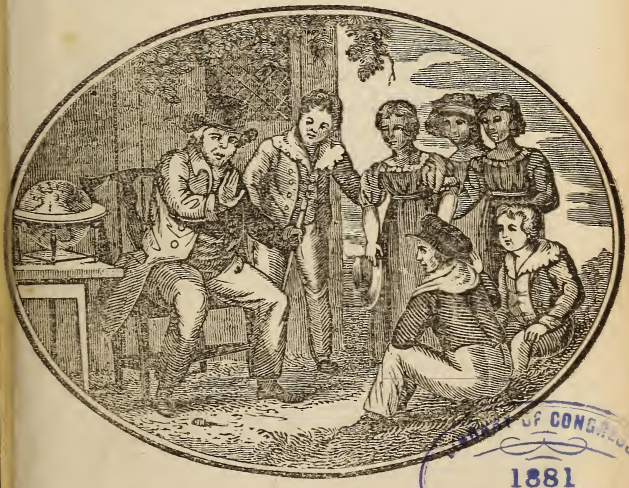
THE HISTORY

OF THE

WESTERN STATES,

ILLUSTRATED BY

TALES, SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES



WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

By LAMBERT LILLY, Schoolmaster.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.
1835.

PREFACE.

THIS work being one of a series, it may be proper to insert here the preface to the first of them, entitled The Story of the American Revolution, which explains the plan and design of the author.

"In this little work, the author has attempted to relate the story of our glorious Revolution, in a simple manner, so that it may be interesting and instructive to children and youth. He has not adopted a very regular method of treating the subject, but has attempted to keep the interest of the pupil constantly alive, by a variety of tales, anecdotes and sketches, illustrative of the events with which they are connected.

"It is remarkable, that very few books of history are read by children except as a task; while works of fiction are perused with the greatest avidity. Now, if fiction borrows its chief interest from its resemblance to truth, how is this fact to be accounted for? I think it may be explained by two considerations. In the first place, fiction, being the offspring of the imagination, is generally written with a warmth of language which makes the reader realize every part of the story, and cheats him, against his better knowledge, into the persuasion that the narrative is true. On the contrary, the writing of history is a task calculated to repress all vivacity of feeling; research must take the place of invention, and fancy must act in humble subserviency to facts, dates and records. Under such circumstances, dulness creeps into the mind of the writer, and is thus imparted to the book.

"For these reasons, in most books, fiction wears the aspect of truth, and truth the aspect of fiction. Children are excellent judges of manner, and are very much affected by it. They will listen with much more interest to an indifferent story, happily told, than to a good one stupidly related. They, as well as people of mature age, are more attracted by a novel, or romance, written in a lively and natural style, than by the most important history, if composed in a dull and heavy manner.

"A second consideration, which will account for the preference given to tales of fiction, is this:—They are generally much more

minute in their details than books of history. The latter tell us of armies and nations, while the former present to us individuals, and acquaint us with their thoughts and feelings, their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, and thus make us sympathize with them in all the vicissitudes to which they are exposed. It is this minuteness of detail which forms one of the principal charms in books of fiction; it is the comprehensiveness of books of history, which makes them repulsive to juvenile readers, who are always seeking for amusement.

"Such being the views of the writer of the present volume, he has adopted a method in some respects new. If he has occasion to state that a battle occurred, he states it in few words, and then relates anecdotes, individual adventures, and other minute circumstances, calculated to fix the attention of the pupil, to excite his interest, and thus make him realize the whole scene, as if he were himself an actor in it.

"By this means, and by adopting a familiar style, the author hopes he has succeeded in imparting to this little work some of the attractive qualities which belong to tales of fiction. Nothing, certainly, is more desirable, than that truth should be the basis of early education; and whoever shall succeed in rendering history interesting and agreeable to youth, will perform a task for which he will deserve the thanks of the age. That the author has fully succeeded in this attempt, he cannot pretend to hope; but, deeply convinced of the importance of the object he has in view, he has made the present experiment, and leaves the result to the decision of the public.

"If this volume is favorably received, it will be followed by a series of works on American history, executed in a similar manner. The subjects proposed are the following:—the Early History of New England; the Early History of the Middle States; the Early History of the Southern States; the History of the Western States; the History of the West Indies; the History of Mexico; the Early History of South America; and the History of Discoveries in America. These volumes, if published, will be abundantly illustrated by engravings, and will appear at intervals of two or three months.

"The materials for these works are abundant, and in the highest degree interesting. The design of the author will be to embrace the entire history of the Western Continent in the series, and thus furnish a set of books, which may be put into the hands of youth, as works of amusement, but which will instruct them fully in the history of their own country, and in that also of other countries in the same hemisphere."

The four first works above mentioned, as well as the History of the American Revolution, are already published, and the others will soon appear.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XVI.

HISTORY

OF THE

WESTERN STATES.

CHAPTER I.

Scene of the following Adventures and Anecdotes. Description of the Valley of the Mississippi, and other Territory of the West. Aspect of the Country in various Sections. Vegetable Productions. Wild Animals described. The Buffalo. Buffalo Hunting. Beaver, and Beaver Trapping. The Brown Bear, and Grizzly Bear. The Panther. The Prairie Wolf. The Raccoon, Squirrel, Opossum, Elk, Antelope, and other Quadrupeds. Story about the Squirrel's sailing across Rivers, and how the Opossum pretends to be dead.

THE scene of most of the anecdotes and adventures of which this volume will consist, is laid in those states and territories which make up a large part of the Valley of the Mississippi River. This vast tract of country extends northward as far as the streams which run into lakes Winnipeg, Superior, and other large bodies of fresh water in their vicinity. It is bounded on the south by the winding shores of the great Gulf of Mexico, into

which the Mississippi empties ; on the west, by the range of highlands, running parallel with the river, which give rise to the Arkansaw, Red and Missouri rivers ; and on the east, by the Alleghany ridge, separating it from the section of country watered by the Atlantic streams. Some description of this great territory will be a proper introduction to the sketches furnished in the following chapters.

The general surface of the Mississippi Valley may be best described under three distinct heads—the thickly timbered, the barrens, and the prairie country. As to the first division, wherever forest land is met with, it is uniformly distinguished for the great size of the trees, the depth of verdure in the foliage, and the abundance of vegetable growth of every description. The trees are large and tall ; and they rise aloft, like vast columns, free from branches. In rich soil, they are generally wreathed with a drapery of ivy, grape-vines, or some other wild productions of the kind called *creepers*, whose tendrils and blossoms cling to the branches, and mingle with the broad leaves of the trees.

At other times, these forests are as free from undergrowth as a farmer's orchard. Perhaps the only shrub seen among the trees is the beautiful pawpaw, with its shining foliage, and its bending and graceful stems. In other locations, there are thick and tangled cane-brakes, and patches of rank brambles and brier-vines. These, though they

always indicate a good soil, are the frequent and safe retreats of bears, panthers, and other wild animals of the west.

The country called *barrens* has generally a surface undulating with moderately-sized hills of a particular form. They are long, regular ridges, mostly covered with a tall, coarse grass, and only here and there shaded by trees which are neither very large nor very small. These are oak in the greater number of instances. The land of the barrens is of an indifferent quality, as the name would lead one to suppose. There are large tracts of this kind of country in Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama; and they are also often met with in Illinois and Missouri.

The *prairies* are of various descriptions and names. The "wet prairies," so called, generally occur on the bodies of the great water-courses. Their soil is black, deep and rich, and is clothed with native grasses of an atsonishing height and luxuriance. From this circumstance, and from the levelness of their surface, they are sprinkled over with multitudes of small ponds, formed by rains, and only dried up, during the greatest heat of summer, by the power of the sun. When this happens, and especially as the little channels connecting them with the river gradually become dry, fish are taken by cart-loads among the high grass, where the water has been three or four feet deep. When the waters entirely evaporate, they of course

die; and hence it is, partly, that, though thousands of buzzards and other birds feed upon these fish, they pollute the surrounding atmosphere for months, if not perpetually, and render a residence upon the prairies unpleasant and unhealthy.

In other respects, however, and especially at other seasons, circumstances are more favorable to the health and comfort of man and beast alike. In the spring and autumn, innumerable flocks of water-fowls are seen wheeling their rounds over the small lakes and ponds of the prairies, finding abundant food in the oily seeds of the plants and grasses which have ripened during the summer. Flocks of deer scour swiftly across these rich plains, sometimes stopping to graze peaceably in the neighborhood of the settler's domestic cattle.

During the months of vegetation, the richer prairies are covered with flowers and flowering plants and shrubs, of an almost incredible variety of forms, scents and hues. In the "barrens," you will find four or five kinds of the little flower commonly called "ladies' slipper," all of the most splendid colors. Most of the prairie flowers have tall and arrowy stems; and the blossoms are very large and gorgeous in appearance, though without much fragrance. They present different successions of hues as the season advances. The prevailing color, in spring, is bluish purple; in midsummer, red, with a considerable proportion of yellow; in autumn, very generally yellow, and that

so extensive and so rich, as to present to the imagination of the spectator, at a little distance, an immense surface of gilding.

Such is the nature of the wet prairies. The "dry prairies," on the other hand, as their name indicates, are nearly destitute of streams and springs. These immense level plains are the pasture-grounds of large herds of buffaloes. They are generally as much without wood as without water; and the weary traveller may wander there for days, and see the horizon, on all sides around him, sinking to contact with nothing but the grass of the prairies.

In the wide prairies on the Upper Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansaw and Red rivers, in all the space beyond a distance of two or three hundred miles from civilized settlements, the buffalo is the grand object of hunting, and the means of subsistence among the Indians, and the white hunters and trappers. And not only does its flesh furnish their food, but their dress, their couches, their seats, and much of the ornamental part of the furniture of their cabins, are made of the skins and furs. The former, indeed, tanned, and stretched on poles, are a chief article in the construction of their wigwams and lodges; and the latter, under the common name of "buffalo robes," are an important article of commerce. There are very few of the young readers of this book, probably, who have not learned by experience, in the winter season, the comfort of a buffalo robe.

The appearance of these animals is generally known. They are not very far from the size of the domestic ox. They have small horns, not more than four or five inches in length; small, fierce-looking eyes; bushy heads, covered with shaggy wool of a brownish gray color; and a protuberance on the shoulders, called the "hump." This is the choice part of the animal as an article of food. The beef generally, however, is nearly equal to that of the domestic ox, at least when killed at the right season, and properly preserved.

At and about the sources of the rivers just named, and of many others, the beaver is a great object of pursuit by hunters and trappers, both savage and civilized. To the former, indeed, it is an essential means of gain and subsistence; for they barter the skins regularly with the white traders, for arms, ammunition, blankets, traps, whiskey, and various other objects of necessity or desire. Great numbers of white men, living upon the frontiers of civilization, repair to these distant regions, for the sole purpose of hunting and trapping the beaver. When they have collected and packed a sufficient number of the furs, they fell a hollow tree, launch it into some full mountain stream, and paddle down perhaps a thousand miles of the Missouri, or some other great river, to barter their cargoes at St. Louis, and the other towns and cities of the Mississippian region.

Both the *brown* and the grizzly or *white* bear

are found in the Valley of the Mississippi; the latter chiefly on the upper courses of the Missouri and its tributary streams. The brown bear does not often undertake to contend with man, face to face; but the grizzly bear, instead of flying, pursues or attacks him with less fear than almost any other beast of prey. The strength of this animal is prodigious; and they sometimes weigh considerably more than a thousand pounds. One, which was killed by a party of travellers, a few years since, measured three feet five inches about the head, three feet eleven inches about the neck, eight feet seven and a half inches in length, and one foot eleven inches about the fore leg. The talons were four and a half inches long. Fortunately, they are not very swift; and as they usually range in the timbered regions, and do not climb as the brown bear does, the hunters generally escape from them by mounting a tree. Attacks are not often made upon them, and never but by several men in company. The fur is so much valued, as sometimes to sell for fifty dollars, and frequently for thirty.

The panther is a ferocious animal of the cat kind, ranging the forests throughout the whole Mississippi Valley. They are of the size of the largest dogs, and of a darkish gray color, marked with black spots; but are shaped more like the domestic cat, having short legs, large paws, and long talons, with a round head and whiskers also like the cat's. They purr, too, much in the same

manner, when in good humor, though their night howl, in their fiercer moods, is the most wild and terrible to be conceived. They conceal themselves among the branches of trees, and dart, from that situation, upon their prey. When wounded, they have been known to attack men; and they seldom fail to attack a child, when they meet one alone.

The prairie wolf is a small but strong animal, with a form much resembling that of the fox, and a bark and howl like those of the common dog. They sometimes travel in packs or droves on the prairies; and their shrill and sharp bark is often heard at night in the hunter's solitary cabin or camp. It sounds like a note of defiance to the dogs of the cabin; and the latter, in such cases, will retreat towards their shelter, showing signs of fear, reducing their bark gradually to a feeble and timid whine, and finally pawing at the door of the cabin for admission within. They are a most annoying scourge to the farmers, and the greatest impediment to the raising of sheep upon the prairies.

The raccoon is more troublesome in the cornfields; and it is a sport, preparatory to more hazardous hunting, for the farmers' *boys* to sally out and kill or capture one of these less dangerous animals in the night-time.

Woodchucks and opossums abound also in the prairies. The latter is a lazy and stupid animal. Its shelter is a hollow log or tree; and when you come upon one suddenly, at any distance from this shelter, instead of retreating for it, the opossum

turns over on its side, throws out its legs, and settles its body, eyes, and other features into a motionless resemblance of death. Even the hunter's dog in these cases is deceived. He applies his nose to the animal, paws it over, and passes it by as dead. So familiar is this fact among the hunters, that it is a common saying with them, that a man who takes great pains to dissemble for a particular purpose, is "opossuming!"

Squirrels, gray, black and red, prey upon the corn-fields, adjacent to woods, in all sections of the valley. Farmers consider it an object, in autumn, when they are most troublesome, to furnish a boy with gun, powder and lead, on condition of his keeping a constant guard about the corn-fields. At this season, nothing is more common, in the hickory or beech woods, than to see half a dozen of these active and proud little animals, flourishing their erect tails, and barking, and skipping from branch to branch.

There is good evidence that these squirrels cross rivers of considerable breadth; sometimes swimming, and at other times mounting a large chip, or a piece of bark, and raising and spreading their tails by way of sail. In fact, the little navigator occasionally spreads too much canvass, or ventures abroad in too much wind; and so, like many a stouter and wiser voyager on the various waters of the earth, he is overset and drowned. It is related as having happened in the

year 1811, that they emigrated from the north towards the south by thousands, marching in a body of some order, along the lower section of the state of Ohio, and the whole front of Indiana. Great numbers of these adventurous travellers unfortunately perished, in attempting to cross the Ohio river.

Large flocks of elks are found in the northern limits of the range of the buffalo. The elk is a large species of the deer, something taller than the horse. The antelope is another species, found among the remote mountains, and is a fleet and beautiful animal, rarely met with by the hunters. The mountain sheep inhabit the same tract of country. They are as large as the deer, are covered with a wool like fur, and have horns of a prodigious size.

The prairie dog is so called from the supposed similarity of its cry to the barking of the common dog. It is about twice as large as the gray squirrel, and has a large head, short ears, black whiskers, and a sharp nose. They are a social set of creatures, living upon the dry prairies in large communities. The hole in the ground which they live in, is called a burrow; and may be known at some distance by the little mound at the entrance, which is formed by the earth heaped up in digging it. There are several occupants, probably all of the same family, in each burrow. In mild weather, they are seen sporting about the

mouths of their habitations, with all the sprightliness and glee of the squirrel. At the approach of danger, they raise the peculiar bark which has given them their name; and, after indulging in this clamor for a short time, retreat to their dens. When overtaken, away from their homes, they show all the ill humor of a small cur, but are easily made tame, gentle and affectionate.

CHAPTER II.

An Account of the Birds of the Western Country. The Prairie Hen and the Phaesant. How the wild Turkey seduces the tame one. The Robin, Mocking-bird, Redbird and Paroquet. Migrations of the wild Geese and Swans. Reptiles of the Western Country. Different Kinds of Snakes. Story of a Family attacked by a Company of Rattlesnakes. Anecdotes of the Alligator.

Among the birds of the Mississippi Valley, are the robin-redbreast, the blue-bird, the red-bird, the blue jay, the mocking-bird, the goldfinch, owl, paroquet, pigeons, partridges, pheasants, turkeys, humming-birds and prairie hens. The latter is seen in great flocks, in the autumn, in the prairies of Missouri and Illinois. It is rather larger than the domestic hen. Its colors and its shape make it a beautiful bird. It lights on barns, and hovers about cornfields, and is tamed without much difficulty.

The pheasant is the same bird called the par-

tridge in New England, and the partridge the same with our quail. The latter are very numerous in many sections, and are frequently taken as they are crossing the rivers, on the steam-boats which happen to be going up or down in the way of their flight. A standing amusement in the western country is to take them by driving them into a net.

The wild turkey is a fine, large bird, with brilliant blackish plumage. These are numerous, too, in the vicinity of corn-fields; and hundreds of them are sometimes driven from the enclosures of the settler. They associate readily with the domestic turkey; and when the latter is reared near the range of the former, they are sure to be sooner or later enticed into the woods by them. The Indians, and the western sportsmen, have a way of hunting them to advantage by imitating the cry of their young, and so inducing them to come within reach of the musket.

Thousands of the robin-redbreast winter in Louisiana. They perch by night in the thick cane-brakes, and are killed by scores with a stick. They do not sing so much or so well as those of New England; and, indeed, none of the western birds are half so remarkable for their notes as for their plumage, size, and great numbers.

The mocking-bird is one of the most noisy of its race, imitating all other birds, and heard at all seasons of the year. It breeds in thorn-bushes and among arbors of brier-vines. It delights, too,

to sit on the tops of chimneys, now and then darting perpendicularly, as if in a frolic, high into the air above, and descending by the same movement, singing gayly all the while.

The red-bird inhabits the deepest forests. Its plumage is extremely beautiful, and its "whistle" clear, mellow and cheerful. The traveller is often aroused, as he rides along the borders of woods, of a sunny morning—and especially after frosts in the winter—by hearing this song softening the harsh scream of the jay. The male bird, at one season, is of a most brilliant purple color, with a fine showy crest, and a bill of the appearance of ivory.

The paroquet is found from the latitude of forty degrees north to as far south as the Gulf of Mexico. Its food is the fruit of the sycamore, and its retreat in the hollow of that tree. It is a voracious bird, preying on apples, grapes, figs, and all other kinds of fruit. Paroquets have a hooked bill, and a splendid mixture of burnished golden and green plumage on their heads; and their bodies are covered with a soft brilliant green. They are said to perch by hanging their bill to a branch. They fly in large flocks, and add singularly to the magnificence of a forest prospect, as they are seen darting through the foliage, and among the white branches of the sycamore.

There are also swans, geese, cranes, pelicans, herons, ducks of various kinds, and other waterfowls, abounding in different parts of the western

country. The noise of the countless flocks of some of these birds, as they journey through the air, in the spring, to the sources of the great rivers and lakes, and in autumn to the Gulf of Mexico, is one of the most familiar and pleasant sounds. The swan is readily known by its stately motion, and its color of brilliant white. Its migrating phalanxes move in perfectly regular forms and lines, like an army. They sometimes join forces with the geese. Their noise, on the wing, resembles the distant sound of the trumpet. They are killed on the wild-rice lakes at the north in summer, and in the Mexican Gulf and its neighboring waters in winter.

Among the reptiles of the western country are several species of snakes not met with in the Atlantic states. The copper-head, so called, is a terrible serpent, supposed to inflict a more dangerous wound than the rattlesnake. They are of a dirty brown color; but when they have recently shed their skin, some parts of their body resemble burnished copper, and from this circumstance their name is derived.

The moccasin snake is a sluggish animal, never flying or pursuing man. It is, however, a serpent of the largest size, and is quite as venomous as the rattlesnake. Its fang-teeth are very large and long. It is fortunate, that, although people are frequently bitten by these reptiles, the wound is very seldom fatal, probably because the

remedy is better understood and applied than in other parts of the country.

There is a story told of a family who had moved from the Eastern States, and carelessly fixed their hastily-built cabin on the shelving declivity of a ledge. It proved to be a den of rattlesnakes. Warmed by the first fire which was kindled upon the hearth of the new building, the terrible reptiles came out in their full strength, and of course in great rage. It was during the night, and they crept into the room where the whole family were sleeping. As often happens in these cases, some slept on the floor, and some upon the beds. In a few minutes, the snakes were in every part of the room. Children were stung in the arms of their parents, and of each other; and thus most of this unfortunate family perished. Those who escaped, finding the whole cabin—chimney, beds, and every other part—occupied by these horrid tenants, hissing, and shaking their rattles, fled from the house, by beating off a part of the roof.

The alligator is an animal of more size and strength. It is found as far north as the thirty-third degree of latitude. Vast numbers are seen in the slow, sluggish streams and shallow lakes of Florida and Alabama; but they abound still more on Red River. As many as forty have been counted, at one time, on a mud-bar in that river. The cry of a sucking pig on shore will draw a shoal of them from their muddy retreats at the bottom of the water. One was killed in the vicinity just men-

tioned, a few years since, which measured sixteen feet from its snout to the extremity of its tail.

As they usually move about on the water, they appear like old logs in motion. In fine sunny weather, they are seen dozing lazily on the sand-bars; and so stupid or so fearless are they, that they allow the wheels of the passing steam-boats to come within a few feet of them. They are often fired at; but unless they are hit in a particular direction and place, a rifle-ball will glance from their bodies. If once mortally wounded, however, they bleed profusely, and immediately expire. They strike with their tails, coiled in a circular form; and this blow, which is very powerful, generally serves also to convey the wounded victim to the mouth of its terrible destroyer.

Their strength of jaws is prodigious; and their teeth are of such size, that the cavity in them is large enough to hold a musket-charge of powder, for which purpose they are frequently used. They sometimes chase children who come near them upon the banks; but, luckily for the latter, although they can run straight forward with some rapidity, they have too short legs, and too few joints in the body, to turn readily either to one side or the other. They are said to attack a negro in preference to a white man. But they are chiefly formidable to pigs, calves, and other domestic animals. The skin of the alligator is tanned, and manufactured for various purposes.

CHAPTER III.

A Sketch of the Character and Manners of the Western People. Some Account of the Indian Tribes. Nature and Products of the Soil. Modes of navigating the Mississippi. Scenes on board the Steam-boat.

HAVING given some account of the boundaries, soil, vegetable and animal productions of the Mississippi Valley, it only remains to make a few remarks upon the character and habits of the population. This is partly savage, and partly civilized. The greater part of the Indians within the United States, dwell in this section. In the southern parts of it are the Creeks, Seminoles, Baton-Rouges, Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickasaws. Of these, the Creeks number nearly 20,000; and the Cherokees about 15,000. About a fourth part of the latter emigrated, some years ago, to the country on the Arkansas River, as have also many of the Creeks.

The Cherokees and Choctaws have become so far civilized as to use looms, ploughs, blacksmiths' shops, brick dwelling-houses in some instances, barns and taverns. They have many excellent farms and orchards, public roads, magistrates, and codes of laws. One of the Cherokee chiefs, not long since, had a dozen negro slaves—a possession, however, not so creditable to him as his fine teams of cattle. He had about twenty children, living in a large

and convenient house. His people were dressed, as most of these two nations are, in plain strong cotton clothes, made among themselves.

There were, a few years since, about two thousand Indians within the limits of the state of Ohio; but some of them have recently moved farther west. Several other tribes are found in Indiana and Illinois. The great body of them, however, are situated west of the Mississippi, in the neighborhood of all the streams, prairies and forests, from its source to its mouth. The number of tribes throughout the valley is more than fifty, and of individual Indians over ninety thousand.

The increase in the civilized population of the western country, for the last forty years, is without a parallel in the history of the world. In 1790, it was not a great deal more than 100,000. In 1800, it was nearly four times that number. In 1810, it was something less than a million, having more than doubled during ten years. In 1820, the increase was found to have been the same up to that date; for the population was then found to be more than two millions. The state of Ohio, which numbered but about 3,000 inhabitants in 1790, contained, in 1820, nearly 600,000, and something like a million at the census taken three years since.

By far the largest class of this population are farmers. In the states east of the Mississippi, the staple articles of produce are flour, corn, the small grains, potatoes and other vegetables, various

kinds of fruit, beef, pork, cheese, butter, poultry, live cattle, hogs and horses. Tobacco is considerably cultivated in Ohio, and is a main article of export from Kentucky. Cattle and horses, lead and furs, are sent down the Mississippi, from Illinois and Missouri, to the city of New Orleans, the great market of the western country. Cotton is the chief article of cultivation in several of the more southern states; and in Louisiana and Florida sugar also is raised.

The soil of these various states and territories is so fertile, the productions so abundant, and the conveyance of them to New Orleans so easy and cheap,—especially in consequence of the recent use of steam-boats in great numbers,—that the market at that place is almost always glutted with produce, which comes down the river constantly from all parts of the Mississippi Valley. Even in Cincinnati, Ohio, the fair average price of corn for several years, by any considerable quantity, has not exceeded twelve and a half cents a bushel. It follows, too, from this abundance of corn, and from the great quantities of *mast* in the woods (as the natural fall of nuts and acorns in the autumn is called), that hogs may be raised by the thousand, with scarcely any cost or trouble. As might be expected, therefore, pork may be generally had in the New Orleans market for a cent and a half a pound.

The modes of conveyance to this and other mar-

kets are various. Within one year, more than four thousand large loaded wagons have been known to leave Philadelphia alone, for Pittsburg, a place of great business and wealth; and these carriages generally return also with a load. But the greater part of the western commerce is carried on by means of boats. These are, or have been, of almost every conceivable size, shape and construction.

The "barge" is about as large as an Atlantic schooner, with an elevated deck; masts and rigging not differing much from those of a sea-vessel; and carrying from fifty to one hundred tons burthen. It requires from twenty-five to thirty hands to work it up stream (or rather used to require; for the barge is now generally superseded by the more convenient steam-boat). The process of navigation against the current consisted in having two small boats, called yawls, the one in advance of the other, carrying forward a tow-line from the barge some hundred yards, making it fast to a tree on the bank of the river, and then drawing the boat up to that tree by the line. By the time this line was rolled up, the other yawl, in advance, had another prepared; and so they went on alternately. The passage made in this manner from New Orleans to Cincinnati, occupied nearly one hundred days. It is now effected in less than a fortnight, for the steam-boat ascends the current at the rate of more than one hundred miles a day.

Keel-boats are still used in the shallow streams,

but not a sixth part so much as they once were. They are light in their construction—of long, slender and elegant form, and carrying between fifteen and thirty tons. They are propelled by means of oars, sails and setting-poles; and when the waters are high, and the boat can run along under bushes on the river-bank, pulling up by the bushes, this is called "bush-whacking."

The ferry-boat, sometimes called a "sled," is flat and wide; and when used, as it frequently is, as a boat of descent for families with their goods and furniture, has a roof or covering. The Alleghany or Mackinaw skiff is also covered, and carries from five to ten tons. Periogues, which are not half as capacious, are sometimes hollowed out from one very large tree, and sometimes from the trunks of two, united, and fitted with a plank rim. There are "horse-boats" also, of various constructions; and "flat boats," worked by a wheel, which wheel is sometimes driven round by cattle on board, that are at the same time on their way to be sold at New Orleans. Boats propelled by "tread-wheels" are occasionally seen; and now and then one is moved rapidly up stream, by wheels, after the steam-boat fashion, propelled by a man turning a crank.

The Kentuckians have heretofore almost universally used what they call "Kentucky flats," or "broad-horns." These are merely a long ark, with a roof of circular slope, to shed rain. They

are about fifteen feet wide, and from fifty to one hundred feet long. Boats of this description are frequently fitted up, for the removal of families to the lower country, with comfortable apartments, beds, a stove, and many other domestic accommodations. One will see in them ladies, servants, cattle, horses, hogs, sheep, dogs, poultry, and various kinds of vegetable produce, all floating on the same bottom, and destined for the same market. On the roof, at the same time, will be the looms, ploughs, spinning-wheels and other furniture of the family or families.

There is scarcely a pleasanter sight in the world, perhaps, than one of these boats seen from the shore, of a beautiful spring morning. The shadowy and verdant forest, the mild and delicious temperature of the air, the fine azure of the clear sky, the green level bottom on one bank, and the lofty bluff on the other, all add to the grandeur of the broad, smooth stream. The boat floats gently down, with no visible danger or labor to trouble the few watermen who have undertaken its management. One of them, perhaps, is scraping a violin, and the rest are dancing. Shouts and songs are exchanged between the passengers and the spectators upon the shore. The mellow note of the bugle is heard at a distance by the farmer, and, a moment after, the boat disappears behind some projecting bluff.

CHAPTER IV.

Other Anecdotes of the Mississippi Navigation. Scenes in the Bay of New Madrid. Practice of lashing Boats together. Shops kept on board these Boats. Quarrels between the Boatmen. Frolics. Steamboat Navigation on the Mississippi.

Another scene of great interest in the Mississippi navigation is to be met with in the bay or "bayou" of New Madrid, a town upon the Mississippi, where navigation, both descending and ascending, stops on its way to or from market, as a sort of central point. As many as one hundred boats have sometimes landed here during a single day; and it is impossible to look at one of them, without being struck with an idea of the immense distance they have come, as well as with the animated picture they present in the numerous large and small animals which they carry—the boisterous gayety of the hands—and the loud and constant congratulations of acquaintances who have met here from all sections of the country.

In one place, you will see boats loaded with pine plank, from the pine forests of the south-west of New York, having come the entire length of the Ohio and Alleghany rivers. In another quarter, there are numerous water craft, bearing the "Yankee notions" of Ohio, a state settled in a large degree by emigrants from New England.

Here are the Kentucky flats, too, with their whiskey, hemp, tobacco, bagging and bale-rope; and with all the other articles of the produce of the fine Kentucky soil.

From Tennessee there are the same articles, together with boats loaded with bales of cotton; and from Illinois and Missouri, cattle, horses, and the general produce of the western country, together with furs and lead from Missouri. Some boats are loaded with corn in bulk, or in the ear; others with pork in bulk, or in the shape of entire butchered hogs; others with loads of cider, or "cider royal," which is the same beverage, strengthened by boiling or freezing. Other craft are crowded with furniture, tools, domestic and agricultural implements; in short, with all the products of the ingenuity, speculation, farming and manufacture of the whole upper country of the west.

They have come from the Falls of St. Anthony, thousands of miles above, on the Mississippi; from the lead mines of Rock River, or Chicago, on Lake Michigan; from Tippecanoe, on the Wabash; from Oleanne Point of the Alleghany; from Brownsville of the Monongahela, the Saline of Kenhawa, or the mountains intersected by the branches of the Tennessee River. These regions are separated from each other by immense tracts of country; and yet the boats have come together, as if by magic, to a common point of union. Their surfaces cover several acres of water. Domestic

fowl, always taken with them on these long voyages, are fluttering upon the roofs. The chanticleer is heard crowing his note of triumph. The cattle low. Horses are heard neighing and trampling, as in their stables. The turkeys gobble and strut. The swine utter the cries of fighting with each other. The dogs of a hundred regions become intimately acquainted in the space of an hour.

Meanwhile, the boatmen travel about from craft to craft, making inquiries and acquaintances, greeting old friends, or proposing to "lash boats," as it is called, meaning to form an alliance to yield each other mutual assistance on the way to New Orleans. After an hour or two spent in this manner, they spring on shore, to have some "fun and frolic" in the village. If they tarry all night, as is generally the case, it is well for the people of the town, if they do not become riotous during the evening; for in this case, strong measures must be adopted to preserve order; and these sometimes have the unlucky effect of producing resistance, confusion and clamor, if not bloodshed.

But, early in the dawn, all is the bustle and movement of active business. Amidst the shouts of the boatmen, the trampling of cattle, the crowing, barking, squealing, neighing, lowing, and almost every other noise possible to be imagined, the whole fleet is under weigh within half an hour;

and when the sun rises, nothing is seen from the shore of New Madrid, but the broad, bare, silent stream of the Mississippi. The boats unite again at Natchez, and then at New Orleans; but after this, there is no prospect, and scarcely a possibility, of their ever meeting again on the face of the globe.

I have mentioned that boats are sometimes lashed together. This is done for the purpose of rendering each other assistance in the more dangerous navigation, and of enjoying each other's society, side by side, in the more easy. Several of them, fastened and floating together, as they sometimes are, form quite a town, and you may have a considerable walk over the connected roofs of them.

Another object with them, occasionally, is to trade. One boat may supply one thing, and another boat another. Thus beef and pork are killed for fresh provisions. Apples, cider, nuts, dried fruit, whiskey, cider-brandy, and peach-brandy, and "drams" of every other description are retailed. In many cases, this copartnership is carried on with great good-will, and no little merriment. But at other times, quarrels arise; and if these should fall short of blows and bloodshed, as they do not always, the aggrieved or offended party loosens itself from its troublesome neighbor, with a volley of abuse common upon these occasions,

and from that time undertakes the sole management of its own boat.

I have heard of so many boats thus united in one case—whether stationary or floating, I do not now recollect—that they made quite a village; for there was the tavern, the retail and dram shops, the inhabitants of the boats, and no small number of merry customers besides. I have heard also of a large tinner's establishment moving down the Mississippi, comprising, in three apartments, a respectable manufactory, and a wholesale and retail store. When the owners had mended or sold all the tin which could be found or disposed of in one place, they floated on to another. A large blacksmith's establishment has been managed in the same manner; and, I believe, another, in which a trip-hammer was worked,—perhaps for the manufacture of nails, and other similar articles.

There are smaller retail trading-boats on all the waters of the west. These are often fitted up with a good deal of ingenuity and show. The goods are fancifully arranged upon shelves; and the vender trades and talks as well about his articles, as any land shopkeeper in the country. Every considerable landing-place on the great rivers has a number of these stationary store-boats lying along the shores, particularly in the spring, when there is most occasion for them.

But by far the most important part of the Mississippi navigation is, at the present time, carried

on by the aid of steam-boats, of which there are now several hundreds upon that river and the various waters connected with it. Many of these are fitted up in a style of great elegance as well as convenience. There are double tiers of cabins on board of them, a separate establishment for female passengers, and other arrangements for the deck-passengers and servants. The cabin is beautifully finished with rich and polished wood, and furnished with carpeting, mirrors, sliding-tables, a bar-room, and furniture of every kind proper for the accommodation of perhaps one hundred cabin passengers.

The fare, too, is sumptuous. You may read, write, converse, walk or sleep, as you choose. Around you, at all times, as the boat glides swiftly up or down the stream, the banks are constantly presenting new varieties of cultivation, life and verdure.

The trees, the green islands, the houses on shore, every thing has an appearance, as by enchantment, of moving rapidly past you. The river-fowl are wheeling their flight above you in long white lines. The water is dotted over with sail-boats, on all sides, and of every shape, size and description. You hear the tones of a bugle echoing from the forests; and a column of smoke is seen ascending behind some woody point, marking the approach of another steam-boat. Thus is there a continual novelty and excitement in the scene, and you are all the while drawing to the end of your voyage, at

the rate, even against the current, of more than one hundred miles a day. Such is the steam-boat navigation of the great Mississippi.

CHAPTER V.

Sketches of the early History of Florida. Origin of that Name. History of Ponce de Leon and other Adventurers. Account of a French Colony in Florida. Wars between the French and Spaniards there. Discovery of the Mississippi. Anecdotes of the Expedition of M. de la Salle.

Having given you some idea of the extent of the Valley of the Mississippi, and of the character and manners of its population, I can now proceed to the early annals of this vast, fertile and beautiful tract. I shall begin with the general history of the country, without allusion to particular states or territories. The obvious reason is, that there were, of course, no such divisions at the date of discovery; nor were there any for a great many years afterwards. Indeed, although something has been known of certain small parts of this immense valley for more than three hundred years, almost all its wealth business and population have sprung up, as we have seen, and shall see still further, within the last forty years.

Florida is a part of the valley, properly speaking; and this country was discovered as early as

1512, by Juan Ponce de Leon, an adventurous and credulous Spaniard, who entertained a singular but very sanguine expectation of finding, in that unexplored region, a *fountain*, whose waters were supposed to have the power of changing old age into youth. He first made the shores of Florida on Easter day, and gave the country the name which it still bears. It is a Spanish word, signifying the "Country of Flowers;" and was suggested by the abundance of verdure, and of foliage, which were every where seen upon the coast. Juan found no fountain; but he met with fierce savages in considerable numbers, and they treated him and his crew so roughly, that they were very glad to escape with their lives.

Several other Spaniards made attempts, after this, to explore the interior of Florida. One of them was Ferdinand de Soto, governor of the island of Cuba. This gentleman formed a plan of conquering and settling the country. He sailed from Havana with a fleet of nine ships, nearly one thousand men, several hundred horses, and live stock of various kinds. He landed this force safely, but was attacked by the natives of Florida immediately after, and continued to fight with them, as he made his way into the interior. He advanced as far as the Mississippi on this occasion, and was probably the first white man who ever beheld that noble stream. He sickened and died in the neighborhood of Red River. He had

at this time rendered himself such an object of terror and hatred to the Indians, that, in order to prevent the knowledge of his death, and so preserve his remains from violation, his comrades thought proper to enclose his body in the hollow section of an oak tree, and then sink it in Red River. As for themselves, they made the best of their way out of the country as fast as possible, and returned to Cuba.

In 1564, a French colony was planted, and a fort built eastward of the Bay of St. Joseph, in Florida. The fort was called "Fort Charles," in honor of the king of France. The colony suffered much from mutiny, famine, and fear of the savages. But this was not the worst of it. They were attacked, the very next season, by a Spanish West Indian force, which had been commissioned by the king of Spain,—that country and France being then at war,—to root out the French heretics from Florida, and plant good Spanish Catholics in their place.

These French people, it should be understood, were called heretics, because they were Protestants, and had left France to avoid persecution, precisely as the pilgrims of Plymouth left England during the next century. The Spaniards attacked the fort, and carried it by storm. All that escaped the sword were immediately hung, with this inscription labelled on their backs—"Not as French-

men, but as heretics, enemies of God and the Virgin."

When the tidings of this bloody massacre reached France, a private gentleman, of good family and fortune, named Dominique de Gourgues, determined to avenge the death of his unfortunate countrymen by his own private means. He fitted out a small armament, sailed over to Florida, enlisted a considerable number of the natives as allies, attacked the fort, and, after some severe fighting, carried it by storm. All the Spaniards that survived the capture were hung on the very same trees where the poor Protestants had so miserably perished the season previous; and this label was fastened upon their backs—"Not as Spaniards or soldiers, but as traitors and assassins." Having attained his object, Gourgues returned to France.

Several years elapsed before we hear again of the French in North America. In 1608, however, a fleet arrived in the River St. Lawrence, commanded by admiral Champlaine (from whom the *lake* was afterwards named). The now important city of Quebec was then founded; and it soon became, as it has long continued to be, one of the most busy and flourishing places on the continent.

The River Mississippi was barely seen and crossed, perhaps, as we have noticed, by Ferdinand de Soto. The French of Canada had the honor of first exploring it. Joliet, an inhabitant of Quebec,

and Father Marquette, were employed by the Canadian intendant, or governor, in this enterprise. They ascended the Fox River, descended the Ouisconsin (or Wisconsin), and entered the Mississippi on the seventeenth of June, 1673. They followed the current to the Arkansas River, and then turned about, without having ascertained the length of the Mississippi, or the place of its discharge. They went by way of Illinois River, and reëntered Lake Michiganat Chicago. My readers will find all these names on their maps of North America.

The next enterprise of this nature was undertaken in 1679, by M. de la Salle, a Frenchman, and the commandant of Fort Frontinac, on Lake Ontario. He was a man of rank, courage and talents, besides being adventurous, ambitious and needy. He equipped a small vessel, called the *Griffin*, at the lower end of Lake Erie, and commenced his expedition from that place, with a company consisting of Louis Hennepin (a Franciscan friar), and thirty-four other persons, among whom were pilots, carpenters, smiths, and other useful artisans. Many incidents in this spirited and hazardous voyage are so well worthy of a particular notice, that I shall devote several of the following chapters to this subject.

After exploring the shores of several of the northern lakes, and forming some acquaintance with the natives, M. de la Salle concluded to pass

the winter near the mouth of the Miami River, where he built a fort, and furnished it with good means of defence. His next object was to treat with the Illinois tribe of Indians, the nearest of whose settlements were three hundred miles distant.

With this view, he himself and Hennepin started upon a fresh expedition early in December, taking with them about forty men, and leaving only ten behind them, as a garrison. They travelled by land four days, carrying their canoes and stores upon their shoulders, until they reached the Illinois River, where their water-passage commenced. The banks of that fine stream were at this time covered with all the wild magnificence of nature. The meadows, fruit-trees and forests afforded every thing which was necessary to the sustenance of man or beast, and constantly delighted the eye of the traveller with their wonderful and various beauty.

At the first Illinois village which they saw in descending the river, no inhabitants were found at home, although it consisted of as many as five hundred cabins. These were log-huts, interlaced with branches, and covered with bark. Within, they were finished with considerable neatness—both the walls and the floor being generally matted. Each of them consisted of two apartments, and most of them were provided with a cellar or vault underneath, where their 'Indian corn' was preserved.

The voyage was now continued, for the distance of about one hundred miles, until the travelling party

found themselves between two bodies of Indians, encamped on both sides of the river. No sooner had the latter discovered the strangers upon the water, than a great bustle was observed among them. They ran to their arms, sent away their wives and children into the woods, and arranged themselves in order of battle. The whites also put themselves in a posture of defence, by bringing their canoes into a regular line abreast of each other, and in that manner advancing towards the shore. They made signs of peace and friendship, however; and the Indians, who were Illinois, observing these, soon became less hostile in their appearance, and contented themselves with inquiring of the Indian interpreter whom the whites had among them, the character and designs of his civilized comrades.

The interpreter replied, that they were subjects of the king of France, and had come to make known to the Illinois the Master of heaven and earth (the Deity), as well as to offer them the protection of the French monarch. Commerce and social and friendly intercourse were also proposed, and the whole conversation carried on so much to the satisfaction of the pleased and wondering savages, that they soon concluded to welcome the new comers in a very handsome and hospitable style. They expressed their veneration for the character of the French king, as they heard him described. They then presented their guests with the calumet, or pipe of peace, to smoke in pledge of friendship.

The latter took particular pains, on the other hand, to strengthen these amicable dispositions, by manifesting all the ceremonies, compliments, and demonstrations of joy and good-will, for which Frenchmen in all countries are generally distinguished. They told the Illinois that necessity had compelled them to take a small quantity of corn from the cellars of the deserted village they had met with above; but they now made amends for this trespass by presents of brandy and various toys and gewgaws. With these the Indians were exceedingly delighted, and they presently sent for their wives and children from the woods, and prepared to entertain their guests with a grand entertainment of stag-meat and all sorts of venison, besides fish, fruit and wild game.

The feast, which soon after commenced, continued for three days, during which time the French furnished a liberal supply of brandy, much to the gratification, though (it is to be feared) not at all to the benefit, of the Illinois. They also made repeated discharges of their fire-arms, by way of honorary salutes, at which the Indians were at first greatly alarmed, but afterwards still more amused. The familiar titles of friend, brother, and comrade, were interchanged between the parties, and some of the French young men were adopted as *sons* by some of the Illinois warriors, with a variety of ceremonies and an abundance of parade.

CHAPTER VI.

How La Salle erected a Fort among the Illinois Indians. How his Men mutinied, and endeavored to incense the Indians against him. Stories about Mausolea, a cunning Iroquois Savage. How La Salle came very near being killed by Poison. Story about Mr. Dacan. Other Adventures of La Salle among the Savages. Adventures of Father Hennepin.

As M. de la Salle proposed to tarry some time with the Illinois, he thought it the best policy for him to erect a fort; and this task, therefore, was immediately undertaken. But he had less to apprehend from the Indians than from his own men, for some of the latter were becoming discontented and mutinous. They were weary with their long wanderings, and tired of the restraint of good discipline which he imposed upon them. They carried this feeling so far, indeed, as to contrive a plot for getting rid of him altogether.

Not having the hardihood to attempt this by direct violence upon his person, they used all the means which their ingenuity could suggest, to inflame the minds of the Illinois against him. They asserted that he had formed an alliance with their ancient enemies, the Iroquois Indians; that he had penetrated thus far into their country only with the view of learning their strength; that the fort he had built was designed to forward this grand design against them;

and that there could be no doubt of his taking the first fair opportunity of surprising and destroying them by a sudden attack.

It is not strange that these artful falsehoods should have their effect on the minds of the Indians. La Salle observed, accordingly, before many days, that their conduct and appearance towards him were entirely changed. He was shrewd enough, however, to suspect the source of the difficulty, and courageous and prompt enough to meet it without hesitation. He addressed himself upon the subject to the leading Illinois warriors, and they finally told him every thing they had heard from his men. The information surprised and shocked him, but he succeeded in satisfying them of his entire innocence of the charges alleged by his men.

But the storm, though blown over for the moment, soon came on again with renewed fury. A cunning and wily savage had arrived among the Illinois, who had been secretly commissioned and instructed by the Iroquois, just mentioned. The latter nation were rivals of the former, and their object now was to create a jealousy between the Illinois and the French, for fear that the acquaintance of the two nations might otherwise prove too beneficial and agreeable. What they dreaded most was, that the French should furnish the Illinois with fire-arms.

Mausolea addressed the Illinois in public and private, with such success, that he soon brought them to believe once more all the calumnies of La

Salle's men, with several fresh ones in addition. Having a hint of these proceedings, La Salle rose early one morning, and entered the Illinois settlement, which was not far from his fort. They were assembled there in great numbers, and there appeared to be no little uproar and clamor among them. Not a man of them would speak to the Frenchman as he came among them. He saw plainly, in fact, that it was a critical moment with him. But, undaunted by their evident symptoms of hostility, he advanced boldly into the midst of the multitude, and addressed them with the firm, loud voice of a man who knew neither fear, guilt or suspicion.

"Friends!" said he, "I cannot but wonder at this strange conduct of yours. We parted like brothers last night, and this morning I find you almost in arms against me. What new crime have I committed? Or, rather, what new impostor has incensed you against me? Be that as it may, I surrender myself into your hands, for trial or for punishment. Do with me as you like—I am at your mercy."

The rude savages, fierce as they were, could not but respect La Salle for his courage; and they began again to think that they might have been deceived even a second time. He followed up his advantage by calling upon Mausolea, of whose calumnies the Illinois now informed him, to prove his charges, or to show the least foundation for them. This he was unable to do: and the consequence was, that

friendship and confidence were rapidly restored between La Salle and the Illinois.

He now turned all his thoughts upon the completion of his first design of exploring the Mississippi. But the mutineers, whom we have already mentioned as being a part of his garrison, were unwilling to think of any further labors or dangers of this kind. They determined, therefore, to put an end to his enterprise and his life, at once, by poisoning him and his best friends. Christmas-day was selected for the consummation of this villanous plan.

They found means to poison his dinner by mingling some fatal herb with it in the pot; and of this he and several of his friends ate without suspicion. But, finding themselves attacked very soon with violent symptoms, and all with the same, they were not long either in guessing at the cause of their illness, or applying an effectual antidote. This was *treacle*—a good dose of which entirely counteracted the strength of the poison, so that every one of them recovered.

Still undiscouraged, La Salle applied himself again to the grand object of his ambition. He sent off a Mr. Dacan, with three Frenchmen and two savages, for the purpose of exploring the country along the Mississippi River to the northward. This party embarked on the Illinois River, February 28, 1680, pursued their voyage down the stream into the Mississippi, and then ascended the latter river more than one thousand miles, until they came within about

twenty miles of its source. This expedition was the work of many months; and La Salle, meanwhile, was engaged in a series of singular adventures. It may be well to speak of these with some minuteness, leaving Dacan for the present to pursue his remote and lonely travels in the north-west.

On the 8th of November (1680), La Salle set out, with some of his companions, for Fort Frontenac, on the Canadian frontier, where he wished to hasten the building of a new vessel. On the third day, he arrived at the large village of the Illinois, of which I have already spoken at some length. Here he erected a fort, with the view of thus keeping check upon the Indians in this vicinity. It will be seen, however, that the fort was of very little benefit to him in the end.

Having completed this labor, La Salle proceeded upon his journey He had not gone many miles, when he met two of his men, whom he had sent to Canada two months before, to get intelligence as to the vessel which was building for him. They now pretended to have done their utmost to find out what had become of the vessel, but without success. The fact was, that the rogues had burned her themselves, and had sold all the articles on board of her which were worth selling, to the Iroquois Indians. What was worse, they had made such statements to these savages, concerning La Salle and his French comrades, as undoubtedly had a great effect in bringing on the hostilities which I am now about to relate.

It was in September of the year 1681, when La Salle and his good friend Friar Hennepin one day discovered, within a mile of the Illinois village in whose vicinity the fort stood, an army of about six hundred Iroquois Indians. They had just arrived, and were armed with bows, swords, halberds, and a great many with fire-arms—all but the bows, purchased either of La Salle's men, no doubt, or of various Canadian traders. Both the Illinois and the French were startled by this sudden and suspicious appearance of these ancient enemies of both their nations, especially as they came in such force. In this emergency, Hennepin bravely proposed to the Illinois, to go to the Iroquois encampment, and ascertain the object of their visit. The offer was accepted gladly, and an interpreter and an Illinois chief were ordered to accompany Hennepin, and to act as witnesses of his proceedings.

Some defence against a sudden attack was now provided for, by hastily mustering the Illinois warriors, about five hundred in number. The twenty-five Frenchmen who remained in the fort at this time were also stationed among their various ranks and lines, with the view of encouraging, animating and arming them properly for the contest which was thought to be approaching. Meanwhile, Hennepin advanced towards the Iroquois army, with his Illinois attendants, and with two Frenchmen also in company.

As the enemy fired a shot or two at them, however, upon their near approach, Hennepin sent back

all these men excepting the interpreter, and resolved to meet the danger of his enterprise alone. He now raised a wampum-belt, as a signal of friendship; and, trusting in the respect which was usually paid among the savages to the bearers of a badge like this, he advanced boldly into the midst of the Iroquois. Several of them immediately seized upon him. One of them took the belt from him; another even attempted to stab him with a knife; and nothing, indeed, saved the life of Hennepin, but the lucky accident that the weapon came in contact with a rib, and thus only gave him a bad wound. At this moment, some of the less violent of the Iroquois warriors, who stood around him, interfered, rescued him from the hands of these blood-thirsty ruffians, and, having applied a sort of balsam to stanch the blood which streamed from his side, conducted him and the interpreter to the chief camp of the army.

Here, in the midst of a large multitude of the Iroquois, he was called upon, by one of their chiefs, to declare the object of his visit. He proceeded immediately to state the surprise occasioned by their sudden appearance, and to use all the arguments he could think of to dissuade them from any further hostility. But at this very time, the two armies of the Iroquois and the Illinois had commenced skirmishing with each other in a different part of the field. One of the former came running, in a few moments, with the information that the Illinois were mustering a much greater force than had been

expected, and were also very much aided by the Frenchmen.

This intelligence came at an unlucky time for Hennepin. The Indians around him were so incensed, that they stood ready to fall upon him forthwith with violent hands. Indeed, they were already proposing to do so; and one young savage, who stood close behind Hennepin, with an open and naked razor in his hand, put his arm more than once over the Frenchman's head. No doubt he was expecting, every moment, an opportunity to kill and scalp him. But, fortunately, some debate took place among the warriors, and it was finally concluded to send Hennepin back to the Illinois, with a wampum-collar in his hands, as an emblem of good-will, and an offer of peace.

The Illinois were of course very willing to meet these amicable proposals half way; and for some days matters went on apparently much to the satisfaction of both parties. A treaty of peace was effected through the mediation of Hennepin; and the conduct of this worthy gentleman, upon that occasion, gave particular satisfaction to the Iroquois. They sent for him to their camp, on the 10th day of September, and presented him with six packs of beaver-skins. Two of these, they said, were intended to be given to Count Frontenac, the governor of Canada, as an assurance that they would no more trouble his children, the Illinois. The others were designed as some compensation for the ill treat-

ment which Hennepin had received among them on his first visit, and especially "as a plaster for the wound in his side." Thus ended, for the present, the invasion of the Iroquois.

CHAPTER VII.

The Adventures of La Salle and Father Hennepin continued. Interview with the Quapaw Indians. Visit the Taencas. Account of their Houses, Temples and Ornaments. Anecdotes of the Taenca Women. Meet with other Tribes.

My readers will recollect that La Salle and Hennepin, with their companions, left Canada with the intention of exploring the River Mississippi. As yet, however, little was done towards this important object; nor was it until the 24th of January, 1683, that they commenced their long-proposed voyage down the Illinois. They reached the Mississippi on the 2d of February. This part of the expedition, notwithstanding the severity of the season, was made sufficiently agreeable by the safety and ease of the navigation down the stream of the Illinois, the clear weather, the scenery upon the banks, and especially the great abundance of game every where met with. Stags, buffaloes, rabbits, foxes and beavers, in particular, were seen in great numbers, on all sides.

The first tarrying-spot of the travelling party on the Mississippi, which they now descended, was at a place about two hundred miles below the mouth of

the Wabash. Here La Salle found an Indian nation who could muster about two thousand warriors. They had plenty of corn, grapes, olives and other fruits, and various domestic fowl. He was received among them with all possible hospitality, and this he requited by distributing liberal presents of knives and hatchets.

From this place he again embarked upon the broad stream of the mighty river, now, for the first time, navigated by a party of Europeans. On the fourth day, he came to a village of an Indian tribe, called the Cappa, or Quapaws. Scarcely had he set foot on land, however, in the neighborhood of this village, when he heard a loud noise, which he supposed to be intended for an alarm or signal of attack among the natives. He and his men immediately threw themselves again into their canoes, made their way over the river as fast as possible, and set themselves instantly to raising a sort of rude redoubt as a defence against the enemy, whom they imagined to be by this time following close after them.

But in this supposition they were somewhat premature. A few of the Quapaws came out upon the river, indeed, in their canoes; but their only object seemed to be to satisfy their curiosity. As they sat gazing silently at the strangers, whose color, dress and whole appearance were matters of such novelty and surprise to them, La Salle took courage, and sent out a messenger to offer them the calumet, or pipe of peace, to smoke. They

accepted it readily, and, at the same time, offered to conduct the French party to their village, and to show them every attention, and render them every service, in their power.

La Salle gladly availed himself of this kindness; and, with a few of his comrades, immediately set off for the village, accompanied and guided by one of the Quapaws. Another of them had been sent forward, meanwhile, to give notice at the village of what had passed; and accordingly it was not long before the prince or head-sachem of the Quapaws was seen coming down towards the river, with several of his leading warriors, to meet the new visitants. The former saluted La Salle, the moment he saw him, in a very grave and respectful manner. He then offered him any service in his power to render, and took him by the hand and led him into the village towards his own royal lodge or wigwam. La Salle embraced that opportunity to explain the motives of his journey to the best advantage, and especially to enlarge upon the dignity and power of his own sovereign, the king of France.

A crowd of the Quapaws now assembled around the prince and his new guests; and among the rest was a company of bowmen, who had been apparently directed to perform the honors of a military guard. The prince addressed them in an animated speech. He told them, with especial emphasis, that the strangers were subjects of the king of France; and

that they had been sent out for the purpose of visiting *them*, and offering them his most gracious friendship and protection. The Quapaws heard this declaration with great pleasure, and they testified it, the moment he ceased speaking, by a loud and universal acclamation. Afterwards La Salle was taken by the prince to his wigwam, handsomely entertained, and finally supplied, at his departure, with an abundance of Indian corn, fruits and other provisions.

On reëmbarking upon the river, La Salle and his party continued to descend it for several days, only stopping for an hour or two occasionally at various Indian villages on the banks. Among a tribe called the Taencas, however, they made a longer stay. This tribe resided in a neat village, consisting of small cabins covered over with mats of cane, and arranged, in the form of squares, around a common green space in the centre.

There were two buildings in these little settlements of more splendid appearance, one of which the travellers soon ascertained to be the house of the prince or head-sachem, and the other the temple of the tribe. They were about forty feet square, each; the walls ten feet high, and two feet thick; and the roof raised in the form of a cupola, and covered with mats stained with various colors. A small guard of warriors, as the French party approached the village, were seen standing before the door of the prince's house, armed with half pikes or staves.

Hennepin had been sent forward by La Salle, to give information of the intended visit of the French travellers. As soon as he came up, accordingly, an old warrior stood ready to receive and welcome him. He saluted him politely, took him by the hand, and led him into a great square hall, which was a part of the prince's house. The floor and walls of it were covered with a finely-woven and well-painted mat; and at the farther end of it, opposite the entrance, was a handsome bed, with curtains around it, which were afterwards ascertained to be woven of the mulberry-tree bark.

This bed or couch seemed to be used as a sort of throne, for the prince of the Taencas was sitting upon it, in the midst of several women, who appeared to Hennepin to be particularly beautiful. There were also nearly sixty old warriors around him, armed with bows and arrows, and all clothed with fine white garments. That of the prince himself was decorated with tufts and tassels of wool or cotton stained various colors; the others were plain and without ornament.

The former also wore upon his head something which was probably intended for a royal diadem. It was a circlet of woven rushes, very curiously wrought, and enriched with what appeared to be pearls, and with a plume of many-colored feathers. His warriors were all bare-headed. The women were clothed in garments of the same stuff with those of the males. On their heads they had little rush hats, adorned with several large feathers.

They wore also necklaces of pearl, or of what looked like pearl, ear-pendants of the same, and bracelets on their arms of woven hair. Their complexion was that of the Indians of this latitude generally; their faces rather flat; but their eyes black, sparkling and pretty large; their shape elegant, and their movements graceful and free. On the whole, Hennepin thought them some of the handsomest women he had ever seen, let their color be what it might.

When he was sufficiently recovered from the first embarrassment of his reception, and the surprise occasioned by the scene before him, he addressed himself to the prince. This was done, as in most other cases of a similar nature, by the aid of an interpreter; each nation which they visited, on their voyage down the Mississippi, furnishing, when requested, a guide and interpreter to assist them in their intercourse with the next.

Having sufficiently explained the objects of the voyage in the name of La Salle, and tendered to the prince the compliments of that gentleman, he gave him a sword inlaid with gold and silver, some cases of razors, scissors and knives, and some bottles of a certain kind of ardent spirit. These articles were accepted with evident marks of great satisfaction; but Father Hennepin could not forbear turning away from the prince at this moment, to observe the behavior of one of his handsome wives. She had taken a pair of scissors in her hand, and seemed to

admire exceedingly the neatness of the workmanship and the beauty of the material. Now and then, as she looked at them again and again, she would cast a sly glance at the Frenchman, who, as the owner of such pretty things, appeared to her the most fortunate and the most important man in the world.

The latter was too gallant and generous, not to take the hint so plainly given, and to act accordingly. He soon found an opportunity to approach her side, unobserved by the rest of the company. Then, drawing from his pocket a small steel case of filligree-work, in which were a pair of scissors and a little tortoise-shell knife, and pretending at the same time to be examining and admiring the color and fashion of the lady's mantle, he slipped the case into her hand. She received it with a knowing look and a sly smile, which at once convinced him of her gratitude.

Soon afterwards, another of the women, very neatly dressed, and not less beautiful than the former, came up softly to the strangers, and gave them to understand, by the *thorns* she showed them, that *pins* would serve a much better purpose for fastening her garments together. They presented her with a paper full of them, and also with a case of needles, and a silver-plated thimble, all which she received with marks of unbounded joy.

Two others were afterwards gratified with similar attentions; and one of these, by way of evincing

her thankfulness, having noticed that Father Hennepin seemed to be pleased with a large bead-collar which hung about her neck, took it off, and made him a polite offer of it. After some hesitation, he accepted it, and gave her in return ten yards of blue ribbon.

Being civilly invited to remain over night, the Frenchman, during that time, found an opportunity to visit the *temple* of these people, the structure of which he found to be similar to that of the prince's house. It was surrounded with a high and stout wall, between which and the temple was a considerable space for visitors and worshippers to walk in. On the top of this wall were several staves, standing erect, on which used to be fixed the heads of criminals executed by order of the prince, or of enemies taken in war; in another place, a heap of scalps, apparently preserved as a trophy. Inside of the temple was a sort of hearth, in the midst of the earthen floor, on which three large billets of wood, standing up on end, were constantly kept burning, under the care of two priests dressed in white. A kind of closet, cut out of the wall, was said to be the place where all the treasures of the tribe were stored; but this the strangers were not permitted to examine.

Having satisfied his curiosity, Hennepin went back to La Salle, and gave him a full account of all he had witnessed and heard. Not long afterwards, the prince himself, attended by a party of his peo-

ple, came out in canoes to visit him. A long and formal interview ensued, which ended with La Salle's presenting him with a variety of trinkets, sweet fruits, and other things, and receiving in return from the prince six of his richest fur robes, a bead-collar, and a boat full of provisions. When the Indian party moved off, a salute of musketry was fired by the French; and so ended the visit.

The voyagers now continued their way down the river. During the next day, perceiving a large Indian log canoe approaching them, though at some distance, La Salle directed Hennepin to give chase with his boat, which he did. But presently above one hundred men made their appearance on the shore near by, and La Salle loudly called out for his friend to come back. He did so, and afterwards went ashore with the *calumet*, or Indian peace-pipe, in his hand. The Indians received him kindly, and La Salle followed him, and was treated in the same manner. The Frenchmen afterwards attended the Indians *home:* they found them to belong to the tribe of the Natchez, who occupied a territory about sixty miles across, and were able to muster three thousand men for war.

Their land was well cultivated, producing Indian corn and various other grains and fruits in abundance, although fishing and hunting were the chief employment of the people.

CHAPTER VIII.

La Salle's Voyage down the Mississippi concluded. Arrives at the Mouth of the River. Ceremonies on that Occasion. The Travellers explore the Shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Adventures which they meet with. Return to Canada. La Salle goes to France. Hennepin goes back to the West. Meets with La Salle's Brother, who tells him News about that Gentleman. Cavalier's Story.

Continuing their voyage down the Mississippi, with occasional adventures among the natives on either bank, the whole party finally reached the mouth of that great river, on the 7th of April, 1683, which, being the first occasion of the kind known to have happened among civilized men, was celebrated with no little pomp and parade as a memorable event. Indeed, to have performed a voyage of over 2,000 miles, with such boats, and so small a company, on a river never before explored, and the shores of which were thickly inhabited by unknown savage nations, was certainly in itself an exploit to be proud of. The party united in thanksgiving to Almighty God for their preservation; sang a hymn together upon the sea shore; and then, packing their canoes and baggage upon sledges made for the purpose, set up a few rude huts as a temporary shelter, a little distance from the sea.

The party made several exploring expeditions in the vicinity; and they found that, a few miles back from the sea, it was one of the pleasantest countries in the world. There were fine large meadows, groves of mulberry-trees, various kinds of nuts, and a soil so fertile as to produce two crops of corn yearly, almost without cultivation. In the ponds and rivers, also, were vast quantities of wild geese, ducks, teal, moor-hens, partridges, pheasants, quails, and other fowl; beside four-footed game of different kinds, and especially a large animal with a hump on his shoulders, running in herds, which doubtless was the same now called the *buffalo*.

The party commenced their return up the Mississippi on the 11th of April, there being now about sixty of them in number. Their provisions failing, they were obliged for a time to feed on the flesh of "crocodiles," as they called them, which we commonly, in modern times, call *alligators*. They found this flesh white, firm, and about as good as salmon; so that they lived upon it quite contentedly for several days. No doubt hunger gave it an additional relish. A tribe of savages, called the "Quinipissas," treated them rather rudely; and a skirmish ensued, in which several of the enemy were killed.

Their old friends, the Natchez, and especially the prince, received them with more kindness. So also did the Taencas, and other tribes. The whole party reached Michilimackinac in the course of the ensuing month of September.

La Salle was very anxious to report to the king and court of France the discoveries he had made, and the adventures he had met with, in the wilds of America; and, therefore, soon after his return to Quebec, he sailed for that country. From this time, for several years, his friends who remained in Canada and the West, and Hennepin among the number, heard nothing from him, or even of him, until, indeed, they began to be apprehensive that he had met with some fatal accident in the course of his voyage to France. Afterwards they ascertained, by indirect information, that he had reached that country in safety, but had subsequently left it again for the mouth of the Mississippi, by way of the Gulf of Mexico, since which nothing was known of his fortunes or his fate.

Such was the state of affairs in May of the year 1687, when Father Hennepin travelled once more across the western wilderness, from Michilimackinac to what was then the fort, and is now the town, of St. Louis, there being at that early date a small French settlement in the same place where there is now a large American village of that name. Hennepin himself owned a house there, for he was in the habit of visiting St. Louis occasionally, and of tarrying there weeks and months at a time.

As he entered his house, on the occasion of his last visit, just named, he was much startled at meeting with Monsieur Cavalier, the brother or brother-in-law of La Salle. His countenance indicated no

great pleasure at seeing Hennepin; but the latter, in his surprise and delight, did not notice this circumstance, but eagerly embraced his old friend, and immediately inquired after the welfare of La Salle. This question seemed to trouble Cavalier exceedingly. He raised his eyes sadly to heaven, drew a deep sigh, and appeared to be making an effort to conceal his feelings. Hennepin, who began to be alarmed, entreated him to conceal nothing, but to tell him the whole truth, and the sooner the better.

Cavalier now asserted that La Salle was in perfect health, but that the ill success of his last voyage out from France, had so depressed his spirits, that he had concluded for the present to remain among the Natchez and other friendly and hospitable tribes, on the banks of the Lower Mississippi. Besides, he wished, added Cavalier, to obtain certain articles from these nations in the way of trade.

Hennepin was satisfied and pleased with this declaration, especially since, Cavalier being a priest, he could not very well doubt that he spoke, or at least intended to speak, the truth. He now entreated his friend to favor him with a more particular account of the voyage from France.

Cavalier undertook, accordingly, to do so. He said that the whole court of France had been delighted with the splendid discoveries made by La Salle in exploring the Mississippi for the first time, as my readers have already learned; and that the

king hesitated not to grant him, not only titles of honor in recompense for his services, but also whatever funds and supplies he thought necessary for carrying on any future expeditions. Under these favorable circumstances, La Salle had left France, a second time, July 24, 1684, with four vessels, well provided with all kinds of stores, and with more than 200 men, as well artificers and laborers as soldiers. But they met with severe misfortunes. Off St. Domingo, the fleet was surprised by a violent storm. One of their ships, laden with merchandise of immense value, was driven off, and afterwards taken by Spanish pirates. The rest of the fleet, indeed, was collected together, and enabled to repair and supply themselves with fresh provisions in St. Domingo; but the sailors, who went ashore there, lived so freely during their stay as to contract very dangerous diseases. Of the three vessels still remaining, two were lost before reaching the mouth of the Mississippi—one by running on a shelf of sand in the mouth of a bay, and the other by dashing against a rock. It was now February of the year 1685.

The mouth of the river was not yet found; but La Salle, with his remaining party, explored large tracts of the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and visited numerous Indian nations who lived in its vicinity. Meanwhile, several of his men died of the diseases contracted in St. Domingo; and forty or more were cut off by parties of hostile savages.

Some also deserted, and took refuge among more friendly tribes.

Finally, La Salle himself, depressed by these misfortunes, and fatigued by his wanderings along the shores of the gulf, fell sick, August 24, 1685; and the whole party were, therefore, obliged to pitch their tents, and abandon all thoughts of further discoveries. Fortunately, they not only found themselves in a fine fertile country, where there was plenty of good fruit, wholesome herbs and roots, and wild game of the most excellent quality; but the neighboring savages proved hospitable and kind. They furnished the sick man and his comrades with veal, venison, partridges and pigeons; and it was partly owing to these attentions, that, after a month's delay, the Frenchmen were in a condition to continue their journey toward the north.

They had heretofore travelled on foot; but the Indians last named supplied them with horses, and they could now travel, consequently, with both more speed and more comfort. One of the party only was the worse for his horse. This was an Indian who had joined them. As he rode along by the banks of a river in which, as in most rivers of that latitude, the alligators were numerous, one of those animals suddenly started up from the water in such a manner as to set the horse to prancing most violently, until he succeeded in throwing his rider into the stream, where the ravenous beast dragged him off, and devoured him in sight of the whole company.

Thus Cavalier went on with his story till he had related, as he said, all the adventures of La Salle, up to the time of visiting the tribes of the Lower Mississippi, among whom, as we have already said, he was now represented to be.

CHAPTER IX.

Father Hennepin has more Conversation with Cavalier. The latter goes off upon an Expedition. Hennepin meets with Cousture, who tells him how La Salle was killed by some of his own Party. Particulars of the Murder. Other Anecdotes.

Father Hennepin thanked Cavalier for his information, disagreeable as some of it was, and the two friends embraced again. Still his anxiety and uncertainty were not altogether removed. "How could it happen," he asked, "that La Salle should be wandering about in this country for the space of two years, and I, who have also been traversing these remote regions continually, and who have made so many inquiries about him, should never once meet him, nor even hear of him?"

Cavalier explained this matter in the best way he was able; and he then went on to converse upon other subjects. As he expressed an intention to leave the fort (St. Louis) the next day, on a

journey northward, through the wilderness, Hennepin took care to furnish him and his attendants with plenty of provisions, and all other conveniences for their expedition. On the ensuing morning, Cavalier and his party accordingly left the fort.

Hennepin also, who never rested or refreshed himself long at a time, was, two days after this, preparing to embark once more on the Mississippi, in pursuit of new adventures among the Indians, when he saw approaching him, up the bank of the river, an old acquaintance of his, one Monsieur Cousture. This person had formerly been a servant or agent of La Salle and Cavalier, among the Indians. After mutual embraces, and some inquiries as to his health, Hennepin asked him, "where he had left La Salle."

"Left him!" answered Cousture; "left La Salle? *Why, don't you know that La Salle is dead?*"

"How! La Salle dead?"

"Certainly he is. He was assassinated by his own party in the wilderness, between the Palaquesson tribe and the Nouadiches."

Here Hennepin could scarcely contain himself. "Why, Cavalier, his own brother," he said, "Cavalier has but just taken leave of me; and he not only told me nothing of all this, but delivered me a letter as from La Salle himself."

"Sir," rejoined Cousture, "I had my information from Cavalier's own mouth, and his tears at

that time were the strongest evidence of his veracity. I am very sorry, however, to be the first messenger to you of so bad news."

After some further and more composed conversation, it appeared that the circumstances of the murder of La Salle were as follow:—

That gentleman, it seems, after recovering from the illness which has been heretofore mentioned, undertook, in March, 1686, a fresh expedition through the woods beyond the Mississippi. He was accompanied by about thirty persons, among whom were two of his nephews, his brother Cavalier, two brothers named Lancelot, another Frenchman named Dan, an Indian named Chaouanau, two English adventurers, and a German traveller named Hieus.

On the first day of their march, La Salle, perceiving that the younger Lancelot, who was still weak from the effects of a violent fit of sickness, was unable to keep pace with the rest of the company, determined to send him back. The elder brother objected strongly to this measure, but La Salle insisted upon the necessity of it; and the young man was accordingly sent back, much to the discontent of his brother. Most unfortunately for all the parties, those who undertook the conveyance of the patient home were met on the way by a band of hostile savages. A skirmish ensued, and the sick man was killed by them on the spot.

The surviving elder brother was of course much

afflicted by the intelligence of this horrid event, which immediately after reached the travelling party. But he was still more incensed than afflicted; for, most unreasonably, he laid all the blame of the thing—if there was any blame attached to it—to Monsieur La Salle. At all events, he now became that gentleman's deadly enemy, and forthwith swore to accomplish his speedy destruction.

For the space of about two months, however, he smothered his indignation, and quietly followed the company. When they had reached that part of the wilderness lying between the territory of the Palaquesson tribe and the Nouadiches, their provisions failed, and the individuals of the party were compelled to supply themselves by hunting. On this occasion, Lancelot and Dan agreed to go hunting together, and they made a proposal to Moranget, one of La Salle's two nephews, to join them. He, not mistrusting their motives at all, joined them; and they soon after took an occasion, in the woods, to reek their malice upon this unfortunate gentleman,—whom they considered the best friend of La Salle,—by despatching him with the blow of a hatchet. He died two hours afterwards, suffering great pain, but heartily forgiving his enemies.

Meanwhile, La Salle was awaiting, with the rest of his party, the return of his nephew. But neither he nor his companions made their appear-

ance. La Salle, attended by two of his friends, now set out in search of his nephew. After considerable time spent in fruitless and weary wandering, he espied Lancelot's comrade walking about at a distance among the tall grass of a meadow, on the banks of the Mississippi. He ran up, and cried out to him, "Where is Moranget?"

"Go and look for him," answered the ruffian; "go and look for him, there on the bank."

And there, indeed, La Salle and his friends found the mangled corpse of their murdered relative. In the mean time, Lancelot and his man had taken their position near by, in the grass. They now aimed their fusees at La Salle, and shot him with three balls through the head.

While the unfortunate man's friends were rendering him every attention which his situation demanded, these villains now ran off to seize upon the baggage of La Salle, and that of the whole party, which was bound up with it; and they succeeded in obtaining possession of ten horses, all the goods, and a sum of money to the amount of about two thousand crowns. Upon this, the rest of the company, thinking it best to make for the present a grace of necessity, submitted to the direction of Lancelot and his friend Dan.

But their success was not of a kind to last long. The party travelled on some time, until the Englishman and the German, who had as yet received no part of the baggage by way of a bribe, found them-

selves suffering for want of clothes. They went to Lancelot, and asked for their proper share. The latter treated them rudely. The Englishman repeated his demand, and Lancelot refused him again, more harshly than before. The Englishman could contain himself no longer. "Thou art a vile traitor," said he; "thou hast killed thy master and mine;" and upon this he drew a pistol from his girdle, and shot three balls through the body of Lancelot, which laid him bleeding on the ground.

Dan hastily ran for his fusee, with the view of coming to his friend's rescue; but the German, who was all the while standing by, soon stopped his career, by breaking his head on the spot. Both these hardened villains soon after breathed their last.

Such was the relation which Cousture made to Hennepin; and such, doubtless, were the facts. Cavalier had been unwilling to tell the truth, probably, from an apprehension of afflicting Hennepin too severely, or of discouraging him from new efforts to extend the surveys and settlements of the French in the west. Our readers have learned, then, what was the fate of the gallant adventurer who first explored the great River Mississippi; and who did more, perhaps, than any other individual ever did towards extending, among all the Christian nations of Europe, a knowledge of what are now the states and territories of the Mississippian Valley.

CHAPTER X.

Sketches of Adventures in the West after La Salle's Death. How New Orleans was settled. Quarrels between the Spaniards and the French. A bad Mistake made by the Spaniards, and a large Party of them killed by the Indians. Account of the Natchez Tribe. How a Quarrel arose between them and the French. The French massacred. The Natchez destroyed.

From the time of La Salle's death, for forty years and more, numerous adventurers like himself, undiscouraged by his melancholy fate, were continually coming out from France, and other European countries, to explore the wilderness of the west. A considerable number of small settlements came in time to be founded at various places, chiefly on the banks of the Mississippi, while all the remaining immense territory of the valley of that great river was still destined to remain for almost a century unsettled by a civilized population.

Some of these settlements were made by the French, and some by the Spanish;—the English at that period were making their progress of the same character in other quarters of the globe. One of the French establishments was on the Mobile River. In 1717, the first steps were taken towards the foundation of a colony on the site of what is now *New Orleans;* Bienville, a distin-

guished French navigator, having left fifty men there, to make a clearing, and erect buildings. In August of the same year, nearly eight hundred settlers and soldiers were sent out from France, who established themselves at the different new settlements of the Mississippian country. The Spaniards, meanwhile, had made some progress in settling certain parts of Florida; Pensacola and St. Augustine were considerable towns. They also had settlements near those of the French on Red River.

A great contest now ensued, between the French and the Spaniards, for an ascendency in the influence and growth of these colonies. The latter were especially anxious that the power which the French obtained among the Indians of the Missouri should be in some way counteracted or destroyed. The Missouri tribe itself—so called—were the most warlike friends of that nation in this quarter; and the Spaniards wisely concluded that if *they* could be put down, there might be some prospect of their civilized allies being gradually driven from the country.

With these views, the Spaniards near Red River formed a plan to engage the assistance of the Pawnees, another very powerful Missouri tribe, who were almost always at war with the Missouries. An expedition was equipped, which set out from Santa Fe, a small town on a branch of the Rio del Norte. Unluckily, they mistook their

way, and, instead of reaching the Pawnee towns, as intended, fell unconsciously on the chief village of the Missouries themselves, the very people whom they proposed to attack. What was worse, as these two tribes spoke the same language, the mistake was not discovered by the party which made it.

A conference immediately took place, at which the Spaniards communicated their purposes, without the least reserve, and ended with requesting their assistance in fighting *against the Missouries*. These crafty savages were not slow in making the best use of this blunder. They preserved their customary grave appearance and quiet manner during the conference, and only requested that time enough should be allowed them for calling in their warriors from the neighboring villages, to consult them on the scheme. At the end of forty-eight hours, they assembled two thousand bowmen. These fell upon the unsuspecting and careless Spaniards in their encampments; and the whole party, with the exception only of a few priests who escaped on horseback, were massacred on the spot.

A still more memorable incident in these early struggles for superiority is the massacre of the French residing among the Natchez Indians, and the final destruction of that entire tribe by the French. The Natchez—the same people we have already mentioned, in the account of La Salle's adventures—inhabited those delightful and fertile hills

which now constitute the better part of the state of Mississippi. They were in many respects, when compared with the neighboring tribes, a polished and well-regulated people. They were considerably acquainted with the use of medicinal herbs; their government was quite regular; and their chiefs, who were also their priests, were held by the people in such superstitious veneration, that, when about to be condemned to death on some occasions, numbers of their subjects would offer their own lives to redeem them. The tribes around them were, in a great measure, subject to their influence.

Generally, the Natchez had been exceedingly faithful allies to the French; and the latter had taken particular pains to secure their confidence and good-will. The cause of the quarrel which is now to be related, was of the most trivial character.

"A soldier of the garrison of Fort Rosalie, which the French had built among this nation, alleged"—says Mr. Flint, in his Geography and History of the Western States—"that an old Natchez warrior owed him corn, and demanded immediate payment. The Indian replied, that the corn was yet green in the fields; and that, as soon as it was sufficiently ripe, he should be paid. The soldier persisted to demand prompt payment, threatening him with a beating, if he refused. Even the threat of being struck is ever insupportable to an Indian.

The old man sprang incensed from the fort, and challenged the soldier to single combat. The soldier, alarmed by the rage of the Indian, cried Murder ! The warrior on this, and seeing a crowd collecting, retired slowly towards his village. One of the guard fired upon him, and he was mortally wounded. No inquiry was made, or at least no punishment inflicted on him who had committed the outrage.

"All the revengeful feelings, natural to savages, were called up on the occasion. The Natchez flew to arms, and the French were assailed on every side, and many of them fell. The Stung Serpent, an influential chief, interposed his authority, and the slaughter ceased. A new treaty of peace was the result of the discussion that ensued, and the whole affair seemed to be buried in oblivion.

"Soon after this, in the year 1723, under different pretexts, several hundred soldiers were secretly introduced into the settlement, and the defenceless and unsuspecting Natchez were slaughtered in their huts. The head of the first chief was demanded as the price of peace, and the wretched Natchez were obliged to yield to the demand. The slaughter had continued four days, before peace was granted them. This was a deed, of course, never to be forgotten nor forgiven by the savages. They saw at once, that there now remained no alternative

between their own destruction or that of their enemies. They were moody, pensive, timid and slow; but they were sure in devising the means of vengeance.

"Things remained in this situation until 1729. At this time, M. de Chopart, who had been the chief agent in these transactions, and who was excessively obnoxious to the savages, had been ordered to New Orleans, to meet an investigation of his conduct touching this affair. The joy of the savages was great; for they hoped, at least, to be delivered from his enmity and oppression. To their despair, they learned that he was justified, and reinstated in his authority. He seemed, on his return, more vindictive towards them than ever. To manifest his ill feelings, he determined to build a town, two miles below the present site of Natchez, on ground occupied by a large and ancient village of the Indians. Accordingly, he sent for the Sun chief, and ordered him to have the savage huts cleared away, and the inhabitants dispersed. The chief replied, 'that their ancestors had dwelt there for ages; and that it was good that their descendants should dwell there after them.' The order was repeated, with a threat of destruction, if not obeyed.

"The Indians dissembled; and, remarking 'that the corn had just come out of the ground, and that their hens were laying their eggs, and that to abandon their village at that time would

bring famine both on them and the French,' requested delay. All that they could obtain of the haughty commandant was, to delay until autumn, on condition, that each hut should bring a basket of corn, and a fowl, as a tribute for this forbearance. The savages met, and held councils in private; and the unanimous result was, to make one final effort to preserve their independence and the tombs of their ancestors inviolate.

"The Chickasaws, the allies of the English, and the natural enemies of the French, were invited to take a part with them in their meditated vengeance upon the French. The Chickasaws eagerly consented; but, by the treachery of one of their women, probably in the interest of the French, were deceived as to the day, and did not arrive until after the blow was struck. The massacre of the French was arranged to take place on the time when the Natchez should be admitted among them, to pay their tribute of corn and fowls. M. de Chopart was warned by a woman, probably attached to some Frenchman, of their approaching doom. But the evil star of the French prevailed, and the commandant, instead of arousing to caution, punished the informer.

"The fatal period for the breaking forth of the smothered vengeance of the savages came. The last day of November, 1729, the 'Grand Sun,' with his warriors, repaired to the fort, with the promised tribute of corn and fowls. The soldiers

were abroad in perfect security. The savages seized the gate, and other passages, by which the soldiers were excluded from their arms. The garrison was filled with warriors. The houses in the country were occupied, by previous concert, at the same time. It was a general massacre. None were spared, but the slaves, and some of the women and children. Such was the abhorrence and contempt of M. de Chopart, that the chiefs would not kill him, and he was slain by one of the meanest of the Indians. Of seven hundred people, scarcely enough survived to carry the tidings of the destruction to the capital. All the forts, settlements and inhabitants on the Yazoo and Washita shared the common fate of massacre and the flames.

"Consternation at first pervaded the capital. But the French soon put every engine in operation, to retaliate. The Chickasaws, thinking themselves mocked by the Natchez, in being deceived as to the time when the blow was struck on the French, in resentment for not being at the massacre of the French, were ready to join the French, to extirpate the Natchez. Fifteen hundred Chickasaws joined themselves to a detachment of French troops, aided by cannon.

"The Natchez had fortified themselves; but on the appearance of this formidable force, and the discharge of the cannon, they humbled themselves, to sue for peace. They offered to restore the

French prisoners in their possession, and forsake their country forever. M. de Lubois, anxious to save the prisoners, consented to put off the attack until the next day, provided that the prisoners were given up.

"The following night, they deserted the fort, in a silence so profound, as not to disturb their enemies. They crossed the Mississippi, and ascended Red River to a point not far from where Natchitoches is now situated. The French pursued them, headed by M. de Perrier, with cannon. They had fortified themselves; and in their last fastnesses they fought with the desperation of men who were ready to die. They sallied out, and attempted to cut their way through the besieging force in vain. It was useless to contend with the strength that surrounded them. The women and children were enslaved at home; and the males were sent, as slaves, to St. Domingo. Thus utterly perished the once powerful tribe of the Natchez."

CHAPTER IX.

Contests between the English and French. Expedition, in 1754, *against the French on the Ohio. First Campaign of General Washington. Defeat and Death of General Braddock, in* 1755. *Quebec taken by the English. War with the Cherokee Indians. General Peace in* 1763.

From the date of the destruction of the Natchez tribe by the French, for about twenty-five years, considerable advances were made by that active nation in establishing settlements in various parts of the western country. But the chief struggle for supremacy was no longer between them and the Spaniards. It was between the French and the *English*. The colonies of the latter, planted and prospering all along the Atlantic coast, and upon the St. Lawrence on the north, gave them many advantages, but at the same time made them peculiarly apprehensive of the influence which the French had obtained among the savages of the west. The latter were by them frequently instigated to make war on the English provinces.

In consequence of these measures and views, in the year 1754, England and France being now on the eve of war with each other, the governors of the different Atlantic provinces were called upon by the British government to furnish their respective quotas of men, to form one grand army by

which the French were to be driven off from the establishments they had made on the Ohio. The command was given to Washington, now colonel, but the same who was afterwards general of the revolutionary army, and who, on this occasion, made his earliest campaign. It did not prove a fortunate one, although no blame could be attributed to him. Detached from Virginia, with a force of four hundred men, to fortify a position on the Ohio, he was met and attacked by a superior enemy, consisting of French and Indians, and was compelled to capitulate and return home.

A new and more vigorous effort was made by the British government during the following year. General Braddock arrived from England, with a considerable body of troops. These were joined by a force of provincial soldiers, under the command of Washington. The united army commenced their march over the Alleghany Mountains by a long and laborious route. They designed to make their first attack on the French fort at the head of the Ohio, called Du Quesne, and the same which is now Pittsburg.

The great difficulty in the management of this expedition arose from the inexperience of Braddock, who, though an excellent officer according to the usual modes of European warfare, was wholly unacquainted with either the proper way of marching across the wilderness, or of providing against an attack from the savages.

"He moved his square battalions," says a western historian, "over the logs and the ravines, and through the deep forests west of the mountains, until he arrived within a few miles of the fort. The French and Indians had spread an ambuscade, like a concealed net, which was covered from view by the trees. The British general, rejecting the advice of his provincial allies and of Washington, who were better acquainted with the wiles and perils of Indian warfare, marched, in proud and undoubting reliance upon his regular tactics, into this ambuscade.

"The first conviction of his temerity was in a general discharge upon his advance, from behind trees, and other coverts, from an invisible enemy. A more murderous action has seldom occurred, in proportion to the numbers engaged. It was to no purpose, that the British formed themselves into hollow squares, and drove their concealed enemy by the bayonet a little before them into the forest. They retreated only to present themselves in front anew. A great proportion of the regulars were either killed or wounded. Such was the fate of almost all the officers. Among them was General Braddock, who paid for his temerity by receiving a mortal wound, of which he died in a little time.

"Washington exhibited presages of his future character, as a general. He was calm, fearless, and self-possessed. Two horses were killed under him; and four balls passed through his coat. 'I expected,' said Doctor Craik, an eye-witness, 'every mo-

ment to see him fall. His duty and situation exposed him to every danger. The superintending care of Providence seemed to have saved him from the fate of all around him, that he might accomplish the great achievements which were before him.' It seems to be generally admitted, that the bringing off any part of the forces from this murderous battle, was owing to the skill and management of Washington."*

The result of the war was not generally, however, so unfortunate for the British; for by the splendid victory of General Wolfe, on the Heights of Abraham, they obtained possession of Quebec in 1759; and the consequence was, that all Canada soon after came into their possession.

Still, the French, in the more southern and western sections of the continent, continued to molest them; and particularly by exciting the hostility of the Indian tribes. In 1760, the Cherokees, living on the highlands in the rear of Georgia and South Carolina, were induced by French influence, to fall upon the English traders and settlers who resided among them, and to pillage and slaughter them without mercy. A war ensued between the English and the Indians. A force of 1200 soldiers of South Carolina and other provinces marched into the heart of the Cherokee territory, and severely revenged the massacre of their

* Flint's History.

countrymen, by defeating the savages in battle, burning their villages, and laying waste their country far and wide. This had the effect to quiet the Cherokees for a long series of years. Peace was concluded between France and England in 1760.

CHAPTER XII.

Sketches of western History during the Revolutionary War. Skirmishes with the Indians. Adventures of American hunting Parties in the Woods. Anecdotes of Daniel Boone, the great Hunter. Story about the Attack of the Indians upon Logan's Camp in Kentucky.

The American revolution, as my readers will recollect, commenced in 1775. Of that memorable contest, which continued seven years, and terminated in securing the independence of the United States, I have heretofore given a full account. In this chapter, however, I shall bring together a number of interesting incidents belonging to that period, which are not properly a part of the history of the revolution itself. I refer particularly to the hostilities of the western Indians, which were now incessant; and to the early settlement of a number of the states and territories by wandering adventurers from the Atlantic coast.

Tennessee was among the first of these states to be settled in any considerable degree. The French

had an establishment where Nashville now is, and two others, in other parts of the state, a long time before Braddock's defeat. It was not until 1776, that the country was traversed by a large hunting party of American adventurers. One of this earliest party, it is said, was an old man, passionately fond of hunting and of a forest life, but who had so far lost the use of his eyes, that the only way in which he could take sight of the buffaloes and deer, was by tying a piece of white paper to the muzzle of his gun. In this manner he succeeded in killing a number of deer. At one time, having strayed from the encampment of the party, he lost himself in the woods, and wandered about for nineteen days, until he was found by the other hunters almost disabled by starvation and cold. A number of small American settlements were made in various parts of Tennessee in the course of the revolutionary war, but they did not flourish much until after its termination.

In Kentucky, the earliest settlers came also from the eastern states, and were men of the same adventurous and hardy character with those who roamed over the woods of Tennessee. Among the number, the most distinguished was Daniel Boone, a man born and educated in Maryland, and who had afterwards lived in Virginia and North Carolina. The habits of a hunter alone seemed to have charms for him; and he abandoned civilized life forever, for the privilege of wandering among the cane-brakes and meadows of Kentucky.

On his second visit to Kentucky, he had a companion with him, whose name was Stewart. As the two hunters were one morning just leaving their rude camp, for a day's hunt, they were surprised by a party of Indians, who took them both captive, and plundered them of every thing they possessed. For eight days they were obliged to follow the march of their masters through the woods; but on the eighth night, being left unguarded, while the Indians slept, they escaped, and found their way back to their desolate and plundered camp. Here, having neither food, guns nor amunition, they must have perished, had they not been fortunately visited at this time by a brother of Boone's, lately arrived from Carolina, who supplied them with all these articles.

Soon afterwards, the little party was fired upon by the savages, and Stewart was killed. The brothers, who escaped, with their hatchets built themselves a cabin of poles and bark, in which they spent the winter. In the spring of 1770, his brother returned to Carolina, and Daniel was left alone in the wilderness—the only white man in Kentucky. He had neither bread nor salt, and not even a dog for a companion.

In 1771, he went back to Carolina; and two years after, he and his brother returned to Kentucky, with some of their relatives, and five other persons. Forty individuals joined the party on their march. They advanced through the woods

in high spirits, until, on the tenth of October (1773), the Indians fired upon their rear, and killed six men, including Daniel Boone's eldest son. They pursued the enemy, and drove them off, but not until their cattle were dispersed. In June of the year 1775, a fort was erected by Boone and those who were with him, on the Kentucky River, where Boonesborough now stands.

His family, meanwhile, had remained at a small settlement on Clinch River, where they had taken refuge after the rencounter with the Indians, while Boone himself went on to Kentucky to provide a residence for them in that quarter. He now escorted them through the woods to his new fort; and his wife and daughter were *the first white women who arrived in Kentucky.* There were, about this period, two other small establishments made in the same section; one was Harrodsburgh, and the other was called "Logan's Camp."

The Indians, who were numerous, and almost continually hostile, attacked Harrodsburgh in March of the year 1776, at a time when some of the men attached to the fort were absent. In the vicinity of the fort, they in the first place surprised three white men who had undertaken to clear a small place for cultivation. One of them was killed, the second taken captive, and the other succeeded in making his escape to the garrison, to which he gave the alarm. This young man was

James Ray, subsequently well known as General Ray.

This notice, short as it was, enabled the people to put the place in the best order of defence. The fire commenced, and some were wounded on both sides. The assailants soon became disheartened by their reception, and withdrew, leaving one of their number slain behind—a circumstance strongly marking their confusion, for the Indians make it a sacred principle to carry off, on these occasions, both their dead and wounded.

Still they continued hovering about the vicinity of the fort, and that in too great numbers to be pursued by the garrison. On the 10th of April, about one hundred of them made an assault upon the Boonesborough station or fort; but were received there with such a determined spirit as to withdraw in some disorder, after killing one person and wounding four. Then they attacked Logan's Camp. At the moment of their approach to this station—where there were at this period only fifteen whites in all—the women were without the walls, milking their cows, and the men were guarding them. The Indians drew near under cover of a thick cane-brake, which still remained in the close neighborhood of the little settlement. They fired, and killed two of the whites. The remainder, with the women, reached the fort unhurt.

The savages now relaxed their fire, and the whites had leisure to observe, in looking from their

windows, that one of their number, wounded, and supposed to have been killed, by the first fire of the savages, was still alive, and struggling to crawl towards the fort. What made this spectacle the more afflictive was, that the poor fellow had a family of his own within the fort. Logan, the intrepid man who had led out the band of hunters which occupied this station, determined to make a desperate effort for the rescue of the unfortunate fellow. Not a person in the fort, however, could be induced to expose himself to the fire of the Indians. "Just at this moment, Logan saw the poor wounded man, after crawling a few steps, sink to the earth. His compassion could not sustain the sight. Collecting his powers, and putting his life in his hand, he rushed forth, took up the half-dead victim in his arms, and bore him amidst a shower of balls, into the fort. Some of the balls were buried in the palisades close by his head.

"But along with this happy omen, another of a different aspect was seen. On the return of the wounded man, the garrison discovered that they had but a few more shots of ammunition left; and there was no chance of replenishing their stock, nearer than the other two forts. They were aware, at the same time, that these garrisons would need all they had for themselves. To detach any of their number to go to the settlement on Holston, would be so to weaken their number, as to leave them almost a certain prey to the invader. To

sustain the siege without ammunition, was impossible. To go to Holston was the elected alternative. As the life of every member of the garrison depended upon the success of the expedition, it was necessary to select for the party men who could judge, with promptness and decision, what was best to be done in cases of emergency, and who were expert woodsmen, and capable of sustaining every kind of fatigue and suffering.

"Logan, indispensable as his presence was in the garrison, was unanimously elected to head the party to be despatched on this still more important expedition. It would be difficult for imagination to group a more affecting picture, than the parting of this small forlorn hope from their families, left in the desolate forests thus reduced in numbers, and without ammunition, and surrounded by a savage foe. We can see them looking back upon the pale faces of their families, and contemplating from without the thick cane-brake, and the pathless wilderness, which their imaginations would naturally represent as filled with their ruthless enemies.

"But these men of iron sinew, although they had generous and tender hearts, had sound judgments and strong minds. They felt that the step was necessary. They might be allowed to drop natural tears, and to cast fond looks behind, as they went forth with stealthy pace from their weeping friends, to thread their way through the woods, without being seen by the besieging savages. They took, for this purpose,

an entirely untrodden track through the forests; and crossed the Cumberland Mountain by a route which had probably never been trodden before. We presume it never has been since.

"They reached Holston in safety, and obtained the requisite supplies. Logan intrusted them to the remainder of his small party, with directions how to proceed; and started on his way home alone, preceding the slower advance of this party to carry in ammunition. Within ten days from the time of his departure from the fort, he performed this long, and hazardous, and lonely journey, and reached the fort again. It was still invested by the savages, and almost in despair. His return seemed an interposition of Providence, and naturally tended to invigorate and encourage the besieged. The return of the party soon after, with ammunition, yielded them the physical means of annoying the enemy, and sustaining the siege.

"A new difficulty arose. The garrison was approaching a state of starvation, and must hunt to relieve their necessities. This new difficulty once more spread the gloom of despair over their prospects. But as they were resigning their hopes of escaping the savages, Colonel Bowman arrived at the fort with a hundred men, and dispersed the savages. In getting into the fort, a detachment of these men, which preceded the main body, were killed by the besiegers. On one of the dead bodies, the Canadians had left a proclamation, which had been

prepared by the governor of Canada. It seemed to be intended for circulation among the people. It offered protection to those of the people who would abjure their allegiance to the revolted colonies, and threatened those who would not. The paper was carried to Logan, who concealed it carefully, through fear of the effect it might work upon the minds of the people.

"The arrival of the force under Colonel Bowman, and the consequent dispersion of the Indians, were calculated to raise the spirits of the garrison. But in the midst of their exultation and joy, they learned that his men were enlisted but for a short time, great part of which had been consumed on their march to their relief. They foresaw that the departure of this force would be the sure renewal of the horrors of the Indian invasion. They were again in want of ammunition; and Logan again undertook the long and lonely expedition to Holston, and once more returned with a supply."

The result of these gallant exertions—for an account of which we are indebted chiefly to Mr. Flint's History—was, that the savages were at length discouraged and driven off; and so ended the long-remembered assault upon Logan's Camp.

CHAPTER XIII.

Other Adventures of Daniel Boone. He is captured by the Indians. How they treated him. How he escaped from them. Account of their Attack upon Boonesborough. Anecdotes of the Siege. The Indians are driven off.

In July of the season last named (1775), Boone's little party was joined by forty-five fresh adventurers from North Carolina. On the first of the ensuing January, with thirty of his now tolerably efficient garrison, he set out for a place called the 'Blue Licks,' where salt was collected by the whites from salt springs. While he was hunting in the woods in that vicinity, to procure food for the salt-makers, he came suddenly upon a party of over one hundred Indians, who were marching to attack Boonesborough once more. He fled, but they pursued and overtook him; and they then advanced upon the Licks so warily as to surprise twenty-seven of the thirty men who were there at work.

Delighted with this extraordinary success, the savages led their prisoners in triumph through the wilderness, across the Ohio River, to one of their villages called Chillicothe—as the town still is which stands upon the same spot at this day. In the month of March, eleven of the whites were sent to Detroit, and exhibited as captives to the English commander of the fort at that place,—the war between England and America being now on the

eve of breaking out. Liberal offers were made for the ransom of Boone, who was one of the eleven; but his masters rejected them, and soon after marched him back to Chillicothe.

The truth was, they valued Boone very highly as a great hunter and a brave man. They even entertained hopes of making a friend of him; and this idea he found it for his best interest rather to humor. He pretended to be perfectly satisfied with his residence among them. They were exceedingly pleased with this, and he was before long *adopted* into the family of one of the principal men of the Shawanee tribe, to which his master belonged. He took particular pains to ingratiate the good-will of the head-chief of that tribe, whom he frequently presented with a large part of the proceeds of his hunting excursions.

But Boone had by no means forgotten his wife and children, or abandoned, for a single moment, the hope of escape from his bondage. At a time when more than four hundred savages were collected together at Chillicothe, for the purpose of planning a grand attack upon the white settlements of Kentucky, he arose early in the morning, and was permitted to go forth, as usual, to hunt. He contrived to secrete a little food, enough for one meal, and with this slender provision he undertook to find his way to his own country.

In less than five days, he traversed a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, and crossed, in the mean

time, the Ohio and several smaller rivers—making but one meal on the whole journey. His friends were of course overjoyed to see him again, notwithstanding the intelligence he brought with him of the formidable assault about to be made by the savages on some of the settlements. Directed and encouraged by Boone, however, they soon put the station of Boonesborough in a tolerable state of defence.

The appearance of the enemy was now anxiously anticipated. The escape of one of Boone's companions brought news to the fort, that, in consequence of the escape of the latter, they had concluded to postpone the expedition for three weeks. Meanwhile the garrison was joined by some fresh hunters, and all of them were in such high spirits, that Boone determined to "steal a march" upon the Indians.

With nineteen select companions, he set out from the fort, with the view of surprising an Indian village on the Scioto River. Having arrived within four miles of the place, they were met by thirty savages, who were marching to join the main body of their countrymen at Chillicothe. A skirmish ensued, which terminated in the flight of the enemy. Boone lost not a man of his party. They now turned about for home again, and having, on the sixth day of their march, passed the Indian army on its way to Boonesborough, unperceived, on the seventh they arrived at the fort.

On the very next day, the Indians made their

appearance, under the command of Captain Duquesne and eleven other Canadian Frenchmen, and a number of savage chiefs; and the British flag was displayed in the centre of their force. They immediately surrounded the fort, and sent in a regular summons, inviting Boone to surrender. He requested two days for consideration, and they were foolish enough to grant him that time, which the garrison, numbering about fifty men, made the best possible use of in the way of preparation.

At the end of the forty-eight hours, Boone made his appearance on the bastions of the fort, thanked the Canadian commander for the leisure allowed him, and made known the determination of the garrison to defend themselves to the last drop of their blood.

Duquesne now, in his turn, undertook to carry his point by deception. He said that his only object was to take the garrison prisoners, and to treat them well; and he promised that, if nine of the principal men would come out and make a treaty with him, he would retire with his forces, on condition of the garrison's swearing allegiance to the king of England.

Boone thought he should at least gain time by treating; and he therefore agreed to the conference, which took place within fifty yards of the gate of the fort. He could not help observing, with some anxiety, in the course of it, that many of the Indians, who had no concern with the consulting

parties, seemed to be lurking about them with a suspicious and hostile air. The articles of agreement, which were quite brief, being signed, Boone was informed that it was customary in such cases that two of the Indians should *shake hands with each one of the whites.* This was granted; and the Indians, coming on, accordingly, commenced a struggle to take the whites prisoners, and drag them off. But Boone's men were too quick for them. They broke away, and ran for the fort; and all of them reached it in safety, amidst a shower of musket-balls which followed them, with the exception of one man, who was wounded.

The enemy now commenced an unremitting attack; and not a direct one only, for they attempted to undermine the fort, no doubt at the suggestion of the Canadians. But this attempt met with no success. The brave garrison resisted, and thwarted the savages at every turn; and at length, on the twentieth of August, they abandoned the siege, and marched off. They had lost thirty-seven men killed, while of the whites only two had been killed and four wounded.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sketches of the History of Kentucky and other Sections. Expedition by the Hunters against the Indians. Battle with the Savages. Story about Black Fish. Expedition of the English and Indians against the Kentuckians. Attack on Ruddle's Station. How it ended. Some of the Kentuckians carried off captive. How one of them escaped from the Indians.

By the commencement of the year 1779, the white settlements of Kentucky had become so considerable, that thoughts began to be entertained, among the hunters at the various stations, of joining in one common expedition, which should boldly march into the very heart of the enemy's territory in Ohio, and lay waste their villages far and wide. A body of volunteers for this purpose collected, to the number of about two hundred, early in the summer, at Harrodsburg. The command of the expedition was given to Colonel Bowman, assisted by Harrod, Logan and others.

It was near the sunset of a hot day in July, that this adventurous party, after a long and weary march, reached Chillicothe, undiscovered. It was concluded to defer the assault until the next morning. The force was divided into two detachments; one under the command of Bowman, and the other of Logan. The two undertook in concert to surround the village, and attack it at the

same moment. Logan's party repaired to the place agreed upon, and there waited for the signal which Bowman was to give. An accident now led to their discovery; and the women and children of the enemy fled for the woods, while their warriors, all together, took possession of a strong cabin. Logan's party marched in, and occupied some of the deserted cabins.

It was now broad daylight, and Logan, perceiving the necessity of bringing matters to a close, ordered his men to tear off the Indian cabin-doors, and each to carry one before him, as a breast-work, in advancing upon the fortified house. But just as they were commencing this movement, Bowman, who was the superior officer of the party, sent word to Logan to retreat. This embarrassed the advancing party exceedingly, for their retreat could only take place over an open prairie, and must be exposed to the covert fire of the Indians. Every man undertook to shift for himself, and they all made for the woods at their utmost speed. Some fell by the enemy's bullets, as they crossed the prairie; the stragglers, however, reassembled a little beyond it, and resumed something like order.

The Indians now boldly sallied out against the whites, commanded by a well-known chief, whose name was Black Fish. There were only thirty of them; but Bowman's party, having once been thrown into disorder, continued to fly before them,

and were severely pressed. His force halted, at length, in a low and sheltered ground; and here Logan, and a small party, mounted on some pack-horses, made a charge upon the Indians. This staggered them; Black Fish was killed; and his countrymen, in their turn, took to flight. The whites then pursued their way home without further molestation. They had already lost nine men killed, and one wounded.

The next season after this unfortunate expedition, the British commandant at Detroit determined upon making a violent attack on the Kentucky settlements, in concert with the Indians. The expedition comprised a force of six hundred Canadians and savages, under the command of Colonel Byrd, a British officer. The summer of 1780 proving uncommonly wet, so that all the streams were full to overflowing, the march was somewhat delayed; but on the twenty-second of June, he arrived at "Ruddle's Station," on Licking River—his army being now swelled, by fresh reinforcements of savages, to a force of about one thousand men.

Ruddle's Station was a new stockade fort, incapable of any defence against artillery, of which Byrd had two pieces with him. Nor had the garrison any notice of his approach, for the excessive rains had driven in the wood-cutters to seek shelter under the roof; and the first discovery of the expedition was made to the Kentuckians by the

discharge of the cannon close under the fort. Byrd immediately after sent in a flag, demanding a surrender at discretion. Ruddle refused to do so, except on condition that those who surrendered should be prisoners of the British, and not of the Indians.

This was agreed to, and the gates were opened. The savages rushed in, and each laid hands on the first person that fell in his way. Thus they not only became prisoners to the Indians, but, what was much worse, husbands, wives, children and parents were dispersed and separated from each other in the most cruel manner. Colonel Byrd alleged, in excuse for himself, that he was wholly unable to control his savage allies.

The troops soon after commenced their march home, carrying off their prisoners, all of whom were given over to the Indians. There is a singular story told by Mr. Flint of the escape of one of these unfortunate people from his masters.

This man's name was Hinkston. It is said that he was remarkable for his tact and skill as a woodman,—as indeed were most of the early settlers of the west,—and it is certain that he evinced his powers on this occasion to very good advantage.

On the second night of their march, the Indians encamped near the banks of the river. It rained, and the camp-fires were not kindled until after the dusk of evening. Part of the savages guarded the prisoners, and part kindled the fires.

While they were so occupied, Hinkston sprang away from them. The alarm was given, and the Indians pursued him in every direction. He ran but a little distance before he laid down behind a great log, in the deep shade of a spreading tree. As soon as he perceived, that the uproar, occasioned by his escape, had subsided, he recommenced his flight, as silently as possible. The night was profoundly dark; and even his experience could discern no marks by which to steer.

After travelling some time, as he supposed, in the direction of Lexington, he found to his terror, that he had circled back in sight of the camp-fires again. There was no mark in the sky. He could not see the moss on the trees; and could think of no clue to the points of the compass. Here he availed himself of his woodland skill. It occurred to him, that, although he could not ascertain the direction of the air by his feelings, he might in another way. He dipped his hand in the water. When he raised it, he knew that evaporation and coolness would take place on that side of his hand from which the wind came. He had observed that the wind was in the west at sunset. Guided by this sure indication, he once more resumed his flight. After travelling for some time, he sat down, exhausted, at the foot of a tree, and fell asleep.

Just before day arose a dense fog, in which a man could not be seen at any distance. This

saved him, when the light of dawn appeared. His ear was assailed with the howl of wolves, the bleating of fawns, the gobbling of turkeys, the hooting of owls, and the cries of the wild animals of the wilderness. He was enough acquainted with savage customs, to be aware, that these cries were savage imitations, to entice the animals within the reach of their rifles. They pointed out to him, also, his own danger. He found himself more than once within a few yards of the foe. But he escaped all the dangers, and arrived safe at Lexington. He reached there eight days after the capture of Ruddle's Station, and brought the first intelligence of that event.*

CHAPTER XV.

The Kentuckians make another Expedition against the Indians in Ohio. What Effect it had. The Savages attack M'Afee's Station. Skirmish with M'Afee, and how the latter shot one Man in the Mouth. How the Women helped the Men to fight the Savages. Attack upon Bryant's Station. The Indians driven off.

The panic occasioned throughout the western territories by the expedition described in the last chapter, determined the Kentuckians to make one more spirited and united exertion against the

* Flint's History.

northern Indians. It was clearly more necessary than ever, if they intended to live in any thing like tolerable security for the future, that some check should be given to this terrible and restless enemy.

A muster of four fifths of all the whites at all the settlements, was called to meet at the mouth of Licking River, in Kentucky, on the seventh of July. The party, which was under the command of General Clark, embarked in transport-boats on the Ohio, and on the second of August landed at the place where Cincinnati now stands. The army marched in two divisions, and consisted of nine hundred and seventy men. Arriving at some of the Indian towns on the sixth, they found them deserted, the inhabitants having received notice of their approach by a deserter.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the seventh, they reached Piqua, a large Indian settlement, and were attacked, as they advanced upon it, by the savages, who concealed themselves among the high weeds that skirted the town. The piece of cannon brought with the expedition was directed against the enemy; and, by a vigorous charge on all sides, they were at length forced to retreat, leaving about twenty killed on each side. The troops destroyed several hundred acres of growing corn, and then commenced their return home.

But the savages were only checked—by no means discouraged—by this defeat. In the spring

of 1781, they made frequent attacks upon almost all the various stations and settlements throughout the country. Among others, two men of the name of M'Afee, of M'Afee's Station, near Harrodsburg, were fired upon. One of them fell. The other ran for the fort, which was distant a quarter of a mile. He was met by an Indian. They presented their rifles at each other, so near that the muzzles almost touched. The gun of the Indian missed fire, and he fell dead, a moment after, under the charge of M'Afee.

Two men, on hearing the firing, came out from the fort. M'Afee warned them not to advance; but one of them, not heeding his caution, ran to look at the dead Indian. Concealed foes intercepted his return, and now he was obliged to compete with them for his life. He sprang from tree to tree, and they pursued him—his object being to avoid a shot, and theirs to gain one. He reached a fence, fifty yards from the fort, in safety; and though he exposed himself in climbing it, he escaped the shots of the enemy.

An Indian reached out his head from behind a tree, to take fresh aim, and M'Afee shot him in the mouth, after which he reached the fort untouched. The other man was equally fortunate. The Indians immediately made a violent attack on the fort, and continued it for two hours; but the women went to moulding and melting bullets, and the men discharged them with such spirit, that

the enemy were soon discouraged, gave over their design, and retreated.

In August, 1782, a grand assemblage of the warriors of different tribes took place at Chillicothe, with the view of planning a more effective expedition against the whites. They were aided on this occasion by the counsels of M'Kee and Girty, two renegado white men, who had given up civilized life for the company of the savages. Girty is said to have played the orator. He described to the Indians, in glowing terms, the delights of the country of cane, clover, deer and buffaloes, and the charming valleys of Kentucky, for the possession of which so much blood had been shed. He warned them that, unless the whites should be driven off immediately, it would soon be impossible to do it. His speech was received with yells of applause, and the savage army took up its line of march for Kentucky.

The first point of attack was Bryant's Station, which consisted of forty cabins, built in an oblong form, and fortified with block-houses at the four corners. They attempted, in the first place, to gain the place by stratagem. A party of one hundred, says a historian, attacked the south-east angle, with a view to draw the whole attention of the garrison to that point. The great body of the enemy, to the number of five hundred, lay concealed among the weeds upon the opposite side of the station, and within pistol-shot of the spring,

from which it was supplied with water. This stratagem was predicated on the belief, that the people would all crowd to the point where the attack commenced, and leave the opposite one wholly undefended. The garrison, however, comprehended the whole purpose ; and, instead of returning the fire, instantly commenced repairing the palisades, and putting the station in a condition of defence. Aware that the Indians were concealed near the spring, they were assured that they would not fire, until they saw the men repairing to that point. The women, in this confidence, ran to the spring, and drew water for the supply of the garrison, within shooting distance of the concealed Indians. When a sufficiency of water had been drawn, and the station put in such a state of defence as such a short notice might furnish, thirteen men were sent out in the direction where the fire commenced. They were fired upon by one hundred Indians, and the ambuscade rushed upon the side of the fort which they deemed was now without defence. Their disappointment may be imagined, when they found every thing prepared for their reception. A well-directed fire from the garrison put the savages to flight. Some of the more desperate and daring approached sufficiently near to fire the houses, some of which were consumed. But an easterly wind providentially arose, and drove the flames from the mass of the buildings, and the garrison was saved. The enemy withdrew

and concealed themselves on the bank of the creek near the spring. They had been, in some way, informed of the despatch of the two men to Lexington for aid; and they arranged an ambuscade, to intercept such forces as might be sent, on their approach to the station.

When this reinforcement came in sight, the firing had ceased. No enemy was visible; and they drew near in the confidence that they had come on a false alarm. They rode forward through a lane, which was ambuscaded for one hundred yards on either side by Indians. The mounted men created a dense cloud of dust as they moved along. The Indians fired upon them close at hand, but the obscuring dust hindered their aim. The sixteen rode through this close fire unharmed, and without having even a horse wounded. The footmen were less fortunate. They were approaching the garrison through a thick corn-field, and in a direction to have reached it unobserved by the savages. But hearing the firing on their mounted companions, they rushed to their aid, and were intercepted by masses of the savages, constantly increasing between them and the station. They would all have fallen, but for the thickness of the corn-field. These brave men reached the fort, with the loss of two killed and four wounded. The cattle and sheep that came in towards the garrison, as usual, in the evening, were mostly destroyed.

A little after sunset, the famous Girty covertly approached the garrison, and on a sudden made himself visible on a stump, whence he could be heard by the people within, and demanded a surrender of the place. He managed his proposals with no little art, assigning, as a reason for making them, that they were dictated by his humanity; that, in case of a surrender, he could answer for the security of the prisoners, and that, in the event of taking the garrison by storm, he could not; that cannon were approaching with a reinforcement, and would arrive that night; in which case they must be sensible, that defence of the place would be wholly unavailing. His imposing manner had the more effect in producing consternation, as the garrison knew, that the same foes had recently used cannon in the attack of Ruddle's and Martin's Stations. In the course of his harangue, Girty demanded of the garrison, if they knew who it was that addressed them.

A young man by the name of Reynolds, observing the depressing effect of this speech, came forward, and answered him to this effect—that they did know him well; and that he was held in such detestation and contempt, that he himself had named a worthless dog, that he owned, *Simon Girty;* that the garrison, too, expected reinforcements enough, to give an account of the cowardly wretches that followed him; that he, for his part, held them in so much contempt, that he should

disdain to discharge fire-arms upon them, and that, if they broke into the fort, he had prepared a great number of switches, which, he had no doubt, would be sufficient to drive the naked rascals out of the country.

Girty seemed very little flattered or edified with such an impolite reply, and, affecting to deplore their obstinacy and infatuation, speedily retired. During the night, a small party was left, to keep up occasional firing, and the semblance of siege, but the main body marched hastily away to the lower Blue Licks. The Indians and Canadians exceeded six hundred, and the besieged numbered but forty-two. The Indians must have suffered a considerable loss, but the amount is not known.*

Such is the account which the historians of these early settlements give of the celebrated assault upon Bryant's Station; and such was the hardihood and the stern courage of the gallant hunters who first opened the forests of the western wilderness to the sunshine.

* Flint's History.

CHAPTER XVI.

Skirmishes with the Indians. How Women were engaged. Battle between a Negro and an Indian. A Family attacked by an Indian Party. A New England Party of Emigrants attacked on the Ohio River. Story about a Boy who was wounded. Cherokee War. Battle between Mrs. Mason and the Savages, in Tennessee.

The adventures which we have thus far related have been principally those in which the hunters were engaged with the Indians. It frequently happened, however, that the women—wives, mothers and sisters of the early settlers—were called upon to bear a distinguished part in the romantic and stirring scenes of the times.

In the course of the year 1782, a party of savages approached a house near what was commonly entitled the "Crab Orchard," in the close vicinity of one of the Kentucky stations. The only occupants, on this occasion, were a woman, with three children, and a negro servant.

One of the Indians went into the house, and rushed towards the negro, while a little girl instantly closed the door between him and the remainder of the party. The negro grappled with the Indian, and threw him down. The woman seized an axe, and killed him with a well-directed blow on the head. The Indians on the outside,

hearing the noise within, attempted to cut down the door with their tomahawks; but a body of armed men, who happened to be passing near the house, coming within sight at this moment, they hastily took to flight.

It was several years after this event that, in another section of the western country, a party of fourteen of the enemy attacked a family living nearly alone in the woods. "It consisted," as Mr. Flint informs us, "of the mother, two sons of mature age, a widowed daughter, with an infant in her arms, two grown daughters, and a daughter of ten years. They occupied a double cabin. In one division were the two grown daughters and the smaller girl. In the other, the remainder of the family. At evening twilight, a knocking was heard at the door of the latter, asking in good English, and the customary phrase of the country, 'Who keeps house?' As the sons were opening the door, the mother forbade, affirming that there were Indians there. The young men sprang to their guns.

"The Indians, being refused admittance, made an effort at the opposite door. They beat open the door of that room with a rail. They endeavored to take the three girls prisoners. The little girl escaped, and might have evaded danger in the darkness and the woods. But the forlorn child ran towards the other door, and cried for help. The brothers wished to fly to her relief, but the

mother forbade her door to be opened. The merciless tomahawk soon hushed the cries of the distracted girl by murdering her. While a part of the Indians were murdering this child, and confining the other girl that was made prisoner, the third defended herself with a knife, which she was using at her loom, at the moment of attack. The heroism of this girl was unavailing. She killed one Indian, and was herself killed by another.

"The Indians, in possession of one half the house, fired it. The persons confined in the other part of the cabin had now to choose between exposure to the flames, spreading towards them, or the tomahawks of the savages. The latter stationed themselves in the dark angles of the fence, while the bright glare of the flames would expose, as a clear mark, every person who should escape. One son took charge of his aged and infirm mother; and the other of his widowed sister and her infant. The brothers separated with their charge, endeavoring to spring over the fence at different points. The mother was shot dead in attempting to cross. The other brother was killed, gallantly defending his sister. The widowed sister, her infant, and one of the brothers, escaped the massacre.

"These persons alarmed the settlement. Thirty men, commanded by Colonel John Edwards, arrived next day to witness the horrid spectacle presented by this scene of murder and ruin. Con-

siderable snow had fallen, and it was easy to pursue the Indians by their trail. In the evening of that day, they came upon the expiring body of the young woman, apparently murdered but a few moments before their arrival. The Indians had been premonished of their pursuit, by the barking of a dog that followed them. They overtook and killed two of the Indians, who had apparently staid behind as victims to secure the escape of the rest."*

There were several women and children on board a boat which, in the spring of 1791, carried a party of emigrants from New England down the Ohio River. Among these passengers was Captain Hubbell, of Vermont. The savages attacked this boat in three canoes, filled with their armed and painted warriors. Never, say the early historians, was a contest maintained with more desperate bravery. The enemy attempted to board the boat; and all sorts of weapons were used in the defence. Captain Hubbell, having had the lock of his gun knocked off by an Indian bullet, and being himself severely wounded, discharged his shattered musket by firing it with a *brand.*

At length, the Indians paddled off, to attack a smaller boat which now made its appearance farther up the river; and in this enterprise they were more successful, for the people on board surrendered it without opposition, and made for the

* Flint's History.

shore, leaving the captain and a boy killed, and the women all taken prisoners. This was a great triumph for the savages; and they came paddling back, with the women, (seated in the boat so as to serve the purpose of a screen,) to renew their attack upon Hubbell. They were, however, beaten off a second time, not without some hazard of hitting the unfortunate prisoners with the bullets intended for their savage captors.

This skirmish was so earnest, that Hubbell's boat was in the mean time suffered, before he was aware of the circumstance, to drift down close by the shore of the river where there were several hundreds of the enemy collected. All that the party on board could do now, was, to avoid exposure, by stooping, until they should pass the Indian fire. One man, seeing a fine opportunity, as he thought, of shooting one of the enemy, as the boat drifted by, could not forbear improving it. He raised his head to take aim, and was instantly himself shot dead.

When they had floated down far enough to escape the enemy's fire, two only, of the nine fighting men on board, were found to be unwounded. One was mortally injured by a musket-shot, and two were killed. A little boy now requested the people around him to remove a ball, which had lodged in the skin of his forehead. When this was taken out, he requested them to remove a piece of bone which another shot had

fractured from his elbow. His mother asked him, why he had said nothing about his wounds during the action. "Because," said he, "Captain Hubbell told us to make no noise."

Several years later than the date of this skirmish, being early in the winter of 1795—6, a party of Cherokee Indians, infuriated by the murder of one of their countrymen by an American, attacked and killed a man named Mason, about twelve miles from Knoxville, in Tennessee. During the night, Mason heard a noise in his stable, and stepped out to ascertain the cause, when the enemy, coming between him and the door, intercepted his return. He fled, but was fired upon, and wounded. He reached a cavern, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from his house, out of which, already weltering in his blood, he was dragged and murdered.

Having finished this business, the savages, unsatisfied with slaughter, returned to the house, to despatch his wife and children. Mrs. Mason, knowing nothing of her husband's fate, heard them talking to each other as they approached the house, and her first impression was that her neighbors, aroused by the firing, had come to her assistance. But she soon discovered that the conversation was carried on neither in German or English, both which languages she understood; and the conclusion in her mind was, that these were savages, who intended to attack the house.

Fortunately, that very morning she had happened to learn from her husband how the double trigger of his rifle was set; and she now took down that weapon from its place against the wall, it being ready loaded with a full charge. Her children were not yet awakened by the noise, and she took care not to arouse them. She placed herself directly opposite the opening which would be made by the enemy in forcing the door. This she not only shut, but barred it with benches and tables.

Her husband came not, and she began to apprehend the reality of what had occurred to him. She was alone, too, in the darkness, and the yelling savages were now close about the house, pressing for entrance. At this moment, the body of one of them was thrust into the door-passage, and just filled it, while he struggled hard for a complete admittance; and two or three more, just behind him, were endeavoring to push him forward.

She set the trigger of the rifle, putting the muzzle near the body of the foremost, in such a direction that the ball, after passing through his body, would penetrate those in the rear. She fired, and the foremost Indian fell, while the second one uttered a scream of mortal agony. She knew the policy of keeping a profound silence, and the enemy were in consequence led to believe that there were a number of armed men in the house. They soon made their retreat, stopping only to take three

horses with them from the stable, which they set on fire. It was afterwards ascertained that this heroic women had saved herself and her five children from the attack of twenty-five assailants.

CHAPTER XVII.

Stories about Persons who were taken captive by the Indians. How Moses Hewitt was treated by them, and how he escaped. Skirmish which Mr. Meigs had with a Party of Savages. History of the earliest Settlements in Ohio. About Marietta. About Cincinnati. About General Putnam.

It is not much to be wondered at, that the settlers dreaded to fall into the hands of the Indians as prisoners, almost as much as they dreaded the blow of the tomahawk itself on the spot. They were not always treated, indeed, in a manner equally cruel; but, very generally, those who became captives were quite as much to be pitied as those who were killed. The excitement of war, and the injuries which the savages doubtless received, in many instances, from individual whites on the frontiers, are certainly some apology for the determined spirit of resentment which they seemed to entertain.

A singular instance of their ingenuity in devising new kinds of torture occurred during the year 1791, in the case of a young man named Moses Hewitt, who lived on the Little Hockhocking River. He

belonged to the Marietta settlement, so called, which was the first settlement made by white men in all the territory of what is now Ohio. Some account of it ought to be given, before we tell the story of poor Hewitt.

The company who settled Marietta, in 1788, were forty-seven in number. They came from Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut; and their leader was General Rufus Putnam, a distinguished citizen of New England. Their first business was to build a stockade fort of sufficient strength to secure them against the ordinary attacks of the savages. They deadened the standing trees, and cut down enough of them to admit of their planting fifty acres of corn.

In the autumn, twenty more families joined them, chiefly old and hardy soldiers from New England, who had fought during the revolutionary war. The Indians seemed to be aware of their character, and they gave them but little trouble for many years, so that the Marietta settlement flourished quite as much as any other in the western territories.

But Moses Hewitt was taken prisoner by a party of the Indians, who always, in war time, lurked about every house of the whites. He was remarkable for the suppleness of his limbs, and the swiftness of his running. The Indians, for the sake of sport, gave him an opportunity to run races with their best runners, and he beat them all with ease.

This they pretended to be pleased with, though their envy was no doubt excited. They did not, however, determine to kill him, at least not immediately; but, being destitute of provisions, and obliged to hunt for wild game, they concluded to fasten him in such a manner that they might leave him alone with security.

With this view, and perhaps intending at the same time to torture him, they confined his wrists by crossing them, and binding them firmly with a cord. They then tied his arms to a stake, so as partly to raise the upper part of his body. His legs were also fastened closely together; and then they partly cut off a young sapling near by, bending it down, so that the weight of the lower part of his body would counterbalance the springing force of the curved tree. Thus he was partially raised by his hands and feet, in a way most horribly painful, and yet in a position where death must be lingering and slow. It was equal to the torture of killing a man by dropping water on the head.

Fortunately for the poor fellow, he had remarkably small wrist bones. When left alone to meditate upon his unhappy condition, he contrived, though not without bruising severely the flesh of his arms, to get them out of the cord; and he afterwards succeeded also in extricating his legs. He picked up a few scraps of the dried meat which the Indians had scattered behind them, and commenced his flight through the woods, walking as much as

possible on the trunks of fallen trees, following a winding and obscure path, and in every other way doing his utmost to avoid the pursuit of his captors. Such was the skill of his management, that he completely baffled them. They followed him closely, but he reached Marietta after an absence of fourteen days, much bruised and emaciated, as well as nearly starved, but still triumphant over his savage enemies.

Another remarkable instance of a hair-breadth escape occurred in Ohio, a year or two after the one just related, in the case of Mr. Meigs, then one of the young settlers of Marietta, and since that time governor of the state, and postmaster-general of the United States.

Being a hard-working man, he was returning at night from the labors of the field to his house, in company with a Mr. Symonds and a black boy. The Indians fired upon Symonds, and wounded him; but he escaped their pursuit by reaching the river, which was not far distant, and swimming. The black boy was in the meantime scalped. An Indian, armed only with a tomahawk, motioned Mr. Meigs to surrender. Instead of surrendering, he advanced upon the savage with his gun presented, though not loaded. As they came together, the one struck with his gun and the other with his tomahawk. Meigs was stunned by the blow, but recovered, and fled, pursued by the Indian. The latter, seeing him likely to escape, sent his tomahawk

after him, which narrowly missed his head. Meigs made the best of his way home, and the Indian, sounding a loud war-whoop, retreated into the depths of the forest.

The Marietta people not only suffered but little from the savages, but had but few opportunities of inflicting any injury upon them; so that, for several years after the settlement, they killed only two of these cautious and wary enemies. One of them had mounted on the roof of a cabin, in a lonely little settlement, at what is called Duck Creek; and there, with a disposition to satisfy his curiosity, he was looking down the large wooden chimney into the room below, to see what the family were about. He was discovered, and shot down. Another, who was found amusing himself in turning a grindstone at some distance from the house,—which probably he had never done, or seen before,—was wounded by a musket shot, but made his escape.

The earliest settlers of the spot where that flourishing town, Cincinnati, now stands, went there in the beginning of 1790. There were about twenty of them. They commenced clearing trees on what is now the corner of Front and Main streets; and three or four log cabins were built on what is Main street. The courses of the streets were marked on the trees of the then thick and heavy forest. Fish and game were abundant in the neighborhood; and the Indians, though hostile, were not troublesome at this period. Twenty acres were soon planted with

corn in different parts of the settlement. The grinding was done with hand-mills. Flour and bacon, which are now seen in such plenty in the Cincinnati market, were then to be obtained only from the older settlements. The tables were made rudely of split planks, and even the cooking and eating dishes also of wood. The dress of the men was hunting shirts of domestic fabric, this dress being bound with a belt or girdle, in which was a knife, or a tomahawk. The lower part of the dress was made of deer-skin. The women wore altogether garments of their own manufacture.

Notwithstanding the fury of the war with the savages which raged during the year 1792, the new settlement was that season increased by the arrival of between forty and fifty emigrants. A church was erected, and a school established, containing thirty scholars. The next year was unfavorable to the growth of Cincinnati: the small-pox prevailed to such an extent as to carry off one third of the little population of the place.

But soon after this, an end was at length put to all the long-continued hostilities of the Indian tribes of the north-west, by the decisive victory obtained by the army of General Wayne over their combined forces, near Greenville, in Ohio, where a treaty of peace was concluded with them, in August, 1795. From this time, the troubles of the western settlers were no more heard of. Fresh parties of emigrants came flocking in from all other

sections of the country; and the settlements of Ohio, Tennessee and Kentucky, in particular, which had been the chief theatre of the Indian wars, now became the most prosperous and rapidly-growing which have ever been founded by American enterprise, intelligence and industry. The population of Ohio, which, in 1790, as I have already stated, was only about three thousand, had increased, in 1820, to over half a million, and is now probably more than twice that amount.

CHAPTER XVIII.

About the Mode of Life led by the early Settlers of the Western Country. The Process by which they reached their Destination. How they lived after they got there. Their Houses, Farms, Fences and Tools. Their Improvements from Year to Year; and how Log Houses were given up for better ones.

My young readers will naturally enough be curious to know something more than I have told them about the kind of life which the early settlers led in the humble sphere of their private and daily duties. Thus far I have only noticed the part they were called upon to take in their contest with the Indians.

The emigrants from the Atlantic states for the west very seldom took with them their flocks or herds; this was the case only, perhaps, with such as went from the western parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, and of course had comparatively but a short

distance to travel. An *Ohio wagon*—as the term is in New England even to this day—was generally provided; that is, a large, long, stout wagon, covered over with sail-cloth, and drawn by two or four horses. In this were piled away all the most important articles of domestic furniture which could be conveniently carried in such a vehicle, together with a gun, a dog, an old family Bible, perhaps, and, last of all, the family themselves, seated in the front part of the wagon.

They did not sleep in this wagon on their way; but generally at a tavern, where also they tarried to take breakfast and supper, *dining* upon cold provisions by the side of a brook. At length, they arrived at some point on the Ohio River, or some of its branches, where land-travelling was to be exchanged for navigation. The horses, and frequently the wagon also, were then sold; and a large flat-bottomed boat either purchased or made, in which several families embarked together, to descend the Ohio, as far as might be desirable for reaching the final destination of the party.

When the emigrant arrived at the place where he proposed to establish his home, whether in the woods of Ohio, Kentucky or Indiana, his first business was to clear away the trees from the spot where his house was to stand. Commonly the mode of building was as follows: Straight trees were felled, of a size to be drawn, by a common small team, to the building spot, without great in-

convenience. This drawing was called "*snaking*." The most usual form of a large house was that called a "double cabin;" that is, two square rooms, or "pens," with an open entry-space between, connected by a roof above and a floor below, so as to make the length of the tenement about three times its breadth.

In the open space the family took their meals during the warmer months; and it served the purpose of both kitchen and lumber-room. The logs of which these cabins were made were notched on to each other at the corners, so as to hold very firmly together. The roof was covered with thin, rough "splits" or slabs of oak, ash or cypress, much like what are called clap-boards in the northern states. The floors were made of short, thick planks, confined with wooden pins. The wealthier settlers could find time to hew the logs inside, and to plane off the floors, so as to give them quite an air of neatness and polish.

The chimney was the next thing in order. This was built of "splits" also, broad at the bottom, and tapering off at the top, where an opening was left in the roof to receive it. The interstices were filled with a thick coating of clay, and the outside plastered thick with clay mortar, mixed with chopped hay or straw, to make it stick. The hearth was made either of clay mortar, or of stones, where these could be conveniently obtained. The interstices between the logs of the walls were

in the first place "*chinked*"—that is, filled with chips and blocks driven in tight, and then covered over with mortar.

The doors, too, were made of rough plank, from freshly-cut timber, hung, quite ingeniously, on large wooden hinges, and fastened with a substantial wooden latch. The windows were square apertures, cut through the logs, and closed, whenever necessary, by wooden shutters.

The woods were cleared away immediately around this rude but comfortable dwelling, so as to enable the settler to cultivate a small tract of corn. The trees in the remaining part of his field were "deadened" or "girdled;" that is, a circle was cut with the axe, two or three feet from the ground, so as completely to divide the sap-vessels necessary to the life of the tree. Many of the trees, in all these early clearings, were split up into rails for fences, and a man accustomed to this business will make from one hundred to one hundred and fifty in a day.

These rails are commonly laid zigzag, one length running nearly at right angles to the next one. This is sometimes called "worm-fence," and sometimes "Virginia fence." The rails are large and heavy, and the fences raised to six feet in height. The smaller roots and under-brush of the farm are cleared away by the free use of a sharp "*grubbing-hoe*," which, together with two or three saws, axes, a broad axe, an adze, an auger,

a hammer, nails, and an iron tool to split clapboards, called a "*froe*," constitute the most necessary furniture of a back-woodsman in the western country. Orchards are planted within a year by most settlers. The log-house lasts some seven or eight years, and is then generally exchanged for a more showy one of stone, brick, or frame-work.

Such has been the more ordinary mode of life followed by the early settlers. Many similar practices are prevalent, in remote sections, to this day. Perhaps no circumstance has added so much to the convenience of travelling to the west in later years, as the introduction of steam-boats upon the Ohio and Mississippi. In other respects, the modes of modern emigration are quite similar to those adopted by General Putnam and his associates, more than forty years ago.

CHAPTER XIX.

Story of an Emigrant, who went out to Ohio, with his Son and Family, in 1779. *How the migrating Party was collected. How they fought off the Indians. How our Hero made his first Settlement, and how much Corn they raised. Moves to Lexington. Goes out to hunt, and survey Land. Adventures in the Woods. Story about Crawford.*

I HAVE given my readers, thus far, the history of states and settlements. I intend to relate, in this

chapter, the history of one individual—a gentleman who is still a distinguished citizen of Ohio, although he and his relatives were among the first adventurers who went out from the Atlantic coast to the territory of the west. It will be found to contain a good deal of curious matter; and, being all true, will serve to illustrate, much better than the general description in my last chapter, the real circumstances under which the first settlements were made.

The father of the gentleman referred to was an emigrant from Cumberland county, in Pennsylvania. It was in the fall of 1779, that he, with his family, including our young hero,—who, for convenience sake, we shall call Harry,—left home for Kentucky, which was then a part of Virginia. When he reached the Monongahela—which, my young readers are aware, is a branch of the Ohio—he and two other men, whose families also were in the company, set about making three large "arks" for the voyage. These they were unable to finish until the next spring, and it was the first of April, 1780, before they embarked. By advertisements all over the country, emigrants to Kentucky had been requested to meet at an island in the Ohio, a few miles below Pittsburg, where it was proposed to wait until force enough should assemble to enable them to pass with safety through the Indian territory which lay between them and Kentucky.

So numerous was the crowd of adventurers at this time moving westward, that, in two days after the arrival of our party at the island, sixty-three boats were ready to sail in company,—some occupied by families, some by cattle belonging to them, and some by young men whose object was to explore the country; and the number of able-bodied men on board them all was nearly one thousand. Many of them were revolutionary soldiers. Such was our hero's father, and so were several of his intimate associates.

The boats, when they commenced the voyage, were ranged in a sort of battle array,—the pilot-boats going in advance, the family-boats in the centre, the cattle-boats next after, and the boats armed and guarded by the young men bringing up the rear, and skirting the sides of the procession on the right and left. All moved onward with great caution, until they came abreast of some place on the banks which seemed proper for the cattle to graze; and then they landed, and turned them loose for the purpose, keeping all the while, however, a vigilant look-out for the savages. Thus they went on till they arrived at Limestone, now Maysville, where several of the party, with their families, concluded to remain, and accordingly commenced on the spot the customary preparations for erecting their cabins. The rest of the company tarried with them but half a day, and then reëmbarked.

This was the eleventh of April. At ten o'clock

the next morning, the pilot-boats in front made signals that the Indians were drawn up in battle array on the northern shore of the river. The boats immediately landed half a mile above the enemy, on the same side; and it was arranged that half the fighting-men on board should be ready to jump on shore the moment the boats should touch it, and march down upon the Indians. The latter, whose number was not above one hundred and fifty, were encamped on the very spot where Front street now meets Broadway in the town of Cincinnati. They fled at sight of the whites, in much haste and disorder, and the latter pursued them several miles, but without much effect.

The emigrants returned to the boats, and proceeded on their voyage, till, on the fifteenth of the month, they reached Beargrass, at the "Ohio Falls." Here our hero's father concluded to remain. He selected a spot of fine fertile land, five miles back from the river, with a spring in the centre of it. He commenced clearing off the wood, and was soon joined by forty more families. In a fortnight they had erected as many cabins, so arranged in four straight lines as to form a hollow square, and fortified with stout block-houses at the four corners. The cabin-doors all opened in the hollow square. In the centre of one of the sides leading to the spring was a large gateway, and one of the same size on the opposite side. The

floors and doors were made of the planks of their boats, which were taken to pieces for the purpose. Port-holes were bored through the walls, to give the tenants, in case of necessity, an opportunity to fire their muskets upon an enemy without being themselves exposed.

The new settlement suffered little annoyance from the Indians until June, and not so much then but that they were able to cultivate and gather in their crops of corn. These were amazingly abundant. Over one hundred bushels were sometimes raised upon an acre. Some garden vegetables also were cultivated and gathered in. They then commenced preparing for winter, by plastering over their cabins with clay mortar, getting in fuel and other things of the kind.

In the spring of 1781, our hero's father, thinking this settlement to be too much exposed to the Indians, moved off, with his family, one hundred miles into the interior of Kentucky, near where Danville now stands, and where the country was then rapidly filling up with emigrants from Virginia: even here, however, he found the enemy troublesome. But in the fall of the year, and especially after the surrender of the army of Cornwallis at Yorktown (which virtually ended the revolution), large numbers of new settlers came in, and all together found themselves more than a match for the savages.

In 1784, the old gentleman moved to Lexington, and erected a cabin, and raised a crop of corn, on what are the "out-lots" of the present town. He was,

however, entitled to a "bounty," as it was called, from the government, of three thousand acres of land above the Blue Licks (in Kentucky), in consequence of services he had rendered as a captain in the old French war. This land had been surveyed, but he wished to have it surveyed more carefully; and, with this view, he concluded to visit the spot in person. Our hero, Harry, persuaded him to allow *his* attendance; and a party was soon made up. All were mounted on good horses; and some others, not ridden, were led by several of the company, for the purpose of bringing with them, on their return, a quantity of buffalo-meat for the winter use of the little settlement.

The journey was tedious, for the path lay through a thick cane-brake most of the way; but, on the evening of the second day, they arrived at what was supposed to be the land in question. The lines of the old survey, as they were marked out on the trees, were in the first place looked up: the next thing was to hunt down game enough for subsistence. An operation called "hobbling" was performed on the horses; that is, they were confined in such a manner as to prevent their running away; and then they were turned out to feed. The baggage of the party was hung upon trees, to keep it out of the reach of wolves.

Three hunting parties were now made up, of which Harry and his father formed one. They had not gone more than five miles from the point

of separation, before they discovered a herd of buffaloes feeding. Harry undertook to get round upon that side of them where, as the wind blew, they would be least likely to scent him. His orders were to shoot the blackest of the herd behind the shoulders, the expected consequence of which was that the herd would turn about and rush towards him, when he would be able to bring down another.

He followed these directions, but did not meet with complete success. He killed one of the animals, but no second shot was obtained. He was very proud, however, of having killed his first buffalo; and as the old gentleman thought it would be best to move their camp to the place where the buffalo was brought down, Harry boldly undertook to lead the way six miles through the woods, back to the spot from which they started. He walked in advance, therefore, at a brisk rate, and in an hour or two actually found himself at the side of the camp. Here his father beckoned him to stop and be quiet, informing him, in a low voice, that it was necessary to take a careful survey of the spot, lest the savages might gain an advantage over them by lying in ambush. He then went in advance himself, walking softly, and keenly examining every point of the pathway. They then explored the opposite side of the camp in the same manner. Satisfied, at length, that no enemy was near, they advanced to the fire, spread their blankets on the ground, and threw themselves down to rest; the old gentleman not

failing to admonish his son to keep an eye occasionally upon the north side of the camp, while he should do the same on the south.

They had not been long on the watch, when Harry discovered a man lurking behind a tree, not very far from the camp, and apparently endeavoring to approach nearer without being perceived. He at first thought that the stranger might be one of their own hunters, but his slyness convinced him that he must be an enemy. He allowed him to come so near, that it was plainly to be seen he had no hat on, and his face was blacked after the Indian custom. Harry lay still, but cocked his loaded rifle, which was ready at his side. Even this little noise startled his father, who lay looking, with his back to Harry's,in an opposite direction. "What are you doing?" he asked in a low voice. "Watching an Indian," said Harry, "who is watching for a chance to fire upon us. I only want him to gain the next tree, and then show his head behind it."

"Do you see more than one?" whispered the old gentleman.

Harry answered in the negative; and his father then advised him to be sure of his aim, and not fire till he gained sight of a mark in his eye. Meanwhile they were pretty sure of lying safe from the savage's aim, for they were nearly concealed behind two large logs, between him and them. He now showed half his head from behind the tree. Harry aimed, and pulled trigger; but his gun missed fire. The

person, hearing the noise, instantly jerked back his head.

"I am sorry for that," said the old gentleman, evidently somewhat vexed by the failure.

"So am I," Harry replied; "it's the only time it ever failed me."

It was two minutes before the stranger showed his face a second time. Then Harry aimed, and pulled again, and again the gun missed fire. The head was jerked back as before, and a voice cried out loudly—"Why, I believe you have been snapping at me!" It was Crawford, one of the hunters. He had thrown off his hat, and blackened his face, on purpose to frighten his companions. The old gentleman reprimanded him in severe terms for his folly; and Harry remarked with surprise upon the circumstance that his rifle had twice missed fire—a very uncommon thing. He showed Crawford a white spot on the tree behind which he had stood,—a spot not larger than his eye,—and, to show him what a danger he had escaped, took aim at it, and fired; his ball drove the bark of the white spot into the tree.

CHAPTER XX.

Story of the Emigrants continued. Adventure with a Bear. The Family moves again. The Indians steal some of their Horses. Our young Hero joins an Expedition against the Enemy in 1786. *His Adventures as a Soldier. Skirmish with the Indians. Takes some Prisoners. Story about Magery.*

THE other hunters soon came in, and the whole party then saddled their horses, mounted, and moved off to the place where the buffalo was killed. There they encamped for the night, and feasted upon the choice parts of the animal. Harry found himself ill during the night, and in the morning it was discovered that he had the *measles*. His father proposed to return home with him, which was at a distance of seventy miles; but the young man was unwilling to occasion so much trouble, and so undertook to return alone. It was a long journey to make through the wilderness, for a boy of only fourteen years of age; but his courage was good, and he feared nothing.

He commenced his journey, stopping twice the first day, to let his horse feed upon the grass, and taking care to select a spot in the open woods where he could survey the country for a great distance around him. He saw abundance of game, but having no use for it, and being charged by his father to make no needless delay, he allowed it to pass unattacked. Towards night, coming upon a

considerable stream, he rode up the middle of it about half a mile, and ascended a branch that poured in it, some hundred yards. This was for the purpose of putting his pursuers, if any there were, *off their track.* He then left the branch, and rode on a mile, till he found a fallen tree, which afforded plenty of dry fire-wood. He dismounted, "hobbled" his horse, kindled a bright fire, made a meal upon some of the provisions he had brought with him, and laid himself down to sleep, thinking as little as possible of his measles and his lonely situation.

He started again at early dawn, expecting to reach home that night. About ten o'clock, he discovered a large bear not far from his path, and he succeeded, after dismounting, in killing the animal on the spot. The carcass he could not use, but he determined to carry home the skin as a trophy. This was no easy matter, for it was large, heavy and greasy; and it slipped off so frequently, that he found he must either leave it behind him, or stop another night on his journey. He concluded to adopt the latter course. The next day, he reached Lexington, with his bear-skin, about noon. His father, and the surveying party, returned ten days afterwards.

Early in the spring of 1785, his father, one of his brothers, and himself, went through the woods to examine a tract of land at the distance of sixteen miles, which belonged to the old gentleman. He

afterwards moved his whole family thither, and commenced clearing the land. It was not long before they discovered traces of Indians lurking in the woods around them. They therefore set about enclosing their little cabins in a stockade, one side of which was formed by the back walls of the cabins, and the other three by a triple line of strong posts or palisades, driven into the ground. With these precautions, they were able to get through with the season without suffering much annoyance from the Indians.

The next summer, they were more troublesome. At one time, they stole several fine horses. The owners raised a party, pursued them, and came in view of them just as they had succeeded in swimming the horses across the Ohio. The Indians saw them, and cried out very loudly, that "they were altogether too late, and had better turn round and go home again." The whites told them, they were a set of thieving scoundrels, and asked them if they were not ashamed of themselves? "Not at all," the Indians rejoined; "not at all; a few horses, now and then, are all the pay we ever get for the free use of our lands in Kentucky." This was not very agreeable to the whites, but they concluded to bear it as well as they could—especially since the Indian party was three times as numerous as their own; and they therefore turned about, as their enemy advised them, and made their way home.

In the autumn of this year took place the expe-

dition, heretofore mentioned, of the American troops, commanded by General Clark, against the Indians of the River Wabash. Our young hero, though only sixteen years old at this time, volunteered to join this party, and did so. He was present at the assault made upon the enemy's village on Mad River. They fought desperately on this occasion, as long as they could raise knife, gun or tomahawk. They were, however, defeated and driven off, and many of their women and children taken prisoners by the whites.

Those who fled were pursued by the most active of the American detachment, and among these was our friend Harry, mounted on a fleet gray horse, and followed by some fifty of his comrades. He had not advanced above a mile, when he saw some of the enemy running along the edge of a thicket of hazle and plum bushes. He made signs to his companions to follow him close; and, at the same time pointing out the flying savages, started off across the plain with the view of intercepting their retreat.

On arriving within fifty yards of them, he dismounted, and raised his gun. At this moment, an Indian, at whom he was aiming, held up his hand in token of surrender, and was heard ordering the other savages to stop for the same purpose. Other white men now came up in another direction, and were about firing upon the enemy, when our hero

cried out to them to forbear, for "they had surrendered."

The head warrior advanced towards him, calling to his friends to follow; and Harry advanced to meet him, with his hand extended. The other whites now rushed in, and so furious were they against the enemy, that it was with great exertion only that he was able to prevent the latter being all massacred upon the spot. Finally, they were led off, as prisoners, thirteen of them, including five women, two or three fine-looking lads, and one chief. When the party reached the Indian town again, on their return, a crowd of soldiers pressed round them to see the captured chief. Harry stepped aside to fasten his horse, and one of the Indian lads, who considered himself *his* prisoner, and seemed to place great confidence in him, followed close at his side. At this moment a soldier, named Curner, came running up. The lad thought he intended to kill him, and he instantly let fly an arrow at him, from the bow which he still carried in his hand. Luckily, Harry had just time to catch his arm as he discharged it, and the arrow was turned a little aside from its course. It passed through Curner's dress, and grazed his side.

Having now gone back among the crowd which surrounded the prisoners, Harry perceived a man named Magery approaching the chieftain, with a suspicious expression of mischief on his countenance. "Magery," cried an officer who saw

him, " you must not molest these prisoners." " I will see to that," answered Magery, and he pressed on. Harry had by this time reached the chieftain's side, and there he stood, with his young Indian near him, awaiting the issue of Magery's advance. The latter had now made his way through the crowd.

He stepped quickly before the chief, and sternly asked him, in the English language, "whether he was present at the battle of Blue Licks." The chief, not knowing the meaning of the words, or the object of the question, answered, " Yes." Magery instantly seized an axe from the hand of a bystander, and raised it to make a blow at the chief. Harry threw up his arm, to ward it off. The handle of the instrument struck him on the wrist, and nearly broke it, while the blade at the same moment sunk into the chieftain's head to the eyes. Great indignation was expressed by many who were present at this act of barbarity, but it was too late to remedy the damage already done. The Indian had breathed his last.

No doubt Magery recognized in this man, or thought he recognized, one who was present and active in the bloody battle at the Blue Licks, and one whom, perhaps, he had met in some personal contest. Being an irritable man, he could not restrain his desire of revenge; and this he gratified under circumstances which certainly made it a dishonorable and dastardly act.

The expedition in which our young hero made his first military efforts as a volunteer, returned home, after doing considerable damage to the towns and fields of the Indians. The effect of it was, as usual, to make them more quiet for a time, though by no means to bring about any thing like a general peace. This was not effected, as I have heretofore mentioned, until after that victory of General Wayne over the combined tribes, which led to the treaty of Greenville, in 1795. From that period the western country enjoyed a profound peace until near the commencement of the last war with England, which broke out in 1812, and ended in 1815.

CHAPTER XXI.

Account of the Christian Indians. Their Missionaries. The Troubles they met with. Anecdotes of their Character. They move to Ohio. How their Settlements were broken up.

I SHALL conclude these sketches of Western History with some account of the Christian Indians, so called. I have told so many stories of the barbarity and cruelty of the natives, as horrible as they are true, that I am glad to have an opportunity of saying something which will place the character of this unfortunate but noble race in a much more amiable light.

The Christian Indians, then, was a name given to a considerable number of natives, chiefly Mohican Indians, of Connecticut and New York, and the Delawares of Pennsylvania, who were civilized, during the last century, to an extent which I shall now point out.

The first efforts were made among the Mohicans, in 1740, almost a century since, by a few good missionaries employed by an ancient church called the German Moravians, many of which sect were among the earliest and best settlers of the state of New York. Their success for some years was small. The Indians treated them well enough, and were ready enough to learn, but some of the neighboring whites, who witnessed these pious exertions of the missionaries, were so jealous as to mistake them for political scouts or spies employed by the French. My young readers will recollect that there were frequent wars in those days between the French and the English. The consequence was, that the Moravians were much molested and hindered in their endeavors to instruct and improve the poor savages.

But they were by no means discouraged. They had already begun a small settlement in Pennsylvania, fifty or sixty miles above Philadelphia, between the forks of the Delaware, which they named Bethlehem. They now stated their case to the governor of that province, who thereupon issued a proclamation that "all Indians who took

refuge in Pennsylvania should be protected in the quiet practice of their religious profession." In consequence of this measure, the Christian Indians began to come in from New York and Connecticut, early in 1748, and "the Brethren" having purchased a tract of land for them at the junction of Mahony Creek with the Lehigh, they soon settled there, built a regular town and chapel, and named the place Gnadenshutten. By September of the next year, this congregation amounted to five hundred souls; a second church was begun; and schools for children of both sexes were put into operation.

But the hostility and suspicion of the neighboring Indian tribes, and even of the English, still continued. The good missionaries who labored among the Bethlehem Indians were in such disrepute, indeed, that on one occasion, the leading one of their number, Bishop Spangenberg, being about this time upon a journey, while entering a public house, was insulted, and threatened with having his brains knocked out. In fine, perhaps nothing prevented the purposes of these men being effected, but an attack made by the Indians in the French interest, upon a small Moravian station near Gnadenshutten. The whites there, it appears, were assembled at supper, when suddenly their watch-dogs were heard barking. The door of the room was opened, the Indians fired in, killing one man and wounding several. The rest

secured and barricaded the doors, and retreated hastily to the garret. The Indians, meanwhile, stationed watchers at the windows and front door of the house, and then set fire to it. Of fifteen persons within, only four escaped; three by leaping out through the flames of the burning roof on the rear of the house; and another, who was confined by sickness in an out-house, by breaking through a back window. Horses, stables, the barn of the station, well stocked with grain and hay, cattle, sheep—the entire settlement, in a word—was reduced to ashes within an hour.

This event, melancholy as it was, proved favorable to the Moravians, for it convinced all who heard of it that no connivance or concert could possibly exist between these two parties. This appeared still more clearly, when it was found that the Christian Indians under the Brethren were the only ones in the country, even of their own Delaware tribe, who remained peaceable and friendly to the English. A small force of the latter was garrisoned near the place of the massacre just mentioned; but these troops, instead of defending the "Christians," as intended, were themselves cut off by the enemy.

It seems the soldiers had been amusing themselves with skating on the ice of the Lehigh, this being the winter of 1755, when, at some distance higher up, where the river made a bend, they espied two hostile Indians, apparently engaged in

the same sport. These were supposed to be already in their power, and they pursued them with eagerness. But suddenly, as they glided swiftly up the shore, a party of the enemy, which had lain in ambush, rushed forth from their hiding-place among the bushes, attacked them, and killed them to a man. A few of the garrison had remained in the fort; but these were frightened, and fled. The savages took possession of the fort, and burnt it, together with the mills of the Brethren, and the houses of the Christian Indians.

The latter, after this, mostly removed to Bethlehem, leaving their other settlement, Gnadenshutten, to its fate. And here they were of essential service in defending and assisting both the missionaries and the English settlers. They guarded them when at work in planting and harvesting, and carried messages to the hostile Indians when no other persons could be induced to hazard their lives in that service. This state of things continued for some years; and so much reliance was placed upon the aid of the Christian Indians, that they were often applied to in desperate cases of distress. For example, in February, 1761, a white man came to their new village at Nain, weeping for the loss of his child, and imploring the Indians to assist him and his wife in a search through the woods. Several of the Indians instantly started off, went to the house of the parents, discovered the footsteps of the child, traced them carefully

some miles into the woods, found the child there, and bore him back safe, though shivering, and nearly famished and frightened to death, to his overjoyed and grateful parents.

Still, the suspicions of the whites against the Christian Indians were not altogether allayed. An idea may be formed of the danger to which these unfortunate people were constantly exposed, from an event which took place in another part of the state. It seems, there was a small settlement of peaceable Indians at Canestoga, near Lancaster, where they had resided for more than a century, their ancestors having been among the first to welcome William Penn, treat with him, and furnish venison for his people. These Indians were victims to the common prejudice against the race.

A party of fifty-seven settlers, from a neighboring village called Paxton, suddenly attacked them, about the time we have last mentioned, and murdered fourteen of their men, women and children upon the spot. The rest, to the number of fifteen or twenty, happened to be somewhere abroad, heard of the massacre of their relations and friends, fled for protection to Lancaster, and were there placed in the gaol of the town for safety. Even here the mob, who had now assumed the name of the Paxton Boys, pursued them; and, notwithstanding a regiment of Highlanders was quartered in the town at this very moment, they broke open the

gaol doors, rushed in upon the miserable objects of their hatred, despatched them all, and having thrown the mangled bodies into the street, rode off, shouting victory, and threatening that the Province Island "savages" should soon share the same fate.

"The first notice I had of this affair," writes a respectable eye-witness, "was, that while at my father's store near the court-house, I saw a number of people running down the street towards the gaol, which enticed me and other lads to follow them. At about sixty or eighty yards from the gaol, we met between twenty-five and thirty men, well mounted on horses, and equipped for murder with rifles, tomahawks and scalping-knives. I ran into the prison-yard, and there, near the back-door of the prison, lay an old Indian named Will Sock, and his squaw, particularly well known and esteemed by the people of the town for their placid and friendly conduct. Across their bodies lay two children, of about the age of three years, whose heads were split with the tomahawk, and their scalps all taken off. Towards the middle of the gaol yard, along the west side of the wall, lay a stout Indian, whom I especially noticed to have been shot in the breast, his legs chopped with the tomahawk, his hands cut off, and finally a rifle ball discharged in his mouth, so that his head was blown to atoms, and his brains splashed against the wall! In the same condition I found the

whole of them, men, women and children, spread about the prison-yard, shot, scalped, hacked and cut to pieces."

This horrible transaction occurred in 1763. Soon afterwards, a new settlement, called Fridenshutten, was formed by the Indians and missionaries on the banks of the River Susquehannah. There they soon erected a meeting-house, and huts for themselves and the missionaries, and then cheerfully set about clearing and fencing their new grounds, subsisting themselves, meanwhile, upon wild meat brought in by their hunters, and wild potatoes and other roots dug by their women and children. In 1767, the meeting-house being too small to contain the number, they built a large spacious church, of square white pine timber, shingle-roofed, and with a neat cupola, and a bell upon the top. At this time there were forty well-built houses of a similar construction in the village, with well-fenced gardens attached to each.

After this, troubles, multiplied again, owing to the jealousy of the neighboring Indians; and the Christian settlers concluded, on the whole, to move off farther west, to the banks of the River Ohio and its branches. The journey, which took place in 1772, was long and tedious. Some travelled by land, having seventy head of cattle to drive, beside horses for carrying the sick and the baggage. Others took advantage of the navigable river and streams; and these had the charge of

bulky articles, plough-irons, harrows, and all other kinds of farming utensils and tools, iron pots and large kettles (for the boiling of maple sugar) included. The land-party had to penetrate with their cattle through difficult thickets and swamps; to cross rivers, brooks, mountains and hills, to endure tremendous thunder-storms, and to be exposed to the bite of venomous reptiles, on the way, by which some of their horses were bitten and died. Added to this, was the torment inflicted by incredible numbers of the sand-fly; so abundant in some places as to resemble a fog in the air; and so troublesome that no rest could be obtained at the encampments, but by kindling fires and sitting in the thickest smoke. Some of the party were unfortunate, also, in taking the measles on the journey; and of this disease several of the children died, including a poor cripple ten or eleven years of age, who had been carried thus far in a basket, by his mother, on her back. Luckily, they suffered nothing from want of provisions. Game was plenty in the woods, and the hunters killed more than one hundred deer during the two months they spent on their journey.

Two settlements were built upon the borders of the Muskingum River; and beautiful little places they were. The chapel at the village of Shonbrun, which the Indians built with their own hands, was forty feet by thirty-six. At both places they were built of squared timber, with a cupola and

bell. The towns being regularly laid out, the streets wide and clean, and the cattle kept out by neat fences, the settlements made a handsome appearance, and excited the admiration of all visitors.

This prosperity, however, was not of long continuance. The revolutionary war soon came on, and the different Indian tribes in all the western country became involved either in actual hostilities with the English or Americans, or in such suspicions of hostility as amounted to nearly the same thing. They were jealous and suspicious, too, of each other, and of the Christian Indians, found fault with them, quarrelled with them as much as they could, and threatened to destroy them unless they would take up the tomahawk and join in the war. This the Christians constantly refused to do. They remained peaceable, though much imposed on and oppressed, during the whole of the revolution.

Their numbers, however, were gradually diminished, and their settlements broken up. The finishing stroke was given, a year or two after the close of the war, while a great excitement against all the tribes prevailed in the minds of the white settlers on the frontiers. A large party of the latter made an attack on the principal settlement of the Christians, and commenced an indiscriminate massacre of men, women and children.

More than ninety perished in this shocking manner, and many of the others were carried into

captivity among hostile Indian tribes. Thus the settlements of the unfortunate Christian Indians were entirely broken up, and the few of their number who survived were scattered over the country in such a manner, and so much disheartened, that little or no effort was afterwards made to renew their former prosperity.