



TALES
OF THE
INDIANS;

BEING
PROMINENT PASSAGES OF THE HISTORY OF
THE NORTH AMERICAN NATIVES.

TAKEN FROM
AUTHENTIC SOURCES.
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P R E F A C E .

It might be sufficient, perhaps, to refer to the title of this work for a summary explanation of its design. But it may be satisfactory to some readers, that the writer of a new Indian work, at a time when the market is already glutted with literature nominally, at least, of his department, should give a somewhat distinct account of the peculiar purposes which he proposes to accomplish, as also of the resources he has trusted in, and of the principles which have guided him in his labors.

It certainly may be said, in the first place, that the character of his work is a *novelty*, however simple it may be considered, and whether it be looked upon as good, bad or indifferent. This circumstance alone, according to maxims and to practice which are prevalent in the literary world, might possibly furnish an apology for publication. But the writer had a higher end in view than mere amusement, or mere excitement of any kind, in himself or in his readers. He has indeed made it an object to collect passages of Indian history possessing in themselves the greatest interest of anecdote and adventure; and in many cases to add to the bare narrative which furnished the foundation of a 'Tale' all the interest of explanation, amplification, arrangement and style generally, which he supposed to be consistent with strict

truth. He has been careful, too, to avoid borrowing from sources and treating upon subjects, which must be already familiar—as many portions of Indian history are with the majority of his readers. He has spared no trouble of research, on the contrary, to search out the rarities and curiosities of this species of literature, though satisfying himself always, as a *sine qua non*, of their authenticity. It is believed that nothing has been heretofore published like a history of the ancient Cherokees, for example; nor any compact and complete sketch (excepting Heckewelder's bulky volume, now rarely to be found) of the celebrated Christian Indians—both which communities have excited throughout the country, at several periods and from causes peculiar to each, an interest of the most remarkable character. As to Henry and Long, both of whom have been drawn upon liberally, and whose credit as intelligent and faithful journalists is unexceptionable, the travels of the former have been scarcely to be met with for the last twenty years, while those of the latter have never been even republished in America. The account of the Creek Conspiracy was compiled chiefly on the authority of McCall's History of Georgia; that of the Tuskarora wars is taken from Williamson's North Carolina. Other standard works, including various Historical Collections, have been consulted in the preparation of the remaining articles. The writer has made it a main point, not only to admit no fiction knowingly, but to be minutely and completely assured, in all possible cases, of the truth.

So much for authority. But the writer has alluded to an object beyond the compilation and composition of mere narratives, fraught though they are, as he believes, with all the interest at least of fiction. He has selected and

written with a view principally to the full and faithful illustration of Indian customs and character. It is for this reason that particular pains have been taken to bring forward the American natives in the greatest variety of positions, ordinary as well as extraordinary—in peace and war—in victory and in defeat—in their contests and conferences with each other, and with foreigners—in the worst display of their worst qualities, and in every nobler exhibition of civilization, virtue or genius which has proved them naturally capable of far more than they have ever attained or accomplished. A diversity will be observed also in the dates and sites of the narratives, intended in some degree to remind the reader, that however the artificial institutions of the numerous tribes may differ—and there is and has been a singular uniformity even in these—as to all the principles of their social and evil habits, their genius and their general character, which are most worthy of notice, they are mainly the same people now which they were centuries ago, and the same from the sources of the Penobscot to the mouth of the Bravo. It would have been easy to go into earlier times than those of King Philip ; but the narratives of the later periods are generally the most clear and complete. As to place, three or four of the tales belong to the History of the Southern States ; the longest narrative in the volume to that of the middle ; and the residue are located in every direction from the banks of the Connecticut to those of the Kenhawa and the remotest lakes of the north. The Tales are submitted to the public, on the whole, with a sanguine hope that such as may chance to meet with them and read them will be benefited as well as entertained.

CHAPTER I.

THE ANCIENT CHEROKEES.

OWING to obvious circumstances, most of the early history of the Cherokees, which we are possessed of, relates to their intercourse with the whites, and particularly with the English Colonies. Passages do occur, however, in writers to be relied upon, which throw light both upon their ancient condition and character, and upon the relations they sustained, at certain periods, with neighboring nations of their own race.

It appears, for example, to be generally understood that the Cherokees—instead of wandering often from place to place, and fixing their habitations on separate districts, like some of the native tribes—‘ have from time immemorial had possession of the same territory which at present they occupy.’ Their ancient tradition is, we are told, that

their forefathers sprang from that ground, or descended from the clouds upon those hills; and an historian who writes of them fifty years since, says that they value the lands of their ancestors above all things in the world, venerate the places where their bones lie interred, and esteem it disgraceful in the highest degree to relinquish these sacred depositaries. 'The man,' says the same writer, 'who would refuse to take the field in defence of these hereditary possessions, is regarded by them as a coward, and treated as an outcast from their nation.' It may be observed, without entering into any political controversy, that recent events go far to confirm this estimate of the Cherokee character. The fanciful theory of their origin, just mentioned, evidently arose from a similar spirit.*

The Cherokees have been no less a warlike than a proud nation. From a comparison of extensive Indian tradition with definite Colonial history, it appears that they waged war, as early as the sixteenth century, with the famous Mengwe or Mingoes of the north—whom this very contest finally forced into the well-known confederacy of the

* Perhaps this is alluded to in the term *Cherokee* (properly *Tsalaki*, and pronounced nearly like *Tsullakee*) as the great Delaware tribe, so called by the English, entitled themselves *LENNI LENAPE*, 'The Original People.' *Am. Enc.* vol. 6.

FIVE NATIONS. The latter tribes had long been jealous of the influence of their southern neighbors the Delawares; and, with a policy prompted by this feeling, had very artfully contrived to involve them in quarrels with various other tribes. This was generally effected by clandestinely murdering people, and plundering hunting-camps, on the one side or on the other; and then taking measures to have the blame laid, by the party which they wished to exasperate, upon the party which they wished to reduce.

The particular stratagem used with the Cherokees was as follows: The leaving of a war-club in an Indian country being then considered a declaration of war, and each nation having its club of peculiar and well-known fashion, the Mengwe purposely committed a murder in the Cherokee country, and then left a Delaware war-club by the side of the murdered man. The Cherokees were deceived by appearances; and believing 'their Grandfather'* guilty of the foul aggression, they mustered a large war-party to invade *his* country and take their revenge. Meanwhile, the Mengwe kindly apprized the Delawares of the approach of an enemy, who, as their hunters told them, were coming rapidly upon the Delaware towns. They

* A title given to the Delawares by about forty other tribes. See Heckewelder's History.

also suggested the propriety of sending a Delaware war-party forthwith to a certain place. There, it was said, they would be joined by a large band of the Mengwe, who would make common cause with them, and even take the lead, march in front, fight their battles, and leave them little else to do than to look on. The Delawares, unprepared to meet the tremendous force said to be in the field against them, gladly embraced these liberal offers, and hastily sent a small band to the appointed rendezvous. Here, the Cherokees, (availing themselves probably of hints furnished by the Mengwe) fell upon them, and routed them with great loss. At this juncture, and not before, the Mengwe made their appearance. Instead of reinforcing their ‘ allies,’ however, they only reproached and ridiculed them for having dared, being *women*, to attack *men*—without orders from the proper authority. Had they respectfully waited for *their* guidance, they would have protected them ; but as they had ventured to act for themselves, they were well punished for their unaccountable insolence. A bloody war now ensued between the Cherokees and their Grandfather. It may be added, that the treachery of the Mengwe, though long unsuspected, was discovered at last. It was even ascertained, that some of the latter had actually taken part in the battle against them, besides having both instigated

and guided the Cherokees. The Delawares determined, accordingly, by a union of their whole force, to destroy the Mengwe at a single effort. This, says tradition, they were abundantly able to do, being still as numerous as the grasshoppers are at particular seasons, and as destructive to their enemies as these insects are to the fruits of the earth. The Mengwe, on the other hand, (who bordered upon the great lakes) they described as a number of croaking frogs in a pond, which make a great noise when all else is quiet, but at the first approach of danger—nay, at the very rustling of a leaf—plunge into the water, and are silent. Their attention was diverted from this quarrel by the sudden arrival of the whites in Pennsylvania, and especially by the interposition of their elder brother, Miquon.*

One of the first occasions on which we find the Cherokees mentioned distinctly in connexion with the whites, is in 1712, when 218 of their warriors, with some of the Creeks, Catawbas and Yamassees, joined an expedition sent by the South-Carolinians to the relief of the Northern Province against a great Indian conspiracy, headed by the Tuskaroras.† A treaty was made by the English with the

* The title which they gave to William Penn.

† Alluding to an ancient groundless insult upon the Delawares.

Cherokees, in 1721, for the first time. This was done by Governor Nicholson of the province last named, who had been instructed by the British Government to make a point of fixing their boundaries, and then forbidding encroachments upon them. He accordingly sent a message to the Cherokees, proposing a general congress, to treat of mutual friendship and commerce. ‘Pleased,’ it is said, ‘with an offer which implied that they were a free people,’ the chiefs of thirty-seven towns immediately set out to meet him, at this congress. The governor made them presents, smoked the pipe of peace with them, agreed upon boundaries, and regulated weights, measures and trade. It is worthy of remark that this treaty was faithfully observed for nearly forty years, notwithstanding the weakness of the colony, and the great strength of the Cherokees, who could muster 6,000 bowmen.

The treaty was renewed in 1730, when Sir Alexander Cumming was sent out from England for the express purpose of concluding a treaty of alliance with the Cherokees. Their hunting-grounds were of immense extent, reaching from the head of the Savannah far back among the Apalachian Mountains ; their population exceeded 20,000 ; and of course an alliance with such a nation—especially as the English were then situa-

ted in respect to the French in America—‘ was an object of the highest consequence.’* On his arrival in Carolina, Sir Alexander made immediate preparations for his journey to the Cherokee highlands. At Keowee, 300 miles from Charleston, the chiefs of the lower towns met and welcomed him ; and he then dispatched messengers throughout the middle and upper settlements, to summon a congress of all the head warriors of the nation at Nequassee. This took place, accordingly, in April, the Cherokees assembling from all quarters. Various Indian ceremonies were performed ; and Sir Alexander then made a speech to them, the purport of which was to advise them to live peaceably with the English, upon which the chiefs fell upon their knees, solemnly promised fidelity and obedience, and called upon all that was terrible to fall upon them if they violated the treaty. By their unanimous consent, MORTON was then nominated commander and chief of the nation ; and to him all the warriors of all the tribes, or cantons, agreed to pay deference accordingly, on condition of his being accountable to Sir Alexander for his behavior to them. Presents being now made as usual, the congress broke up—the

* Ramsay, Holmes, Hewatt, &c.

Cherokee crown having been first brought from their chief town, Tennessee. This, with five eagle-tails and four scalps of their enemies, Moytoy very courteously presented to Sir Alexander, requesting him, on his arrival in England, to lay them at his majesty's feet. The latter persuaded him, however, to depute some of his warriors to accompany him for this purpose; and seven of them did so accordingly.

In London, these sons of the forest were no less amazed with the magnificence and novelty which surrounded them, than gratified with the style of their reception. They were admitted into the presence of the King, (George Second); their regalia laid at his feet by Sir Alexander in their name; and a long treaty concluded with them, which was signed by Secretary Popple on the one hand, and by the marks of the Cherokees on the other. It was provided that if any negro slaves should take refuge among them, the Cherokees should deliver them up; and for every such slave the Indian who apprehended him, should receive a gun and a watch coat. A speech was afterwards addressed to the chief, and a belt was given them, to keep and show to all their people and their posterity, and to bind this agreement of peace and friendship as long as the rivers should run, the mountains last, or the sun shine.

In answer to all this Skijagustah spoke nearly as follows: 'We are come hither from a mountainous place where nothing but darkness is to be found—but here there is light—we look upon you as if the great king were present—we love you as representing him—we shall die in the same way of thinking. Our crown is different from the great king's, and from that we saw in the tower, but to us it is all one—the chain of friendship shall be carried to our people—we look upon the great king as the Sun and as our father, and though we are red and you white, yet our hands and hearts are joined together. * * This small rope we show you is all that we have to bind our slaves with—but you have iron chains for yours—however, if we catch yours, we will bind them as well as we can and deliver them up—and take no pay for it. Your white people may safely build houses near us: we shall hurt nothing that belongs to them.' Then laying his feathers upon the table, he added—'This is our way of talking, which is the same thing to us as your letters in the book are to you—and to your beloved men we give these feathers in confirmation of all we have said.' The seven warriors returned home with Governor Johnson, in 1731, highly gratified with their visit. One of them, as will be seen in the sequel, distinguished

himself, particularly ever after, as a firm and active friend of the English.

In 1755, a third treaty was made with the Cherokee warriors, by Governor Glen of Carolina, who met them in their own country. The particular object of this, at this time, was to thwart the French in the great efforts their emissaries were making to seduce the Cherokees from the English alliance; and the immediate occasion of it was a message to Governor Glen, from the head chief of the latter, giving notice of these efforts, and recommending a congress. It took place accordingly. The Governor sat under a spreading tree, and Chulochcullah, the chosen orator of the Cherokees, came and took his seat beside him. The other warriors, as many as five hundred in number, stood around them in solemn silence and deep attention.

The Governor made the first speech. Chulochcullah then arose, and holding his bow in one hand, and his quiver and other symbols used by them on such occasions in the other, replied to this effect: 'What I now speak our father, the great king, should hear—we are brothers to the people of Carolina—one house covers us all.' Then taking a boy by the hand, he presented him to the Governor, saying, 'we, our wives and our children,

are all children of the Great King George.—I have brought this child, that when he grows up, he may remember our agreement on this day, and tell it to the next generation, that it may be known forever.’ Then, opening a bag of earth, and laying it at the Governor’s feet, he said, ‘we freely surrender a part of our lands to the Great King—the French want our possessions, but we will defend them while one of our nation remain alive.’ Then showing his bow and arrow, he added, ‘These are all the arms we can make for our defence—we hope the king will pity his children the Cherokees, and send us guns and ammunition—we fear not the French—give us arms, and we will war against the enemies of the Great king.’ Then delivering the Governor a string of wampum in confirmation of what he had said, he concluded—‘my speech is at an end—it is the voice of the Cherokee nation—I hope the Governor will send it to the king, and that it may be kept forever.’

The land alluded to by the orator was a vast extent of very beautiful and fertile territory, formally ceded by the warriors in the name of the whole people, and now constituting ten counties of South Carolina. For dignity’s sake, it was said to be freely surrendered, though an equivalent was received for it in clothes, ammunition and

arms ; and in the protection promised to be given by two forts, (Loudon and Prince George) which the Cherokees allowed to be built within their limits—the former on the Tennessee River, among the Upper Cherokees ; and the latter within gunshot of the Indian town Keowee, on the banks of the Savannah, and three hundred miles from Charleston. *This* fort, built in the form of a square, had an earthen rampart six feet high, on which stockades were fixed, with a ditch, a natural glacis on two sides, and bastions at the angles, on each of which four cannon were mounted.

We come now to the first great war between the Cherokees and the English. The way was perhaps prepared for this by the efforts of great numbers of the French, who spread themselves over the Indian country, after their abandonment of Fort Duquesne. It was immediately occasioned by some of the Cherokee warriors, on their return from the expedition against this fort with the English, taking possession of a few stray horses which they found in the back woods of Virginia, and which, at that time and in those places, were frequently found wild. The Virginians resented their trespass so hastily as to fall upon the Cherokees, and kill twelve or fourteen of their party. The survivors, and their friends, but still more the friends of the

deceased,* were so incensed at this outrage, that it was impossible for the wiser and cooler part of the nation to restrain them. The French emissaries, meanwhile, plied them night and day, with all manner of provocations, bribes, promises and threats—assuring them among other things that the English intended to kill every man of them, and to make slaves of their wives and children. The result was, that parties of the young warriors soon fell furiously upon the frontiers of Carolina, and committed a series of horrible barbarities, without distinction of innocence or guilt, age, sex or condition. Several even of the garrison of Fort Loudon, in the course of short hunting excursions in the neighboring woods, were attacked by them and massacred; while supplies were so completely cut off from the fort, as to leave them in great hazard of starvation.

Rapid preparations for war were at once made throughout the Province. But the Cherokees—or perhaps the larger and better part of them—had by this time sent in thirty-two of their chiefs with proposals of peace. These having arrived in Charleston before the Governor had commenced his march into the Cherokee country, a council was called, the chiefs invited to attend it, and a

* From a principle of revenge universal among the Indians to this day.

long and somewhat violent speech made to them. This they listened to with their accustomed attention, expecting to have an opportunity of replying through their Orator, Oconostota, 'The great warrior of the Cherokee nation.' The latter, indeed, rose to commence his speech, but the Governor rudely silenced him ; and soon after set out for Congarees, the general rendezvous of the militia, taking the Cherokee deputation with him under pretence, and with a promise, of protecting them. There, 1400 soldiers were found collected. On resuming the march, the warriors were made actual prisoners, and a captain's guard kept over them till they reached Fort George, when they were all thrown together into a miserable small hut. •

But the Governor's troops being, unluckily for him, little better than a mutinous mob, he deemed it expedient, before going much farther, to send for the famous Cherokee chief, Attakullakulla, one of the seven who had gone to England in 1730, and a man of great influence with his people, and of notorious friendship for the whites. To him the Governor addressed a very long speech of accusations and threats. The chieftain heard him calmly to the end, and then briefly observed—That he remembered the treaties alluded to, having helped to make them himself: that he acknowl-

edged the kindness of the Carolinians, but thought the Virginians had occasioned the war; and furthermore, though he thought the Governor showed an undue violence against the Cherokees, that he would exert all his influence—which was only that of persuasion*—to restore quiet among the latter.

By his request, several of the chiefs were now released from the hut, for the purpose of agreeing to a treaty (which was accordingly drawn up and signed,) while twenty-two of them were still kept captive in the fort, until as many of the Cherokee murderers should be brought in. The Governor returned home, and, though not a drop of blood had been shed during this disgraceful and disorderly campaign, he was received in Charleston with illuminations, bonfires and processions.

The Cherokees, meanwhile, now more incensed than ever, had recommenced their incursions, and had killed 14 men within a mile of Fort George. Not long after, Oconostota, determined to repay treachery with treachery, adopted the following stratagem for the relief of his fellow-chiefs still confined within the Fort. As that country was every where covered with woods, he pla-

* Personal qualities were then, as they are now, the foundation of almost all influence among the Indians. Tecumseh himself owed nothing either to election or succession.

ced a party of savages in a dark thicket by the river-side, and then sent an Indian woman, whom he knew to be always welcome to the fort, to inform the commandant, Captain Coytmore, that he desired very much to speak with him by the river-side. The latter imprudently consented, and with his two lieutenants walked down to the river, where he soon heard Oconostota calling out from the opposite bank, that he was going to Charleston to procure the prisoners' release, and wished for a white man to attend him as a safeguard. He held a bridle in his hand, meanwhile ; and added that he would go and hunt for a horse. The Captain had by this time approached the thicket, when the Indian, turning quickly about, swung the bridle thrice round his head as a signal to the savages in ambush, who instantly fired, wounded the two lieutenants, and killed the captain. Orders were at once given within the fort, to put chains upon the Indian prisoners : but as the latter resisted, and stabbed the first man who laid hold of them with a knife, the exasperated soldiers murdered every one of them upon the spot.

CHAPTER II.

CHEROKEE WARS.

The cry of war now resounded from town to town, among all the mountains and vales of the Cherokee country; scalping parties rushed down upon the frontiers, far more numerous and furious than before; and the whole Province weltered in fire and blood. Such was the state of things until April, 1760. By this time, a battalion of Highlanders arrived, from the English army under general Amherst in the North. Application was also made to the neighboring colonies; seven troops of rangers were raised to patrol the frontiers; bounties were offered to the Creek, Chickasaw and Catabaw warriors; wagons, carts and horses were impressed, and the whole militia of the Province mustered at Congarees. The march was as speedy as the preparation. The Indian town, Little Keowee, was surrounded, and every male Indian in it put to the sword. Estatoe, with its two hundred houses, corn, hogs, poultry, ammunition and all, was reduced to ashes. Every settlement of the lower nation shared the same fate, about sixty

Indians being also killed and forty made prisoners. The English then marched to the relief of Fort George, which was all this time so closely beset by the Cherokees, that not a man, for a month, dared venture one rod from the bounds.

On reaching this station, Colonel Montgomery, commander of the expedition, made some efforts to obtain peace ; but finding the Cherokees still disposed to be hostile, he continued his march into the wilderness, over rivers, crags, mountains and moors, until he came within five miles of the Indian town, Etchoe. His troops had now to pass through a low valley, covered so thick with bushes that they could scarcely see three yards before them, and in the middle of which was a muddy river, with steep clay banks. Here had the Indians stationed themselves with consummate skill ; and the English scouts had scarcely entered the thicket, when their invisible enemies fired upon them from all sides, and the woods, far and wide, rang and glittered with the warwhoop and the blaze of battle. The savages at last gave way, though not till after an hour's close fighting, and so considerable a loss on the part of the English, that a retreat to Fort George was immediately ordered, and as speedily executed. In an

official document of the Province,* it was soon after stated, that although the war had already cost fifty thousand pounds sterling, 'all their endeavors to raise a force capable of preventing the Cherokees from ravaging the back settlements had proved ineffectual.'

The garrison of Fort Loudon, in the mean time, beset upon all sides by the lurking savages, were obliged to subsist, for a whole month, on the flesh of lean horses and dogs, with a small supply of Indian beans privily brought in by some friendly Cherokee women. Thus, week after week, they waited vainly for relief. As a last resort, Captain Stuart, an officer well known and much beloved by all the Indians in the British interest, finally procured leave to go to Choteh, one of the principal Cherokee towns in the neighborhood. There, he capitulated with two of the Cherokee chiefs, that the garrison upon giving up the fort, cannons and extra stores, should be suffered to leave the fort and the country, under an Indian escort, with their drums, arms and ammunition.

These terms being agreed upon, the garrison marched out, attended by Oconostota, 'the Prince of Choteh,' and some other Indians; advanc-

* Gov. Bull's Message to the Assembly of South Carolina, July 11, 1760.

ed that day fifteen miles on their way to Fort George; and encamped at night near the Indian town Taliquo. Here, upon various pretences, all their attendants soon deserted them. Suspicion was excited, and a strict guard kept all night. About day-break, a soldier from an out-post came running in, breathless and pale, to announce that he had seen a great number of savages, armed and painted in the most hideous manner, creeping among the bushes all around them. At this very moment the enemy rushed out, with terrible yells, tomahawk in hand. The soldiers were panic-struck; twenty nine of them fell at the first onset, a few escaped to the woods, and the rest were carried off captive.

Among these was Captain Stuart, who, on reaching Fort Loudon, was so fortunate as to meet with his Indian friend, Attakullakulla. The generous old chieftain, having sought him out at the fort, purchased him at once of the Cherokee who had captured him, at the price of his own rifle and clothes. He then took him to his home, and shared with him his own humble meals. But a greater trial of his friendship yet remained. The Cherokees were now bent upon attacking Fort George. They were also resolved that the six cannons and two colorns to be carried with them, should be

managed by men under Stuart's command, and they threatened to burn all the captives at the stake in case of his refusal. In this emergency he applied to his Indian master, stated the circumstances, and appealed to his feelings. The stern warrior melted into tears. He took him by the hand, and pledged his honor and his life to deliver him. Soon after, he gave out word among his countrymen, that he intended 'to go a hunting' for a few days, and to carry his prisoner along with him to eat venison. They set out, accordingly, attended by some of the warrior's own family, and by the two soldiers who alone of the captives knew how to convey cannon through the woods. For nine days and nine nights did this little party march on through the dim wilderness, guided only by the sun and stars, and subsisting only on the game killed as they travelled. On the tenth day, they reached Holston's River, and there met with an English detachment of troops, who conducted them in four days to a camp on the Virginian frontiers. The Indian warrior was now satisfied; and Captain Stuart having loaded him with presents, and taken a kind leave of him, he turned cheerfully back upon his long and weary journey.

Latinac, a French officer, was at this time among the Cherokees, and he proved an indefatigable in-

stigator to mischief. He persuaded them, that the English would be satisfied with nothing less than to exterminate them, man, woman, and child, from the face of the earth. He gave them arms, too, and urged them to war. At a grand meeting of the nation, he brandished his hatchet, and, striking it furiously into a log of wood, cried out—‘Who is the man that will take this up for the king of France? where is he? let him come forth!’ Saloué, the young warrior of Estatoe, instantly leaped forward, laid hold of it, and cried out—‘I will take it up. I am for war. The spirits of the slain call upon us; I will avenge them; and who will not? he is no better than a woman that refuses to follow me.’ Many a fierce look, and many a lifted tomahawk answered the appeal of the orator, and again did the war-torrent rush down upon the frontiers.

In the campaign of 1761, the province exerted itself to the utmost. A new regiment of militia* was raised, presents provided for the Indian allies; and every preparation made for supplying the army with carriages, horses, and provisions at different stages. With this force, and the Highlanders, making in all two thousand six hundred men, Col-

* Dressed in green, light armed, disciplined, and their legs and arms fortified against briars and bushes, in particular reference to the Indian warfare.—Hewatt, ii. 247.

onel Grant began his march for the Cherokee territories. On the 27th of May, he arrived at Fort George. There, Attakullakulla hastened to his camp, to signify his earnest desire of peace, and to apologize for the outrages of his countrymen. Often, he said, had he been called an old woman by the fiery young men of his nation : but he would nevertheless return and renew his efforts for peace.

Colonel Grant, however, gave him but little encouragement, and resumed his march on the 7th of June, carrying with him provisions for thirty days. A party of ninety Indians, and thirty woodmen, painted like the Indians, marched in front, and scoured the forests. Then came the light-infantry and about fifty rangers, in whose vigilance the commander felt himself secure. For three days he made forced marches, in order to get over two narrow and dangerous defiles ; and this he accomplished without a shot from the enemy. On the day following, he came upon suspicious ground. On all sides, lurking Indians were occasionally seen at some distance through the woods. At length, having nearly reached the place where Montgomery had been attacked the year before, the front Indians, about eight o'clock in the morning, observed a large body of Cherokees posted upon a hill

on the right flank of the army, and gave the alarm. Instantly the savages rushed down, and began to fire on the advanced guard. This being supported, however, the enemy were repulsed, and recovered their heights. Under these the English line was obliged to pass for some distance, while upon the left was a river, from the opposite banks of which a large Indian party fired briskly on the troops as they came up. The line were ordered to face about and give their whole charge to this party, and a detachment was at the same time sent up the hill-slope to dislodge the enemy on the right. The engagement was now general; the savages on the left fiercely disputing the lower ground, and the other party driven from the hill at the bayonet's point only to renew the charge with redoubled ardor. The English themselves were sometimes compelled to give ground; and no sooner did they gain an advantage in any quarter than the enemy triumphed in another. Even the rear was attacked, and so vigorous an effort made for the flour and the cattle, as to compel the detachment of a strong body to the relief of the rear-guard. Thus the fight continued from eight o'clock till eleven—the English charging, retreating, and rallying again and again, and the savages, with loud

shouts and yells, pouring in upon them an irregular but incessant fire. The latter at last gave way, and by two o'clock entirely disappeared, leaving sixty of Grant's soldiers killed and wounded, and his whole force exhausted with fighting. Their own loss in this, as in most cases, was unknown.

Orders were now given to sink the bodies of the dead in the river, (to prevent their being dug up and scalped ;) and quantities of flour were also thrown in, that horses might be spared for the wounded. The army then marched on to Etchoe, which they reached about midnight, and reduced it to ashes the next morning. Thirteen other towns in the middle settlements shared the same fate; the magazines and cornfields were destroyed; and the wretched owners, with their women and children, driven for shelter and food among the barren mountains. For thirty days was the English march continued through heat, thirst, hunger, danger, and fatigue; and when the troops finally reached Fort George, the feet and legs of many of them were so mangled and swollen, and their strength so exhausted, that they were utterly unable to march farther.

Here Colonel Grant had not waited many days, when Attakullakulla, attended by several chieftains, again came to his camp with proposals of peace.

Articles were accordingly drawn up, and all agreed upon with the exception of one which required four Cherokees to be surrendered to Colonel Grant at the fort, and put to death in front of his army; 'or four green scalps to be brought to him within twelve nights.' The old warrior said he was both unauthorized and unwilling to agree to this article; and the Colonel therefore sent him to Charleston, to procure the mitigation of it, if possible, from the Governor.

He instantly set out, accordingly, with the other chiefs in company, and a safeguard in attendance. On their arrival, the Governor called a council at Ashley Ferry, and invited the Delegation to speak freely. A fire being then kindled, and the pipe of peace lighted and smoked by all present, for some time, in deep silence and solemnity, Attakulakulla arose and addressed the Governor and Council. 'It is a great while,' said he, 'since I saw you; I am now glad to see you, and all the beloved men present, I am come to you as a messenger from my whole nation—I have now seen you and smoked with you—and I hope we shall live together as brothers—when I came to Keowee, Colonel Grant sent me to you.—You live at the water-side, and are in light—we are in darkness, but I hope all will be yet clear with us. I have

been constantly going about doing good, and am tired—but I have come to see what can be done for my people.—They are in great distress.’ Here he produced strings of wampum sent by the different towns, denoting their earnest desire of peace. He then added—‘as to what has happened, I believe it has been ordered by the Great Spirit—we are of a different color from you—you are superior to us—but one God is the father of all—and I hope what is passed will be forgotten. *He* made all people—there is not a day, but some are coming into the world, and others going out.—The Great King told me the path should never be crooked, but open for every one to pass and repass.—As we all live in one land, I hope we shall live as one people.’ Peace was now formally ratified, former friendship renewed, and the Council broken up with the usual hope expressed upon both sides, that it would last as long as the rivers themselves should flow.

It is a slight change in this bloody history, to say, that in 1763, the Shawanese Indians made an attack on the Cherokees, and that the latter repaid it with interest. But, unfortunately, their pursuit of the aggressors sometimes led them to fall, by mistake, upon the Delawares, who resided in the same country (Ohio). The latter were incensed, and

retaliated in the Indian style. The Five Nations, too, were at war with the Cherokees ; and thus the whole country was the theatre of massacres and battles until the year 1768. The Cherokees then sought a renewal of friendship with their Delaware ‘ Grandfather ; ’ the mediation of the latter effected a peace with the Five Nations ; and the Shawanese, reprimanded by one nation, and repulsed by the other, soon followed the example of both.

In 1774, at a congress called in Georgia by Governor Wright, the Cherokees ceded several millions of acres of fine fertile land to the king of Great Britain, for the payment of debts which they owed to Indian traders. The next cession, in 1777, was founded on conquest of the year previous, the Cherokees having taken part with the ‘ great king ’ against his ‘ disobedient children ’ of the colonies, and resumed their incursions on the frontiers. In punishing them, the States of North Carolina, Virginia, and Georgia made common cause with South Carolina. The Georgian militia invaded the Cherokee country on the south ; a Virginian party, with nineteen hundred North-Carolinians, on the north ; and an army of two thousand* South Carolinians, under Colonel Williamson, on the west : some of them by a route so difficult and

* The Cherokees mustered 2021 warriors at this time.

so much beset by the enemy, that only twenty-five miles could be gained in five days. Williamson fell into an ambuscade, by entering a defile among the mountains, occupied by about twelve hundred Cherokees, who fought long and bravely, but were at last routed. A great part of their country was now ravaged, and five hundred Indians compelled to take refuge in Florida—measures which soon led to the treaty and cession just named.

One of the incidents of this campaign merits a special notice. When Williamson's army had advanced so far as that part of the Indian country now called Pickens District, it was halted for a day or two ; and Major Pickens was permitted to take twenty-five choice men, and reconnoitre the adjacent country. He had not gone more than two miles, when, early in the morning, in crossing an old Indian field on the margin of what is now Little River,—covered with thick grass four or five feet high—more than two hundred Indians came in sight, painted for war in the most hideous manner. They soon rushed down the point of a ridge, directly upon the whites, with guns swinging in their left hands, and their tomahawks raised in their right. Their leaders were heard (by Brennan, a half-breed of the American party) animating and exhorting them not to fire a gun, but to make close

and bloody work with the whites, as they were but a handfull. The latter were all on foot, and every man had his trusty rifle. Pickens ordered them not to fire until he did, to take sure aim, and fire two at a time in succession, and then fall in the grass and load. The Indian leader was now within twenty-five yards, when Pickens and Brennan fired, and two of the enemy fell ; and the fire of his other men was equally fortunate. The effect was decisive. The panic-struck savages recoiled upon each other, dropped their tomahawks, and, resorting to their guns, gradually fell back and were picked off at leisure by the cool aim of the riflemen. They carried off their dead as usual. Of the whites, Brennan was killed. Major Pickens, having choked his gun by loading in a hurry, picked up Brennan's, and used it as long as the Indians were in reach.

During this action, one of the whites noticed a constant firing from behind a tree-root. Watching his opportunity when its occupant had to expose himself to take aim, he shot him in the head ; and when one of his Indian comrades had taken up the dead body and was making off with it, he shot him also, with as much coolness as if he was firing at a target, and they fell one upon the other.

During the Revolution, the Cherokees gave but

little trouble after this campaign. For more than twelve years after its close, however, broils of more or less consequence frequently occurred between individuals or small parties of the nation, and of the white settlers around them,—the blame of which must undoubtedly be attributed, and in some cases may be traced, to both sides. By far the most considerable of these skirmishes was at ‘Buchanan’s Station,’ in West-Tennessee, in the year 1792.

In the summer of this year, a conference had been held between the Chickasaws and the Choc-taws, for the settlement of all difficulties. Several of the Cherokee warriors attended on this occasion, though perhaps only for the purpose of ascertaining when, and in what part of Tennessee, an attack might be made upon the whites with the best prospect of success. One of them was even heard to intimate, that ‘before the leaves fell, there would be an inroad upon some of the settlements.’ This rumor of approaching danger, though it occasioned great anxiety among the various Stations exposed to attack, had the good effect to set them all somewhat upon their guard.

Buchanan’s Station was situated directly upon the road leading from Nashville to the Cherokee nation, four miles from the former place. It occupied a high ground on the right bank of mill-creek,

and like all the other fortresses in the country, consisted of a few log cabins, surrounded by a slender picket. Major Buchanan, who attended the council just mentioned, invited some of the Cherokees to accompany him home, where he entertained them hospitably. They found time, meanwhile, to examine the situation of the fort, and once or twice observed to Buchanan—probably by way of learning his own opinion—that ‘such a fort could make but a feeble defence.’ They returned to their own nation soon after this; and the station was immediately placed in the best state of defence which the means of its alarmed occupants would permit.

Their suspicions were confirmed, early in September, by the report of a Frenchman, Durat, and of one Dick Fendleston, a half-breed Cherokee, who had lived among the Indians for some years. They now came in with the news, that the latter had determined to attack Buchanan’s Station on or about the 20th of the month; and in case of success at that place, to make farther attempts in the neighborhood, and upon Nashville.

For the purpose of ascertaining the correctness of this information, General Robertson, commander of the militia of this District—whom he had already ordered to muster at Rain’s Station—des-

patched one Castleman into the Cherokee country as a spy. This bold and wary huntsman proceeded some way beyond the present site of Murfreesborough, where having discovered Indian tracks, he returned. This circumstance confirmed Durat's report; but as the time mentioned by him had now gone by, and as Watts, the Cherokee chief, (a half-breed) had often assured the whites of *his* peaceful intentions, the fears of the settlers generally, and of the various garrisons, were quieted, and the militia returned home.

At Buchanan's Station, however, the whites, not yet feeling perfectly secure, sent out two more spies. Unfortunately, these men had not gone far, when they were decoyed and taken (as was afterwards ascertained) by Indians dressed after the fashion of the whites. The garrison, meanwhile, remained ignorant of the approach of the latter, and, apprehending no danger, did not even place sentinels at night about the fort.

It was near midnight, on the last day of September, that a body of several hundred Indians, advanced, in hostile array, upon the unprepared and feeble station. They were commanded by Watts, a distinguished warrior of noble appearance, and by a Shawanese chief, whose name is unknown.

CHAPTER III.

THE HEROES OF WALPOLE.

The first civilized inhabitant of the present town of Walpole, New Hampshire, was John Kilburn, who settled there in 1749. The large and fertile meadows at the mouth of Cold River, in that township, slightly covered with tall butter-nut and ancient elm-trees, presented an inviting prospect to new colonists, and an easy harvest to the hand of cultivation. Just above them, along the east bank of the Connecticut, was the defile, bounded by steep mountains, which formed the Indian highway to and from Charleston, the next township. There, too, was the head of shad-navigation, the great fishing-ground of the savages from time immemorial. Next below this narrow pass, by the river, and nearer the meadows, is the site of an ancient Indian village, now occupied by a tavern. Next on the south, and bounding the meadows northerly, was Cold River, a small branch of the main stream, overshadowed with tall maples and elms. The meadows themselves were about half a mile in extent ; the Connecticut on their western side, and a

semicircle of woods on the east, with a central round eminence, forty feet high, from which issues at this day a medicinal spring. It was here that the adventurous and hardy Kilburn built himself a log-hut, and here he inhabited the solitude of the forest for two years, without any intercourse with friend or foe.

During this time his life was one continual scene of danger and hardship. He sought opportunities to cultivate the friendship of the Indians, who roamed and prowled in the woods around him ; but in this attempt he was wholly unsuccessful. They avoided him studiously in the day-time ; and in the night, he soon found that they approached his humble habitation only for the purpose of dealing him the deadly blow. He was finally obliged, in consequence of this state of things, to adopt the plan of ' camping out ' at different places in the woods each night, with nothing but the cold earth for his bed, a bear-skin for his covering, and a cartridge-box for his pillow. In this manner he continued himself to elude the scalping-knives of his lurking enemies, though they not unfrequently visited and plundered his hut in his absence.

In 1751, Colonel Benjamin Bellows obtained the charter of Walpole, and began a small settlement on a spot occupied to this day by the build-

ings of a gentleman of the same name, about a mile south from the establishment of Kilburn. There was at this time a fort also on the neighboring township of Number-Four, now called Charleston. These additions to the power of the whites in this quarter had an essential influence upon the respect and the fear felt for them by the Indians; nor was it long before a company of the latter descended the river in their canoes, landed above the falls, and invited their old acquaintance, Kilburn, to trade with them. He accepted their invitation without scruple or hesitancy, visited their encampment, bought furs of them, and made them presents of flints, flour and fish-hooks. From this time they continued to hunt, fish and lodge occasionally in the neighborhood. The report of their guns, with which the whites had furnished them long ere this, and the smoke of their low wigwams among the trees, became mingled with the familiar occurrences of daily life.

The affairs of the settlers continued to prosper until 1753, when the first alarming incident occurred to disturb their security. Two men, by the names of Twitchel and Flint, who had gone back to the hills, about a mile east of the settlement, to procure some ash timber for oars, were fired upon and killed by the Indians. One of them

was scalped. The other they barbarously cut open, took out his heart yet warm, cut it in pieces, laid it upon his breast, and thus left him to be found by his friends. This massacre was among the first appearances of a rupture of the negotiations for peace pending between England and France, and was the commencement of a new and long series of Indian ravages. It was, moreover, the first Christian blood which was spilt in Walpole : and the impression it produced upon the minds of the Settlers was proportionally deep and lasting. The bodies of the murdered men were buried near where they were found, in a spot still indicated by a ridge of land, on the west side of the road about two miles north of Walpole village. It was believed by the friends of Twitchell—at least by some of the number—that his guardian Spirit continued, as long as his savage murderers lived, to hover over them, by night and by day, and to warn them of the wiles of the Indians. Even a rock in the Connecticut river, where he used to fish with never failing success, was for a long time held in religious veneration ; and few, it is rumored of all those who to this day go to angle from ‘Twitchell Rock,’ return without taking from the stream a most generous fry.

In the spring of 1755, an Indian by the name

of Philip, who had learned just English enough to be understood, visited Kilburn's log-house, under pretence of being upon a hunting excursion and in want of provisions. He was treated with kindness, and furnished liberally with flints, meal, and various other articles which he asked for. Soon after his departure, it was ascertained, that the same Indian had visited all the settlements on Connecticut river about the same time, and with the same plausible story. The conclusion was, with Kilburn and his fellow-settlers, that Philip was a scout employed by the enemy. This suspicion was soon after confirmed by intelligence received at all the forts on the frontiers, through a friendly Indian, from Governor Shirley at Albany. *He* stated that four or five hundred of the Savages were collected in Canada, whose object it was to butcher the whole white population on Connecticut river.

The settlers—and those of Walpole among the number—were startled by these tidings : but they were not disheartened. They valued their hard-earned harvests and their solitary homes in the wilderness, humble as they were, too highly to leave them from the mere apprehension of danger. They had been accustomed, too, to all the hardships of a rude life ; and long had they look-

ed for the time to come, as it came now, when they must defend themselves or die in the cause.

Kilburn and his comrades now fortified their habitations round about by a pallisado of stakes, with such other preparations of the same nature as their means allowed. On these alone they depended for safety, the nearest garrison (a force of thirty men) being a mile distant, at the settlement of Col. Bellows. Measures being thus prudently taken, nothing remained but to wait for the onset of the enemy. Nor had they to wait long. On the seventeenth, of August, 1755, Kilburn and his son, in his eighteenth year, a man by the name of Peak, and his son, were returning from work about noon, when one of them suddenly discovered the red legs of Indians among the alders that skirted the meadows, as thick, in his own language, 'as grass-hoppers.' They instantly fled for the house, fastened the door, and began to make preparations for an obstinate defence. In this they were assisted as well as encouraged by Kilburn's wife and his daughter Hitty, whose particular charge, however, was to keep a watch upon the movements of the enemy.

In about fifteen minutes the latter were seen crawling up the bank east of the house, and as they crossed a foot-path one by one, one hundred

and ninety seven were counted ; about the same number remaining in ambush near the mouth of Cold River. The object of *this* party was to way-lay Col. Bellows and his men, whom they knew to be working at his mill about a mile east. Before a great while, accordingly, these people came along, each carrying a bag of meal on his back. Presently their dogs began to growl, and to betray other symptoms of having discovered or suspected an enemy. All this Bellows understood perfectly well, nor was he at a loss in forming his opinion of the state of the case ; he had no doubt the Indians were close at hand, in ambush, and he took his measures accordingly. He ordered all his men, about thirty, to throw down their meal, and advance to the rising ground just before them, carefully crawl up the bank, spring upon their feet, give one shout, and instantly drop among the tall sweet fern which in that place covered the ground.

The manœuvre succeeded ; for as soon as the shout was heard, the Indians all arose from their ambush in a semicircle around the path Bellows was to follow. This gave his party a fine chance for a fair shot : and they improved it promptly by a general discharge, which so disconcerted the plans of the Indians that they darted away into the bushes without firing a gun. Bellows found, how-

ever, that their party was too numerous for his ; and he ordered his men to file off to the south, and make for the fort. Not long after, these Indians came out upon the eminence east of Kilburn's house. Here, the 'Old-Devil' Philip, as he was now generally called,—being the same wily savage who had visited Kilburn the previous season—came forward, secured himself behind a large tree, and called out loudly for those in the house to surrender. 'Old John—young John'—he cried—'I know you—come out here—we give good quarter.' 'Quarter !' shouted Kilburn from the house, with a tremendous voice that thrilled through every Indian heart—'quarter ! you black rascals, begone—or we'll *quarter* you.'

Thus disappointed in his application, Philip returned to the main body of his companions. After a few minutes' consultation, the Indian war-whoop was raised as if, in Kilburn's rude language, '*all the devils had been let loose.*' Kilburn was nothing daunted by this performance, however ; and he even managed, meanwhile, to get the first fire, before the smoke of the enemies' guns obstructed his aim. He was confident that this discharge brought down an Indian, who, from his extraordinary size and from other circumstances, appeared to be Philip. A moment after, the companions of the fall-

en savage—now mustered in full force—rushed fiercely forward to the work of destruction ; and probably not fewer than four hundred bullets were lodged in Kilburn's house at the first fire. The roof, especially, was made a perfect ' riddle-sieve.' This leaden shower was kept up for some time, with an incessant blaze and clamor, while detachments of the enemy were amusing themselves with butchering the stray cattle, and destroying the hay and grain, in the surrounding meadow.

Kilburn and his men, meanwhile, were by no means idle. Their powder was already poured into hats for the convenience of loading in a hurry, and every thing prepared for a spirited defence or a glorious death. They had several guns in the house, all of which were kept hot by incessant firing through the port-holes ; and as they had no ammunition to spare, each one took special aim, to have every bullet tell. The women assisted in loading the guns. When the stock of lead grew scanty, they had also the presence of mind to suspend blankets horizontally near the roof of the house, inside, to catch the enemy's balls. These they immediately run into new bullets, if necessary, while the men took it upon themselves to have them returned to the savages with interest.

The latter made several attempts to burst open

the doors of the house, but the fire of the brave little garrison was too hot for them. Most of the time, therefore, they endeavored to keep behind stumps, logs and trees; evidently showing by this management that they began to feel the force of the remark made to them by Kilburn, as we have seen, in the outset. An incessant firing, however, was kept up on their part until near sundown. Then they gradually retreated; and when the sun sank behind the western hills, the sound of the guns, and the cry of the war-whoop died away in silence.

How many of the enemy fell on this occasion, never was ascertained. Of the little garrison, Peak only was wounded in the hip, by exposing himself too much before a port-hole; and for want of surgical aid this proved fatal on the sixth day. The French and Indian war continued until 1763: but the village of Walpole was not afterwards molested in any instance by the enemy.

Kilburn, as upright and worthy as he was brave, lived to see that town populous and flourishing, and his fourth generation upon the stage. A plain unpolished stone points out the spot in the burying ground of the village, where sleep his mortal remains under this inscription:

In memory of
JOHN KILBURN, who departed
this life for a better, April 8th, 1789, in
the 85th year of his age. He was
the first settler of this town,
in 1749.

His son, 'young John,' revisited the scene of his youthful exploits for the last time in 1814. He died in 1822, among his children at Shewsbury, Vermont.

CHAPTER IV.

MEMOIRS OF A NORTHERN TRADER.

Old fort Michilimackinac,* the principal site of the following adventures, stood upon the south side of the Strait which is between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. It was built by order of the French Governor-general of Canada; and, for many years after that country became subject to the English, continued to be used as a victualling and trading station in the great peltry business of the North-West. An area of two acres was attached to it, enclosed with pickets of cedar-wood; and it was so near the water's edge that the foot of this stockade, in a western wind, was always washed by the dashing waves of the lake. The English garrison at the date of our narrative in 1763, consisted of ninety privates, two subalterns and the commandant, besides whom there were four English merchants at the fort.

The village within the stockade consisted of thirty

* So named from a neighboring island, the highlands of which are said to show something like the shape of a turtle. *Michi* in the Chippewa language, means great; and *mackinac* turtle.

neat small houses, inhabited by about as many Canadian families; and a Church, in which mass was celebrated by a Jesuit missionary.* These families belonged mostly to old soldiers of the former French garrison, now become settlers. Their subsistence was derived from the Indian traders who assembled at Michilimackinac, in the voyages to and from Montreal. The former was the place of deposit and the point of departure between the upper and lower fur countries; outfits being there prepared for the parties who visited Lakes Michigan and Superior, the Mississippi and the North-West; and the returns collected there in furs, and embarked for Montreal.

These Canadians were thought to be very ill disposed towards the English, and especially towards the traders who carried on the fur business at this place, as well as the garrison who protected them. The Indians of the adjacent country were still more hostile. For most of the time between the capture of Quebec in 1759 and the Peace of 1763, they were generally under arms: and a great movement was going on among them, directed by the famous Pontiac, for a sudden and extensive attack upon the English. Alexander Henry, the trav-

* All comprehended in the general name of 'the fort.'

eller and trader, from whose journal most of these particulars are obtained, had repeated intimation of this state of things, on his voyage from Montreal to Michilimackinac. On the Lake des Châts, for instance, he met several canoes of Indians returning from their winter's hunt to their village. After bartering provisions with them for maple-sugar and beaver-skins, they made the usual demand for *milk*, (meaning *rum*). This was refused them; but they behaved civilly, and at parting only inquired of the Canadian boatmen of Henry whether or not he was an Englishman. Being told that he was—' Well then ' said they, ' he must be mad—mad for beaver, as the English all are—the Upper Indians will certainly kill him.'

Again, on the island La Cloche, in Lake Nipissingue, a large village of Indians was found, whose behavior was at first quite peaceable, and continued to be so till they discovered Henry to be an Englishman. They then coolly remarked to his men, that, as the Strait Indians would kill him at all events, *they* might as well have the use of a small part of his baggage. On this principle they demanded a keg of milk, adding that, if it were not given them forthwith, they should take the liberty to help themselves. Their reasoning was too cogent to be disregarded.

Soon after this, Henry laid aside his English clothes, and decked himself, like his boatmen, with a loose shirt; a *molton*, or blanket coat; and a large, red, milled worsted cap. The next thing was to smear his face and hands with grease and dirt; and this done, he took the place of one of his men, and whenever Indians approached, flourished the paddle with all the Canadian skill he was master of. He had now the satisfaction to observe that the savages generally passed him without notice; though at the isle Michilimackinac, (which the fort was named from) a Chippeway Indian looked at him, laughed, and pointed him out to another. But whatever was the singularity which occasioned ridicule, it luckily excited no suspicion. At this place, six miles from the fort, were about two hundred warriors.

Henry was scarcely established at a house in the fort-village, when he heard that a whole band of these Chippeways were about paying him a visit. It was customary with them, it seems, to wait upon and welcome all strangers of distinction—especially those who brought stores—the chiefs on these occasions generally giving a small present, and expecting a large one. Knowing that these savages had protested they would not suffer an Englishman to remain on the Strait, and no treaty

having yet been made with them, Henry was alarmed ; and he thought it prudent to avail himself of the aid of an interpreter, formerly employed by the French commandant, and who had acquired great influence with the Chippeways by marrying one of their women.

At two o'clock one afternoon, the unwelcome visitants made their appearance, about sixty in number, and headed by their chief, Menehwehna. They walked in single (or *Indian*) file, each with his tomahawk in one hand and his scalping-knife in the other. Their bodies were naked from their waist upward, except that in a few cases blankets were thrown loosely over their shoulders. Their faces were painted with charcoal,* worked up with grease ; their bodies, with white clay, in patterns of various fancies. Some had their noses and heads decorated with feathers. The chief entered first ; and the rest followed, without noise. The latter seated themselves on the floor, upon receiving a signal from him.

He appeared to be about fifty years of age ; and was a man of powerful frame, six feet high, and of a countenance expressive, it is said, of indescribable good and evil. Looking steadily

* A method of indicating either sorrow or anger, quite common among the western and northern Indians, to this day.

at Henry—as he sat before him in state, with an interpreter on either side, and several Canadians behind him—he at the same time entered into conversation with Campion, his head-boatman, and inquired how long it was since his master (Henry) left Montreal. The English must be brave men—he observed drily—and not afraid of death—since they dared to come, as Henry had, fearlessly among their enemies.

Henry was now enduring all the tortures of suspense. The Indians, on the other hand, sat some time gravely and almost silently smoking their pipes, till Menehwehna taking a few strings of wampum in his hand, began the following address.

‘Englishman ! it is to you that I speak, and I demand your attention ! Englishman ! you know that the French king is our father. He promised to be so—we promised to be his children—this promise we have kept.’

‘Englishman ! it is you that have made war with our father—you are his enemy—how then could you venture among his children ? you know that his enemies are ours.’

‘Englishman ! we are informed that our father, the king of France,* is old and infirm ; and that

* Louis XIV.

being fatigued with making war upon your nation, he is fallen asleep, During his sleep, you have taken advantage of him, and possessed yourselves of Canada. But his nap is almost at an end. I think I hear him already stirring—and inquiring for his children, the Indians—and when he does awake what must become of you?—He will destroy you utterly!’

‘Englishman! although you have conquered the French, you have not conquered *us*—we are not your slaves. These rocks, these woods, these mountains, are ours—they were left us by our fathers—we will part with them to none. Your nation supposes that we, like the white people, cannot live without bread—and pork—and beef! But you ought to know that He—the Great Spirit—the Master of Life*—has made food for us, in these broad lakes, and upon these mountains.’

‘Englishman! our father, the great king of France, employed our young men to make war upon your nation. In this war, many of them have been killed—and it is our custom to shed blood for blood till the spirits of the slain are satisfied. But the spirits of the slain may also be satisfied by *covering the bodies of the dead*, and thus allaying the

*This is still among the Indians an almost universal appellation of the Deity.

anger of their friends. This is done by making presents.'

'Englishman ! your king has sent us no presents—he has made no treaty with us—he is still at war with us—and therefore we have no father nor friend among the white men, but the king of FRANCE. —As for *you*, we have considered that you have ventured your life among us, supposing we should not harm you. You are not armed—you do not make war—you come to trade—to supply us—and we are in want. Therefore you shall be our brother—you may sleep tranquilly—the Chippeways will not trouble you. As a token of friendship we give you this pipe to smoke.'

As Menehwehna uttered these words, an Indian presented Henry a pipe, which, after he had drawn the smoke thrice, was carried to the chief, and successively to every person in the room. This ceremony being ended, the chief arose, and gave Henry his hand ; and the whole company followed his example. He then seated himself again, and requested that his young men might be permitted to taste the English *milk* ; it was long he said, since they had tasted any, and they wished to know if there was any difference between the English milk and the French. Henry would have gladly waived his proposal, knowing the bad effects of

rum upon the Indians; but the request and the compliance with it being alike customary, he promised to furnish a small cask as a parting present.

He then replied, with his interpreter's assistance, to the speech of the orator. He said he had trusted in the good character of the Indians for his safety; that the late French father had given up Canada to the king of England, who would now take care of them; that he himself had come to supply them; and that their good treatment of him would encourage others to come. The Indians listened to every word with deep attention, and ejaculated their assent and applause.* They were not less pleased with the rum, and with other presents given them at departure.

Henry now thought himself in a fair way to commence a trading-voyage to advantage. But not many days after the visit of the Chippeways, a band of two hundred Catholic Ottawas from L'Arbre Croche, on the west shore of Lake Michigan, entered the village of Michilimackinac, and billeted themselves in the several houses among the Canadians. The next morning, they assembled in a house which had been built for the Commandant of the fort, and ordered the attend-

* By an interjection variously represented by letters, as *ch ! hugh ! &c.*

ance of Henry, and of two other traders recently from Montreal. The latter were not slow in obeying the peremptory summons, and were immediately addressed by an Ottawa Chief. The purport of his speech was, that he had understood the traders had come to supply *them*; but he was now told, that the goods and stores in question were on the eve of departure for distant countries in the North West, some of which were inhabited by their enemies.

‘These accounts,’ added he, ‘being spread, our wives and children came to us, crying, and desired us to go to the fort, and learn the truth with our own ears. We are come, therefore, almost naked as you see—and we find the accounts true—we see your canoes ready for starting. Now, we have considered the affair, and sent for you to make known our judgment. You shall give to each of our men, young and old, merchandise and ammunition to the amount of fifty beaver-skins, on credit. No doubt, they will pay you next summer in furs.’

This demand was far from being agreeable, as a compliance with it would have stripped Henry of his whole stock; and he signified something to this effect, in reply to the chief. But the latter immediately observed, with great coolness, that the Ottawas had nothing more to remark on the sub-

ject. They would allow him, however, one day for reflection ; and if, at the end of that time, there should be any opposition or objection to their reasonable proposals, they would take the property into their own hands, without further ceremony. By right, it was already their own, having been brought into their country during the war. The embarrassed traders now retired, consulted together, and finally resolved to resist the demand at all hazards. They trusted to Henry's house as a stronghold, and mustered in it about eighty men, armed with muskets. The Ottawas summoned them to a second council, the next day, but they refused to attend ; and the former hearing that night of a party of English troops approaching Michilimackinac, decamped and disappeared in a body at day-break. The Canadian inhabitants, who had all this time kept aloof, now crowded in with congratulations ; and boasted that the Ottawas had marched off because *they* would not join them in an attack upon the fort. Three hundred English troops arrived by noon of the same day ; most of whom were soon after detached to various remote stations.

In the spring of 1763, as during the previous season, rumors of Indian hostility were again circulated among the English at Michilimackinac ; and they were now confirmed by the reports of

traders, who came in from all parts of the fur country. From every quarter, too, the savages were daily assembling in unusual numbers, though with every appearance of friendship; for they still frequented the fort, and traded and talked in such a manner as to lull almost all suspicion. Mr Henry once took the liberty of hinting to the Commandant, Major Etherington, that no less than 400 of them might be counted in the village and its vicinity; but the Major only rallied him for his fears.

In 1762, Henry had been adopted as a brother, by a Chippeway chief named Wawatam, who happened to take a fancy to him, and chose to signify it in this usual manner. After the lapse of twelve months, on the second day of June, Wawatam now entered Henry's house, with a slow step and a solemn air. He said he had just returned from his wintering-ground, and then asked about Henry's health: but, without waiting for an answer, went on to say that he was sorry to see him still living at the village. He then asked if the Commandant had heard any bad news, as he had himself been frequently disturbed during the winter, with the *noise of evil birds*. *

* So the Indians frequently describe any statement which they think trifling or false, as *the singing of a bird*.

He added, as if casually, that there were numerous Indians near the fort, who had never shown themselves within it. Situated as Henry was, all this did not prevail with him to leave Michilimackinac, though he promised his friend Wawatam that he would do so soon.

But this did not satisfy him. He came again early the next morning, bringing his wife with him, and a present of meat. After stating that he had several packs of beaver, for which he intended to trade with Henry, he now openly repeated his apprehensions from the numerous Indians about the fort, and earnestly pressed him to look to his safety. He added, that all the Indians were coming in a body to the fort, that very day ; and as they would undoubtedly demand and obtain liquor, it would not be safe to remain in the neighborhood. Still, Henry disregarded or misapprehended the hints of the old warrior ; and the latter found himself compelled, not without great reluctance, to abandon him to his fate. In the course of this same day, the Indians came in great numbers to the fort, purchasing tomahawks, and frequently desiring to see silver arm-bands and other ornaments. These ornaments, however, they in no instance purchased ; but turned them over and left them, saying they would ‘call again the next

day.' Their motive could only have been, to discover, by requesting to see them, the particular places of their deposit, so as to lay their hands on them, in the moment of pillage, with certainty and dispatch.

CHAPTER V.

MEMOIRS OF A NORTHERN TRADER—MASSACRE OF MICHILIMACKINAC.

The fourth of June, the birthday of the king of England, (George III.) had now arrived—a period which the Indians seem to have awaited with eager though cautious interest. A Chippeway came to tell Henry, in the morning, that his nation was going to play at *baggatiway* with the Sacs, or Saakies,* another Indian nation, for a high wager. He invited him to witness the sport, and observed that the Commandant would be there, and would bet on the side of the Chippeways.

The game just mentioned, called by the Canadians *le jeu de la crosse*, is played with a bat and ball—the former being about four feet long, carved, and terminating in a sort of racket. Two posts are planted in the ground, at a considerable distance from each other—one post for each party—and the game consists in throwing the ball up to the post of the adversary. In the outset, it is

* A tribe who have since migrated farther westward. A branch of them have recently given some trouble by locating themselves upon certain islands in the Mississippi, which they claimed as their own property.

placed in the middle of the course, and each party endeavor as well to throw the ball out of the direction of its post, as into that of the adversary.

The match commenced with great animation, without the fort. Henry, however, did not go to witness it, being engaged in writing letters to his Montreal friends, by a canoe which was just upon the eve of departure. He had been thus occupied something like half an hour, when he suddenly heard a loud Indian war-cry, and a noise of general confusion. Going instantly to his window, he saw a crowd of Indians within the fort, furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found ; and he could plainly witness the last struggles of some of his particular acquaintances.

He had, in the room where he was, a fowling-piece loaded with swan-shot. This he immediately seized, and held it for a few minutes, expecting to hear the fort-drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval, he saw several of his countrymen fall ; and more than one struggling between the knees of the savages, who, holding them in this manner, scalped them while yet alive. At length, disappointed in the hope of seeing any resistance made on the part of the garrison, and sensible, of course, that no effort of his single arm could avail against 400 Indians, he turned his at-

tention to his own safety. Seeing several of the Canadian villagers looking out composedly upon the scene of blood—neither opposing the Indians nor molested by them—he conceived a hope of finding security in one of their houses.

He immediately climbed over a low fence, which was the only separation between the yard-door of his house, and that of his next neighbor, Monsieur Langlade. He entered the house of the latter precipitately, and found the whole family gazing at the horrible spectacle before them. He addressed himself to M. Langlade, and begged that he would put him in some place of safety, until the heat of the affair should be over—an act of charity which might preserve him from the general massacre. Langlade looked for a moment at him while he spoke, and then turned again to the window, shrugging his shoulders, and intimating that he could do nothing for him—‘*Que voudriez-vous que Penferais ?*’

Henry was now ready to despair; but at this moment, a Pani woman,* a slave of M. Langlade, beckoned to him to follow her. She guided him to a door, which she opened, desiring him to enter, and telling him that it led to the garret, where he

*Said to belong to an Indian nation of the South—no doubt the same now generally called Pawnees.

must go and conceal himself. He joyfully obeyed her directions ; and she, having followed him up to the garret-door, locked it after him, and with great presence of mind took away the key. Scarcely yet lodged in this shelter, such as it was, Henry felt an eager anxiety to know what was passing without. His desire was more than satisfied by his finding an aperture in the loose board walls of the house, which afforded him a full view of the area of the fort. Here he beheld with horror—in shapes the foulest and most terrible—the ferocious triumphs of the savages. The dead were scalped and mangled ; the dying were writhing and shrieking under the unsatiated knife and the reeking tomahawk ; and from the bodies of some, ripped open, their butchers were drinking the blood scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts of rage and victory. In a few minutes, which to Henry seemed scarcely one, every victim who could be found being destroyed, there was a general cry of, ‘ all is finished ’—and at this moment Henry heard some of the savages enter Langlade’s house. He trembled and grew faint with fear.

As the flooring of his room and the ceiling of the room beneath consisted only of a layer of boards, he noticed every thing that passed ; and he heard

the Indians inquire, at their entrance, whether there was any Englishman about. M. Langlade replied that 'He could not say—he did not know of any'—as in fact he did not—'they could search for themselves (he added) and would soon be satisfied.' The state of Henry's mind may be imagined, when, immediately upon this reply, the Indians were brought to the garret door. Luckily some delay was occasioned—through the management of the Pani woman—perhaps by the absence of the key. Henry had sufficient presence of mind to improve these few moments in looking for a hiding place. This he found in the corner of the garret, among a heap of such birch bark vessels as are used in maple-sugar making; and he had not completely concealed himself, when the door opened, and four Indians entered, all armed with tomahawks, and all besmeared with blood from head to foot.

The die appeared to be cast. Henry could scarcely breathe; and he thought that the throbbing of his heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray him. The Indians walked about the garret in every direction; and one of them approached him so closely that, at a particular moment, had he put forth his hand, he must have touched him. Favored, however, by the dark color of his clothes, and the want of light in a room

which had no window, he still remained unseen. The Indians took several turns about the room—entertaining M. Langlade all the while with a minute account of the proceedings of the day—and at last returned down stairs. It need not be said that the sensations of Henry, when he heard the door once more locked, almost overwhelmed him. He threw himself, exhausted and faint, upon a feather-bed which lay on the floor, fell asleep, and remained in this state until the dusk of evening, when a second opening of the door awakened him. Langlade's wife now entered. She was surprised at finding Henry, but advised him to be of good cheer; the Indians had killed most of the English, she said, but he might escape. A shower of rain had begun to fall, and she had come to stop a hole in the roof. This being soon done, she retired; and the wretched but yet fortunate prisoner, after ruminating on his condition and prospects as long as extreme weariness allowed him, once more fell asleep.

A remark may be made here, in explanation of the incidents of the day. It must be inferred from the description already given, that the game of baggatiway is attended with much violence and noise. It has also been suggested that, in the ardor of contest, the ball, if it cannot be thrown to

the goal desired, is struck in any direction by which it can be directed from that designed by the adversary. At such a moment, therefore, nothing could be less likely to excite premature alarm, than that the ball should be tossed over the pickets of the fort. Then, it would naturally be followed by those engaged in the game on either side, all eager, all struggling, all shouting, in the unrestrained animated pursuit of a rude athletic exercise. This was, in fact, the very stratagem employed by the Indians. By this they had obtained possession of the fort; by this they had been enabled to subdue and slaughter its garrison and the English residents; and to be still more sure of success, they had prevailed upon as many as they could, by a pretext the least liable to suspicion, to come voluntarily without the pickets. Among these were the Commandant, and all, or nearly all, of the garrison.

Henry was roused, at sunrise, by the noise of the family of Langlade; and he soon after heard Indian voices, informing that gentleman that, not having found Henry elsewhere, they supposed him to be concealed in *his* house. Langlade's wife now declared to her husband in French—and he also seemed to be aware of the state of the case—that he should no longer keep Henry in his

house. He *must* deliver him up, she said; and it was reason enough for this measure, that should the Indians suspect any connivance on his part, they would revenge it upon her children. Langlade soon suffered this reasoning to prevail with him, informing the Indians that he had been told Henry was in the house, that he had come there secretly, without license, and that he would put him into their hands. He now ascended the stairs—the Indians following close after him, all intoxicated, and nearly naked—and, upon the opening of the door, Henry desperately presented himself before them. One of them proved to be Wenniway, formerly an acquaintance of Henry. He had his entire face and body covered with charcoal and grease, excepting that a white streak encircled each eye. This man—immensely stout and more than 6 feet high—walked up to the Englishman, seized him by the collar of the coat with one hand, and brandished a large carving-knife over him with the other. His eyes, meanwhile, were fixed steadfastly upon those of his shuddering victim. At length, after some seconds of apparent consultation with himself, he dropped his arm. ‘I wont kill you’—he soon exclaimed—‘I have taken many scalps—I am satisfied with them. But I have lost a brother—and you shall

live with me in his stead.' And thus the affair ended for a time.

Evening coming on, and the Indians being all revelling, not far from Langlade's house, in a furious drunken frolic, Henry still kept concealed in his garret. But he had been left alone scarcely an hour, when an Indian came in below, who said that he must go with *him* to the fort, Wenniway having sent for him. This man was not unknown to Henry. He had sold him goods on credit, the year previous, for which he was still indebted; and a short time previous to the massacre, he had said, on Henry's upbraiding him with a want of honesty, that he 'had made up his mind to pay him, and how to pay him, before long!'

Henry looked upon him, therefore, with suspicion and fear; but he could not avoid obeying him. He was directed, in the first place, to undress himself. The savage declared that his coat and shirt would become *him* better than they did the owner, and he would generously give him his own clothes in exchange. This arrangement being effected—probably with the view of saving something, by killing Henry in much the worst of the two suits—the latter was ordered to proceed. His driver followed him closely, until he passed the fort-gate, when he turned towards the spot where

he knew the Indians, and his own master among them, to be encamped.

But this did not suit the purpose of his enemy, who now seized him by the arm, and drew him in the opposite direction, to the distance of fifty yards above the fort. Here, finding he was fast approaching the bushes, Henry determined to go no farther. He told the Indian that he believed he meant to murder him, and in that case he might as well do it here as elsewhere. The Indian coolly replied, that his suspicions were just, and that he proposed to settle with him, in this summary manner, for his goods. Upon this, he produced a knife, and held his prisoner in the position to receive a blow—all which was the work of an instant. By some effort equally sudden, the latter succeeded in arresting his arm, gave him a violent push, broke away from him, and ran for the fort with all the speed of which he was capable, the pursuer close behind him, and the pursued expecting to feel the lifted knife in his back at each step.

He succeeded in his flight ; and seeing Wenniway in the middle of the area, as he entered the fort, he hastened to him for protection. Wenniway desired the Indian to desist ; but the latter ran round him repeatedly, after Henry, making

strokes at him with his knife, and foaming with rage at the failure of his purpose. This continued until the latter had approached Langlade's house, where, the door being opened, he rushed in, and the Indian gave over the pursuit. Here, in the course of the evening, he had the pleasure of meeting about twenty of the garrison, including Major Ethrington, the fortunate few who had escaped death, and were now captive like himself. These were suffered to pass the night together in the garret, in mutual consultation and condolence. In the forenoon of the next day, Henry and three other whites, embarked, with an Indian party, in a canoe, bound for the Isles du Castor, in Lake Michigan.

One of the prisoners was made fast to a bar of the canoe, by a rope tied round his neck (an Indian way of transporting prisoners): and the rest were left unconfined for the purpose of paddling. The Indians in the canoe were seven in number. A thick fog coming on, they were obliged to hug the shore close under their lee, and not far from the Ottawa village of L'Abre Croche. They soon reached Wagoshense, a long woody point which the Ottawas made a carrying-place to avoid going round it. Here the Indians raised four war-whoops—one for every prisoner in the canoe—as

they had done every half-hour during the morning, and as they generally do on similar occasions. In this case the custom brought them into difficulties. An Ottawa appeared upon the beach, and made signs that they should land. They did so ; and the Ottawa then asked the news, and kept the Chippeways in further conversation, until they had come into shallow water, within a few yards of land. At this moment a hundred men rushed down upon them, from among the bushes, with a terrifying shout, and dragged all the prisoners from the canoes.

The latter now gave up all for lost ; but no sooner were they fairly on shore, than the chief of the Ottawa party advanced, shook hands with each of them, and told them they were friends ; and that the Ottawas had insulted *them*, by making war upon the English without apprizing them. The lives of the prisoners were now safe, they added, though the Chippeways would have soon ‘ made broth of them ’ at the Isles du Castor, where they were going. On the afternoon of this very day, the prisoners embarked again in the canoes of the Ottawas, who relanded them at Michilimackinac, and marched them triumphantly into the fort, in view of the astounded Chippeways still assembled there. The Ottawas kept possession of the

fort, and lodged and strictly guarded the prisoners—only released from one set of masters to follow another—in the house of the Commandant.

Early the next morning, a general council was called. In this, the Chippeways complained of the recent robbery of the Ottawas. They alledged that all the Indians, with this single exception, were at war with the English; that Pontiac had taken Detroit; that the king of France had awakened, and retaken Quebec; that the English were meeting with defeats and losses in every part of the world (all which had been told them, no doubt, by the Canadians). The conclusion was, that the Ottawas ought to restore the prisoners, and join in the war; and this was enforced by large presents, part of the plunder of the fort, and which was previously heaped up in the middle of the room. As the Indians rarely make their answers until the day after they have heard the arguments offered, they would not deviate from the custom in this case. The council was therefore adjourned—the prisoners remaining ignorant, meanwhile of all their proceedings.

It was resumed early the next morning; and, after several speeches, the prisoners were now sent for, and returned to the Chippeways. The latter immediately marched them to a village of their

own, situated on a point of land below the fort. There they put them into a large long lodge, already the prison of fourteen soldiers, tied two and two, with each a rope about his neck, made fast to the main pillar—or rather the main pole—of the building. Here they lay, hungry and almost naked, till about noon—Wenniway (the Indian master of Henry) and the great Chippeway war-chief being seated at one end of the lodge, smoking, and watching them. At this moment, suddenly entered Wawatam, the friend and self-styled brother of Henry. He gave the latter his hand, as he passed by, but went immediately towards Wenniway and the chief, and sat down beside them. The most uninterrupted silence prevailed, while the three now smoked their pipes for some minutes. This done, Wawatam arose and left the lodge, significantly saying to Henry as he repassed him, in a low voice—‘Take courage!’

An hour elapsed, during which several chiefs entered, and preparations appeared to be making for a council. At length, Wawatam came in again, followed by his wife, and both loaded with merchandize, which they carried up to the chiefs, and laid in a heap before them. A brief silence then followed, at the end of which Wawatam rose and pronounced the following extraordinary speech.

‘Friends and Relations!’—he began—‘what shall I say? You know what I feel. You have all brothers—children—friends—whom you love; and you—what should you feel, did you like me behold your dearest friend, your brother, a slave—insulted—threatened—exposed to death? This case is mine. See there—(pointing to Henry) my friend and brother among slaves—himself a slave!’

‘You all know well, that I made him my brother long before the war began. From that time he was one of my lodge—nothing could break the cord which fastened us together—and as he is my relation he is yours—and how, being your relation, can he be your slave?’

‘On the day when the war began, you feared lest I should tell your secret for his sake. You requested, therefore, that I would leave the fort, and even cross the lake. I did so, though with a heavy heart. My heart was heavy, notwithstanding that Menchwehna, who commanded the enterprise, promised that my friend should be protected, and kept safe for me.

‘I now claim the performance of this promise. And my hands are not empty—you, Menchwehna, best know, whether *you* have kept *your* word—but I bring these goods to buy off every claim

which every man among you has upon my brother as his prisoner.'

Wawatam having ceased speaking, the pipes were again filled ; and these being finished, after a considerable period of perfect silence, Menehwehna arose and gave his reply :

' My Relation ! my Brother '—said he—' you have spoken the truth. We knew of the chain which fastened you to the Englishman—we knew the danger of having our secret told—and you say truly that we requested you to leave the fort. We did this from regard to you and your family, for had our design been disclosed, you and they would have been blamed, whether guilty or not, and you would have suffered in consequence.

' It is also true, that I promised to take care of your friend. This promise I performed, by desiring my son, at the moment of assault, to seek him out, and bring him to my lodge. He went, but could not find him. The next day, I sent him to Langlade's, and *they* told him your friend was safe. Even then he would have taken him home with him, as I ordered, but the Indians were all drinking the rum which they found in the fort. I am very glad to find that your friend has escaped—we take your present—you may take *him*.'

Wawatam thanked the assembled chiefs, and tak-

ing Henry by the hand, led him to his lodge, distant a few yards only from the prison-lodge. The prisoner's entrance seemed to give joy to the whole family ; food was immediately prepared for him ; and he now, almost cheerfully, ate the first hearty meal which he had made since his capture.

His companions were less fortunate than himself. Early the next morning, he was alarmed by a noise in the prison-lodge ; and looking through the chinks of the lodge in which he was, he saw seven dead bodies of white men dragged forth from the former. On inquiring, it appeared that a certain Chippeway chief, called by the Canadians *Le Grand Sable*, had not long before arrived from his winter's hunt. This man had been absent when the war began ; but being now desirous of manifesting his cordial concurrence in what they had done, he had gone into the prison-lodge, and there despatched the seven miserable captives whose bodies Henry had seen.

In the evening of the same day, a large canoe, like those which came from Montreal, was seen advancing towards the fort. It was full of men, several of whom Henry could soon distinguish as passengers. The Indian cry was raised in the village ; a speedy muster was ordered ; and the Indians, to the number of 200, marched up to the

fort, where the canoe was expected to land. It proved to be full of English traders, with their goods, who knowing and suspecting no change of circumstances at Michilimackinac, had come boldly on shore, in pursuit of their usual business. They were seized, dragged through the water, beat, reviled, marched to the prison-lodge, and there stripped of their clothes, and confined.

These, and the other Englishmen now captive among the Chippeways, were ransomed and released at the conclusion of peace (1763) which was near at hand. As for Henry, he remained several years among the Indians—partly from necessity and partly from choice—constantly accompanied and befriended by Wawatam. Indeed, without *his* protection he could hardly have been safe for a day. The Chippeways, doubtful of the disposition of other Indian tribes as well as the Ottawas, were in constant fear; and not many days elapsed before they removed hastily to the island of Michilimackinac, where a guard was kept constantly on the watch for weeks. In case of an attack, the first thought would have been for the Chippeways to put all the prisoners to death.

On one occasion, an alarm was spread among the Indian lodges, by the appearance, off the island, of two large Montreal canoes. The Chippeways hastily crowded to the beach; manned a

large number of canoes ; pushed swiftly towards the ' enemy,' under cover of a long point of land ; and just as the latter turned this, rushed out, surrounded and seized them. The goods on board, though English, were *consigned* to a Canadian at Michilimackinac, and might have been saved from this circumstance ; but the boatmen were terrified, and disguised nothing.

Among other articles thus obtained by the Chipeways, was a large quantity of rum ; in consequence of which, early in the evening, the whole village resounded with the clamor of a drunken frolic. As the Indians are very violent in these cases, Wawatam was alarmed for the safety of his ' brother,' and insisted on his concealing himself in the woods. Henry followed his directions, and took refuge in a cave in a large rock, the entrance of which was ten feet wide, where he made himself a bed of green boughs, wrapped himself in his blanket, and slept till day-break. On awaking, he found himself incommoded by some object upon which he lay. This proved to be a bone—as Henry supposed, of a deer or some other wild animal—but what was his horror at discovering, by the return of daylight, that he had lain upon a heap of human bones and skulls which covered the whole floor of the cave ! It was a receptacle, probably, of bones of the sacrifices of ancient war-feasts.

We shall close this narrative with saying that, from this time, so long as Henry remained among the Indians, he assumed their dress, and as much as possible their manners. He did this at the friendly suggestion of Menehwehna, and in consequence of the danger to be apprehended from the savages constantly arriving from Detroit, who had lost relations in the war, and would be sure to retaliate on the first Englishman they met with. The process of transformation began with cutting his hair off, and shaving his head—with the exception of a spot on the crown, of about twice the diameter of a crown-piece. His face was then painted with several different colors, including black and red ; a shirt provided for him, painted with vermillion, mixed with grease ; and two large collars of wampum put round his neck and breast. Both his arms were decorated with large bands of blue silver above the elbow, besides several smaller ones on the wrist ; and his legs were covered with *mitasses*, a kind of hose, made of cloth of the favorite scarlet color. Over all a scarlet blanket was to be worn ; and above all, a bunch of feathers upon the head. Henry had scruples at parting with his long English hair ; but the ladies of the lodge and of the village generally, thought his person so much improved that they condescended to call him handsome, even among Indians.

CHAPTER VI.

TRAITS OF THE TUSKARORAS.

THE Tuskaroras lived originally upon the waters of the Neuse, Contentny and Tau rivers, in North Carolina ; and were long the only native nation with whom the first settlers of that province had much intercourse, or from whom they had anything to fear. In the year 1708, (about fifty years after the arrival of an English colony on the coast,) they had fifteen towns, and could muster as many as 1200 ‘fencible’ or fighting men. How considerable this force was, especially as compared with that of other tribes, may be readily learned from the following table. It shows the strength of all the North-Carolinian Indians at the date first named. Next to the Tuskarora nation was the

Waccon (in two towns)	-	120 warriors.
Meherring	- - -	50
Mattamuskeet	- - -	30
Bear River	- - -	50
Hatteras	- - -	16
Neuse (in two towns)	-	15
Panticough	- - -	15

Chowan	-	-	-	15
Paspatank	-	-	-	10
Cunnituck	-	-	-	30
Nottoway	-	-	-	30
Connamox (in two towns)	-			25
Jaupim	-	-	-	2

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The Tuskaroras, then, constituted three fourths of the Indian power of the Province ; and to be upon peaceable and friendly terms with them was a matter of some consequence to the colonists. And they were so for fifty years from the first settlement—a singular fact in the history of the early English intercourse with the natives. One reason of it is found in the smallness of these various tribes, each living separately upon its own ancient island or river-bank, and each plentifully supplied with an easy sustenance from the water. Hence they were less injured, and less irritated by the gradual advance of the English people upon their hunting-grounds, and by the consequent diminution of the venison, bears' flesh, and other wild game.

But a stronger reason was in the honest and harmless character of those who happened to be the first settlers. They purchased the soil of the

Indians, and paid the stipulated price in all cases, the latter being generally content to reserve for themselves, as they did, from time to time, squares of three or four miles, including their little towns.

The trespasses of individual white men upon these reservations were the first causes of contention. The introduction of strong drink among the tribes occasioned more : and this evil had gone so far, as early as 1703, that Governor Daniel stipulated with the Indian Chiefs, in solemn treaty, 'that no rum should be sold to a native by any trader'—a measure afterwards complained of by the Indian young men, who claimed the privilege of destroying themselves in their own way, at their own time.

The Tuskaroras, at this period, living at a great distance from the English settlements on the coast, had suffered much less from this source than the other tribes of the Province. But they began to have their own occasions of jealousy and alarm. They had been deceived by fraudulent white traders. They saw, not without a natural feeling of apprehension, if not of anger, the slow but sure advances of the English even upon the reservations, one after another, of the reduced and feeble tribes. The particular provocation, however, which

gave rise to the terrible war we are about to relate, was as follows.

In December, 1709, a large colony of Germans, proposing to settle in Carolina, arrived at the confluence of the rivers Neuse and Trent, and erected temporary shelters on a spot then named and still called New-Bern. It appears that Christopher Gaffrenried, the leading man among them was a native of Bern, in Switzerland, and that he, in behalf of the Germans, had engaged with the proprietors of Carolina, in London, for a tract of 10,000 acres of land. This land was to be between the Neuse and Cape Fear rivers; and measures were of course to be taken for the survey of it.

With this view, in October, 1711, Gaffrenried and Mr Lawson, the proprietors' surveyor-general, determined to ascend the river Neuse in a boat, for the purpose of exploring the upper country, which they probably supposed to be untenanted by the Indians. But hardly had they arrived the first evening, at Comtra, a distance of twelve miles from the English town of Coram, with the intention of tarrying all night, when they met with two of the Tuskaroras; and these were presently after joined by a large number of the tribe, who were all armed.

By this time, Lawson and Gaffrenried had gone ashore, leaving their boat at the water's edge. Alarmed, however, by the appearance of the Indians, they very soon turned about, and returned hastily towards the landing-place. There, at the moment they were stepping on board the boat, to resume their voyage, the Indians crowded around them in such numbers, that it was impossible either to keep them off or to extricate themselves from the press. The arms and provisions of the two travellers were immediately taken by the Indians, who were by this time sixty in number. The latter then started off for the interior, taking the whites with them as prisoners, and travelled nearly the whole night till they came to an Indian village, situated at a considerable distance from the river. Here they were delivered up to the king, or chief sachem of the place, whose first proceeding was to summon a council of the tribe.

At this council, which took place immediately, the question was proposed and discussed whether or not the two prisoners should be bound. This was decided in the negative, after the delivery of several animated speeches; and the chief reason of the decision seemed to be, that the prisoners had not yet been permitted to make their defence.

Thus matters rested till the following morning, when the latter, impatient of confinement, desired of the Indians to be informed what was to be done with them. They were civilly told, in reply, that in the evening of that day, the sachem intended to provide an entertainment, to which the inferior sachems of the tribe would be invited ; and that *then* the examination of the prisoners and the decision of their case would be the next thing in order.

In the evening, accordingly, more than forty sachems collected from various quarters, besides a multitude of the lower class, who acted as mere spectators. The prisoners were sent for by the forty, and examined with great strictness as to their intention in ascending the river. Gaffrenried told them, that a chief object was to find out a shorter and better road from the Carolinian to the Virginian settlements, than the rough and difficult one then used ; and this improvement, they said, if effected, would essentially facilitate the trade and travel of the Indians themselves.

The latter rejoined to this plausible statement, by complaining very much of the recent conduct of the colonists. They particularly named Mr Lawson, and charged him with having dealt too severely with some of them, and with having surveyed and sold part of their lands. They added

also, that a Mr Price had done some of the same things, and that a Mr Hancock had taken a gun forcibly from one of them—probably laying the blame of all these private injuries upon the whites generally. The conclusion of the council was, however, that the prisoners should be discharged, and suffered to return home the next day.

But in the morning, the latter were again examined, and returned the same answer as before. Most unluckily, at this conference one Cor Thomas was present, an Indian who had committed certain small offences for which Mr Lawson was imprudent enough to take occasion to reprimand him, as no doubt he deserved. This gave an unfavorable turn to the discussion. Cor was exceedingly wroth, and at the breaking up of the council he took measures to gratify his revenge. The greater part of the Indians had now gone off, and the two whites remained nearly alone, talking upon indifferent subjects. One of the Indians, however, was listening, or pretended to be listening to them; and, perhaps at the instigation of Cor, he reported that he heard the whites talking very disrespectfully of the tribe. As this individual understood a little English, and probably his motive was not suspected, all the Indians who remained were greatly incensed by his report. Three or

four of them soon fell upon the prisoners in a furious manner, took them by the arms, and compelled them to sit upon the ground in front of the company then present.

Their wigs were next taken from their heads, and thrown into a fire, and themselves soon after condemned to death. Mr Lawson was to have his throat cut with his own razor, which they found upon him ; and Gaffenried, who was less obnoxious to them, was to be dispatched in some other way. Nor was the execution of either to take place immediately. During the next day they were only brought out from their confinement, stripped of their outer garments, tied, and again forced to sit upon the ground. A large fire was kindled before them ; and a party of the Indians now began to act the part of conjurers, performing a great variety of strange ceremonies, while others made a ring about the prisoners, and strewed it with flowers. All this time, a poor negro belonging to Mr Lawson, and whom we have not had occasion to mention until now, lay bound and groaning behind his master. In this place, and in this miserable plight, the three prisoners remained all day and the subsequent evening.

The next day was the time appointed for the execution ; and early in the forenoon a large mul-

titude were collected to witness it. An armed party, stationed in the rear of the prisoners, acted the part of a guard : and in front and around, sat the sachems in two rows. Farther off was a mass of the common people, amounting to more than three hundred in number, and all violently engaged in jumping, dancing, and (as Gaffrenried afterwards stated) ‘cutting a great variety of infernal and obscene capers which need not be particularly enlarged upon.’ Two drummers constituted the whole music of the occasion. There were also present two individuals of wild and terrible aspect, who apparently had been appointed to play the part of executioners.

A new and last deliberation now took place among the sachems for the purpose of ending this dismal tragedy; the trembling prisoners, meanwhile turning their attention, reluctantly, to the contemplation of their last moments. At length, Gaffrenried bethought himself of a resource still left him in artifice. He turned about to the grave and solemn council of chiefs, now deciding his fate, and asked them, though no mercy should be shown to the innocent, with what propriety they could put to death a grand sachem, such as he himself was among the German colonists. The Indians were staggered by this weighty question ;

the debate took a new turn in favor of Gaffrenried ; and the result was the sparing of his life. Poor Lawson, however, was soon after executed in the manner before agreed upon, and the negro suffered the same fate.

Gaffrenried, meanwhile, mercifully spared the necessity of beholding this painful scene, was conducted to the house of the Indian who had chiefly interested and exerted himself in his favor. Soon after, he was called upon to negotiate a treaty of peace with the tribe, and this was done before leaving them. The nominal parties to it were the Tuskaroras on one hand, and the German, and a few neighboring English settlers on the other. The articles were as follows :

1. To show friendship towards each other.
2. In case of a war between the English and the Indians, the Germans to remain neutral.
3. No land to be surveyed by Gaffrenried without the consent of the Indians.
4. A cessation of arms between the English and the Indians for the term of fourteen days.
5. Assurance of full freedom for the Indians to hunt in the open country.
6. A commercial treaty, or tariff of trade, to be made, which should prevent future frauds upon the Indians.

These and other affairs being satisfactorily settled, Gaffrenried was released, after a detention of a month. His Indian friends conducted him some distance on his way home, and then left him at liberty to finish his journey by himself.

CHAPTER VII.

TUSKARORA WAR.

THERE is no reason to believe that the Indians, of whom we have spoken in the last chapter, contemplated a general war before Lawson fell into their hands. But, having killed a public officer and a respectable man, they now found, or at least thought it necessary to proceed. A retreat was hardly practicable,

‘ ——— They were in blood,
Stept in so far.’

A grand conspiracy was therefore formed, for murdering, in one day, all the English settlers in the Province, to the southward of Albemarle Sound ; and Gaffenried, whose history has been anticipated by a week or two, was detained among them, until this bloody work should be finished. The time appointed for it was the 22d of September, 1711. On that fatal morning, long afterwards observed by the Colonists as a day of fasting and prayer, the Indians divided their force into numerous parties of six or seven, and rushed in upon the Albemarle Settlement at all points. One hundred and thirty of the whites, men, women and chil-

dren—whole families together—were massacred within a few hours.

The surprise of these wretched victims was the more complete, and their escape the less possible, that the Indians, in many cases at least, visited them in the morning as friends, without fire-arms, while their tomahawks were concealed under their blankets. Their success, however, was not universal. It was not possible to strike every family, throughout the scattered settlements, at the same hour : and many of the settlers being in the woods, the alarm soon became general ; and people fortified and defended themselves, as well as they could, in their own houses. With these exceptions—and that of the Germans, whose treaty with them the Tuskaroras faithfully observed—the whole province was overrun and ravaged. Nor was it in any condition to resist this terrible attack. The population was thin and scanty ; and the entire Province, at this date, could not muster a force of two thousand fighting-men, had they been left quietly to their own resources.

In this state of things, application was immediately made to the South Carolinians for assistance ; and the Legislature of that Province granted an aid of four thousand pounds. What was of more consequence, they detached Colonel Barnwell to the Northern Province, with a small body of

whites, and a considerable Indian force, consisting of Cherokees, Creeks and Catawbas. This strong party, making no delay, soon came up with flying bodies of the enemy, and in various skirmishes killed fifty of the Bear-river, Mattamuskeet and other Indians—all engaged with the Tuskaroras in the war—and took two hundred women and children prisoners.

Thirty of the Tuskaroras were also killed. But the main body of these Indians, about six hundred in number, had inclosed themselves in a fort, not far distant from the banks of the Neuse river. Against this fort, Colonel Barnwell, being provided with two field-pieces, undertook to make regular approaches which should end in a certain capture. His engineer, accordingly, run a parallel within thirty-three feet of the palisades of the Indians; and faggots were prepared, with which the intermediate space was to be filled and inflamed. The Indians who had been principals in the massacre, are said to have composed the larger part of the besieged on this occasion: but however that might be, and whatever might be the motives of Barnwell, he suspended his hostile operations, at their request, to make peace with them; and they were suffered to escape. Some misunderstanding is supposed to have existed between him and Governor Hyde, of North Carolina,

which prompted to a course that *might* throw the odium of the Indian war upon *him*.

At all events, in a few days after the departure of Barnwell, the Indians renewed their hostilities upon every side. The settlers on Neuse and Pamlico rivers were completely ruined—their houses and furniture burned—their whole stock of cattle, horses, and hogs killed or carried off by the Indians—while their families, meanwhile, were pent up within the walls of a few small, unsupplied, uncomfortable forts. The whole military force of the Province in this section amounted only to one hundred and forty men ; and the provisions necessary for the subsistence of even these, could be obtained nowhere else but from the Albemarle Settlement.

In this miserable state of things, a second application was made to South Carolina, and another to Virginia, for assistance. Meanwhile, during the winter of 1712—13, the defence of the Albemarle Colonists rested upon the small force just named, assisted by about twenty Yamassee Indians. These were active and brave men ; but it was impossible for them to guard the settlement at all points ; and the Mattamuskeet Indians, before spring, killed or made captive forty-three of the inhabitants of Roanoke Island alone.

At this time, and not before, actual and effectual assistance came in from the southern province, Virginia had voted one hundred and eighty pounds for purchasing duffils to be used in clothing the North-Carolina troops, and one thousand pounds for paying their wages, if necessary; but these troops were never raised. Colonel Moore had arrived from South Carolina as early as December, with a force of forty whites and eight hundred Ashley Indians. About the 20th of January these troops took up their march for Fall River, where they were detained till the 4th of February by a deep snow. From this time the campaign went on briskly.

The Tuskaroras, fearful of meeting the Ashley Indians united with the English, either in the open field or in the usual methods of Indian warfare, betook themselves to what they considered an impregnable strong-hold. They chose their position upon a plain, on the side of a creek, about a mile from Cotechney, and fifty miles from the mouth of that river. In order to secure themselves against artillery, they sunk square pits in the ground, about six feet deep. These pits were covered with poles, and separated from each other by a natural wall of earth. The whole was surrounded with palisades. There was also a proper supply of corn in the fort.

In a word, everything but the thing most necessary of all, was provided. There was no water within the palisades; nor could any be obtained but by keeping up a communication—which the Indians depended on—with the neighboring brook.

This improvidence, or rather ignorance of what was requisite to sustaining a regular siege, proved fatal to many of the Indians; for Colonel Moore stationed a party of his sharp-shooters on the outer side of the brook, in such a manner as to rake the trench of communication whenever an Indian appeared in it. In the direction, too, of the only passage by which an escape could be attempted with any prospect of success, the Colonel built a redoubt. Thus strongly established around the fort,—the Indians being too well supplied with fire arms to admit of a close attack,—Moore broke ground at a respectable distance from the enemy, and advanced by regular approaches until he entered their works, and compelled an unconditional submission.

Eight hundred Tuskaroras were taken prisoners. These, the Ashley Indians claimed as the reward of their services; and six hundred of the conquerors immediately returned to South Carolina, with the prisoners, to sell them for slaves. Of the whites, twenty-two were killed during the siege, and twen-

ty-nine wounded ; of their Indian allies, thirty-six killed and fifty wounded. On the surrender of this fort, which took place March 13th, (1713), another which had been fortified in the vicinity by some of the Indians was immediately deserted ; and soon after, the Tuskaroras, defeated and dispirited, sued earnestly for peace.

Peace was accordingly granted them on the following humiliating terms.

1. The Tusks, (as these Indians were often called) shall give up twenty Indians present, (to be pointed out by the English,) who were the chief contrivers of the massacre, and who took Lawson and Graffenried.

2. They shall restore all their prisoners ; and also the houses, cattle, arms and goods they have taken from the settlers.

3. They shall pursue the Cotechny and Matamuskeet Indians as enemies.

4. They shall deliver two hostages for each of their towns (fifteen in number). These conditions were complied with. During the ensuing summer, King Blount alone,* as the chief Tusk sachem was called, brought in thirty scalps of the hostile Indians. But the larger part of his nation, unable to contend

* His residence was on the east side of Tau River, about 20 miles above Washington, N. C.

and unwilling to submit, removed to the northward, joined the famous five tribes of New-York, and among them became, as the remnant of them still is, the sixth nation. Such was the result of the first and last war of the Tuskaroras.

CHAPTER VIII.

ADVENTURES OF LONG.

Mr. Long, who was an Englishman by birth, first visited this continent in the year 1766. Being then at an early age, he engaged himself as a clerk to a Montreal merchant, with the view of learning the details of the Indian trade, which furnished the chief support of that flourishing town. In this employment he continued seven years, cultivating every opportunity of becoming familiar both with the French and Indian languages. At the end of that time, in 1778, the war of the Revolution broke out ; and Long, being naturally of a roving disposition, which was increased by frequent association with the savages of Canada, took part in the contest with the colonies as the volunteer leader of an Indian party. He was engaged in the capture of Ethan Allen, and in the defeat of the Americans at Isle Aux Noix ; rendered essential services in the prosecution of scouting enterprises on the frontiers ; then acted for some time as a midshipman in the British navy ; and afterwards located himself, as an interpreter, at a village of Canadian Indians, where he sedulously studied their manners, customs and

languages. In the spring of 1777, he undertook a voyage to the North and North-West, in the service of a Montreal trading company; and from this period he continued ten years in the same general business, though variously occupied at various times, and in different parts of the country.

He left Montreal, May 4th, with two large birch canoes, called by the French *maitre-canots*, each of which carried ten Canadians, the number of portages on the proposed route requiring so many hands to transport the goods across the landings. These boats were customarily about eight fathoms long, and one and a half wide, covered with the bark of the birch tree, and sewed very compactly with fibrous roots; and of this size they carried four tons weight each. Their loadings were put on board, as was usual in such cases, at La Chine, nine miles above Montreal: the dry merchandise generally in bales of about eighty pounds weight; the rum, powder and shot, in small kegs. The voyage was by the way of the Uttawa river, to lake Nipissingue, from which the St Lawrence has its rise; thence up the French River through Lake Huron, to Michilimackinac, where they arrived on the 17th of June. In the course of this passage there were thirty-six portages, the whole distance being about nine hundred miles. Great skill and care are ne-

cessary, in these cases, to steer the canoe up the strong rapids, where, if the water is shallow, it must be forced forward with long setting-poles, the men wading knee deep, and pulling against the current with ropes. It must also be carefully kept upright, to avoid taking in water, and to prevent its slightly framed sides from being rubbed through against the stones. Whenever injuries of this kind take place, the hole is stopped with gum, (melted with a piece of charcoal,) which immediately becomes water-proof; or with the inner bark of the birch tree, made into mortar, and covered with linen. The dreariness of this celebrated trading-route, especially at the date of our narrative, may be conjectured from the circumstance that none but savage inhabitants were to be met with. The country abounded everywhere with wild animals, the principal of which were the wolf, the moose and other deer, the bear, beaver, otter, fox, martin, and racoon—the six last mentioned being much hunted for their furs.

From Michilimackinac, where he stayed only to exchange his large canoes for small ones, and to take in the usual supply of Indian corn and hard suet, Long continued his voyage to lake Superior. At the entrance of this great body of water, the party observed a high rock, nearly in the

shape of a man. The Chippeway Indians call it the MASTER OF LIFE, and are to this day in the habit of tarrying here to make offerings of tobacco and other articles, which they throw into the water. The party arrived on the 4th of July, at Pays Plat on the north-east side of the lake, where they encamped, and unpacked their goods for the purpose of making the bales smaller ; having still, by the accurate Indian accounts, one hundred and eighty carrying-places to that part of the country where they intended to winter. At this place, they met with a company of savages, most of them Chippeways, under the command of a chief named Matchee Quewish. This functionary forthwith began driving a barter of dried meat, fish and skins with the new comers, for such gewgaws as they could give him in return. The trade ended so much to his satisfaction, that, finding Long to be a master of the Chippeway language, he called a council of his followers, and proposed the distinguished honor of adopting him as a brother. Long, who understood the policy of humoring the Indians, made no scruples at submitting to the ceremony, which was as follows.

A sumptuous feast was prepared of dog's flesh*

* It is remarkable that the Chippeways, as well as many other Indian tribes, make this free use of an animal, so highly valued, and so important to them as the dog. The same *preference* is shown frequently in the case of religious sacrifices.

boiled in bear's-grease, with huckle-berries, of which every man present, as in all similar cases, was expected to partake to the extent of the huge allowance invariably placed before him. This process being satisfactorily effected, the war-song was howled in the following words. 'Master of Life! view us well; we receive a brother warrior, who appears to have sense, shows strength in his arms, and does not refuse his body to the enemy.' The candidate was now seated upon a beaver-robe, a wampum belt thrown over his neck, and a war-pipe given him to smoke, which was also passed round to each of the warriors present. A sweating-house was then prepared, by fixing six long poles in the ground, covered with skins and blankets to exclude the air from an area within, large enough to contain three persons. These three were the candidate and two chiefs, between whom he was led innaked. Two large stones already made red-hot, were brought in, and thrown upon the ground; and water sprinkled upon them with cedar branches, until the steam arising from them produced a profuse perspiration upon the parties concerned. In the height of this excitement, Long was directed to quit the house and plunge into the cold water of the lake. A blanket being thrown over him, he was then conducted to the hut of Quewish,

to undergo the important operations which still remained to consummate the honors of adoption. He was extended on his back, in the first place. The chief then marked upon his person, the figure proposed to be indelibly imprinted, with a pointed stick dipped in a solution of gunpowder. After this, with ten needles dipped in vermilion, and fixed together in a small wooden frame, he picked the delineated outline, now and then drawing a rough stroke with a sharp gun-flint. The spaces left unmarked with the vermilion, were rubbed with gunpowder, thus producing the agreeable variety of red and blue ; and the wounds were finally seared with burning pink-wood to prevent them from festering.

This operation was performed at intervals, and lasted two or three days. War-songs were sung in the course of it by those Indians not otherwise engaged, accompanied by a rattle, hung round with hawk-bells ; the chief object of which seemed to be to stifle the groans of the suffering candidates. At the conclusion of the ceremony, they gave him the name of **THE BEAVER**, by which he was long afterwards distinguished.

As some equivalent for these extraordinary favors, Long presented the chiefs with a variety of scalping-knives, tomahawks, vermilion, tobacco,

beads, and last though not least a quantity of rum, without which the savages would hardly have permitted him to leave them. The wretchedness and crime occasioned generally among them by the use of this liquor, may be inferred from the fact, that during the three days and nights of their encampment in this place, they killed four of their own party. One of these was a famous chief, and was burnt to death by his own son. He was buried with considerable ceremony, and his grave furnished with the usual scalping-knife, tomahawk, beads, paint, some pieces of wood to make a fire, and a bark cup to drink out of, in the course of his long and lonely travels to the far-off 'Country of Souls.'

On the twenty-fifth of September, Long and his companions arrived at Dead Lake, a body of water about sixty miles in circumference, and bordered by low and swampy land. The fine opportunity which it afforded for fishing, and the fatigue his Canadians had already undergone, determined him to winter in the vicinity. A spot was accordingly chosen for this purpose upon the lake-side ; and a log-house erected, thirty feet long and twenty feet wide, divided into two apartments. The next measure was to conceal the canoes in the woods, and to hide the rum under ground,

(except a small quantity for immediate use,) Long being well aware, that surrounded as they were by Indians, their safety depended upon this arrangement. They then collected their winter firing, and hunted at leisure times to increase their stock of provisions.

They had been settled about three weeks, when a band of Chippeways arrived. Long mustered his Canadians, of whom there were only eight now with him, and prepared for giving them whatever reception might seem to be advisable. Luckily, matters went on to the satisfaction of both parties, and the savages were particularly pleased with this first visit which had ever been paid them by a English trading party. Their chief, Kesconeek, presented Henry with a quantity of skins, dried meat, fish and wild oats ; and the civility was promptly and amply returned. The rest of the savages then entered the house in the Indian or single file, which is so customary among them, singing war songs and dancing. All placed themselves upon the ground, excepting only the chief, who standing upright with great dignity in the centre of the tribe, delivered the following speech :

‘ It is true, Father ! I and my young men are glad to see you. The great Master of Life has sent a trader to take pity on us—therefore we

shall hunt for you—we will bring wherewithal to satisfy you, in furs, skins, and flesh.’

This laconic but comprehensive harangue was probably intended to induce Long to make further presents. He was accordingly so complaisant as to gratify them with the donation of two kegs of rum of eight gallons each, (as much diluted as usual among the Indian traders) a quantity of tobacco, fifty scalping-knives, and gun-flints, powder, shot and ball in proportion. These were to be common property. He also gave to each of the eight chiefs of the band, a ‘North-west gun,’* a calico shirt, a scalping-knife of the best kind, and an additional quantity of ammunition ; besides presents of various trinkets made to the women. The whole assortment was received, as might be expected, with what Mr Long himself calls, ‘a full Yo-hah, or demonstration of joy.’ A regular Indian frolic was the next thing which they thought of. The women, slaves to their husbands on all occasions, were ordered to make up a few bark huts ; and this being expeditiously effected, everything was in order, within an hour, for the coming reign of misrule. The rum was taken from Long’s house, and carried to their

* Not differing much, probably, from those of the usual construction, excepting in quality.

chief lodge ; and they commenced drinking. Of the frolic, it is sufficient to say that it lasted four days and as many nights incessantly ; and that, notwithstanding the precaution of the whites in securing their guns and knives, two boys were killed and six men wounded by three of the women. One of the chiefs also was killed ; and Long was called upon afterwards to furnish several articles necessary in the parade of his burial. On the fifth day they were all sober, and expressed some shame for their own conduct, and great sorrow for the loss of their friends. They went off, upon the 26th of October, howling the dead war-song,—‘ Master of Life, view me well ; you have given me courage to open my veins,’—as highly gratified by their reception as their hosts, who had scarcely slept during their stay, were by their departure.

Long now continued his preparations for the winter approaching, a main part of which consisted in catching fish. The ice on the lake was three feet thick, and the snow very deep besides ; Both these were cleared away, and nets were then used to advantage ; for in the course of two months the whole party caught eighteen hundred weight of fish. These, (which were probably of the kind called white-fish,) were hung up by the tails across

sticks to freeze, (as they are by the Indians of the present day,) and then laid up for store. But notwithstanding these exertions, their food became so scarce by the middle of winter, that the party were obliged to live upon spawns beat up with warm water ; and the weather was so intense at the same time, as to confine them within doors, lying almost continually upon their blankets, before a large fire. The first expedient in this emergency was to set marten-traps, in the woods a mile or two from the house ; and this succeeded so far that two racoons, three rabbits and four musquashes were caught. A favorite dog was then killed and eaten. Finally, it was proposed to send a dispatch for provisions, forthwith, to lake Manontoye, where it was known that a Mr Shaw, a brother trader was spending the winter, and where wild rice, as the Indians said, grew and was gathered in great abundance.

Long mounted his snow-shoes, and undertook this journey himself, guided by an Indian and his wife, who occasionally visited him, and were now induced to serve on the consideration of a liberal promise of rum. They subsisted, on the way, chiefly upon fish, caught by a line made of willow-bark cut into strips and twisted, the thigh bones of a rabbit answering the purpose of hooks. The

only adventure which enlivened the long and dull journey may be told, without impropriety, in few words. They arrived, about an hour before sunset of the fourth day, at a small creek. It was too deep to be forded, and the Indian therefore set himself to assist Long in making a raft to cross over, rather than swim the stream in such cold weather against a strong current. In the midst of this preparation, Long looked round for his companion's wife, whose absence he had just observed. She was not to be seen. Displeased by the idea of the delay likely to be thus occasioned, he asked the Indian where she was gone. 'Into the woods,' he answered promptly with a smile—'into the woods—I suppose, to set a collar for a partridge.' In about an hour, she came in, with a new-born infant in her arms, and approaching Long, said to him in the Chippeway tongue, 'Here, Englishman, is a young warrior.' The incident caused no farther remark.

On arriving within the vicinity of Mr Shaw's establishment, Long was informed by a straggling party of Indians, that disturbances had recently arisen among the savages of this neighborhood, and that large numbers of them were so hostile to Mr Shaw as to be at this time besieging him in his house, if he had not already fallen a sacrifice to their fury. This information occasioned Long

great uneasiness, especially as he knew the extreme danger of attempting the rescue of the poor trader under such circumstances. But relying strongly on his acquaintance with the Indian character, he resolved at all events to make an attempt. His guides were afraid to accompany him. Leaving them, therefore, at a considerable distance from Shaw's house, he himself advanced cautiously through the thin woods which environed it, until he came within a quarter of a mile. He now heard distinctly a discordant and clamorous war-whoop, so frightful as almost to stagger his resolution. Pressing forward a little farther, he came in full sight of the whole company. He still lay in ambush, listening with great attention, when he heard an Indian cry out in the Chippe-way tongue—'I do not mean to kill the *Cat*'—a name which Shaw had received, from the feebleness of his voice. Long inferred from this declaration, that his friend was yet living, though in some danger. He made all possible haste up to the house; and there found a mob of savages, both men and women, completely drunk; their encampments knocked down; their canoes adrift on the lake; and the whole scene, in a word, one of the most noisy and violent character. An old Indian lay dead, with his mother at his side, on

the snow by the lake-side. Long made several efforts to enter the house, but was prevented by the savages, who held him back, kissing and hugging him, and telling him they loved the *Beaver*, but he must attempt nothing in favor of the *Cat*.

With the utmost difficulty, he at length persuaded them to attend to him, while he addressed the most sober of the chiefs, and inquired the cause of the dispute. The latter replied that Shaw was not a *Cat*, but a *Dog*, for he had refused them rum; and though *he* and all of them were happy to see the *Beaver*, knowing his good reputation as a fair man, they should not suffer him to make the least alliance with the *Cat* or the *Dog*: they were masters of the wigwam, and not he; and they would certainly have all the rum in it before morning. In reply to this manifesto, Long assured the chief that it was not his intention to interfere in the case; that he was passing accidentally, and should only stay to refresh himself. There is no great doubt that he would have been dispatched immediately, had he shown any other determination than this. As it was, they were exceedingly pleased with his neutrality.

Fortunately, the Indians had not yet drunk all the rum which Shaw had given them; and they now retired to their wigwams, to complete the

work of intoxication. Long embraced the opportunity, once more to approach the house—a sort of strong-hold secured by high pickets, and the outer gate fastened as well as the door. He walked up, and cried out in both French and English, for the benefit of all who might be within. These, he soon ascertained, were only Shaw himself and one of his Canadians, both of whom instantly recognized his voice, and were transported beyond measure. The poor Canadian, who had never before wintered among the savages, was particularly delighted. ‘*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*’ shouted he, ‘*Courage! Courage! My dear fellow—we shall soon be clear of the rascals—O mon Dieu!*’ He opened the gate with all possible expedition, and admitted the new comer. The latter now learned of Mr. Shaw, that the savages had quarrelled with each other for the little rum he had given them, in trade; and then quarrelled with *him* for refusing them a larger quantity, and attempted to fire his house by shooting lighted punk-wood at it, fixed to the points of arrows.

The little garrison were still in deep discourse together, when three of the Indian chiefs were suddenly observed in very earnest conversation near the house. As they approached, Long called to them, and desired them to come in, which

they did, one by one, with stealthy step, and suspicious countenances. He talked to them, however, in apparent good temper, and without the slightest indication of fear or reserve. He asked them if they were yet sober; but before they could answer, the rest of the band had thronged about the door, and were looking in. But they did not enter, and the head chief now told Long that they *were* very sober, and very sorry for their conduct. They saw their folly, he also added: and they were sure the bad spirit had left their hearts. Long rejoined, that the Master of Life was angry with them, beyond all doubt; and that they deserved no success in hunting for their treatment of the trader, who had treated *them* on the other hand, like a father, and supplied all their wants. He then used a few more conciliatory expressions, and gave them some tobacco to smoke in council. This being exceedingly well received, he addressed the band to the following effect:

‘You chiefs!—and others whose eyes are open! I hope you will listen to the words of my mouth. The Master of Life has opened my brain, and made my breath blow good words. My heart feels for you, your wives, and your children. What I speak, too, comes from my friend’s heart, who owns this house; he tells me that the bad spirit got

possession of you soon after you arrived here ; but he hopes that the Master of Life will make you once more the good Indians you used to be.'

This speech, though certainly no great effort of eloquence, produced some effect, and was promptly replied to by one of the chiefs.

'Beaver !' said he 'it is true you have good sense—it sweetens your words to us—we all understand you—we know, friend Beaver, that your lips open with truth. We Indians have not your sense. It is hard for us to know when we have had enough of the strong water. But we hope the *Cat* will throw off the film from his heart. Ours are clean. We also hope he will *open* it to us once more—and give us a keg of the said water. We wish to drink the health of our brother and sister, whom we have sent to the far country—[alluding to the two Indians murdered in the course of the frolic.] Tomorrow, at break of day, we will leave you.'

Shaw promised to comply with this last request in the morning, on condition of their drinking none of the spirit until after their departure. But the storm was not yet over. At day-break they assembled again about the house, and demanded the rum, which being given them, they got into their canoes, and went off without burying the dead. As this

was very unusual, Long was alarmed, and apprehended more trouble. Expecting their return, in a word, as soon as the rum was exhausted, he directed active preparations to be made for an attack; and a brace of pistols and twenty-eight North-West guns were loaded, accordingly. In about an hour, the savages returned, very much intoxicated, singing their dead war-songs. Every warrior was now naked, and painted black from head to foot; * and as they approached the house in the formal Indian file, each repeated something like the following words—‘We do not mean to kill the *Cat* certainly;—we only own the house, and all that is in it.’

Long and Shaw, who alone remained within—for the frightened Canadian had fled before this to the woods—were preparing their musketry, meanwhile, for a prompt discharge. The former assumed the direction of affairs, and cautioned his comrade, in particular, by no means to fire, until *he* should give the signal; as the death of one savage would cause their own immediate and inevitable destruction. At this moment, Long bethought himself of a stratagem. He went into the store-room of the house, and rolling a barrel of

* See note upon page 59.

gunpowder into the front room, knocked out the head. He had scarcely effected this, when the savages arrived ; he saw them pressing about the door, armed with spears and tomahawks, though each one seemed reluctant to attempt the first entry. ‘ You go first,’ said one and another ; Long giving them to understand, all the while, by his postures and gestures, that he stood ready to do them ample justice. One of them at length made his appearance upon the threshold. It was a critical moment. ‘ Who among you,’ shouted Long with a voice of thunder, ‘ who among you old women is a soldier ?’ He pointed his pistol cocked to the barrel of gunpowder, and added with the same emphasis—‘ Come on ! we will all die this moment !’ The Indians were taken by surprise. They turned about and fled, one and all, men women and children, crying out that the Master of Life had given the Beaver great courage. In a very few minutes, the whole party were paddling their canoes upon the lake, as fast as could well be effected ; and soon afterwards landed all together, upon an island opposite the house. No more intercourse took place with them, excepting that six of their women were sent on shore in a canoe to propose a compromise ; but Long would have nothing more to do with them. ‘ You might have

known me before,' said he, lifting his pistol, and glaring at the poor squaws with a most inexorable aspect.—'You might have known me; My name is Beaver; my heart is like a stone.' His astonished auditors withdrew forthwith, taking the dead bodies with them; and Long was now well assured that the savages would give him no more trouble. He remained with Shaw until the return of his Canadians, who had gone out for provisions; and then went back to his own station, taking with him an Indian sledge-load of wild rice and dried meat, and accompanied by two of Shaw's Canadians. It is needless to add, that his own men were extremely happy to see him.

CHAPTER IX.

ADVENTURES OF LONG.

FROM this time, Long and his party suffered rarely through want of provisions, parties of Indians frequently paying him visits at his house, and always bringing in dried meats,* oats, and bear's grease, in exchange for rum and other articles most to their taste. All these Indians he found to resemble each other in many traits of character and custom; but in nothing more than their superstitions. They believed universally in a guardian spirit belonging to each individual, and which is called his *Totem*. They farther suppose this spirit to assume the shape of some beast or other; and, therefore, they never kill, hunt or eat the animal supposed to be thus inspired or inhabited.

On the evening previous to the departure of a band of Chippaways who had passed some days at the house, one of their number, whose *Totem* was a bear, dreamed (as he afterwards said) that if he would go to a certain piece of swampy

* Commonly called *pemican*, we suppose—the lean parts of the flesh of the larger animals, sliced very thin, dried and pounded. It may be kept several years, with care, and is of universal use in the Northwest. The fat of the animal is often melted down and mixed, in a boiling state, with the meat in equal proportions.

ground, at the foot of a high mountain, about five days march from Long's house, he would find a large herd of elks, moose and other animals ; he must be accompanied, however, by as many as ten good hunters. On awaking, he acquainted the band with his dream, and desired them to go with him ; but they refused on the score of their own hunting-grounds being considerably nearer than those he had dreamed of. Not yet discouraged, and bound, as he believed, to obey the instructions received in his dream, he concluded to go alone. He did so ; and having come in sight of game in a few days, he discharged his musket and killed a bear. Surprised and shocked by the inadvertent outrage thus committed upon his Totem, he fell down in despair, and lay nearly senseless for some time ; but at last recovered his composure, and was making the best of his way back to Long's station, when another large bear happened to fall in with him, and (he probably making no resistance) pulled him down as he passed along, and scratched him rather harshly in the face. He related the whole event at his return, adding, in the simplicity of his superstition, that the bear inquired what induced him to kill his Totem. He replied, that he was not aware of the animal being among the herd which he fired upon ; and that he was exceedingly grieved for his offence, and earnestly desired to

be forgiven. Upon this satisfactory acknowledgment, the bear suffered him to go his way, with a caution to inform his fellow-savages of the particulars, and to behave better in future. He looked at Long with great earnestness, as he entered his house. 'O Beaver,' said he mournfully, 'my faith is lost—my Totem is angry—I shall never be able to hunt again !'

Having bartered away most of his stock in trade for the furs and skins of the Indians, Long baled up his peltry, and upon the 23d of May, 1779, left Dead Lake, with four small birch canoes richly laden with the skins of beavers, otters, martens, foxes and bears. On the 2d of July—previous to which time nothing occurred worthy of notice—the party arrived at Portage Plain, a barren rock nearly a mile long, bordering upon Lake Alemipigon. Here they encamped for some days, and were meanwhile joined by about twenty Nipegon Indians, who observed the usual custom of assisting traders at the carrying-places. They were also overtaken by several other traders, who informed them of the approach of a band of savages hostile to the Nipegons. The latter would fain have quitted the ground upon the strength of this report, but as Long needed their assistance, he used efforts to retain them, and with great difficulty succeeded in doing so.

Several canoes were soon after discovered at a distance upon the lake, and in about half an hour the strangers landed, and were found to belong to the tribe of Wasses, always at war with the Nipegons. The latter now manifested a good deal of uneasiness ; but the Wasses and the Canadian party of Long greeted each other very cordially, with the usual forms of salutation, and made mutual presents. They had heard of the Beaver, said the Wasses, by some Indians who visited him at Dead Lake, and they were desirous of paying him their compliments in person, before his departure from the country. The Nipegons, having before this time set up their lodges, now began singing certain customary songs, as an invitation to the Wasses to partake of a feast with them. This, they said, was to prevent any misunderstanding between the two parties ; but Long, who knew that the former had no other provisions than such as he gave them, suspected their intentions so much that he asked one of their boys how they proposed furnishing the proposed feast. The boy answered readily, that the Wasses had made them a present of dried meat ; and this, they thought, with a quantity of whortle-berries they had saved, would answer the purpose of making their visitants merry enough. The answer confirmed Long's suspicions of some foul play in the case, especially as he knew it to

be a rule to give notice to traders on these occasions, whenever the motives are friendly.

He was deliberating, in some embarrassment, on the proper means to be used for preventing the difficulty between the savages which he apprehended, when Ayarbee (or the big man) one of the Nipegons, accosted him, and told him of a plan formed among the Wasses for destroying *his* companions. He had received information to this effect, he added, from an old woman belonging to the Wasses.

In about an hour from this time, the Nipegon huts were in order to receive their intended guests, who were encamped in a hollow, surrounded with cedar trees and bushes, close upon the lake-side. The Nipegons had already taken the precaution to make holes in the bark of their huts; and each man now sat or stood within, with his gun ready pointed at a hole, and well loaded with swan-shot. The festival song, meanwhile, was struck up occasionally until the Wasses, eighteen in number, were seen ascending the slope towards the huts. They carried knives and wooden bowls with them, and probably intended to spring upon the Nipegons and overpower them at a given signal. If this was the plan, they were fatally disappointed; for they had scarcely arrived within thirty yards of the huts, when the Nipegons from within poured out a vol-

ley of musketry upon them, which instantly killed every individual in the company, with the exception of a girl about fourteen years of age. She was dangerously wounded, but advanced with a gun, which she snatched from an Indian who was upon the point of dispatching her, and shot Ayarbee through the head. She was herself immediately after tomahawked and scalped by a Nipegon boy of nearly her own age and size, who displayed all the ferocity of a veteran warrior. Thus was treachery rewarded by treachery. The Nipegons paddled off within a few hours, telling Long they were sorry that they could not accompany him—(which was more than he could say)—but they were fearful of being overtaken by wandering parties of the Wasses.

At Sturgeon Lake, the trading party met with another band of Nipegons, under circumstances much less unpleasant. One of their women was delivered of a fine boy during their encampment, and Long was struck with the tenderness and attention of both parents on the occasion. He gave the father some rum to celebrate the event. The Indian was gratified by the courtesy, even more than he seemed to be by the present itself. He was soon after heard addressing himself to the Great Spirit, with thanks for the valuable addition just made to his family. Nor was he wanting in

gratitude to Long. He was sure, he said, looking earnestly in his face, that he must be a brave warrior, because he was generous and kind. On hearing the young hunter cry in his mother's arms, he observed, that it was 'the echo of his breath to praise the goodness of the *Saggonash* (Englishman).' 'Beaver!' he added, as Long was on the point of embarking, 'be strong! You will always have an open path among the Nipegons. Return therefore; I shall tell my friends about you, meanwhile, and I hope we shall have a good hunt, that we may furnish you with furs for your kindness.' Long replied civilly, that he loved all the Indians; and that his heart was ready to melt on account of their regard for him—in token of which he presented the young warrior and his wife with a parting glass of the *strong water* each (otherwise called *milk* by the Indians,) and then took his leave of them, and pursued his journey.

In the course of September, he arrived upon the borders of Weed Lake, a body of water nearly two hundred miles in circumference; abounding with geese and ducks in the fall, and with fish at all seasons; full of small islands; and bordered by swamps, covered over with cranberries and wild rice, which made it the resort of about one hundred and fifty Indian hunters. These advantages

were too considerable to be overlooked, and Long immediately concluded to establish himself and his Canadians here for the winter. He landed, secured his canoes, refreshed his men with a good soup, and, with the aid of two Indian guides, set about selecting a site for a winter-house. This was determined on, and a building soon erected, fifty feet long and twenty wide, containing one apartment for common use and another for a store. The rum being concealed in the woods (a precaution against the Indians) and everything properly arranged, the fishing-tackle was put in order; and as the lake now began to freeze fast, the party was divided into two detachments, one to be employed in fishing, and the other in providing fuel for the winter. The latter business being completed in about three weeks, the wood-cutters joined the fishing party, and the joint labors of all were abundantly successful.

A fortnight after this, a large band of Indians arrived, with the proceeds of their fall hunt, none of whom had been previously acquainted with Long. They were pleased with him, however, at first sight; and still more when they heard him speak their own language. But when he informed them that he was an adopted brother-warrior, and showed them the plain proof of that fact upon his person,

their delight was beyond all bounds. The women were immediately ordered to set up huts, and prepare a feast.* The males unceremoniously entered Long's house, meanwhile, one by one, seated themselves on the floor, and began to smoke. They looked very cheerful all this time ; and when Long had distributed a quantity of tobacco and other Indian articles among them, they looked still more so. Their oldest chief, *Mattoyash*, (the Earth) went so far as to sieze Long by the neck, embrace him with great cordiality, kiss his cheek, and address him in the following words :

‘ I thank the Master of Life for loving us Indians, and sending us this day an English trader, who will open his heart to me and my young men. Take courage, then, young men !—and throw away the bad spirit from you. We love the traders—we have heard of their pity to savages—they have an open heart, and their views are clear like the sun. It is true we have but little sense when drunk, but we wish you to overlook this ; and if you stay with us, we will hunt for you.’

On the conclusion of this speech, the Indians all rose and conducted Long to their chief hut, immediately on entering which, a large beaver robe was

* It is well known, that drudgery of this kind is imposed upon the women by most, if not all the tribes on the continent.

prepared for him, and a wampum-belt put about his neck. Food was then brought forward for him and the old chief, while the rest of the company employed themselves in singing to the 'Master of Life.' When the entertainment was ended, Long took two of them to his own house, and made a bargain with them for their whole stock of peltry, in consideration of two kegs of rum, a quantity of tobacco, and a few other articles. They then began a frolic which continued three days and nights. Only a single accident happened during the time, and that was to a little child, whose back was broken by its intoxicated mother. Long rid himself temporarily of another woman, who was troublesome in importuning him for liquor, by the following stratagem. He infused forty drops of the tincture of cantharides, and the same quantity of laudanum, into a glass of rum; and as she continued to insist upon a present of strong water, he gave her this dose. She drank it without hesitation, and being already much intoxicated, it made her stagger. As she asked for more, however, he repeated the dose, which she drank with the same readiness as before, and sank upon the ground. He now ordered one of his Canadians to carry her out of the house, and lay her carefully near her

own wigwam, where she remained twelve hours in a deep sleep.

This method of treatment, whether necessary or not in the case just described, was of more essential service on another occasion, as well as more unpleasant in its result. Long was visited by a band of Chippeways; among whom was one named *Ogashy*, or the Horse, who had the reputation of being a very mischievous fellow even with his own tribe. Before his departure, Long was informed that this man had conceived a project for murdering him and plundering his property. To frustrate this villanous intention of the wary savage, he kept him in good humor, and made him sleep in his own hut—a compliment ostensibly, but in fact a shrewd precaution. The next morning, he gave him a glass of rum, and promised him a two-gallon keg to carry off the ground, which, in the Indian phrase, drove the bad spirit from his heart for a short time. A part of this donation was contained in a bottle into which, unknown to any of the company, a considerable quantity of laudanum was infused. *Ogashy* put it to his mouth, and shaking Long by the hand, drank his health in a heavy draught, which lulled him into a profound sleep. An Indian who had some old grudge against him, embraced this opportunity to revenge himself by

tomahawking the poor wretch in cold blood. As he was a chief, his son burnt him, and fixed his bones on a high scaffolding, a frame suspended upon poles.*

Long was near being injured again, as he supposed, in December, when a suspicious-looking savage arrived with his two wives and three children—Long having at this time but one man with him at home. They entered the house without ceremony, and sat down by the fire. Long watched his guest closely, and asked him several questions—among the rest, what success he had met with in hunting. He made an answer, from which Long inferred that laziness had been his chief hindrance. After giving him and his family a supper, he inquired about his hunting-grounds; and was told he had come all the way from Labrador for the purpose of finding game in this vicinity—a very improbable statement, unless he had acquired a bad reputation with the Hudson-Bay traders, and perhaps committed some crime. He now asked Long for a gun and several other articles, which were refused. This displeased him; he left the

* A favorite mode of disposing of the dead among the Chippeways of the present day, is to place the box containing their remains, on two cross-pieces, nailed or tied to four poles about ten feet high. Near the poles, the wild hop, or some other vine, is frequently planted, so as to run over the scaffold. They do not like, they say, 'to put the dead out of sight, in the ground'—[*McKenzie's Tour*, 1827.]

house, and his wives soon after following him, a conference took place between the three. The result was that the husband returned to the house, and renewed his solicitations. ‘Are you afraid to trust me forty skins,’ said he—‘I will pay you in the spring.’ Long told him frankly that he had rather not trust him, or trade with him upon any terms, and advised him to make the best of his way back to his own tribe. He now returned again to his canoe at the lake-side, and resumed the conference with his wives; during which Long’s man, who watched him very narrowly, saw him file off the end of his gun, and load it; and he was then seen once more upon his way for the house, with an expression in his countenance not difficult to be read. Long, finding it to be a desperate case, directed his man to stand on one side of the door, while he stationed himself upon the other; and just as the Indian passed the threshold, he knocked him down with a billet of wood, beat him soundly, carried him to his canoe, and ordered the whole party off the ground.

They gave him no more trouble; but he heard, not a great while afterwards, of his killing one. Mr. La Forme, a French trader stationed at Salt Lake. He entered this gentleman’s house, and behaved there much as he had done at Long’s

He met also with a flat refusal of credit, to which La Forme had the imprudence to add some severe though deserved reproaches. These incensed him, and observing no person in the house but the trader, (the men being fishing, as Long's were,) he watched his opportunity when La Forme stooped to light his pipe at the fire, shot him through the head, plundered the house, and retreated. It was afterwards ascertained that his own tribe had disowned and driven him off, for having killed his brother and one of his wives.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CIVILIZED CANNIBAL.

LONG and his party were reduced to such extremities during the winter, for want of provisions, that the daily allowance of each man was only a handful of rice, boiled with a small fish weighing about two pounds. They were then obliged to take off the hair from their bear-skins, and roast the hide, (which they found to taste like pork :) as also to eat a good deal of *trip de roche*, a spongy weed growing upon rocks. They were at last relieved by the arrival of some Indians, with ten sledge-loads of dried meat and furs, whom the poor Canadians went out with their snow-shoes to welcome, upon first seeing them, though so much enfeebled by famine as to be scarcely able to walk. The Indians, accustomed to similar cases, saw their distress and the cause of it in their looks, and immediately handed over all their provisions, bear, racoon, moose and all. A kettle was put upon the fire, and a comfortable repast soon furnished : and not until then, did the Indian chief ask for some tobacco, for which he had been patiently waiting. Having smoked silently for some minutes, he said

he had bad news to tell the *Beaver* (as Long was still called), and he was very sorry to have to do it, as it affected him exceedingly. Long desired him to finish his pipe, and drink a glass of strong water as a preparation for the important disclosure. He did so, and then related the leading particulars of the following narrative, of the truth of which there can be no doubt.

It seems there was a trader, named Fulton, stationed somewhere in the North-western fur country, on the borders of one of the lakes. This man, having determined to winter in that location, was obliged to divide his party into two detachments, the one to hunt and fish abroad, the other to remain at home with the trader. The former division consisted of Janvier, St Ange, and Dufresne, all Canadians, who, providing themselves with axes, ice-cutters and fishing-tackle, set off upon their business. At the expiration of eight days they arrived at a convenient place, where they built a hut, and lived there tolerably well for some time; but fish failing them, and having no success in hunting, they were at length almost starved. In this situation, said the chief, the bad spirit entered the heart of Janvier—much the strongest man of the three—and he formed and expressed a resolution of killing the first Indian he should meet with.

In the height of their wretched sufferings, he perceived a savage, at some distance in the woods, with a load at his back. He hastily informed his two companions at the hut of what he saw, and they arose, though very weak, and came out as fast as their feeble limbs would permit them. The Indian arrived, took off his load, which consisted of two otters and two rabbits, and gave them freely to Janvier. He received them, of course, with great satisfaction ; skinned them with the hasty eagerness of a starving man ; and boiled them, whole as they were, in the camp-kettle. This seasonable relief was soon devoured, and the pleasure which Janvier expressed in thus gratifying an appetite that had become absolutely ferocious, was such that his companions began to think he had forgotten the determination, we have just stated.

But the result proved otherwise. As the kind Indian was about taking his leave, the next morning, grieved that he could do nothing more for the relief of the poor sufferers, Janvier desired his assistance in placing a large log of wood on the fire, as his companions were unable to do it. The Indian cheerfully complied ; and as he stooped to take up the log, Janvier knocked him down with an axe. He then dragged him to the door of the hut, cut him up, and with an incredible barbarity or phren-

zy of feeling, put as much of the flesh of his deliverer into the kettle as he thought sufficient for a meal. When it was dressed, he compelled St. Ange and Dufresne, who were much less reduced than himself, to partake of it ; then compelled them to kiss the cross which hung at his breast, and swear by all the saints never to reveal the transaction ; and threatened them, in case of refusal or violation of faith, with the same fate. They solemnly promised perfect compliance with these injunctions, as they could not well do otherwise ; and having overcome their first aversion, they ate immoderately of their horrid meal, and were soon after violently sick.

During their indisposition, they complained to each other in low tones, that it was eating the Indian's flesh which occasioned their sickness. Janvier overheard them, called them fools and rascals, and asked them if they were afraid the savage would come to life again ; and with an insolent tone wished to know what they considered the best part of a man. The poor fellows only replied, they were sick, and could not tell the cause. In a few days, there being yet no provision, the Indian was eaten up ; and Janvier then determined to have more human flesh, if no better could be obtained. With this view he sought an opportunity to quarrel

with St. Ange—Dufresne not daring to interfere in the dispute. Janvier supported and hastened the quarrel very artfully, until, pretending he was no longer able to contain his anger, he openly asked Dufresne, if he did not think that St. Ange deserved the Indian's fate, for having dared to threaten the revealing of a secret which he had so solemnly sworn to conceal.

Dufresne, afraid to differ with him, said that St. Ange was certainly to blame ; upon which Janvier, without farther consultation or hesitation, struck the latter suddenly with an axe, and killed him. He then cut him up, and boiled a part, of which Dufresne was obliged to partake. Fortunately for the latter, the weather soon became more moderate, and having caught plenty of fish, they proposed returning to their master. Janvier, intoxicated with ideas of his superiority, compelled Dufresne, miserably feeble as he was, to drag him on an Indian sledge, to Mr. Fulton's house. The poor fellow obeyed with seeming cheerfulness, being frequently reminded—as he strained and groaned with his labor until he appeared ready to drop—of the oath he had taken, and the horrible consequences which would instantly attend its violation.

Mr. Fulton was rejoiced at their return, being much in want of his men. Soon after their arrival,

he made inquiry after St. Ange, but received no answer. He then addressed Janvier directly and distinctly upon the subject, who said he was gone a hunting with an Indian chief named *Onnemay* (or the sturgeon, whom Mr. Fulton knew,) and that he would soon return. One of the Canadians confuted this statement, by proving that Onnemay had left the house only the day before Janvier's return. The latter then said that he might be mistaken in the chief's name; and Dufresne, who began to tremble, changed the conversation, in the hope of pleasing Janvier.

St. Ange not returning after the lapse of some days, his murderer was again questioned, and again replied as before, compelling Dufresne, who stood by, to confirm the truth of what he said. But Mr. Fulton was not yet entirely satisfied, and he examined the two men apart. From Janvier he could get no shadow of information. Dufresne hesitated, and at last said he had sworn not to reveal, but that St. Ange would never return. He was finally persuaded, however, to disclose the whole affair—Mr. Fulton promising to protect him at all events, and to keep the secret until Dufresne should have a safe opportunity of telling the whole story, a second time, in the presence of Janvier. The latter, meanwhile, though repeatedly urged

by the Canadians to give them some information, remained obstinately silent, so that some of them finally began to accuse him of knowing rather too much in the case ; but these insinuations he treated with the most brazen-faced indifference.

Mr. Fulton, having disposed of all his goods, prepared to leave his wintering-ground, and everything being properly arranged, they departed. The next night after this, he loaded a pair of pistols ; and having previously acquainted his men with the discovery he had made, and the punishment he intended for the villain, he came out of his tent, and stood by the fire around which the Canadians were seated. The conversation about St. Ange being purposely renewed, Mr. Fulton observed that it was cruel to leave him in the woods with the Indians, and blamed Janvier particularly as being the foreman of the party, and therefore the most responsible among them. Janvier, nettled by the repetition of the subject, replied that St. Ange was able to take care of himself, and that *he* had no control over him. Dufresne was then censured ; upon which he divulged the whole transaction, and gave a full account of every particular of Janvier's proceedings. The latter attempted to take instant revenge for the foul aspersion, as he called it, and denied the charge with an incredible effrontery,

and with solemn asseverations. Mr. Fulton now thought it time to interfere. He stepped towards Janvier, and looking him sternly in the face, asked him '*which he considered the best part of a man.*' Janvier answered, with ready insolence, that those who had eaten human flesh could easily tell: but being repeatedly urged, and at length thrown off his guard, he replied in great warmth, '*the feet.*' The party, encouraged by this confession, pressed the charge, until he finally confessed all he was accused of, and declared that in a similar situation he would have killed his own brother. Mr. Fulton could no longer repress his indignation. He again approached Janvier; told him he was an abandoned villain, a disgrace to human nature, and ought not to be suffered to live a moment longer: and without allowing him time for reply, shot him through the head. The men were ordered to bury him, and Mr. Fulton, going soon afterwards to Michilimackinac, surrendered himself to the commanding officer, was tried, and after a strict examination honorably acquitted.

Such was the narrative of the Indian chief; and such undoubtedly were the facts. Mr. Long passed the remaining months of the winter with considerable resources of comfort and even cheerfulness around him. The next spring, he resumed

his travels through various sections of the Indian country, and afterwards visited Michilimackinac, Quebec, and other remote posts and towns ; still continuing in his business of travelling and trading, however, until the year 1788. His journal might be cited much farther than we have done, for interesting adventures and anecdotes ; but those we have selected will probably be sufficient to furnish many new illustrations of Indian and Canadian life. Most of them we may add, would apply with considerable accuracy to the state of things at the present time.

CHAPTER X.

CAPTIVITY OF MRS. ROWLANDSON.

THIS lady was the wife of Rev. Mr. Rowlandson, of Lancaster, Massachusetts, a town memorable in history for the great attack made upon it, February 10th, 1675, by about fifteen hundred Indians headed by king Philip. They began their approaches upon the place, early in the morning of that fatal day, in five several parties; and commenced the work of burning and murdering in as many different quarters, nearly at the same moment. After destroying other parts of the town, they came to the garrisoned house of Mr. Rowlandson (who himself was at this time in Boston, with the view of soliciting troops from government for the defence of the town.) The house stood upon the brow of a hill, where the savages attacking it with loud yells, furiously upon all sides, soon killed a number of the inhabitants collected within. Still, a brave and bloody defence was kept up by the latter for more than two hours. At length, after many unsuccessful attempts to set fire to the building, the Indians collected a large quantity of combustible matter in a cart, kindled it, and rolled

the flaming mass against a corner of the house. It was now a desperate case, and the garrison found themselves compelled to surrender. Of the forty-two which their number had consisted of, twelve were already killed. Of the remainder, the men were all either put to death, or reserved for torture; while the women and children were carried captive into the wilderness.

Mrs. Rowlandson was taken by a Narragansett Indian, and by him sold to Quannopin, a Sagamore* related to king Philip, their squaws being sisters. 'Now away we must go with these barbarous creatures'—writes Mrs. R. herself in the quaint style of the times, 'with our bodies wounded and bleeding, and our hearts no less than our bodies. About a mile we went that night, to the top of a hill, within sight of the town, where the Indians lodged. This was the dolefullest night that ever my eyes saw.' The savages feasted inordinately that evening, upon the cattle and other things they had plundered; and well, without doubt, might the wretched captive say, as she watched them by the lurid gleams of a large fire, blazing up amid the darkness of a forest midnight, that 'their roaring, singing, dancing and yelling, made the place a lively resemblance of hell!'

* A title given among the northern Indians to SACHEMS of the lower order.

They left the town the next morning, and took up their march for the banks of the Connecticut river. Mrs Rowlandson, who was herself wounded in the side, was compelled to walk, and to carry in her arms a young and wounded child, until, faint with exhaustion, she at length sunk to the earth. The savages then placed them both upon a horse, but in going down a steep hill they again fell. Soon after it began to snow, and the party stopped for the night. This, Mrs Rowlandson passed shivering by a slight fire, upon the cold snowy earth, her own wound making it difficult for her to move, and her child gasping with fever in her arms. The next morning they were again placed upon horseback, behind one of the savages. Neither of them, mother or child, received any food or refreshment but a little cold water, from the Wednesday night which preceded the massacre, to the following Saturday. In the case of the latter, this starvation continued for nine days, when it died. The Indians buried it decently, on a hill in the present town of New-Braintree, (then Wenemesset) still known as *the place of the burial*.

Meeting with a large number of their comrades, the savages tarried here for some days; during which time Mrs Rowlandson was so fortunate as to meet with a daughter, about ten years old, who

had been purchased at the garrison-door, by a christian Indian,* at the price of a gun. She found a son, too, staying with a body of Indians about six miles distant. His master being absent on an expedition against Medfield, the squaw, his mistress, kindly brought him to see his mother. The next day the war-party returned from Medfield, bringing twenty-three scalps in token of their success, and rending the air with such an 'outrageous whooping and roaring that the earth rang again.' One of the party brought a Bible with him, which he had taken at Medfield, and this he gave to Mrs Rowlandson.

Hitherto, the situation of the poor captive had been somewhat improved from day to day by the kindness of her Indian master, whom she looked upon as almost a friend. But at this period, he left her, to accompany some of the party on an excursion of considerable length. The residue, with whom she remained meanwhile, straggled up and down the banks of the Connecticut, with no apparent object. At one time they encamped in a dark long thicket of brush on the river side, and staid there a fortnight. She now felt the loss even of Quadapin. Her Indian mistress, 'the proud gos-

* These men, otherwise called praying Indians, had been civilized, to some extent, by missionaries ; and were, most of them, friendly to the English.

sip,' availed herself of his absence, to treat her with cruelty. She snatched her Bible from her in a fit of rage, and threw it away. On another occasion she struck her for complaining of the great load which the Indians obliged her to carry. She complained to others, with but little better success. They only observed, in reply to her statement, that the heavy burthen she carried had galled the skin off from her shoulders, that it was a great pity her head was not galled off also. With similar ingenuity of insult, another Indian, of whom she asked for intelligence respecting her son, told her that the boy's master had roasted him; that he himself ate a piece of the urchin as big as his two fingers, (holding them up, to make himself more distinctly understood); and that the meat relished remarkably well. Luckily, she knew enough of the Indian character to presume that this story was false.

At the encampment last named, she employed herself in making a shirt for a papoose;* and received for her labor, a mess of broth thickened with meal made of the bark of a tree, some ground-nuts, and a few peas. But' this was a slight and short exception to the cruelty which she endured. Some of the Indians, who had come in with three scalps from an excursion against the town of

* The term by which the young Indians are denoted.

Hadley, even took the pains to deceive her respecting her husband, whom they pretended to have met with. Some maintained that he was dead; and a few said that they themselves had killed him. Others were satisfied with stating that he was married a second time; that the governor had ordered him to marry, and had given him his choice among all the *white squaws* of the country.

The savages now resumed their journey, having divided themselves into two parties, along with one of which Mrs R. was taken alone. 'Like Jehu, they marched on furiously, with their old and young; some carried their decrepid mothers, some carried one and some another.' In this manner they reached Bacquag, now Miller's river,* early in the afternoon of Friday, February 25th. They immediately began to cut down dry trees to make rafts; but so great and disorderly was the crowd, and such the difficulty of crossing the river, that they did not all reach the opposite shore until Sunday morning. On Monday, they set fire to their wigwams, to prevent their being of any use to a body of English troops, who were just then approaching the eastern bank of the river. The next day, after a laborious march, over hill and

* Emptying into the Connecticut between Northfield and Montague.

swamp, through woods and water, they arrived at Squaheag, now Northfield.

Here they scattered themselves over the deserted fields of the English, and gathered up the remnants of the hasty harvest of the past autumn. They succeeded in collecting some Indian corn, a few sheaves of wheat, and some ground-nuts. The state of suffering to which the whole party were reduced cannot be better illustrated, than by Mrs Rowlandson's own description, disagreeable as it certainly is. A piece of horse-flesh was offered her, by one of the savages ; but before she could roast it, one half was snatched away. 'I was forced, therefore,' she adds, 'to take the rest and eat it with all the blood about my mouth ; and yet a savory bit it was to me.' On the following day, March 2d, the Indians proposed crossing the Connecticut. Two canoes full had paddled over, but upon a sudden alarm, occasioned by English scouts being seen, or by some other cause, they desisted, and took counsel of their heels for safety. Mrs Rowlandson met with her son again this day. The next morning, she and the whole Indian party crossed the river, at a place where a large number of the natives, whom she calls Phillip's crew, were collected together.

On landing, she was surrounded by the savages,

and obliged to sit in the midst of them, and to hear them ask each other questions, and laugh and rejoice over their gains and victories. This was her severest trial ; and it is not strange—feeble, friendless, and far off from her home as she was—that she could not prevent weeping, for the first time since her captivity. She describes her feelings with the familiar use of scriptural language, peculiar to the age—‘ *By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down—yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.*’

The Indians remained here some days, making preparations for an attack upon North-Hampton. During this time, the captive was carried to see King Philip, at his own wigwam. He offered her a pipe, and asked her if she would smoke it—a courtesy which she did not at all relish. He also engaged her to make a shirt for his own boy, and paid her a shilling for the work. With this money, she purchased some horse-flesh ; and having also obtained some peas and bear’s meat in full payment for her labor, she invited her mistress and her Indian master, Quanopin, to dinner. ‘ But ’ says Mrs R. ‘ the proud gossip, because I served them both on one dish, would eat nothing except one bit, which *he* gave her upon the point of his knife.’

The detachment which had gone upon the expedition against North-Hampton, returned with a large booty of horses, sheep, and other plunder ; but with no scalps. The whole party then moved five miles up the river, crossed it again, and encamped. Here Mrs R. met with another customer in a shabby Indian, who engaged her to make him a shirt, and declined paying her when she had done it. Provisions were still scanty ; but a squaw gave her a piece of bear's flesh, which, after a long time searching and waiting, she found an opportunity to broil. ' I have,' she observes, ' sometimes seen a bear baked handsomely among the English, and some liked it ; but the thoughts that it was bear made me tremble. Now that was savory to me, which one would think were enough to turn the stomach of a brute creature.'

About this time she was very near being killed by her mistress, for refusing her apron to a woman of Philip's wigwam, who demanded and finally obtained it. She was then confined for a day and a half, in consequence of some kindness she had shown a miserable sick captive, and was released only by the intercession of a savage, who wished her to knit him a pair of stockings for the favor. He was liberal enough, however, to pay her for this service with some roasted ground-nuts, ' that

did again revive her feeble stomach.' She describes her appetite, at this period, as *wolfish*, so that having once or twice ate as much as she was able, she was still as unsatisfied as when she began. One of these feasts was upon horses' hoofs boiled.

The party with whom Mrs Rowlandson travelled, were now on their slow way down the Connecticut river to the Bay towns, when an Indian arrived with orders for her to proceed to Wachusett (now Princeton,) where her fate and that of other captives would probably be decided by a council of Sagamores. She received this intelligence with a joy which made her forget all her fatigues and insults. A day or two afterwards, her 'heart skipped within her,' at the sight of a company of about thirty people, whom she took for Englishmen, from their wearing hats, white neckcloths, sashes about their waists, and ribbons upon their shoulders. On a nearer view, however, she found them to be savages dressed in the spoils of the whites; and her spirits were naturally enough damped again, by the 'vast difference between the lovely faces of Christians and the foul looks of these heathen.'

Long and weary was the winding march of the Indian party, by night and by day, till the nineteenth remove brought them within sight of the Wachusett hills.* 'Then,' says the feeble but un-

* Still known by the same Indian name.

discouraged captive, 'we came to a great swamp, through which we travelled knee-deep in mud and water. I thought I should have sunk down at last, and never got out, but I may say as in Psalms, *When my foot slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.* Here she met King Philip again, who again treated her well, and assured her, by way of encouragement, that in two weeks she should be her own mistress. She found her Indian master, too, at Wachusett. He asked her, in the first place, how long it was since she had washed. She informed him that it was nearly a month. He immediately brought her some water himself, bade her wash, gave her a looking-glass, to enjoy the sight of her improved countenance, and then ordered one of his three squaws to bring on something to eat.

One of these, it will be remembered, was sister to the wife of King Philip. Mrs Rowlandson was but indifferently treated by her from first to last. She describes her as 'a severe and proud dame; bestowing every day in dressing herself nearly as much time as any gentry of the land;' powdering her hair and painting her face, and going with her necklaces, jewels in her ears, and bracelets on her hands. This lady seems to have been exempted from the common drudgery assigned to her sex by the Indians, 'for when she had finished

her toilet, her only business was to make ornamented girdles of wampum and beads.

The Sagamores being assembled in council, Mrs Rowlandson was sent for, to be questioned as to the sum which her husband would probably give for her redemption. She attended accordingly, and sat down among them agreeably to the Indian usage. But one or more of the Sagamores immediately ordered her to rise, observing that they were the *General Court*.^{*} The sum mentioned and agreed upon was twenty pounds; and a letter to this effect was sent to the Council of Massachusetts, at Boston. This letter was written by one of the praying Indians, (himself a very indifferent Christian.) Mrs Rowlandson says of another of this class of people, that he informed her, in rather rude language, that he had a brother who '*would not eat horse*, his conscience was so tender and scrupulous, though as large as hell for the destruction of poor Indians.' To show the impropriety of these scruples, he cited a passage from 2 Kings, vi. 25.—*There was a famine in Samaria, and behold they besieged it, until an ass's head was sold for four-score pieces of silver, &c.* This passage he had expounded, he said, to his

^{*} An idea of dignity acquired, no doubt, by what the Indians had seen at Boston.

brother, thereby proving the lawfulness of eating extraordinary food in extraordinary emergencies. 'And now,' (added the Indian, with an air of triumph) he will eat horse with any one of them all.' Another of these praying Indians wore a string about his neck, decorated with christian fingers.*

Before an answer arrived for the Council, the Indians made an excursion against Sudbury, previous to starting upon which they got their whole company together for a war-dance, or to *powow*. The ceremony commenced with one of the savages kneeling upon a deer-skin, with the multitude around him in a ring. Their business consisted in muttering certain jargon, and striking the ground with their hands and with sticks. The man upon the deer-skin then made an harangue; and to this the assembled and attentive company manifested their assent, by various gestures and sounds. These ceremonies were repeated several times—a second Indian standing near the deer-skin, meanwhile, with a gun in his hand, who was now ordered to withdraw. He did so accordingly, but only to be called to his place again, in spite of a great show of reluctance upon his part. A general song

* It is but justice to these people, and to the devoted men who labored in their instruction, to observe, that many, though not all of them, became actually civilized and christianized to a considerable degree.

or chant was the next thing in order. They then gave two guns to the man standing in the centre, after which the orator on the deer-skin renewed his address ; the multitude applauding and assenting, at the end of each sentence, by humming, muttering divers ejaculations, and striking the ground with their hands. They then ordered the armed man out of the ring again ; recalled him ; and as he again hesitated, and seemed loath to return as before, they repeated their call upon him, one and all, until it amounted to a loud, long and universal yell of invitation. He was finally induced by their urgency to step back into his central position, staggering and stretching his hands out by the way. This movement was received with great signs of approbation, as was also a pithy speech of the man upon the deer-skin, which wound up the ceremonies of the day.

The savages now proceeded on their excursion against Sudbury. They returned victorious, but without exhibiting the usual signs of success. In Mrs R's words, ' though when they went they acted as if the devil had told them they should win the victory, they now acted as if the devil had told them they should have a fall.' It was upon a Sunday they came back, and the deer-skin orator, or

Powah, had his face blackened.* According to a common custom of changing their residence after doing mischief, to prevent being found out, they now moved three or four miles. Here they erected a large lodge or wigwam, capable of containing one hundred persons, with a view to its being used on a great day of dancing.

Mrs Rowlandson was now somewhat dispirited by remarks which she heard from the Indians, who either believed or pretended to believe, that the governor would be so much irritated by the Sudbury affair, as to break off the negotiation for redeeming the captives. In this, however, their error was made manifest. A Mr Hoar soon arrived from Boston, bringing a letter from the Council, for the Sagamores, as also the money necessary for Mrs R's redemption. The Indians amused themselves with playing divers pranks upon this messenger. They discharged their guns over, under and before his horse ; and pushed the rider to and fro for the space of fifteen minutes, with great signs of glee occasioned by this harmless amusement. The object and occasion of the sport, was the bearer of some tobacco for Mrs Rowlandson, from her husband. She *had* been fond of that ar-

* See note upon p page 58. •

ticle, it would seem ; but 'it was a great mistake,' she says, 'in any who thought she sent for it, for through the favor of God, that desire was overcome.' She disposed of it, without much difficulty, among the Indians, who valued it the more that they were often necessitated to smoke various roots and weeds—among the rest hemlock and ground-ivy.'

Mr Hoar was not, or at least pretended not to be, so offended with the reception he met with from the lower orders, but that he civilly invited the Sagamores to dine with him during his stay among them. The invitation was readily accepted, and the dinner took place. The Indians are accused of stealing, before dinner-time on this occasion, the greater part of the provisions which Mr Hoar had exerted himself to collect for their entertainment. Nor does there seem to be much doubt as to the theft itself, though the Sagamores, who were heartily ashamed of it, attributed the whole blame to certain strange and vagabond Indians of the company. The dinner went on, but the Sagamores partook of it but hastily, being busy in dressing themselves for the grand dance.

This dance took place in the course of a day or two. It was a sort of cotillon, being carried on by eight performers, four men and four women, of

whom Mrs R's master and mistress were two. The former was dressed in his best Holland shirt, with a great variety and abundance of lace tags and trimmings, attached to the skirts of it. He wore silver buttons also, white stockings, a girdle hung round with English pieces of money, and belts and bands of wampum on his head and shoulders. His squaw wore a kersey coat, the upper part covered with girdles of wampum. Her arms, from her hands to her elbows, were decorated with bracelets; her ears with various metal ornaments and jewels, and her neck with a very considerable number of necklaces. Her stockings were of a handsome red color, her shoes white, her hair powdered, and her face painted of nearly the same hue with her stockings. The other six dancers were dressed and decorated much in the same manner. Two other Indians furnished the music necessary on this occasion, by singing, and knocking briskly upon a kettle. The steps used by the cotillon-set consisted chiefly in hopping up and down, and straining various parts of the body, with extreme violence; a labor which they now and then relieved, by stopping to drink warm water from a pot standing upon hot embers near by. The ceremony continued until near morning.

The redemption of Mrs R. seemed now to be completed; and yet the Indians, the mass

of them at least, were loath to relinquish all claims upon her. Even her master consented to place her in Mr Hoar's hands, only on condition of his furnishing a pint of rum. The request was readily granted, but the liquor proved rather too powerful for the head of the savage, and soon caused him to exhibit a variety of pranks and gambols—the only instance of intoxication, witnessed by Mrs Rowlandson during her captivity. Philip himself, after this, made some attempts to conclude a private bargain with her, for coats, corn and other articles to be given in consideration of her discharge. She looked upon this, however, as entirely unnecessary ; the matter being finally settled in her favor, by the General Court of Sagamores. It need not be added that she commenced her journey for Boston with great joy, and that she was received by her husband, and other friends there, with the same feelings.

Her captivity had lasted nearly three months, not a week of which passed without the tidings reaching her of ravages and massacres committed by the Indians, near and among whom she lived. They mourned for their losses, it seems, but 'triumphed and rejoiced in their inhuman and devilish cruelty to the English.' They boasted often of their victories, saying, that in two hours time, they

had murdered so many men in such a place, and burnt so many buildings. In respect to the whites generally, they distinctly expressed their intention of either knocking them all on the head, or driving them out of the country.

But conversation of this kind constituted a small part of the captive's sufferings. The Indians, before the attack upon Lancaster, had suffered so much from famine, that the English could track them on their march through the woods, by their rooting for ground-nuts. This state of things continued so long as Mrs R. remained with them, though she did not meet with one instance of a man, woman or child among them dying of hunger. Ground-nuts were their chief food. They ate also nuts, acorns, lily-roots, artichokes, ground-beans, and many other weeds of the like nature. Nor were they always provided with even this fare ; for they were sometimes obliged to pick bones in the last stages of decay, then boil them and drink up the liquor, and finally beat the remnants into a sort of mortar and devour that. Bears, frogs, and rattle-snakes formed a considerable part of their fresh meat.

Of the two children of Mrs Rowlandson, captive among the savages at the time of her own discharge, the boy was redeemed from certain New-

Hampshire Indians, by the people of Portsmouth ; and the daughter recovered her liberty without cost. She was travelling with an Indian party, it appears, with a basket upon her shoulders, when it so happened, that she and one of the Squaws were left behind and separated from the rest of the company. These two travelled three days together through the woods, with no sustenance but water and green whortle-berries. At the end of that time they reached Providence.

CHAPTER X.

SETTLEMENT OF KENTUCKY.

THE territory which now constitutes the state of Kentucky, was first visited in 1767, by a Mr Finley of North-Carolina. He was accompanied on this occasion by a few kindred spirits, actuated, like himself, by an ardent predilection for an adventurous and roving life. If these persons expected to find Peruvian treasures in the yet virgin soil of the western country, they were disappointed. But they were not disappointed in finding an abundance of deer, elk, foxes, wild-cats, wolves, panthers, buffaloes and bears. They were delighted, too, with the fresh luxuriant aspect of nature, the beautiful lawns, the rich pastures and cane-brakes, and the shadowy and magnificent forests. In a word, they returned home with such reports of the fertility and beauty of this new and vast tract, as induced not a few of their old neighbors to look upon it as a terrestrial paradise.

Accordingly, in 1769, we find the celebrated Daniel Boone seeking a site for his cabin among the woods of Kentucky; and it was but the spring after this, that he was left alone, the only white

man in all that remote and immense territory, without bread or salt for his board in the wilderness, and without even a hunting-dog for a companion. The familiar particulars of the life of Boone, however, need not be here repeated. The first fort of any consequence seems to have been erected under his particular care, near where Boonesborough now stands, in the year 1775 ; the first house for family habitancy, being erected the year before. From this time, settlers came in from the Atlantic frontiers in considerable numbers, notwithstanding the almost incredible difficulties and dangers they were compelled to contend with.

These arose chiefly from the Indians, several tribes of whom, in this vicinity, were both populous and powerful. What was worse, they were for a long time inveterately hostile with very few exceptions as to persons, and very brief ones as to time. Most of them not only engaged in the cause of the British, during the Revolutionary war, but they followed up their hostilities for more than twelve years afterwards. These hostilities were certainly permitted in some cases, and in others instigated, by individual British subjects, resident chiefly at Detroit and at various Canadian forts, —though probably not often under the eye of that government. But, however, this might be, and

whatever were the additional inducements to such a warfare, peculiar to the Indians themselves—one of which, no doubt, was the value of Kentucky as a hunting-ground—it is certain that they gave great trouble. Fifteen hundred persons are calculated to have fallen victims to their fury within the space of three years only. No settler was safe from them by night or by day. Few were bold enough to venture abroad from a station or fort, at one period, without company ; and none without arms in hand.

The strongest station in the country for several years, was Harrodsburg, named from its founder, and consisting of a fort and a few cabins. This was attacked for the first time on the seventh of March, 1776. The savages had come suddenly, the day previous, upon three persons at work in the vicinity of the fort, one of whom was killed, and another taken prisoner ; but the third* was so fortunate as to escape and give information to the settlers. Aware of this circumstance, the enemy deferred their attack until the next day ; and the garrison availed themselves of the interval so energetically that the fort was put in the best order for defence. The fire commenced, but the as-

* A boy named James Ray, well known afterwards as General Ray,

sailants were soon sufficiently satisfied with their reception, to withdraw, leaving one of their number killed and several wounded. The latter circumstance is one which never occurs among the Indians, but in cases of great confusion and surprise.

Being too numerous to be pursued, the savages now encamped near the fort. Their next attempt, however, was made by a detachment of about one hundred against Boonesborough. Here also, they met with a repulse. They then turned their attention towards the fortified camp of an adventurous and gallant settler named Logan. This camp was half way between the two stations just named, but, situated as they were it was vain to look for assistance from either. The garrison itself was small too. Indeed, nothing seemed to be favorable to them but the dauntless example of Logan, and the desperate consciousness, in every bosom, of the horrible and certain result of capture. This was evident enough from the peculiar pertinacity with which the savages were watching and waylaying them on all sides, exasperated, without doubt, by their disappointment at the other two forts.

At the moment of assault, the women attached to Logan's establishment, (including probably his own

wife and those of some of his comrades) were without the fort milking the cows : and the men were guarding them, as usual. The Indians approached under cover of a thick cane-brake, (which had never been cleared away from around the cabins) fired upon the white party, killed two of them and wounded a third. The remainder, with the women, fled and reached the fort in safety; and upon this, the Indians, unwilling to waste powder and lead, relaxed their fire. The wounded man, meanwhile, was struggling to crawl towards the fort. The poor fellow had a family within, who were watching his situation at this very moment ; and he had only to gain a few rods to join them, and escape being mangled and scalped by the foe. Still, he dared scarcely to move, and especially to stand erect, for fear of attracting *their* attention. Logan, among others of the garrison, saw all this from the windows of the fort, and he tried to raise a force to go out with himself to the aid of the poor sufferer. But the hazard was too imminent for them. One man only, named Martin, who had long prided himself on his reputation as a soldier, offered his services ; and he and Logan ventured forth together as far as the gate of the fort-enclosure. At this moment, in plain sight as they were of the wounded man, raising himself feebly upon his knees, and struggling and straining

forward, even Martin, catching a glimpse of the danger which threatened him from the surrounding woods, recoiled and turned back. Logan, now left alone, saw the poor soldier crawl a few steps and then sink to the earth. He could contain himself no longer. Putting his life in his hand, he rushed forth, took up the half-dead victim in his arms, and bore him into the fort, amidst a shower of balls, some of which were buried in the palisades close by his head.

The case of the little garrison was still all but desperate ; for they had only ammunition enough left for a few shots, and none was to be obtained nearer than the two forts we have mentioned, whose garrisons, too, would need all *their* ammunition for their own side. In this emergency, it was determined, small as their force was already, to send out some of their number in search of distant settlements on Holston's River, Logan himself heading his little detachment they started off upon the instant ; crossed the Cumberland Mountains by a wild track never travelled before, and probably never since ; obtained the requisite supplies at Holston ; and returned with them, in the course of ten days. The fort was still invested by the savages, and the garrison almost in despair. They welcomed Logan, and the relief which he had

brought with him though so much danger, with a phrenzy of joy. A few days afterwards they were reinforced by a party of one hundred men ; and the savages then raised the siege, and retreated.

The most powerful effort made against Kentucky, during the revolution, was in 1780, when a force of one thousand Canadians and Indians invaded the country, under the command of Colonel Byrd of Detroit. He succeeded in completely surprising Ruddle's Station, and the garrison including the women and children, were treated with a great deal of cruelty by the savages. From this place, however, the invaders turned back. At Licking forts, on the way, the Indians separated from the British, and took with them the prisoners captured at the Station just named. The escape of one of these unfortunate persons from their hands, soon afterwards, is an incident of some interest.

The name of this man was Hinkston. He was remarkable for his tact and skill as a woodman, and he was not destitute of the courage and coolness which were as common as they were necessary among his cotemporaries of the new settlements. On the second night of their separate march, the Indians encamped near the banks of the Licking river, which they were now descend-

ing. As it rained, the usual camp-fires were not kindled until after the dusk of evening, when a part of the savages guarded the prisoners while the remainder was busy kindling the fires. While they were thus occupied, Hinkston watched a favorable opportunity to spring away from them and dash into the neighboring woods. The alarm was almost instantly given, and the savages were soon pursuing him in every direction. Hinkston knew what the result must be under these circumstances, if the chase was continued on his part. At a little distance from the camp, therefore, he took the more prudent course of lying down snugly behind a large log, in the deep shade of a spreading tree. As soon as the uproar occasioned by his escape had subsided, he resumed his hasty flight, as silently as possible.

After travelling some time, as he supposed, in the direction of Lexington, he was surprised and terrified to find that as yet he had made no progress. The night was extremely dark, and he had circled back in sight of the camp-fires again: nor could even his experience discern the usual marks, which might have guided him in the day-time. There was neither moon nor star visible in the sky. He could not see the moss upon the trees; and could think of no clue, in a word, to the points

of the compass. In this emergency, his woodland science suggested to him the idea of dipping his hand in the water of a brook. He had observed that the wind was in the west at sunset, and he knew that when he raised his hand, evaporation would take place and coolness be felt on that side from which the wind now came. Guided by this indication, he once more resumed his flight. After travelling some hours, he became exhausted and sat down at the foot of a tree, and fell asleep. In the morning he continued his journey ; but even then, so full were the forests of savages prowling upon all sides, that nothing saved him but a dense fog which just before day-break came up so thick, that a man could not be seen at a rod's distance. He found himself more than once within a few yards of the foe. His ear was assailed, too, with what sounded like the howling of wolves, the bleating of fawns, the gobbling of wild turkies, the hooting of owls, and the cries of various other inhabitants of the wilderness. Luckily, he was woodsman enough to know, that most of these were counterfeit cries of the savages, who were accustomed to entice animals within the reach of their rifles in this manner. He arrived safe at Lexington on the eighth day after the capture of Ruddle's station, and was the first who brought intelligence of that event.

Many skirmishes and massacres took place in the spring of 1783. On one occasion, two men of the name of McAfee, of McAfee's station, near Harrodsburg, were fired upon by a concealed party of savages. One of them fell dead ; the other ran for the fort, which was a quarter of a mile distant. Being met by an Indian, both presented their muskets at each other—the muzzles of them almost touching. The piece of the Indian missed fire, but McAfee's told so well that the savage fell dead at his feet. Still, the other Indians were in pursuit of him, and the stake was his life. Instead of making his way for the fort at one heat, he sprang from tree to tree, and his wary enemies followed him with the same caution—it being his object to escape a shot, and theirs to gain one. In this manner he reached a fence, about one hundred and fifty yards from the fort, in safety ; and although, as he leaped over it, he exposed himself to one discharge, he escaped from it unhurt. His nearest antagonist now reached out his head from behind a tree, to take aim ; McAfee fired and shot him in the mouth ; and then made a final effort to gain the fort, in which he succeeded. The station was immediately attacked by the whole body of the enemy, and a hot fire kept up for two hours. The garrison, however, entertain-

ed them in such a style, with the help of the women, who melted and moulded bullets for them all the while, that the violence of the battle soon subsided, and the disappointed savages gradually withdrew.

These illustrations of the life of the first settlers of Kentucky and the neighboring states may properly conclude with a few singular adventures of an individual named Downing, who is a respectable citizen at this time living in Lexington, in that state. In the month of August, 1786, this gentleman, then a mere lad, resided at a fort standing on the site of what have been since known as the Slate-creek Iron-works, owned by Colonel Owings.

One morning, Downing went out, in company with a young man named Yates, in search of a horse, that had strayed away from the fort. After travelling six or eight miles in pursuit of the animal, Downing began to be alarmed at the idea of danger from the Indians. He observed to Yates, (who was considerably older and stouter than himself,) that he heard a noise like sticks cracking behind them. Yates told him not to be a coward, and laughed at him for being frightened by his own imagination. But Downing adhered, nevertheless, to his opinion, and, with a laudable disposition to be upon the safe side of things, embraced the first

favorable opportunity afforded him for concealment by stopping in a tangled thicket of whortleberry bushes. Yates had not gone forward many minutes when an Indian was seen by Downing running up in the direction from which they had just come. He advanced within a hundred yards and then stopped. The poor lad in the thicket was horribly alarmed—in his own phrase, *thunderstruck*—but having a gun with him, he made up his mind to discharge it, and then absent himself with all possible despatch.

Unfortunately, the piece was furnished with a double trigger, and went off before he had fairly raised it to his shoulder. To use his own expression again, he ‘instantly went off too ;’ and, after running a considerable distance as speedily as he well could, he met Yates, who had heard the report of the gun and stopped to learn the cause of it. As Downing informed him in a few words, they now made common cause in the flight. At length they reached a declivity, where they were compelled, in following the path, to descend into a valley surrounded with hills. Here they soon perceived two Indians, who had taken a shorter course, and were running by another route towards the bottom of the valley. The whites were obliged to go forward. There was no al-

ternative but to keep the path, and run with all possible rapidity, though the Indians, from better acquaintance with the roads, must undoubtedly have an advantage over them in the chase.

Both parties pressed on until they reached a dry gutter in the middle of the valley, about six feet deep and of considerable width. The Indians, who were very near undertook to leap the gutter at about the same time with the whites. All got safe across but Downing, who just reached the edge of the gutter in his leap, stumbled against it, pitched upon his breast, rebounded and fell backwards into the gutter. The violence of the fall nearly deprived him of breath for a time, but fortunately the Indians were two intent upon the chase to observe his remaining behind. Recovering at length from his shock, he walked along in the gutter. It grew shallower as he advanced, and soon ceased to answer the purpose of concealing him from the sight of the Indians. In a very few minutes he discovered one of them returning in search of him. He instantly dropped his gun, left the gutter, and ran back the same way he had first come. But the injury received from his fall affected his speed and the Indian gained upon him rapidly.

Still, he kept up the flight for a considerable

time, though despairing of ultimate success, until he came to a large poplar tree which had been blown down by the wind. He ran along on one side of the trunk, and the Indian now pursued him on the other. At this critical moment he felt himself caught by the leg, and he suffered some alarm before ascertaining that the new annoyance was only the small dog of his enemy. He beat off the animal, but the savage was now close upon him, and it seemed to be inevitable that he should be overtaken at the roots of the tree. But most fortunately, just at that spot, a large she-bear had taken up her abode, with several cubs. Disliking the violence with which the Indian approached her young, she instantly attacked him and engaged all his attention, while Downing, taking advantage of the unexpected assistance of his fresh ally, wheeled about, dashed away into the woods, and left the brute and the savage to finish the controversy to their own satisfaction. As no remains of the latter were ever found at or near the premises, though Downing subsequently took some trouble to search for them, it may be conjectured, that he escaped with his life—the bear either putting him to flight, or making a drawn game of it. Mr Yates also made *his* escape, on this occasion, after having run some miles, by taking refuge in a cane-brake.

In the summer season, Downing was in the habit of going out of the fort every afternoon to a cluster of hickory trees several hundred yards distant, for the purpose of shooting squirrels, which were at that place very numerous. Beside this path, fifteen Indians lay concealed for three days, behind a large log, they had set up a row of bushes to serve as a blind ; and there they lay, waiting for a favorable opportunity to kill and plunder. The two first days he passed and repassed them without molestation. They were aware, no doubt, that Downing would furnish very little spoil, and that firing upon him would have the effect of alarming the garrison. On the third day, he observed that the bushes around the log were apparently dying ; and he had advanced towards them, within ten feet, with the view of ascertaining the cause, when his attention was caught by the fluttering of a beautiful bird just entangled in some boughs near by him. He instantly turned and caught the bird. This diverted his curiosity from the bushes, and he returned to the fort, and busied himself so entirely with caging and caressing his new charge as to forget to speak of the bushes. The next morning early, a pack-horse driver and his son went out to see after their horses. The concealed Indians shot them both, and scalped and stripped them be-

fore the people of the fort, who heard the guns, could get to the place. Having previously stolen and secured a number of horses, they immediately returned, and no pursuit of them was undertaken.

On another occasion, Downing went to Mud Lick, now the Olympian Springs, in company with three men who were in the habit of frequently reconnoitering the country as scouts. The distance was seven miles ; and the party had already come in sight of the Lick, though they travelled on foot, when, upon ascending a hill, they discovered several buffaloes, elk and deer. This was considered an indication that there were no Indians near ; but they had hardly gained the summit of the slope when two of the party who walked in advance turned round, and gave notice that they saw ten or fifteen Indians endeavoring to conceal themselves in the drain leading from the Lick, and advised their companions to fly for their lives. They did so, and soon had the savages following close behind them, and especially upon Downing, the smallest person and poorest runner of the party. One of his companions had the presence of mind to advise him to embrace the first opportunity, when the situation of the road should throw him out of sight of the Indians, to drop behind a log, and lie concealed, while the rest of them ran on. He fol-

lowed this counsel at the first favorable moment. The Indians soon came up, and eager in the pursuit of those whom they still saw before them, passed by Downing, who lay trembling by the wayside. About ten minutes after they passed, he ventured to rise and leave his place of concealment, but for some time was utterly at a loss what course to pursue. After wandering several hours through the woods, however, he reached the fort in safety. His companions had been fortunate enough to arrive there before him.

At another time, Downing fell in company with two of this party, whose names were Wade and Poor, at Stroud's Station, and set out with them to return to the fort. On their way it was proposed and agreed to go about three miles from the road, to a place called Cassidy's Station, (where a settlement had been made, and abandoned on account of its exposure to the Indians) in order to get water-melons, which were raised in great abundance at that place. As they approached the enclosure, Wade and Poor directed Downing to remain, sitting on his own horse, and hold theirs, while they went to reconnoitre, and to ascertain whether they could enter the water-melon patch in safety. They charged him on no account to leave the horses, or move from the spot until they

returned, unless the Indians should appear, or he should hear a certain whistle made with the aid of corn-leaves, which was to be their signal. If he heard this, he was to repair immediately to a corner of the house, and there wait for them.

They now started off, leaving him alone. As they remained out of sight and hearing for a considerable time, he began to grow uneasy, and regardless of their positive injunctions, determined to go and see for himself what was the matter. With this view he dismounted, tied his horses to the poles which formed the fence of the enclosure, jumped over, and began to make his way through the high broom-corn, which concealed the houses from his sight. He was just catching a glimpse of them, having nearly reached the extremity of the field, when he suddenly saw a man, whom he took to be an Indian, run from one house to another. At the same instant, he heard the signal agreed on by his companions. Sensible of the imprudence of which he had been guilty, he instantly ran with all possible speed towards the fence. Unluckily, the violence with which he leaped over it alarmed the horses, and they broke loose and retreated, each with a pole hanging to its bridle. Wade and Poor went to the corner of the fence, meanwhile, as agreed on ; and not finding

Downing or the horses, were exceeding alarmed, and ran to ascertain the cause. They saw the horses prancing off, and Downing in hasty pursuit of them. With the utmost expedition they caught their own horses, cut away the poles, sprang into their saddles, and rode several miles in full speed without uttering a single syllable, or scarcely stopping to look behind them. At length, having recovered their self-possession, they found that they were not pursued, and proceeded on deliberately home. Downing was severely censured for his imprudent conduct, but whether the alarm was entirely groundless, does not appear. It is probable there was some foundation for it.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE CREEKS.

The first trouble of much consequence which the colonists of Georgia received from the powerful tribe of Creeks living in their vicinity, was in December, 1747, fourteen years from the date of the first settlement of the province. On the fourteenth of that month, a large number of these Indians were collected at Frederica, probably for some purpose of treaty or trade ; and this was the occasion embraced for the consummation of a plot against the interests of the colony, which had long been the subject of secret agitation. The author of it was the Rev. Thomas Bosomworth, and his chief assistant was a half-breed woman named Mary Musgrove. The former had recently come over from England as chaplain to the regiment of General Oglethorpe, the founder of the colony, subsequently to which he had received a grant of land from the crown, married the woman just mentioned, and settled in the Province. His object now was to enrich himself still farther by supporting a demand in her name, to certain territory—in

cluding the islands of St Catherine, Cassabaw and Saples—which had been granted by treaty to the Creeks, as a part of their hunting grounds.

With this view he sought out at Frederica, on the occasion first alluded to, an Indian chief, called Malatche, of an age and a standing among the Creeks well suited to his purposes. Malatche was ambitious of distinction, and being already entitled a King, Bosomworth now persuaded him to have himself crowned with imperial ceremony by the sixteen minor chiefs and the rest of the tribe who were present. A paper was accordingly drawn up, signed by these chiefs, acknowledging Malatche to be the rightful Prince of the dominions of the Creek nation; vesting him with full powers of legislating, treating and conveying land; and binding themselves, on the part of their several towns, to abide by all his engagements. Bosomworth then drew up a deed of conveyance in the common form, from Malatche Ojiameco, 'Emperor of the upper and lower Creek nations,' to Thomas and Mary Bosomworth, for and in consideration of ten pieces of stroud,* twelve pieces of duffles,* two hundred weight of powder, two hundred weight of lead, twenty guns, twelve pairs

* Species of stout, coarse and cheap cloth, more in use a century since in the Indian trade, than at the present time.

Creeks could probably muster something like four or five thousand warriors ; and these were led on by the only person upon whom the Council had hitherto depended for the maintenance of a good understanding. They concluded, on the whole, to use soft words for a time, and to watch their opportunity for getting possession of Mary's person, and shipping her out of the country. This, they had no doubt, would make an essential change in the prospects of Bosomworth.

Meanwhile, the militia of the various settlements were ordered to be in readiness for marching to Savannah at the shortest notice. The whole force of the town itself amounted to only a hundred and seventy men, able to bear arms. It was put, however, in the best possible state of defence. A message was then sent to Mary, while she was yet a considerable distance from the town, at the head of her mighty host, to learn whether she was serious in her pretensions, and to attempt quieting her turbulent spirit by the gentle arts of persuasion. But she was found to be inflexibly resolute, and the President had no alternative but to put on a bold countenance, and receive the savages with as few symptoms as possible of that uneasiness which they always perceive and generally turn to their own benefit. The militia were ordered un-

der arms. As the Indians thronged into town, (it being now the twentieth of July) Captain Jones, at the head of a troop of horse, stopped them, and demanded whether their visit was hostile or friendly. Receiving no satisfactory answer, he ordered them, in a loud voice, to ground their arms. He declared that he was strictly commanded to suffer no armed Indians to set foot in the town, and that he would enforce this measure, come what might, with his own blood and the blood of the brave men around him.

Somewhat overawed by this greeting, the savages submitted with great reluctance ; and accordingly Bosomworth, in his canonical robes, with his Queen at his side, and the Creek chiefs following after them according to rank, marched into the centre of the settlement. What with the numerous procession of subject savages who were attached to their escort, and the grim and surly looks of the whole company, they made a most formidable appearance, and the inhabitants were justly alarmed. On approaching the Savannah parade-ground, the savages found the militia drawn up under arms to receive them, by whom they were saluted with fifteen guns, and conducted to the President's house. Bosomworth being then ordered to withdraw, the Indian chiefs were politely

requested to declare their intention in paying a visit of this kind, uninvited as they were by any person authorized to invite them. The chief answered, agreeably to previous instructions, no doubt, that Mary was to speak for them, and that they would abide by whatever she said ; that they had heard she was to be sent captive out of the country, and they wished to know for what reason ; that, if their arms were given back to them, after consulting with Mary and Bosomworth, they would resume the conference and amicably settle all difficulties.

To please them, their guns were restored, though strict orders were given to allow them no ammunition, until the Council should ascertain their designs. On the day following, having had their proposed conversation with Mary, the savages were observed marching about tumultuously, and with countenances more sullen than before. The citizens were obliged to mount guard, while the women and children, afraid to remain in their own houses by themselves, added to the general confusion, by taking refuge publicly among the males. During this noise and hurry, a report was circulated that some of the Creeks had tomahawked President Stephens. The inhabitants were so exasperated in consequence, as to be hardly restrained by the

troops from falling upon the whole body of the savages. Something like transient composure being finally restored, an order was issued, to lay hold of Bosomworth. This was done, and he was carried out of the way and closely confined, with the explicit understanding that in case of coming to extremities his life would be the first forfeit.

Mary now became, or pretended to become, frantic and outrageous. She threatened bloody vengeance against the magistrates and the whole colony ; ordered all white persons to depart immediately from her territories, and to refuse at their peril ; cursed Oglethorpe and his treaties ; furiously stamped her foot upon the earth ; and swore with a horrible oath that the world should know that the ground she stood upon was her own. These proceedings answered a good purpose in exciting the savages around her, and she secured that object still farther by keeping their chief men constantly under her own eye. She would not suffer them to utter a sentence on public affairs, but in her presence.

But the President, who was a man of a spirit suitable to the emergency, instead of being daunted by these measures, privately laid hold of the Queen herself, and placed her in confinement with her husband. Having secured the ringleaders, as

he believed, he employed men acquainted with the Indian tongue to entertain the warriors in the most hospitable and friendly manner, and directed that the wicked and selfish projects of the two prisoners should be explained to them. A feast was accordingly prepared for all the leading Creeks. After this, they were distinctly informed of the plans of Bosomworth. They were told also, that the lands adjoining Savannah were secured for them to encamp upon whenever they visited their beloved friends in that town; that the islands were to be used in hunting and fishing, when they should come to bathe in the salt water on the coast; that these were the property of all of them in common, and not of an individual; and that the great King (George II) was desirous that all his people, both red and white, should live together like brethren. This policy produced a temporary effect; several chiefs declared they had been deceived; and even Malatche seemed satisfied, and was not a little pleased at hearing that the King had sent them a variety of presents. Being asked, however, why he had given up his royal authority to a despicable old woman, he replied that the whole nation acknowledged her as their Queen, and that none but she, as he understood the matter, *was authorised to*

distribute the King's presents among the people—a manifest disclosure of Bosomworth's policy.

The President inferred from this reply, that his best course would be to distribute the presents among the savages with his own hand. They were once more called together, for this purpose. But, in the mean time, Malatche—whom even his countrymen had named after *the wind*, in consequence of his notorious fickleness—obtained access to Bosomworth and his wife. They completely succeeded in drawing him over once more to their interests; and no sooner were the Indians collected with the view of receiving their respective shares of the royal bounty, than he came in, stood up in the midst of them with a frowning countenance, and in violent agitation delivered a speech full of the most dangerous and insolent insinuations and threats. The conclusion was, that the English were tenants at will upon the Creek lands; and that three thousand warriors of the nation stood ready, under Mary's authority, to make good this position. He then pulled a paper from his pocket, which had evidently been prepared by Bosomworth, though perhaps not intended to be shown. It agreed closely with the speech, and enumerated various Indians, styled Kings of the Creeks, as acknowledging the title

of Mary, but only two of them were at this time present.

Such were the contents of this paper, that upon reading it to the members of the council, they were struck with astonishment. Malatche, who observed them narrowly, now begged that it might be returned to him, for the purpose of restoring it to the owner. He had no idea, he added, of its being a 'bad talk.' But instead of granting his request, the President took the resolute course of once more getting all the savages together, and addressing them in plain, bold and resolute terms. He gave them the history of Mary, and explained to them the design of Bosomworth in wishing to have the King's presents pass into her hands. He had not gone on very far in this strain, when the Indians desired him to stop. It was needless, said they, to talk any more; they had been imposed upon, but their eyes were now opened; and though he wished them to break the chain of peace, they would hold it fast with both hands. In fine, they were ready to smoke the pipe of peace upon the spot. Pipes and rum were accordingly brought in, and they joined hand in hand, and smoked and drank with their old allies, every one wishing 'that their hands might be joined like their hands.' The royal presents, except-

ing the ammunition, were distributed among them at the same time. The most influential were presented with the largest shares, and Malatche himself seemed to be entirely satisfied with his.

At this moment, while the President and Council were flattering themselves that the difficulties were all adjusted, Mary, half intoxicated, disappointed with failure, and enraged at her confinement, rushed in among them ultitude like a fury. She cried out to the President, that these were her people, and that he had no business with them, and should soon be convinced of it to his cost. The President calmly advised her to withdraw to her lodgings, and forbear renewing her attempts upon the minds of the savages, or he should order her again into close confinement. Upon this she turned about to Malatche who stood near her; and repeated what had been said to her, affecting great wrath, and making several very ill-natured comments and additions. The fickle chieftain was roused by the appeal. He started fiercely from his seat, laid hold of his arms, called upon the rest to follow his example, and dared any man to touch the Queen.

The whole house was instantly filled with tumult and uproar; and every Indian having his tomahawk in his hand, the President and

Council expected nothing but immediate death. Luckily, Captain Jones interposed at this juncture, with the guard which had once before overawed the savages. 'Lay down your arms!' shouted he, with a voice of thunder, while he mustered his men around them—'lay down your arms!' The assembly was again silent. The Indians did as they were ordered, though with some hesitation, while Mary was conveyed away to a private room, and again confined. Bosomworth was then summoned before the Council, and an attempt was made to reason with him upon the folly and wickedness of his conduct. As he replied to this only with foul abuse, the same measure was taken with him as with his wife. Thus the ringleaders were once more secured, and it only remained to persuade the Indians peaceably to leave the town, and return to their settlements. This was effected by considerable exertion, and so the tired and terrified inhabitants, harassed with frequent alarms, and worn out with constant duty, were at length relieved. For many years subsequent to these disturbances, the Creeks and the colonists treated and traded with each other, without the slightest interruption of friendship.

CHAPTER XII.

CHRISTIAN INDIANS.

THIS name has been given to a large number of natives, chiefly Mohican Indians, of Connecticut and New York, and the Delawares of Pennsylvania, civilized and christianized to a degree indicated by the following narrative, through the labor of missionaries sent out by the ancient church of the German Moravians. The first efforts were made among the Mohicans, in 1740. These, though partially successful for a time, were counteracted within a few years, chiefly by the jealousy of the neighboring whites, as violent as it seems to have been groundless. Some of the missionaries were arrested, confined in prison, and insulted in various places by mobs. They were suspected, it appears, of being papists and traitors, matters of the more consequence then on account of the peculiar situation of the English, especially the scattered frontier settlers, in reference to the Indians and French. That the latter tampered with the former, there was no doubt; and it was hastily imagined that the good Moravians had come among them with motives of the same nature. *They*

were allied, it is said, to the Canadian French. *They* fomented the Indian disturbances which had recently taken place. *They* furnished the savages on all sides with ammunition and arms. Nay, a respectable clergymen positively charged them with popery, and another person, 'knew' them to be in possession of three thousand stand of arms, wherewith the blood-thirsty heathens were to be stirred up to fall, with the French, upon the Pennsylvanian settlers.

But, although the mission was abandoned in this quarter, the Moravians were not 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 Gnadenshutzen. 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 from this time, they were less fortunate ; and their subsequent history is a series of calamities. In the first place, they were persecuted by the five nations of New-York. These tribes had long exercised such an influence over all others in their vicinity, that the Moravian society had thought best to take early precautions for securing their friendship, by sending an agent to treat with them. This person signified to their chief his wish to preach among the Indians, and received of them the following answer : ‘ Brother ! you have made a long journey over the seas, to preach the gospel to the white men and to the Indians ! You did not know that we were here, and we knew nothing of you. This proceeds from above ! Come therefore to us, you and your brethren ; we bid you welcome among us ; and take this fathom of wampum in confirmation of what we have said.’ This agreement was soon after renewed, when three of the missionaries were adopted as countrymen, and honored with new names. Bishop Spangenberg, among the rest, was called ‘ Tqirhitontic,’ *a row of trees*, In June 1747, a few of

the 'brethren,' and a blacksmith among them, settled near a small village of the five nations, at the particular request of a chief named Shikelimus; and upon condition that the blacksmith should stay no longer than they remained friendly to the English. But this was not long, for the French finally, though slowly, succeeded in creating jealousy between them and the English, and they began to think of war.

The first indication of this feeling, and the effect it was to have upon the Christian Indians appeared in 1754, when an embassy of Shawanees and other backwoods Indians, under the control of the five nations, came among the former at Gnaden-shutten, and strongly pressed them to remove farther from the white settlements. This invitation not being much noticed, it was soon afterwards understood from the five nations, who now expressed themselves openly, though figuratively, that '*Christians did not hear what was said to them, they would come themselves, and run a red-hot poker into their ears, and make them hear.*'

But, at this time, the hostility of even these proud and powerful tribes was less to be dreaded by the Moravians than that of the English themselves, and especially the lower class of the settlers. Some suspected them of popery, and of

partiality for the French. Still more hated them for endeavoring to civilize the savages, a race of beings, who, in their opinion, instead of having any claim to Christianity, deserved to be treated, as an accursed people, like the Canaanites of old. To such an extent did this prejudice prevail among multitudes, that they sought the destruction of both the brethren, and the Christian Indians. Mobs began to be spoken of. Consultations were held in some places on the proper means of destroying the Mission. In the Jerseys, public declaration was made by beat of drums, that Bethlehem was to be attacked, and that a carnage should be made, such as never had been heard of in North America before. 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 barri-

caded 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.

In the mean time, the latter, most of whom had removed to the Moravian head-quarters at Bethlehem, and leaving Gnadenshutzen to its fate, 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, 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 Nein, 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.

But in the various disturbances we have spoken of, viewed to such an extent in 1763, that in the fall of that year the Governor of Pennsylvania thought it proper to order all the 'baptized' Indians to be conducted to Philadelphia, and there guarded at least from their white enemies. Leaving their two settlements, therefore, one of which was soon after burnt by a party of whites, these Indians proceeded towards the city, arrived there on the eleventh of November, and were stationed upon Province Island.

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.'

Even in Philadelphia, soon after this time, intelligence being brought that the 'Paxton boys' were on their march to destroy the Christian Indians, the governor saw no other way of protecting them, but to send large boats to the island, in which they could take flight at a moment's warning. On

the twenty-fourth of January, 1764, they were directed to return for safety to Philadelphia. They did so, under escort of one hundred and seventy men from Gen. Gage's army ; were lodged in the city barracks, and there guarded day and night. Here, as elsewhere, they continued to meet daily, for divine service, though the missionaries were not with them. But it was not long before the mob disturbed them so much that it was found necessary to double the guard ; especially as the Paxton ringleaders in the country, supported by new recruits of rioters, were now taking open measures for destroying the Indians under the very eyes of the governor. Matters seemed to be drawing to a crisis. Information was received that large mobs were marching toward Philadelphia, where it was but too obvious that numbers were ready to join them. The magistrates were accordingly called on to do their duty, and there appeared no other alternative but to repel force by force. Eight pieces of heavy ordnance were drawn up to the barracks, and a rampart thrown up in the middle of the central square of the city. The citizens, and even many young Quakers took up arms, and repaired to the barracks to assist in defending the Indians. The latter had already been removed from the lower to the upper parts

of the building, where the governor and several other persons of distinction visited them. A few days after this (February fourth) the rioters approached the city so near that their guns were heard, and in such force, as reported, that all Philadelphia was in an uproar of alarm. The soldiers, in their trepidation, unnecessarily discharged their eighteen pounders; the citizens mustered together from all quarters; and the poor Indians, unaccustomed to such sounds and sights, were exceedingly terrified. In the night between the fifth and sixth, a rumor prevailed that the rioters were again advancing. The whole city were at once in motion. The church-bells were rung, the streets illuminated, the inhabitants every where called upon to attend at the town house. There, arms and ammunition were distributed among them; and two companies, raised forthwith from the multitude, repaired to the barracks, where, in addition to the ordnance already prepared, four more cannon were mounted.

The following day passed in hourly expectation of the rioters, but nothing more was seen of them; the preparation for their proper reception having probably altered their intention of visiting the city. It seems that one of their pretended grounds of complaint was, that there were several murder-

ers among the Indians, whom they wished to have possession of and punish. One of their ringleaders, therefore, was invited to visit the barracks, and point out such persons. This was done ; but none being found who could be charged with any crime on any pretence of proof, the search was abandoned with the insolent assertion that the Quakers had privately taken as many as six of the Christian Indians out of the barracks and concealed them. The feelings of the Indians at this time may be best understood, from an address to the governor, delivered on the eve of their leaving the city, in March, by three of their leading men. It was nearly as follows :—

‘ We, the Christian Indians, now intending to return, with our wives and children, unto our own country, approach you to take our leave, and to thank you. We acknowledge the great kindness you have shown to us : we have been in danger of our lives, but you protected and defended us against our enemies, so that we have lived in peace. You have provided us with food and raiment ; you have nursed us in sickness ; you have buried our dead, and we have heard with joy that you will in future give us our flour until our corn is ripe. And we greatly rejoice that our teachers go with us into the Indian country, that they may still instruct

us in the doctrines of salvation. Your kindness will never be forgotten by us ; we shall bear it in our hearts ; we shall speak of it to the other Indians, and as long as we live we shall remain true friends to the English. Finally, we pray that God may bless you ! we, the underwriters, do this in the name of all our people, remaining your faithful friends.’ This address was subscribed by John Papunhank, Joshua Anthony, and Shem Evars.

A large part of the Indians, who now left Philadelphia settled upon the banks of the Susquehannah, at a place which they called Friedenshutten, ‘tents of peace.’ 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.

They were not now molested by any savages,

though some tribes were opposed to them, and circulated evil reports in hopes of preventing their increase. This was especially the case as to a mission undertaken by the Moravian Zeisberger, among certain Alleghany Indians. Upon many of them this had a favorable effect. But there was also a party of Anti-Christians ; and much pains were taken by them to establish a general jealousy of the motives of the preachers. One chief declared that he was a mere spy and scout for the settlers, and that *they* would soon follow after him, building forts, taking possession of the country, and making slaves of the Indians. Even old women went about, complaining, of the failure of many necessities of life, and saying that since the introduction of Christianity, the worms devoured their corn, the foxes had fled the country, and neither bilberries nor chesnuts, nor any other nuts or berries, would now ripen. A conqueror, on the other hand, recommended sacrifices, to induce the Great Spirit to take their part against the missionaries. Secret messages were sent by the Six Nations, strongly recommending measures of a more summary and violent nature. An Indian preacher announced, that if they countenanced the Christians, the sun would infallibly scorch up all the corn in the country ; and another of the Monsey tribe, went so far

as to declare that several of his people having recently been on a visit to the King of England, he had cautioneded them not to listen to the doctrine of the brethren, 'inasmuch as thereby they would inevitably be led straightway to hell.' Finally, the Christian party in this place, were obliged to recede from their tribe, and remove to a new situation about fifteen miles distant, which they named Lawunakhannek, a 'middle-stream.'

Meanwhile, hostilities were reviving among neighboring tribes, which occasioned all the Christian Indians great trouble. The Senecas, among the rest, were dissatisfied with a treaty recently made with the Cherokees, and had sent out against the latter a party of warriors. Two of this party were captured by the Cherokees, who after upbraiding them for their faithlessness, 'in letting go the peace-belt, by which they had agreed to hold on with both hands,' cut off the fingers of both the prisoners, and sent them home to their chiefs with the following message : 'We had concluded a peace with each other, by which we were both to hold the chain of friendship, fast with *both* our hands. *We* have done so—but you have not—we conclude therefore that you have no use for fingers, and we have cut them off, to rid you of what is useless.'

In consequence of these and other disturbances, the Christian Indians resolved to accept a friendly invitation repeatedly given them by the Delawares upon the Big-Beaver river in Ohio, to come and settle in their neighborhood. As early as 1762, a Mr Post from Pennsylvania, had visited these Indians in hope of christianizing them ; and, concluding to remain some time in their neighborhood, had set a hired man to cutting down trees, where he intended to make his cornfield, while he himself marked out three acres of ground for this purpose. But the Indians were jealous of this movement, and they soon sent word for him to meet them the next day at their council-house, and to desist from any farther work on the premises in the mean time. Post met them accordingly, and the Indian speaker, in the name of the council, delivered the following singular address :

‘ Brother ! last year you asked our leave to come and live with us, for the purpose of instructing us and our children, to which we consented ; and now that you are come we are glad to see you.’

‘ Brother ! it appears to us that you must since have changed your mind ; for, instead of instructing us or our children, you are cutting trees down on our land ! you have marked out a large spot of

ground for a plantation, as white people do everywhere; and by and bye, another, and another may come, and do the same, and the next thing will be that a fort will be built for the protection of these intruders, and then our country will be claimed by the white people, and we driven farther back. Such has been the case ever since the white men came to this country. Say! do we not speak the truth?’

Post replied to this question as follows: ‘Brother! what you say that I told you is true, but it is likewise true that an instructor must have something to live upon, as well as another man. Now, not wishing to be a burden to you, I thought of raising my own bread, and believed that three acres of ground was little enough for that purpose. Of your land I do not want one foot; neither will my raising a sufficiency of corn and vegetables off your land give me or any other person a claim to it.’

Post now retired for the purpose of giving the council their customary time for preparing an answer. On his return, the speaker again addressed him: ‘Brother! now that you have spoken out more plainly, we may perhaps be able to give you some advice. You have told us, that you come at the instigation of the Great Spirit to teach and to preach to us! So also say the priests at Detroit,

whom our French father sent among his Indian children ! Well, this being the case, you as a preacher, want no more land than one of them does, and they are content with a garden-lot to plant vegetables and pretty flowers in, such as white people are all fond of.'

' Brother ! As you are in the same station and employ with those preachers we allude to, and as we never saw any one of those cut down trees and till the ground, to get a livelihood, we are inclined to think, and especially as these, without laboring hard, yet look well, that they depend upon something besides hard work for their maintenance. And we think that if, as you say, the Great Spirit wants you to preach to the Indians, he will cause the same to be done for you, which he caused to be done for the priests at Detroit. But we are agreed to give you a garden-spot, even larger than they have. It shall measure fifty paces each way ; which, if it suits you, you are at liberty to plant the corn as you please !' Post agreed cheerfully to this proposal ; and the lot was immediately after stepped off by Captain Pipe, one of the chiefs, and stakes driven in at the corners.

It was the final consequence of this agreement with Post, and of the repeated invitations before mentioned, that in April, 1770, the Lawunakhan-

uek Christians deserted their settlement ; removed to the Big-Beaver river by the way of the Alleghany and the Ohio, in sixteen boats ; ascended the former about twenty miles ; and commenced a new village by building several dwelling-houses and a chapel. This undertaking prospered, and the Ohio Delawares were generally so well pleased with the new comers, that, in 1773, they induced a part of them, with one of their Moravian preachers, to found a second settlement 90 miles nearer their own towns, which was named Shonbrum, or a 'Fine-spring.' In 1772, the residue of the Big-Beaver colony followed this example. They were now joined also by two hundred and forty-one Christian Indians of Friedenshutten, who left their houses, chapels, gardens and orchards, the fruits of seven years labor, behind them, for the sake of connecting themselves with their brethren in Ohio. The journey 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.

Some of the following rules, agreed upon by the Indian congregation, soon after their arrival at the new settlement, will convey an idea of their opinions and conditions. They were drawn up by the Moravians.

1. We will know no other God, but him who has created us and redeemed us.

2. We will rest from all labor on Sundays, and attend the usual meetings on that day.

3. We will honor father and mother, and support them in age and distress.

4. No thieves, murderers, drunkards, or adulterers, nor any person that attendeth dances, sacrifices or heathenish festivals, nor any person using witchcraft in hunting, nor any person without consent of our brethren shall be suffered to live among us.

5. We will renounce all juggles, lies and deceits of Satan.

6. Whosoever does any harm to another's cattle, goods, effects, &c. shall pay the damage.

7. No man shall have more than one wife, nor any woman more than one husband.

8. No spirituous liquors shall be brought into our towns; nor shall any inhabitants run in debt for any article to the traders, without the teacher's consent.

These and other rules were read yearly in public meeting. The penalty for the obstinate violation of them was dismissal from the settlement. Other regulations were made for the guidance of church-wardens, the management of the schools, the collection of taxes, and the proper treatment of visitors and of the sick and suffering. A new

chapel was built this season, as also another at a new Christian settlement commenced ten miles lower upon the Beaver river, by new emigrants from the East. That at Shonbrun was forty feet by thirty-six ; both were built of squared timber, and shingle-roofed, 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. Nor did anything occur, for some years, to interrupt this prosperity, with the exception of hostilities which broke out in 1774, between the Virginian settlers (then including the Kentuckians) on one side of the Ohio, and the Shawanoes and Senecas on the other. This seems to have been quite as much the fault of the settlers as of the Indians. It was a common opinion among the former at this period, that to kill a *savage* was about the same thing as to kill a buffalo. They not only fired, therefore, upon such as came in the way, as upon wild game, but they decoyed those who lived across the river, to ‘ come over and drink with them,’ for this very purpose. Some of the murdered were the relations of the celebrated Logan.

The rage of the friends of these men exceeded all bounds, and the war was carried on with a cor-

responding vigor. But other trials were preparing for the Christian Indians in the breaking out of the revolutionary war. The *nature* of the understanding which the 'American' party among the Delawares had of this contest, will be learned from an account given to the missionaries by some of the chiefs who attended a meeting at Pittsburg, appointed by Congress for the purpose of explaining the nature of the dispute. The Indians, it appears, were advised to remain neutral, because 'the quarrel was a family one.' It was understood by the chiefs to be described something as follows: 'Suppose a father had a little son, whom he loved and indulged while young, but began to think of having some help from him, on his growing up; and so, making up a small pack, bade him carry it for him. The boy cheerfully takes the pack up and follows his father with it. The latter, finding the boy obedient increased the pack as he grows larger and stronger. As long as the boy is able to carry the pack, he does it without grumbling; but then having arrived at manhood, while the father is making up a larger bundle for him, in comes a third person,* of an evil disposition, inquires into the

* An allusion to the English Ministry of 1770.

circumstances, and advises the father to make it heavier, on the ground that the young man is evidently lusty enough to carry a larger pack. The father is indiscreet enough to follow this advice, and makes up a heavy load. The son examines it and addresses his parent in these words: 'Father; this pack is too heavy for me; pray lighten it. I will carry what I can, but I cannot carry this.' At the instigation of the adviser, the old gentleman, upon this, only repeats his orders in a peremptory tone, also threatening to flog the son, in case of refusal, and taking up a stick for that purpose. 'So!' says the son, 'am I to be served thus for not doing what I cannot do? Well, then, father, if the thing *must* be settled by blows, I have no choice left me but to resist your demand by main force, and this, accordingly, I am determined to do.' Such, said the Indian reporters, was the parable given them to explain the origin of the revolutionary war.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHRISTIAN INDIANS.

The Christian Indians were resolved, at all events, to remain neutral. The other tribes were, generally, induced to take part in the war. In the case of the Delawares, however, there was a division of opinion, White-Eyes, Killbuck, and some other leading chiefs being determined to abide by the advice of the Americans, and remain unengaged in the contest, while another part of the tribe was under the influence of men at home or abroad, who encouraged the opposite course.

The Senecas were particularly in the British interest, as were all the Six Nations; and some of them having met White-Eyes about this time at Pittsburg, and heard him express himself in favor of the Americans, were enraged, and undertook to give him a check. They reminded him haughtily of an old insult often cast by the Six Nations upon the Delawares, that they were women, and had no right to determine or to do anything of *this* importance on their own authority. White-Eyes had expected this insolence, and was prepared first.

He rose instantly, with a proud and lofty air. 'I know well,' said he 'that the Six Nations have pretended to look upon my nation as a conquered nation. You have said many times that you cut off our legs of old, that you put petticoats upon us, that you gave us a hoe and a compounder, and said to us, now women, your business henceforth shall be to plant, hoe and pound for us, who are men, and warriors. Look! look at *my* legs! If, as you say you cut them off, are they not grown again? Do I wear a petticoat? Do I carry a hoe, or a compounder? No! I have fire-arms in *my* hand. I am a man! I am a warrior! And all this country,' added he, waving his hand haughtily in the direction of the Alleghany river, 'all this country is mine!'^{*} This daring address was of a character so unusual that many of the Delawares themselves sent word to the Senecas that they did not justify White-Eyes. His own party was of course warm in his favor.

He signalized himself in a similar manner in 1778, at Goschocking, the chief settlement of the Delawares, on the river Muskingum. Great trouble and dismay had been occasioned among these Indians, it seems, by abominable falsehoods told them by certain white men and half-breeds in

^{*} Speaking, according to a common custom, in the name of his nation.

the British interest, about the hatred and hostility of the Americans. Everything was done to rouse them in this manner to engage at once in the war. And this would have been the result, perhaps, but for White-Eyes, who rose and proposed, in the council held upon the subject, that they should wait ten days to ascertain whether the statements they had just heard were correct. Upon this, Captain Pipe, one of the Delaware war party, availing himself of the occasion for checking the influence of White-Eyes, threw out very broad hints that 'every man should be declared an ene- to the nation, who should oppose the instant taking up of arms against the Americans.' White-Eyes perceived that this blow was aimed at himself; but he parried it by immediately assembling, and addressing his party by themselves: 'If you *will* go out in this war,' said he, observing the preparations of some of them, 'you shall not go without me. I have taken peace measures, it is true, with the view of saving my tribe from destruction. But if you think me in the wrong, if you give more credit to runaway vagabonds than to your own friends, to a man, to a warrior, a Delaware, if you insist upon fighting the Americans, go! and I will go with you. And I will not go like the bear-hunter, who sets his dogs upon the animal to

be beaten about with his paws, while he keeps himself at a safe distance. No ! I will lead you on, I will place myself in the front. I will fall with the first of you ! You can do as you choose, but as for me I will not survive my nation. I will not live to bewail the miserable destruction of a brave people, who deserved, as you do, a better fate.' This spirited harangue had the desired effect. The assembly declared with all the enthusiasm which a grave Indian council are ever willing to manifest, that they would at least wait the ten days, as he wished. Many added that they would never fight the Americans, but with him for a leader.

It fortunately happened at this critical juncture, that one of the missionaries, having a hint of the state of affairs, was hastening his journey to Goschochking. He arrived within sight of the town at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the ninth day. This circumstance was notified to the inhabitants, by a few yells of the first who discovered him, the signification of which was well understood. The whole Indian population immediately pressed into the main highway of the village. The missionary advanced ; but, though he saluted numbers of them as he passed along, not a single person returned the compliment. They looked upon him

in sullen and ominous silence. Even White-Eyes, Killbuck, Big-Cat, and the other chiefs and captains who had always befriended him, now affected a coldness, and stepped back when he offered them his hand. This, however, did not discourage him, especially as he observed among the crowd several men well known to him as Captain Pipe's spies, narrowly scrutinizing the very looks of the peace-chiefs. Among some others, he thought he could even see symptoms of pleasure occasioned by his timely arrival. As none of them all, however, would respond to the common courtesies of salutations, he thought proper to ask the reason.

This was the moment for White-Eyes to come forward. 'We have cause for believing,' said he 'in what these men have told us, (pointing to the British emissaries,) that we have no longer even one friend among the Americans. If this be so, we must consider every one who comes from that side as an enemy, come only to deceive us and to spy us out.' The missionary replied, of course, that the imputation and suspicion were unfounded; and that if *he* were not their friend, they never would have seen him there. 'Then,' continued White-Eyes, 'you will tell us the truth in answer to the question I shall put!' The other ve-

ry earnestly assuring him that he would, he went on, —‘ Are the American armies all cut to pieces by the English? Is General Washington killed? Is there no longer a Congress; and have the English hanged some of them, and taken the remainder to England, to hang them there? Is the whole country beyond the mountains in possession of the English? And are the few American troops who have escaped them, now mustering for a march against us, our wives and our children? Do not deceive us. Speak the truth; and tell me if all these things are so?’

The missionary now declared before the whole assembly that not a word of what he had just heard was true. He then offered White-Eyes certain papers he had brought with him, in confirmation of this statement. The latter thought proper to refuse taking them; but the missionary felt encouraged by the looks of many in the crowd around him, and catching at that moment the eye of the Indian drummer, he called to him to beat the drum for the assembly to meet, for the purpose of hearing what their American brethren had to say to them. A general suit taking place at this novel ceremony, White-Eyes took advantage of the favorable moment and came forward. ‘ Shall we, my friends and relatives,’ said he, ‘ shall we listen

once more to those who calls us their brethren?' This question was answered in the affirmative, loudly and as with one voice; the drum was beat, and the whole body moved towards the spacious council-house of the tribe. There the friendly speeches brought by the missionary from the Pittsburgh commandant, and other Americans well known to them, were read and interpreted. White-Eyes then arose, and made an elaborate and animated address in favor of the Americans. A newspaper containing an account of Burgoyne's surrender, being found enclosed in the packet, he held it up before the assembly, unfolded it with both his hands, and explained its purport. 'See, my friends and relatives,' he concluded, 'these are great events, and this is not the song of a bird, but the truth.' He now felt at liberty to treat the missionary as a friend. He stepped towards him, offered his hand cordially, and welcomed him as a brother; and the whole assembly, to a man, followed his example as they did his advice.

White-Eyes now felt satisfied as to his own nation; but unwilling to overlook the imposition practised upon them by the emissaries, who had just started for the Shawanese towns on the Scioto, he sent word to these towns the next day, to the following effect: 'Grandchildren! ye Shawanese! some days ago, a flock of birds that had

come on from the East, lit at Goschocking, and sang a song among us which almost proved our urin. On leaving us they took their flight towards the Scioto. Should they sing or try to sing to you, do not listen to them, for they lie !' Thus ended the British interest in this quarter.

The Christian Indians, being considered the guests, and under the protection of the Ohio Delawares, felt the benefit of these measures. War-parties of the northern Indians frequently passed their villages, on their way to wage war with the Americans, but they rarely molested them. The large parties, indeed, did not enter the villages, at all. Their custom was to halt at some distance from them, and send in a messenger, announcing, that such a number of *their* friends, going to war, had stopped at such a place to refresh themselves, and would make no objection to a meal of victuals, adding that they need not be afraid—not a chicken of theirs should be hurt. The proceedings of one of these parties, a body of ninety-six Wyandots, who stopped on their way to the south side of the Ohio, about a mile from one of the Christian villages, will furnish some interesting illustrations of their manners and customs. The party was headed by the greatest war-chief of the

nation, and be sent in one of his captains with the following message :

‘Cousins ! I am on my way to war with a great body of men, but you need not be uneasy ; you have nothing to fear from us. I wish only to shake hands with you and your teachers ; and to talk with you. It is for this purpose we have halted here, though if you have a meal’s victuals to spare, my men will be thankful for them.’

One of the Christian Indians, an old friend of the war-captain, immediately ordered victuals to be taken to the camp ; and he went in person soon after, to conduct the old chief, with fifteen of his first men, into town. By their request he conducted them to the missionaries’ dwelling, approaching which with a grave and regular pace, they successively shook hands with each of the missionaries, pronouncing these words. ‘Father ! I thank the Great Spirit that he has preserved our lives for a happy meeting this day.’ Being then taking to the school-house, where they were served with victuals, the head-chief addressed his entertainers to the following effect :

‘Cousins ! Although until now I have never come to see you, I am no stranger to you. I knew you had invited good teachers to come among you, and of that I approve. I love them as

you do. It is well that such men as your teachers and ours * will visit us. They have the large book in which the will of God is written. *We* also have a house in which we meet for prayer.

‘Cousins! you may be astonished at these words, when you see me going on a warlike errand. But listen to what I say! It is unpleasant to approach you thus, but it is for your safety. You, cousins, and your teachers, have many enemies. I have often thought of you, often wished to see you, and have now purposely taken my warriors this way to show them where you live, that they may make no mistake about you hereafter.

‘Cousins, continue always as you are now. Join in no disputes, no wars—you will fare well—the Great Spirit will protect you!’

The old chief having concluded his speech, his friend, in behalf of the Christians, replied to him thus: ‘Uncle! † you are welcome with us, your words come from the heart, and they are precious!’

‘Uncle! you approve of our living as we do; you love us, and because this is the case, the Great Spirit has directed your steps this way, that you might see us and we you.

* Priests sent among them by the French.

† Such was the title given by the Delawares to the Wyandots, the great parent stock from which they derived even themselves—the ‘grand-father,’ as they were, of forty other tribes.

‘Uncle! you say you have a teacher like ours, who has also the great book. I doubt, uncle, whether it be the *same* book. In the book which *our* teachers have, God commands in one place, *Thou shalt not kill*, in another, *Love your enemies, and pray for them!*

‘Uncle! when we were accomplices and allies, in old times, we strove to outdo each other in murdering—but then we knew no better—no man had told us better.

‘Uncle! you and I were friends when we were both young—we have remained so until we are both old—let us act alike now in putting away what is bad, and what God has forbidden—I mean the killing of men.’

After this reply, the war-chief returned to his camp for nearly an hour. He then came back again, having but a single young man with him, and requested an audience of the officers of the town, and addressed them thus:

‘Cousin! I have given your words a due consideration, and now open my heart to you.

‘Cousin! you have spoken the truth in saying that God, who created man, cannot be pleased when these kill one another. I am myself opposed to war, and I had hitherto declined taking up the hatchet, although my father, (the King of

England probably, or the Governor of Detroit,) threatened, if I did not do so, to withhold from me the food and clothing which are necessary for my family. He said I should suffer for my obstinacy.

‘Cousin! place yourself in my situation, living at the very door of my father’s house. When, however, I found that my father would compel me to receive the hatchet, when he told me to kill all the Long-Knives (Americans) I should meet with, I said to him, ‘*father! only men in arms, not women and children!*’ But to this he replied, ‘*All! all!—kill all!*’

‘But cousin! think not that I shall now do as he desires. No! I will tell you how I will act. I will march my men within half a day’s journey from the Ohio river, and then send off a small party to take one prisoner. That prisoner shall be carried to my father, with the charge that he shall not be hurt; and then I will return him the hatchet which he has forced upon me. In ten days you shall see me again, if the Great Spirit preserves me, and not a life shall be lost by my party. I would go home now, but for your sake—you would be charged with having persuaded me to turn back, and my father would be enraged with you.

‘Cousin! I place the words I have spoken deep

under ground, (an injunction of secrecy). On my return I shall say more to you.' After taking a farewell, the old chief with his young man returned to the camp, which was broke up; and they proceeded upon their expedition, without a shout, or the least usual noise of any other kind. In precisely *ten* days, they returned, with one prisoner, and encamped for an hour or two on the former spot. The larger part of them were fed there, with the ordinary Indian hospitality, by the villagers, and the old chief, meanwhile, with his young men, visited his acquaintance in town, and repeated his former promise to bury the hatchet thenceforth forever.

But the hostile Indians, including the Six Nations, the Wyandots and others, were in the mean time getting to be so troublesome, that in 1780, the Christian Indians chose to abandon the village of which we have been speaking. Shortly afterwards, as two of them who belonged to Gnaden-shutten were looking for stray horses among the woods, they were suddenly met by about eighty Indian warriors, who without ceremony took them prisoners. Then pursuing a course through the woods, until they had come within a short distance of the village, they rested till near day-break, carefully guarding the prisoners. They then mov-

ed on silently, and having surrounded the town completely, hailed the inhabitants to deliver into their hands Kill-Buck, Big-Cat, and the other *peace-chiefs*, as 'they must have them, dead or alive.'^{*} They were told that these men were absent, but they took the liberty to assure themselves of that fact, by searching every house, stable and cellar in the village. Finding nothing, they then demanded that the chief men of the three Christian towns should be called together, to meet them in council, and hear what they should say.

'Friends and kinsman!'—said the head war-chief of the Delaware party to them, when assembled, 'Listen to what I say! you see a great nation divided, father fighting the son, and son the father, and the father has called on his Indian children to assist him in correcting his child. I took time to think of it. I looked upon it at first as only a family quarrel. I concluded at last that the father was right, and the son wrong. I thought so the more, when I found the son encroaching on the land of his Indian brethren, stealing, shooting, murdering without cause.—Yes! even those who had been placed for protection under their father's roof, the father himself standing sentry at the door, even them!'^{*}

^{*} Alluding to the massacre at Lancaster, and to the regiment of Highlanders, or the keeper of the gaol.

The orator enlarged upon those sentiments at some length, and concluded with inviting the Christians to remove farther into the Indian country. 'There,' said he, 'you may live in safety. No Long-knife shall molest you. Nay! I will live between you and them, and they shall not even frighten you. There your fields will yield fine harvests—your cattles hall find good pasture—there shall be plenty of game—you shall worship your God without fear. Think on these things, and believe me that if you stay where you are, the Long-knives will one time or other speak fine words to you and murder you!' The Christians replied to this invitation, that they were obliged to the orator for it, but were contented where they were, besides being 'too heavy' to think of rising and moving, that is, having too much real estate and other immoveable and valuable property. He expressed himself satisfied with this answer, nor did he, or the Indians in his interest, ever after give the Christians any trouble.

From other quarters during the war, however, they met with great troubles, which finally resulted in everything but their utter destruction. The Six Nations had a large though secret part in these proceedings. They even sent an express embassy to the Chippewa and Ottawa Indians to this

purport. 'We hereby present you the Christian Indians on the Muskingum, to make broth of'—meaning a command to put them to death. These two nations, being connected with the Delawares, declined the summons, saying that 'their grandfather had done them no injury!'

But the Wyandots, Monseys, and some other tribes were differently disposed; and the time had now come for their open attack upon the Christians. By the instigation of the whites and half-breed vagabonds already mentioned, they sent invitations to all the warriors in the neighborhood of Detroit to meet at Sandusky, for a grand war-feast; there they were furnished with a large ox, roasted entire, which they feasted upon, eating, dancing and singing, each in his turn, their numerous exploits in war, the British flag waving all the while over their heads. They were then served with arms and powder by the emissaries, formed into companies, and sent upon their various routes, nobody knew whither.

But this was not long a secret. More than three hundred of them soon appeared among the Christian villages; and from this time never ceased to harass them. The first attack made upon the missionaries was as follows:—Three of them were walking together at Gnadenshutzen, when a

Monsey chief came up to them hastily, and asked one of them in a peremptory manner, if he would or would not devote himself (exclusively) to teaching the Monsey tribe. But, before a full reply could be given, he stepped three paces back, as a signal for three Wyandots who lay behind a garden fence near by, and who now rushed out upon the missionaries, seized each one his man, and instantly marched them towards the camp, about one hundred yards distant. On the way, a fourth Wyandot aimed several blows with a hatchet at one of the missionaries, who was active enough, to avoid them; and soon after their arrival, several others stripped them of their best clothes, watches, buckles, sleeve-buttons, &c. A dark ferocious looking Monsey then approached, and seizing them all successively by the hair of the head, shook them with his whole force, saying meanwhile, '*I salute thee, my brother!*' He then began stripping one of them of his shirt, with merely the remark that he was much in want of an article of this description, and he expected no better opportunity than the present to provide himself. He had not effected his purpose, however, when a Delaware of some note ran up, and pushed him back with contempt. 'Coward!' said he, 'begone! what harm have these people done you? You are always foremost where there is no danger.'

The prisoners were confined during the night. Meanwhile, the enemy dispatched a party of sixteen men up the river to Salem, for the purpose of seizing upon Isaac Glickhican, a Christian Indian particularly feared and hated for his influence. These men, instructed to take *him* if possible, and otherwise his scalp, started off for Salem, with loud yells and shrieks. They were all mounted on horseback, and they returned in a few hours, bringing the prisoner, with his hands tied behind him. It appears that on their arrival at Salem, they surrounded his house, at such a distance as might prevent his escaping, but fearing to enter, notwithstanding their numbers, they watched for his coming out. He saw some of them before long from a window, and instantly stepped out, and called to them. 'Friends!' said he, 'by your manœuvres I conclude you are come for *me*. If so, why do you hesitate? Obey your orders, I am ready to submit. You seem to fear old Glickhican. Ah! there was a time when I would have scorned to submit to such cowardly slaves. But I am no more Glickhican,* I am Isaac, a believer in the true God, and for his sake I will suffer anything, even death.' Seeing them still hesitate, he

* An Indian word, signifying the sight on a gun barrel.

stepped up to them with his hands placed upon his back. 'Here!' he continued, 'you would tie me if you dared—tie me, then, and take me with you—I am ready.' They now mustered courage to do as he directed.

On the 11th of September, the Christian Indians were compelled to leave their three beautiful villages, and accompany their oppressors on a difficult and tedious journey of a month, to a place upon the Upper Sandusky river, designed by the latter for their future residence. It was a desolate and dreary spot, almost without pasture, provisions or fuel. Their suffering during the ensuing winter, their various migrations from place to place, year after year, under the direction of British or American authorities, their settlement once more upon their old sites on the Muskingum river by permission of Congress, and their gradual diminution and final extinction, up to the year 1808, these facts need not be enlarged upon. Their history will be concluded with a notice of one or two principal events.

During the month succeeding the arrival of the Christians at the desolate places already mentioned, their missionaries were summoned by the commandant of Detroit, to a council called with a view to examine them. Four of them attended, and

were seated upon a bench by themselves—the commandant before them—the Delawares, including Captain Pipe, in front of *him*, and a large number of Indians of various tribes on their right hand, and on their left a war-chief of each of these divisions, holding a stick three or four feet long, with scalps upon it, the result of their last excursions against the Americans. The council being opened by the commandant signifying to Pipe that he might make his expected report, the Captain rose from his seat, holding a stick with two scalps on it, in his left hand, addressed the commandant in a very spirited manner upon the subject of the war, and then handed him the scalps. The other war-chiefs, who were equipped in the same manner with scalps, having followed his example, the commandant now called upon Pipe to declare whether these missionaries were the men, he had charged with favoring the Americans, and assisting them during the war. Pipe replying readily in the affirmative, he continued, ‘Well! both accuser and accused being now present, I desire you to repeat what you have before told me of these men, before this assembly.’ Pipe turned round to several Indians who had been sitting beside him, and told them to stand up and speak. Unluckily for him, drilled as these people probably had been for this

occasion, they were now panic-struck, and had nothing to say. He urged them anew, but in vain. He whispered to them that this was the time, and the only time; but they, instead of stirring or speaking, hung their heads down, and remained mute. For a moment Pipe was really at a loss; but his cunning, and his impudence relieved him. 'Well!' said he, 'we *all* are convinced that these are good men. They are my friends, and I pray you to speak good words to them, I should be grieved to see them ill treated.' (He had abused them in the most outrageous manner, on the way to Detroit). The commandant then asking him what *he* wished should be done with them, he advised their being sent back, by all means, to their own homes, as they desired. These arrangements being generally explained, the council broke up. Pipe did not leave the missionaries, however, until he had provided clothes and food for their present use, and offered them his advice and assistance on all future occasions. With such finesse, did he accommodate himself to his circumstances.

During this same fall, a large number of the Christian Indians were permitted to go back from Sandusky, to their former settlements in Ohio, to procure some of the provisions they had left behind them. This they had effected, and were

bundling up their packs, with the intention of commencing the return-journey the next morning, when a wandering war-party of between one and two hundred white men from the Ohio frontiers made their appearance at Gnadenshutten. Within a mile of the place, they had already met with a young man, one Shabosh, watching his stray horses ; and they murdered him in the most cruel manner. The brother-in-law of this poor victim, who was at this time tying up corn sacks not far off, was the first to see them ; and was about to hail them as a friendly party, when at that moment they shot another Indian who was crossing the river in a canoe. The man now fled, excessively frightened ; and though he might have saved many lives by a little presence of mind, in apprising his friends of their danger, he ran several miles into the woods, and hid himself for a day and a night. Several other Christians, who were found by the whites at work in the corn fields, knowing none of these circumstances, were by them persuaded to accompany them to the village. The whites cajoled them, and called them ‘excellent Christians ;’ and they in return, readily gave up their guns, axes and knives.

This done, they were completely in the power of their enemy, and the latter had now no occa-

sion to delay their purpose. They began with confining the Indians, men, women, and children. They then took possession of all the horses, axes, pots, kettles, everything they could find; these things they said, had been stolen from the whites during the war, they could swear to it. They then gathered around the miserable prisoners, and informed them of the fate they must prepare for. Some of the most blood-thirsty were anxious to commence the work of blood instantly, but others were willing to allow the Indians the short time which they requested. The latter, finding tears, entreaties, and protestations of no avail, betook themselves to their sad and solemn preparations for death. 'They asked pardon of each other,' says a describer of the scene, 'for whatever offence or grief they had given or occasioned; they kneeled down together and offered fervent prayers to God their Saviour; then kissing each other, with floods of tears, they still sang praises to Him, in the joyful hope of a final and everlasting redemption.'

The murderers, meanwhile, were consulting together upon the best method of despatching them. Some were unwilling, indeed, to take any part in a proceeding of this character. Others proposed setting fire to the houses where the prisoners

were confined, and so burning them alive. The discussion was at length terminated in favor of a general massacre, by an argument upon the value and honor of the scalps. The prisoners were now interrupted, and asked if they were ready. They replied that they were; they had commended themselves to God, and they trusted He would receive their souls. The whites then came in among them. One of them took up a cooper's mallet which lay upon the floor—the owner of the house being a cooper—saying, ‘this will exactly answer the purpose.’ He accordingly commenced the labor of death, nor did he stop until he had knocked down and killed fourteen of the Indians with his own hand.—He then gave the instrument to another, having, as he said, done pretty well, and worked till his arm failed him. Thus was this horrid massacre completed; and the only one of the mangled victims who escaped with his life from their first violence, and was afterwards seen attempting to rise, (a man named Abel,) was again assaulted, and killed upon the spot. The murderers finished the scene by setting fire to the houses, as night came on, and then went off, shouting and yelling for victory.

More than ninety Indians perished in this man-

ner, and of the whole company two only escaped. One of them, a boy, being confined in the house where most of the men were, was knocked down and scalped with the rest. But, recovering after a while, he looked around him, and at that moment he saw Abel, with the blood running down his face, trying to support himself upon his arms in order to rise; he had presence of mind enough, fortunately, to lie down again instantly, in the manner of a dead person. Within a minute or two, he saw several of the whites come in, look about among the bodies of the murdered, and finish their examination by despatching Abel with their hatchets. They now went out, and the boy availed himself of this opportunity to creep over the dead bodies, still keeping himself in a posture to deceive them, should they enter a second time. He neither heard nor saw any one, however; and it being now near dusk, he escaped from the house upon the back side, concealed himself in the woods, and afterwards made his way to Sandusky.

Another lad, who was in the house where the women were, had found means to raise a plank serving as a trap-door to the cellar which was under the floor; and there he and another boy lay concealed while the butchery was going on—

though as the planks were but loosely laid, the blood ran in streams upon them through the crevices. Having waited for the evening to come on, that they might effect an escape, they attempted to get out through a small hole cut for a window. In this manner the boy first mentioned escaped, though with difficulty ; but his unfortunate comrade, who was larger, stuck fast, and probably perished soon after in the flames.

Such was the unprincipled and unprovoked massacre of these Indians—a disgraceful and horrible deed, committed by a banditti of such brutal ruffians as have been but too often found upon the frontiers. It is consoling that the entire annals of the country from its first settlement, furnish scarcely another transaction of a character to be compared with this.