospitably in case they should return during his absence.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Brief Sketch of the Murdered Indians—Heroic Act of Alexander M'Connell.

The party of Indians mentioned in our last chapter had been taken prisoners near New Philadelphia, in Tuscarawas county, and conveyed to Seneca, through Zanesville, which was at this time a thriving little village. Here the Indians were lodged in prison over night, during which time some of the settlers paid them a visit. The Indians could, to some extent, understand and speak the English language.

At first when they were taken they appeared sullen and refused to enter into conversation; but gradually they became more cheerful and communicative. Being assured that they would be treated kindly, and that no one should harm them, they gave a full statement of their lives.

It appears from this statement that they belonged to the Delaware tribe, and that one of them was one of the five that attacked the Seymour cabin. This one called himself John Buckskin, and stated that after the whites had burned their village on the Black Fork he vowed vengeance on every white man who came into his power; that he had formed the plot to murder the Seymour family and plunder them of their money; that he was also in the battle at the Copus cabin, where he was wounded in the arm with a bullet. He also stated that his own arm had slain the Black Fork Dutchman (meaning Ruffner), whom he represented as one of the most powerful men he had ever contended with. This, with some other facts, connected with the depredations on the Black Fork settlement, already known to the reader, were related to the settlers at Zanesville by this Indian.

On being asked whether he did not think he did wrong in murdering the innocent people there, he replied in the negative. He further stated that under similar circumstances he would do so again. He then asked for some tobacco, which being given him, he divided it with his companions, and lighting their pipes they sat down and engaged in smoking and conversing in their own language.

The next morning after their imprisonment in Zanesville a crowd of spectators gathered around the window on the outside. One of these asked them if they could sing. They replied in the affirmative, and being requested to do so, one of the Indians commenced an Indian song, to which he put a christian air. On being asked where he learned that tune, he replied from Jesus Christ at Gnadenhutten. He was asked to sing again, but he refused, stating that white people did not like Indians.

"Yes," replied one of the bystanders, "we do."

"You lie," replied the Indian.

"No, I don't" said the spectator.

"Well, then," said the Indian, "if you like me, give me one fip-penny-bit."

The spectator refused.

"I knew you lied," responded the Indian.

This enraged the white man and he resolved to wreak his vengeance upon the savages. Accordingly he secured the services of the two young men and accompanied the officer, General A. Shane, then a lieutenant recruiting for the United States service, to Seneca. On their journey to Seneca, which was then Harrison's headquarters, they stayed all night in Newark, where the offended soldier purchased some poison for the purpose of poisoning the Indians. The physician from whom the poison was obtained made the same known to the lieutenant, but concealed the name of the purchaser. The officer then took more caution to protect the lives of the Indians until they

arrived at Seneca, where they were discharged soon time afterwards. After their discharge they made their way back towards Goshen, followed by the insulted white man and his companions, who deserted the fort on the next day after the discharge of the Indians, and were in pursuit of them when they met Philip Seymour and his party at the Narrows, and on examining the bodies of the Indians they recognized them as the same party which they had guarded at Seneca.

While on a visit in the southeastern part of Kentucky the writer received the facts contained in the conversation of the Indians at Zanesville, from an elderly gentleman, who was one of the spectators at the prison window. In corroboration of the testimony of this gentleman respecting these Indians that of another, whose name is not given, who communicated a more extended detail of circumstances connected with this expedition to the author of the Ohio Collections, part of which, referring to the capture of these Indians, we here present to the reader:

“Shortly after Hull’s surrender, three Indians, said to be unfriendly, had arrived at Goshen. Some time before their arrival several persons were murdered on the Mohican, near Mansfield. The knowledge of this circumstance created much alarm, and an independent company of cavalry, under the command of Alexander M’Connel, their captain, was solicited by the citizens to pursue them. The Indians were traced to a small island near Goshen. M’Connel plunged his horse into the river and crossed it, at the same time ordering his men to follow; but none chose to obey him. He dismounted, hitched his horse, and with pistol in each hand, commenced searching for them. He had gone but a few steps into the interior of the island, when he discovered one of them with his rifle lying at full length behind a log. He presented his pistol—the Indian jumped to his feet—but M’Connel

disarmed him. He also found the others, seized their arms, and drove them before him, and marched them to the New Philadelphia jail."

The murders committed on the Mohican had aroused the vengeance of the settlers, and as soon as they heard that three of the supposed murderers were lodged in jail at New Philadelphia, a company of about forty men organized near Wooster and marched there for the purpose of dispatching them without trial, but were prevented by the courage of some two or three citizens.

CHAPTER XXX.

**Black Hoof's Visit to Captain Pipe—A Joyful Meeting
Beaver, the Young Delaware Warrior, Volunteers Him-
services in the Recovery of Lily Pipe—Bio-
graphical Sketch of Beaver.**

An aged chieftain from his village strayed,
A friendly visit to his friend he paid,
To talk of her around whose being clung
Deep mystery. None knew from whence she sprung,
But him—whom she called father, dear,
And him who paid the visit to his cave so drear.

As already stated in the preceding chapter, *Phil* had informed Black Hoof of the abduction of Captain Pipe's daughter, and also of his present residence. He had given him this information with the full assurance of meeting with the Captain's approval, as he had heard him express his determination of holding a council with Black Hoof if in his power.

The next day after Philip had left the village of Wakatomika, Black Hoof called around him several of his most active and daring young warriors, and communicated to them his intention of starting out on an expedition to visit his friend; and after making such preparations as necessary for the adventure, he set out upon his journey, arriving at the grotto the next day, a little after nightfall. Before entering the cavern he gave orders to his men to reconnoiter the country around, in order to ascertain if there were any spies in the woods, and on being assured that the coast was clear, he and his little party entered the cave, which had been well known to him for many years. He found, to his no small astonishment and disappointment, that the cave was unoccupied—Captain Pipe was gone. No sound was heard to break the deep and gloomy silence within its sombre walls. He called aloud, but was only answered by the echo of

his own voice. "This is strange," said he; "there is a mystery connected with this affair. We have been deceived by the white warrior, and I shall——"

But before he had finished his sentence the noise of advancing footsteps was heard at the mouth of the cavern, and the next moment two Indian chiefs entered the cave, where they were hailed by Black Hoof and his company.

The reader has no doubt anticipated one of these to be Captain Pipe. The Captain had taken it into his head to visit Fort Seneca, a military post built during the late war, and which stood a few miles north of the present site of Tiffin. Pipe's object in visiting this stockade was to secure the aid of some young and active Indian warriors, friendly to the American cause, to assist him and young Seymour in recovering his daughter; and, while here, a young Delaware warrior named Beaver was introduced to him by Gen. Harrison, Pipe's intimate friend. Pipe soon made known to Beaver the object of his visit, and the young chief freely volunteered his services to the old chief-tain. In a few days afterward he accompanied him to his residence in the cave, where they found the noted Black Hoof and his warriors.

On entering the cave Pipe was at first no little surprised on seeing it in the possession of a band of Indians, but was much pleased on beholding one of them to be his tried and cherished friend Black Hoof. The two greeted each other with that warmth and affection peculiar to the Indian character, and after they had thus passed through their customary salutations, they entered into a conversation respecting the missing Indian maiden. Black Hoof related to his friend the adventure of Philip up to the time of his first visit to his village, while the Captain made known to him all the particulars of his history up to the present time.

When they had finished their conversation the two old men left the party and retired some distance into the woods, and after carefully examining the forest around them and finding that no human eyes were upon them, they sat down upon a fallen tree and entered into a conversation. After conversing for some time the two chiefs excavated the earth near the root of a huge oak, in which they deposited a small tin box, and after filling in the earth and covering the spot with leaves, they returned to the cave. After remaining with the Captain over night, Black Hoof and his warriors returned to their village.

Captain Pipe and young Beaver were now alone in the cave concocting measures for finding Lily. As this young chief is to act a prominent part in a subsequent chapter we shall take the liberty of introducing a notice of his character to the reader.

Young Beaver was a Delaware warrior. In person he was handsome and prepossessing. His full black eye was sharp and piercing. In stature he was about five feet ten inches, robust and athletic. His countenance indicated a bold yet generous heart. He was the pride of his nation, esteemed, respected and honored by all who knew him. His soul rose above deceit and treachery; and, for his bravery and daring in the hour of danger, his humanity in the hour of distress, and his integrity to any confidence reposed in him, he had no superior. Besides this, young Beaver was, in modern parlance, the lion of his tribe, and many a dark-eyed maiden turned her eyes towards his person. In short, the qualities of both his heart and head were of more than ordinary excellence, for nature had bestowed upon him lineaments of gracefulness and Indian beauty. His motions were those of harmony, and his actions unrestrained and easy. Such is but a meager description of the admirable qualities of this young warrior.

It may not be out of place here to relate an incident in the life of Beaver which should be known and read by all coming generations, as a memorial of his unimpeachable integrity and good feeling towards his friends.

During the war of 1812 the friendly Indians, particularly the Delawares, Sha-wa-noes and Senecas, were invited to join the American cause. Quite a number belonging to these tribes accepted the offer, and among them was Beaver, who, as we have said, was introduced to Captain Pipe at Seneca. Young Beaver's father and General Harrison had been upon terms of unbroken friendship. The father had been put to death, like many others, for practicing sorcery, and the son, then ten years of age, fell under the protection of Harrison. For this kindness the son entertained the most exalted respect toward his benefactor.

Of the number who enlisted under the American flag was a wretch who had insinuated himself among them with the intention of assassinating the General. This Indian's name was Blue Jacket, and he belonged to the Shawnee tribe. He was not the noted Blue Jacket, however, who signed the treaty of peace at Greenville.

The personal appearance and disposition of Blue Jacket were as repulsive and disgusting as those of Beaver were attractive and pleasing. He had formerly resided in Wa-pa-kon-etta, which he had left for some considerable time, returning a few days before the warriors set out for the seat of war. He told the chiefs that he had been out hunting along the waters of the Wabash and that he wished to join the army about to start for Seneca. Not doubting his honesty of intention, his name was enrolled among the number of warriors. Upon their arrival at McArthur's block house, which was a fortification built in the late war on the Scioto river, on Hull's road, in Hardin county, they halted and encamped for the pur-

pose of receiving provisions from the deputy Indian agent, Colonel McPherson, who resided there.

Blue Jacket had made a confidant of a young warrior who also was warmly attached to Beaver. This warrior was of the same tribe to which Blue Jacket belonged. Calling him aside he communicated to his friend his intention to murder General Harrison on his arrival at Fort Seneca, and requested him to assist him. His friend refused, and endeavored to dissuade him from so base an act. But Blue Jacket declared he would assassinate the General if he knew that afterwards he would be "cut into pieces not bigger than his thumb nail!"

Happily for General Harrison the confidant of Blue Jacket was also a tried friend of Beaver's.

There are no people on earth more faithful in keeping secrets than the Indians, but each warrior usually has a friend to whom he will reveal all his secrets. Blue Jacket's confidant sought his friend Beaver and communicated the plot, at the same time enjoining secrecy upon him.

This intelligence placed Beaver in an embarrassing situation, for should he disclose what he had heard he would betray his friend, which was too repugnant to his feelings to be endured, and he determined he would not violate his word. On the other hand he could not endure the thought of seeing his father's friend, and his own patron, basely murdered when in his power to prevent it. But how to apprise him of his danger without sacrificing his word, he could not tell. For the first time in his life Beaver was placed in a seemingly inextricable dilemma. For some time he sat in silent meditation and conned the matter over and over in his mind. While he thus hesitated, the notorious assassin came into the Delaware camp. The eyes of Beaver fell upon him as he came, staggering with intoxication and breathing vengeance upon Col. McPherson, who had just turned him out of his house

for disorderly conduct. The sight of the traitor aroused the indignation of Beaver, and arising from his seat he advanced towards him. His keen black eye was full of fire—his bosom heaved with wild emotions, and with a firm and unfaltering voice he thus addressed him :

“You must be a great warrior! You will not only kill the white man for treating you as you deserve, but you will also murder our father, the American chief, and bring disgrace and mischief upon us all. But you shall do neither. I will serve you as I would a mad dog;” and so saying he raised his hatchet, and with one furious blow he laid the culprit dead at his feet. Then turning to some of his tribe present, he said :

“There, take him to the camp of his tribe, and tell them who it was that did the deed.”

The Sha-wa-noes applauded the conduct of Beaver, and rejoiced at their happy escape from the ignominy into which the murder of the General would have thrown them.

On their arrival at Seneca, the principal war chief of the Sha-wa-noes requested permission to sleep at the door of the General’s marquee, which he did until the embarkation of the troops. This was done to prove his fidelity to the American cause.

At the great treaty which was held at Greenville in 1815 General Cass, one of the commissioners, related the whole of the transaction to the assembled chiefs, and after thanking Beaver in the name of the United States for having saved the life of their General, he caused a handsome present out of the goods which were sent for the purpose of the treaty to be made him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Blue Jacket Proposes to Give an Exhibition of Indian Sports—An Invitation to Play a Game of Foot Ball—Billy Accepts—An Exciting Game—Billy Wins the Prize—His Disposal of the Prize.

“On grassy banks the men and maidens played,
Young warriors there their gallantry displayed;
The voice of joy and mirth rose high in air,
As men and maidens on the grass lay there.”

As already stated, Philip on his arrival at the village of Wapakonetta found that Black Hoof and a number of his young men had left for the residence of Captain Pipe. The villagers endeavored to persuade him to remain with them until their chief returned, but he declined. They, however, prevailed upon him to remain one day and night.

The celebrated Blue Jacket, who commanded the Sha-wa-noes in the battle of 1784, had just returned to the village the morning that Black Hoof had left for Pipe's cavern. He, too, was growing old, but he seemed full of life and vigor.

Philip and his comrades were introduced to him, and Philip made known his object in scouting the woods.

The next morning after their arrival, Blue Jacket promised to his young men to give our heroes an exhibition of some Indian sports. A purse of valuables was soon collected and all the villagers were ready for the game.

The village was situated in a beautiful location, and the country around was truly delightful. They were soon upon the lawn and separated into two parties, one consisting of the women, the other of the men. Our heroes were requested to participate in the sport, but they politely declined, with the exception of

Billy, who was anxious to engage in the game, which was to be that of foot ball.

The Indian boys were much rejoiced in having Billy for their companion in the game, and Billy was determined on distinguishing himself as a master hand at the sport.

At this game the men were to play against the women, and the rules by which they were to be governed were as follows: The men were not to touch the ball with their hands on penalty of losing the game; but the women were allowed to pick it up, run with it, and throw it as far as they could; but in so doing the men were permitted to catch the women, shake them, and even throw them down, in order to extricate the ball from them; but not to touch it except with their feet.

At the opposite extremity of the play ground stakes were driven in the earth, and when the ball was ejected beyond either of these stakes the game was closed. When all were ready the chief took his position between the two parties, and throwing the ball into the air retired, and the contest began. Billy plunged into the midst with the agility of a cat. Although somewhat "chunky," he was remarkably nimble.

The Indians were evidently much pleased with his dexterity and sought every opportunity to express their approbation of his heroism. The contest waged warmly, and men and women were seen tumbling in groups upon the lawn. It was amusing to our heroes to observe the rough and ready tumbling of the contending parties. The contest lasted for more than an hour, which showed that the parties were well matched. At one period of the game the ball was caught by a young Indian squaw. Billy was close by her side; she attempted to run; he followed, and immediately she was in his arms. A scuffle ensued, which lasted for a few moments. The young squaw

was his equal in strength and Billy found his match. At length she succeeded in prostrating her antagonist, when the women sent up a shout of triumph. Quick as lightning Billy was again upon his feet, and, being chagrined at hearing his female antagonist so highly applauded, and knowing that Philip and Alfred would never cease tormenting him over his defeat, he again commenced the struggle, summoning all his strength, made one desperate effort, and the young squaw lay sprawling upon the ground. Her fall was somewhat hard, and on reaching the ground she dropped the ball, whereupon Billy gave it a kick with his foot, sending it some distance in advance of him. In a moment it was in the hands of a herculean squaw, who on receiving it commenced running towards the stake followed by Billy and his antagonist with several others. Billy succeeded in overtaking her, and catching hold of her garment, held on, being dragged some distance by her with the force of a locomotive.

Billy finding that she was nearing the stake, caught her by the ankle, and she fell just as a party of males and females advanced upon them. In falling she dropped the ball, and the next instant a kick from Billy's foot sent it whirling with the rapidity of a bullet past the stake.

The victory was won, and the infant backwoodsman, Buntty Billy, was the victor. A shout of exultation rent the air, and old and young crowded around the young man. Every one was anxious to take him by the hand. The eyes of the Indians were riveted upon him as he stood there, the envied hero of the game. The young squaw with whom he had the severest struggle slyly crept to his side, and thus addressed him :

“You brave boy—make good warrior—great chief—fine man for good squaw—much happy have you stay here.”

"Thood like to do tho, Mitheth Inthun," said Billy, "but pon my thoul, I can't thith time. I muth help my friend Mr. Themour to hunt *hith thquaw*."

As soon as the game had closed the chief who had held the prize commanded the parties to be seated; after which he presented the prize to Billy, who upon receiving it bowed as gracefully as he knew how, at the same time thanking the chief for the valuables.

"Ith thith mine?" asked Billy.

"Yes, sir," said the chief, emphatically.

"Well, then," said Billy, "I can dithpothe of it ath I pleathe."

The chief answered in the affirmative. Whereupon Billy apportioned the prize to the ladies, giving the young squaw the entire half, and an equal share to the rest. The disposition was highly applauded by the men, who on beholding Billy's generosity sent up another shout of acclamation.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Philip and Party Arrive at the Cave of Captain Pipe—No News of Lily—Philip Relates His Adventure with the Indians in the Narrows—Philip's Dream.

“With heart-felt grief the chieftain
Sat within his cave. No tidings came
Of her for whom he wept and sighed.”

The morning after the game of football, mentioned in our last chapter, our trio of young backwoodsmen left the village and continued their journey towards the cave of Captain Pipe, where they arrived in safety in a few days.

The old chief was the sole occupant of the cavern when our heroes entered, and was reclining upon some skins of wild animals, absorbed in deep meditation.

“Good evening, Captain Pipe,” exclaimed each of the young men, who advancing towards him in turn renewed their friendship by a hearty shake of the hand.

“And who is this you bring along with you?” asked the Captain.

“This, sir,” said Philip, “is an orphan boy named William Buntly, but whom we call Bunty Billy. His residence was on the Black Fork, where he lived with Martin Ruffner, to whom he was bound. After the massacre of his master he was taken prisoner by the murderers. But he has effected his escape, the particulars of which he will relate to you himself.”

“Ah, indeed,” replied the Captain, “and is this Bunty Billy, of whom you spoke to me on a previous occasion?”

“Yes, sir,” said Philip, “and a more noble heart never beat in a man's bosom. He bears himself much above his years. Fear or cowardice form no part of

his composition. But we will talk over this matter again. Any news concerning Lily?"

"None, none," replied the old man pensively, "nor need I, I presume, ask you for any?"

Philip sighed heavily, repeating the chieftain's answer: "None, none." Then pausing, while tears started in his eyes, a deep and solemn silence for a few moments reigned in that subterranean recess.

"None, none," repeated the young man, after a few moments' pause. Then turning to Alfred, who sat sympathizing with the afflicted chieftain and his sorrowful stricken companion, he said:

"Alfred, I am, indeed, melancholy. As I gaze upon the gloomy walls of this cavern, thoughts of other days rise fresh in my memory. What a checkered scene is human life—how full of sorrows and disappointments. In one moment our hearts are buoyant with hope and animation, in the next a dark pall of disappointment is thrown over our dearest joys and brightest anticipations; and we linger in deepest melancholy until death closes our miserable existence. There are few, indeed, who have reached the age of manhood, or even launched their bark on youth's sunny sea of life, who, in retrospecting the past, cannot dwell upon some scene of melancholy or pleasure. Life is replete with circumstances from which spring self-gratification, unrelenting compunction, or the strongest and most melancholy sympathies. This act I have realized, for I have drunk from affliction's bitter cup. Skies that were bright and cloudless are now dark and cheerless. Hopes that were once strong and promising are now weak and forbidding. My whole being is shrouded in gloom, and I feel as though death only can befriend me."

"Philip," interrupted his companion, "life is, indeed, a checkered scene, and we are the children of circumstances; but it has two sides, the bright and sunny, and the dark and dreary. Now, I hold that

the darkness which clouds our pathway in most cases is merely imaginary; and permitting our mind to indulge in unpleasant reflections we increase our gloom and despondency. There is one attribute of the human mind which, when properly exercised, will dispel the darkest cloud that ever hung across life's pathway. This attribute is *Hope*. There is, perhaps, no one living who cannot hope. The productions of the sculptor's chisel and painter's pencil may moulder in the dust; the wreath which decks the brow of the enchanted bard, or commanding monarch, may wither; the throne of the conqueror may be demolished and scattered to the earth, and his power and grandeur no longer be hymned by his attendant minstrels; but the fond aspirations of the human heart, pouring through the channel of hope, can never die. We may be disappointed in our expectations in life, but hope looks into the future and opens up, on the other side of death, skies which are eternally cloudless. This characteristic of the human heart is our solace through life, and our comfort in death—it is inscribed in our hearts and written on the pillars of heaven, and reflected down to earth."

Philip sat gazing in the face of his companion, as he breathed forth these soul inspiring words, and he imagined in him the inspiration of a Byron—the eloquence of a Mirabeau, and the intellect of a Bacon. Alfred's burning eloquence had fired the soul of his melancholy companion, and he replied:

"Alfred, your words are encouraging, and I can and will hope—though it be against hope."

"Thee here, gentlemen," said Billy, "there ith thom thooting to be done ath well ath hoping in thith case. Hoping ith not going to bring Lily here, and I'm for tharting ath thoon ath porthible on another theot after her."

"There's some backbone in this fellow, Captain," said Alfred.

"Yes," replied the chieftain, "it would not require much time for an Indian to discover that in his countenance and fiery eyes. I see that he has imbibed the spirit of his master, the heroic Ruffner."

"Poor Ruffner," said Philip, as the recollection of his horrible murder rose fresh in his memory. "But Billy has the proud satisfaction of knowing that one of the murderers of his master met his fate from his hands."

Whereupon Philip related the adventure with the Indians in the Narrows to the Captain, giving the old chief a description of his person.

A description of the person of the one who fell by a ball from Philip's rifle satisfied the Captain that he was one of the Greentown Indians whom he had often seen, but on account of his lowness of character (being given to intoxication and its beastly practices), had formed no intimate acquaintance with him.

Captain Pipe was much pleased to know that another of those execrable wretches had met his just reward.

"Yeth, and by the teeth of the mouth of the great Mithithippi, the thame dog that thole your daughter thall join the murdererth of my mathter on the other side of Jordan. Mind that, if you pleath."

"Why, Billy," said Philip, "you seem to talk with a great deal of confidence. You must certainly be under the influence of inspiration in this prediction. Well, to confess the truth, I should be quite happy to see the fulfillment of your prophecy."

"Well, thir," said Billy, "I will tell you why I am thertain of thith. Once when Johnny Applesed came to our cabin on the Black Fork, he put hith handth upon my head and prayed for the thpirit to reth upon me, that I might prothper in all my undertakingth; and thinth that time I have met with good thucceth, and I am thure I thall in thith inthance."

"May the Great Spirit grant it," said the old man solemnly.

It was drawing near the hour of midnight as our little party lay down to rest. During the night Philip was aroused from his slumber by the piercing shriek of a female voice at the entrance of the cavern. He sprang to his feet, seized his rifle, and bounded to the outside, and found that grey morning was dawning in the east, but could not discover from whence the sound proceeded. Returning inside he found the Captain astir, to whom he communicated the cause of his leaving the cave.

"Ah," said the Captain, "that sound is familiar in the cavern ever since the murder of Onishisha, my beautiful daughter."

"Merciful Heavens!" cried Philip, in a paroxysm of frenzy, "and is it possible that Lily is numbered among the dead? Tell me, Captain—tell me, I beseech you, in the name of my murdered jewel, the names of her assassins, and I will follow them to the ends of the earth to avenge her death. Oh, God," continued he, "I am now a lonely heartbroken stranger, without friends and home, or any kindred spirit to love and be loved. Lily is gone! Oh! it is hard to leave this bright and beautiful world and embark upon the dark and uncertain ocean of eternity, so shoreless and dreary—but I must go—I will follow her to the land of spirits."

"What the mischief are you preaching about?" interrogated Billy, who was awakened by the stammering voice of the dreaming Philip. "I thay, Mr. The-mour," continued he, at the same time giving his friend a shake, "what the death hath got into your dreaming thell?"

"Humph!" cried Philip, rubbing his eyes, "I've had another infernal dream, that's all."

"Well, then," said Billy, "you needn't make tho much futh about it, tho ath to dithturb other fokth from thleeping—thod blaths yer."

"Well, Billy," said Philip, "I must beg your pardon for thus disturbing you this time, and promise amends in the future."

"Nuff thaid," replied Billy, "and I hope yer dreamth will not be turned to a Divine reality, ath Johnny Appleased uthed to thay. Ith my opinion, thir, that the day ith near at hand when your hopth will be loth in thight."

During this conversation, Alfred, who was lying some distance in the rear of Billy, was aroused from his slumber also, to whom the cause of the conversation was made known. Philip arose and stepped to the entrance of the cave, and on looking out discovered that it was really morning. On returning he found the Captain astir also. He had lodged by himself in another apartment of the cavern. Philip related his dream to him, which seemed to affect his mind to some considerable extent.

After partaking of some refreshments, Philip and the old chief left the cavern and proceeded some distance into the forest, and halting at the same tree where he and Black Hoof had deposited the box, he asked Philip if he could recognize this place and this tree in after years. Philip replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then," said the old chief, "keep this spot well fixed in your memory. Mark every feature of this locality, as perhaps this place may afford you some material advantage hereafter."

Philip stood for some moments gazing upon the surrounding woods, wondering in his mind what this singular adventure meant. His curiosity was excited, and he asked its meaning.

"Sir," said the Captain, "the explanation cannot now be given. You shall know all hereafter, should your life and that of my daughter's be spared. There

are none others now living, except a particular friend of mine, who is a noted chief, who knows the object I have in view in thus bringing you to this spot."

After thus marking the location in his memory, Philip and the chieftain returned to the cave where he and his companions remained waiting the arrival of young Beaver, spoken of in the foregoing chapter. Beaver made his appearance in a few days, was introduced to Philip and his companions, and then proceeded to give the Captain a history of his adventure.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Visit of Beaver to the Wabash—Battle with Indians—News of Lily—Phillip Visits Gen. Harrison—Another Adventure—Phillip and His Party Taken Prisoners—Lily Found.

Sharp was the conflict—but in vain
They strove against superior men.

During the period which had elapsed between the first and second visits to the cavern, Beaver had enlisted under his command a small body of young warriors, and proceeded with all possible haste for the Wabash, reaching its headwaters about the middle of December, just in time to join Colonel Campbell's detachment sent out against the Miami Indians. On arriving at one of their villages they commenced an attack, killing some eight or ten warriors and taking quite a number of prisoners—men, women and children. They then set fire to the village and encamped a few miles therefrom.

A little before the dawn of day they were attacked by the exasperated savages with the most daring bravery and horrible yells. The battle waged warmly for some minutes, but the savages were dispersed with the loss of about eight or ten of the Americans, and some thirty or forty Indians. The prisoners were secured and carried to headquarters.

In conversation with one of them he informed Beaver that he was originally from Greentown, and that after the burning of their village, he, in company with some others, determined to join the British forces and fight against the Americans. Beaver then made inquiry concerning Pipe. He said he knew him well, and had been at his cabin several times. He further stated that the Captain "was a traitor to his tribe, and to his race—that his treason was punished

by the loss of his daughter, whom he loved with *the most passionate fondness.*"

This was the information which Beaver wanted, and he pressed the question as to where she had been taken. The prisoner informed him that she was in the hands of a distinguished white chief at Malden. Beaver pressed the question as to the person or persons who had stolen the maiden, but he professed ignorance as to who the criminals were.

Having gained this information, young Beaver and his rangers set out for the home of Captain Pipe, where he arrived a few days after the return of Seymour and his companions, as noticed in our last chapter.

As soon as Beaver communicated the intelligence to the Captain, he returned to his warriors, whom he had left at Harrison's headquarters. Beaver sought an interview with Harrison and informed the General of his intention to form an independent rifle company and take charge of it himself. The American General sanctioned the movement and promised him the first choice of his soldiers; but Beaver declined the offer of his generous friend, alleging that he had concluded to form his company entirely of his own race. In the course of a fortnight Beaver's Indian rangers were ready and equipped. His company consisted of about fifty young men, tall, graceful and courageous. In the meantime Philip had also succeeded in procuring a supply of provisions and ammunition for the winter, which he placed under the protection of Captain Pipe, in the cavern, as he had determined to make that his headquarters.

The news which Philip had heard concerning Lily's destination had animated him, and for the first time since he had heard of her abduction, he felt an omen of success. His entire being was renewed, and his heart beat with new emotion. Hope of success was now the ruling passion of his mind, for he knew that

strong arms and bold hearts were enlisted in his cause. In the young and heroic Beaver and his daring warriors he reposed unlimited confidence, and with his own brave and dauntless companions, Alfred and Billy, he felt almost confident that the rescue of Lily was certain. Yet there were other considerations which at times preyed heavily upon his mind. Her integrity and purity were beyond all doubt; but she was in the hands of rude savages or unprincipled white men. Then again, he knew that the prayers of Johnny Appleseed, whom he esteemed a man of God, had been offered up to heaven in her behalf; and He who hears the young raven's cry and tempereth the winds to the shorn lamb, would watch over the young maiden, though in a land of cruel enemies.

'Twas now midwinter—storms and tempests—snow and cold—held their chilly throne in the wilderness.

One morning about the middle of January, 1813, Philip called around him his companions in the cavern and thus addressed them:

"Forest companions, I am anxious for another adventure in the woods. I am fully aware that at this season of the year such an adventure is attended with many difficulties, privations and dangers, but my restless disposition prompts me to seek excitement. It would afford me much pleasure to have your company in this expedition, but I will not insist upon your accompanying me contrary to your inclinations. What say you to the project?"

"Do you athk my opinion?" said Billy, before Alfred could reply.

"Of course, Billy," said Philip.

"Well, then, said Billy, "you thall have it in thort. If you don't thoon thart after thith gal I'll thart mythelf."

"But, Billy," said Philip, "you must remember that this is rather a cool undertaking, and probably you

might rue it. Camping out in the woods such nights as these is somewhat trying to the nervous system."

"I cannot thactly underthand yer nervouth thythtem," said Billy, "but ath to the rueing operation thath a game Billy Buntly never played."

"Philip," said Alfred, "Billy has expressed my sentiments. We are ready to follow you."

The next morning after the conversation, just as the sun was peering above the horizon, and shedding his golden glories aslant through the surrounding forest, our heroes once more plunged into the wild woods, directing their course towards Harrison's headquarters. The morning was cold, though otherwise delightful. The sky was clear and cloudless, but the ground was covered with snow. As they proceeded through the woods the traces of various wild animals presented themselves, and in many instances flocks of wild turkeys and herds of deer passed before them. But wild game was not the object of their expedition.

In a few days the party arrived at the camp of General Harrison, where they volunteered their services till spring as independent scouts.

Shortly after their arrival the sad intelligence of Winchester's defeat reached General Harrison. The news was received with deep melancholy. Winchester had proceeded with a reinforcement of eight hundred men to the village of Frenchtown. On the 22d they were attacked by a combined force of the enemy under the command of Tecumseh and Proctor. In the action the Americans lost about four hundred in killed and wounded and missing. This horrible massacre of whites inflamed the already exasperated Americans, and they determined to cut short the work by making a bold and desperate effort.

About the first of February Harrison established his advanced post at the foot of the rapids and there erected Fort Meigs. He then ordered all troops in

the rear to join him immediately, hoping about the middle of the month to make an attack upon Malden, the headquarters of Proctor and Tecumseh, and with one bold stroke retrieve the misfortunes of American arms in this quarter.

One morning Philip and his two companions had wandered down the banks of the river, near the bay shore, where they suddenly came upon the camp of a large body of Indians. On discovering them they immediately retreated without observation, as they supposed, and about daybreak arrived at the camp with the intelligence. Harrison immediately ordered out six hundred men, and proceeded down the river on the ice, some twenty miles, when they discovered some fire on the north side of the river; but the Indians had left. After pursuing them some distance the Americans were met by spies, who informed them that the Indians were marching to Malden with all possible haste, whereupon the army returned to its post.

A few days after this a party of some two hundred and fifty men were seen going upon an errand of the most desperate nature. The object of this adventure was to enter Malden, under cover of midnight darkness, and destroy with combustibles the British fleet and the public stores on the bank of the river. The party had proceeded as far as Middle Bass Island, but found they could go no further in consequence of the breaking up of the ice. They, therefore, abandoned the enterprise, and returned to Fort Meigs.

During the retreat three young men deserted, retraced their steps towards Malden, and while encamped in the woods a few miles from this post, they were surprised by a party of Indians and taken as prisoners to Malden. It is needless to say that these prisoners were none others than Philip Seymour, Alfred Bradley and Buntly Billy.

Fort Malden, the place to which our heroes were taken, is situated on the east bank of the Detroit river, on the Canada side, and was originally under the command of General Brock, to whom General Hull surrendered his army. Shortly afterwards Brock was killed at the siege of Queenstown, after which the command fell into the hands of Col. Proctor, who at this time held possession of Fort Malden.

On their arrival here our young heroes found themselves in the midst of Indians and their no less savage foes, the British. They were immediately placed under guard with quite a number of other prisoners.

We must not forget to mention that the intentions of the party to which our heroes joined themselves, were anticipated by two supposed Frenchmen, who left Sandusky the day before the company had started on this perilous expedition, and crossing the ice to Malden gave Proctor the alarm. The British General immediately sent out his Indian scouts to watch their movements, and coming upon our heroes as they lay in camp at the mouth of Huron river, took them prisoners.

The next morning after their capture Colonel Proctor paid them a visit in person, and interrogated them as to their business in this region. Philip told them they were hunters, and their business was that of hunting—that they were from the Black Fork in Ohio, and that they had missed their way, being in an uninhabited country. Proctor had them searched in hope of finding some papers about them which might prove them to be spies. But in this he failed, and gave orders to keep them under guard until he ordered otherwise. He then left for the purpose of holding a conference with Tecumseh. The next morning Proctor, accompanied by Tecumseh, paid them another visit.

On his first appearance, Philip and Alfred were deeply impressed with the person of Tecumseh. It

was the first time they had seen him. There was something about his person which was truly commanding. Philip gazed upon this noble looking chief with feelings bordering upon awe; and no wonder, for Tecumseh was the most extraordinary chief that ever appeared in history. He was by birth a Shawanoes, and under other circumstances would have been an honor to the world. He was endowed by nature with the attributes of mind necessary for great political combinations. It was he who formed the grand scheme of uniting all the tribes east of the Mississippi into hostility against the United States. This enterprise he commenced as early as 1809, and up to the war he had insinuated himself by his adroitness, eloquence and courage, into every tribe from Michilimackinnock to Georgia. By his eloquence and cunningness he played upon the feelings and superstitions of his race, and carried with him a red stick which he represented as possessing magical properties, the acceptance of which was considered as joining his party. From this circumstance the name "Red Sticks" was applied to all Indians hostile to the United States.

Tecumseh on approaching our heroes cast upon them a deep and searching glance. His fiery eye sent a thrill of terror into the hearts of all but Billy, who sat unmoved.

Col. Proctor made searching interrogations of Philip concerning the forces and intentions of General Harrison. Philip told him that as to his intentions he knew nothing; as he supposed that none but his staff officers knew them; but as to his forces they were daily increasing. As he passed near the mouth of the Maumee river a few days ago, he accidentally came upon his forces, at a vacated camp fire, on the north bank of the river, where Harrison was joined by a large body of troops; that after being examined by

Harrison's officers he was permitted to proceed on his hunting expedition.

This statement Proctor knew was true, and he gave orders to treat the prisoners kindly. He offered them the hospitalities of the fort, but commanded that a vigilant watch be kept upon them. The party was then conducted to the quarters of Tecumseh. Here Philip and his companions held a council, in which it was agreed that they would remain on the peninsula till after the breaking up of winter, and then effect their escape.

Philip sought every opportunity to inquire after Lily, without giving any cause of suspicion. His anxious eyes closely scrutinized every group of women, which caused many inquiring glances to be cast upon him by those dark eyed forest daughters.

Time rolled on, and nothing was heard of the young maiden. It is not necessary to tax the reader's patience with a recital of the feelings and anxieties of Philip during that gloomy winter at Fort Malden. The reader's imagination must supply the place of description.

One pleasant evening towards the middle of April, Philip and his companions were seated upon the banks of the river in sight of his fort. The severity of the weather had moderated, and the balmy spring was hastening on.

"Alfred," said Philip, "I'm afraid these Indians and British will yet overpower the Americans. Proctor and Tecumseh are now making the most extensive preparations for the siege of Fort Meigs, and they seem sanguine of success."

"I have no fears of that," replied Alfred. "General Harrison is not going to let them drive him from his post—mark that."

"Not if I were there," replied Billy, half in jest and the other half in earnest, "I'll bet my life againth

thuppenth hapenny that I can make every red devil of them run."

"No doubt of it, Billy—none in the least," said Philip, "but you would have to run first."

"Blatht yer," said Billy, "I'll——"

"Hold, hold, Billy," said Philip in a whisper, "see, there are some Indian women coming towards us."

"You Tecumseh's prisoners?" asked one of them.

"Yes, madam," replied Philip, bowing gracefully to the young squaw.

"Here's a letter for you," said she, at the same instant putting a slip of paper into his hands, and then passed on.

"What can this mean?" said Philip to himself; and hastily tearing open the letter, read as follows:

"Sir—This will inform you that a friend wishes to speak to you this evening. Please come to the upper blockhouse; on being demanded to give the countersign, answer "King George's Friend." On entering you will find an escort, who will conduct you to my chamber. Exhibit no signs of fear or excitement, and you can pass the guards in safety. Be inside the gate at nine o'clock. Come by yourself. L. P."

"L. P.," cried Philip; "'tis from Lily! Oh, merciful heavens, 'tis from Lily! my adored and long lost Lily—I shall see her again—yes, I will break through the powers of men and devils to gaze once more upon that angel face. Oh, bless God, for these few lines—they have raised my drooping spirits—quelled all my fears and poured a flood of consolation into my bosom, which I have never before realized. Oh, thank God, my cup runs over—my joys are full and I am happy once more—yes, happy beyond expression."

Then pausing, Philip gazed for a moment into the faces of his companions, while a profusion of tears rolled down his cheeks.

The scene was deeply affecting, and Billy and Alfred mingled their tears with his.

At the appointed hour Philip was inside the gate, when two Indians ushered him into the presence of his beautiful Black Fork Lily!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Interview with Lily Pipe—Plans for Escape.

'Twas such a night as might have flung
Its robe o'er primal nature's bower.
On that blest night the hunter found
His long lost love, the forest flower.

The joy and happiness produced in the minds of Philip and Lily at their meeting in the garrison at Malden we shall not attempt to describe. Language is too meager to express the emotions which naturally arise in the minds of kindred spirits on meeting under such circumstances.

As Philip entered the apartment the graceful Lily met his astonished gaze.

There she sat alone—beautiful as when he had first seen her under Hemlock Falls in Richland county.

“Dearest Lily,” exclaimed the astonished and somewhat bewildered Philip, as he opened the door of her humble apartment—“dearest Lily,” repeated he, and springing to her, clasped her in his arms, while tears of joy ran down his manly cheeks.

The happiness which the young hunter experienced we shall leave the reader to imagine. For a moment neither of the lovers could speak; but that silence was big with feeling—a feeling, too, which was inexpressibly deep. Months of painful anxiety had tortured their minds; they both had drunk deeply from affliction's bitter cup; but for all their past woes the present interview was an ample atonement, and forgetting the past they rejoiced over the present. As soon as the young man could command his feelings he thus addressed his fair one:

“Dearest Lily, I am indeed happy—too happy. I have not deserved of Heaven so great a joy as this. The highest hope that ever pictured the future earth

to me never told of bliss like this. Lily, didst thou ever pray for me? I have for thee and I have felt that my prayers, which I have tremblingly whispered in the ear of Heaven, would be wafted to thy ears by some bright angelic minister, the guardian spirit of thy footsteps on earth. Often-times dark, gloomy shadows came across my mind; but, then, I was consoled to know that the eye which never sleeps would watch and protect thy pure and innocent spirit, though lost to human sight in the untraversed worlds throughout the depths of unmeasureable space. Nay, more; I have felt that should I not have found that here on earth my soul would have caught a spark of God's own essence, whose whole being is love, which would have lighted me on, following thy flight through the cycles of eternity; this would have lit up the dark wilderness of worlds and illuminated the voids of space,

“Where gravitation seems to turn the other way.”

“Yea, dearest Lily, this would have lent brightness to the eyes of my soul, so that I would have recognized thy angel face in a land of darkest shadows, though around thy form hovered the inhabitants of congregated worlds, multitudinous as the countless millions of motes which float in the beams of a universe of suns.”

Lily sat gazing into the eyes of Philip as he poured forth his soul in such holy rapture. There was a depth of unmeasured feeling in his expression. Her pure and virtuous heart breathed the same devoted spirit, and she replied:

“Philip Seymour—your kindness to one so unworthy I would desire to appreciate, and next to your name I would pronounce that of my father—what tidings of him?”

“All is well—Captain Pipe is well. Give yourself no uneasiness concerning him,” said Philip.

“Then my happiness is complete,” replied the lovely Indian maiden. “I shall see him again and drink

from the fountains of his affections. Devoted father—he will lay his hands upon my head and once more beseech the blessing of the Indian's Great Spirit to rest upon me.

“And here permit me to say that to you I owe a debt of gratitude, which I would delight to cancel were it in my power.”

“Thou owest me nothing,” exclaimed the young hunter. “All I have done for thee was prompted by other than selfish motives. Lily, I must confess it—I love thee; dost thou love me?”

“Philip,” exclaimed the young maiden, gazing modestly into his face, “you are my deliverer, and waiting your pleasure you shall be my future protector.”

“Thank you, thank you, dearest Lily. I thank you for such words of consolation; and here, in the presence of Him who reads the intentions and affections of all hearts, I solemnly dedicate my life to the promotion of your happiness. The avowal is now made and recorded in heaven; and thou art mine, and we shall only await an opportunity to join our hands in the presence of human eyes.”

“Your pleasure is mine and your happiness is mine,” replied the young woman; “I am in your hands, and to you I will look for protection; though I do feel that I am not worthy of a mind so noble and a heart so magnanimous and generous.”

“Speak not thus, my fair one,” replied the young man; “such language wounds my feelings.”

“Then I would crave your pardon,” said the maiden.

“Nay, nay,” replied Philip, “thou hast no pardon to crave from anything that's mortal.”

“But I am an orphan,” replied the maiden; “I am alone in this cold and friendless world. I know not my origin—all is dark and mysterious to me. I have

the
'or
been raised among savages, and have never had the advantages of civilized life."

"It matters not what may be your origin. This is of no importance to me; but one thing I am confident of, you are of no mean extraction. There is a fountain of purity and loveliness in those two orbs of thine which cannot be traced to an origin of impurity. To look upon them is to behold more captivating loveliness than is beheld in the unfolding glories of the tinted flower which opens its bosom to the gaze of the golden sun when his beams illuminate at morn the mountain coronet."

"Nay, nay, speak not of your doubtful origin. To me it brings no unpleasant feelings. I love thee. All the deep joys which I have felt in my short life's search for wisdom hath never brought to me the bliss which I this moment realize. To know that thy young heart leans upon mine repays me for all the toils and dangers through which I have passed in search of thee.

"Often and often since the murder of my friends I have strayed by myself, and in melancholy loneliness called to memory the scenes of the past. I, too, have looked upon myself as an orphan, whose only home was the forest wild—no father, mother, sister or brother, to cheer my pensive soul in its moments of despondency. Back of me all lies silent in the voiceless tomb which has closed over the last of my earthly relations. Yes, I have stood silent and solitary beneath the sad gigantic oak, whose branches shade the tombs of friends, and looked upon and viewed myself as a solitary pine upon the rugged mountain's brow exposed to the desolating energies of merciless storms and tempests. But in these moments of sadness and gloom thy loved image would rise up before me like a being from the spirit land; and as the silver moon illuminates the dome of heaven, so would the thoughts of thee fill my soul with light, promising

bright days and beams of sunshine in the span of life allotted to me. Night after night, as the angels opened the starry lights in the dark dome of heaven, I have wandered forth alone, but thy pure spirit was soon by my side, making me happier and holier with the knowledge that there was one in whose heart I could pour the tale of my woes, and in whose ears I could whisper the story of love, and who in return could love me with a woman's passion.

"But," continued he, "there is no time to delay. Let's fly from this gloomy dungeon before the dawn of day."

"I am informed that there are two other young prisoners with you in this garrison."

"Yes," replied Philip, "two as brave hearts as ever sent the red current of life through their arteries."

"May I ask their names?" inquired Lily.

"One is Alfred Bradley, with whom I became acquainted on the banks of the Huron river," replied he, "since which time he has been my constant companion; the other is Bunty Billy, Ruffner's bound boy, who, after the murder of his master, was taken prisoner, but escaping from the Indians, was making his way to a place of protection when he came suddenly upon Alfred and myself on the banks of the Auglaize."

"Well," said the young maiden, "I am ready to accompany you. But it is necessary that you retire from my chamber by yourself. Pass out of the gate through which you entered, and from thence to the bank of the river, where you will find several small boats. Await my arrival there. Betray no symptoms of alarm, and give yourself no uneasiness respecting my safety. I will manage all things right."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Escape from Malden—Battle with Indians.

In the course of an hour Philip and his companions were seated on the banks of the river. The night was dark, and the heavens were pouring down their watery treasures. Here they remained nearly an hour before Lily made her appearance. At last their eyes fell upon the outline of a human form moving towards them through the darkness of the night. It was Lily. She had passed the guards in safety, attired in male costume. Noiselessly the little party entered one of the boats, and under the darkness of the night, with much difficulty and no little danger, they moored their vessel on the opposite side of the river. Stepping on shore they began their journey through what is now called Monroe county, Michigan, bordering on the lake. The weather being wet and considerable rain having fallen their march was anything but agreeable. Besides they were in the heart of an enemy's country, and exposed to the incursions of their savage foes. Towards morning they encamped in a dense thicket, almost surrounded by a swamp. This retreat was indeed a secluded one. The weather was damp and somewhat cool, but the young maiden was warmly clad, and thus was comfortable, though under no other roof than the overhanging and interlaced branches of the thicket. In this position they remained till the darkness of night again set in. The heavens as yet were overcast with dark and murky rain clouds, and it was difficult to make much progress under such darkness over swamps and through thickets. It was indeed a perilous undertaking, and no inducements, save that of the maiden's rescue, could have prompted our heroes to such an adventure.

Towards the morning of the third day after the

party had left Fort Malden, they came in sight of the mouth of the Maumee; but here their progress was stopped in consequence of finding no means of crossing the river. Leaving Alfred and Billy to guard the maiden, Philip proceeded cautiously up the river for some distance in search of a canoe. Coming to a small bend of the stream, he discovered to his great joy a single boat tied to its bank. In a moment he was in the boat, and then retraced his steps down the stream, keeping along its shore until he arrived opposite the place where the balance of his party lay. Being assured that no Indians were in hearing, he made his boat fast, and repaired to his companions whom he found anxiously waiting his return. The party then proceeded to the boat, and soon afterwards were landed on the left bank of the river in safety. Thence proceeding along the lake shore until the darkness of the night closed over them, they sought shelter in a small ravine on the banks of a stream emptying into the lake. Here they supposed themselves secure from the attack of savages, and they accordingly built a fire. Their camp was in what is now called Ottawa county, where, as we have already remarked, the first trial of arms in the late war took place.

As our party were sitting around the fire engaged in conversation their attention was aroused by the sound of footsteps, as they supposed, some distance down the ravine. In a moment the fire was extinguished, and the party ready for action.

"Oh, merciful God," whispered Lily with tremulous voice, "we shall be murdered."

"Thee here, Mitheth Lily," whispered Billy, before Philip could answer her, "don't be thcared. By thgemany gothenth, you than't be hurt tho long ath Billy Buntly liveth, and when he intendth to take ith departure he'll let you know."

Philip had also spoken to Lily not to be alarmed, that the Indians would not attack them before morn-

ing, and he felt confident that they could make their escape before daylight.

Secreting the maiden behind a huge tree, secure from danger, the young men arranged themselves in such a manner as to defend themselves to the greatest advantage. There was, indeed, a deep anxiety, but nothing like fear resting in the minds of our little band of heroes. They remained in this position for some time, probably thirty or forty minutes, but could not discover any signs of human life, save themselves. Thinking that they might have been deceived in the noise they had heard, they were about to quit their positions and enter again into conversation, when the sharp crack of a score of rifles rang through that dark and gloomy ravine, and the next moment the death yells of half as many savages rent the air.

"In the name of God, Philip," whispered Alfred, somewhat excited, "what can all this mean?"

'Twas a dark and gloomy night; not one twinkling star peeped through the thickness of that gloom; and strange and bewildering thoughts rose in the minds of our benighted wanderers as they sat in painful anxiety in the perilous ravine.

Again and again rang out upon the night air the sharp cracks of the death dealing rifles, and at every volley the mingled howls of infuriated savages were borne along the gloomy gorge like the wails of demons in caverns of darkness.

The battle was of short duration. One party fled, and were pursued. In a few moments all was silent—no, not silent, for as the shout of victory by the pursuing party gradually died away in the distance, the pitiful moans of one of the combatants who had fallen in the struggle were borne to the ears of our heroes.

"Merciful heavens," whispered the deeply alarmed and trembling maiden, as those pitiful moans became audible to her; "I hear the groans of some poor wretch in the last throes of death. Poor creature! his agony

is most torturing. How much I wish there was no such thing as war."

"Ith only a thavage," said Billy, "and thince he'th been theeking to thuck our blood like a wild beath, let him take what the hand of juthice givth him. Cuth him—he'th not fit to live in thuman thociety, tho let him moan away."

A deep silence had now settled upon the forest. No sounds were heard save the moans of the dying savage.

"Philip," said Alfred, "Billy and myself will steal cautiously upon this moaning savage and learn his condition."

To this proposition Philip offered no objections, as it was evident that the adventure was attended with no apparent danger, since his companions had fled and left him alone to die.

Accordingly Alfred and Billy cautiously made their way to the moaning savage. They advanced within ten steps of him without discovery. Halting among the tops of a fallen tree, they stood for a moment gazing around them, in order to discover if there were any others near him. Finding none, and believing him to be in his dying struggles, they approached him, and found him sitting with his back against a trunk of the tree in the top of which they had halted. On being asked who he was, and how he came in this condition, he replied in broken English:

"Me no friend of white man—me no like him. White man liar—he cheat—no good. Me kill many white man—me sorry me can't kill more. Me soon gone to my fathers—bad Indian shoot me in the dark—me no see him——"

He uttered a few more broken sentences, and then sank in death. All was over with him, and his spirit had fled to its forest home in the spirit land.

Returning to Philip, they communicated his dying words, representing him as a gigantic and powerful

savage, and so far as they could discover in the dark, extremely repulsive and loathsome.

The question which now presented itself was that relating to the cause of the battle. It was evident to our party that they had not been discovered. This was, to all appearance, a most singular occurrence. The attack was sudden and without any previous alarm; and it was evident that the party attacked had no expectation of attack.

While thus meditating over this mysterious occurrence our heroes were once more startled in their camp by the mingled yells of the victors returning to the spot where they had made their onset.

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the frightened Lily, on hearing the yells of the returning savages, "we are lost beyond redemption."

"No, no," said Philip, "you need have no fears of that; these Indians are not hostile to the American cause; otherwise they would not have made such an onslaught upon their red brethren."

"Ah, but," replied Lily, "you can not be certain which of the two parties, if either, are our friends."

"The evidence of the dying savage will determine that point," said Philip. "No, dearest Lily, give yourself no uneasiness about your safety. I am confident all is right."

On reaching the spot where the action took place they struck a light and pitched their tents. Bright blazing fires were seen sending their lights through the dark woods, and the Indians sat in groups around them.

On ascending the side of the hill Philip could distinctly see the camp; and upon examination he thought he recognized one countenance among them which he had seen somewhere before.

"'Tis he," said Philip to himself, "'tis he—yes, I am almost confident 'tis he—I will venture nearer at all events," and so saying, the young man groped his

way through the forest until he came within thirty or forty paces of one of the fires, when to his no little satisfaction he discovered that the familiar countenance was none other than Beaver's. Quietly returning to his companions he communicated his joyful discovery, and the whole mystery disappeared. In a few moments afterwards arrangements were made to enter Beaver's camp, which was accomplished without any difficulty or danger, when they were joyfully received and comfortably entertained; and after partaking of some refreshments, Beaver gave the party a full history of the particulars of his present adventure, which we propose to lay before the reader in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Beaver's Battle with Indians—Death of Kanotche.

Brutus won the world's applause
When his arm bade Caesar perish;
Why not then young Beaver's praise
In our memories fondly cherish.

One dark stormy night, in the month of April, 1813, one Captain William Oliver, in company with a young Kentuckian, left Fort Meigs for Fort Findlay, a distance of about thirty-three miles. It was about nine o'clock when they started on their journey, which, at this period, was considered extremely perilous. They had not proceeded far when they suddenly came in sight of an Indian camp, around the fires of which the savages were busy preparing their suppers. They had approached within disturbing distance of the savages, who, on hearing the noise of horses' hoofs, sprang to their feet and with savage yells attacked them. On hearing their yells they reined their horses into the branches of a fallen tree. The horses, as if conscious of their danger, stood perfectly still. The Indians supposing them to have retreated towards the fort pursued them, passing around the tree without making any discovery of them in the thick darkness. As soon as the Indians had gone some distance, they put spurs to their horses and dashed forward through the woods through which they had passed all the way to their destination, where they arrived safely with the exception of their clothes, which were torn into rags by bushes and brambles. In their rapid flight they received quite a number of contusions against the trees, leaving several marks upon their bodies. They had scarcely made secure their flight into the fort when the Indians also made their appearance, but

they were too late for their prey, and consequently commenced a retreat.

The next day a party of soldiers accompanied the Captain and his companion back to Fort Meigs, when the Captain made known to the officers his night journey through the wilderness.

"The devilish red skins," exclaimed a tall young Indian chief, "me hunt 'em up—me give 'em what white man call 'tiklar h—l." And so saying he called around him his young and fiery warriors, and after addressing them a few moments in his own language, they left the fort amid the cheers of the Americans.

They soon came to the camp at which Captain Oliver had been surprised. The pursuing Indians had returned to this camp the next morning, from which they had proceeded toward the lake down the bank of the Maumee, until they discovered the trail of what they supposed to be a party of whites. This they followed until the shades of night closed around them, and they halted for the purpose of encamping until morning. In descending the ravine in which Philip and his company had made their camp they were surprised to find it already occupied, but the fire being immediately extinguished they could not exactly say whether the party were whites or Indians, a fact they wished verified before making the attack. Coming to a halt on the brow of one of the banks of the ravine, they lay down flat upon the ground, awaiting the result of their observation.

As the Indians lay in this position, Beaver and his party, who had been in close pursuit, advanced upon them, arranging his men in the most favorable position and commanded to make sure of their prey.

At the signal of their commander the deep silence of the wilderness was broken by the sharp reports of the death-dealing rifles ringing through the dark forest; and the mingled yells of nearly three score of savages rose above the din of battle.

The prostrate Indians were perfectly panic stricken. Those who survived the onset sprang to their feet and bounded down the bank of the ravine, endeavoring to make their escape as best they could through the deep darkness of the night.

Beaver and his warriors pursued them down the ravine for some distance, but losing sight of them after following them several miles, returned to the place where the attack had been made. On their return Philip recognized the noble hearted chief, to whom he made himself known, and under whose protection he placed himself and little party until morning.

Philip related to young Beaver his adventures since he had seen him, and gave him the full particulars of affairs at Malden. The young chief seemed much interested, and applauded our hero very highly.

Beaver was much struck with the appearance of Lily, bestowing upon her many complimentary considerations.

The hour of midnight had flown before our heroes closed their eyes in sleep. The evening had passed away most pleasantly, and the hours seemed but moments. Philip and his companions had not enjoyed much rest for some nights previous, and they signalized their wish to retire. Accordingly they lay down upon their blankets under cover of a tent, before a blazing fire, and slept soundly until morning.

As the light of day broke in upon the forest the Indians were astir, and after plundering the dead of their arms and clothing, they started for the cave of Captain Pipe, in company with Philip and his companions.

Before leaving the camp Philip informed Beaver of the conversation which Alfred had held with a dying Indian after the battle. Whereupon Beaver had his body brought into the camp for burial.

Lily and Philip on beholding him were no little astonished to find him to be no other than the repulsive and bloody Kanotche, the murderer of Kate Seymour.

"Great God!" exclaimed Lily, "this is the same Indian who tore me away from my devoted father—this is the merciless and unfeeling Kanotche. My prayer is answered—the curse of Heaven has fallen upon him, and he has met his fate in a moment least expected. Poor fellow!" said she, "after all I cannot help pitying him."

"Pity the devil!" said Billy. "Ith a pity he hadn't thucked himself to death thortly after he came to life on the thage of action."

For a few moments Philip and Lily stood gazing upon the lifeless remains of this bloody savage, while thoughts of other days rose fresh in their memories. Before them lay the murderer of Kate and the abductor of Lily, but the arm which had struck the fatal blow was now paralyzed by the hand of death.

Philip on first beholding the wretch had his feelings wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, and could scarcely refrain from hewing his body to pieces; but sober reflections taught him that such an act would not satisfy the demands of vengeance. After hastily depositing him with his dead companions, the party left the camp and proceeded to the cave of Captain Pipe, where they arrived a little after nightfall. Beaver and his warriors had accompanied them within a few miles of their destination, and then retraced their steps to Harrison's headquarters.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Captain Pipe Meets with His Daughter—Expected Attack of the British.

"Kind Heaven, whose power no being can control,
Hath sent her back to cheer the chieftain's soul."

The pleasure and happiness which Captain Pipe experienced at the meeting of his daughter cannot be described.

We admire the sentiment expressed by the poetic Dryden, in one of his celebrated odes, when he says—

"Sweet is pleasure after pain."

This sentiment the reader has, no doubt, often experienced. In most instances the pleasure we receive, after undergoing days, months or years of painful anxieties, is heightened by contrast with the past. We look back on the past, and remember its struggles—the difficulties, privations and sorrows with which we had to contend; and contrasting them with our emancipation from them, we realize an extent of pleasure beyond our most sanguine expectations.

Earth with its grand and magnificent scenery was reduced from chaos and darkness; and gold which exhibits the most dazzling lustre is first tortured into purity by the action of fire. When the desolating energies of the hurricane have passed over our heads, a tranquil calm soothes our fears; and sunshine bright and gladdening breaks over the earth, as the dark cloud passes away.

That "sweet is pleasure after pain," was fully realized by Captain Pipe, as his lost and deeply mourned daughter entered his lonely cavern.

Springing into the arms of her father, she clasped him around the neck, and sobbed aloud. Her young

heart was too full to speak, and the old man wept like a child.

"My devoted father," exclaimed Lily, as soon as she could give utterance to her language, "I have long coveted this happiness. God has heard my prayers, and oh! bless His holy name, He has spared my life once more to behold the guardian and protector of my childhood. Oh, father! father! God bless my poor old father!"

She could say no more, and hanging upon the old chieftain's neck, she wept tears of joy.

"Onishisha," exclaimed the old man, after his emotion was somewhat subsided, "this is the happiest moment of my life. I feel that the Great Spirit has answered my prayers. You have been ruthlessly torn from my protection and exposed to the insults and wicked designs of unfeeling villains. For many days I have been the subject of sorrow and affliction. Dreary and disconsolate weeks and months have passed over my head since last I saw you. Often and often in my solitary moments, when sorrow bowed my spirit down, I have offered up to Heaven a parent's prayer in your behalf, and although a mysterious gloom hung over your destiny, I have felt that we would meet again. We met; yes, thank Heaven, my weary eyes, though dimmed with age, have once more rested upon her to whom I am bound by the strong ties of parental affection."

During this affecting colloquy, Philip and his companions had remained silent; but their feelings were in harmony with the old man and his affectionate daughter. The interview was of the most tender nature, and the young men, though silent, wept like children.

The Captain then turned to the hunters, and thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen, to you I am indebted for the heartfelt happiness I this moment experience. You have

brought to my soul a world of joy in returning to me this dear creature. It is not in my power to reward you pecuniarily for this great service. Gold and silver possess no merits to requite this act of kindness. The wealth of the world is but a poor remuneration; and I cannot estimate this act of humanity, only by the standard of eternal happiness, which I pray the Great Spirit to confer upon you all. You have encountered and triumphed over the thousand difficulties and perils which beset the lives of pioneers—others would have grown weary and discouraged and abandoned the enterprise as hopeless and reckless. But in you I find all the elements necessary for carrying out any undertaking, however seemingly impracticable. And here permit me to say to you, that this act of kindness shall have its reward.”

“Captain,” exclaimed Philip, “I thank you most affectionately for the distinguished consideration with which you so generously regard my companions and myself. You speak of remuneration. Sir, I am already remunerated. I have been fully compensated for all the difficulties and dangers through which I have passed in performing this duty. The gratification arising from the knowledge of having rendered his fellow-man a service when he most stands in need of it, is a better remuneration than all the riches of the world. With you, sir, I, too, can rejoice, and with you, too, I can weep.”

“Venerable sir,” said Alfred, “I am happy to express my thanks to you for your favorable opinion of myself. This distinguished consideration is duly appreciated; and here permit me to assure you that in addition to what little I have already done to secure the happiness of you and your daughter, I am willing to go upon any errand of mercy or humanity you may be pleased to send me.”

“Thee here, Mr. Alf., by the mother of Motheth, and that hainth thaying anything bad about the gallth,

I'll go with you—even tho' far ath to the thouth gat
of the bottomleth pit, or thuch an errand."

During the conversation Lily had been seated by
the side of her father, now and then wiping the tear
from her eyes, as she listened to expressions of the
wish for her happiness manifested by her deliverers.

Philip's mind as he lay down to rest dwelt upon the
young maiden; and strange thoughts were passing
through the mind of Alfred Bradley, whose memory
pictured his early home and friends. Where was he
now? In the heart of a dreary wilderness, far from
the land of his nativity. How strange the tide of life
—how full of change and wonderful events. He had
been thrown upon life's current without a knowledge
of where his fortune would lead—he was now in the
wild woods, and at that moment was reposing, not
upon some soft and downy bed, in some gorgeous
palace, but in the dark caverns of cold earth among
savages.

Among Alfred's thoughts, it must be confessed,
were those of the young woman whose personal
charms had made so deep an impression on his mind
—not an impression of connubial love; such thoughts
had not entered his mind. His was the affection
which a true and generous mind bears toward an ob-
ject of real and commanding merit.

"Heavens!" said he to himself, "she is lovely, grace-
ful and enchanting. She is worthy of companionship
among angels. No wonder Philip has periled his life
in her rescue—I myself would risk ten thousand such
lives as mine to snatch hers from the hands of savage
lords. How much her countenance resembles little
Anna's—poor child—no doubt she's passed, long
since, into the company of my devoted mother."

As we have said, strange thoughts filled his mind
—his feelings were unaccountably strange—he had
heard and read of brothers meeting brothers, and
sisters meeting sisters, when least expected.

Could she be his long lost sister? Impossible; no, not impossible—but doubtful in the extreme; and even if she were, how could that fact now be made known. There could now be no reliable evidence of the fact, and he abandoned the idea as preposterous, and settling his thoughts his consciousness was soon shrouded in dreamless slumber.

Morning dawned, and our little party were astir. A consultation was held in which it was agreed that Philip and his companions would immediately repair to the headquarters of General Harrison and fight for their country. Before starting Philip took from his pocket a finger ring, and putting it upon the hand of Lily, bade her wear it in memory of the past. Lily recognized the ring, and burst into tears as that memorable time when it was bestowed upon the ill-fated Kate came fresh to her mind.

In due time Philip reached the garrison, where he found Harrison making preparations for the expected attack of the British on the fort.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Attack on Ft. Meigs—Massacre of Col. Dudley's Company.

Gleam the red tomahawks on every side
Then fly the cloven brains, and rolls the purple tide,
And savage yells on every hand resound,
While dead and dying strew the forest round.

Leaving the young woman in the protection of her father in the cavern, we shall in this chapter follow the adventures of our heroes after their arrival at Fort Meigs.

Philip had been made acquainted through Lily of Proctor's design to lay siege to this fort and he wished to throw in his mite in its defense; and with this consideration uppermost in his heart he left the idol of his soul for the seat of war.

As a matter of history we would here state that a few days previous to the departure of the British and Indian forces for Fort Meigs, General Proctor held a conference with Tecumseh at his quarters, in which arrangements were made for the proposed attack.

"Tecumseh," said Proctor, "the bravery of your warriors, as exhibited in the defeat of General Winchester, on the river Raisin, has been highly applauded by the loyal subjects of the King, your father; and for your valuable services he will richly reward you by driving the white rebels off your lands and restoring them to you. It is now our intention to storm Fort Meigs, the headquarters of General Harrison, and in this undertaking your services are indispensably necessary. You have about one thousand warriors under your command, which you will place in such positions as are best adapted to their mode of fighting; and bid them to remember that the standing orders of the siege are 'no quarter to the d—n rebels.'"

"Sir," replied the noble chief, "I lift up my hatchet only to save the lives of my people and protect my country; and under this consideration I am ready to follow you to battle."

"Well," said Proctor, "it is for you alone that the King has sent his subjects here. They come to help you regain your lands from these plundering white rebels."

In the course of ten or twelve days after this conversation one afternoon as the forces of General Harrison were gathered on parade before the camp, Bunty Billy came running up to one of the officers, exclaiming:

"Thee here, mither officer," pointing his finger towards two strangers on the opposite side of the river, "thee, there's two thuthpithious looking fellowth standing on the other side of the river; can't you give 'em a thuitable invitation to pay you a nearer vithet?"

"Certainly, my little man," said the officer; and turning to his men, bade them clear the battery. Forthwith the engine was pointed towards them, and the next moment the earth was seen flying about in all directions.

"By the beard of Mahomet!" exclaimed the officer, "that was an admirable shot. See! the rascals are off like a hurricane—straight for Canada."

Happy it would have been for many a gallant hero had that missile brought death to those two chieftains, who were none others than Proctor and Tecumseh.

Some time after dark of the same night three men entered Fort Meigs with the startling intelligence that a large body of British and Indians had landed on the hill on the north side of the river and were busily erecting batteries preparatory to an attack the next morning.

Morning came revealing the army of Proctor and Tecumseh on a commanding eminence on the opposite side of the river; the main part being stationed at the old English fort some distance below.

On one bank of that turbid stream were stationed the haughty legions of Proctor and his bloody allies, the merciless Indians; on the other were the gallant Harrison and his hardy pioneers.

'Twas morning—a lovely May morning. The golden sun was wheeling up his chariot of light above the tinted horizon. The mingled melodies of the woodland minstrels were floating upon the soft and balmy morning air, filling the forest with the most enchanting strain, little dreaming of the horrible storm of war then gathering in deadly gloom over that garden vale of the Maumee.

Hark, 'tis the tramp of war—the cannon's mighty roar. The siege has now commenced; and cannon answers the booming cannon's roar, while the firm solid earth trembles under the mighty shocks for three successive days.

"General, see!" exclaimed one of the officers, "the Indians have crossed the river and are ascending the trees upon the brow of yonder hill."

At this moment a message was received from Proctor requesting the surrender of the fort. General Harrison told the messenger to tell Colonel Proctor to come and take it; but to be sure and bring a sufficient force to accomplish the task. On receiving Harrison's reply the cannonading again commenced. Observing a burning missile falling near the powder magazine, he asked his soldiers if they would volunteer to remove the powder to a small blockhouse and cover it with dirt. This was a dangerous operation, and was undertaken with some degree of reluctance by the soldiers. The enemy comprehended the movement, and began to direct their hot shot upon the

workmen, which sent many a poor fellow to his last resting place.

In this undertaking were found the three heroes of our tale. The workmen had not been long engaged in this operation, when there came whizzing from the enemy's battery a messenger of death, which, passing the head of Buntty Billy, took off the head of a workman by his side.

"Thath one head leth," said Billy." "By ginth, ther'e tharp thooterth," and so saying he plied his spade with more haste. "Come, gentlemen," continued he, "let uth get the butheneth done ath thpeedy ath pothible—ith no foolth job to——"

But before he could finish his sentence a bomb came whirling through the air, and falling, lodged in one of the braces, spinning around for a moment. Every soldier, with the exception of Billy, fell prostrate on his face, waiting the horrid explosion which they supposed would terminate their suffering.

"There'th thomething about thith ball," said Billy, "thath not the thimon pure. He don't feel inclined to burtht no how, and he ith thomewhat thlow in hith movement. I'll just take out hith nozzle and give him thome freth air," and so saying, Billy seized a boat hook, and pulling the hissing missile to the ground, jerked out the smoking match from its socket, to the no small astonishment and infinite delight of his companions. On examination the shell was found to be filled with inflammable matter, which once ignited would have wrapped the whole building in one sheet of lurid flame. This circumstance, it is said, lent wings to their shovels, and with the loss of some of their companions the work was soon completed.

On the night of the 4th of May, about twelve o'clock a messenger arrived at Fort Meigs bringing the welcome intelligence of the near arrival of General Clay, with his brave Kentuckians—that he was within two

hours' march of the fort. Harrison had been daily expecting him, and on receiving this intelligence sent orders for him to land eight hundred of his men on the right bank, take possession of and spike the cannon, and then immediately return to their boats and cross the river and seek protection in the fort. The remainder of his forces were to land on the bank and fight their way to the fort, while sorties were to be made from the garrison in aid of this operation. Colonel Dudley being eldest in command, led the van. He effected the landing of his men without difficulty, and executed the orders of his General, after which he called upon his men to fly to the boats; but they disobeyed his orders, and sent up a shout of triumph and permitted themselves to be drawn into ambush by the Indians.

General Harrison and some of his officers were standing upon the grand battery, and seeing the danger into which the infatuated soldiers of Col. Dudley were plunging themselves, beckoned them to return; but the soldiers, supposing them to be returning to cheer, reiterated their shouts of triumph. Harrison seeing their reckless infatuation, cried out in tones of deepest anguish:

"They are lost! they are lost! A thousand dollars to any man who will cross that river and inform Col. Dudley of his danger."

This was attempted, but before the gallant young men had reached the middle of the river, the British and Indians had cut off their retreat, and the work of death had commenced. They now saw their hopeless condition. The red hounds came pouring round the terror stricken soldiers in overwhelming numbers, while their shouts and yells rent the forest with the most appalling din.

The battle now commenced in earnest, and hand to hand and face to face they fought and fell. The Americans were defeated and surrendered them-

selves prisoners of war. As their arms were taken from them, the mingled yells of that wood full of savages rose high above the cannon's roar, echoing through the wilderness like the dismal shout of ten thousand devils in the gloomy caverns of perdition. They were lost!

The prisoners were given up to the tender mercies of the savages, who after conducting them to the old garrison commenced the work of butchery under the eyes of the loathsome and detestable Proctor. The work of death had commenced, and the red current of life was soon flowing from the bodies of the mangled wretches.

While this was going on a raging, thundering voice was heard in the distance, and the next moment a bold and graceful chief reined his fiery steed in their midst and dismounted near where two of his brethren were in the act of murdering a prisoner. He seized one by the throat, and the other by the breast, and with one powerful effort threw them to the ground. Then drawing his tomahawk and scalping knife he ran between the prisoners and the Indians with the fury of a madman and dared any of the hundreds that surrounded him to attempt to murder another white prisoner. Then turning round he exclaimed:

"Where is General Proctor?"

Proctor, who was standing at a short distance off conversing with an Indian chief, exclaimed in a cowardly tone:

"Here I am."

"Then, sir," replied the distinguished chief, "why don't you stop this inhuman butchery?"

"Sir," replied this coward, "your Indians cannot be controlled."

"Begone, then, from my sight," retorted the noble-hearted savage; "you are not fit to command—go and put on petticoats."

This cutting reproof stung Proctor to the heart. He bit his lip with rage, but had not the manhood to reply, and returning to his savage companion renewed the conversation.

“Captain Montour,” said Proctor, “I shall look for you at your post at the appointed time.”

The Indian bowed his assent, and the next moment putting spurs to his horse, he dashed off rapidly towards Fort Malden.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Captain Montour Surprised at Lily's Escape—Another Attack on Ft. Meigs.

He sought in vain the maiden fair—
His prize had gone—he knew not where.

Captain Montour, mentioned in the last chapter, was originally from Black Fork, in Richland county. He belonged to the Delawares at Greentown. This Indian was highly intellectual, and had graduated at Cannonsburgh college. He was a sharp, shrewd villain. On being made acquainted with the history of his race he found that they had been greatly imposed upon by the whites. This knowledge embittered him against the whites, and he only waited an opportunity to direct his influence against them. The opportunity was offered in the last war with England. Some time during the year 1811 Tecumseh paid him a visit at Greentown, and with the promise of being promoted to office he secured his services. Montour sought an interview with Captain Pipe, in hope of securing his influence on the side of Tecumseh; but the Captain treated his proposal with contempt, alleging as his reason for so doing the consideration of the fact that he had signed the treaty of Greenville in 1795, at which time he had pledged his honor that he would forever afterwards maintain his integrity.

This enraged the haughty chief and he vowed vengeance. Hitherto Montour had been on terms of friendship with Captain Pipe, and had endeavored to insinuate himself into the favor and esteem of his daughter Onishisha.

Montour was a handsome and intelligent Indian, and Lily had shown him some respect, but entertained no sentiments of love for him, and on his attempt to dissuade the mind of her parent from integ-

rity, she became highly incensed against him and abruptly left his company. Shortly afterwards Montour left Black Fork, and threw himself under the protection of the British government, in Canada, where he received the commission of captain.

As soon as the war broke out this perfidious villain sought every opportunity to wreak his vengeance upon Captain Pipe, who had, as he conceived, offered him a base insult. To attempt to take the life of the Captain he knew would not do, as it would call down upon him the vengeance of many, who, though opposed to the American cause, were nevertheless his firm friends.

He had sought the hand of Lily, but she had indignantly refused him; and he determined to wrest her from her father by force. For this purpose he engaged the service of the bloody Kanotche, and some others. Kanotche was instructed to watch the movements of Captain Pipe and communicate the same to Montour. Accordingly, as soon as Kanotche learned that Captain Pipe had determined to remove to Cleveland he sent Montour the intelligence, requesting him to meet him on the bank of the lake near Cleveland.

Kanotche and his accomplices followed the Captain and his daughter to Cleveland, and on the following evening found Lily alone as she was seated upon the bank of Lake Erie, and approaching her, seized her in his arms and bore her off to Montour, who, having all things in readiness, hastened away with her to Malden, where she was found by Philip and his friends. Kanotche with his companions immediately returned to Black Fork in order to elude suspicion, where we found him engaged afterwards in the outrages committed in that region.

On their arrival at Fort Malden, after the siege of Fort Meigs, Montour was no little surprised on finding that his intended victim had escaped. He made strict inquiry as to her disappearance, but could gain

no information respecting her elopement, and almost came to the conclusion that some invisible agent had aided her in escaping, as she had repeatedly told him that unseen guardians were daily attending her footsteps, and that the Great Spirit to whom she had committed her being would some day visit him and all the others concerned in her abduction with condign punishment.

Montour spent the greater part of the day in searching for information respecting Lily, but all to no purpose. At length he thought of the three prisoners who a few weeks previous had been taken into the garrison, and on inquiry found that they, too, were among the missing. He further ascertained that two female Indians had passed by these prisoners as they were seated on the shore of the stream, but could not ascertain their names.

Taking these things into consideration the disappointed and outwitted chief rightly inferred that they had been sent in search of the girl, and had carried their scheme into successful operation.

Montour finding that he had been outwitted by the whites became more deeply exasperated, and swearing vengeance upon every white man, he again crossed the river, and at the appointed time called upon General Proctor and informed him of what had transpired in the fort since they had left, and signified his willingness to hazard his life in any enterprise which promised the destruction of every American rebel.

"Well," said Proctor, "I have concluded to renew the siege of Fort Meigs. Calm and deliberate consideration has induced me to believe that a second attempt will be successful."

On calling a council of war it was agreed not to commence the attack again until they had collected a sufficient force to take the fort by storm. But before retreating to Malden, Proctor made another demand on General Harrison to surrender. Harrison

admonished the cowardly butcher not to repeat it, upon which Proctor withdrew his forces to Malden, and after remaining there a few days returned and on the 22d of May made another attack, but met with no better success than before, and again retreated in confusion, covered with disgrace, to his headquarters, where he meditated an attack upon Fort Stephenson, on the Sandusky.

In a few days after the second siege of Fort Meigs Philip and his companions paid another visit to the cave of Captain Pipe for the purpose of persuading him to leave the cavern and take refuge in Fort Meigs. But the Captain declined, and gave as his reason the uncertainty of war, and in case of surrender or capture, his daughter would meet with no mercy from the hands of her savage foes. He felt entire safety where he was, as the cavern was unknown.

"But go," said he, "fight for and defend your brethren, and should you fall in defending them, your death will be the more glorious."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed his daughter with tears in her eyes, "he must not die."

"My God, mitheth Lily," said Billy, "don't think of the liketh; you couldn't kill mathter Philip, no how. If he wath to be thot, he wouldn't thay that way long enough to thay away from you ten minuth. Darn his picturth, if he would."

"Pshaw, Billy," replied Alfred, "you're jesting; Philip's visits here are on business relating exclusively to the father."

"Mebby tho," said Billy; "well, if thath the cathe, I do athure you, it muth be moth thunderen urgent, for when he tharth to come, he putteth ahead like a thunder gutht."

At this juncture Alfred gave vent to his feelings in a paroxysm of hearty laughter.

"Come, come Billy," said Philip, "none of your nonsense; you're getting overly romantic since you made

your last will and testament to your fair victress on the arena at the village of Wapakonetta.”

As soon as Philip had finished his reply to Billy, he proceeded to give the old man and his daughter an account of the siege and affairs at Fort Meigs, and after remaining a day or two with the chieftain, again set out for the fort for the purpose of securing a position in the army in which he might be the most serviceable to his country.

A few days previous to the attack upon Fort Stephenson, Philip and his companions set out on a reconnoitering expedition with the intention of visiting Major Croghan at that place. The young men directed their steps toward the lake shore, about twenty miles from the fort, but owing to the numerous swamps and the darkness of the night they missed their way, and wandering in the woods suddenly came upon a party of Indians seated around their campfire, apparently in the greatest glee, making merry over their meal. There were three of them.* Getting within shooting distance, they fired, and the next moment the savages were writhing in the throes of death.

*One of these was named Sacamanac. Billy recognized him, having seen him with two others enter the village, with several white scalps, into which Billy had been taken prisoner. Thus perished another of the Richland county scourges.

CHAPTER XL.

Gen. Harrison Invades Canada—Death of Tecumseh.

While clouds of sulphur compass them round,
The dead and dying strew the gory ground;
The day is lost, some in confusion fly,
Some stand their ground, and resolutely die.

September the tenth, 1813, is a day ever memorable in the annals of American history. Two hostile armies were stationed on the opposite shores of the lake awaiting the result of the battle in dreadful suspense. It was fought midway between those two armies, on Lake Erie, a few miles distant from the Ottawa line, between Commodore Perry, commander of the American fleet, and Commodore Barclay of the British fleet.

At fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock the sound of the war bugle was heard stealing over the waters of that tranquil lake, from the Detroit, the enemy's headmost ship, and the next moment loud and deafening cheers from all the crews rose in mid air, followed by the more appalling cannon's roar. The battle had commenced, and for three dreadful hours were the waters of that beautiful lake shaken by the storm of battle. 'Tis over. The Americans are victorious, and the thunders of the battle are hushed, save the dying moans of the mangled warriors strewn upon the decks.

'Twas four o'clock when the gallant Perry folded a piece of paper and placed it into the hands of a messenger, who, leaving the scene of bloodshed, sped his way to General Harrison and placed in his hands the message. Hastily tearing it open the General read aloud, while a breathless anxiety rested on the minds of his officers and soldiers :

GENERAL HARRISON—Sir: We have met the enemy and they are ours.
O. H. PERRY.

On hearing the welcome intelligence, one long and loud shout of "long live the gallant Perry," rose high above the forest around Fort Meigs.

This brilliant victory inspired the American General with the most sanguine expectations of the full completion of all the contemplated objects of the expedition, and he accordingly made preparations to strike the decisive blow by invading Canada.

The most energetic preparations were put in operation, and on the morning of September 27th the whole army, artillery, military stores, provisions and troops were ready for embarkation. Before starting General Harrison addressed his army:

"Fellow soldiers," said he, "there is a future in the tide of war, when conducted in the light of self-defense. Our soil has been invaded by His Majesty's soldiers. They have, in numerous instances, despoiled the homes of our brethren and murdered our defenseless citizens, plundering and despoiling them of their homes and property. These outrages must be avenged. Remember the river Raisin, but remember it only whilst victory is suspended. The revenge of a soldier cannot be gratified on a fallen enemy."

Towards sundown of the same day, on the site of Malden, which they found in ruins, the army had landed in high spirits; but the enemy had abandoned their stronghold and retreated to Sandwich, after dismantling Malden, burning the barracks and navy yard, and stripping the adjacent country of horses and cattle.

As Philip once more stood upon the site of Malden, the recollection of Lily came fresh into his mind. How different the scene now. When here before it presented a busy aspect of active life, where groups of British and Indians were seen engaged in mirth and sport. Here, too, his eyes first rested upon Lily after a long and painful absence—here on this field of

ruins, even where he now stands, he had experienced emotions of happiness inexpressibly exquisite.

But now Lily was secure in the care of her father, while her captors and enemies were flying fugitives. Proctor and Tecumseh, and their petty minion, Montour, with his cowardly fellows, were retreating up the Thames before their pursuers.

The troops of Harrison had advanced within three miles of the Moravian town, within one mile of the enemy.

On the fifth the enemy was discovered in a skillfully chosen position. A narrow strip of dry land flanked by the river Thames lay on their left, and a swamp on their right. This position was occupied by the regular infantry and artillery, while on the right flank lay Tecumseh and his followers, on the eastern margin of the swamp. The position was the most judicious and advantageous; but Proctor, through error, had formed his infantry in open order. Harrison immediately discovered the blunder, and directed Colonel Johnson to dash through the enemy's line in column, knowing that the troops disposed in such order as Proctor had made, could not resist the charge of mounted men.

At the command of their gallant leader the cavalry began the charge.

Behold with what impetuosity they rush upon the charging squadrons—even up to the cannon's mouth, and the flashing musketry, blazing forth their fires of death. The melee of horses and riders mingled with the roar of artillery, and the shouts of infuriated combatants rushing upon each other, changed that hitherto silent forest into a scene of excitement, daring and horror, that made many a heart turn cold. Next came the dead and wounded, whose pitiful groans revealed a world of woe in their dying agonies.

The movement was successful, and that firm, solid earth-rooted line was broken, and heaps of mangled

human flesh lay strewn upon the earth. To the left the contest raged with most desperate and appalling severity.

The exasperated savages stood, unwilling to yield the ground, while the cowardly Proctor fled the field leaving Tecumseh and his warriors unprotected. They seemed determined to conquer or die. Brave fellows! there they stood, animated by their gallant leader, pouring death and destruction upon their white assailants, while around them living men fell at every discharge. Tecumseh's voice rose above the din of battle animating his men to stand their ground. His warriors were falling around him, and he saw the tide of battle rolling against him.

"To the woods—to the woods," shouted their brave and daring leader, and the next moment the Indians were flying across the hills to seek shelter in a piece of woods on the left, followed by the Americans. Here Tecumseh made one more desperate effort. A considerable body of Indians had collected around him and the struggle became desperate, and for a few moments the victory seemed doubtful.

Again were seen flaunting banners and gaudy plumes waving and tossing in the air, while the rattle of drums and shouts of war mingled with the roar of musketry; and above the heads of the exasperated belligerents rose dense volumes of black, sulphurous smoke curling in heavy festoons among the trees. The contest grew warmer still, and for a moment the field seems to be lost. But no! Behold yonder moving cloud of advancing warriors, on which the weary eyes of Tecumseh gaze with the most intense interest.

"Indians, Indians," shouted the brave and excited Colonel. "Steady, men, steady—all now depends upon your valor."

Onward came the advancing band with the speed of the rushing tempest, and in a few moments another voice rent the air, exclaiming:

"'Tis the gallant Beaver. Courage, men, he to join our ranks," and ere the shout of joy had away the gallant chief threw himself into the battle with the ocean's mighty surge.

Tecumseh saw his fate, and calling upon his warriors, bade them stand and die with their backs towards their enemy rather than desert the field, and in the act of animating his followers a bullet pierced his body and he fell to rise no more. The Indians no longer hearing his voice fled the field in confusion.

The contest is ended and the field is left in possession of the victorious Americans. The battle is over and the two armies have parted to meet no more.



TECUMSEH.

CHAPTER XLI.

Death of Captain Montour—Philip Visits Captain Pipe.

But merciful heavens! What a soul sickening picture lay before the victors. All around are piles of mangled human beings—some dead and some dying, while the ground, strewn with the implements of war, is drinking the warm current of life.

Philip and his companions had been in the heat of the battle, and strange to tell, had escaped unhurt.

Gazing upon the mangled bodies of friends and foes as they lay in promiscuous piles, besmeared with blood and powder, a sickening sensation came over the soul of the tender-hearted Alfred, and he wept.

“Philip,” said he, as they sat side by side, in company with Billy, “war is undoubtedly a most heart-rending scourge—its effects are lamentable, and pernicious beyond all human calculation. If we follow its course through all the ages of the world, we shall find its prime object to have been the elevation of military chieftains into notoriety over the destruction of the human family. Look at the mad expedition of Xerxes against the Grecians—the ambition of Alexander and his successors—the bloody contests between Rome and Carthage, called the Punic wars—the mad expeditions of Caesar and Pompey—the heartrending scenes of human suffering produced throughout Asia and Africa by Mahomet, and the ferocious butcheries of the Christian nations by the Turks. I say, when we call to mind all these, with the many horrible and bloody butcheries of modern times, in which innumerable cities, towns and villages have been laid waste, provinces and empires overturned, and misery and suffering entailed upon countless thousands of the human race, we must un-

equivocally pronounce war the most appalling scourge that can befall any people or nation."

"Alfred," replied Philip, "I am fully persuaded of the truth of your remarks. But wars and rumors of wars will exist, be they right or wrong, as long as the principle of wrong remains in the human heart. With you I have often deplored this mammoth evil. But you or I cannot remedy it. We find it existing and attempting the destruction of our rights, and true to the instinct of self-preservation we are prompted to defend our privileges."

"Thee here, gentlemen," said Billy, who had listened very attentively to the dissertation of Alfred and Philip, "thee here, let me speak my thentiments of thith important question. I am for war, blatht me if I ain't, and thereth no uthe of denying the fact. I came here for the purpotheth of fighting, and hang me for a traitor if I don't carry out my principleth to all intenth and purpotheth. I'll fight everything that theth me mad except a woman and a thkunk, and blatht my buttoth if I'll run mor'n a mile for theth two animath."

"Billy's a trump," replied Philip. "He hates any act that would render either his moral or physical nature obnoxious to society."

"I underthand yer," replied Billy, "and would thay that I'm obliged to yer for the compliment."

The young men, who had been seated upon the trunk of a tree, arose, and passing some distance along the woods suddenly came upon the body of a wounded Indian. He had fallen wounded in the action, and dragging himself a short distance, rolled himself into a depression of earth made by the upheaval of a tree. Here lay the poor fellow, suffering from several flesh wounds. On seeing our heroes he cast upon them a pitiful look, and thus addressed them in good plain English:

"Gentlemen, I am dying. My span of life is at its close. This beautiful world will soon be hid from me forever. I have fallen in fighting for the plundered and despoiled rights of the red man. I am an Indian by birth and an Indian in feeling.

"In the early settlement of this country by the whites the red man saw not what was to befall his race, and he permitted him to settle among us. We called him brother. But our fathers have been deceived; and we have been treated worse than the brute creation. The earth was our mother and upon her lap we reposed; rude wigwams sheltered us, and satisfying our hunger and thirst we lay down and slept without fear or molestation, in our forest homes. In those homes our fathers were happy. But the avaricious disposition of the white man envied us our happiness, and sought our destruction. We have been driven from river to river, and from land to land, and to-day you have followed us into this wild forest with your weapons of death, one of which has made me what you now see; but I am fast sinking away—my sun is nearly set—you will return to your homes—to your friends and relations—I shall go to the earth from whence I came. One word with you before I leave.

"On the Black Fork of Mohican lived the noted Captain Pipe, once my particular friend. He has a beautiful daughter and I loved her. She refused my hand and I managed to steal her from her father. Again I proffered her my hand, but she scornfully refused it. I threatened her with violence, but she defied all my threats and called upon the curses of heaven to rest upon me. That prayer was like a poisonous shaft sunken into my heart, and for a moment I trembled under her solemn denunciation and indignant frown. Finding I could not gain her consent to wed me, I left her presence, hoping to conquer her at another period. On returning I found her

gone. This enraged me, and reckless of consequences I threw myself into battle, determined to glut my vengeance on the white race, from whom her father and herself had sought protection.

“Perhaps you may chance to see her or her father—nay, I would say, you would confer upon your dying enemy one favor, though undeserving of it, by sending to him who is now in Cleveland, if yet living, my dying request for him and his insulted daughter to pardon me. This act alone is all that now troubles me. In fighting you and your race I have done my duty, but in tearing the young woman from the protection of her aged father to whom she is bound by the closest ties of affection, I have outraged the principles of a gentleman.”

Philip was much moved by this confession of Montour, for 'twas he who spoke, and taking his hand, he raised him off the ground in order that he might gather some leaves under his body and head. Then addressing him in the language of tenderness, he said:

“Sir, you shall die with knowledge of being pardoned. I am acquainted with Captain Pipe and his daughter. My name is Seymour, and my residence formerly was on the Black Fork, near Greentown, where my father's family were all murdered, save myself, by your brethren. Like you I vowed revenge—have sought and obtained it, and have the satisfaction of knowing that their murderers met their just reward. Like you, sir, I have thrown myself into the midst of danger and excitement, almost regardless of consequences.

“I, sir, am one of the deliverers of that young woman of whom you speak, and these are my companions in the undertaking. We have traversed the forests of Ohio in all directions in search of her. We found her in the garrison of Malden, and she is now happy under the protection of her father. And now,

sir, I want you to understand that you are forgiven. I speak what I know, and if Onishisha were here she would lay her hand upon your dying head and say to you, as her Divine Master said to His murderers, 'Father, forgive him,' for Onishisha is a Christian."

"'Tis enough," said the dying Indian, "my breath grows short—it comes heavily on—darkness is gathering around me—my eyes are growing dim—the objects of earth are receding from my sight—I am going—farew——"

"It's all over with him," said Philip, whose eyes were dimmed with tears. "Poor fellow! he's gone to join the company of his gallant comrades and his noble-hearted commander, who this day have bade their forest homes adieu forever."

"Poor fellow," said Alfred, whose heart during this melancholy interview was deeply touched by the Indian's melting pathos. "Poor fellow!" repeated he, "after all I cannot help mourning his untimely fate. What a noble looking young warrior—so much unlike his brethren. His language, how beautiful, and his enunciation, even under the pangs of death, how soft and clear. But his days on earth are numbered, and his spirit has gone to seek its rest."

"Beyond the cloud-capped heavens,
In verdant groves or winding vales,
Or grassy plain—the red man's
Happy hunting ground."

"Well, well," said Billy, who during this sorrowful scene had sat a silent spectator, and in whose bosom also the fires of compassion had been kindled—"I cannot but feel thorry, too. After all I think you did right in thepeaking kindly to this Inthun."

"Yes, Billy," said Alfred, "we must always remember the language of our great commander, Harrison, 'that the revenge of a soldier cannot be gratified on a fallen enemy.' Acts of kindness, under such circum-

stances, are the noblest revenge, as they leave no unpleasant feelings behind them."

Thus ended the conversation, and the young heroes again joined the soldiers in the camp where the officers were making preparations to bury the dead.

The day after the battle the American troops took possession of the Moravian towns, where they found large quantities of such provisions as they stood in need of.

Among the trophies of this battle were six brass field pieces, surrendered by Hull, on two of which was the motto: "Surrendered by Burgoyne at Saratoga."

The villages were found entirely desolated, and so panic stricken were some of the squaws that they threw their children into the river to prevent them from being butchered by the Americans. For the reason that the inhabitants of these towns had been most active in committing depredations upon the frontier settlements, the soldiers reduced them to ashes before leaving them.

This brilliant victory, in which Tecumseh was slain, put a check upon the influence of the British over the Indians, and shortly after Harrison's return to Detroit, the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawotomies, Miamis and Kickapoos proffered their services to the United States, offering their women and children as hostages.

A few days after this battle Philip and his companions proceeded down the river Raisin, on their way to the cavern of Captain Pipe, where they safely arrived, without much difficulty, just as the shades of evening were gathering over the forest.

CHAPTER XLII.

Meeting with Johnny Appleseed.

"They met again where rolls the flood
Of waters down Sandusky's shore."

Immediately after the bloody battle of the Thames our heroes returned to the cave of Captain Pipe, where they were joyfully received by the old Indian and his daughter.

The old man manifested much joy on hearing of the brilliant victories of the American army, and expressed it as his opinion that in the fall of the notorious Tecumseh, fell the hopes and expectations of the British arms in the West. And such was really the fact.

On his return from the battle of the Thames, General Harrison was met at Detroit by a delegation of Indians, consisting of Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawotomies, Miamis and Kickapoos, begging for a suspension of hostilities. They agreed to take up the tomahawk with the Americans, and strike all who were or might be enemies of the United States, and in order to prove their sincerity they offered their women and children as hostages.

From this period till the final close of the war, these Indians faithfully supported the American cause, with as much ardor and zeal as they had previously opposed it.

The consternation which had spread over the West at the commencement of the war was now gradually subsiding. Indian depredations were less frequent, and the terror stricken inhabitants were leaving the forts and blockhouses in order to recommence their farming operations.

But while a partial peace was smiling over the Northwest, the demon of war was rolling his chariot

of death over other parts of the country, particularly along the lake and sea coast.

Our heroes, after their return from the Thames, had made arrangements for joining the forces under General Scott, but finding that the army had increased and that there was no lack of soldiers, they changed their plans and concluded to spend the winter with the Captain and his daughter.

The cave of Captain Pipe, as already noticed, was situated in a most delightful hunting country. It was known to but few, and those hardly ever visited it, and consequently it was well calculated as a safe retreat from marauding bands of Indians. It was therefore agreed upon that this cave should be their headquarters during the winter, should they spend it in the exciting pleasures of the chase.

Accordingly, in a few days after their return from the war they had made every arrangement necessary for the winter's hunting excursion.

It was a beautiful morning towards the close of October when our young heroes left the cave of Captain Pipe for their first tour among the forest jungles.

On the third evening after starting they encamped on the banks of a beautiful, clear running stream, one of the principal tributaries of the Sandusky. The site of the camp was delightful. All around were pictured in living characters the most enchanting loveliness. Having constructed a rude shelter, they kindled a fire, and after partaking of some food, entered into conversation, the particulars of which it is not necessary here to relate.

During this conversation our heroes were alarmed by the sudden appearance of a solitary singularly clad animal, having the conformation of a man, who unnoticed had made his way into their camp. The surprise was sudden and unlooked for, and the creature was most fantastically dressed. He was in his bare feet, which were black with mud; his pedal ex-

limbs were at least eighteen inches too long for his breeches; around his body hung a loose garment made out of a coffee sack, having a hole for his head, and one for each arm; dangling around his shoulders was the tail of a fox, whose skin formed a covering for his head. Such was the appearance of this singular human creature. On seeing him Billy sprang behind a tree, exclaiming:

"Blatht hith ugly picturth, if thith haint the thevil himthelf—get out of hith road or, by ginth, you'll thmell thulphur fore two thecondth."

But the next moment the mystery was solved, and before them stood the eccentric and good natured Johnny Appleseed.

"Mr. Chapman!" exclaimed the astonished Philip; "in the name of heaven, Mr. Chapman, how came you here?"

But before Johnny could answer Philip, Bunty Billy had sprung from behind the tree, and clasping Johnny by the hand, exclaimed:

"Ithe badly beat, Mr. Thapman, contharn yer. I wath thure yer wath old Nick himself. You're thomewhat more changed in yer lookth than uthual."

At this moment Alfred came up to Philip, whereupon he introduced Johnny to his friend, who had stood gazing in mute astonishment upon this odd specimen of humanity.

After the joy and excitement produced by the appearance of Johnny had subsided the friends gathered around the camp-fire, when Johnny related the history of his adventures since he had left his friends on the Black Fork.

"Gentlemen," said Johnny, in commencing the narration, "I am thankful to the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift that we have been spared to see each other's faces once more. Since we last met together, our lives have been crowded with sorrow and disappointment. We have been made to drink of the

bitter cup of affliction. You, Mr. Seymour, have undergone one of the most severe trials that can come within the experience of human life. In one short hour you were made a homeless and friendless stranger. I was in Mt. Vernon at the time the murder of your friends occurred, and on hearing of the outrage repaired thither immediately. The news of this transaction produced a high state of excitement among the whites. Spies were sent out in all directions to watch the movements of the savages.

“On reaching the settlement I found every cabin tenantless, and on calling at the blockhouse at Beam’s mill, I found that most of the families had taken refuge there. I made inquiry concerning you and Billy, but no one could give me any satisfactory account of you after the burial of your friends. I then left the blockhouse and repaired to the scene of the murder, with feelings of most bitter anguish; and as I gazed upon your father’s cabin, where but a few weeks before all was peace and happiness, and saw the work of the destroyer, I felt more deeply than ever the solemn truth that all that is mortal must decay. Ah, sir, to me that cabin looked desolate and dreary, and with the exception of yourself its once happy inmates were now resting in peace under the green sod that lines the banks of the rippling stream near which their mangled remains were deposited. Ah! sirs, as I gazed upon that sacred spot I remembered that the spirit of at least one of the silent sleepers was feasting upon the rich manna of heaven; and though I wept over the grave of my young disciple, yet I rejoiced to know that her sufferings were forever past, and that she would be a star in my crown of glory in the spirit land.

“After spending a few hours there, I directed my way to Mansfield, and on arriving there I found the inhabitants in a high state of excitement concerning the outrage on Black Fork. Orders were given to

shoot every straggling Indian found in the woods. I remained a few days in the blockhouse at Mansfield and then returned to Mt. Vernon, where I spent the winter. On the return of spring I visited my nurseries which lay scattered along the different tributaries of the Mohican. Having bestowed upon them the requisite attention, I resolved to open up, or extend my sphere of usefulness. Accordingly I found my way to this region of Ohio, where I have been for several months past planting nurseries. As I lay in camp a few hundred yards up this stream I saw the light of your camp-fire; and wishing to know who you were I came down the stream, under cover of darkness, and recognized your voice. I entered your camp, taking you by surprise."

"Yes, and by hokey," said Philip, "the surprise was most complete."

"Well," said Johnny, "have you ever heard anything of our friend Captain Pipe?"

"Heard from him?" ejaculated Philip. "Certainly—I left his residence but a few days ago."

"Ah! indeed," said Johnny, "then he is in Cleveland yet?"

"No, Mr. Chapman, not there. Let me think—I believe you have not heard of the deep affliction through which the old man was called to pass after his arrival in Cleveland."

"No, sir," replied Johnny. "Has any misfortune befallen him?"

"Yes, Mr. Chapman," replied Philip, and then related to him the particulars of Lily's abduction and her rescue from the garrison at Fort Malden.

"Poor child!" said Johnny, "I will see her immediately. I will visit her once more, and ask the protection of the Great Spirit to be thrown around her."

"Such a visit," replied Philip, "would, indeed, be most cheering to both the Captain and Lily. They often speak of you, and wonder where you are, and

what you are doing. They had almost come to the conclusion that you had been murdered by some of the savages."

"Well," said Johnny, "we will lay down and take our rest, and in the morning we will return to the cave;" and thus ended the conversation for the present, and the little company retired to sleep.

Morning came, but before the golden sun had lit up the dark forest, the company were on their way to the cavern, which they safely reached the next day about nightfall.

On entering it the first object that met Johnny's gaze was his young disciple Lily. Philip and his companions had remained outside until Johnny had surprised the Captain and his daughter, after which, and just in time to witness the manifestations of joy, they also entered.

"Mr. Chapman!" exclaimed the young maiden.

"God bless the dear child," replied Johnny, at the same time grasping her hand. "God bless the dear child," repeated he, with tears in his eyes; and for a moment he stood gazing reverently upon the lovely creature.

Captain Pipe, who was reclining upon his pallet of skins in another department, on hearing Lily mention the name of Mr. Chapman, sprang to his feet and the next moment stood before his friend.

"Mr. Chapman," exclaimed the chieftain, "you are welcome here."

"Captain," replied Johnny, "we meet at this time under singular circumstances. But the ways of Providence are truly wonderful, and in many instances incomprehensible to us shortsighted creatures. Since we last met you have had much sorrow; but I am rejoiced to know that you are now comforted."

CHAPTER XLIII.

Captain Pipe's Interview with Johnny Appleseed—Disclosures Respecting Lily's Origin—Its Effect upon the Mind of Alfred.

It is not necessary to tax the reader's patience with a recital of the conversation which passed between the members of that happy circle on that interesting occasion. Suffice it to say that their conversation related principally to the scenes of other days.

On the next morning Captain Pipe and Johnny retired some distance from the cave, and seating themselves on the trunk of a fallen tree, commenced a low yet earnest conversation. "Mr. Chapman," said the Captain, "you are aware, I suppose, that Lily and Mr. Seymour have formed an attachment for each other; and I suppose from what Lily has said to me, will be married in a few days. Well, I have taken this occasion to hold a private interview with you respecting the origin of her, whom most people suppose to be my real daughter. You and Mr. Seymour have long since been aware that she is not my real daughter. Sir," continued the chieftain, "Lily is the real sister of the companion of Mr. Seymour, young Bradley!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Johnny in much astonishment. "Impossible," continued he, looking full into the Captain's face, unable to give credence to his words.

"By no means," replied the Captain; "it is even so. Lily Pipe is none other than Anne Bradley, the sister of Alfred Bradley, now in the cavern."

"Captain," said Johnny, "I beg your pardon for the insult offered you in discrediting your word, but you really astonish me; yet in this I learn another lesson of God's goodness to his creatures. How strange are

the ways of Providence. At this moment Alfred is talking to her whom he supposes to be now in the spirit world. God in his goodness has brought them together, yet they know it not," and so saying Johnny relapsed into silence, overwhelmed by his feelings; and had the reader been standing by on this occasion he would have seen tears of joy rolling down the sunburnt and weather-beaten cheeks of that tender-hearted child of nature.

"Mr. Chapman," said the chieftain, "you weep—but your tears are those of joy. Listen and I will tell you now:

"The next year after the treaty of Greenville (1796) a party of whites landed at the mouth of Conneaut creek, about the middle of summer. A lovelier place was nowhere to be found. After remaining here for awhile they left. A few families, however, remained over winter, who did not belong to the party that first landed, but immigrated here in the fall. One of these was the family of Mr. Bradley.

"At this time Black Hoof and myself were on a visit to this region, and on passing by this locality found it settled with several white families. They appeared cheerful and happy, though in destitute circumstances. We remained with them over night. The next morning we started home. On entering the woods about a half-mile from the cabins, we came upon two white children who had, as usual, wandered some distance up the stream to play. They had on this occasion, however, wandered farther from their cabins than was usual, and had become bewildered. We rode up to them and found that they were lost. We asked them if they wanted to go home, and the elder replied 'yes.' I then took the smaller one on my horse while Black Hoof took the elder. Poor creatures, they sobbed and cried. We pitied them and were about to turn back to take them to their homes, when Black Hoof urged that we should carry them

home with us and adopt them in our families. The suggestion was agreed to, and we departed with our prisoners, and in due time arrived at our village. Black Hoof adopted his into his family, and I named mine Onishisha and adopted her into my family. She was afterwards called Lily, as you have heard. Lily at the time of her capture was just beginning to talk, from which circumstance I judged she was about three summers old. Her companion was some older, as was apparent, from her size and speech.

“After a few weeks Lily became reconciled to her lot and grew cheerful and merry. She was handsome, and I loved her because she was so playful and kind. As she grew older she became more attractive, and learned to love me with great fondness. I gave her all the instruction in my power, as you have been informed.

“And now, I deem it my duty to give her up into the care of her lover and brother, and atone in some measure for the wrong which I have done her relations.”

Here the old man buried his face in his hands and remained silent for a moment. It was evident his feelings had overcome him. Johnny had sat silent and pensive. Tears had coursed their way down his cheeks, but commanding his feelings, he thus addressed the old Indian :

“Captain Pipe, you seem deeply affected in recounting the past; but these scenes are over, and we live in the present. You did wrong in taking the child from its home, but you have done right in bringing it up under good and wholesome instructions. You invited me to your cabin. I went and always found you ready to supply my wants. Besides you always manifested a strong desire that I should teach Lily the manners and customs of the whites, and also the English language. I have done so, and am fully re-

warded to find that her young heart is under the influence of virtuous principles.

“Thank God, though Lily was torn from her home in her infantile days, and forced to the perils and privations of a life in the woods, yet her future is open and bright. She imagines herself homeless and friendless, save her generous protectors. But in a moment when she least expects it an unlooked for flood of joy and happiness will be hers, and she in the fullness of her young heart will take him by the hand and say, ‘Welcome, dearest brother, welcome to the lone heart of your long lost sister.’

“Oh! what a happy, happy meeting it will be. God will repay her doubly for all she has suffered,” and so saying Johnny wiped the tears from his eyes, while the Captain, taking hold of his hand, pressed it warmly, exclaiming:

“A good man, a man of God. I love you more than ever; and now in conclusion permit me to say to you that it is my last request of you, to make this matter known to Mr. Seymour, Alfred and Lily, when you return to the cave.

“I shall never inhabit that cave again. In it I have spent many sad and gloomy moments, as well as happy hours. But my days on earth are short and I shall soon follow my sires to the red man’s happy hunting grounds. Tell Lily her captor and protector, Captain Pipe, has vouchsafed the blessings of the Great Spirit upon her, that in the company of her white friends and relations she will be happy. Tell her I go to join my kindred, and lay my bones among those of my red brethren. Tell Mr. Seymour that I consign into his care my much loved Lily, the jewel of my heart and the idol of my old age. Tell him that I would have him love and protect her. Tell him to remember the admonition I gave him at our last interview—he will understand you.

"Give my compliments to Mr. Bradley. Beg him to forgive poor old Captain Pipe for the wrong which I have done his family. Tell him I would not see him after making known the facts respecting Lily's origin. I am now done and—"

"But," inquired Johnny, "had you not better see them all before you leave?"

"As you think best," replied the Captain. And the companions started for the cave, which, after bidding the company a good bye, he left, never to return again. The Captain's departure had been expected by Philip and Lily, as he had previously spoken to them on this point; and, although they could not comprehend his reasons for thus leaving them, yet they had no idea that his departure was a final one. On leaving them Philip noticed that as he shook hands with Alfred he seemed somewhat confused, and on taking the hand of Lily, his eyes were suffused with tears.

The company stood gazing upon the receding form of the old man until lost to sight in the deep forest, then returning they entered the cavern in order to make arrangements for the future.

"I cannot account for the old man's singular conduct in thus leaving us so abruptly," said Alfred, after the company had seated themselves in the cavern.

"He has gone out upon some important mission," responded Philip.

"It is my opinion," replied Lily, "that he will not return any more—though I am unable to divine the cause for his departure."

"Children!" said Johnny, and all eyes were turned upon him—"Children," repeated he, "I can explain it all." Whereupon Johnny gave his companions some of the particulars which passed between him and Captain Pipe while in the woods together, but said noth-

ing concerning the abduction of Lily and her play-mate.

On hearing that the Captain had left them forever, Lily burst into a flood of tears, and for some moments wept in silence; and in truth she was not alone, for there were other hearts who loved him also. "He's gone," sobbed Lily, "and left me alone—here in the dreary wilderness—far from friends and—"

"Say not so, dearest Lily," interrupted Philip; "if the Captain has left you, the arm of Philip Seymour shall be your defense, and his affections shall be your future home. Nay, nay, thou'rt not forsaken, dearest Lily; dry up those tears, and trust in the God of thy fathers, and the storms of life shall pass harmlessly by you."

Billy, who had been looking on, a silent spectator, though not an unfeeling one, after wiping the tears from his eyes, thus addressed the young woman:

"Thay, mithuth Lily, don't fret; nothing in the thape of men or devilth thall lay a finger upon your perthon while Bunty Billy can draw a bead or pull a trigger, and I can athure you, upon tethtimony of Mr. Themour, that I am thome at a long thot, and more at a thot not tho long, and motht in a hand to hand thruggle."

Although Lily's heart was deeply smitten with sorrow at parting with him whom she had been taught to call father, she could not help smiling, though tears were standing in her eyes, at the earnestness and assurance with which Billy had addressed her.

After Billy had spoken the whole company assumed a more composed and cheerful aspect. Johnny Appleseed now concluded to communicate the disclosures of the Captain.

"Children," said he, "I want your attention; I have news for you—news, which perhaps will astonish you, and which you will scarcely credit, but which though

almost incredible is nevertheless true. Mr. Bradley, Miss Pipe is your sis——”

But before he could finish his sentence young Bradley uttered an exclamation of “merciful heaven!” and fell to the earth insensible. Lily, on seeing him fall, also gave vent to piercing shrieks, and for a moment stood gazing upon the lifeless form of young Bradley.

“He’s dead,” sobbed the young woman.

“No, no,” replied Philip, “he will recover—it is only a swoon, a sudden rush of blood to the head.”

Restoratives were applied and the young man recovered in a few moments. After becoming conscious he gazed around for a moment, and seeing Lily a few feet from him weeping, he sprang towards her, and clasping her to his bosom, exclaimed:

“My dearest—dearest sister.” His utterance was obstructed, and the brother and sister sobbed aloud. Moments passed away yet the brother and sister clung to each other as though chained by the spell of enchantment.

Philip and Billy stood looking on bewildered, and almost doubting the reality of the scene before them.

At length the young man spoke once more. “It is Anne—it is Anne,” repeated he—“Oh! Anne, well do I remember you in your infant days, but you cannot remember me. How much you look like our mother—dear mother—now in heaven—shining among the saints of light, and I have no doubt at this moment gazing upon this strange meeting of brother and sister after an absence of long years. Oh, Anne, you are the very picture of that dear saint. I thought so when I first saw you, and now I know it. Oh! God, how thankful ought I to be for such happiness. Long years have passed since I beheld you last, then but an infant, the pride of our dear father and the idol of your lone brother. Now you have grown to womanhood and we meet in the prime of life.”

During this brief but solemn and heartfelt offering of gratitude to the God of mercy, Philip and his companion were standing by, gazing upon the affecting scene, deeply moved, weeping and inexpressibly happy in knowing that Alfred had found his long lost sister.

But to describe minutely this affecting scene is more than we can do. At length Johnny Applesee related the particulars of Lily's history as obtained from the Captain, stating that for this reason he would not see Mr. Bradley. But Alfred would have forgiven him, and Lily would have pleaded his cause for she loved him, and would ever love him.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Lily's Visit to Her Old Home—Philip's Reflections at His Cabin.

"At her own native cottage,
The wild woods along,
'Twas here she had rambled
To hear the bird's song."

After Mr. Chapman had revealed the disclosures of Captain Pipe respecting Lily's origin, and being assured that the old chieftain would never again return, Philip called to mind his conversation with him respecting a certain locality not far from the cave. On mentioning this to Johnny, he informed Philip that the Captain had shown him the identical spot.

Accordingly the company repaired to the place, and after excavating the box found it to contain, together with a brief history of Lily, a considerable amount of gold and silver coin, ornaments, etc.

The reader may suppose that our heroes were no little astonished on beholding this treasure.

"Lily," exclaimed Billy, "it ith yourth—all yourth, and hang me for a tory if you haint enough to buy half a dothen thuch felloth ath Philip."

"No, no," replied Lily, much amused at Billy's expression, "it is not all mine—see here, these," handing him several gold coins and a couple or ornaments, "are yours."

"Thank you—thank you," said Billy, "and for your kindneth permit me to with you and Philip much hap-pineth when the time cometh round to do tho."

"Ah! Billy," replied Philip, "you're dreaming again."

"What! about thnaketh?" asked Billy.

"Confound you and the snakes," cried Philip, "I expect you'll haunt me through all eternity with the remembrance of those days of snake memory."

On returning to the cave Lily divided the valuables equally among her companions, but Johnny refused taking any. Arrangements were next discussed for paying one more visit to the homesteads upon the Black Fork. Horses were procured and in a few days everything was got in readiness for starting.

It was towards the middle of October, one beautiful morning, when our heroes left the cave for the Black Fork. All were mounted upon horses, fiery and full of animation. Philip was appointed the leader or captain. Before leaving the cave, the party bowed respectfully to that subterranean refuge, and left in silence. It had been the home of one of the noblest spirits that roamed the forest, and it had been the refuge of one of the rarest flowers of the wilderness.

It is needless to describe the incidents of their journey to the Black Fork. Of course it was attended with that joy and hilarity peculiar to all such excursions.

Towards the close of the second day after leaving the cave the company found themselves at the door of what once was the domicile of Captain Pipe, and the home of the affectionate and tender-hearted Lily. There had she spent the days of her childhood and the sight of her old homestead brought up in her mind the early associations of life. As the shades of night were setting upon the forest it was agreed that the company should spend the evening in the cabin. The horses were made fast within an enclosure, and supplied with grass, of which there was an abundance around the house, and after preparing themselves with some refreshments, the little company seated themselves around the blazing fire and entered into a conversation upon the scenes of the past. Each

member of that interesting group had his own story to tell, but none was so touching as Lily's.

She was now once more under the roof of her once happy cottage home, on the banks of her loved and romantic Jerome Fork of the Mohican.

The poet, when seeking a theme for his loftiest verse, will turn with affection and pride to his early home, where first he felt the divine inspiration of poetic fire, where first he roamed the wild wood, or listened to the warbler's note, gleaning something around which he might weave with God-given power his glowing fancies.

It matters not if the home be lowly, love and poetry will find sweet music in the babbling rivulet—affections within the cottage wall—every breeze that trembles, every flower that lifts its chalice to the sun, and every bird that warbles its gladsome lay, brings to us reminiscences of early home. The memories of home will find a calm delight in the hour of sunset, when the king of day is slowly sinking behind the western hills, and pouring his unclouded blaze of light on all surrounding objects. Ah, yes, and when the weary exile is riding far over the world of waters, along some distant shore, the beams of the sinking sun, resting upon the hushed deep, or gilding the green billows and sending back to the eye an increased radiance, will bring to mind the brightness and cherished glories of the home of his youth.

Thoughts of our early home will crowd upon the mind wherever we may roam, and when, after a lapse of years, we revisit the sacred spot, what deep emotions fill our minds! Who that has visited the home of his youth and not felt that time and distance have lent enchantment to the spot!

Such were the reflections that passed through the mind of Lily, as she sat gazing upon the vacant wall of that forest cot, once the home of her youth.

There and within this rude enclosure had she often sat upon the knee and by the side of him whom she called father, and listened to his simple tales of Indian life. Here, too, she had often mingled in the company of her dark-eyed forest companions, had rambled with them along the grassy and flower-decked banks of the rippling stream; here, and in the cool shade of the forest, she had often listened to the music of the feathered songsters; here, and upon this grassy lawn, she had time and time again gazed upon the sinking sun until his last golden rays rose high along the distant hills, and left the shades of night to follow in their wake. Here, too, had she sat in other days, looking up into the dark dome of heaven, and watching, as she supposed, the Great Spirit lighting up the canopy with his celestial fires, manifested in the appearance, one after another, of the brilliant stars.

Lily was a child of nature, which in all its depths was replete with music to her soul. She saw a beauty and heard a music in the stillness of the twilight hour, and in the voice of the balmy breeze, as it sighed amid the stirring leaves of the starlit grove, or reposed upon the unruffled bosom of the placid waters. She had heard and realized that there was music in the glad songsters of the wood, and felt that there was the voice of the Great Spirit in the mutterings of the pealing thunders above—or on earth—in the outspread skies and in the invisible air—in the solitary dell, or upon the gentle hilltop—in the ever-changing glories of the footstool of the Almighty, or among the ever-burning celestial lights, which gem the high firmament, and light the angels to their evening orisons, in all, through all, and over all, as though from ten thousand times ten thousand harps, she heard the sweetest melody pouring from earth, air and heavens; all conspiring to make her forest home the abode of happiness. In short, may we not add

that in those palmy days this music was the atmosphere of heaven to her innocent spirit, and that she looked upon the green crested heavens as the lyre of the Great Spirit whose strings were touched by Him alone, sending out strains of divinest melody.

Thus sat Lily for some moments in a dreamy listlessness, while thoughts of other days were passing through her mind. She looked around for her father, but he was not there. How changed. Even the old cabin seemed to mourn his absence. Months and years had passed since her first recollections of this sacred cot, and now for aught she knew she had taken refuge in it for the last time. Tears filled her eyes, and rising from her seat she made her way to the grove, a few steps in the rear of the cabin, where in other days she had often sat musing upon the beauties of the glowing landscape around. The sun was just hiding his golden face behind the tree tops, and his glowing beams came streaming through the forest trees in long lines of golden light.

The sight of a setting sun is glorious at all times, but to Lily, on this occasion, it was a melancholy picture. How often in other days had she beheld that same sun setting in cloudless glory behind the same forest trees; had heard the same hum of nocturnal insect choristers, chiming their evening lays to Luna, the bright queen of the stilly night; and with what joyous emotions and kind good feelings had she sat in this same shady bower conversing with her red faced companions of coming life and future prospects.

There flowed the same placid stream; here stood the same forest now clothed in garments of mourning, as the chilling frost of autumn, cold winter's precursor, were beating heavily upon it; here stood the same cottage, around which were growing the same plants and wild flowers, which, in other days, she had woven into bouquets for some loved one.

Musing upon the past, she thus sat for some time, until aroused by the voice of Alfred calling.

Returning to the cabin she found the company preparing to retire to rest.

Lily lay down upon her pallet of skins, but could not close her eyes in sleep. Visions of the past haunted her mind. Long, long days had passed away since last she had closed her eyes in sleep in this lone cottage. She was once more under the same roof which had sheltered her in her infancy from many a rude tempestuous wintry storm, but the heart in whose affections she had lived for years was not with her. It was the first night she had ever spent in that cabin without him; and this thought near rent her young heart asunder. She wept bitterly, and in weeping found relief. Hours thus passed until overcome, she fell asleep, from which she did not awaken until aroused by the voice of her brother calling her to the morning meal.

Lily arose, more cheerful than when she lay down on the preceding evening, and after saluting her companions, begged them to excuse her drowsiness. She expressed herself much refreshed, and commenced preparations for the day's journey.

Towards the middle of the day the party, which had left the cabin about nine o'clock that morning, arrived at the door of the Seymour cabin. Philip's mind was deeply affected on once more gazing upon his former home, and the scenes of the past were called afresh into his memory.

Having secured their horses in the stable the company entered the cabin, once the abode of joy and happiness, now silent and tenantless. A deep solemnity rested upon the minds of that little company, and for some moments not a word was spoken. At length Philip, who had been gazing upon the naked walls for some moments in deep and solemn reflection, broke the silence.

"Friends," said he, and his bosom heaved with deep emotion, "I stand once more upon this blood-stained floor. I look around me, but I see not those with whom I associated in early life. This rude domicile once contained two as cheerful and happy hearts as ever sent the red current of life through the veins of living mortals; but alas! one of these is no more. Under yonder shady tree, on the banks of that murmuring stream, repose her last remains—the other now mourns her sad and untimely fate."

"Ah!" replied Johnny, "such is human life. Like the flower, it fades and dies. All that's mortal must decay. Nothing is real here; all is fitful, fleeting, changing and passing away. Dangers are thick around us, and sometimes when least expected, mortals are cut down in a moment. But here," taking a Testament from his bosom, "here is the hope of our salvation and immortality. In this blessed volume we are told the righteous shall live forever. Then, Mr. Seymour, why mourn her exit from earth—she lives in a holier and happier clime. I have seen the righteous die; but I have never seen an end to the mercy of the Redeemer—it fades not, neither does it die. 'Tis true, we are under the influence of natural affection, and this oftentimes leads us to mourn when we should rejoice."

"'Tis all true, Mr. Chapman," replied Philip. "I am aware that we must all soon pass into another state of existence; yet fond recollection lingers around the sacred spot where love reposes. To those who never knew a sister's love, and have never wept over a sister's grave, such feelings as I now possess they have never realized. True the poet has said:

When memory fondly lingers near,
 The silent grave where love reposes,
 And sheds with burning eye the tear
 On the pale wreath of withered roses,
 Some seraph form in brightness clad
 Comes to dispel the gloom of sorrow,
 Bids the lone mourner's heart be glad,
 And whispers "She will wake to-morrow."

"Yes," replied Johnny, "although I am not much inclined to favor poetical quotations in religious affairs, yet I must acknowledge this a true specimen of poetic truth—she will wake to-morrow—cheering thought."

There the conversation ended, and the whole company bent their steps to the graves of the parents and sister of Philip, and also that of the gallant Ruffner.

"There," said Philip, pointing to the grave of his sire, "lie the remains of my unfortunate parents."

"Peace to their ashes, and rest to their souls," responded Johnny.

"And here," said Philip, "lie the remains of poor Kate"—and bending over her mound, tears fell fast from his eyes upon the cold sod that covered her from sight. By his side stood the beautiful Lily, hanging upon the arm of her brother, mingling their tears with those of Philip.

"And there," said Philip, pointing to the other grave, "lies the mangled body of the heroic Ruffner, who fell defending those for whom he now sleeps.

Billy, on seeing the grave of his master, threw his body upon it, and for a moment wept in silence. He loved him, for Ruffner had been more like a father than a master to him.

"Ah," said Billy, while tears fell fast from his eyes, "thith ith my mathterth lathht rethting place. I almotht with I wath lying by hith thide." And so saying he sobbed aloud. Billy had passed through dangers by night and by day, by land and by water—he had seen death strew the earth around, but never before was he so deeply moved.

"Come, come, Billy," said Alfred, dry up those tears. Your master sleeps in peace. He has fought his last battle in defense of the helpless and innocent, *and future generations will mark the sacred spot where the gallant Dutchman fell—a monument will*

yet be erected to his memory, and posterity will visit his grave and read the history of his untimely fate."

After remaining some time at the graves of his friends, Philip and his companions returned to the cabin, where they spent the night. It was the last night that ever that company spent together on the Black Fork.

During the remainder of the day arrangements had been made for visiting their friends in Pennsylvania. A pressing invitation was extended to Johnny and Billy to accompany them, but they refused. Johnny alleged that it was his duty to remain in the wilderness until his mission was ended, and Billy expressed a deep anxiety to accompany Johnny out west, at least as far as to Wappakonetta village. It was, therefore, settled that the next morning Philip and Alfred and his sister would start for Pennsylvania, and Johnny and Billy would return to the west.

Night passed away and morning dawned. As soon as the light of day had broken over the forest the company was astir, making preparations for the journey. The hour of separation came; and the scene which followed we cannot describe. Old and tried friends were now to part—part, in all probability to meet no more.

"Billy," said Philip, as he grasped him by the hand, "it is hard to part with you—you, who to Mr. Bradley and myself have been the master of our sports and pleasant hours. In parting with you I cannot but express a wish that your true and generous heart may never fall a prey to the tempter's snare."

"Amen," replied Johnny, who stood listening to Philip's admonition with eyes sparkling with kind, good feeling. "Amen," repeated he. "Mr. Seymour, I feel that you speak the words of truth and soberness." Having shaken hands with all, Billy advanced to where Lily was standing, and taking her

by her soft and delicate hand, said in a most manly and dignified tone of voice:

"Mithuth Lily, I moht heartily congratulate you on the accethion of a new brother, and with two thuch brave hearth ath hith and Philip'th, you are thafe even in a den of all the thnakes in the univeth, and with thith knowledge I can then more readily withdraw my protective arms from yer——"

"Bravo, bravo," shouted Philip and Alfred with one voice, while tears fell from their eyes.

"Long live Bunty Billy, the hero of Wappakonetta," cried Lily, her full heart overflowing with gratitude to the young backwoodsman.

But ere the echo of the voices had died away, the parties had separated, one on their way to the east, the other to mingle among the wild scenes of the wilderness.

THE END.

HISTORICAL ADDENDA

BY

A. J. BAUGHMAN

CHAPTER I.

To the student of history the process through which a nation passes is an interesting study, and especially is this true in America, where civilization started at the Atlantic seaboard, pressed onward across the continent until it reached the Golden Gate, verifying the oft-repeated saying that "Westward the star of empire takes its way."

To study each passing period, with its distinctive features, in the growth and developments of our country, has always been to the writer an alluring theme, not only on account of family interest in the narrative, particularly in Richland county, but also from a point of speculative philosophy as to the correlative means by which the work was accomplished, and as to what the probable condition of America would be to-day had the foot of the white man never trodden our soil.

Call it destiny or Providence, or what we may, the path had gone forth, and the course had been marked out and the white man had been sent here to work out a certain process, to accomplish certain results, for the days of the Indian had been numbered, his usefulness (if he ever had any) was gone and the time

had arrived for the spear of the hunter to give way for the ploughshare of the agriculturist.

Casuists claim that the deer was made for the thicket, the thicket was made for the deer, and that both were made for the hunter. And in further correlations state that the soil was not only intended for those who would cultivate it, but that if the valley produces corn and the hillside grapes, that people suited to the cultivation of such products take possession of those localities on the theory of the eternal fitness of things.

It is not my purpose in this prelude to narrate the dangers and hardships through which the pioneer passed nor to speak of the character traits of the Indian further than to state that he generally repaid hospitality with treachery and forbearance with murder. But as a race he was doomed, and the hills and valleys of the Buckeye state will know him no more forever.

Writers who have made tribal races a study, state as a corollary that if the Indians had been left to themselves their internecine strife of tribe against tribe would in time have resulted in the extermination of the race.

The pioneer seemed to be inspired and whatever place in the ranks of that grand army of progress he was called to fill, he performed his duty with confidence and zeal. Whether in fighting the savages, in clearing the forests, in tilling the soil or in carrying the banner of the cross, he filled his mission and aided in his way to attain the grand results of which we enjoy the benefits to-day.

America is the only country of the earth that has produced pioneers. European countries were peopled by men moving in large bodies from one place to another. Whole tribes would move en masse and over-run, absorb or extinguish the original inhab-

itants of a country, dispossess them and occupy their territory.

But in America we had the gradual approach of civilization and the gradual recession of barbarism. The white men did not come in columns and platoons, but came singly as pioneers.

When civilization crossed the crest of the Alleghenies, Ohio was looked upon as the garden of the west and soon various settlements were made in the territory now known as the present state of Ohio.

The first white man "to set his foot" on the land now embraced in Richland county, was James Smith, a young man who was captured by the Indians near Bedford, Penn., a short time before the defeat of Gen. Braddock. He was adopted by the Indians into one of their tribes and finally accompanied his adopted brother, Tontileango, to the shore of Lake Erie, passing through a part of what is now Richland county.

Next comes Major Rogers, who, with his rangers, passed through here in November, 1760, en route to Detroit.

The next white people to see this county were Moravian missionaries, who, with their converts, passed this way when they were being removed from the Muskingum country to that of the Sandusky.

In June, 1782, Col. Crawford with his army made a halt "by a fine spring near where the city of Mansfield now stands," while on their ill-fated expedition to the Sandusky country.

Following Crawford's campaign, the next white man in this part of the state was Thomas Green, a renegade, who was the founder of Greentown, in 1783. Green lived at the Indian village several years, but he was not a settler. Other renegade white men may also have lived there temporarily.

The successful campaign of "Mad Anthony" Wayne in 1794 and the peace treaty of Greenville in 1795, secured comparative safety on the frontiers, and immi-

gration began to come in. The surveys of the public lands, which had been practically stopped, were resumed and extended to the northwest. Surveyors tried to keep in advance of the settlers and land offices were established for the sale of land in several places. There was not a settler here when the survey of Richland was begun by Gen. Hedges in 1806.



THE ROCKY FORKS SITE OF THE BEAM MILLS AND BLOCKHOUSE. LOCATION OF THE NEWMAN CABIN AND PROPOSED COUNTY SEAT.

On the 16th day of January, 1808, a bill passed the Ohio legislature, creating the counties of Knox, Licking and Richland, with a provision placing Richland under the jurisdiction of Knox county, as it had been before under Fairfield, "until the legislature may think proper to organize the same." And on June 9, 1809, the commissioners of Knox county declared "the entire county of Richland a separate township, which shall be called and known by the name of Madison."

At an election in 1809 but seventeen votes were cast in the entire township (county), showing that but few settlers were here at that time. Richland remained under the jurisdiction of Knox until 1813.

Richland county originally consisted of thirty-six townships, but in 1846, the county of Ashland was erected, and took from Richland the townships of Green, Hanover, Vermillion, Montgomery and Orange, and parts of Mifflin, Milton and Clear Creek. In pioneer times the Black Fork valley was in Richland county.

The site first selected for the county seat was about two and a half miles southeast of Mansfield, and the locality is known in history as Beam's Mills, and where Beam's block house stood in the War of 1812.

There are three so-called "first settlements" in Richland county. One at Beam's Mills, one on the Black Fork and one at Bellville.

Jacob Newman came to Richland county in the spring of 1807 and settled at Beam's Mills. He was originally from Pennsylvania, but had been living at Canton prior to coming to Richland county. He was a kinsman of Gen. Hedges, and came here, evidently, with the view of laying out the county seat for the new county.

Abraham Baughman was the first settler on the Black Fork, near Greentown. Of this settlement a statement is given under the head of "The First White Settler in Green township."

The Clear Fork settlement at Bellville was made by James McCluer, in 1808.

The Newman cabin was made of round logs and was "chinked and daubed" and had a fire-place that occupied nearly all of one end, with a chimney outside made of sticks and mortar. There was but one room, with a loft above. Greased paper was used in the window instead of glass and the door was made of puncheons.

After two years a new cabin was built, larger than the old, and about eight feet from it, the space between being roofed, like a porch. While the first cabin had only an earth floor, a saw mill had been put



FIRST CABIN IN RICHLAND COUNTY. SITUATE TWO AND A HALF MILES SOUTHEAST OF MANSFIELD.

up in the meantime and the new building had a floor of sawed boards. Then, too, it was a hewed log house, with glass in the windows and an iron crane took the place of the old lugpole, all of which was considered quite aristocratic in those days.

The first site for the new county seat was soon abandoned for another location farther up the Rock Fork, where General Hedges had entered land, where the city of Mansfield now stands. A cabin was put up and its first occupant was Samuel Martin from New Lisbon, but he only occupied it a short time, for being accused of selling liquor to the Indians, he soon left the place. The next tenant was Captain Cunningham.

Mansfield grew slowly for a number of years, and when war was declared in 1812 not over a dozen families resided in the village. But in time the town advanced as people came west to seek homes in the new country.

During the War of 1812 there were two block houses in Mansfield, both built by troops, one by Captain Shaeffer's company from Fairfield county, the other by a company from Coshocton, of Colonel Williams' command, and were garrisoned until after the battle of the Thames. One of the block houses afterwards was somewhat altered and changed to a court house, and it served that purpose until 1816, when a larger one was built at a cost of \$1,990. It was of sawed logs and may be called the second court house, though it was the first built for that purpose.

GREENTOWN.

"All along the winding river
And adown the shady glen,
On the hill and in the valley,
Are the graves of dusky men."

To understand the founding of Greentown, we must first look at its predecessor—Helltown. Helltown was an Indian village and was located on the right bank of the Clear Fork one mile and a half below Neville. Mounds are still discernible upon a knoll where it is said Indians are buried.

The name "Helltown," according to tradition, means the village of the clear stream. How long the town existed is not known, but in its day it was the home of Thomas Lyon, Thomas Armstrong and other leading Indians of the Delaware tribe.

The site of Helltown was well chosen; the ground sloped to the east, and the river laved the base of the plat upon which the town was built. From the bank

a spring bubbled forth a stream of cool water which rippled down to the creek below.

“Here the laughing Indian maiden
Has her glowing lips immersed,
And the haughty forest hunter
Often here has quenched his thirst.”

More than a century has passed since the Indians, to whom the hunt and the chase were so alluring, roamed among the hills and over the valley of the Clear Fork and still—

“The cool spring is ever flowing,
Through the change of every year,
Just as when the Indian maiden
Quaffed its waters pure and clear.”

In 1782, Helltown was abandoned, the inhabitants fleeing in alarm when they heard of the massacre of the Moravian Indians at Gnadenhutten, some going to the Upper Sandusky country and others joining a party of white renegades, of whom a Thomas Green was the leader, founded the village of Greentown on the Black Fork. The Indians killed at Gnadenhutten were of the Delaware tribe and kinsmen of the Helltown squad.

At the time of the advent of the white settlers here the village of Greentown contained from 150 to 200 Indian families who lived in pole cabins and in the center of the town was a council house built of logs. There were Mingoes there as well as Delawares, and some writers have confounded Greentown with the “Mingo Cabbins,” spoken of by Major Rogers, but Dr. Hill thought the “cabbins” referred to were on the Jerome Fork, near to the place where the Mingo village of “Mohickan Johnstown” was afterwards located.

The settlers maintained friendly relations with the Indians for some time, but when war with Great Britain was impending it was noticed that both the

Greentown and the Jeromeville Indians made frequent trips to Upper Sandusky, and when they returned were always well supplied with blankets, tomahawks and ammunition, evidently supplied to them by British agents, who were busily engaged in trying to ingratiate themselves into the favor of the red men and be thus able to afterwards enlist them as allies against the whites.

On the 18th of June, 1812, the United States declared war against Great Britain and after that the estranged relation between the settlers and the savages developed into threatened rupture and resulted in the forced evacuation of Greentown, followed with the murder of the Zeimers and Copus, and other crimes and atrocities.

The reason generally assigned for the killing of Copus was that he had accompanied Capt. Douglas to the Indian village and advised them to submit to a peaceful removal. It is also stated that the Indians had a grudge against the settlers up the valley because their horses (which ran at large) had frequently come from that direction with firebrands tied to their tails.

The Indians also claimed that the whites made them drunk on metheglin and then cheated them in trades. Metheglin was distilled from wild honey, which was plentiful in those days. Metheglin was a favorite drink, was very intoxicating and it is said that those who indulged in this delicious nectar could hear the bees buzzing for several days thereafter. When the pioneers wanted honey, they hunted "bee trees," as bees then used cavities in trees as hives in which to store their "delicious sweets."

The white settlers often joined the Indians in athletic sport on the campus of their village, in which "run, hop, step and jump" and wrestling were the favorite amusements, but the Indians never took defeat graciously.

Greentown was situated three miles up the Black Fork from Perrysville, on the east side of the stream. The village consisted of log cabins and pole huts, being more permanent in character than are the western tent villages of the Indians of to-day. It was built upon an oblong knoll, of about a half mile in length and a quarter of a mile in width, running nearly east and west, with an elevation of fifty feet and of irregular topography.

The Black Fork after straightening from its tortuous course and running south for a short distance, makes a graceful curve to the east at the southwest limits of the grounds, courses along the base of the south side of the ridge, then turns again to the south and resumes its zigzag wanderings until its waters unite with those of other "forks" and form the Mochican.

The cabins comprising the village stood principally upon the rolling plateau-like summit of the hill, each Indian selecting a site to suit himself, with but little regard for streets or regularity.

A sycamore tree, which in the olden time cast its shade over the council house of the tribe, still stands like a monument from the past, grim and white, stretching its branches like skeleton arms, in the attitude of a benediction. A wild cherry tree stands several rods northeast, around which there was formerly a circular mound, evidently made by the Indians, and still discernible, but whether it was used as a circus ring for athletic sports, or as a receptacle, is a matter of conjecture. Many think it was for the latter, as trinkets, if not valuables, have been taken from it, but no general exhumation was ever made.

The burial ground is at the west end of the knoll upon which Greentown was situated and is somewhat triangular in shape.

Greentown was founded in 1782, and was destroyed by fire in 1812, after an existence of thirty years. The

number of cabins it contained has been variously stated at from sixty to one hundred. The number of the dead buried there is not known, but as about 300 Indians, on an average, lived there for three decades, the number is, no doubt, quite large.

Caldwell's Historical Atlas of Ashland County states that the Greentown Indians were removed to Piqua, Miami county, by Capt. Douglas and Capt. James Cunningham, which implies that there were two companies in the detail, but the number of troops is not given. The route of march was via Lucas to Mansfield, where they encamped on Ritter's Run, west of South Main street. After being joined by the Indians from Jeromeville, Col. Samuel Kratzer and his command conducted their savage prisoners to Piqua, crossing Alum creek at Fort Cheshire, in Delaware county.

To appreciate places of historic note, one must enter into the feelings created by reading its history and learning its traditions. Standing upon that village site we realized that the valley, whose broad and fertile acres spread out before us, was the place where the civilization of this part of the west was first planted and from which it extended to the golden shores of the Pacific.

THE FIRST WHITE SETTLER IN GREEN TOWNSHIP.

Graham's History of Richland County says: "Just what date Abraham Baughman and John Davis came to the neighborhood of Greentown has not been ascertained, but it was at a very early date; it might have been before 1807. They were, perhaps, the earliest settlers of the township. They were here before Judge Peter Kinney, who arrived in 1810, but how long they were here before does not appear. Baughman was a man of family and lived near Greentown."

In Knapp's History of Ashland County is the following statement: "The family of Abraham Baughman was the only one residing in Green township when the Messrs. Tannehill commenced their improvements. The Baughman place became afterwards known as the Guthrie farm." Mr. Baughman removed to Monroe township, and bought what is now



THE BAUGHMAN CABIN, NEAR GREENTOWN, THE FIRST IN THE BLACK FORK VALLEY.

known as the Dome farm, near Walnut Hall school house, where he and his wife died, in 1820.

In an historical paper written in 1858 by Hon. John Coulter is the following statement: "I came to Green township in 1810, in company with my father, Thomas Coulter, Jonathan Palmer, Joseph Gladden, Otho Simmons, Melzer Tannehill, Sr., and George Crawford. We reached the hospitable home of Abraham Baughman, August 25, 1810. Mr. Baughman was the only white man living on the Black Fork, from one end to the other. Mr. Baughman and myself felled the first tree on my quarter section, for bees, a short time after I had entered the land. We were all from Pennsylvania."

Inasmuch as Abraham Baughman had an improved place when the Coulter party came in 1810, he had evidently been located there for several years, perhaps, as Mr. Graham states, "it might have been before 1807."

John Davis was an unmarried man and kept "bachelor's hall" on what was later known as the William Irvin farm. He had served in the War of the Revolution, and died soon after he came to Ohio, near Chillicothe, where he had gone to draw his pension. His death left Abraham Baughman and family the only white residents of the Greentown country for several years, with the Indians as their only neighbors. Mr. Baughman is described as a large, powerful, fearless man, who lived in peace with the savages.

Abraham Baughman married Mary Katharine Deeds, and removed from Cumberland to Washington county, Pennsylvania, and then to Richland county, Ohio. Mr. Baughman's cabin home, a view of which is given in this work, was situate near the Indian village of Greentown, and was the only habitation of a white man in the Black Fork valley for a year or more after it was built.

By 1812 a number of families had been added to the Black Fork settlement, prominent among which were Rev. James Copus, Frederick Zeimer, Capt. Ebenezer Rice, Judge Peter Kinney and Capt. James Cunningham. Abraham Baughman and James Cunningham lived on adjoining farms. Mr. Baughman's son Jacob married Mr. Cunningham's daughter Elizabeth, and they were the parents of A. J. Baughman, the secretary of the Richland County Historical Society and the writer of this Addenda.

THE BURNING OF GREENTOWN.

The burning of Greentown has been criticized and censured by sentimentalists who regarded it as a breach of faith with the "noble red man," who was cruelly driven from his "happy hunting grounds" into a forced exile.

But the burning of that village was not a breach of faith, for the officers did not sanction the act. It was done without warrant by five or six stragglers who had dropped out of the ranks for that purpose. They were militiamen who had suffered wrongs too grievous to be borne from the bloody hands of the Indians and it was but human nature for them to retaliate.

It seems like a maudlin sentimentality to dilate upon the wrongs which the white settlers committed against the Indians, for the few misdeeds that may have been done by the pioneers were too insignificant to be given prominence in history.

In the early history of France we read of the dark and bloody acts of the Druids and how they immolated human life in their forest temples, but it was as a religious rite, as an atoning or propitiating sacrifice, and while we stand appalled at the bloody spectacle, our condemnation is somewhat mollified when we consider the motive that prompted the act.

But with the Indians it was cruelty for cruelty's sake. They were savages and through all the civilizing influences of a century, they are savages still. Even those who have been educated at Carlisle, Pa., at the expense of the general government, drift back into barbarism, as a rule, after they return to the west.

Let those who have tears to shed over the burning of Greentown, read the accounts of the Wyoming massacre and its aftermath of butcheries, and then consider the Indians' bloody deeds in our own state

and county—of cruelty, torture, death; these three, and then tell us where is their claim for charity! Settlers have returned from the hunt and chase and found their cabins burnt and their families murdered. The bloody tomahawk and gory scalping knife had done their work, and mutilation had been added to murder. Notwithstanding the beautifully drawn and charmingly colored word pictures given us by novelists, history teaches us that the Indian is cruel, deceitful and bloodthirsty by nature and devoid of the redeeming traits of humanity.

CAPTAIN PIPE.

Captain Pipe was a chief of the Wolf branch of the Delaware tribe and ruled at Mohican Johnstown, and never resided in Richland county. There was a Capt. Pipe at Greentown at one time who was supposed to be the son of the old chieftain. He was a young man and was described as small, straight and very affable. He later became a half-chief, with Silas Armstrong, on the reservation at Pipestown, six miles from Upper Sandusky, and died in the Indian territory in 1839.

Old Capt. Pipe has been described as a typical Indian, uniting with the blandness and oily address of the cringing courtier, the malignity of the savage and the bloodthirsty ferocity of the skulking panther. With his own hand he painted Col. Crawford black and by his order he was burnt at the stake. While painting the gallant colonel, the treacherous Pipe feigned friendship and joked about him making a good-looking Indian, but the black paint belied his words, for it portended death. It has been stated that Capt. Pipe refused to join with the British against the white settlers in 1812, but as he was a consummate dissembler, the statement should be received in accordance with the character of the man. After

Hull's surrender Capt. Pipe was never seen in this part of the state and his fate is unknown.

CAPT. THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

Captain Thomas Armstrong was a chief of the Turtle branch of the Delaware tribe. He was said to have been a white man, who had been stolen when a mere child and was raised by the Delawares and adopted into their tribe. Other authorities say he was of mixed blood. He was the chief at Greentown and was aged when he was forced to leave the village. All the Indians, however, at Greentown were not Delawares. There were a few Mohegans, Mohawks, Mingo, Senecas and Wyandots there also.

TOM LYONS.

Tom Lyons, the Indian, who took a prominent part in the Wyoming massacre (1778), and was afterwards an infamous character in the early history of Richland county, was killed by a young man named Joe Haynes, to avenge the murder of a kinsman, and he buried the old chief in Leedy's swamp in the southern part of Jefferson township. He was called "Old Leather-Lip," on account of his large, thick lower lip that seemed to hang over his chin. He has been described as the ugliest human being that ever lived and his life was in keeping with his looks.

CHAPTER II.

Monuments Reared.

At a meeting of the Ashland County Pioneer Society held August 18, 1881, the matter of erecting monuments to those who fell in the Zeimer-Ruffner and Copus massacres was considered, but no definite action was taken until at a special meeting held September 10, of the same year, when Dr. S. Riddle introduced the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That we erect suitable monuments to the memory of those pioneers and soldiers who were killed by the Indians in the fall of 1812 and buried in Mifflin township."

Dr. Riddle was the secretary of the Ashland Pioneer Society and to him credit is due for the conception of the thought, the formulation of the plans and the raising of a large share of the funds that finally placed monuments to mark the graves of those pioneers and soldiers who fell victims to Indian rapacity, hate and vengeance.

The fund having been raised, the committee met at Ashland, June 10, 1882, and ordered two monuments, at \$125 each. The monuments were put up, one at the Copus place, and the other on the site of the Zeimer cabin and were unveiled with great ceremony Friday, September 15, 1882, in the presence of a multitude of ten thousand people.

The day of the unveiling ceremony was warm and perfect in the blending of the elements, in the beauty of its light and color, and in the mellowness of its atmosphere. An early frost had touched the tops of the trees with its icy fingers and colored the leaves here and there with shades of red and gold, while in

the soft shelter of the hills some yet waved their green boughs in the mild September air; still others standing in some open space, spread out their tremulous panoplies of unbroken amber. And while the whole landscape was suffused with the loveliness of early autumn, yet nowhere was nature more replete in its beauty than on the hill where the exercises were held and at whose base the Copus monument was unveiled.

The exercises were opened with music by a brass band, followed by prayer by the Rev. J. A. Hall. Short speeches were made by Dr. William Bushnell and others.

Mrs. Sarah Vail, aged eighty-four, and Mrs. Elizabeth Baughman, seventy-nine, were given seats of honor on the platform and were introduced to the audience. Mrs. Vail was the daughter of James Copus and was the girl who saw the Indians lurking near the cornfield the day before the attack on the cabin and was in the house when her father was shot at the door. Mrs. Baughman was the daughter of Captain Cunningham, who was a prominent actor in the events of the pioneer days.

At the noon hour a recess was taken and a picnic dinner partaken of, and upon reassembling the principal addresses of the day were delivered by Hon. R. M. Campbell, of Ashland; Hon. Henry C. Hedges, of Mansfield, and Dr. P. H. Clark, the president of the day.

Mr. Hedges' remarks referred particularly to Martin Ruffner, paying a beautiful tribute to his memory and character, saying that he possessed the strength and courage of a man and the gentleness and heart of a woman.

At the close of the services, the assemblage repaired to the foot of the hill, where the Copus monument was unveiled, and then proceeded to the Zeimer place, a mile and a half distant, and there unveiled

the Zeimer-Ruffner monument. The ceremonies took place just seventy years from the date of the Copus battle. The names of James Copus, George Shipley, John Tedrick and Warnock are on the monument at the Copus place and a cenotaph to Johnny Appleseed was added at the suggestion of the late Rosella Rice. On the other monument are engraved the names of Frederick Zeimer and wife and daughter Kate, and Martin Ruffner.

HEMLOCK FALLS.

Hemlock Falls, a mile and a half south of Newville, is situate amid picturesque and rugged surroundings, and takes its name from a hemlock tree which overhung the falls. It was at these falls where McGaw states Philip Zeimer first met Capt. Pipe.

The stories that are told of that locality as traditions and legendary tales are largely of the imaginary and visionary kind, are mostly of recent manufacture, and are not even founded upon facts. The falls region was never the home of old Capt. Pipe, for he never lived in Richland county. In fact, the place was never an Indian habitation at any time. There are no conveniences there to make it a desirable place of abode. There is no spring of cool, sparkling water, no green swards, no sheltering caves, no shady grottoes to make the place desirable as a home.

The falls, however, is interesting in the geological formation of the ledge of rocks over which the water is precipitated; interesting in its topographical appearance, in the picturesqueness of the scenery and in the grandeur of the waterfall itself, where the waters pour over slanting rocks for a distance of fifty feet, then make a leap of twenty feet to the fragmentary rocks below, and when the stream is swollen the altisonant roar of the falls can be heard afar.

The falls also have historical associations from the fact that the first pioneer meeting in Richland county was held upon the plateau at its summit. The meeting was held the first Saturday in September, 1856. William B. Carpenter, now a resident of Mansfield, was president of the meeting, and the late Dr. J. P. Henderson was marshal of the day. Gen. R. Brinkerhoff and the late Rev. J. F. McGaw were the principal speakers. A great many people were in attendance and a bountiful picnic dinner was served to all. The weather was fine and everything passed off felicitously. The next meeting at the falls was held the first Saturday in September, 1857, and was a gathering of the people, without special reference to the pioneers, and was addressed by the Hon. John Sherman. The third annual meeting was a Sunday school picnic and was addressed by the late Rev. Richard Gailey. Picnics were held there annually for a number of years.

LYONS' FALLS.

Lyons' Falls are situated about fifteen miles southeast of Mansfield. There are two falls, and the place, which has been a noted picnic resort for many years, is wild in its primitive forest and grand in its rugged picturesqueness.

Lyons' Falls was not named for Tom Lyons, the infamous old Indian, but for Paul Lyons, a white man.

Paul Lyons was not a hermit, as one tradition states, for he took to himself a wife, who bore him a son, and he did not particularly shun his neighbors, although he did not admit them into his confidence.

What Paul Lyons' object and motives were for leaving the civilization of the east and seeking a home amid the rocks and hills of that wild and uninhabited part of the country are matters only of conjecture, for he never gave his antecedents, and refused to explain.

or to give reasons for hiding himself away in the forest and leading such a retired life. He had "squatted" on land too rough to till, and he never attempted to clear off the timber nor to cultivate the rocky soil. He simply built a cabin amid the trees and passed his time principally, in hunting and fishing, but as the country became settled around him, and farmers needed help to harvest their crops, he often assisted them in such work. He never made any exhibition of money, yet always paid cash for what he bought. He has been described as a large man, and that he had ability and education is shown by the statement of a lady now living, who says that he was an intelligent and entertaining conversationalist and that at the funeral of a neighbor he read a chapter and sang a hymn, and that it was the best reading and singing she ever heard.

In about 1856, Lyons, while assisting in hauling logs, met with an accident which resulted in his death, and he was buried upon the hill, between the two water-falls.

FLEMING'S FALLS.

Fleming's Falls, situate a mile south of Windsor, was for many years a favorite resort for picnics, but since the opening of other places, the falls has gone into disuse as a place for social gatherings.

But a change has already set in for a revival of the falls as a place of summer resort, and a cabin was put up there the past season, and a trolley car line is to go that way, making the place easy of access.

About three miles southeast of Fleming's Falls, is the "Uncle Jonas Lake," sometimes called the "Sunken Lake." But it was the ground that sank. July 25, 1846, and the water rose and formed a lake of about eight acres. Near to this place, Gen. Robert Bentley, in 1828, built the first brick residence in

Mifflin township. He was the grandfather of the Hon. M. B. Bushnell, and of the wife of Gen. R. Brinkerhoff.

PETERSBURG LAKES.

“And still it is said, when the day is fled,
 And moonbeams gild the night,
 That the sheen of the lake is grander
 Than in the mid-day light.”

The Petersburg Lakes are situate in Ashland county, eight miles east of Mansfield, and are three in number, forming a chain. The upper lake is the smallest, having an area of only about ten acres, and is called Mud Lake. The middle, called the Bell Lake, has an area of about thirty acres, and the lower or Big Lake (sometimes called Culler's) has an area of fifty or sixty acres, and is a half-mile or more in length. There is a surface connection between the lakes, and it is supposed there is also a subterreanean one. There is an outlet from the lower lake, into the Black Fork, a short distance to the west. The lower lake has a depth of from fifty to one hundred feet. The lakes are fed by subterreanean springs from the Mifflin hills on the east, and the waters are clear and cold. These lakes are noted for their abundance of fish, and the locality for its myriads of mosquitoes.

These lakes have aided in making Mifflin one of the most noted villages in this part of Ohio, and its prominence will be still further enhanced when a trolley line connects it with the city of Mansfield.

PIPE'S CLIFF.

Pipe's Cliff is on section 28, Monroe township, three miles south of Lucas. McGaw gives a vivid account of the killing of Onalaska, Capt. Pipe's sister, at this

cliff. Onalaska was the wife of Round Head, an Indian warrior.

For years Ohio Indians made frequent raids of pillage and murder into the western counties of Pennsylvania and the Pan Handle of Virginia, and carried many prisoners off into captivity. To suppress such incursions, expeditions were sent against the Indians in 1763, under General Bradstreet and Colonel Boquet. A few years later another expedition was sent out under General Broadhead, and is known in history as the "Coshocton campaign," and was directed against the Indian villages at the forks of the Muskingum. Upon the advance of General Broadhead's command, a party of Indians, under Round Head, in endeavoring to escape the just punishment that seemed so imminent, left White Eye Plains for the Wyandot country. The Indians were pursued by a squad of soldiers from Gen. Broadhead's army, under command of Captain Samuel Brady.

The Indians made a halt at this cliff and from its summit fired upon the troops when they came up the valley trail. The soldiers returned the fire and Onalaska was shot through the breast, falling over the cliff with her babe in her arms. Two Indian warriors were also killed. The remainder of the party escaped. Onalaska and her child were buried at the foot of the cliff. The foliage of the trees that stand upon the sides of the cliff is so dense that no object can be seen on the summit, and was more dense then (in 1780) than it is now, proving false the statement that the soldiers "took deliberate aim at the woman's heart."

Neither the head nor the heart of a person is to be envied who traduces the memory of an American soldier either in poetry or in prose.

Pipe's Cliff is near to "Green Gables," the country summer home of Hon. A. A. and Judge S. M. Doug-

lass. The Douglass farm contains about three hundred acres and has been the homestead of the Douglass family for three generations.

THE LEEDY SETTLEMENT.

Reference has been made to "Leedy's Swamp." It is, or rather was, situate in the south part of Jefferson township. The swamp is a thing of the past, for as the country was cleared and drained, what was once a swamp is now rich, arable land.

The Leedys, with their kinsmen, the Garbers and Swanks, are a numerous people, and the Leedy Association, which holds annual reunions, has a membership of over seven hundred. As a people they are agriculturists. Several, however, are ministers, and one—Aaron Leedy Garber—is a publisher and author as well as a minister. A few of their number are politicians, and one—John Leedy—has been governor of Kansas.

As a people the Leedys and their kinsmen are upright, honorable and prosperous, and have done much to give tone and character to the township in which they live.

ROSELLA RICE.

Rosella Rice was a native of Green township, Ashland county, Ohio. Her father Alexander Rice, was among the earliest settlers of Perrysville. Rosella always resided at the old homestead, where she was born about the year 1830. Miss Rice was a born poet. She cultivated this talent amid the wild hills and glens and rocky caves which abound so romantically in that locality. William T. Coggshall, in a sketch of Miss Rice's life, said: "Meeting with but few associates who could appre-

ciate the depth of her passion for such communings, her spirit was wont to retire within herself, except when it was called forth by the presence of the sylvan gods among whom she worshiped. Her early contributions were marked by her own original characteristics. Coming but little in contact with the world at large, she built upon ideal models, wherever she departed from her own original." For many years she was a contributor to Arthur's Home Magazine, Philadelphia, and to other publications. During the later years of her life she wrote more in prose than poetry. She died in 1888, and is buried at Perrysville.



BLIC SQUARE, MANSFIELD, 1847, NOW CALLED CENTRAL PARK.

CHAPTER III.

Gatton's Rocks.

"Upon the comely wooded mount I stand,
Where erst of old the simple huntsman stood;
I see about me far and wide expand
The scenes of hill and valley, field and wood,"

Cowper wished for a lodge in a wilderness and a number of Mansfield families, sharing with the poet this desire for retirement and seclusion, have cottages at Gatton's Rocks, about half-way between Bellville and Butler, where they spend a considerable part of their time during the summer months. The location is an admirable one and combines the practical with the romantic.

The way Gatton's Rocks became a summer resort was that L. N. Loiselle, J. E. Gibson, B. J. Balliett and other Mansfield gentlemen took a tent outing in that vicinity in the summer of 1899, and became so favorably impressed with the place that they leased, for a number of years, ten acres of land, covering the elevation and rocks, on the south side of the Clear Fork of the Mohican, and by 1900 had six cottages thereon, and another—the seventh—was put up by a Mr. Keller, of New York, in 1902.

The cottages are owned and called as follows: B. J. Balliett's, Old Hickory; Rev. Lemoine's, The Parsonage; Frank Schreidt's, Felsenheim; L. N. Loiselle's, Rest Knook; J. E. Gibson—two cottages—Hemlock Lodge and Forest Lodge; Mr. Keller's, Styx.

Roy Antibus and wife, Rev. George U. Pruess and family, W. S. Ward and family, A. B. Martin, Charles Ritter and family, John Harris and family are among the friends of the cottage owners who visit or temporarily sojourn there.



**VIEW OF GATTON'S ROCKS BEFORE COTTAGES WERE
BUILT.**

Several of the cottages are of rustic exterior, but within all are modernly furnished and equipped. They stand in a row on the top of the knoll, with a street or promenade between them and the brow of the cliff, which is almost perpendicular in its declivity to the river, ninety-six feet below. Back of the buildings is a road or driveway, extending down with



COTTAGES AT GATTON'S ROCKS.

gentle slope to Gatton's ford, above which a suspension bridge, 185 feet in length, spans the river.

The elevation upon which the cottages stand is a detached oblong bluff, on the north side of which is the precipitate declivity to the river already mentioned; on the south side the slope is more gradual terminating in a valley coursed by a smaller stream. The bluff is covered with primitive forest trees—oak, hemlock and other varieties—affording ample shade and romantic seclusion.

The Clear Fork at the suspension bridge is 112 feet wide and about four feet deep, ample volume for boating and fishing. Bass and carp abound in the stream.

Across the river from the rocks is a beautiful valley or plain containing perhaps two thousand acres and extending from Bellville to Butler, and is one of the most fertile in Ohio. And the people of that val-



VIEW OF CLEAR FORK VALLEY FROM GATTON'S ROCKS.

ley are descendants of oldtime families and bear honored names.

The Gattons came from Maryland in about 1817, and the Gatton farm of three hundred acres, of which the Gatton Rocks tract is a part, has been owned by the family for eighty-five years. It is one of the most noted fruit farms in Ohio, having an orchard of over ten thousand bearing trees. This fruit farm is operated by the Gatton brothers—Cyrus M. and Charles

W.—who have one of the finest homes in the valley and whose latch-string is always out.

Before the settlement of Richland county by white people, this Clear Fork valley was a favorite hunting ground of the Indians, who had annual outings there, as our people have now. The valley was so noted for its game that long after the evacuation of Greentown, squads of Delaware Indians would revisit this locality for their annual hunt.

Again the summer holds the hills and valleys in garbs of green. Her cloud-fleets sail through the azure sky as gracefully as they did fifty years ago when the writer—then a Bellville boy—angled in the stream at Gatton's Rocks and hunted wintergreen on the bluff where the Mansfield cottages now stand.

Fifty years! What events have taken place in that half-century! What a terrible struggle our country passed through to preserve our national unity! The thousands and tens of thousands of graves that have grown green this spring-time tell of the civil war, of the soldiers who fought and died for "one country and one flag." Monuments and headstones in Beulah cemetery at Bellville and elsewhere show where soldiers rest whose earthly warfare is over.

But nature, as if she took no part in earthly wars or in human sorrow; as if it were her's to lift humanity to the consciousness of immortality in herself renewed, wears to-day all youthful verdure of her May days of fifty years ago. The fleecy clouds sail through the air as of old and encircling hills cover their brows with veils of tender green; the hemlocks distill their frankincense and the deciduous trees flutter their leaves as new and unsullied as they did in the years that are gone.

"When life is like the shadows, swift and faint,
That dim the valley and are seen no more;
Eternal hills are here, the rocks and stream
Themselves survive the race that pass as in a dream."

Barring sentimental retrospection, those fifty years have brought forth inventions and improvements that are to-day the servants of men. The B. & O. railroad courses through the valley and it is an interesting moving-picture to see long trains of cars wind around graceful curves as they speed over the rails, but the road is a utility as well, for four passenger trains stop daily at the Gatton's Rocks station for the convenience of the public.

The telephone companies have strung wires to the cottages and eight new phones were put in last year. In addition to the railroad, telephone, free mail delivery and other utilities and facilities, delivery wagons make daily trips from Bellville to the Rocks, and milk, butter and fruits are produced and grown in the neighborhood. Theodore L. Garber's dairy farm is nearby in the valley and Gatton's fruit orchards are close at hand, giving the cottages the benefit of desirable markets.

There are more than a dozen springs of good water on the Gatton farm, but the cottages have a well ninety feet deep, cut through solid rock, from which they get cool water, pure and soft.

Surely, Gatton's Rocks, both in location and environs, is all that could be desired as a summer resort.

The view from the camp is entrancing. In the distance hilltops notch the horizon and lift their green crowns through the clear, soft atmosphere of these summer days into the azure sky.

CHAPTER IV.

Monument to John Chapman.

A monument to the memory of John Chapman, better known as Johnny Appleseed, was unveiled in the Sherman-Heineman Park, at Mansfield, Ohio, Thursday afternoon, November 8, 1900. The weather was not propitious for a large gathering of people, but those who were present will ever remember the occasion with peculiar interest. The monument was a gift to the city by the Hon. M. B. Bushnell, one of the park commissioners. The inscription on the monument reads:



HON. M. B. BUSHNELL.

"In memory of John Chapman, best known as Johnny Appleseed, Pioneer Nurseryman of Richland County, from 1810 to 1830."

On the opposite side of the monument are the names of the park commissioners: Martin B. Bushnell, Henry M. Weaver, Roeliff Brinkerhoff, Sr. 1900.

The dedicatory ceremonies were, by invitation, conducted under the auspices of the Richland County Historical Society.

Mr. Bushnell, the donor of the monument, is the son of the late Dr. William Bushnell, a pioneer of

***** PARK—LOCATION OF JOHNNY APPLESEED *****



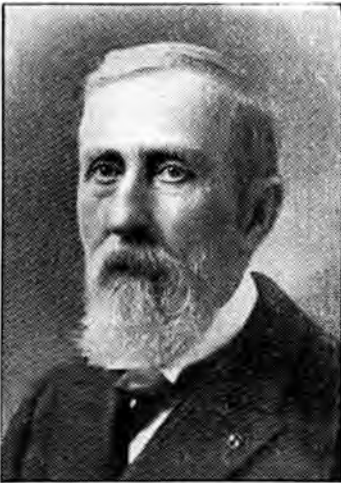
Richland county, who was personally acquainted with John Chapman.

General R. Brinkerhoff, one of the park commissioners, is president of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, and is also president of the Richland County Historical Society, in which latter capacity he presided upon that occasion.

The exercises of the day were opened with invocation by Rev. H. L. Wiles. Minutes of the park commissioners were read by H. M. Weaver, after which an address was delivered by Gen. R. Brinkerhoff, as follows:

GEN. BRINKERHOFF'S REMARKS.

We have met here to-day to dedicate a monument to one of the earliest and most unselfish of Ohio benefactors. His name was John Chapman, but to the



GEN. R. BRINKERHOFF.

pioneers, he was everywhere known as Johnny Appleseed. The field of his operations, in Ohio, was mainly, the valleys of the Muskingum river and its tributaries, and his mission for the most part, was to plant apple seeds, in well located nurseries, in advance of civilization, and have apple trees ready for planting when the pioneers should appear. He also scattered through the forest the seeds of medicinal plants, such

as dog-fennel, penny-royal, catnip, hoarhound, rattle-root and the like.

We hear of him as early as 1806, on the Ohio river, with two canoe loads of apple seeds gathered from the cider presses of western Pennsylvania, and with these he planted nurseries along the Muskingum river and its tributaries.

About 1810 he made his headquarters in that part of the old county of Richland, which is now Ashland, in Green township, and was there for a number of years, and then he came to Mansfield where he was a familiar figure, and a welcome guest in the homes of the early pioneers.

All the early orchards of Richland county were procured from the nurseries of Johnny Appleseed. Within the sound of my voice, where I now stand, there are a dozen or more trees that we believe are the lineal descendants of Johnny Appleseed nurseries. In fact this monument is almost within the shadow of three of them.

As civilization advanced Johnny Appleseed passed on to the westward, and, at last, in 1847, he ended his career in Indiana and was buried near what is now the city of Ft. Wayne. In the end he was true to his mission of planting nurseries and sowing the seeds of medicinal herbs.

To the pioneers of Ohio he was an unselfish benefactor and we are here to-day to aid in transmitting to coming generations our grateful memory of his deeds.

The following correspondence in regard to the location of Appleseed's last resting place was read by M. B. Bushnell:

CORRESPONDENCE.

MANSFIELD, O., Sept. 17, 1900.

President Ft. Wayne Cemetery Association, Ft. Wayne, Ind. :

Dear Sir—The park commissioners of this city are erecting a monument to the memory of John Chapman, better known as Johnny Appleseed to the early settlers of Richland county, from 1810 to 1830. He then went to Indiana, living in the vicinity of Ft. Wayne, from 1830 to 1847. A. A. Graham's history of our county notes that he died in 1847 and was buried by Mr. Worth and neighbors, in David Archer's graveyard, two and one-half miles north of Ft. Wayne.

Will you kindly ascertain if this record is correct, as to location of grave, and is it properly marked? Answer at your convenience.

Yours truly,

MARTIN B. BUSHNELL,
Treasurer Sherman-Heineman Park.
34 Sturges Ave.

FT. WAYNE, IND., Oct. 5, 1900.

Mr. Martin B. Bushnell, Treas. Park Commissioners,
Mansfield, O. :

My Dear Sir—On my return from my summer vacation, a few days ago, I found your letter, herewith enclosed. I submitted it to Mr. Archer, whom I thought to be the best informed on the subject, and he has answered on the reverse, as you notice.

I regret most sincerely that a more definite location of the grave of John Chapman (Johnny Appleseed) cannot be given—a worthy man, well and favorably known in his day.

Very respectfully,

O. P. MORGAN,
President Lindenwood Cemetery.

FT. WAYNE, IND., Oct. 4, 1900.

Mr. O. P. Morgan :

During his life and residence in this vicinity, I suppose that every man, woman and child, knew something of Johnny Appleseed. I find that there are quite a number of persons yet living here, that remember him well, and enjoy relating reminiscences and peculiarities of his habits and life. The historical account of his death and burial by the Worths and their neighbors, the Pettits, Gonges, Porters, Parkers, Notesterns, Becketts, Whitesides, Pechons, Hatfields, Parrants, Ballards, Rindsells, and the Archers, in David Archer's private burial grounds, is substantially correct. The grave, more especially the common head-boards, used in those days, have long since decayed and become entirely obliterated, and at this time I do not think that any person could, with any degree of certainty, come within fifty feet of pointing out the location of his grave, suffice it to say, that he has been gathered in with his neighbors and friends, as I have enumerated—for the majority of them lie in David Archer's graveyard with him.

JOHN H. ARCHER,
Grandson of David Archer.

A. J. Baughman, secretary of the Richland County Historical Society, then delivered the following address, on the life and character of John Chapman :

A. J. BAUGHMAN'S ADDRESS.

John Chapman was born at Springfield, Mass., in the year 1775. Of his early life but little is known, as he was reticent about himself, but his half-sister who came out west at a later period, stated that Johnny had, when a boy, shown a fondness for natural scenery and often wandered from home in quest

of plants and flowers and that he liked to listen to the birds singing and to gaze at the stars. Chapman's penchant for planting apple seeds and cultivating nurseries caused him to be called "Appleseed John," which was finally changed to "Johnny Appleseed," and by that name he was called and known everywhere.

The year Chapman came to Ohio has been variously stated, but to say it was one hundred years ago would not be far from the mark. An uncle of the late Rosella Rice lived in Jefferson county when Chapman made his first advent into Ohio, and one day saw a queer looking craft coming down the Ohio river above Steubenville. It consisted of two canoes lashed together, and its crew was one man—an angular, oddly dressed person—and when he landed he said his name was Chapman and that his cargo consisted of sacks of apple seeds and that he intended to



A. J. BAUGHMAN.

plant nurseries. After planting a number of nurseries along the river front, he extended his work into the interior of the state—into Richland county—where he made his home for many years.

Chapman was enterprising in his way and planted nurseries in a number of counties, which required him to travel hundreds

of miles to visit and prune them yearly, as was his custom. His usual price for a tree was "a

five-penny-bit," but if the settler hadn't money, Johnny would either give him credit or take old clothes for pay. He generally located his nurseries along streams, planted his seeds, surrounded the patch with a brush fence, and when the pioneers came, Johnny had young fruit trees ready for them. He extended his operations to the Maumee country and finally into Indiana, where the last years of his life were spent. He revisited Richland county the last time in 1843, and called at my father's, but as I was only five years old at the time I do not remember him.

My parents (in about 1827-'35) planted two orchards with trees they bought of Johnny, and he often called at their house, as he was a frequent caller at the homes of the settlers. My grandfather, Capt. James Cunningham, settled in Richland county in 1808, and was acquainted with Johnny for many years, and I often heard him tell, in his Irish witty way, many amusing anecdotes and incidents of Johnny's life and of his peculiar and eccentric ways.

Johnny was fairly educated, well read and was polite and attentive in manner and was chaste in conversation. His face was pleasant in expression, and he was kind and generous in disposition. His nature was a deeply religious one, and his life was blameless among his fellowmen. He regarded comfort more than style and thought it wrong to spend money for clothing to make a fine appearance. He usually wore a broad-brimmed hat. He went barefooted not only in the summer, but often in cold weather, and a coffee sack, with neck and armholes cut in it was worn as a coat. He was about five feet, nine inches in height, rather spare in build but was large boned and sinewy. His eyes were blue, but darkened with animation.

For a number of years Johnny lived in a little cabin near Perrysville (then in Richland county), but later he made his home in Mansfield with his half-sister, a

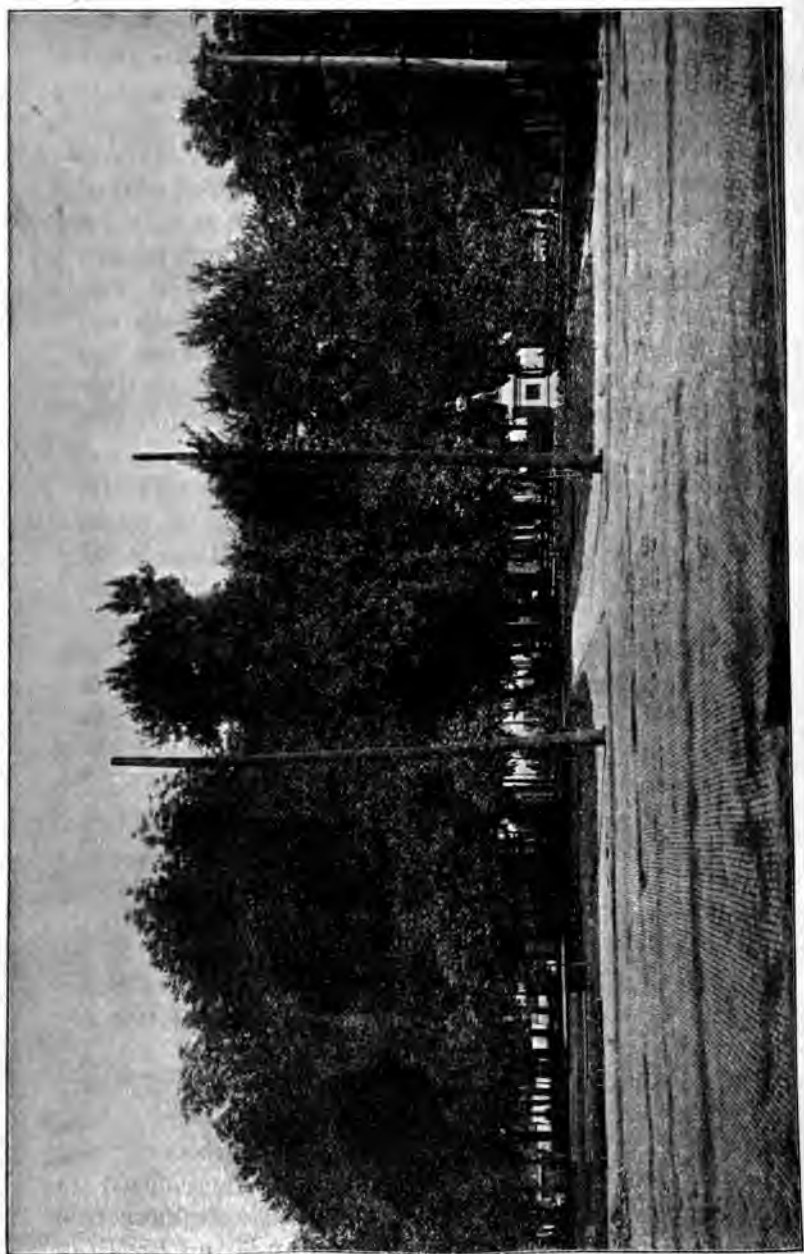


THE CHAPMAN MONUMENT, IN MIDDLE PARK, MANSFIELD, OHIO, UNVEILED NOVEMBER 8, 1900.
GIFT OF THE HON. M. B. BUSHNELL.

Mrs. Groome, who lived on the Leesville road (now West Fourth street) near the present residence of R. G. Hancock. The parents of George C. Wise then lived near what is now the corner of West Fourth street and Penn avenue and the Groome and Wise families were friends and neighbors. George C. Wise, Hiram R. Smith, Mrs. J. H. Cook and others remember Johnny Applesseed quite well. Mrs. Cook was, perhaps, better acquainted with "Johnny" than any other living person to-day, for the Wiler House was often his stopping place. The homes of Judge Parker, Mr. Newman and others were ever open to receive Johnny as a guest.

But the man who best understood this peculiar character was the late Dr. William Bushnell, father of our respected fellow-townsmen, the Hon. M. B. Bushnell, the donor of this beautiful commemorative monument, and by whose kindness and liberality we are here to-day. With Dr. Bushnell's scholastic attainments and intuitive knowledge of character he was enabled to know and appreciate Chapman's learning and the noble traits of his head and heart.

When upon his journeys Johnny usually camped out. He never killed anything, not even for the purpose of obtaining food. He carried a kit of cooking utensils with him, among which was a mush-pan, which he sometimes wore as a hat. When he called at a house, his custom was to lie upon the floor with his kit for a pillow and after conversing with the family a short time, would then read from a Swedeborgian book or tract, and proceed to explain and extol the religious views he so zealously believed, and whose teachings he so faithfully carried out in his every day life and conversation. His mission was one of peace and good will and he never carried a weapon, not even for self defense. The Indians regarded him as a great "Medicine Man," and his life



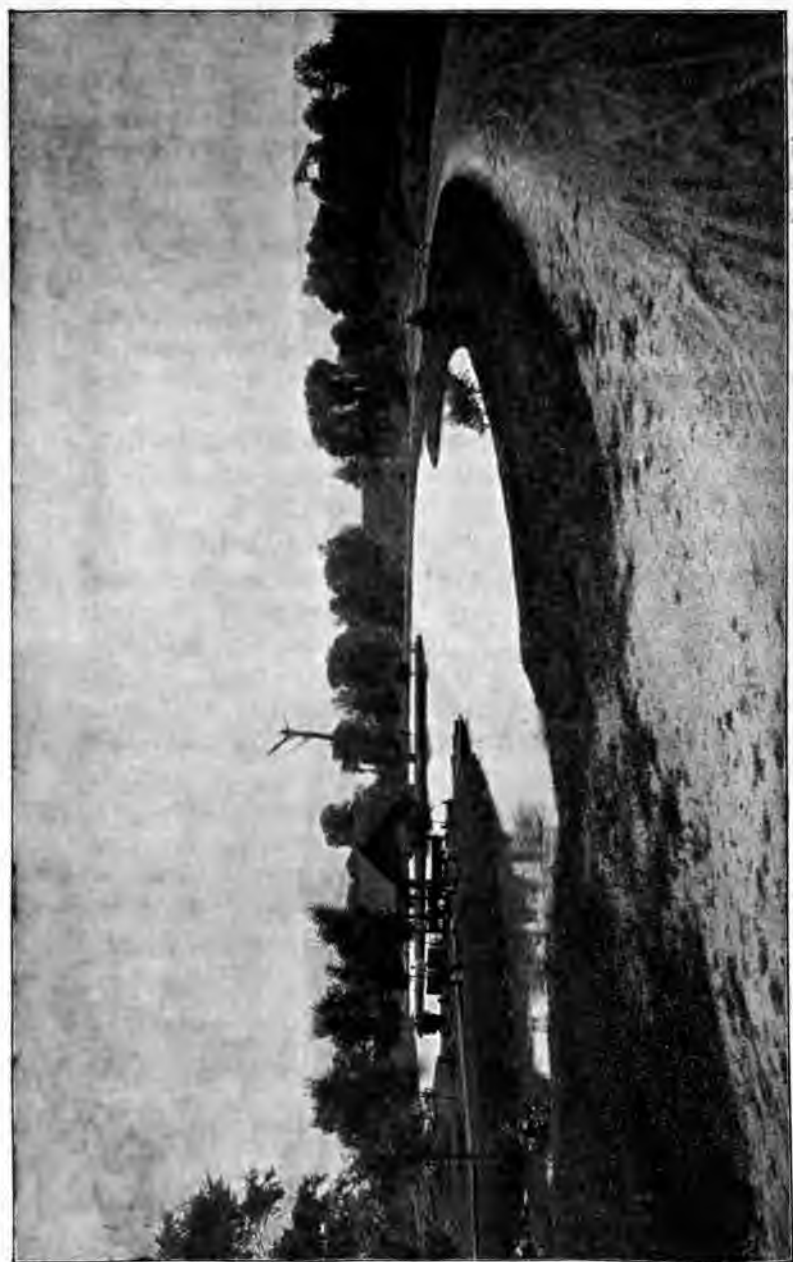
seemed to be a charmed one, as neither savage men nor wild beasts would harm him.

Chapman was not a mendicant. He was never in indigent circumstances, for he sold thousands of nursery trees every year. Had he been avaricious, his estate instead of being worth a few thousands, might have been tens of thousands at his death.

"Johnny Appleseed's" name was John Chapman—not Jonathan—and this is attested by the muniments of his estate, and also from the fact that he had a half-brother (a deaf mute) whose Christian name was Jonathan.

Chapman never married and rumor said that a love affair in the old Bay state was the cause of his living the life of a celibate and recluse. Johnny himself never explained why he led such a singular life except to remark that he had a mission—which was understood to be to plant nurseries and to make converts to the doctrines taught by Emanuel Swedenburg. He died at the home of William Worth in St. Joseph township, Allen county, Indiana, March 11, 1847, and was buried in David Archer's graveyard, a few miles north of Ft. Wayne, near the foot of a natural mound. His name is engraved as a cenotaph upon one of the monuments erected in Mifflin township, Ashland county, this state, to the memory of the pioneers. Those monuments were unveiled with imposing ceremony in the presence of over six thousand people September 15, 1882, the seventieth anniversary of the Copys tragedy.

During the war of 1812, Chapman often warned the settlers of approaching danger. The following incident is given: When the news spread that Levi Jones had been killed by the Indians and that Wallace Reed and others had probably met the same fate, excitement ran high and the few families which composed the population of Mansfield sought the protection of the block house, situated on the public square,



as it was supposed the savages were coming in force from the north to overrun the country and to murder the settlers.

There were no troops at the block house at the time and as an attack was considered imminent a consultation was held and it was decided to send a messenger to Captain Douglas, at Mt. Vernon, for assistance. But who would undertake the hazardous journey? It was evening, and the rays of the sunset had faded away and the stars were beginning to shine in the darkening sky, and the trip of thirty miles must be made in the night over a new-cut road through a wilderness—through a forest infested with wild beasts and hostile Indians.

A volunteer was asked for and a tall, lank man said demurely: "I'll go." He was bareheaded, barefooted and was unarmed. His manner was meek and you had to look the second time into his dark, blue eyes to fully fathom the courage and determination shown in their depths. There was an expression in his countenance such as limners try to portray in their pictures of saints. It is scarcely necessary to state that the volunteer was Johnny Appleseed, for many of you have heard your fathers tell how unostentatiously Johnny stood as "a watchman on the walls of Jezreel," to guard and protect the settlers from their savage foes.

The journey to Mt. Vernon was a sort of a Paul Revere mission. Unlike Paul's, Johnny's was made on foot—barefooted—over a rough road, but one that in time led to fame.

Johnny would rap on the doors of the few cabins along the route, warn the settlers of the impending danger and advise them to flee to the block house.

Johnny arrived safely at Mt. Vernon, aroused the garrison and informed the commandant of his mission.

"The dun-deer's hide
On feeter feet was never tied,"

for so expeditiously was the trip made that at sunrise the next morning troops from Mt. Vernon arrived at the Mansfield block house, accompanied by Johnny, who had made the round trip of sixty miles between sunset and sunrise.

About a week before Chapman's death, while at Ft. Wayne, he heard that cattle had broken into his nursery in St. Joseph township and were destroying his trees, and he started on foot to look after his property. The distance was about twenty miles and the fatigue and exposure of the journey were too much for Johnny's physical condition, then enfeebled by age; and at the even-tide he applied at the home of Mr. Worth for lodging for the night. Mr. Worth was a native Buckeye and had lived in Richland county when a boy, and when he learned that his oddly dressed caller was Johnny Appleseed gave him a cordial welcome. Johnny declined going to the supper table but partook of a bowl of bread and milk.

The day had been cold and raw with occasional flurries of snow, but in the evening the clouds cleared away and the sun shone warm and bright as it sank in the western sky. Johnny noticed this beautiful sunset, an augury of the spring and flowers so soon to come and sat on the doorstep and gazed with wistful eyes toward the west. Perhaps this herald of the springtime, the season in which nature is resurrected from the death of winter, caused him to look with prophetic eyes to the future and contemplate that glorious event of which Christ is the resurrection and the life. Upon re-entering the house, Johnny declined the bed offered him for the night, preferring a quilt and pillow on the floor, but asked permission to hold family worship and read, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven,"

LOOKING WEST ON FOURTH FROM MAIN STREET, MANSFIELD, OHIO.



“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,” etc.

After he had finished reading the lesson, he said prayers—prayers long remembered by that family. He prayed for all sorts and conditions of men; that the way of righteousness might be made clear unto them and that saving grace might be freely given to all nations. He asked that the Holy spirit might guide and govern all who profess and call themselves Christians and that all those who were afflicted in mind, body or estate, might be comforted and relieved, and that all might at last come to the knowledge of the truth and in the world to come have happiness and everlasting life. Not only the words of the prayer, but the pathos of his voice made a deep impression upon those present.

In the morning Johnny was found in a high state of fever, pneumonia having developed during the night, and the physician called said he was beyond medical aid, but inquired particularly about his religious belief, and remarked that he had never seen a dying man so perfectly calm, for upon his wan face there was an expression of happiness and upon his pale lips there was a smile of joy as though he was communing with loved ones who had come to meet him and to soothe his weary spirit in his dying moments. And as his eyes shone with the beautiful light supernal, God touched him with his finger and beckoned him home.

Thus ended the life of a man who was not only a hero, but a benefactor as well; and his spirit is now at rest in the Paradise of the Redeemed, and in the fullness of time, clothed again in the old body made anew, will enter into the Father's house in which there are many mansions. In the words of his own faith, his bruised feet will be healed, and he shall walk on the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem of which he so eloquently preached. It has been very appro-



FROM LOOKOUT POINT, SHERMAN PARK, MANSFIELD, OHIO

priately said that although years have come and gone since his death, the memory of his good deeds live anew every springtime in the beauty and fragrance of the blossoms of the apple trees he loved so well.

Johnny Appleseed's death was in harmony with his unostentatious, blameless life. It is often remarked, "How beautiful is the Christian's life; yea, but far more beautiful is the Christian's death," when "the fashion of his countenance is altered," as he passes from the life here to the life beyond.

What changes have taken place in the years that have intervened between the Johnny Appleseed period and to-day! It has been said that the lamp of civilization far surpasses that of Aladdin's. Westward the star of empire took its way and changed the forests into fields of grain and the waste places into gardens of flowers and towns and cities have been built with marvelous handiwork. But in this march of progress the struggles and hardships of the early settlers must not be forgotten. Let us not only record the history, but the legends of the pioneer period, its tales and traditions and collect even the crumbs that fall from the table of the feast.

To-day, the events which stirred the souls and tried the courage of the pioneers seem to come out of the dim past and glide as panoramic views before me. A number of the actors in those scenes were of my "kith and kin," who have long since crossed over the river in their journey to the land where Enoch and Elijah are pioneers, while I am left to exclaim:

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."

While the scenes of those pioneer days are vivid to us on history's page, future generations may look upon them as the phantasmagoria of a dream.

At seventy-two years of age—forty-six of which had been devoted to his self-imposed mission—John Chap-

man ripened into death as naturally and as beautifully as the apple seeds of his planting had grown into trees, had budded into blossoms and ripened into fruit. The monument which is now to be unveiled is a fitting memorial to the man in whom there dwelt a comprehensive love that reached downward to the lowest forms of life and upward to the throne of the Divine.

At the conclusion of Mr. Baughman's address, the monument was unveiled by Mr. Bushnell, after which "America" was sung by the assembly, followed by the benediction.

The Sherman-Heineman Park is divided into three parts by two streets crossing it from east to west. The lands south of Park avenue are known as Sherman Park, and those north of the Leesville road as Heineman Park, and the intervening lands as Middle Park, and in the latter stands the Chapman monument, which has been visited by hundreds of people each season since it was erected.

To show appreciation of Mr. Bushnell's generous gift of a monument to the memory of John Chapman, the Ohio Society of New York sent the following engrossed testimonial:

"At a meeting of the Ohio Society, of New York, held at its rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, January 14, 1901, a committee was appointed consisting of Hon. Mahlon Chance, Gen. Wager Swayne, Gen. Anson McCook, Abner McKinley, Esq., Colgate Hoyt, Esq., who submitted the following, which was unanimously adopted:

"The Ohio Society of New York learns with satisfaction and pride that a beautiful monument has been erected at Mansfield, Ohio, in the Sherman-Heineman Park, by Martin B. Bushnell, Esq., of that city, to old John Chapman, better known in the early history of Ohio as Johnny Appleseed.

“Resolved, That we tender to Martin B. Bushnell, Esq., our sincere and hearty thanks for his liberality, and express our highest appreciation of the noble and patriotic sentiment which inspired this tribute.

“Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing be sent to Mr. Bushnell by the officers of the Society.

“Presented by the Society.

(Signed) “M. I. SOUTHARD, President.

“A. H. HAGAR, Secretary.”



IN HEINEMAN PARK.

The Richland County Historical Society was organized November 26, 1898, at Mansfield, Ohio, with the following officers: Gen. R. Brinkerhoff, president; Major George F. Carpenter, vice-president; A. J. Baughman, secretary; Hon. M. B. Bushnell, treasurer; E. Wilkinson, curator.

In June of each year the society holds a public meeting, the first of which was held at the Casino, in 1899. The second (1900) at the court house. The third (1901) at the G. A. R. room in the Memorial

Library Building, and the fourth (1902) in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. The late Hon. John Sherman made his last appearance before a public audience at the June meeting of the society in 1900. Distinguished persons from other parts of Ohio have attended the annual meetings of the society and participated in its exercises.

Upon the death of Mr. Carpenter, the society held a commemorative meeting, at which a memorial address was delivered by A. J. Baughman, who paid a high tribute to the worth and character of the deceased. There was no change in the roster of the society until after the death of Mr. Carpenter, November 12, 1901.

At the annual meeting in 1902, the Hon. M. B. Bushnell was elected vice-president, and the Hon. W. S. Cappeller, proprietor of the Mansfield News, was elected treasurer. The other officers remain unchanged. The society is in communication and exchange of documents with similar associations of other counties and states, and has won for itself a place among the historical societies



HON. W. S. CAPPELLER.

of the country. The Richland County Historical Society aims to collect and collate passing as well as past events, that the history of the county may be preserved for future generations.

It is hoped that the republication of the story of "Philip Seymour" may create a renewed interest in the history of the pioneers.



JUN 29 1944





