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MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Numbers 25-28

VOL. ⁷VII.

WILLIAM ABBATT

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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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(Greek and English Text)

Wilfred O. Bailey

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

IN THIS, the third of our EXTRAS devoted to Lincoln, are three of the rarest items relating to him—the Indianapolis Court resolutions, the Woods sermon, and the Bailey Greek Oration.

Of the latter the author says, in a recent letter to the Editor: “I should like to point out that the speech (which is imaginary) was written in Greek with the special object of illustrating the style of Thucydides in his speeches * * * I have attempted nothing but to make a faithful translation, and fear you will not recognize Lincoln’s particular style! It can only be judged in the Greek.”

We are sure our readers will find this a very interesting article.

It might be thought strange to call a public document “scarce”—yet as a matter of fact the celebrated Address to the special session of Congress—1861—is fairly entitled to that adjective. In it appears the celebrated phrase “sugar-coated,” which occasioned Seward’s famous adverse criticism and Mr. Lincoln’s equally famous reply to his objection.

The various speeches by Englishmen of note, as well as Emerson’s Address, have not been reprinted before; General Hamlin’s account of the assassination appeared only in a volume of Loyal Legion papers,—which are unknown to the general public—and Mr. Malet’s brief account of his interview in 1862 reports a statement by the President about his nomination which we have not seen reported by any other writer.

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THE PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL SESSION MESSAGE

July 4, 1861.

Fellow Citizens of The Senate and House of Representatives:

Having been convened on an extraordinary occasion, as authorized by law, your attention is not called to any ordinary subject of legislation.

At the beginning of the present Presidential term, four months ago, the functions of the Federal Government were found to be generally suspended within the several states of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, excepting only those of the Post Office Department.

Within these states all the forts, arsenals, dockyards, custom-houses, and the like, including the movable and stationary property in and about them, had been seized and were held in open hostility to this Government, excepting only Forts Pickens, Taylor and Jefferson, on and near the Florida coast, and Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina. The forts thus seized had been put in improved condition, new ones had been built, and armed forces had been organized and were organizing, all avowedly with the same hostile purpose.

The forts remaining in the possession of the Federal Government in and near these States were either besieged or menaced by warlike preparations, and especially Fort Sumter was nearly surrounded by well-protected hostile batteries, with guns equal in quality to the best of its own and out-numbering the latter as perhaps ten to one. A disproportionate share of the Federal muskets and rifles had somehow found their way into these States, and had been seized to be used against the Government. Accumulations of the public revenue lying within them had been seized for the same object. The Navy was scattered in distant seas, leaving but a very

small part of it within the immediate reach of the Government. Officers of the Federal Army and Navy had resigned in great numbers, and of those resigning a large proportion had taken up arms against the Government. Simultaneously and in connection with all this the purpose to sever the Federal Union was openly avowed. In accordance with this purpose, an ordinance had been adopted in each of these States declaring the States respectively to be separated from the National Union. A formula for instituting a combined government of these States had been promulgated, and this illegal organization, in the character of Confederate States, was already invoking recognition, aid, and intervention from foreign powers.

Finding this condition of things and believing it to be an imperative duty upon the incoming Executive to prevent, if possible the consummation of such attempt to destroy the Federal Union, a choice of means to that end became indispensable. This choice was made, and was declared in the inaugural address. The policy chosen looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before a resort to any stronger ones. It sought only to hold the public places and property not already wrested from the Government and to collect the revenue, relying for the rest on time, discussion, and the ballot box. It promised a continuance of the mails at Government expense to the very people who were resisting the Government, and it gave repeated pledges against any disturbance to any of the people or any of their rights. Of all that which a President might constitutionally and justifiably do in such a case, everything was foreborne without which it was believed possible to keep the Government on foot.

On the 5th of March, the present incumbent's first full day in office, a letter of Major Anderson, commanding at Fort Sumter, written on the 28th of February and received at the War Department on the 4th of March, was by that Department placed in his

hands. This letter expressed the professional opinion of the writer that reënforcements could not be thrown into that fort within the time for his relief rendered necessary by the limited supply of provisions, and with a view of holding possession of the same, with a force of less than 20,000 good and well-disciplined men. This opinion was concurred in by all the officers of his command, and their memoranda on the subject were made enclosures of Major Anderson's letter. The whole was immediately laid before Lieutenant-General Scott, who at once concurred with Major Anderson in opinion. On reflection, however, he took full time, consulting with other officers, both of the Army and the Navy, and at the end of four days came reluctantly but decidedly, to the same conclusion as before. He also stated at the same time that no such sufficient force was then at the control of the Government or could be raised and brought to the ground within the time when the provisions in the fort would be exhausted. In a purely military point of view this reduced the duty of the Administration in the case to the mere matter of getting the garrison safely out of the fort.

It was believed, however, that to so abandon that position under the circumstances would be utterly ruinous; that the *necessity* under which it was done would not be fully understood; that by many it would be construed as a part of a *voluntary* policy; that at home it would discourage the friends of the Union, embolden its adversaries, and go far to insure to the latter a recognition abroad; that, in fact, it would be our national destruction consummated. This could not be allowed. Starvation was not yet upon the garrison, and ere it was reached *Fort Pickens* might be reënforced. This last would be a clear indication of *policy*, and would better enable the country to accept the evacuation of Fort Sumter as a military *necessity*. An order was at once directed to be sent for the landing of the troops from the steamship *Brooklyn* into Fort Pickens. This order could not go by land, but must take the longer and slower route by sea. The first return news from the order was received

just one week before the fall of Fort Sumter, The news itself was that the officer commanding the *Sabine*, to which vessel the troops had been transferred from the *Brooklyn*, acting upon some quasi armistice of the late Administration, (and of the existence of which the present Administration, up to the time the order was dispatched, had only too vague and uncertain rumors to fix attention,) had refused to land the troops. To now reënforce Fort Pickens before a crisis would be reached at Fort Sumter, was impossible, rendered so by the near exhaustion of provisions in the latter-named fort. In precaution against such a conjuncture the Government had a few days before commenced preparing an expedition, as well adapted as might be, to relieve Fort Sumter, which expedition was intended to be ultimately used or not, according to circumstances. The strongest anticipated case for using it was now presented, and it was resolved to send it forward. As had been intended in this contingency it was also resolved to notify the governor of South Carolina, that he might expect an attempt would be made to provision the fort, and that if the attempt should not be resisted there would be no effort to throw in men, arms, or ammunition without further notice, or in case of an attack upon the fort. This notice was accordingly given, whereupon the fort was attacked and bombarded to its fall, without even awaiting the arrival of the provisioning expedition.

It is thus seen that the assault upon and reduction of Fort Sumter was in no sense a matter of self-defense on the part of the assailants. They well knew that the garrison in the fort could by no possibility commit aggression upon them. They knew—they were expressly notified—that the giving of bread to the few brave and hungry men of the garrison was all which would on that occasion be attempted, unless themselves, by resisting so much, should provoke more. They knew that this Government desired to keep the garrison in the fort, not to assail them, but merely to preserve visible possession, and thus to preserve the Union from actual and immediate dissolution, trusting, as hereinbefore stated, to time, discussion,

and the ballot-box for final adjustment; and they assailed and reduced the fort for precisely the reverse object—to drive out the visible authority of the Federal Union, and thus force it to immediate dissolution. That this was their object the Executive well understood, and having said to them in the inaugural address, “You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors,” he took pains not only to keep this declaration good, but also to keep the case so free from the power of ingenious sophistry as that the world should not be able to misunderstand it. By the affair at Fort Sumter, with its surrounding circumstances, that point was reached.

Then and thereby the assailants of the Government began the conflict of arms, without a gun in sight or in expectancy to return their fire, save only the few in the fort, sent to that harbor years before for their own protection, and still ready to give that protection in whatever was lawful. In this act, discarding all else, they have forced upon the country the distinct issue, “Immediate dissolution or blood.”

And this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic, or democracy—a government of the people by the same people—can or can not maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. It presents the question whether discontented individuals, too few in numbers to control administration according to organic law in any case, can always, upon the pretenses made in this case, or on any other pretenses, or arbitrarily without any pretense, break up their government, and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth. It forces us to ask, Is there in all republics this inherent and fatal weakness? Must a government of necessity be too *strong* for the liberties of its own people, or too *weak* to maintain its own existence?

So viewing the issue, no choice was left but to call out the war

power of the Government and so to resist force employed for its own destruction by force for its preservation.

The call was made, and the response of the country was most gratifying, surpassing in unanimity and spirit the most sanguine expectation. Yet none of the States commonly called slave States, except Delaware, gave a regiment through regular State organization. A few regiments have been organized within some others of those States by individual enterprise, and received into the Government service. Of course the seceded States so-called (and to which Texas had been joined about the time of the inauguration) gave no troops to the cause of the Union. The border States, so called, were not uniform in their action, some of them being almost *for* the Union while in others, as Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas, the Union sentiment was nearly repressed and silenced. The course taken in Virginia was the most remarkable, perhaps the most important. A convention elected by the people of that State to consider this very question of disrupting the Federal Union was in session at the capital of Virginia when Fort Sumter fell. To this body the people had chosen a large majority of *professed* Union men. Almost immediately after the fall of Sumter many members of that majority went over to the original disunion minority, and with them adopted an ordinance for withdrawing the State from the Union. Whether this change was wrought by their great approval of the assault upon Sumter or their great resentment at the Government's resistance to that assault is not definitely known. Although they submitted the ordinance for ratification to a vote of the people, to be taken on a day then somewhat more than a month distant, the convention and the legislature, which was also in session at the same time and place, with leading men of the State not members of either, immediately commenced acting as if the State were already out of the Union. They pushed military preparations vigorously forward all over the State. They seized the United States armory at Harper's Ferry and the navy-yard at Gosport, near Norfolk.

They received—perhaps invited—into their State large bodies of troops, with their warlike appointments, from the so-called seceded States. They formally entered into a treaty of temporary alliance and cooperation with the so-called “Confederate States” and sent members to their congress at Montgomery; and, finally, they permitted the insurrectionary government to be transferred to their capital at Richmond.

The people of Virginia have thus allowed this giant insurrection to make its nest within her borders, and this Government has no choice left but to deal with it *where* it finds it; and it has the less regret, as the loyal citizens have in due form claimed its protection. Those loyal citizens this Government is bound to recognize and protect, as being Virginia.

In the border States, so called—in fact, the Middle States—there are those who favor a policy which they call “armed neutrality”; that is, an arming of those States to prevent the Union forces passing one way or the disunion the other over their soil. This would be disunion completed. Figuratively speaking, it would be the building of an impassable wall along the line of separation, and yet not quite an impassable one, for, under the guise of neutrality, it would tie the hands of the Union men and freely pass supplies from among them to the insurrectionists, which it could not do as an open enemy.

At a stroke it would take all the trouble off the hands of secession, except only what proceeds from the external blockade. It would do for the disunionists that which of all things they most desire—feed them well and give them disunion without a stroke of their own. It recognizes no fidelity to the Constitution, no obligation to maintain the Union; and while very many who have favored it are doubtless loyal citizens, it is, nevertheless, very injurious in effect.

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Recurring to the action of the Government, it may be stated that at first a call was made for 75,000 militia, and rapidly following this a proclamation was issued for closing the ports of the insurrectionary districts by proceedings in the nature of blockade. So far all was believed to be strictly legal. At this point the insurrectionists announced their purpose to enter upon the practice of privateering.

Other calls were made for volunteers to serve three years unless sooner discharged, and also for large additions to the Regular Army and Navy. These measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon under what appeared to be a popular demand and a public necessity, trusting then, as now, that Congress would readily ratify them. It is believed that nothing has been done beyond the constitutional competency of Congress.

Soon after the first call for militia it was considered a duty to authorize the Commanding General in proper cases, according to his discretion, to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, or, in other words, to arrest and detain without resort to the ordinary processes and forms of law such individuals as he might deem dangerous to the public safety. This authority has purposely been exercised but very sparingly. Nevertheless, the legality and propriety of what has been done under it are questioned, and the attention of the country has been called to the proposition that one who is sworn to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed" should not himself violate them. Of course some consideration was given to the questions of power and propriety before this matter was acted upon. The whole of the laws which were required to be faithfully executed were being resisted and failing of execution in nearly one-third of the States. Must they be allowed to finally fail of execution, even had it been perfectly clear that by the use of the means necessary to their execution some single law, made in such extreme tenderness of the citizen's liberty that practically it

relieves more of the guilty than of the innocent, should to a very limited extent be violated? To state the question more directly, Are all the laws *but one* to go unexecuted, and the Government itself go to pieces lest that one be violated? Even in such a case, would not the official oath be broken if the Government should be overthrown when it was believed that disregarding the single law would tend to preserve it? But it was not believed that this question was presented. It was not believed that any law was violated. The provision of the Constitution that "the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it", is equivalent to a provision—is a provision—that such privilege may be suspended when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety *does* require it. It was decided that we have a case of rebellion and that the public safety does require the qualified suspension of the privilege which was authorized to be made. Now it is insisted that Congress and not the Executive, is vested with this power; but the Constitution itself is silent as to which or who is to exercise the power; and as the provision was plainly made for a dangerous emergency, it can not be believed that the framers of the instrument intended that in every case the danger should run its course until Congress could be called together, the very assembling of which might be prevented, as was intended in this case, by the rebellion.

No more extended argument is now offered, as an opinion at some length will probably be presented by the Attorney-General. Whether there shall be any legislation upon the subject, and, if any, what, is submitted entirely to the better judgment of Congress.

The forbearance of this Government had been so extraordinary and so long continued as to lead some foreign nations to shape their action as if they supposed the early destruction of our National Union was probable. While this on discovery gave the Executive some concern, he is now happy to say that the sovereignty and right

of the United States are now everywhere practically respected by foreign powers, and a general sympathy with the country is manifested throughout the world.

The reports of the Secretaries of the Treasury, War, and the Navy will give the information in detail deemed necessary and convenient for your deliberation and action, while the Executive and all the Departments will stand ready to supply omissions or to communicate new facts considered important for you to know.

It is now recommended that you give the legal means for making this contest a short and decisive one; that you place at the control of the Government for the work at least 400,000 men and \$400,000,000. That number of men is about one-tenth of those of proper ages within the regions where apparently *all* are willing to engage, and the sum is less than a twenty-third part of the money value owned by the men who seem ready to devote the whole. A debt of \$600,000,000 now is a less sum per head than was the debt of our Revolution when we came out of that struggle, and the money value in the country now bears even a greater proportion to what it was *then* than does the population. Surely each man has as strong a motive *now* to *preserve* our liberties as each had then to *establish* them.

A right result at this time will be worth more to the world than ten times the men and ten times the money. The evidence reaching us from the country leaves no doubt that the material for the work is abundant, and that it needs only the hand of legislation to give it legal sanction and the hand of the Executive to give it practical shape and efficiency. One of the greatest perplexities of the Government is to avoid receiving troops faster than it can provide for them. In a word, the people will save their Government if the Government itself will do its part only indifferently well.

It might seem at first thought to be of little difference whether the present movement at the South be called "secession" or

“rebellion”^{www.libtaol.com.in} The movers, however, well understand the difference. At the beginning they knew they could never raise their treason to any respectable magnitude by any name which implies *violation* of law. They knew their people possessed as much of moral sense, as much of devotion to law and order, and as much pride in and reverence for the history and Government of their common country as any other civilized and patriotic people. They knew they could make no advancement directly in the teeth of these strong and noble sentiments. Accordingly, they commenced by an insidious debauching of the public mind. They invented an ingenious sophism, which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps through all the incidents to the complete destruction of the Union. The sophism itself is that any State of the Union may *consistently* with the National Constitution, and therefore *lawfully* and *peacefully*, withdraw from the Union without the consent of the Union or of any other State. The little disguise that the supposed right is to be exercised only for just cause, themselves to be the sole judge of its justice, is too thin to merit any notice.

With rebellion thus sugar-coated they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years, and until at length they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government the day *after* some assemblage of men have enacted the farcical pretense of taking their State out of the Union who could have been brought to no such thing the day *before*.

This sophism derives much, perhaps the whole, of its currency from the assumption that there is some omnipotent and sacred supremacy pertaining to a *State*—to each State of our Federal Union. Our States have neither more nor less power than that reserved to them in the Union by the Constitution, no one of them ever having been a State *out* of the Union. The original ones passed into the Union even *before* they cast off their British colonial

dependence, and the new ones each came into the Union directly from a condition of dependence, excepting Texas; and even Texas, in its temporary independence, was never designated a State. The new ones only took the designation of States on coming into the Union, while that name was first adopted for the old ones in and by the Declaration of Independence. Therein the "United Colonies" were declared to be "free and independent States;" but even then the object plainly was not to declare their independence of *one another* or of the Union, but directly the contrary, as their mutual pledge and their mutual action before, at the time, and afterwards abundantly show. The express plighting of faith by each and all of the original thirteen in the Articles of Confederation, two years later, that the Union shall be perpetual is most conclusive. Having never been States, either in substance or in name, *outside* the Union, whence this magical omnipotence of "State rights", asserting a claim of power lawfully to destroy the Union itself? Much is said about the "sovereignty" of the States, but the word even is not in the National Constitution, nor as is believed, in any of the State constitutions. What is a "sovereignty" in the political sense of the word? Would it be far wrong to define it "a political community without a political superior?" Tested by this, no one of our States, except Texas, ever was a sovereignty; and even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union, by which act she acknowledged the Constitution of the United States and the laws and treaties of the United States made in pursuance of the Constitution to be for her the supreme law of the land. The States have their status in the Union, and they have no other legal status. If they break from this, they can only do so against law and by revolution. The Union, and not themselves separately, procured their independence and their liberty. By conquest or purchase the Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and, in fact, it created them as States. Originally some dependent colo-

nies made the Union, and in turn the Union threw off their old dependence for them and made them States, such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State constitution independent of the Union. Of course it is not forgotten that all the new States framed their Constitutions before they entered the Union, nevertheless dependent upon and preparatory to coming into the Union.

Unquestionably the States have the powers and rights reserved to them in and by the National Constitution; but among these surely are not included all conceivable powers, however mischievous or destructive, but at most such only as were known in the world at the time as governmental powers; and certainly a power to destroy the Government itself had never been known as a governmental—as a merely administrative power. This relative matter of national power and State rights, as a principle, is no other than the principle of *generality* and *locality*. Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole—to the General Government—while whatever concerns *only* the State should be left exclusively to the State. This is all there is of original principle about it. Whether the National Constitution in defining boundaries between the two has applied the principle with strict accuracy is not to be questioned. We are all bound by that defining without question.

What is now combated is the position, that secession is *consistent* with the Constitution—is *lawful* and *peaceful*. It is not contended that there is any express law for it, and nothing should ever be implied as law which leads to unjust or absurd consequences. The nation purchased with money the countries out of which several of these States were formed. Is it just that they shall go off without leave and without refunding? The nation paid very large sums (in the aggregate I believe, nearly a hundred millions) to relieve Florida of the aboriginal tribes. Is it just that she shall now be off without consent or without making any return? The nation

is now in debt for money applied to the benefit of these so-called seceding States in common with the rest. Is it just either that creditors shall go unpaid or the remaining States pay the balance? A part of the present National debt was contracted to pay the old debts of Texas. Is it just that she shall leave and pay no part of this herself?

Again: If one State may secede, so may another; and when all shall have seceded none is left to pay the debts. Is this quite just to our creditors? Did we notify them of this sage view of ours when we borrowed their money? If we now recognize this doctrine by allowing the seceders to go in peace, it is difficult to see what we can do if others choose to go or to extort terms upon which they will promise to remain.

The seceders insist that our Constitution admits of secession. They have assumed to make a national constitution of their own, in which of necessity they have either *discarded* or *retained* the right of secession, as they insist it exists in ours. If they have discarded it, they thereby admit that on principle it ought not to be in ours. If they have retained it, by their own construction of ours they show that to be consistent they must secede from one another whenever they shall find it the easiest way of settling their debts or effecting any other selfish or unjust object. The principle itself is one of disintegration, and upon which no government can possibly endure.

If all the States save one should assert the power to *drive* that one out of the Union, it is presumed the whole class of seceder politicians would at once deny the power and denounce the act as the greatest outrage upon State rights. But suppose that precisely the same act, instead of being called "driving the one out", should be called "the seceding of the others from that one", it would be exactly what the seceders claim to do, unless, indeed, they make the point that the one, because it is a minority, may right-

fully do what the others, because they are a majority, may not rightfully do. These politicians are subtle and profound on the rights of minorities. They are not partial to that power which made the Constitution and speaks from the preamble, calling itself "we, the people".

It may well be questioned whether there is today a majority of the legally qualified voters of any State, except, perhaps, South Carolina, in favor of disunion. There is much reason to believe that the Union men are the majority in many, if not in every other one, of the so-called seceded States. The contrary has not been demonstrated in any one of them. It is ventured to affirm this even of Virginia and Tennessee; for the result of an election held in military camps, where the bayonets are all on one side of the question voted upon, can scarcely be considered as demonstrating popular sentiment. At such an election all that large class who are at once *for* the Union and *against* coercion would be coerced to vote against the Union.

It may be affirmed without extravagance that the free institutions we enjoy have developed the powers and improved the condition of our whole people beyond any example in the world. Of this we now have a striking and an impressive illustration. So large an army as the Government has now on foot was never before known without a soldier in it but who had taken his place there of his own free choice. But more than this, there are many single regiments whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all the arts, sciences, professions, and whatever else, whether useful or elegant, is known in the world; and there is scarcely one from which there could not be selected a President, a Cabinet, a Congress and perhaps a court, abundantly competent to administer the Government itself. Nor do I say this is not true also in the army of our late friends, now adversaries in this contest; but if it is, so much better the reason why the Government which has conferred such

benefits on both them and us should not be broken up. Whoever in any section proposes to abandon such a government would do well to consider in deference to what principle it is that he does it; what better he is likely to get in its stead; whether the substitute will give, or be intended to give so much of good to the people. There are some foreshadowings on this subject. Our adversaries have adopted some declarations of independence in which, unlike the good old one penned by Jefferson, they omit the words "all men are created equal" Why? They have adopted a temporary national constitution in the preamble of which, unlike our good old one signed by Washington, they omit "We, the people", and substitute "We, the deputies of the sovereign and independent States." Why? Why this deliberate pressing out of view the rights of men and the authority of the people?

This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men; to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life. Yielding to partial and temporary departures, from necessity, this is the leading object of the Government for whose existence we contend.

I am most happy to believe the plain people understand and appreciate this. It is worthy of note that while in this the Government's hour of trial large numbers of those in the Army and Navy who have been favored with the offices have resigned and proved false to the hand which had pampered them, not one common soldier or common sailor is known to have deserted his flag.

Great honor is due to those officers who have remained true despite the example of their treacherous associates; but the greatest honor and most important fact of all is the unanimous firmness of the common soldiers and common sailors. To the last man, so

far as known, they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those whose commands but an hour before they obeyed as absolute law. This is the patriotic instinct of plain people. They understand without an argument that the destroying the government which was made by Washington means no good to them.

Our popular Government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have already settled—the successful *establishing* and the successful *administering* of it. One still remains—its successful *maintenance* against a formidable internal attempt to overthrow it. It is now for them to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets and that when ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided there can be no successful appeal back to bullets; that there can be no successful appeal except to ballots themselves at succeeding elections. Such will be a great lesson of peace, teaching men that what they cannot take by an election neither can they take by a war; teaching all the folly of being the beginners of a war.

Lest there be some uneasiness in the minds of candid men as to what is to be the course of the Government towards the Southern States *after* the rebellion shall have been suppressed, the Executive deems it proper to say it will be his purpose then, as ever, to be guided by the Constitution and the laws, and that he probably will have no different understanding of the powers and duties of the Federal Government relatively to the rights of the States and the people under the Constitution than that expressed in the inaugural address.

He desires to preserve the Government, that it may be administered for all as it was administered by the men who made it. Loyal citizens everywhere have the right to claim this of their government, and the government has no right to withhold or neglect it. It is not perceived that in giving it there is any coercion, any conquest, or any subjugation in any just sense of those terms.

www.lib The Constitution provides, and all the States have accepted the provision, that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." But if a State may lawfully go out of the Union, having done so it may also discard the republican form of government; so that to prevent its going out is an indispensable *means* to the *end* of maintaining the guaranty mentioned; and when an end is lawful and obligatory the indispensable means to it are also lawful and obligatory.

It was with the deepest regret that the Executive found the duty of employing the war power in defense of the Government forced upon him. He could but perform this duty or surrender the existence of the Government. No compromise by public servants could in this case be a cure; not that compromises are not often proper, but that no popular government can long survive a marked precedent that those who carry an election can only save the government from immediate destruction by giving up the main point upon which the people gave the election. The people themselves, and not their servants, can safely reverse their own deliberate decisions.

As a private citizen the Executive could not have consented that these institutions shall perish; much less could he in betrayal of so vast and so sacred a trust as these free people had confided to him. He felt that he had no moral right to shrink, nor even to count the chances of his own life, in what might follow. In full view of his great responsibility he has so far done what he has deemed his duty. You will now, according to your own judgment, perform yours. He sincerely hopes that your views and your action may so accord with his as to assure all faithful citizens who have been disturbed in their rights, of a certain and speedy restoration to them under the Constitution and the laws.

And having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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Gaisford Prize—Greek Prose

1893

Supposed Speech of Abraham Lincoln, on the occasion of his second election to the Presidency of the United States

(In the style of Thucydides)

BY

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1893

IMAGINARY SPEECH BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON THE
OCCASION OF HIS SECOND INAUGURATION

IN THE STYLE OF THUCYDIDES.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

MY FRIENDS,

I am indeed rejoiced to be honoured by this numerous and enthusiastic gathering. It is a great token of your goodwill. And when a man is grappling with a task full of dangers and pitfalls, the encouragement of friends acts like a charm in strengthening his purpose to go forth with renewed zeal to his work; without it, his mind is paralyzed in the face of a crisis. It is because the reality and not the semblance of justice has been my constant ideal, that I have reached my present exalted station, one with which no poor man has ever been honoured by you before. And it would have been hard indeed if, having been elected by you when the state was in dangerous waters, I had been dismissed just as I was safely piloting her into harbour. For let no man think that I plunged the state into war. Our enemies were thirsting for a conflict and were the first to do us wrong, by dismantling one of our forts. Yet, granting to the full that *we* had been the first to act, it would still have been unfair to lay the origin of the dispute at our door. For I say that a war is stirred up not by the man who, smarting under an insult, strikes the first swift blow in self defence, but by him who, overriding all laws sacred and profane, tries to steal away his neighbours' possessions. We could no longer brook to see the enslavement of some an accomplished fact, that of others impending. Let me not waste words in relating the causes and progress of the war—They are matters of common knowledge. But there are some points upon which I should like to refresh your memory. Among other falsehoods to which they give currency about the slaves, is the fiction that

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ΚΑΛΛΙΣΤΟΣ Ο ΔΗΜΟΣ ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΗΜΟΥ
ΤΩ ΔΗΜΩ ΔΙΟΙΚΩΝ.

Και ἀσμένω μοι, ὦ ἄνδρες, συνέβη ταῦτα ὑφ' ὑμῶν, κλήθει τε παρόντων καὶ θορυβούντων τιμᾶσθαι· μέγα γὰρ εὐνοίας τεκμήριον· τῷ δὲ δεινοῖς τε καὶ σφαλεροῖς προσομιλοῦντι, ἢ τῶν φίλων παραμυθία, αἰετὶ μετὰ κηλήσεως συνοῦσα, πολλὴν ἔχει γνώμης βεβαίωσιν ἐς τὸ προθυμότερον πρὸς τὰ ἔργα ἐξίκεσθαι· ἐν δὲ τῷ μὴ τυχόντι αὐτῇ ἑαυτῆς ἀσθενεστέρα ἢ διάνοια παρὰ τὰς ξυμφοράς ἐγένετο. αἰετὶ γὰρ τοῦτο προθυμῆθην ὅπως τῇ ἀληθείᾳ ἀλλὰ μὴ τῇ δικαιοσύνῃ δοκούσῃ εἶναι χρῆσαιμην. δι' ὅπερ οὐχ ἤκιστα ἐς τὸδε ἀξιώματος προβέβηκα, ὥστε κλειῖστα εἰς ἀνὴρ πένης ὑφ' ὑμῶν τιμηθῆσθαι· καὶ δεινὸν ἦν εἰ, μετεώρου τῆς πόλεως ἄρχειν αἰρεθείς, ἐς λιμένα ὄσον οὐ καταγαγὼν αὐτὴν παρελύθην. μηδεὶς γὰρ οἴηθῃ ὡς ἡσυχάζουσιν τὴν πόλιν ἐς πόλεμον κατέστησα. οἱ γὰρ ἐναντίοι δῆλοι ἦσαν πολεμησιόντες καὶ πρῶτοι ὑπῆρξαν ἀδικίας, τείχος τῶν ἡμετέρων καθελόντες, εἰ μὲντοι τὰ μάλιστα οὐχ οὗτοι ἦσαν ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς οἱ δρώντες, τῆς διαφορᾶς τὴν αἰτίαν ἡμῖν τις ἐπιφέρων οὐκ ἂν ὀρθῶς αἰτιάσαιτο. πόλεμον γὰρ ἐγείρει, οὐχ ὅς ἂν τὰ αὐτοῦ σώζων φθάσας προκαταλάβῃ ὑβρισθείς, ἀλλ' ὅς ἂν, πάντα θεῖα καὶ ὄσια προπηλακίσας, τῶν ἀλλοτρίων λαθῶν πλεονεκτεῖν πειραθῇ. οὐδὲ ἔτι ἐνεχώρει ἡμῖν τοὺς μὲν ἤδη καταδουλωθῆσθαι, τοὺς δὲ μὴ διὰ μακροῦ τὸ αὐτὸ πάσχειν. ἀλλὰ τὰ τοῦ πολέμου ὅπως καὶ ὧν ἕνεκα ἐπολεμήθη ἐν εἰδόσι τί δεῖ μακρηγορεῖν; ὅμως ἔστιν ἃ περὶ αὐτὸ προεπισταμένους ὑμᾶς ὑπομῆσαι ἂν βουλοίμην. ὅσα γὰρ περὶ τῶν ἀνδραπόδων ἀλλὰ τε οὐκ ὄντα λέγουσιν ἐπικαταψευδόμενοι, καὶ ὡς, ὕβρει καὶ κακίᾳ ἐπαρθέντες, τὰ σφισιν ὑπάρχοντα ἀγαθὰ φθονήσαντες ἀποστεροῦμεν, πᾶν τούναντιον αὐτοὶ τῷ ἐγκλήματι τούτῳ μάλιστα ἔνοχοι γεγονῶσιν. ὅσον γὰρ χρόνον τὰ σφέτερα καρπούμενοι τοῖς οἰκέταις ἐχρῶντο, καὶ ἡμεῖς, οὐ μὲν δίκαιον ἡγοῦμενοι εἴ τις ἄλλον τινὰ ἀνθρώπος ἀνθρώπον ὄντα καὶ τῇ γε φύσει οὐδένοσ ἦσσαν ἐλεύθερον καταδουλωσάμενος ἔξει, ἀλλὰ τοῦ κατὰ μέρος δικαίου τὴν κοινὴν σωτηρίαν προτιμήσαντες, ἐνθυμούμενοι ὡς εἰ λόγῳ ἀποτρέψαι αὐτοὺς πειρασαίμεθα, οὐκ ἂν ἀνάσχοιντο νοθετούμενοι, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ κοινοῦ ἀποστάντες, οὐδὲν ἦσσαν ἢ πρότερον ἐν τοῖς ἀδικήμασι διατελοῖεν, καὶ ἅμα μὴ περὶ τοῦ παντὸς ἤδη εἴη κίνδυνος, μὴ διασπασθὲν καὶ δίχα γενόμενον διαφθαρεῖν, τῶς μὲν οὖν ἡσυχίαν ἡγομεν, ἀγαπῶντες εἰ τὸ ἐφ' ἡμᾶς γε ἀγαθοὶ γενοίμεθα, ἐπειδὴ δὲ οὗτοι ἐς τοῦτο ἀναισχυντίας προήλθον ὥστε καὶ ἡμῖν τὸ σφέτερον μῦσος ἐμοποιεῖν ἐπιχειρεῖν, οὐκέτι περιοπτεῖα ἦν ἀλλ' ἀπροφασίστως ἀμυντέον καὶ οὐχ ὑπεικτέον. εἴτα ποῖω σὺν δικαίῳ ἐν αἰτίᾳ ἐσόμεθα ὡς ἀλλοτρίων πλεονέχται ἐσμέν, αὐτοὶ πλεονεκτούμενοι; ἦν δὲ αὐτοῖς ἤδε περὶ τῆς ἀποστάσεως γνώμη· κωλύοντος τοῦ ἡλίου, εἴπερ τινὸς ἀγριωτάτου περὶ τὰ ταύτη χωρὶα κατέχοντος, πάντας ἀνθρώπους πλὴν Λιθύων γε, ἀναγκαζομένων δὲ καὶ τούτων, ἐργάζεσθαι, τῶν δὲ προσόδων σφισιν ἐν τοῖς πρῶτον ἐκ τῶν ἄγρων τῆς ἐργασίας προσιούσων, δυοῖν οὖν θᾶτερόν σφισι παρασχεῖν,

out of sheer maliciousness and truculence, we are trying to oust them from their envied possessions; whereas on the contrary that is exactly the charge upon which they may themselves be convicted. So long as they confined their system of slavery strictly within their own sphere, though we regarded it as unjust for man to hold in slavery his fellow man, by right of nature no less free than himself, we set the common welfare before individual justice; we reflected that, if we tried to turn them from their path by persuasion, they would resent our reproof, and would desert the Union, while not departing an inch from their evil courses. And we feared for the general body politic that it might be torn asunder and perish utterly. So for a space we held our peace, content with the purity of our own actions. But when they carried their arrogant pretensions to the pitch of attempting to infect us with their own taint, then indeed the matter could no longer be overlooked; the time for concession was passed, the hour for uncompromising resistance had struck. How then in common fairness can we be set down as the aggressors, when we ourselves have been the victims of aggression? The way the secessionists looked at the matter was as follows: Such is the fierceness of the sun in those parts, that it makes manual labour impossible for any but negroes, and even those must be under compulsion. Now as their chief source of revenue lay in agriculture, they had two alternatives before them, to keep their slaves and survive, or to lose their all. On our side we had once let them have their way, now we were preventing them. "Would it not be better" they argued "if we left the Union altogether and formed a separate political unit of our own? We have land in plenty, of the finest quality, abounding in natural resources. If our manners and customs are so distasteful to them, well then, let us leave them to bask in the sunshine of their own self-righteousness, while we sin in peace." "Never" they said "did we enter into a voluntary partnership to be kept tied and bound by it against our interests. It was no in-

ἢ μετὰ δούλων περιέσεσθαι, ἢ τῆς γε οὐσίας ἐστερηῆσθαι· ἡμῶν δὲ δῆθεν πρότερον μὲν ἐασάντων, τότε δὲ κωλυόντων, ἀμείνω αὐτοῖς συμβῆσεσθαι, εἰ, ἀπὸ τοῦ κοινοῦ ἀποστάντες, καθ' αὐτοὺς τὸ λοιπὸν πολιτεύσουσιν, ἄλλως τε καὶ ἰκανῆς σφισὶ χώρας ὑπαρχούσης, καὶ ταύτης οὐδεμιᾶς τῶν ἄλλων λειπομένης, ἔτι δὲ χρημάτων ἀφθόνων ὄσων γεμούσης. ὥστε εἰ τὰ αὐτῶν ἐπιτηδεύματα ἡμῖν πᾶν ἀπαρέσκειν, ἡμῖν μὲν ἐξεῖναι κατὰ μόνας ἀνδραγαθίζεσθαι, σφισὶ δὲ ἀμαρτάνειν· οὐδὲ γὰρ τὴν ἀρχὴν τούτου ἔνεκα ἡμῖν ἐκούσιοι κοινωνίαν ποιήσασθαι, ἵνα παρὰ τὸ ξυμφερον ἐν αὐτῇ μένειν διάζοιτο, οὐδ' ἐς αἰὲ ὥσπερ κῆδος ἀμετακίνητον συνάψασθαι μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦ ἐς τὸ παραχρήμα καιροῦ ἔνεκα ξυνηθήκη, ἢ μετὰ τοῦ ξυμφερόντος τε συντίθεται καὶ ἐκ τοῦ Ἰσοῦ διαλύεται, καὶ ὁμοια μὲν φρονούντων μένει, ἄλλα δὲ γόντων παύεται. μέλλειν δὲ πού ἡμᾶς καλῶς τοῦτο ἐπίστασθαι, καπηλικὸν γε ὄντας γένος καὶ τῶν περὶ τὰ ξυναλλάγματα οὐκ ἀπείρους, οὐδὲ εἰκὸς ἡμᾶς ἐπὶ πολὺ ἀντίσχειν αὐτοῖς ἀλλὰ πεισθῆναι. εἰ δ' ἄρα καὶ μεθ' ὅπλων διακριθῆναι τολμήσαιμεν, οὐκ ἐς μακρὸν σφισιν ἡμᾶς ἀμάχους μαχιμωτάτοις ὑποστήσεσθαι, ἀλλὰ ταχέως ἐν ἡμῖν αὐτοῖς περιπεσεῖσθαι, τὰ μὲν δειλίᾳ, ἔστι δὲ ἄπροδοσίᾳ. τὰ τε γὰρ ἄλλα πᾶν διαφέρειν σφεῖς ἡμῶν, καὶ ἐς τὴν τῶν βελτίστων ἀνδρῶν σωφροσύνην ἔννομον οἰκεῖν προτιμώντες, πρὸς ἡμᾶς τοὺς ἐς πονηρίαν μᾶλλον ἐξάγοντας τὰ πράγματα, καὶ αὐτοὶ μὲν ἡγούμενοι ἐπὶ τοῖς ἀρίστοις δεῖν εἶναι τὸ κράτος, τῷ δὲ φύσει ὑποδεεστέρω ὑπακουστέον τε εἶναι καὶ τὰ μέτρια δουλευτέον, πρὸς ἡμᾶς τοὺς, ἰσότητος ὀνόματι εὐκρεπεῖ, ἔργῳ τὸ ἀμεινον τῷ χεῖρον καὶ πληθεῖ καταδουλοῦντας· ἐνὶ δὲ κεφαλαίῳ ἐν μὲν τῇ συμμαχίᾳ διατελοῦσιν πᾶν ἀβίωτον ἂν σφισι γενέσθαι, ἀπόστασιν δὲ ἀσφαλείᾳ τε καὶ ἐλευθερίᾳ ἀΐδιῳ ταῦτὸν δύνασθαι. τῇ δὲ ἀληθείᾳ οὐχ ἡμεῖς τῆς γνώμης ἐξέσταμεν, οὔτοι δὲ μετεβάλλοντο, ἡμεῖς δὲ οἱ αὐτοὶ ἤμεν. τὸ γὰρ κοινὸν σώζοντες εἰώμεν αὐτοὺς κατὰ σφᾶς ἀδικεῖν, οἱ δὲ οὐκ ἤθελον, ἀλλ' ἢ καὶ ἡμᾶς ἀναγκάζειν ταῦτὸν ποιεῖν, ἢ αὐτοὶ ἀφροσάναι.

Τοῦ δ' οὖν πολέμου ἀπαξ κινήθέντος, οὐκέτι περὶ τῶν αὐτῶν οὐδ' ἐπὶ τοῖς αὐτοῖς ἦν ὁ ἀγὼν, εἰκότως· ὅσα γὰρ τὸ πρῶτον τοῦ κοινοῦ ἔνεκα ἀμείνω ἐδόκει μὴ κινούμενα, ταῦτα πολεμούντων ἤδη περιμάχητα ἦν, ὥστε καὶ ἡμεῖς ἐν μὲν τῷ πρὸ τοῦ τῆς τούτων ἀδικίας ἡμελοῦμεν, τότε δὲ καὶ τόδε ἐκνικητέον ἦν, ὅπως τῆς καταδουλώσεως παύσωνται· ἄτοπον γὰρ ἦν εἰ οὔτοι, αὐτοὶ μὲν πρότερον ἠξίουσαν αὐτόνομοι εἶναι, ὡς πάντων δὴ ἀνθρώπων φύσει ἴσων καὶ ὁμοίων τυγχανόντων, ἄλλους δὲ τοσάδε ἤδη ἔτη κατεδουλοῦντο· ἀλλ' ἔδει ἢ καὶ αὐτοὺς ὑπακούειν ἐθέλειν, ἢ μηδὲ ἐτέρους ἀναγκάζειν. οἱ δὲ δὴ ἀδίκως ἐτέρων πλεονεκτοῦντες, οὐ μόνον ὧν ἐπεθύμησαν ἀπέτυχον τὸ πλεόν, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὰ προὔπάρχοντα προσαπώλεσαν. ἄ καὶ οὔτοι ἔπαθον. ἡμῶν γὰρ προκηρυξάντων ὅτι «ἐάν τις κατὰ τὰ εἰρημένα χωρία ἢ ἄλλοθι πού, ὄσης ἡμεῖς ἄρχομεν, ἔτι δουλεύῃ, οὗτος νῦν τε καὶ ἔπειτα ἐς ἐλευθέρους τελεῖται,» οὐδεὶς διε-

dissoluble bond of marriage into which we entered, but a temporary contract, such as expediency binds and expediency looses, such as holds good when there is unity of purpose, but vanishes the moment disagreement arises. The Northerners should be the last persons in the world to deny this, a nation of shopkeepers, used to all kinds of commercial transactions. No, they will not hold out for long before they fall in with our views. But even if they should decide to put the matter to the test of the sword, they are an unwarlike race and will soon fall before the onslaught of such fighters as ourselves; before long cowardice or treachery will throw them into confusion." "Great," they declared, "is the contrast between the two peoples. *We* stand for the law-abiding reserve of an aristocratic *regime*; *they* lean towards the corruption and license of democracy. We believe in placing power in the hands of the best men, in making those naturally inferior learn to obey and to submit to a modified form of servitude; they, under the specious name of equality, in practice put what is best under the heel of the inferior, or, in other words, the mob." "In short," they said "if we remain in the Union, life will no longer be endurable for us, while secession will be tantamount to perpetual freedom and security." In point of fact it was not we who had altered our minds, but they. Our standpoint was unchanged. For the common good we tried to leave them alone in their wrongdoing. But they would not. Either we must be compelled to follow their example, or they insisted on secession.

However hostilities once began, neither the conditions nor the objects of the war remained the same—Naturally. There were questions which at first we considered best left untouched for the common good. Once we were at war, these questions must be fought out. Consequently while we had originally disregarded their course of action, now we were bound to carry through our purpose of putting a stop to slavery altogether. For their position was preposterous. They claimed autonomy on the ground

γένετο χρόνος και ἤδη εἰκοσαχισμῦριοι μάλιστα ἄνδρες μάχιμοι πρὸς τὸ ἡμέτερον προσχωρήσαντες, τῶν ἐναντίων τὴν ἀνάλωσιν πρὸς τὴν ἡμετέραν προσθήκην συμμετρομένην διπλάσιαν παρείχοντο· ὥστε οἱ καλοκάγαθοι καλούμενοι, πρὶν μὲν καταγνόντες ἡμῶν ἀσθένειαν, ὡς ἄρα διὰ δήμου τὸ ἀκατάστατον και τὴν περὶ τῶν μεγίστων οὔποτε ὁμόνοιαν, δι' ὀλίγου στάσεως ἐμπλησθέντες αὐτοὶ περὶ αὐτοῖς πταίσαιμεν, (και τὴν δὲ τι ἐν τῇ πόλει οὐδὲν ὑγιὲς βουλευόμενον ἀλλὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις τὰ πράγματα ὑποχείρια καθιστάν), και ἅμα ὡς αὐτοὶ ἐς τὴν ἡμετέραν ἐσβαλόντες πάντα τάχα ἀνάστατα ποιήσεσθαι, νῦν δὴ περιέστη τὸ μὲν ἡμῶν ἐς τὰ κοινὰ ὁμονοεῖσθαι, τοῖς δὲ ἐς τὰ μάλιστα στασιάζεσθαι, μᾶλλον δὲ και πᾶν διαστήναι, ἔτι δὲ ἡμᾶς τὰ σφέτερα ἄγοντας και φέροντας και λείαν ποιησαμένους μηδὲν δεινὸν κάσχειν. τὴν γὰρ τῶν ἀνδραπόδων ἀπόστασιν ροπήν πολέμου τις νομίζων οὐκ ἂν ἀμάρτο· δίχρα γοῦν ὄντων αὐτῶν τὰς μὲν ἤδη νενικήκαμεν μαχάς, τὰς δὲ και νικήσομεν· λαμπρῶς γὰρ ἤδη κατὰ γῆν τε και θάλασσαν ἐπικείμεθα, λιμέσι τε ἐφορμούντες και κατὰ πόλεις ἀποκλήσαντες, ὥστε ἦν μὲν ἐς ἀπόνοιαν καταστάντες σφᾶς αὐτοὺς τάχα παραδώσιν, εἰ δὲ μή, ἡμεῖς γε οὐ χαλεπῶς χειρωσόμεθα.

Ἄλλ' οὐπερ διὰ παντὸς ἥκιστα δεῖ ἐπιλανθάνεσθαι, μαθεῖν χρὴ· οὐ γὰρ πρὸς βαρβάρους και ἀλλοφύλους, οὐδ' οὖν πρὸς πολεμίους πόλεμον ἠράμεθα, μᾶλλον δὲ πρὸς ξυγγενεῖς μὲν ὄντας, ἐχθροὺς δὲ γενομένους, ὥστε πρέπει ἡμᾶς ὡς τάχα διαλλαχθισομένους και οὐ μνησικακήσοντας, οὕτω διανοεῖσθαι. αἰδῶς γὰρ μετὰ φειδοῦς μέγιστος ἀνδρείας κοσμός· τὸ δὲ εὐψυχον, οὐκ ἐν ᾧ τις τοὺς ἐναντίους κρατήσας, εἶτα ἰδίας ὀργῆς ἠσσηθεῖς ἐπὶ πλείστον φονεύων και ληιζόμενος ἐπέλθῃ, ἀλλ' ὅς ἂν, αὐτὸς ἑαυτοῦ ἐγκρατῆς γενόμενος, πρὸς τοὺς νικηθέντας μετρίως και πράως προσφέρηται. ὑμῖν οὖν, ὅσοι στρατηγεῖτε, ἐπισκήπτω και ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ και μαρτύρομαι μὴ χαλεποὺς ὑμᾶς παρασχεῖν, ἀλλ' ὅσα μὴ πᾶν ἐνδόντας ἐκείνοις, κατὰ τὸ δύνατον φόνου ἀπέχεσθαι· και γὰρ πολλοὺς μὲν ἤδη ἐκείνοι ἐν τῷ πολέμῳ ἀποτεθνεώτας ὀλοφύρονται, πολλοὺς δὲ και ἡμεῖς, και μέχρι τοῦδε ἡμῶν ἡ λύπη παυσάσθω· ἅλις τοσοῦτοι πενθοῦντες. ἐὰν δὲ τις, κατὰ τὸ εἶκος, πατέρα ἢ ἀδελφὸν ἢ φίλον ἢ ξυγγενὴ ἐν μάχῃ ἀπολέσας χαλεπαίῃη, και τιμωρεῖσθαι γλίχῃται, ἀνεπίφθονον μὲν αὐτῷ ἀγανακτεῖν, ὅμως δὲ μαθέτω μὴ κακοῖς τὸ λεγόμενον κακὰ ἰᾶσθαι· ἐπεὶ ὧδε σκέψασθε· πῶς γὰρ ἀνεκτόν, εἰ οὗτοι μὲν, πρὸς τὸ κοινὸν σκοποῦντες, μὴ διαφθαρεῖη, οὐδαμῇ ἄλλη ἔχοντες τὴν διαφορὰν καταλύσασθαι, ἀκουσίως μὲν ἀναγκαίως δὲ τολμήσαντες ἰδίᾳ μεθ' ὅπλων διακινδυνεύσαι ἐτελεύτησαν, ἡμεῖς δὲ, παρασχὸν ἡμῖν, ἦτοι μετὰ βραχέος γε ἡ οὐδένοσ φόνου, ὃ βουλόμεθα μετελθεῖν, εἶτα, ἰδίων ἕνεκα ἐγκλημάτων, τοῦ μὲν κοινοῦ και ἀριστοῦ ἀμελήσομεν, τοῦ δὲ κακοῦ μὲν ἀναγκαίου δὲ ἐκούσιοι παρὰ τὸ δέον ἐξόμεθα; δεῖ δ' οὐ, ἀλλὰ τῆς τούτων τιμῆς ἐπιμελεστέροσ εἶναι, ὅπως ἀξία ὧν ἔδρασαν γενήσεται; ἢ δὲ οὐ δι' ἐχθρῶν τιμωρίας γίγνεται, μηδὲ

of the natural equality of mankind, yet they were all the time and had been for years holding others in subjection. They ought either themselves to submit to authority, or not compel others to do so. However men who are engaged in preying on their neighbour, are often found not only to fail in the attainment of the object they have coveted, but to lose their original possessions into the bargain. And this is what actually occurred—No sooner had our proclamation gone forth to the effect that “If any person is still kept in slavery in the said territory or in any other territory over which we have jurisdiction, such person is for ever hereafter to be regarded as free”, than 200,000 fighting men came over to our side. The loss of the enemy was added to our gains and doubled it. These so-called fine gentlemen had convicted us of weakness on the ground that the fickleness of democracy, with its eternal conflicts of views on the most momentous questions, would fill us with strife and compass our ruin—(And I will not deny that there was a small party among us with sinister intentions, which aimed at delivering us into the hands of our enemies.) They further boasted that they would invade our territory and spread confusion everywhere. What has happened? Ours is the political unity, theirs the disunion or rather total disruption. And it is we who have spread rapine and plunder over the whole face of their country without suffering any injury in return—The fact is, the revolt of the slaves was the turning-point of the war. Ever since their division, we have won many battles and we shall win many more—We are pressing them hard and brilliantly by land and sea, we are blockading their harbours and cutting off their towns. Before long, if I am not mistaken, they will be driven to despair and hand themselves over to us. If not, we shall have no difficulty in overcoming them—Now there is one thing which you must constantly bear in mind. The war we are waging is no war against a savage or a foreign race, nor indeed against our natural enemies; rather it is a war against men who are our own kith and

ένθυμεισθε, οὐδ' αὖ στηλῶν καὶ τάφων ἀναθήμασι τὸ πλεόν (τῶν γὰρ τοιούτων ἰκανὰ λήξονται), ἀλλὰ σωμάτων καὶ ψυχῶν, εἰ εἰς ἕκαστος ὑμῶν ἑαυτὸν τῷ ἔργῳ τούτῳ ἀναθήσει, ἢ ἐκείνοι ἀτελεῖς ὑπέλιπον, τὸ τὴν ἐς ἀλλήλους ἁμόνοιαν ἐν ἅπασι βεβαιοῦν, καὶ μίαν πόλιν ἀλλ' οὐ δύο καταστήσαι αὐτήν, ὅπως ἡ πατρίς τοῖς ὑπὲρ αὐτῆς τετελευτηκόσιν ἀκέραιος σώζεται, ὡς οὐκ ἐν ἄλλῳ μείζονι τὴν προθυμίαν ἂν δεικνύντες. ἐπεὶ οὐ σμικρῶς ἀξία θαυμάζεσθαι, πρῶτον μὲν γῆς, ἣν κατὰ πάντα μεγαλοπρεπῆ οἰκοῦμεν, ἕς τε ποταμούς μεγέθους πέρι καὶ λιμένων χρήσιν, ὁρῶν τε ὑψηλότητι καὶ ἄμα σίτου καὶ φυτῶν, ὅσα γῆ ἀνίησιν, ἀπάντων ἀφθονία. ἡ αὐτὴ δὲ θαλάσση ἑκατέρωθεν περικλυσθεῖσα, τῆς οἰκουμένης ὥσπερ ὕψαλος, μέση Ἀσίας τε καὶ Εὐρώπης ἰδρυμένη, ἐξ ἑκατέρας τε τὰ πρόσφορα καρπουμένη, τῆς μὲν ἐς τὰς τέχνας δεινότερα, τῆς δὲ πλουσιωτέρα ἀμφοῖν δὲ αὐταρχεστέρα κατέστη. οὐκ οὖν μεγάλη ἀρχὴ καὶ ἀντιπάλῳ ὄμοροι ἐποικούντες, αἰεὶ δι' ἐπιβουλῆς καὶ ἀντιφυλακῆς τῶν πέλας, ἐς μεγάλα στρατόπεδα θαπανῶντες καὶ πράγματα ἔχοντες, μετὰ κινδύνων διάγομεν. πρόσετι δὲ οὐχ' ὥσπερ τὰ ἄλλα τῶν ἐθνῶν ὅσα μέγαλα, ἀρχὴν πολλὴν μὲν, διεσπασμένην δὲ κεκτῆμεθα, ὄλην δὲ ἡπειρον οὖσαν καὶ ἐς μίαν συμπεφυκυῖαν, πόλεων πλήθει πολυανδρουῖσαν, καὶ μυριάσι ὁδῶν κατασκευαῖς ἐς πόλεμον καὶ εἰρήνην φορτίου κομιδὴν ἢ στρατιᾶς ἀγωγὴν εὐπορωτάτην παρέχουσαν.

Χρῶμεθα δὲ πολιτεία ἀγαθοῖς νόμοις ἡρμοσμένη, καὶ ἅπασι τὸ ἴσον νεμούση, τὰς τε ἀρχὰς οὐ κατὰ πλοῦτον ἢ προγόνων προτίμησιν ἀλλ' ἀξιώματος, καθ' ὅσον ἂν τις ἰδίᾳ ἐλλαμπρύνηται, μεταδιδούση. ὥστε ἥκιστ' ἂν τις ἐν τῷ τοιῷδε τοῖς αἰεὶ ἐν ἀρχῇ οὖσι φθονήσῃσι διὰ τὸ κἂν αὐτὸς ποτε ἐς αὐτὰς προελθεῖν ἐλπίσαι· ἔτι δέ, ὅπερ ἀνάγκη πάση πολιτεία, ἥτις καὶ ἀξία του, προσεῖναι, μὴ ἐπὶ τοῖς αὐτοῖς εἶναι νόμους τε τίθεσθαι καὶ δίκας κρίνειν ἢ βουλεύειν, ἡμῖν, εἴ τισι καὶ ἄλλοις, σύμπερον ὄν, ὑπάρχει. εἰ δὲ τι ἐξεκλίναμεν αὐτοῦ, ἄλλως τε καὶ τοὺς περὶ τῆς ἐν τῇ πόλει διοικήσεως παρανόμου εἰσαγγεληθέντας διὰ τῆς βουλῆς μᾶλλον ἢ παρὰ δικασταῖς τοῖς εἰωθότι κρίνοντες, οὐδὲ μνησθῆναι ἀξίον. πρὸς γὰρ ὅλον τὸ ἀποβαῖνον ἀποβλέποντι ἡ ἐξέτασις τῆς γνώμης βέλτιον γίγνεται ἢ ἐκ τῆς περὶ ἕκαστα ἐπιμελεστέρας ἀκριβείας. τὸ γοῦν ὑπὲρ ἀνθρώπων ἀναριθμητῶν τὸ πλῆθος καὶ γῆς ἐς μέγεθος ἀπείρου μίαν πολιτείαν ἀπὸ κοινῆς διανοίας γνώμη ἐπινοήσαντας καὶ ἔργῳ μετὰ βεβαιότητος ἀσφαλεῖς ἐπιτελέσαι, πρῶτον ἐφ' ἡμῖν οἶόν τε ὄν δεδήλωται. οἱ γὰρ κτίσαντες αὐτὴν τῆς κοινῆς ἐλευθερίας ἴσαπερ μετέχοντες καὶ οὐδένοσ ὑπακούοντες, οὐδὲν ἤσσαν ἡξίωσαν, ξυνηθήκην ποιησάμενοι καὶ ἀρχὰς καταστήσαντες, διὰ τὴν πάντων σωτηρίαν ἰδίᾳ τι ἐλασσωθῆναι, ἵνα τε μὴ διὰ μέσου ἀμφίλογα γένοιτο, ἐς ξυγγραφὴν συνεστήσαντο αὐτὴν, ὄρκους ὁμόσαντες καὶ πίστει τὰς μεγίστας εἶναι δοκούσας διδόντες καὶ λαβόντες. ὥστε οἱ μὲν ἄλλοι τὸ σφέτερον πόλεως σχῆμα πολλῶν ἐμπειρίᾳ καὶ μελέτῃ ἐκ πλειστοῦ χρόνου ἔργῳ βασανισθὲν ἐπαινοῦσι, καὶ ὅτι αἰεὶ ἐκ παραδόσεως τῶν προγόνων

kin, but who have been estranged from us—We must therefore prepare our minds for speedy and ungrudging reconciliation. The greatest ornament of bravery is forbearance and mercy. True courage is not his, who having overcome his foe, falls a victim to his own rancour and goes to extreme lengths of carnage and plunder; rather it is his, who has the self-mastery to treat his enemy with gentleness and moderation. Those of you therefore who are in command, I beg, nay, I entreat, do not show yourselves hard masters. So far as you can without yielding your ground, refrain from bloodshed. Already they have many victims of this war to weep over, and so have we—Let this be the consummation of our grief. There are mourners enough and to spare—If any man, as needs be, who has lost a father or a brother or a friend or a kinsman in the war, is moved to wrath and thirsts for revenge, small blame to him for his anger; still, let him learn not, as the proverb goes, to heal evil with evil. For look you, the thing is intolerable—To preserve the commonwealth from destruction, when there was no other way of composing their differences, these men, reluctantly yielding to necessity, faced in their own private persons the arbitrament of the sword, and so went to their doom. And shall we, when we can gain our ends with little or no bloodshed, for the sake of our own private quarrels, disregard what is best and for the common good, and out of season cling to what is bad and only necessity can justify? Never. Let us rather see to it that the honour to which these men attain is worthy of their deeds. Such honour, believe me, is gained, not by revenge on the foe, nor by the dedication of monuments or tombs (of such they will have their fill) but by the dedication of bodies and souls, by each one of you devoting himself to the completion of the work which they have left unfinished, the consolidation of general unity amongst ourselves, and the welding together of the state into a nation one and indivisible. So will our country be preserved inviolate for those who perished for her sake. Be sure, in no worthier cause could

τοῖς ἐπιγιγνομένοις ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον καὶ τελειότερον προήλθε, μεγαλύνονται εἰκότως ἡμεῖς δὲ ἄνευ πόνου καὶ μελέτης παραχρημα τὸ αὐτὸ ἀπεδείξαμεν, ἔτι δὲ βέλτιον ὅσῳ καὶ οὐκ ἀρχαιοτρόποις τοῖς νόμοις καὶ σφισιν ἐναντίοις τοῖς πολλοῖς ἢ χρόνῳ ἀμελουμένοις κωλυόμεθα, ἀλλ' ἄπαντα σύμφωνά τε ἑαυτοῖς καὶ χρήσιμα καὶ ἀπλᾶ ἔχομεν. κατὰ ταῦτά τε οἰκοῦσιν ἡμῖν οὕτως ἐπηυξήθη τὰ πράγματα, ὥστε τὸ πρῶτον τριακοσίων μάλιστα μυριάδων ἀνθρώπων κοινῇ συμπολιτεύεσθαι συμβάντων, ὀλίγου ἐς ἑξακισχιλίας μυριάδας ἐπέδωσαν τὸ πλῆθος, ὧν οὐδεὶς ὅστις ὅφ' ἐτέρου ὑπερέχεσθαι καὶ καταφρονεῖσθαι δικαιοῖ. ἐντὸς γε μὴν τῶν τεσσάρων ἐτῶν τῶν δε, ὅτε τὸ πρῶτον ὁμῶν προστάτην ἐμὲ ἀπεδείξατε, ἤδη κολλῆ ἐς τὸ πλῆθος αὐξήσις ἐπαγένετο, καὶ τοῦτο πολέμου ἰσχύρου καθεστῶτος. ὥστε ἦν τις ὁμῶν σωματῶν τε φθορᾶ καὶ χρημάτων δαπανῆ, εἴ τι καὶ παρὰ τὸ εἰωθὸς κατὰ τὸν πόλεμον ἀπαναλώθη, καταπλαγῆ, ἐνθυμηθῆτω τε ὡς ἄπερ ἐν τῷ πρῶτῳ χρόνῳ ἐκτησάμεθα καὶ αὐθις ἂν κερδάναιμεν, καὶ ἐς τῆς γῆς ἡμῶν τὴν φύσιν καὶ τὸ ἦθος τῶν ἐνοικούντων ἀποδλέπων (ταῦτα γὰρ ἀίδια καὶ οἶα μὴδ' ὅφ' ἐνὸς ἂν κατατριφθῆναι) θαρσεῖτω· τῶν γὰρ ἄλλων ραδίᾳ ἢ ἀνάληψις. καὶ γὰρ τριῶν πολέμων ἡμᾶς, ἐπεὶ συνωκίσθημεν, καταλαβόντων, τὸν μὲν πρῶτον τὴν τῶν Βριτάννων ἀρχῆν, τῶν τότε οὐδεμιᾶς ἄλλης ἐς ἴσχυρ καὶ παρασκευὴν τὴν πᾶσαν λειπομένην, μόνου ὑποστάντες, τοσαύτην τόλμαν καὶ ἀρετὴν ἀπεδείξαμεν, ὥστε ἐνδεᾶ μὲν τῆς διανοίας τυχεῖν πράξαντες, πᾶσι δὲ διὰ τὸ εὐψυχον ἴσχυος ὑπόνοιαν παρέχειν. ἐν δὲ τῷ δευτέρῳ, ὃν πρὸς τοὺς Μεξικάνους καλουμένους ἠράμεθα, οὐτε τοῦ ἀξιώματος οὐδὲν ἀπεβάλομεν, γῆν τε κολλῆν καὶ ἄριστα ἐσκευασμένην ἐπεκτησάμεθα. τὸν δὲ ἄρτι γενόμενον καὶ ὅσον οὐ διακεπολεμημένον, ἔκ τε τῶν στρατευομένων τοῦ ἀριθμοῦ τεκμαιρόμενος, ὄλων τε καὶ ὅσα ἐς ὄλεθρον χρήσιμα εὐκρεπεία καὶ ἀκμῆ, οὐχ' ἤκιστα δὲ λογισμῷ χρώμενος περὶ ὅσων τῶν διαφορῶν πολεμεῖται, πολλῷ τῶν προγεγενημένων τε ἀξιολογώτατον, ἡμῖν δὲ καὶ σύμπασι χρῆσιμώτατον ἠγοῦμαι. εἰ γὰρ αὐτόν, ὡς ἐκ τῶν παρόντων σαφῶς εἰκάζειν, εὐθυσόμεθα, σκέψασθε ὡς καλὸν ἡμῖν τὸ ἀγώνισμα, μὴ μόνον τριακοσίας ἀνθρώπων μυριάδας ἐλευθέρους καταστῆσαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὸ λοιπὸν ἅπανσι κατάδηλον γενέσθαι, ὡς τὸ ἡμέτερον κοινὸν οὐτε στάσει οὐτε ἄλλῃ τέχνῃ οὐτε μηχανῇ οὐδεμιᾶ ἐκ τῆς καθεστηκυίας τάξεως μετακινεῖται. συνελόντι δὲ εἰπεῖν, τῆς ἀνθρωπείας φύσεως ἐπὶ πάσας ἰδέας χωρησάσης καὶ πολλὰ διαπραξάσης, οὐδὲν ὅτι, τοῦ θεοῦ μὴ συλλαβόντος, τῇ πολιτείᾳ ταύτῃ ὁμοιωθῆ· ἦν οὗτοι καταλύουσιν.

Ἄλλὰ μὴν ἐλευθερίας τε πέρι καὶ παρρησίας τῶν τε τοιούτων, ἐφ' ὅσον ἔργῳ καὶ οὐ τὰ μὲν, τὰ δ' οὐ, ἀλλὰ τελῶς μετέχομεν, οὐκ ἐμοῦ που προσδεῖ ἐξηγήτου, ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἂν εἰς ἀγνοήσειεν. οὐκοῦν εἰκὸς ἡμᾶς τοιαύτην χώραν οἰκοῦντας καὶ οὕτως ἐσκευασμένην ἀντικάλους καὶ τὰς διανοίας καθίστασθαι. ὅπερ καὶ συμβέβηκε· ὃ γὰρ μέγιστον ὁμῖν τε ὑπάρχει καὶ δι' αὐτὸ πλείστον ἔν τε τῷ παρελθόντι καὶ ἐν τῷ

you show your zeal. For the country we live in is very wonderful. All is on a scale of grandeur, both in the size of its rivers, the utility of its harbours, the loftiness of its mountains, and the abundance of all the gifts of the earth. On either side it is washed by the sea. It is the navel of the inhabited globe and lying midway between Europe and Asia, reaping its harvest of benefits from each, it has grown more cunning in the arts than the one, richer than the other, more self-sufficing than either. Nor do we live on the flanks of some mighty rival, ever plotting or guarding against our neighbour, spending vast sums of money on huge armaments, and living in endless worry and danger. Nor yet, like other great nations, do we own a great though scattered empire, but a continent in itself, single and homogeneous, swarming with populous cities, with its network of roads, providing easy transport for armies in war or merchandise in peace.

We enjoy a constitution knit together with just laws, which gives to each his due, which distributes its offices, not according to wealth or noble ancestry, but in proportion to the distinction gained by individual merit—So it comes to pass that envy of those in high places is almost eliminated, since everyone feels that he has an equal chance of attaining to them himself. Moreover, what is a necessary qualification of every constitution worthy of the name, that the legislature, judicature and executive should be kept distinct, is our especial and valuable privilege. Slight deviations therefrom, such as the impeachment of men accused of maladministration before the senate rather than a common jury, are hardly worthy of mention. For a discriminating judgment looks at the general result rather than at overminute questions of details. At least it is a fact that, for the first time in history, it has been shewn to be possible to conceive by a common effort of will and to carry into execution with security for its permanence, a single constitution affecting such vast numbers of men and such an enormous extent of territory. The men who founded that con-

νῦν ἐτέρων προκεκρίμεθα, τὸ κόσμιον καὶ ἔννομον τοῦ ἤθους ἐστίν, ὃ κωλύει ἡμᾶς μὴ μετὰ νόμων καὶ σχήματος πολιτικοῦ καὶ πολλοστοῦ χρόνου μόριον διατρέβειν. καὶ ἕτεροι μὲν τάχα ἂν (οὐδὲ μεμπτοὶ οὗτοι ἔς τε τὸ ἀξίωμα καὶ τὴν ἄλλην ἐπιτήδευσιν) τὸν δεῖ ἐν ἀρχῇ ὄντα καὶ ὑπὲρ τῶν νόμων τὴν ἐξουσίαν ἔχοντα σέβοντο, ἡμεῖς δὲ παρὰ τοὺς τῶν νόμων φύλακας, οἵτινες δεῖ ἀνθρωπίνως ἐκ διαδοχῆς μεταβάλλονται, αὐτοὺς τοὺς νόμους καὶ πᾶν ὄπερ ἀνδρῶν τε καὶ πόλεων ζύνδεσμος ὕκεσι, προσκυνούμεν. οὐκ οὖν ἄλλως καὶ ὅδε ὁ λόγος εἴρηται περὶ ἡμῶν, ὡς ὅποι ἂν γῆς, εἴτε ἐς ἐρημίαν εἴτε καὶ ἄλλοσέ ποί, ὀλίγοι ὄντες, τύχωμεν ἐκπεσόντες, εὐθὺς νόμους τε τίθεσθαι καὶ ἄλλους τοὺς κυρώσοντας αὐτοὺς καταστήσαι ἀρχομεν. ὥστε, ὡς ἦ τε ἀλήθεια ἔχει καὶ ἐγὼ σημαίνω, παρ' ἡμῖν οἱ νόμοι κατὰ πάντα πάντων ὑπέρτατοι φαίνονται, καὶ οὐδεὶς οὔτε πλούτῳ οὔτε ἀρχῇ οὕτως ἐπήρθη, ὥστε ἀπὸ τοῦ ὑπερέχοντος ἀμελεῖν τι αὐτῶν ἔχειν. δι' ὄπερ φύσει τε ἡμῖν ἐγγιγνόμενον καὶ τροφῇ τε καὶ μιμῆσει τῶν πέλας ἐπαυξανόμενον, τὰ πλείστα αὐτοὶ τε βεβαίως ἐνούμηθημεν καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις τι αὐτῶν μεταδιδόναι ἐδυνάμεθα.

Ἔτι δὲ τριῶν ὄντων τῶν ἐπὶ πλείστον ἐς ἀνθρώπων εὐπραγίαν φερόντων, ξυνέσεως τε καὶ τόλμης καὶ φρονήματος, οὐδένοσ ὅτου οὐκ ὅ,τι μάλιστα μετέχομεν· ἀλλ' ἐν τῷδε καὶ κίνδυνος μὴ πολλάκις ταῦτα ἄνευ σωφροσύνης ξύνεσις μὲν ἐς δεινότητα, τόλμα δὲ ἐς ἀκολασίαν, ἐς αὐχσιν δὲ φρόνημα ἐξυβρίση· ὃ (δύναται γὰρ καὶ παρ' ἡμῖν τι τοιοῦτον εἶναι) μὴ ἡμεῖς πάθωμεν, μηδὲ τὴν παρούσαν εὐτυχίαν σμικροῦ τούτου ἔνεκα κολοῶμεν. τοῖς γὰρ διαφερόντως εὐπραγοῦσιν ἤκιστα τὸ σῶφρον συνοικεῖν ἐθέλει· καὶ οἶδα ταῦτα μὴ πάνυ τέρποντα λέγων, ἀλλ', οὐ γὰρ ἔδει πάντα ὁμοίως ἐκαινέσαι ἀλλ', εἴ που δέοι, καὶ ψέγειν, οὐκ ἀπεκρυψάμην. ὃ γὰρ ἅμα τοῖς προσφῶροις καὶ τὰ ἀξυμφορὰ ἐν τοῖς οἰκείοις ἐνορῶν καὶ προφυλασσόμενος πλείστ' ἂν ὀρθοῖτο. ἀλλὰ τούτου γε ἔνεκα ἱκανὰ εἰρήσθω, σὺ γὰρ δὴ ἐν ἄλλῳ γέ τιτι ἐλλείπομεν μὴ οὐ πάντας ἀνθρώπους ἀρετῇ καὶ σοφίᾳ καὶ εὐτυχίᾳ νικᾶν.

Οὐκοῦν τρία ταῦτα βέλτιστα ἔχοντες, ἀρχὴν τε μεγίστην καὶ ἐν ποσὶ κειμένην, καὶ πολιτείαν τὸ ἰσόνομον ἅπασι πιστὸν βεβαιούσαν, ἐν ἡθεσὶ τε τοιοῦτοις πεκαιδευμένοι, καὶ ἅμα ὁμόφυλοι ὄντες καὶ ὁμόγλωσσοι, ποῖ δοκεῖτε σὺν τῷ θεῷ ἀξιώσεώς τε καὶ δυνάμεως καὶ αὐχήματος προδήσεσθαι, ἄλλως τε καὶ δεῖ ἐν τούτῳ ὑστερησαι δοκοῦντες, ἐν ᾧ ἂν μὴ μεγάλως τις προτερῆση, ἣν δ' ἄρα τι καὶ σφαλῶμεν, οὐκ ἐκπλαγέντες τὸ ζημιοῦν ὅσον γέγονεν ἐκλογιζόμενοι, ἀλλὰ πρὸς σμικρὸν τὸ παραλειφθὲν μέγα τὸ προκόψαν κέρδος ἠγοούμενοι, τὸ τε αὐτίκα καλὸν πρὸς τὸ μέλλον ἔσεσθαι οὐδένοσ ἀξίον νέμοντες καὶ οὐκ ἀγαπῶντες εἰ τοῖς προγόνοις ἰσοκαλῇ ἀπειδείξαμεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀγανακτοῦντες εἰ μὴ ἀξιολόγως αὐτῶν προείχομεν, καὶ ξυνηλόντι εἰπεῖν δεῖ ἐκεῖνο ἐκπονοῦντες ὅπως ἄπροι τῶν τε νῦν καὶ τῶν πρὶν γενησόμεθα; ἐς ταῦτα δὲ ἦδη προαγαγόντων ἡμῶν αὐτά, εὐ οἶδ' ὅτι οὐδεὶς τοῦ πολέμου τοῦδε ἐκῶν

stitution, though sharing in a common freedom and independence, did not hesitate to sacrifice some portion of their individuality for the common benefit, by entering into a compact and appointing rulers over themselves. And, to avoid all possibility of dispute, they drew it up in the form of a written contract and swore to abide by it after exchanging the most solemn pledges. Other men then may vaunt their constitution which has stood the test of time, and is the result of ages of care and experience. They may boast that from generation to generation it has grown ever better and more complete—It is well. But we, without toil or experience, on the spur of the moment have produced the same result, nay a better, since we are not fettered by self-contradictory or obsolete laws, but all is consistency, utility, simplicity. Moving then in such a world, so great has been our progress that, whereas the original compact for common constitutional life was made between 3,000,000 souls, they rapidly increased to 60,000,000 of whom not one man would brook the domination or contempt of his fellow. Within these four years, since first you elected me President, there has been a mighty increase, in spite of the great war in progress. Therefore if any of you are disheartened by the destruction of life and expenditure of property, unprecedented as it may have been during the war, let him reflect that whatsoever we have acquired in the past we can win over again in the future; and then let him look at this noble land and the spirit of its inhabitants and take courage for, while other things are lightly spent, these things are eternal and indestructible.

Three wars have overtaken us since the Union. In the first, we stood alone against the British nation, at that time the mightiest and best equipped of all; yet we showed such courage and determination, that although, as it happened, we did not fully realize our expectations, still we gave an impression of strength by the vigour with which we fought. In the second, which we fought against Mexico, while losing none of our prestige, we acquired a

μνησθήσεται, οἱ δὲ ἔκγονοι τῶν ἡμῖν ἐκναστάντων τὰ ἔργα τῶν προγόνων ἐν αἰσχύνη
ἔξουσι καὶ εὐφημεῖν περὶ αὐτῶν ὡς ἀσεβῶν καὶ ἀθέων καὶ ἀφίλων τινῶν βουλήσον-
ται, τῶν δὲ ἀνδραπέδων τὴν ἐλευθέρωσιν καὶ τὴν γενομένην ὁμόνοιαν αἰεὶ ἀνά στόμα
ἔχοντες ὑμνήσουσιν, οὐχ' αὐτοῖς τὴν εὐτυχίαν ἀναφέροντες μᾶλλον ἢ τῷ δαιμονίῳ.
ταῦτα δὲ ὑμῖν ὡς οὐ πολὺν ἔτι χρόνον ἐπιβιωσόμενος ἀλλ' ὅσον οὐκ ἐς θίου καταστρο-
φὴν ἀφικόμενος, ὥσπερ μαντευόμενος προφωνῶ. πολλαὶ γάρ μοι καθ' ἡμέραν κρύφα
φῆμαι ἐπιφοιτῶσαι θάνατον ἀπειλοῦσιν' τηρήσατε οὖν τοὺς λόγους καὶ ὅταν ἔργῳ
τελεωθῶσιν, μὴ ἐμὲ τὸν προειπόντα τε ὑμῖν καὶ παντὸς κόνου συλλαβόντα ἄγαν ἀκλε-
ῶς ἀφανίσητε.

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large additional and valuable tract of territory. This late war, now rapidly drawing to a close, whether you judge by the numbers of combatants, or the high state of perfection of the arms and other engines of destruction, or last but not least, by the mighty issues involved, I reckon to be the most momentous of all, as well as the most profitable to ourselves. For if we bring it to a happy conclusion (as it is safe to infer) just think what a glorious prize we shall have won, not only to have set free 3,000,000 men but also to have proved to the world that the foundation of the Union cannot be shaken either by revolution or by any other means or devices whatsoever—In a word, amongst all the varied works which the genius of mankind has contrived, nothing yet without divine collaboration, has rivalled our constitution. That constitution our enemies would destroy!

I suppose there is no need for me to enlarge on such matters of common knowledge as the complete and unqualified freedom we enjoy, both of speech and action. What then more natural than that, living as we do in such a country and with such an organization, our characters should be found to match it. This is just what has happened. Our greatest asset, the quality by virtue of which we have towered above our neighbours in the past and present is the law-abiding, orderly spirit which animates us, a spirit which makes it impossible for us to exist for the shortest space of time without law or political organization. Other peoples, whose reputation and standard of life are worthy of all respect, may pay their regard to the man for the moment in authority, who exercises his power to carry out the law. We look beyond the guardians of the law, who succeed each other in the ordinary course of humanity, reserving our reverence for Law itself, for the underlying bond which knits together civic society. It is therefore no idle word which has been said about us, that wheresoever in the world fate casts out a handful of us, even if it be a desert, we start at once to make laws and appoint men to enforce them. Conse-

quently I am speaking nothing but the sober truth when I say that among us law is the supreme arbiter, and that there is no one exalted enough in wealth or station to take advantage of his position to disregard it. This spirit, bred in our bones, has been still further fostered by education and environment, with the result that not only have we ourselves enjoyed the full security of sound legislation, but have been able to impart some of it to others.

Now there are three things which contribute more than aught else to success—shrewdness, daring and pride. Of these we have our full share. But here there is some danger that without self-restraint, shrewdness may degenerate into cunning, daring into recklessness, pride into boastfulness. It is possible that some such process has taken place in us. Let us be on our guard against it and not mar our present good fortune for a minor defect such as this. Sobriety often fails to find a home in men unusually prosperous. I know well that what I say is not altogether pleasant, but I have not failed to call attention to it, lest my speech should become a mere panegyric, without blame where blame is due. That man is most likely to succeed, who in his own case can detect and guard against the defects of his qualities. But let what I have said suffice about it, as this is the only point in which we are not unrivalled in virtue, wisdom and success.

With these three great advantages of a mighty and homogeneous empire, a polity which guarantees equality before the law to all, a moral nurture such as those described, with the further advantage of unity of race and language, to what a point, think you, with God's help, of prestige and power and glory we may hope to attain? It is our habit to think we are left behind if we are not largely ahead of our rivals. Should we occasionally fail in some measure, we do not stop in dismay to reckon up the tale of our loss, but we set off the great advantages we have won against the small ground we have lost. We look upon the benefit of the moment as unworthy of comparison with that which is to be; we

are not content to equal our predecessors; we are angry if we have not largely surpassed them. In a word we are forever labouring to be first and foremost both of the past and present. I know well that when our progress has been such as this, not one of us will willingly recall this war. The descendants of the men who revolted against us will be ashamed of their ancestors' work, and will wish to hold their peace about them, looking on them in the light of outcasts, who were regardless of sacred or human obligations; they will forever have on their lips and glorify the liberator of the slaves and the subsequent national reconciliation, while laying the credit of their good fortune to Divine help. These last words I speak to you with a prophetic instinct, as one who has not long to live but has nearly reached his goal. Every day secret visions haunt me, whispering to me of my death. Bear then my words in mind, and when they are fulfilled do not altogether banish from your mind the name and fame of one who shared in all your labours and who foretold your future greatness.

SPEECHES
ON
THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

(These speeches appeared—after their first appearance in *Hansard*—in what was doubtless intended to be an annual publication, but which seems never to have issued its second volume: the “Oratorical Year-Book for 1865” (London, 1866). It is hardly known here, except to Lincoln collectors, and probably not to many of them. In fact, we were unable to find a copy in any of the great libraries in New York, and had to avail ourselves of that in the Library of Congress.

The address by Emerson does not appear in his collected “Works,” and we believe it, too, has not been reprinted before.—[Ed.]

[The following Speeches were delivered in the House of Commons on the 1st of May, 1865—Sir G. GREY moving and Mr. DISRAELI seconding an address to the Crown expressing the sorrow and indignation of the House at the Assassination of the President of the United States, and praying Her Majesty to convey these sentiments on the part of the House of Commons to the Government of the United States.]

SPEECH OF THE RT. HON. SIR GEORGE GREY

MEMBER FOR MORPETH

I VERY much regret the unavoidable absence of my noble friend at the head of the Government, in whose name the notice was given of the motion which it now devolves upon me to ask the House to agree to. I feel, however, that it is comparatively unimportant by whom the motion is proposed, because I am confident that the Address to the Crown which I am about to ask the House to agree to is one which will meet with the cordial and unanimous assent of all. When the news a few days ago of the assassination of the President of the United States, and the attempted assassination—for I hope that we may now confidently expect that it will not be a successful attempt—of Mr. Seward reached this country, the first impression in the mind of every one was that the intelligence could not be true. It was hoped by every one that persons could not be found capable of committing a crime so atrocious. When the truth was forced upon us, when we could no longer entertain any doubt as

to the correctness of the intelligence, the feeling which succeeded was one of universal sorrow, horror, and indignation. It was felt as if some great calamity had befallen ourselves; for, in the Civil War, the existence and the long continuance of which we have so sincerely deplored, it is well known that the Government of this country, acting, as I believe, in accordance with the almost unanimous, or perhaps I may say in accordance with the unanimous feeling of this country, had maintained a strict and impartial neutrality. But it is notorious, and it could not in a great country like this be otherwise, that different opinions have been entertained by different persons with regard to the questions at issue between the Northern and Southern States of America; but still I believe that the sympathies of the majority of the people of this country have been with the North. I am desirous on this occasion of avoiding everything which may excite any difference of opinion. I may say, therefore, that in this free country different opinions have been entertained and different sympathies felt, and that in this free country the freest expression has been given, as should be the case, to those differences of opinion. I am sure I shall raise no controversy when I say in the presence of that great crime which has sent a thrill of horror through every one who heard of it, all difference of opinion, all conflicting sympathies for a moment entirely vanished. I am anxious to say at once, and I desire to proclaim that belief with the strongest confidence, that this atrocious crime was regarded by every man of influence and power in the Southern States with the same degree of horror which it excited in every other part of the world. We may, therefore—and this is all I wish to say upon this subject—whatever our opinions with regard to the past, and whatever our sympathies may have been—we shall all cordially unite in expressing our abhorrence of that crime, and in rendering our sympathy to that nation which is now mourning the loss of its chosen and trustful chief, struck to the ground by the hand of an assassin, and that too at the most critical period of its history. While la-

menting that war and the loss of life which it has inevitably occasioned, it is impossible, whatever our opinions or our sympathies may have been, to withhold our admiration from the many gallant deeds performed and acts of heroism displayed by both parties in the contest; and it is a matter for bitter reflection that the page of history, recording such gallant achievements and such heroic deeds, by men who so freely shed their blood on the battlefield in a cause which each considered right, should also be stained with the record of a crime such as we are now deploring. At length a new era appeared to be dawning on the contest between the North and the South. The time had come when there was every reason to hope that that war would speedily be brought to a close. Victory had crowned the efforts of the statesmen and the arms of the Federals, and most of us—all, I hope—had turned with a feeling of some relief and some hope for the future from the record of sanguinary conflicts to that correspondence which has but recently passed between the Generals commanding the hostile armies. And when we turned to Mr. President Lincoln, I should have been prepared to express a hope, indeed an expectation—and I have reason to believe that that expectation would not have been disappointed—that in the hour of victory and in the use of victory he would have shown a wise forbearance, a generous consideration, which would have added tenfold lustre to the fame and reputation which he has acquired throughout the misfortunes of this war. Unhappily the foul deed which has taken place has deprived Mr. Lincoln of the opportunity of thus adding to his well-earned fame and reputation: but let us hope, what indeed we may repeat, that the good sense and right feeling of those upon whom will devolve the most arduous and difficult duties in this conjuncture will lead them to respect the wishes and the memory of him whom we are all mourning, and will lead them to act in the same spirit and to follow the same counsels by which we have good reason to believe the conduct of Mr. Lincoln would have been marked, had he survived to complete the work

~~that was entrusted~~ to him. I am only speaking the general opinion when I say that nothing could give greater satisfaction to this country than by means of forbearance, it may be of temperate conciliation, to see the Union of the North and South again accomplished, especially if it can be accomplished by common consent, freed from what hitherto constituted the weakness of that Union—the curse and disgrace of slavery. I wish it were possible for us to convey to the people of the United States an adequate idea of the depth and universality of the feeling which this sad event has occasioned in this country, that from the highest to the lowest there has been but one feeling entertained. Her Majesty's Minister at Washington will, in obedience to the Queen's command, convey to the Government of the United States the expression of the feelings of Her Majesty and of her Government upon the deplorable event; and Her Majesty, with that tender consideration which she has always evinced for sorrow and suffering in others, of whatever rank, has with her own hand written a letter to Mrs. Lincoln, conveying the heartfelt sympathy of a widow to a widow suffering under the calamity of having lost one suddenly cut off. From every part of this country, from every class, but one voice has been heard, one of abhorrence of the crime, and of sympathy for and interest in the country which has this great loss to mourn. The British residents in the United States, as of course was to be expected, lost not an hour in expressing their sympathy with the Government of the United States. The people of our North American colonies are vieing with each other in expressing the same sentiments. And it is not only among men of the same race who are connected with the people of the United States by origin, language, and blood, that these feelings prevail, but I believe that every country in Europe is giving expression to the same sentiments and is sending the message to the Government of the United States. I am sure, therefore, that I am not wrong in anticipating that this House will, in the name of the people of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland, be anxious to

record their expression of the same sentiment, and to have it conveyed to the Government of the United States. Of this I am confident, that this House could never more fully and more adequately represent the feelings of the whole of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom, than by agreeing to the Address which it is now my duty to move, expressing to Her Majesty our sorrow and indignation at the assassination of the President of the United States, and praying Her Majesty that, in communicating her own sentiments to the Government of that country upon the deplorable event, she will express at the same time, on the part of this House, their abhorrence of the crime and their sympathy with the Government and the people of the United States in the deep affliction into which they have been thrown.

SPEECH OF THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI

MEMBER FOR BUCKS

THERE are rare instances when the sympathy of a nation approaches those tenderer feelings which are generally supposed to be peculiar to the individual and to be the happy privilege of private life; and this is one. Under any circumstances we should have bewailed the catastrophe at Washington; under any circumstances we should have shuddered at the means by which it was accomplished. But in the character of the victim, and even in the accessories of his last moments, there is something so homely and innocent that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy,—it touches the heart of nations and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind. Whatever the various and varying opinions in this House, and in the country generally, on the policy of the late President of the United States, all must agree that in one of the severest trials which ever tested the moral qualities of man he fulfilled his duty, with simplicity and strength. Nor is it possible for the people of England at such a moment to forget that he sprang from the same fatherland

and spoke the same mother tongue. When such crimes are perpetrated the public mind is apt to fall into gloom and perplexity, for it is ignorant alike of the causes and the consequences of such deeds. But it is one of our duties to reassure them under unreasoning panic and despondency. Assassination has never changed the history of the world. I will not refer to the remote past, though an accident has made the most memorable instance of antiquity at this moment fresh in the minds and memory of all around me. But even the costly sacrifice of a Cæsar did not appropriate the inexorable destiny of his country. If we look to modern times, to times at least with the feelings of which we are familiar, and the people of which were animated and influenced by the same interests as ourselves, the violent deaths of two heroic men, Henry IV. of France and the Prince of Orange, are conspicuous illustrations of this truth. In expressing our unaffected and profound sympathy with the citizens of the United States on this untimely end of their elected chief, let us not therefore sanction any feeling of depression, but rather let us express a fervent hope that from out of the awful trials of the last four years, of which the least is not this violent demise, the various populations of North America may issue elevated and chastened, rich with the accumulated wisdom and strong in the disciplined energy which a young nation can only acquire in a protracted and perilous struggle. Then they will be enabled not merely to renew their career of power and prosperity, but they will renew it to contribute to the general happiness of mankind. It is with these feelings that I second the Address to the Crown.

SPEECH OF MR. W. E. FORSTER

MEMBER FOR BRADFORD

[The two following Speeches were delivered by Mr. W. E. Forster and Mr. Stansfeld respectively at St. James's Hall, on the 29th of April, a meeting having been convened, under the auspices of the Emancipation Society, for the purpose of expressing indignation at the assassination of President Lincoln, and sympathy with Mrs. Lincoln and the people of the United States. Professor Fawcett, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the Hon. Lyulph Stanley and others were also amongst the speakers on the occasion.]

IN MOVING this resolution* I shall say but few words. There are many speakers here this evening, and you will agree with me that it is a time when many should have an opportunity of trying to express those feelings, though few can find words capable of doing so. This is a time when that tie of blood which binds Englishmen to Americans, and of which we so often talk, is indeed truly felt, and the thrill of grief and horror and indignation which has swept over the length and breadth of Europe upon the receipt of this news pierces the heart of almost every Englishman, as though some fearful calamity had fallen upon ourselves. It is to the credit of our country—it would, indeed, be to its shame if it were otherwise—that, with very few exceptions, rich and poor, friends of the North and friends of the South—all are anxious to show that they forget all differences with their American kinsmen as regards social or political arrangements, all disagreements with them in matters of policy, in the overpowering sympathy which they feel with them in this their sore trial. But while America has an especial claim upon the sympathy of England, it certainly does pre-eminently become the society of which you, Sir, are the chairman, and all of us who, though not members of this society, have advocated its principles, and have believed with you that the restoration of the American Union with emancipation for its condition and freedom for its bond will be a blessing to this country, and to the world, to hasten to come forward and try to show what we feel when this man is struck down; to whom of all men it would seem as though God had entrusted the duty of restoring the Union and of freeing it from slavery—struck down, too, just at that time when he had reason to hope that that task at which he had been toiling with such devotion and such single-minded earnestness was on the point of being accomplished. The handwriting on the wall was guiding

*“That this meeting desires to give utterance to the feelings of grief and horror with which it has heard of the assassination of President Lincoln and the murderous attack upon Mr. Seward, and to convey to Mrs. Lincoln and to the United States Government and people an expression of its profound sympathy and heartfelt condolence.”

him, and in those words of solemn beauty which he was allowed to utter at his recent inauguration—though even then the knife of the assassin was hanging over his head—he showed, to quote those very words, that he saw that “God had willed that this offence should cease, though there was woe upon all those, whether in the North or in the South, through whom this offence had come.” And if we can surely prophesy any one result that will follow from this foul crime, it is this—that that offence will all the more speedily cease, and that this foul deed has sealed the quick and irrevocable doom of slavery. Like you, Sir, I do not lay this crime to the charge of the slaveholding leaders of the rebellion. It would be unpardonable for any Englishman to add fuel to that fire of anger from the burning up of his heart by which every American must pray that he may be preserved, by saying or insinuating that any of those leaders either instigated this crime or were cognizant of it. But, Sir, I do trace it to the influence of that system of slaveholding which those leaders have thought to preserve. Doubtless, this assassin and his miserable accomplices were men of a morbid nature—abnormal monsters, the growth of a social system by which every bad passion, provided only it were wreaked upon the weak and the helpless, was legalized—a system by which assassination was organized, for what, after all, was the lynch law of the South, which burned black men alive, and murdered white men because they were Abolitionists, but organized assassination? I say it needed the influence of such a system as this to send such a man as that miserable Booth, as I see by *The Times* to-day, to gloat over the execution of John Brown, and train even him to this parricide. If there be any man left in the Free States whom the experience of the last few years has not taught that there is no peace, no safety for his country, until the sin of slavery is wiped out, that there are no terms possible between the Union and slavery, this crime will have convinced him. I have only one word more to add. We must not allow the ship which leaves our shores tonight to take merely the

message of ~~our sympathy with~~ the widow and the orphans—with that country which has truly lost its father. I am sure this meeting will not be content with the mere expression of their sympathy with our kinsmen in this their present calamity, but we should wish to add to it an expression of our faith in their future, our confident belief that they have learnt the lesson of our common history, that even in this hour of their trial they will show what strength a free and Christian people have to bear up against such a blow, than which none more severe ever fell upon any nationality, and to bear up against it, not only without their power being paralyzed, but without any diminution either of their self-reliance or their self-restraint. And, Sir, may we not also add an expression of our hopeful trust that those rulers to whom God has now entrusted their fate will be so imbued with the spirit of the patriot statesman whom they have lost—that spirit of mingled firmness and moderation, which, exercised as it has been under circumstances than which none were ever more trying, has made the name of Abraham Lincoln one that will be pre-eminent in all future history—that they will continue his work of restoring peace to their country and of insuring freedom to all who dwell in it, undisturbed even by that temptation to vengeance to which I believe they will not yield, but which must beset them with a strength proportioned to the unparalleled atrocity of the crime which has provoked it?

SPEECH OF MR. STANSFELD

MEMBER FOR HALIFAX.

The resolution which I have to move is in these words:—

“That this meeting desires also to express the entire confidence which it feels in the determination and power of the Government and the people of the United States to carry out to the full the policy of which Abraham Lincoln’s Presidential career was the embodiment, and to establish free institutions throughout the whole of the American Republic.”

SIR, we are assembled here to-night not so much that by speech—for who is there who does not feel his heart too full for fitting utterance?—as that by our common presence and our common acts we may express the horror and indignation with which we have heard of deeds so foul that history cannot produce their parallel—that we may express our deep, our heartfelt sympathy with the wife who has become a widow, and with the nation which staggers wildly moaning beneath the loss of its elect. But we are here, it seems to me, for a further purpose. I at least can take no part in these proceedings, at this the time of its direst trial, at its momentous crisis, without also expressing my sympathy for a cause which began by being noble, which grew to be righteous, and which, above all, by the acts, by the life, and by the death of the martyred President, has become consecrated in our eyes. The cause of the North was in its inception noble. One who ranks high among us in influence and in position, and whose opinion upon this very question as well as upon many others deserves our respect—Lord Russell—once said that the North was fighting for empire and the South for independence. He has himself upon many occasions supplied the omissions which rendered incorrect and incomplete that definition of this mighty struggle. The South was fighting for independence, but for independence with the sole, the avowed, the deliberate purpose of promoting and perpetuating the institution of human slavery. Jefferson Davis, at a time when some of us, perhaps even some who wished well to this great cause, doubted of the persistency of the North, was said to have established a nationality. But the nationality which he established had no right of existence, for it was founded upon a national crime, and it has met with the deserved fate of those who set themselves alike against the laws of God and man. The North was fighting for empire! No; the North was fighting for a common country, which it would share, but would not allow to be torn asunder. I am here to say that I for one should have justified the long persistence, at so much

cost of life and suffering, in that war, had there been no other question than Secession concerned in it. But the crime of the South was from the very first the justification of that great cause of which the North was, it may be, at first in some part an unconscious, or, if you will, in some part an unwilling instrument. Well, then, this cause, which began by being noble, grew, as I have said, to be a righteous cause. Step by step the North grew to the height of this great, this holy argument. Every fear, every hope of those who wished ill to the Republic was disappointed. Each delay, each difficulty, each defeat, seemed to serve but to render more stern the resolve to render higher and more pure the policy of the North, until from their original standpoint of the non-extension of slavery, up through the Emancipation Proclamation, to the final decree abolishing slavery throughout the States, the North rose to the full sense of that duty which perfected their right; and then, Sir, and not till then, victory was permitted finally to be theirs. We used to hear a good deal about the hypocrisy and the shortcomings of the North on this question of slavery. I have never been able to understand how this view, even if correct, could justify positive sympathies and flagrant acts in favour of a Confederacy based and founded upon the institution of slavery. But who, let me ask, made these men judges of the fitting appointments in a providential scheme? I for one cannot look back upon this mighty struggle without feeling that there was there a great and superhuman purpose, and without now rejoicing that it has been fulfilled and that by the task of its fulfilment, through all their efforts and their suffering, the Union has been purified, and this mighty convulsion of our race has been justified in the decrees of God and before the eyes of men. And now, who was it who from the first watched over and controlled for good the varying and progressive phases of this mighty strife? Who was the man who took his stand first within the Constitution and the law, upon the ground of the non-extension of slavery to the territories of the United States, who then came to feel that as an act

of war he might issue his Emancipation Proclamation, who next defeated the machinations of that party which loved the Union in such wise that for the Union they would sacrifice that sacred object which alone justified the war? Who was it who contributed more than any other man, perhaps, to the passing of the final abolition decree? Who was it who, when victory seemed already dawning upon the arms of the North before Richmond, was already there, thinking and busying himself about the work of reconstruction and of peace? Who was it whose face we have been told ever since those days seemed radiant and illuminated with blessed thoughts of mercy and peace? Who was the man who, commencing amid the suspicions and the unfavourable criticisms of the world, simply by dint of his own simplicity of character, his own steadfastness and faithfulness, and utter unselfishness of purpose, had won his way to the admiration of the world? Who was it but this man of the people, this uneducated man, without experience in great affairs, this man whose heart visibly before the world grew sadder and gentler to the last amid all the death and the suffering which he witnessed and which he might not allay to the end? Who was it but Abraham Lincoln—Lincoln, the martyr of his country's and of freedom's cause? Sir, it is right and it is necessary that we should say thus much. Great as has been the moral progress of the States, their greatest danger, their time of sorest trial and temptation, is not at an end. If anything can soothe and strengthen them for this trying time, I believe it will be the deep-felt, the spontaneous, the universal burst of sympathy which will crowd to them across the Atlantic from the nations of Europe. Let us ardently hope, let us devoutly and earnestly pray, that they may be equal to this great occasion, that they may disappoint all vain fears, and if it be possible that now a malicious hope be harboured in any human breast that they may disappoint it too, and that the President, the Government, and the people of the United States may be true, as I believe—and as I ask you to say that you believe—them to be true to the memory and the example of him who was the guide and the martyr of their cause.

MR. RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S ORATION ON THE DEATH OF MR. LINCOLN

(The following address was delivered by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the orator, poet, and essayist, at Concord, Massachusetts, on occasion of the funeral services in honour of Mr. Lincoln.)

WE MEET under the gloom of a calamity which darkens down over the minds of good men in all civilized society, as the fearful tidings travel over the sea, over land, from country to country, like the shadow of an uncalculated eclipse over the planet. Old as history is, and manifold as are its tragedies, I doubt if any death has caused so much pain to mankind as this has caused or will cause, on its announcement; and this not so much because nations are by modern arts brought so closely together, as because of the mysterious hopes and fears which, in the present day, are connected with the name and institutions of America. In this country, on Saturday, every one was struck dumb, and saw, at first, only deep below deep, as he meditated on the ghastly blow. And, perhaps, at this hour, when the coffin which contains the dust of the President sets forward on its long march through mourning States, on its way to his home in Illinois, we might well be silent, and suffer the awful voices of the time to thunder to us. Yes, but that first despair was brief; the man was not so to be mourned. He was the most active and hopeful of men; and his work had not perished; but acclamations of praise for the task he had accomplished burst out into a song of triumph, which even tears for his death cannot keep down. The President stood before us a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity or French dissipation; a quiet, native, aboriginal man, as an acorn from the oak; no aping of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments; Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flatboatman, a captain in the Blackhawk war, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural legislature of Illinois

—on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place! All of us remember—it is only a history of five or six years—the surprise and disappointment of the country at his first nomination at Chicago. Mr. Seward, then in the culmination of his good fame, was the favourite of the Eastern States. And when the new and comparatively unknown name of Lincoln was announced (notwithstanding the report of the acclamations of that convention) we heard the result coldly and sadly. It seemed too rash, on a purely local reputation, to build so grave a trust, in such anxious times; and men naturally talked of the chances in politics as incalculable. But it turned out not to be chance. The profound good opinion which the people of Illinois and of the West had conceived of him, and which they had imparted to their colleagues, that they also might justify themselves to their constituents at home, was not rash, though they did not begin to know the richness of his worth. A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says, “Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones, fortune.” He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed goodwill. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty which it was very easy for him to obey. Then he had what farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself, in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly. Then it turned out that he was a great worker, and, prodigious faculty of performance, worked easily. A good worker is so rare; everybody has some one disabling quality. But this man was found to the very core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labour, and liked nothing so well. Then he had a vast good nature, which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner, affable, and not sensible to the affliction which the innumerable visits paid to him, when President, would

have brought to any one else. And how this good nature became a noble humanity in many a tragic case which the events of the war brought to him everyone will remember, and with what increasing tenderness he dealt when a whole race was on his compassion. The poor negro said of him, on an impressive occasion, "Massa Linkum am eberywhere." Then his broad good humour, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret, to meet every kind of man and every rank in society, to take off the edge of the severest decisions, to mask his own purpose and sound his companion, and to catch with true instinct the temper of each company he addressed. And, more than all, it is to a man of severe labour, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the pretension of the overdriven brain against rancour and insanity. He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain that they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a few years, like Æsop or Pilpay, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what unerring common sense; what foresight; and on great occasions, what lofty and more than natural, what humane tone! His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public confidence. This middle-class country has got a middle-class President at last. Yes, in manners, sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. His mind mastered the problem of the day; and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so

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fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the Babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, labouring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no State secrets; the nation has been in such a ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befell. Then what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—the four years of battle-days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood, an heroic figure in the centre of an heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs; the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue. Adam Smith remarks that the axe which in Houbraken's portraits of British kings and worthies is engraved under those who have suffered at the block adds a certain lofty charm to the picture. And who does not see, even in this tragedy so recent, how fast the terror and ruin of the massacre are already burning into glory around the victim? Far happier this fate than to have lived to be wished away; to have watched the decay of his own faculties; to have seen—perhaps, even he—the proverbial ingratitude of statesmen; to have seen mean men preferred. Had he not lived long enough to keep the greatest promise that ever man made to his fellow men—the practical abolition of slavery? He had seen Tennessee, Missouri, and Maryland emancipate their

slaves. He had seen Savannah, Charleston, and Richmond surrendered; had seen the main army of the rebellion lay down its arms. He had conquered the public opinion of Canada, England, and France. Only Washington can compare with him in fortune. And what if it should turn out in the unfolding of the web, that he had reached the term; that this heroic deliverer could no longer serve us; that the rebellion had touched its natural conclusion, and what remained to be done required new and uncommitted hands—a new spirit born out of the ashes of the war; and that Heaven, wishing to show the world a completed benefactor, shall make him serve his country even more by his death than his life. Nations, like kings, are not good by facility and complaisance. “The kindness of kings consists in justice and strength.” Easy good nature has been the dangerous foible of the Republic, and it was necessary that its enemies should outrage it, and drive us to unwonted firmness, to secure the salvation of this country in the next ages.

JOHN BRIGHT ON LINCOLN

(We take the following—including his letter to Sumner,—from Trevelyan's *Life of Bright* [London, 1918]. We believe neither has before been published here.)—[Ed.]

WHILST at Dolgelly on the 27th (April, 1865), heard of the shocking tragedy in Washington—the murder of President Lincoln. For an hour or near it, I felt stunned and ill I will not write an eulogy on the character of President Lincoln—there will be many to do that now that he is dead. *I have spoken of him when living* In him I have observed a singular resolution honestly to do his duty, a great courage—shown in the fact that in his speeches and writings no word of passion, or of panic or of ill-will, has ever escaped him—a great gentleness of temper and nobleness of soul, proved by the absence of irritation and menace under circumstances of the most desperate provocation, and a pity and mercifulness to his enemies which seemed drawn as from the very fount of Christian charity and love. His *simplicity* for a time did much to hide his *greatness*, but all good men everywhere will mourn for him, and history will place him high among the best and noblest of men.—*Journal*, April 29, 1865.

JOHN BRIGHT TO CHARLES SUMNER

April 29, 1865.

For fifty years I think no other event had created such a sensation in this country as the great crime which has robbed you of your President. The whole people positively mourn, and it would seem as if again we were one nation with you, so universal is the grief and the horror of the deed of which Washington has been the scene.

When I read that the President had gone to Richmond without a guard, I felt that he ran a risk to which he ought not to have subjected himself. In times of great excitement dangerous men become more dangerous, partly vicious and partly mad, and men of great mark become the objects of their hate and passion. The deed is done, and it is now too late to take precautions.

It is easy to kill a President, but it is not easy to destroy a nation.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT
COURT, INDIANAPOLIS, IN RELATION TO THE
DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

This item is No. 808 in Judge Fish's "Lincoln Bibliography". The original is excessively rare—so rare that he himself wrote the Editor that he had never seen it. It is lacking in almost all Lincoln collections, and very seldom occurs for sale. We believe this is the first time it has been republished.—[Ed.]

YESTERDAY morning, * as we had previously announced, the District Court of the United States proceeded to take action in relation to the assassination of President Lincoln. The court was opened at half-past nine o'clock. The judges of the Supreme Court of the state and Judge Finch of the Circuit Court, together with Judges Davis and McDonald, occupied the bench. The venerable Judge Morrison, chairman of the committee appointed previously, arose and said: May it please the Court—

On behalf of the committee heretofore appointed to report to your honors resolutions touching the occasion of the death of President Lincoln, I now respectfully submit to your honors the following:

Posthumous honors, however gorgeous or imposing, do not always prove the sincerity of the tribute thus paid, offered in memory of the departed, nor even the presence of the sentiment which such honors are held to symbolize. But there is no danger of mistaking the import of those manifestations which but a few days ago shrouded this whole nation in the habiliments of the grave.

Never, it is believed, in the history of the world, has the demise of any man, or any ruler, called forth such profound sorrowing, such poignant grief, and such evidences of devoted attachment, as has the death of President Lincoln of the United States.

As the astounding intelligence of the atrocious assassination of the Chief Magistrate sped on lightning wing from city to city, and to town, and hamlet and cabin, the whole population gasped con-

*May, 19, 1865.

vulsively. The public mind was horror-struck, stupefied, stunned. Men held their breath, ejaculating hurried prayers that a life so precious might still be spared, and when the seemingly incredible story was fully confirmed, and the worst phases of the terrible tragedy began to be realized, the great popular heart sickened and almost ceased to throb; and then came reaction, and the stern resolve and vows of vengeance against the traitor-felon who had perpetrated the infernal act and his no less guilty accomplices.

And now that the solemn funeral train has passed, and all that is mortal of him whom the people delighted to honor has been consigned to its last earthly resting-place, there to wait the general resurrection at the last day, it has been deemed to be eminently proper that uniting with the judges of this court, the members of the bar should record their high appreciation of the distinguished public services, and exemplary private worth of the illustrious dead; it is therefore

Resolved, 1. That in common with our loyal fellow-citizens everywhere, we deplore as a great national calamity, the death of President Lincoln.

2. That in the discharge of the various and responsible duties of his high office, President Lincoln was ever guided by the inspirations of an unselfish and lofty patriotism, designing above all things and laboring for, the perpetuity of the union of the states.

3. That perfectly honest and upright in intention and act, possessed of rare practical wisdom and tolerant, lenient and forgiving, President Lincoln had gained and secured, as no other man had, the confidence and respect and love of his country.

“His was the upright deed,
His the unswerving course,
’Mid every thwarting current’s force
Unchanged by venal aims, or flattery’s hollow reed.”

4. That in all the separate private and family relations, the dead President has left a record unsullied and worthy of imitation.

5. That the honorable and successful career of the departed President, in the profession to which the bench and the bar of this court belong, should serve as an incentive to us who remain, as well as to those who shall succeed us, to pursue our high calling with diligence, holding fast our integrity.

6. That the bereaved family of the deceased have our sincerest sympathy and condolence in their great and irreparable loss.

7. That the court and the bar will wear the usual badge of respect for the memory of the deceased for thirty days.

8. That the honorable the judges of this court be respectfully requested to permit these proceedings to be entered upon the minutes, and that the Clerk be directed to transmit a copy under the seal of the court, to the stricken family of the departed President.

After the reading of the resolutions, Hon. T. A. Hendricks seconded them, following in appropriate remarks, after which Mr. Ketcham, Judge Sullivan, Hon. A. G. Porter, Hon. J. E. McDonald, and Mr. Fishback spoke briefly concerning the character of the late President, which was listened to with the most profound respect by those present. After the members of the bar had spoken, Judge Davis, the personal and intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln, delivered a most touching and eloquent tribute to the memory of the departed, which we here give:

GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR: The death of Mr. Lincoln, by disease, at any period within the last four years, would have shocked the civilized world, but occurring at the time, and in the manner it did, it has produced an inexpressible feeling of sadness and gloom. A season of universal joy and festivity has been turned into grief and lamentation. Victories are no longer celebrated by bonfires and illuminations. Great disasters do not even arrest at-

attention, and the fact that armed rebellion has ceased, hardly excites remark. All hearts are touched, and the people mourn as no people ever mourned before. Sorrow is in every household, and throughout the country. The feeling is not alone for the loss of a great and wise ruler, but for that of a dear and well-beloved personal friend. That such a man, with the fruition of his hopes and labors near at hand, should be assassinated, is, to finite wisdom, an inscrutable dispensation of Providence. But as a Christian people we submit with humble resignation, knowing that God intends our good in all that He does, and all that He suffers to be done, and that, in His own proper time, he will make manifest what appears now so dark and mysterious.

I do not propose to deliver a eulogy on the life and character of Mr. Lincoln. The brief limits of a reply to the resolutions of the bar will not admit of it, and time has not yet sufficiently chastened this affliction to us, to do it wisely. His career in life was remarkable as well as glorious, and illustrates the beneficence of our free institutions. From the humblest poverty, without education, or the means of attaining it; unaided by wealth or influential family connections, he rose, solely by the strength of his intellect and the force of his character, to the highest position in the world. He died a patriot martyr, and the greatest man of the generation in which he lived. Hereafter history will associate him with the benefactors of mankind, and with the great and good men of every age. To you, gentlemen, it has seemed to me more appropriate to speak of Mr. Lincoln as a lawyer. Our profession trains men for greatness, and it is a high privilege to contemplate the character of a man who has dignified and adorned that profession. I enjoyed for over a quarter of a century the personal friendship of Mr. Lincoln. We were admitted to the Bar about the same time, and traveled for many years what is known in Illinois as the Eighth Judicial Circuit. In 1848, when I first went on the bench, the Circuit embraced fourteen counties, and Mr. Lincoln went with the court to every county. Rail-

roads were not then in use, and our mode of travel was either on horseback or in buggies. This simple life he loved, preferring it to the practice of the law in a city, where although the remuneration would be greater, the opportunity would be less for mixing with the great body of the people, who loved him, and whom he loved. Mr. Lincoln was transferred from the bar of that circuit to the office of President of the United States, having been without official position since he left Congress in 1849. In all the elements that constitute the great lawyer, he had few equals. He was great both at *nisi prius* and before an appellate tribunal. He seized the strong points of a cause, and presented them with clearness and great compactness. His mind was logical and direct, and he did not indulge in extraneous discussion. Generalities and platitudes had no charm for him. An unfailing vein of humor never deserted him, and he was always able to chain the attention of court and jury, when the cause was the most uninteresting, by the appropriateness of his anecdotes.

His power of comparison was large, and he rarely failed in a legal discussion to use that mode of reasoning. The framework of his mental and moral being was honesty, and a wrong cause was poorly defended by him. The ability which some eminent lawyers possess of explaining away the bad points of a cause by ingenious sophistry, was denied him. In order to bring into full activity his great powers, it was necessary that he should be convinced of the right and justice of the matter which he advocated. When so convinced, whether the cause was great or small, he was usually successful. He read law books but little, except when the cause in hand made it necessary, yet he was unusually self-reliant, depending on his own resources and rarely consulting his brother lawyers either on the management of his case or in the legal questions involved. Mr. Lincoln was the fairest and most accommodating of practitioners, granting all favors which he could do consistently with his duty to his client, and rarely availing himself of an unwary oversight of his adversary.

www.india.com.cn He hated wrong and oppression everywhere, and many a man whose fraudulent conduct was undergoing review in a court of justice, has writhed under his terrific indignation and rebukes. He was the most simple and unostentatious of men in his habits, having few wants, and those easily supplied. To his honor be it said, that he never took from a client even when the case was gained, more than he thought the service was worth, and the client could reasonably afford to pay. The people where he practiced law were not rich, and his charges were always small. When he was elected President, I question whether there was a lawyer in the circuit who had been at the bar as long a time, whose means were not larger. It did not seem to be one of the purposes of his life to accumulate a fortune. In fact, outside of his profession, he had no knowledge of the way to make money, and he never even attempted it.

Mr. Lincoln was loved by his brethren at the bar, and no body of men will grieve more at his death, or pay more sincere tribute to his memory. His presence on the circuit was watched for with interest, and never failed to produce joy and hilarity. When casually absent, the spirits of both bar and people were depressed. He was not fond of controversy, and would compromise a lawsuit whenever practicable. And I may be permitted to say here that the great qualities of his mind and heart preëminently fitted him to settle the questions growing out of this war, to readjust the displaced machinery of government, and to reunite a divided people. War with him was simply a necessity for the sake of peace. It has seemed to me that the atrocity of the crime which deprived him of life was only excelled by its folly. He loved his profession, appreciating the high services always rendered by it to the cause of good government and civil liberty. To elucidate truth was a precious privilege with him, and he was always glad to avail himself of it. He was kind and gentle in his nature, with sympathies easily awakened, "with charity for all, and malice to none," harboring no resentment to opposing counsel, and indulgent to his younger brethren.

Mr. Lincoln's whole life attests the strength and sincerity of his convictions. Although ambitious, yet office had no attractions for him if attainable through a sacrifice of principle. He attached himself to a party when satisfied that its views of public policy were correct, and the circumstances that the party was in the minority, and could with difficulty win its way to the confidence of the people, had no terrors for him. Had he loved principle less and place more, he would not have been without official station during the greater portion of his life.

He had faith—without which true greatness does not exist. Believing in certain great principles of government, he did not complain because for a season, they were unacceptable to the people—having faith in their ultimate triumph.

Mr. Lincoln was daily growing in wisdom, and greatness, and was fast gaining the confidence and attachment of the whole American people. He died at the most critical period in the history of the nation, when it was apparent that his country would be free from the curse and disgrace of slavery. Had he survived to complete the work he had begun, it is easy to see that the basis, which in his wisdom he should have thought proper to adopt to settle our difficulties, would have been accepted by the country, and that all factious opposition to his administration would have ceased. Hereafter the name of Abraham Lincoln will be associated with that of George Washington, and the present and all future generations will equally honor and revere them.

After the delivery of Judge Davis' remarks the court adjourned until this morning.

(Copied from the *Daily State Sentinel* (Indianapolis) of
Saturday, May 20, 1865.)

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A SERMON DELIVERED BEFORE

WINFIELD SCOTT POST, No. 114

DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

AT GETTYSBURG BAPTIST CHURCH

By **REV. BYRON A. WOODS, D.D.**

PHILADELPHIA

May 26, 1895

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Isaiah 5, 26-27: "None shall be weary nor stumble among them; none shall slumber nor sleep; neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed, nor the latchet of their shoes be broken: whose arrows are sharp and all their bows bent, their horses' hoofs shall be counted like flint, their wheels like a whirlwind."

IT WAS March 4, 1865, dark, drizzly as stern November. The shameful spectacle by which Andrew Johnson disgraced himself and humiliated the nation was over. The President-elect attended by high officials, passed from the Senate chamber out to the inauguration platform, on the east front of the Capitol. The thunders of applause ceased as Abraham Lincoln stepped forward and began reading his second inaugural. "At that moment the sun, which had been obscured all day, burst forth in its unclouded meridian splendor, and flooded the spectacle with glory and with light." The last words of that matchless address fell upon the ears of the hushed, prayerful, tearful throng: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'" "With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

The last word spoken, Abraham Lincoln turned to the Chief Justice; the Bible was opened: laying his right hand reverently

upon the open page, he repeated the oath of office, then solemnly kissed the Book, saying, as he did so, "So help me God," and rose up inaugurated President of the United States for the second term. The Chief Justice himself had noticed the place where his lips had touched the inspired page. Is it strange that he and others felt the significance of the words?

None shall be weary nor stumble among them; none shall slumber nor sleep; neither shall the girdle of their loins be loosed, nor the latchet of their shoes be broken; whose arrows are sharp, and all their bows are bent, their horses' hoofs shall be counted like flint, their wheels like a whirlwind."

It was in the spirit of these words that Abraham Lincoln undertook the toil and burden, and the care of the Chief Magistracy for the second time. Experience had taught him how crushing was the load; but he had neither grown weary nor stumbled in bearing it; his loins were still girded, his shoes latched for the way.

Tonight I am to say something about this marvelous man—this man whose life is the consummate flower of American history, whose character is the ripest fruitage thereof.

It is a service from which many better fitted and furnished than I have shrunk. The name of Abraham Lincoln is sacred, baptized with the tears and blood of the best of our land. The story of his life is the sweetest, saddest, dearest among the archives of the Nation. As the great historian has said, "Abraham Lincoln went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows with a smiling face. As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets." In him nature was at its best,

"For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true."

It takes an artist to paint a mountain crowned with snow, circled with cloud, gilded with the summer sun; to fill in the foliage

that drapes its noble form, to portray the snow-born streams that tumble down its tumultuous sides, and anon break in silvery veils, or glow with prismatic beauty; to represent the houses and barns, the flocks and herds, the harvest fields and pasture lands, that cover its fruitful slopes; and to outline the beautiful valleys and broad acres that lie at its base—it requires an artist to do that. And yet an humbler hand may sketch its heroic lines, intimate its beauties, and suggest its glories. Though I cannot do the one permit me to attempt the other. Permit me to lay a way-side flower—love's token—upon the altar of his greatness.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS GREAT IN NATURAL ENDOWMENT

It took six feet four inches of bone and brawn, of sinew and muscle to carry the load and endure the strain of his mighty intellect, and to house the great throbbing heart that beat for all humanity; the two engines that labored and toiled within that gaunt, homely frame of his.

He had great powers of perception. He saw things, truths, facts and men, what they were in themselves, and in their relations. He could "grasp the situation," whether political, military, philosophic or statesmanic. He could note the beginnings of great movements, calculate their progress, and foretell the issue, as few men have ever done.

He had unsurpassed reasoning powers. His addresses were not political harangues, but masterly arguments based upon fundamental principles. When professors and ministers from cultured New England asked him how he attained his marvelous way of putting things, a method such that the statement of his position was itself an argument, he replied that early in legal life he had spent weeks in mastering the problems of geometry, that he might know what the word "demonstration" meant. His was the power to demonstrate the truth he uttered.

This gave him marvelous influence over his hearers. He ap-

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prehended the foundation principles himself, and then caused them to apprehend them also. Other men skimmed the surface, he went to the bottom; they saw the symptoms, he the disease. English statesmen visited him, and, referring to the great loss of life in the battles fought, were surprised to have him reply with statistics drawn from their own history showing their losses had been greater in proportion, and departing declared that he was a surprise to them, and that undoubtedly future generations would rank him among the greatest men the world had produced. Generals of the army sometimes spoke lightly of his military plans, only to awake at last to the realization that his plan of campaign, if adopted would undoubtedly have brought victory, when theirs was followed by disaster.

During the first months of his presidency men attempted to take from his hands the reins of government, but found in him a master-mind and an iron will before which they were compelled to bow, and finally to render glad homage. Even Mr. Seward, experienced, able, eminent in the nation, found his words concerning the adoption of a policy and the resolute prosecution of it, "either by the President" or "some member of the cabinet," met by the calm, dignified reply, "If this must be done, I must do it," and awoke from his dream of personal glory to realize that Abraham Lincoln was President, and he himself Secretary of State—nothing more.

This intellectual greatness has been one of the things men have been slow to recognize in the man. They knew that he was honest, kind of heart, true, devoted, but that he was incomparably, superlatively great they could not realize. Perhaps it was because of his humble birth, perhaps because of his deficient education, perhaps because of his homely but apt metaphors, perhaps because of his gaunt ugliness, perhaps it was because they stood so near him they could not apprehend his magnitude; be the reason what it may the fact remains, he was greater than their great-

est conceptions, nobler than their noblest thoughts. A generation has passed and we do not know him yet. A second, and possibly a third must come before men will fully appreciate his character, and properly estimate his work. When you are climbing Mt. Blanc, you do not realize its height, you must be miles away to see it in its totality and feel its magnitude.

The men who toiled by Lincoln's side did not know him. William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and Horace Greeley were great men, and each in his way did a great work for freedom and humanity. But they were not able to understand Lincoln. They could not rise to the mountain-height from which he surveyed the field. They could not comprehend the principles which were the A B C of his life. They never saw the present as he saw it. They never planned the future as he planned it, seeing the end from the beginning. And so they criticised and said and wrote bitter things: "He was slow, he was treacherous, he lacked moral earnestness, he must be supplanted."

Garrison and Phillips hurled poisoned arrows, and denounced him to his face, while Greeley plotted for peace behind his back, holding correspondence with the enemies of the nation and the cause, hindering by so much the speedy victory for which Lincoln was patiently, persistently, surely toiling.

And when the end drew nigh and the final triumphs were ready to drop, like ripened fruit, into the lap of the nation, because Lincoln went to Hampton Roads, and unofficially, informally, and at the earnest request of General Grant, met the men who had come from the Confederacy, and declared to them the only terms upon which propositions of peace or armistice could or would be considered—because Lincoln with wise foresight saw the opportunity of unmasking false pretensions and thereby strengthening the cause, and seized the opportunity, Senators and Congressmen denounced him upon the floor of the Capitol, and passed

www.libtool.com.cn resolutions demanding an account of his doings. It would seem as if they ought to have understood him better by that time, as if they ought to have had more confidence in the sagacity and honesty of the man who had so ably guided the affairs of the nation during the years that had gone. But no, they did not understand him, they did not understand the situation. And so they uttered words they gladly would have blotted from history, and brought pain and anguish to the heart of one who carried the burdens of the nation.

The abolitionists erred because they did not see that Lincoln was sworn to support the Constitution, and therefore could not emancipate the slaves until it became evident that only so could the Constitution itself be preserved. And Senators and Congressmen erred because they did not see, as he saw, the effect, the necessary effect, of putting the words "our common country" over against the words of Davis concerning "the two countries." They did not realize, and we are only too slow to acknowledge, that Abraham Lincoln alone embodied, not only the heart of the people, but the brains of the nation as well.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS GREAT IN UNSWERVING DEVOTION TO
LIBERTY

He is twenty-one years of age. They are in the city of New Orleans. Slaves are being bought and sold. With his companions he visits a slave pen, while an auction is in progress. He marks how rough men handle young women and discuss in vulgar terms their merits or demerits. Turning to his companion, his giant frame trembling with righteous indignation, he registers his vow: "If ever I get a chance to hit that institution, I'll hit it hard, by the Eternal God!"

The first great opportunity to "hit" the institution came to Lincoln in the campaign of 1854.

In reply to Douglas, these burning words fell from his lips:

“This declared indifference to the spread of slavery I can but hate. I hate it because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself. If the negro is a man is it not the destruction of self-government to say that he shall not govern himself? When a white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and another man, that is more than self-government, it is despotism. No man is good enough to govern another man without his consent. Slavery is founded on the selfishness of man's nature; opposition to it is his love of justice. These principles are in eternal antagonism.”

“Never did a man,” said Lincoln's law partner, Mr. Herndon, “change as did Mr. Lincoln. No sooner had he planted himself right on the slavery question than his whole soul seemed burning. He blossomed right out. Spiritual things became clear to him.”

Again he meets Douglas; it is just after the Dred Scott decision. “In my opinion it (this agitation) will not cease until a crisis has been reached and passed. ‘A house divided against itself cannot stand,’ I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other.” When friends remonstrated with him, saying those words would injure him politically, defeat his election and possibly ruin his party Lincoln listened, rose, stood erect. The old far-away look came into his face. “My friends, I have given much thought to this question. The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered. If it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked with it to the truth. Let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right.” Listen again to his words, in reply to the same opponent. “Think nothing of me; take no thought for the political fate of any man whatsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but

heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I do claim to be actuated in this contest by something higher than an anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing. I am nothing. Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity, the Declaration of Independence."

I cannot repeat his many ringing words that echoed round the world in advocacy of the principles of liberty. Thank God, to-day they are household words.

I may be permitted, however, to refer to one other occasion upon which he gave proof even more strikingly of his steadfast devotion to the cause of freedom. It was near the close of his first term in the Presidency, 1864. It was one of the darkest periods of the war. People were clamoring for peace. Horace Greeley was imploring, begging, demanding, that he make overtures for peace, or at least an armistice for one year. There were divisions and dissensions in the Cabinet. Congressmen were angry because he had not signed the bill for the re-admission of seceded states into the Union. "Your re-election," wrote Thurlow Weed to the President, "is an impossibility."

Lincoln himself said to his intimate acquaintances, "I doubt if I shall be re-elected." August 23rd, 1864, was the day for the regular meeting of President and Cabinet. When the members of the Cabinet were assembled, Lincoln handed them a sealed envelope, with a paper folded within. "Gentlemen," he said, "will you do me a favor, will you please write your names upon this envelope?" He made no explanation; they asked no questions, but did as requested, and the package was laid away. What was written there, so carefully sealed, so surely certified? These were the words, written with his own hand:

“This morning, as for several days past, it seems probable that this Administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so co-operate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such grounds that he cannot possibly save it afterwards.” Here was devotion, pure and simply, unselfish and heroic. He might go down and his administration fall, but his last breath should be expended for the nation and principles he loved.

But Lincoln was re-elected, and lived, not only to give slavery its death blow—hitting it hard, as he had vowed—but also to celebrate the victorious ending of the struggle.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS GREAT BECAUSE OF HIS RELIANCE UPON
ALMIGHTY GOD

“I believe,” writes Ruskin, “the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility, doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinion. But really great men have a curious undersense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not in them but through them; that they could not do or be anything else than God made them. And they see something divine and God-made in every other man, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful.” Horace Bushnell says, “The great master-spirits of the world are not so much distinguished, after all, by the acts they do as by the sense itself of some mysterious girding of the Almighty upon them, whose behests they are set to fulfil.” In harmony with these words of wisdom and of truth, Abraham Lincoln declared, “I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. No human council has devised, nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are of the gracious gifts of the Most High God.”

Lincoln’s religious nature was influenced by the Puritans on the one hand and the Quakers on the other. From his mother he

received instruction in the Bible and in the ways of righteousness, as well as a deep under-current of reverence and devotion, symbolized in them both by "that far-away look" that so often arrested attention.

Early in life, there came a religious crisis. It was just after he had failed to meet his engagement and marry her who afterward became his wife. A deep melancholy had come over him. Possibly the great brain was trembling on its throne. Anyhow, and happily, devout friends received him into their home, and into the inner circle of faith. An intelligent Christian woman speaks to him of God as a Father, and Jesus Christ as a brother, and new truths dawn, and the old Book receives diviner light. Little by little the bewildered wanderer is led out of the desert of despair and unbelief, into the light of life and glory. From that hour doubt is gone, never to return; from that hour the Bible becomes his rule of life and duty.

When the time of trial came he declared to his friends, "I know there is a God, and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. . . . With God's help I shall not fail."

Time passes, he is now leaving his home for Washington. A few last words are spoken ere the train departs: "I now leave, not knowing when or whether I may ever return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

And now the curtains of the White House are drawn low.

Little Willie lies near the river. The father's great heart is breaking. The nurse says, "Mr. Lincoln, a great many people are praying for you today." "I am glad to hear it," he replies, "I want them to pray for me, I need their prayers, and I will try to go to God with my sorrow." Later the minister tells him his Willie is alive. "Alive! alive!" he exclaims. "Yes, Mr. Lincoln, alive. Jesus Christ has said it." The old truth came into his soul no longer an abstract doctrine, but a blessed fact, to be accepted and realized. And Lincoln clasped in his arms the man who had opened his eyes to one of God's most precious promises.

Again, the time for the Emancipation Proclamation has come. Lincoln does not consult his Cabinet as to the question of its issue. A victory has been gained, and Lincoln says, "I have made a vow—a covenant—that if God should give us victory in battle I would consider it an indication of the divine will, and that it would be our duty to move forward with emancipation."

The battle of Gettysburg had been won. When a general asked Lincoln if he had not been anxious as to the result, he replied that he had been confident of victory. They asked, why? But he hesitated, and would not say until repeatedly urged to do so. "Well," he says, "I will tell you. Before the battle, I retired alone to my room in the White House, and got down on my knees and prayed to the Almighty God to give us the victory. I said to Him that this was His war, and that if He would stand by the nation now, I would stand by Him the rest of my life. He gave us the victory, and I purpose to keep my pledge. I arose from my knees with a feeling of deep and serene confidence, and had no doubt of the result from that hour."

At another time Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Fessenden were in confidential conversation. Mr. Fessenden asked him how far he believed the Almighty actually directed our national affairs. Slowly and solemnly, he replied, "That the Almighty does make use of

human agencies, and directly intervenes in human affairs, is one of the plainest statements of the Bible. I have had so many evidences of His direction, so many instances when I have been controlled by some other power than my own will, that I cannot doubt that this power comes from above. I am satisfied that when the Almighty wants me to do or not do a particular thing, He finds a way of letting me know it At first, I used to lose heart sometimes. Now I seem to know that Providence has protected and will protect us against any fatal defeat. All we have to do is to trust the Almighty and keep right on obeying His orders and executing His will."

Lee surrenders, the war draws to its close. Washington is ablaze with glory. The universal joy cannot be restrained. The crowds gather; Lincoln speaks. "The tired spot" which he said "nothing touched" is rested. The man who declared "I do not think I shall ever be glad again" is gladdened. The country saved, the nation redeemed, all he has labored for, prayed for, lived for has been accomplished. His address to the people he so ably served begins with the reminder, "We meet this evening in gladness of heart In the midst of this, He 'from whom all blessings flow' must not be forgotten; a call for a national thanksgiving is being prepared and will be duly promulgated." It is his last public utterance. His official life closes as it began—with his face turned towards the Great White Throne. He has rounded out the circle of his greatness; henceforth Abraham Lincoln "belongs to the ages." And tonight, "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land" do "swell the chorus of the Union, touched again, as surely they have been, by the better angels of our nature."

THE DARKEST HOUR.

EVERYBODY is more or less superstitious. However unwilling we may be to confess it, there are times when we cannot resist superstition, but yield to its sway. Examples from daily life are innumerable, beginning with the days of the emperor who could not endure the presence of a cat in the same room, and coming down to these days when the last guest finds that he makes the unwelcome thirteenth at the table and politely refuses to remain. The farmer who sees the new moon over his left shoulder, and the sailor who will not set sail from port on Friday, are common illustrations.

Without combating this common trait or endeavoring to reason away its cause, arising so largely as it does through illogical deductions from seeming coincidences, let me tell you of an instance in my own experience.

If any one can claim the right to be superstitious about a play at the theatre, I claim to be of the number. Three times I have purchased tickets for "Our American Cousin," desiring to see Sothorn in it, but I have never seen it. The sickness of a star actor compelled a change in the title *rôle* the first time; I was called away out of town the second time: and the assassination of President Lincoln abruptly terminated the third time, under such circumstances, conditions and tragical surroundings that I called that night the "*darkest hour*."

The winter of 1865 found me on duty with Major-General A. P. Howe, inspector of artillery, with headquarters in Washington. He also had command of Camp Barry, which was an artillery *dépôt* for instructing, equipping and repairing batteries of artillery.

—Read by the late Brevet Brigadier-General Charles Mamlin before the Maine Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

www.Indoo.com On that fatal night, accompanied by my wife and sister, I went somewhat early to Ford's Theatre both to hear the patriotic music of the orchestra and to witness the entrance of the President, who had accepted an invitation to witness the play, with a party of invited guests. We obtained seats only a few steps behind the orchestra on the side next to the box, second tier, assigned to the Presidential party,—being on your right as you enter the auditorium. We found the theatre already well filled the front of the boxes beautifully decorated with flags. The orchestra lost no time in expressing the loyal joy of the jubilant throng in soul-stirring passages, comprising choice selection of all the National airs. These airs were repeated at the request of the audience which did not seem impatient for the curtain to rise. Then followed a long interval of silence. The illustrious guest of the evening had not arrived. Whispers ran round the house that he would not come, and finally the manager yielded to the calls and the curtain slowly rung up and the play began. The first act, however, was only fairly beginning when it was suspended with a loud outburst of "Hail to the Chief," by the orchestra, in welcoming with the cheers of the audience,—all standing up,—the much-expected President, who modestly bowed as he quietly moved along the wall and with his wife and friends entered the box.

Quiet was resumed and *Dundreary* was soon lispng, in inimitable drollery, his opening words. The people now gave their undivided attention to the play, happy to share its humor, wit and gaiety with one who had earned that right, if ever relief, followed by relaxation, was due to one who had led the nation through the sea of trouble to a triumphant ending. It would be difficult indeed, to conceive of higher conditions for people's enjoyment and the chief magistrate's brief hour of freedom from care and anxiety. How often since have I recalled the scene! All eyes were radiant with the joy of life. "Grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front" and the bronzed veterans' uniforms, here and there, set off

in fine contrast the rich apparel and adornments of their fair companions. The air was redolent of peace and happiness. The scene was so impressive that it must have had its influence on the President himself, for he did not move after taking a seat in the front corner, next to the audience, whence he could see almost the entire auditorium and the stage.

The following events, but not the length of time, remain indelibly fixed in my memory. I am confident of the accuracy of their succession and I will now state them in their order:

After one or more scenes,—they may be all in the first act,—the actors had left the stage and scenery slides quite near the front were run out from each wing to represent one side of a room. They did not come together and join at the center with that ease and certainty which are found in well-managed theatres. They bumped together, shot past each other, were pulled back again at a short distance, and then hurriedly thrown together but not uniting. One form was lifted up once or twice when both forms seemed to be joined, but were suddenly pulled slightly apart again and remained so. Momentarily expecting, in this condition of bungling scene-shifting, that the defect would be noticed by the person in charge, and watching both ends of the stage for the entrance of the next actor, as well as the proper adjustment of the scene, the delay in both seems unusually prolonged. Suddenly a pistol shot is heard. To me its direction is from the stage, and I think it is part of the next act, never having seen the play and not knowing its plot. Still no actor comes out. The scenes remain unadjusted. A slight murmur runs through the audience,—it is the suppressed voices of the men and women criticising the delay or questions asking its cause. Time enough has now elapsed to arouse the curious and impatient who rise in their places just as a man is seen standing on the outer edge of the President's box. He suddenly jumps down upon the stage, landing, after a flight of nearly fifteen

feet, in a crouched position about six or eight feet from the side of the tier of boxes. He rises, and with his face to the audience he walks leisurely to the center of the stage as if he belonged to the troupe and was entering upon his part. As he faces the audience in the center of the stage, about ten or twelve feet from the foot-lights, we get a clear view of him. He is dressed in faultless black, the opening of his vest disclosing a white shirt front, then not often seen by us of the army. His face, surmounted by waving black hair, has a deathly pallor and his eyes are glittering bright, almost emitting fire. Spellbound, never dreaming of the awful tragedy which had already taken place, the audience intently observes the man in his every movement, and wondering still what his appearance means and how it is connected with the play.

Halting at the center with his face to the audience, as I have, already described him, he hissed out these words, *Sic semper tyrannis*, raising a dagger in his right hand above his head with the flashing blade pointing down. With these words that I have quoted, he dropped his hand, turned towards the right of the stage, the left of the audience, and deliberately marched with a stage gait from our sight and disappeared through the wings on that side.

It is not easy to describe the effect produced upon the audience nor the precise order of events. I now recall my sister's speaking to me and saying, "Why, that's Wilkes Booth!" Also my reply "It is not possible. He is not down on the bill." A voice in the audience cried out, "The President is shot." This was the first intimation to me of what had happened,—the awful tragedy itself. I started up from my seat to ascertain if it was true and to see what I could do. Several persons in my vicinity tried to cross over the orchestra to the stage. One of them, who proved to be a naval officer,—Flood, of the U. S. S. *Primrose*,—as I learned from his card which he gave me the next day at his hotel,—succeeded in the attempt and climbed into the President's box by clinging to the wood ornamentation overlaying its front.

There was immediate confusion, and cries of alarm and horror were raised as soon as it was stated that the President had been shot, and no one seemed to know what to do. A gentleman on the extreme left gained the stage, as I now remember, at nearly the same time with Flood. He spoke in an excited manner and passed at once behind the wing on that side. This was J. B. Stewart, of Washington, a dealer in real estate of some prominence. In his testimony afterwards before the military commission, he claimed to have been the first person to reach the stage, and to have been wounded by dagger thrusts or cuts given by the assassin.

As soon as I could make my way through the retiring audience I ran up the stairs leading to the second story and found they were just bringing the President out of his box,—his wife leading the way with her dress covered with blood, weeping and moaning and wringing her hands all the while with most heartrending sobs. Laura Keene, the leading lady in the play, had preceded me and stood in front of Mrs. Lincoln calling out from time to time as the sad procession moved on towards the stairway,—“For God’s sake, gentlemen, let this poor woman pass.” As her hands and dress were stained with blood it seems that she must have entered the box, as soon as the door was pushed open and assisted in removing the dying man. I followed the President across the street as far as the house where he was taken in, and where he breathed his last. Waiting to see how I could render service I encountered Lieutenant Parsons of the 4th United States Artillery, who told me that Grant, Stanton, Seward and Vice-President Johnson, had also been assassinated. This was, indeed, the *darkest hour*. It all foreboded insurrection, an uprising of rebels and assassins by night in the capital city. Instantly I thought of my duty and determined, at all hazards, to do what was in my power to prevent such a horrible atrocity. I ran to our headquarters, more than a mile distant, at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and H Street, and sent word to Major Hall, and in the name of General Howe ordered out

all the batteries at Camp Barry to take position immediately at all the street crossings leading from the great avenues, remaining myself at our office. The order was duly executed and the batteries remained in position until the afternoon of the next day. At frequent intervals I reported to the War Department until seven o'clock in the morning, when I learned by a daily morning paper of the President's death and the escape from the assassin of all others except Mr. Seward.

As I am giving a personal account only of the awful tragedy, but little more remains to be told. The rest is public history and I will add but one other event.

General Howe and General Augur were among the high officers who constituted the guard of honor at the Executive Mansion until the funeral, and remained in the room with the sacred body. I was called there early in the morning of the third day to receive orders from General Howe, who called me into the room. Mr. Stanton came in soon and seemed engaged in viewing the remains and their proper apparel. General Howe spoke to him of the discoloration of one side of the face and inquired of Mr. Stanton whether something could not be done to remove it before the public were allowed to take a last look at their beloved President. I shall never forget the reply, when turning to the general his eyes suffused and with trembling lips he gave a deep sigh and in gentle and subdued tones said, "General, it is best as it is. It is now part of the history of the case."

Turning slowly away, I took my last, long look at the great martyr, who now belongs to all the ages; who had always been to me personally as kind as my father; and the friendly grasp of whose hand will remain in my memory an eternal benediction.

The *darkest hour* passed away, but whether I shall ever see "Our American Cousin" I cannot say.

CHARLES HAMLIN.

MR. LINCOLN IN MAY, 1862

The writer of the following account was Rev. W. W. Malet, Vicar of Ardeley, Hertfordshire, England, who came to the United States in June 1862, to communicate with an English lady living in South Carolina on matters relating to her family in England.

Through a letter from Mr. Adams, our Minister to England to Mr. Seward, he was allowed to go to South Carolina, and on his return to England published an account of his experiences, under the title of "An Errand to the South"—now a rare book—from which the item is taken.—[Ed.]

PRESIDENT Lincoln and Mr. Secretary Seward were both in the next room, and at my request Mr. Stanton introduced me to them.

The President, who was neatly dressed in a suit of black, is full six feet two inches in height, of spare and upright figure; his hair is black, his eyes have a remarkably calm expression; his features are strongly marked, his complexion dark, his address and manner betokening perfect self-possession; very ready to enter into conversation and to set you at once at your ease.

A perfect contrast is Mr. Seward; a man of small stature, rather grey, with prominent nose and penetrating eyes; reserved in manner. When I first saw him in the corridor he wore a broad-brimmed Mexican hat, and was smoking his cigar.

Next day I paid my respects to the President at the White House, and was most kindly received. He told me he was born in 1809; and remarked that when employed as a lawyer to settle the French claims in Illinois, he had met with my name. We pored together over a comparative chart of rivers, which showed that America had the two largest rivers in the world—Mississippi and Amazon—the former 4400 miles long! He told me they used hard un-bituminous coal in the United States Navy, giving great force of fire without the slightest smoke, so that the approach of their men-of-war is not seen over the horizon or in rivers. He lamented the occurrence of the war, observing that "if he could have foreseen it he would not have accepted the office of President." After I had sat in conversation with Mr. Lincoln about twenty minutes Mr. Seward came in, when I took my leave, both shaking me cordially by the hand—Mr. Seward not speaking a word, but with an expression in his hand and look as if he knew my errand and wished me success.

From the *Boston Transcript* of Sept. 3, 1913, we take this interesting account of the LINCOLN PLAYBILLS, as an appropriate addition to our EXTRA.

MOST collectors of Lincoln relics are familiar with the appearance of the playbill issued at Ford's Theatre in Washington on the evening when the President was assassinated, but many yet seem unaware of the different varieties, and which of these are genuine. Not a year passes without several being sold in the auction rooms or at private sale, and several collectors boast of copies "stained with Lincoln's blood," a brown stain on the bill being shown in proof. Needless to say, authentication in the latter cases is hopelessly lacking; they were all "picked up in the box the same night," and with that statement alone the owner is more or less satisfied, generally more.

Two genuine playbills only were printed, and those bearing the legend "This Evening the Performance will be honored by the presence of President Lincoln," or variations, are much later productions than April 14, 1865. Both the varieties of the genuine bill have imprint at bottom "H. Polkinhorn & Son, Printers, D street, near 7th, Washington, D. C." The rarer of the two can be distinguished by the omission at the bottom of the sheet of "The Prices of Admission," this omission, together with a little condensation above allowing the printer to insert a verse as follows:

PATRIOTIC SONG AND CHORUS

Honor To Our Soldiers

Honor to our soldiers,
Our nation's greatest pride,
Who 'neath our starry banner's folds,
Have fought, and bled, and died;
They're nature's noblest handiwork—
No king so proud as they,
God bless the heroes of the land,
And cheer them on their way.

Words by H. B. Phillips; music composed and arranged by Professor William Withers, Jr.; solos by Miss M. Hart, H. B. Phillips and George N. Arth and the ladies and gentlemen of the company.

This has been facsimiled, but they are not common and the facsimiles can with little difficulty be detected by the appearance of the paper and types when reproduced by photographic process; when reproduced with type the words "The Octoroon" prove a stumbling-block, as in the original the type used is a curious, almost outline capital, the centres of the outline dotted with marks resembling a curved "v," or precisely the marks a painter uses in representing flying birds at a distance. This type seems to have been a poser to all reproducers in type, for none of the facsimiles in type reproduce it, the nearest being one where the "T," for instance is the shape of the Greek "Upsilon," and the other letters having straight or convex sides instead of concave as in the genuine. This playbill was issued in the afternoon when it was known President Lincoln was to attend the evening performance.

THE FACSIMILED PLAYBILL

The commoner playbill, and the one usually occurring and facsimiled, is that printed in the morning of the day, before it was known that Lincoln would attend. The main difference is that it does not contain the verse and lines immediately above and below and has the prices of admission. Another difference is "Mr. John Dyott and Mr. Harry Hawk" occupy three lines; in the "verse playbill" the words are compressed into one line and the "Mr." omitted from each.

It is important in the detection of facsimiles and forgeries to note resemblances in these two bills, for both were evidently printed from the same form with the mere removal of the lines giving the prices of admission, and the condensation of the names of the two star actors from three lines into one, the rest of the type standing bodily in its place or removed bodily slightly without re-setting it. To distinguish the two we may call one the "morning bill" and the other with the verse the "evening bill".

In the fourth line from the top "whole number of nights 49 5"

is printed thus in both, the final 5 of the number separated by the space of a letter from the two preceding numerals; in eighth line the "H" in the name of the treasurer, H. Clay Ford, is directly beneath the "J" of the line above; in sixteenth line the "S" of "Supported" comes directly below the last stroke of the "N" in "Manageress" of the line above; in the twenty-seventh line the "H" in "Her original character" comes directly beneath the right hand upright of "H" in "Trenchard" in the line above; the first "H" of Harry Hawk in the cast is partly under "J" in the line above; in the line advertising the coming of Boucicault's drama, "The Octoroon," it is called "Great Sensation Drama." Moreover a few additional points can be gained from an examination of similar bills issued shortly before. These agree in not having a colon after the words "The Prices of Admission;" and they read "Orchestra Chairs" invariably. Both these bills measure—from a line drawn across the top of the words "Ford's Theatre" to the rule at the bottom above the printer's name and address,—eighteen and one-eighth inches. This morning bill is the one that usually occurs in facsimile state, but is nearly two inches shorter in length. It should also be noted, before going further that one character, "Rasper, the groom," appears in the morning bill that is omitted in the evening bill.

ANOTHER TYPE VARIATION

There is, however, another variation of this morning bill that has every appearance of having been printed with type, and by the same printer as the original and apparently about the same time. There is no doubt that a great demand sprang up immediately after the assassination for specimens of these bills as souvenirs. Those at the theatre on the night probably kept theirs, and those who did not attend and desired the bill had no recourse but to go to the printer and buy from him, and it may be that the demand was thus supplied. But though very carefully set up with the same types and having the same imprint, there are some variations that suggest it was hurriedly and not so carefully done, and later than April

14th. The main differences are that the advertisement of Boucicault's drama reads "Great Sensational Drama" instead of "Great Sensation Drama," that "Orchestra Chairs" has the word "Chairs" omitted, while it appears in the original and on other bills about the same date; that the separation of the numeral at the top "5" from "49" is corrected and the figures are closed together; and "Prices of Admission" has a colon (:) after it, while there is none in the original or other bills about the same date. Other slight changes can be found by comparing this variation of the bill or facsimiles of it with the resemblances given above of the two bills we have characterized as genuine. There seems to be no other conclusion possible in respect to this variation than that it was a later printing, and probably after the event. Yet it is this variation that is known as the "Buckingham" playbill, from the fact that J. E. Buckingham was doorkeeper at the theatre on the evening of the assassination and sold facsimiles of it as souvenirs.

FINIS

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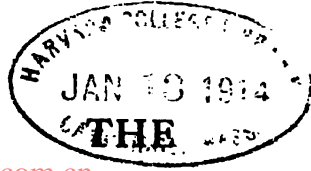
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MMAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 26

NARRATIVES OF INDIAN WARFARE IN THE WEST (1799) (1821)

Samuel L. Metcalf

WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32^D STREET

NEW YORK

1913

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A
COLLECTION

OF SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING
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NARRATIVES

OF INDIAN WARFARE IN THE WEST,

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE ADVENTURES OF

Colonel DANIEL BOONE,

ONE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF KENTUCKY,

Comprehending the most important occurrences relative to its early history—Also, an account of the *Manners, and Customs of the Indians, their Traditions and Religious Sentiments, their Police or Civil Government, their Discipline and method of War:*

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXPEDITIONS OF

Genl's. HARMER, SCOTT, WILKINSON, St. CLAIR, & WAYNE.

The whole compiled from the best authorities,

By Samuel L. Metcalf.

My Countrymen! These things ought not to be forgotten. For the benefit of our children, and those that follow them, they should be recorded in history.—DR. FRANKLIN.

LEXINGTON, KY.
PRINTED BY WILLIAM G. HUNT.
1821.

NEW YORK,
Reprinted
WILLIAM ABBATT

1918

(Being Extra No. 26 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES)

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

ONE of the rarest items of Americana relating to the Indians is here presented to our subscribers—the first reprint, we believe, since 1821. It is a compilation of narratives which, in their original form, even at that date, had become scarce.

Books on early western adventure, printed in its section, are very rare. The Menzies copy, over thirty years ago, realized forty-five dollars, and would bring more now.

Notes have been added wherever there seemed need, but the spelling, capitalization of the original, etc., have been carefully followed.

For the notes on Smith's Narrative (which was originally published in 1799) we are chiefly indebted to Dr. Darlington's edition of 1870!

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

IF THE reader should receive any entertainment from the perusal of the following pages, he may consider himself indebted for it to the following incident:

In the spring of 1820, as the Editor was journeying through the southern part of this State, he called at an inn for lodging, where he was highly amused and gratified by the relation of some interesting anecdotes of Indian warfare, by an intelligent fellow-traveller, who was an early settler in Kentucky.* From this circumstance he was induced to believe that much interesting matter of this description might be obtained by a little exertion, which in a few years, if not collected, would be consigned to oblivion or found only in the traditions of the West. He has therefore, since that time, employed himself in making diligent search after such materials as would reflect light on the early settlement of the Western country generally; the result of which has enabled him to present the reader with the following narratives. They cannot fail to excite an interest in the people of the West, many of whose friends and relations were conspicuous actors in the scenes which are described. Some of them exhibit specimens of boldness and ferocity on the part of the savages, and of heroic intrepidity on the part of the early settlers, not surpassed in the annals of history. They also make us in some measure acquainted with the dangers and difficulties which our fathers underwent in penetrating and settling this vast wilderness. They were continually harassed by a treacherous and unrelenting foe. They fought in defence of a country whose plains were drenched with the blood of their fellow citizens. They abandoned the pleasures of civilized and polished society, and emigrated to these inhospitable wilds, under circumstances the most unfavorable; yet the spirit of enterprise

* Colonel Murrell, of Barren County, Ky.

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 which prompted them was not to be extinguished by the dangers which surrounded them. The luxuriant fertility of the country, the salubrity of its climate and the beauty of its scenery, were well calculated to excite and cherish in them the spirit of adventure.

A desire to trace the origin and progress of states, the decline and fall of nations, and the means by which great objects have been achieved, is perhaps natural to man. To rescue from oblivion some of the most important events connected with the early history of this country is the object of the following publication.

It must be peculiarly gratifying to every philanthropick mind to behold the happy change which a few years have effected in the condition of the Western States. Where a few years since nothing was heard but the Indian warwhoop and the howling of wild beasts, we now hear, in our halls of legislation, the voice of eloquence proclaiming the dignity and the rights of man; and in temples dedicated to the Most High our ears are saluted with the welcome sound of "peace and good will to men." In place of those gloomy forests once denominated the *Dark and Bloody Ground* we now behold a rich, delightful and highly cultivated country. Where lately stood a few dismal, smoky cabins, surrounded by woods and cane-brakes, are now to be seen fertile fields, flourishing orchards, blooming gardens, elegant and commodious houses, and rich, populous and refined cities.

How delightful to dwell in the midst of this highly favoured land, and contemplate its growing prosperity; a land affording in rich abundance all the luxuries of life, and decorated with all the variegated charms which nature can bestow. Here we might almost exclaim in the language of the poet:

Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina nectaris ibant
 Flavaque de viridi stillabant ilice mella.

(Now milk and nectar flow through every field,
 And green leav'd oaks delicious honey yield.)

Here civilization and the arts are fast advancing to perfection, and here genius, nurtured by science and philosophy and enriched by the improvements of former ages, is to shine forth in all the splendor of intellectual power.

In the publication of the following narratives it has not been our intention to perpetuate against the unfortunate Indians that spirit of prejudice and hatred which has been excited by their cruel massacres of the whites. With the liberal and enlightened there are many circumstances which palliate their inhumanity. They could not but consider us as the crafty usurpers of their native soil, which had been given to them by the *Great Spirit*. It should be recollected that independently of the many wrongs which they suffered from our encroachment on their dominions, they were stimulated to hostilities by the emissaries of France while that kingdom was contending with Great Britain for the possession of the Western country: and that after the commencement of the American Revolution they were urged on by the British themselves to the perpetration of the most horrid outrages. Allowance should be made for their want of information, and for the principles by which they were influenced. A superstition prevailed among them, common to the early Greeks and Romans, which induced them to suppose that "the *manes* of their deceased friends slain in battle were soothed by the blood of their captives."*

It has been very common among those who have described the aborigines of our country to represent them as a treacherous, cowardly and ferocious race, devoid of almost every virtue which constitutes the dignity and the glory of man. This, however, has arisen partly from prejudice and partly from an imperfect knowledge of their character. If there were writers among the Indians, the most honorable testimony might be given of their bravery, patriotism and generosity. But alas, they have no historian to record their valorous deeds; no poets to celebrate the virtues and

* Leur sang, disait-il, sera agreable à l'ombre de ce héros. FENELON: Telemaque.

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achievements of their departed heroes. They are suffered to glide down the oblivious tide of time "unwept, unhonored and unsung." The whole race is diminishing in number with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of nations. Many of the most powerful tribes which inhabited the United States during the last century are now known only in name. If we are to judge of the future from the past, we must believe that in a short period the remaining tribes that still linger about the shores of the Lakes, and the tributary streams of the Mississippi and Missouri will pass away from the earth like a dream, no more to be remembered or regarded. "We are driven back", said an old warrior, "until we can retreat no further—a little longer, and the white men will cease to persecute us, for we shall cease to exist."

It is right to inform the reader that the following narratives have been obtained from sources of the most undoubted authenticity. Some of them have been before published in a collection by Archibald Loudon, and some in separate pamphlets, all of which have long since been out of print. Others have appeared in the *Western Review*, a work found in comparatively but few hands. Nearly all the facts have been furnished by persons who were immediately concerned in the transactions which they described.

It was the original design of the Editor to give a continued and methodical narrative of all the Indian wars in the Western country, from its first settlement to the treaty of Greenville (generally called Wayne's Treaty). This plan, however, he has been obliged to relinquish for want of time. The contents of this volume may be regarded merely as materials which the future historian must compress and arrange in chronological order.

S. L. METCALF

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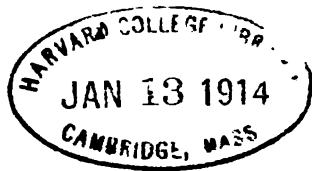
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NARRATIVE OF THE ADVENTURES OF COL. DANIEL BOONE

From his first arrival in Kentucky in 1769, to the end of the year 1782

IT WAS on the first of May, in the year 1769, that I resigned my domestic happiness for a time, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin river in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Monay and William Cool. We proceeded successfully, and after a long and fatiguing journey through a mountainous wilderness in a westward direction, on the seventh day of June following we found ourselves on Red River, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians, and from the top of an eminence saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky. Here let me observe that for some time we had experienced the most uncomfortable weather, as a prelibation of our future sufferings. At this place we encamped, and made a shelter to defend us from the inclement season, and began to hunt and reconnoiter the country. We found everywhere abundance of wild beasts of all sorts, through this vast forest. The buffaloes were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane or cropping the herbage on these extensive plains, fearless, because ignorant of the violence of man. Sometimes we saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. In this forest, the habitation of beasts of every kind natural to America, we practised hunting with great success until the twenty-second day of December following.

The real writer of this is said to have been John Filson, author of the first history of Kentucky. It was published in 1784.

This day John Stewart and I had a pleasing ramble, but fortune changed the scene in the close of it. We had passed through a great forest, in which stood myriads of trees, some gay with blossoms, others rich with fruits. Nature was here a series of wonders and a fund of delight. Here she displayed her ingenuity and industry in a variety of flowers and fruits, beautifully colored, elegantly shaped and charmingly flavoured; and we were diverted with innumerable animals presenting themselves perpetually to our view. In the decline of the day, near Kentucky River, as we ascended the brow of a small hill, a number of Indians rushed out of a thick cane-brake upon us and made us prisoners. The time of our sorrow was now arrived, and the scene fully opened. The Indians plundered us of what we had, and kept us in confinement seven days, treating us with common savage usage. During this time we discovered no uneasiness or desire to escape, which made them less suspicious of us; but in the dead of night, as we lay in a thick cane-brake by a large fire, when sleep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me for rest, I touched my companion and gently awoke him. We improved this favourable opportunity and departed, leaving them to take their rest, and speedily directed our course towards our old camp, but found it plundered and the company dispersed and gone home. About this time my brother, Squire Boone, with another adventurer, who came to explore the country shortly after us, was wandering through the forest, determined to find me if possible, and accidentally found our camp. Notwithstanding the unfortunate circumstances of our company, and our dangerous situation, as surrounded with hostile savages, our meeting so fortunately in the wilderness made us reciprocally sensible of the utmost satisfaction. So much does friendship triumph over misfortune that sorrows and suffering vanish at the meeting not only of real friends, but of the most distant acquaintances, and substitute happiness in their room.

Soon after this my companion in captivity, John Stewart,¹ was killed by the savages, and the man that came with my brother returned home by himself. We were then in a dangerous, helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and death amongst savages and wild beasts, not a white man in the country but ourselves.

Thus, situated many hundred miles from our families, in the howling wilderness, I believe few would have equally enjoyed the happiness we experienced. I often observed to my brother, "You see now how little nature requires to be satisfied." Felicity, the companion of content, is rather found in our own breasts than in the enjoyment of external things; and I firmly believe it requires but a little philosophy to make a man happy in whatsoever state he is. This consists in a full resignation to the will of Providence; and a resigned soul finds pleasure in a path strewed with briars and thorns.

We continued not in a state of indolence, but hunted every day, and prepared a little cottage to defend us from the winter storms. We remained there undisturbed during the winter, and on the first day of May, 1770, my brother returned home to the settlement by himself for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me by myself, without bread, salt or sugar, without company of my fellow creatures, or even a horse or dog. I confess I never before was under greater necessity of exercising philosophy and fortitude. A few days I passed uncomfortably. The idea of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety upon the account of my absence and exposed situation, made sensible impressions on my heart. A thousand dreadful apprehensions presented themselves to my view, and had undoubtedly disposed me to melancholy if further indulged.

One day I undertook a tour through the country, and the diversities and beauties of nature I met with in this charming

1. Shaler says Stuart (Stewart) was killed in 1770, and that Boone, in 1775, found his bones in a hollow tree.

season expelled every gloomy and vexatious thought. Just at the close of day the gentle gales retired, and left the place to the disposal of a profound calm. Not a breeze shook the most tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and looking round with astonishing (*sic*) delight, beheld the ample plains, the beauteous tracts below. On the other hand I surveyed the famous river Ohio, that rolled in silent dignity, marking the western boundary of Kentucky with inconceivable grandeur. At a vast distance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows, and penetrate the clouds. All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck which a few hours before I had killed. The sullen shades of night soon overspread the whole hemisphere and the earth seemed to gasp after the hovering moisture. My roving excursion this day had fatigued my body and diverted my imagination. I laid me down to sleep, and I awaked not until the sun had chased away the night. I continued this tour and in a few days explored a considerable part of the country, each day equally pleased as the first. I returned again to my old camp, which was not disturbed in my absence. I did not confine my lodging to it, but often reposed in thick cane-brakes, to avoid the savages, who I believe often visited my camp, but fortunately for me, in my absence. In this situation I was constantly exposed to danger and death. How unhappy such a situation for a man tormented with fear, which is vain if no danger comes, and if it does, only augments the pain. It was my happiness to be destitute of this afflicting passion, with which I had the greatest reason to be affected. The prowling wolves diverted my nocturnal hours with perpetual howlings, and the various species of animals in this vast forest, in the daytime were continually in my view.

Thus I was surrounded with plenty in the midst of want. I was happy in the midst of dangers and inconveniences. In such adversity it was impossible I should be disposed to melancholy.

No populous city, with all the varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford so much pleasure to my mind as the beauties of nature I found here.

Thus through an uninterrupted scene of sylvan pleasures I spent the time, until the 27th day of July following, when my brother to my great felicity, met me according to appointment at my old camp. Shortly after we left this place, not thinking it safe to stay there longer, and proceeded to Cumberland river, reconnoitering that part of the country until March, 1771, and giving names to the different waters.

Soon after I returned home to my family with a determination to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which I esteemed a second Paradise, at the risk of my life and fortune.

I returned safe to my old habitation, and found my family in happy circumstances. I sold my farm on the Yadkin, and what goods we could not carry with us, and on the twenty-fifth day of September, 1773, bade a farewell to our friends and proceeded on our journey to Kentucky, in company with five families more, and forty men that joined us in Powel's Valley, which is one hundred and fifty miles from the now settled parts of Kentucky. This promising beginning was soon overcast with a cloud of adversity; for upon the tenth day of October the rear of our company was attacked by a number of Indians, who killed six and wounded one man. Of these my eldest son was one that fell in the action. Though we defended ourselves and repulsed the enemy, yet this unhappy affair scattered our cattle, brought us into extreme difficulty and so discouraged the whole company that we retreated forty miles, to the settlement on Clinch river. We had passed over two mountains, viz. Powel's and Walden's, and were approaching Cumberland Mountain, when this adverse fortune overtook us. These mountains are in the wilderness, as we pass from the old settlements in Virginia to Kentucky, are ranged in a Southwest

and Northeast direction, are of a great length and breadth, and not far distant from each other. Over these nature hath formed passes that are less difficult than might be expected from a view of such huge piles. The aspect of these cliffs is so wild and horrid that it is impossible to behold them without terror. The spectator is apt to imagine that nature had formerly suffered some violent convulsion, and that these are the dismembered remains, not of Persepolis or Palmyra, but of the world!

I remained with my family on Clinch until the sixth of June, 1774, when I and one Michael Stoner were solicited by Governor Dunmore of Virginia to go to the Falls of the Ohio, to conduct into the settlement a number of surveyors that had been sent thither by him some months before; this country having about this time drawn the attention of many adventurers. We immediately complied with the Governor's request, and conducted in the surveyors, completing a tour of eight hundred miles through many difficulties, in sixty-two days.

Soon after I returned home I was ordered to take the command of three garrisons during the campaign which Governor Dunmore carried on against the Shawanese Indians: after which the militia was discharged from each garrison, and I being relieved from my post, was solicited by a number of North Carolina gentlemen that were about purchasing the lands lying on the S. side of Kentucky river from the Cherokee Indians, to attend their treaty at Wataga in March, 1775, to negotiate with them and mention the boundaries of the purchase. This I accepted, and at the request of the same gentlemen undertook to mark out a road in the best passage from the settlement through the wilderness to Kentucky, with such assistance as I thought necessary to employ for such an important undertaking.

I soon began this work, having collected a number of enterprising men, well armed. We proceeded with all possible expedition

until we came within fifteen miles of where Boonsborough now stands, and where we were fired upon by a party of Indians that killed two and wounded two of our number; yet although surprised and taken at a disadvantage, we stood our ground. This was on the twentieth of March, 1775. Three days after we were fired upon again, and had two men killed and three wounded. Afterward we proceeded on to Kentucky river without opposition; and on the first day of April began to erect the fort of Boonsborough, at a salt lick about sixty yards from the river, on the South side.

On the fourth day the Indians killed one of our men. We were busily employed in building this fort, until the fourteenth day of June following, without any opposition from the Indians; and having finished the work, I returned to my family on Clinch.

In a short time I proceeded to remove my family from Clinch to this garrison, where we arrived safe without any other difficulties than such as are common to this passage, my wife and daughter being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of Kentucky river.*

On the twenty-fourth day of December following we had one man killed and one wounded by the Indians, who seemed determined to persecute us for erecting this fortification.

On the fourteenth day of July, 1776, two of Colonel Caloway's daughters† and one of mine, were taken prisoners near the fort. I immediately pursued the Indians, with only eight men, and on the sixteenth overtook them, killed two of the party and recovered the girls. The same day on which this attempt was made, the Indians

*Collins says (*History of Kentucky*):

The first white woman in Kentucky was Mrs. Mary Inglis, born Draper, who in 1756, with her two little boys, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Draper, and others, was taken prisoner by the Shawanee Indians—taken to the Indian village at the mouth of the Scioto (now Portsmouth, O.), then to the Big Bone Licks, about 140 miles below, whence she escaped.

†Betsey and Fanny Calloway.

divided themselves into different parties, and attacked several forts which were shortly before this time erected, doing a great deal of mischief. This was extremely distressing to the new settlers. The innocent husbandman was shot down while busy cultivating the soil for his family's supply. Most of the cattle around the stations were destroyed. They continued their hostilities in this manner until the fifteenth of April, 1777, when they attacked Boonsborough with a party of above one hundred in number, killed one man and wounded four. Their loss in this attack was not certainly known to us.

On the fourth day of July following, a party of about two hundred Indians attacked Boonsborough, killed one man and wounded two. They besieged us forty-eight hours, during which time seven of them were killed; and at last, finding themselves not likely to prevail, they raised the siege and departed.

The Indians had disposed their warriors in different parties at this time, and attacked the different garrisons to prevent their assisting each other, and did much injury to the distressed inhabitants.

On the nineteenth day of this month Col. Logan's fort was besieged by a party of about two hundred Indians. During this dreadful siege they did a great deal of mischief, distressed the garrison, in which were only fifteen men, killed two and wounded one. The enemy's loss was uncertain, from the common practice the Indians have of carrying off their dead in time of battle. Col. Harrod's fort was then defended by only sixty-five men, and Boonsborough by twenty-two, there being no more forts or white men in the country, except at the Falls, a considerable distance from these; and all taken collectively were but a handful to the numerous warriors that were everywhere dispersed through the country, intent upon doing all the mischief that savage barbarity could invent. Thus we passed through a scene of sufferings that exceeds description.

On the twenty-fifth of this month a reinforcement of forty-five men arrived from North Carolina, and about the twentieth of August following Col. Bowman arrived with one hundred men from Virginia. Now we began to strengthen, and from hence for the space of six weeks we had skirmishes with Indians, in one quarter or other, almost every day.

The savages now learned the superiority of the Long Knife, as they call the Virginians, by experience; being out-generalled in almost every battle. Our affairs began to wear a new aspect, and the enemy, not daring to venture on open war, practised secret mischief at times.

On the first day of January, 1778, I went with a party of thirty men to the Blue Licks, on Licking River, to make salt for the different garrisons in the country.

On the seventh day of February, as I was hunting to procure meat for the company, I met with a party of one hundred and two Indians and two Frenchmen, on their march against Boonsborough, that place being particularly the object of the enemy.

They pursued and took me and brought me on the eighth day to the Licks, where twenty-seven of my party were, three of them having previously returned home with the salt. I knowing it was impossible for them to escape, capitulated with the enemy, and at a distance in their view gave notice to my men of their situation, with orders not to resist, but surrender themselves captives.

The generous usage the Indians had promised before in my capitulation was afterwards fully complied with, and we proceeded with them as prisoners to old Chillicothe, the principal Indian town, on Little Miami, where we arrived after an uncomfortable journey in very severe weather, on the eighteenth day of February, and received as good treatment as prisoners could expect from savages. On the tenth day of March following I, and ten of my men

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were conducted by forty Indians to Detroit, where we arrived the thirtieth day, and were treated by Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that post, with great humanity.

During our travel the Indians entertained me well, and their affection for me was so great that they utterly refused to leave me there with the others, although the Governor offered them one hundred pounds sterling for me, on purpose to give me a parole to go home. Several English gentlemen there, being sensible of my adverse fortune, and touched with human sympathy, generously offered a friendly supply for my wants, which I refused, with many thanks for their kindness; adding that I never expected it would be in my power to recompense such unmerited generosity.

The Indians left my men in captivity with the British at Detroit and on the tenth day of April brought me towards Old Chillicothe, where we arrived on the twenty-fifth day of the same month. This was a long and fatiguing march through an exceedingly fertile country, remarkable for fine springs and streams of water. At Chillicothe I spent my time as comfortably as I could expect; was adopted,* according to their custom, into a family where I became a son, and had a great share in the affection of my new parents, brothers, sisters and friends. I was exceedingly familiar and friendly with them, always appearing as cheerful and satisfied as possible, and they put great confidence in me. I often went a hunting with them, and frequently gained their applause for my activity at our shooting-matches. I was careful not to exceed many of them in shooting, for no people are more envious than they in this sport. I could observe in their countenances and gestures the greatest expressions of joy when they exceeded me; and when the reverse happened, of envy. The Shawanese King took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect and entire friendship, often entrusting me to hunt at my liberty. I fre-

*By Blackfish as "Shettowee" (Big Turtle).

quently returned with the spoils of the woods, and as often presented some of what I had taken to him, expressive of duty to my sovereign. My food and lodging were, in common with them, not so good indeed as I could desire, but necessity made everything acceptable.

I now began to meditate an escape, and carefully avoided their suspicions, continuing with them at Old Chillicothe until the first day of June following, and then was taken by them to the salt springs on Scioto, and kept there making salt, ten days. During this time I hunted some for them, and found the land for a great extent about this river, to exceed the soil of Kentucky if possible, and remarkably well watered.

When I returned to Chillicothe, alarmed to see four hundred and fifty Indians, of their choicest warriors, painted and armed in a fearful manner, ready to march against Boonsborough I determined to escape the first opportunity.

On the sixteenth, before sunrise, I departed in the most secret manner, and arrived at Boonsborough on the twentieth, after a journey of one hundred and sixty miles; during which I had but one meal.

I found our fortress in a bad state of defence, but we proceeded immediately to repair our flanks, strengthen our gates and posterns, and form double bastions; which we completed in ten days. In this time we daily expected the arrival of the Indian army; and at length one of my fellow-prisoners, escaping from them, arrived informing us that the enemy had an account of my departure, and postponed their expedition three weeks. The Indians had spies out watching our movements, and were greatly alarmed with our increase in number and fortifications. The Grand Councils of the nations were held frequently, and with more deliberation than usual. They evidently saw the approaching hour when the Long Knife

would dispossess them of their desirable habitations; and, anxiously concerned for futurity, determined utterly to extirpate the whites out of Kentucky. We were not intimidated by their movements, but frequently gave them proofs of our courage.

About the first of August I made an incursion into the Indian country with a party of nineteen men, in order to surprise a small town up Scioto, called Paint Creek Town. We advanced within four miles thereof, when we met a party of thirty Indians on their march against Boonsborough, intending to join the others from Chillicothe. A smart fight ensued betwixt us for some time. At length the savages gave way and fled. We had no loss on our side; the enemy had one killed and two wounded. We took from them three horses and all their baggage; and being informed, by two of our number that went to their town, that the Indians had entirely evacuated it, we proceeded no further, and returned with all possible expedition to assist our garrison against the other party. We passed by them on the sixth day, and on the seventh we arrived safe at Boonsborough.

On the eighth the Indian army arrived, being four hundred and forty-four in number, commanded by Captain Duquesne, eleven other Frenchmen, and some of their own chiefs, and marched up within view of our fort, with British and French colours flying; and having sent a summons to me, in his Britannic Majesty's name, to surrender the fort. I requested two days' consideration, which was granted.

It was now a critical period with us. A powerful army before our walls, whose appearance proclaimed inevitable death, fearfully painted, and marking their footsteps with desolation. Death was preferable to captivity, and if taken by storm we must inevitably be devoted to destruction. In this situation, we concluded to maintain our garrison, if possible. We immediately proceeded to collect what we could of our horses and other cattle, and bring

them through the posterns into the fort: and on the evening of the ninth, I returned answer that we were determined to defend our fort while a man was living. "Now," said I to their commander, who stood attentively hearing my sentiments, "we laugh at all your formidable preparations, but thank you for giving us notice and time to prepare for our defence. Your efforts will not prevail, for our gates shall forever deny you admittance." Whether this answer affected their courage or not I cannot tell; but contrary to our expectations they formed a scheme to deceive us; declaring it was their orders from Governor Hamilton, to take us captive, and not to destroy us; but if nine of us would come out and treat with them they would immediately withdraw their forces from our walls, and return home peaceably. This sounded grateful in our ears, and we agreed to the proposal.

We held the treaty within sixty yards of the garrison, on purpose to divert them from a breach of honour, as we could not avoid suspicions of the savages. In this situation, the articles were formally agreed to and signed; and the Indians told us it was customary with them on such occasions, for two Indians to shake hands with every white man in the treaty, as an evidence of entire friendship, we agreed to this also, but were soon convinced their policy was to take us prisoners. They immediately grappled us; but although surrounded by hundreds of savages, we extricated ourselves from them and escaped all safe into the garrison, except one that was wounded, through a heavy fire from their army. They immediately attacked us on every side, and a constant heavy fire ensued between us day and night for the space of nine days.

In this time the enemy began to undermine our fort, which was situated sixty yards from Kentucky river. They began at the water mark and proceeded in the bank some distance, which we understood by their making the water muddy with the clay; and we immediately proceeded to disappoint their design by cutting

way, ~~digged~~ ~~crossed~~ a trench across their subterranean passage. The enemy discovering our counter mine by the clay we threw out of the fort, desisted from that stratagem; and experience now fully convincing them that neither their power nor policy could effect their purpose, on the twentieth day of August they raised the siege and departed.

During this dreadful siege, which threatened death in every form, we had two men killed and four wounded, besides a number of cattle. We killed of the enemy thirty-seven, and wounded a great number. After they were gone we picked up one hundred and twenty-five pounds' weight of bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of the fort; which certainly is a great proof of their industry. Soon after this I went into the settlement, and nothing worthy of a place in this account passed in my affairs for some time.

During my absence from Kentucky Colonel Bowman* carried on an expedition against the Shawanese at Old Chillicothe, with one hundred and sixty men, in July, 1779. Here they arrived undiscovered, and a battle ensued which lasted until ten o'clock A. M., when Colonel Bowman, finding he could not succeed at this time, retreated about thirty miles. The Indians in the meantime collecting all their forces, pursued and overtook him, when a smart fight continued near two hours, not at the advantage of Colonel Bowman's party.

Colonel Harrod† proposed to mount a number of horse and furiously to rush upon the savages, who at this time fought with remarkable fury. This desperate step had a happy effect, broke their line of battle, and the savages fled on all sides. In these two battles we had nine killed and one wounded: the enemy's loss uncertain, only two scalps being taken.

On the twenty-second day of June, 1780, a large party of Indians and Canadians, about six hundred in number, commanded

* John Bowman

† James Harrod. Harrodsburgh is named for him.

by Colonel Bird, attacked Riddle's and Martin's¹ stations, at the Forks of Licking River, with six* pieces of artillery. They carried this expedition so secretly that the unwary inhabitants did not discover them until they fired upon the forts; and not being prepared to oppose them, were obliged to surrender themselves miserable captives to barbarous savages, who immediately after tomahawked one man and two women, and loaded all the others with heavy baggage, forcing them along toward their towns, able or unable to march. Such as were weak or faint by the way they tomahawked. The tender women and helpless children fell victims to their cruelty. This, and the savage treatment they received afterwards, is shocking to humanity, and too barbarous to relate.

The hostile disposition of the savages and their allies caused General Clark† the commandant at the Falls of the Ohio, immediately to begin an expedition with his own regiment and the armed force of the country, against Pickaway, the principal town of the Shawanees, on a branch of Great Miami, which he finished with great success, took seventeen scalps, and burnt the town to ashes with the loss of seventeen men.

About this time I returned to Kentucky with my family; and here, to avoid an enquiry into my conduct, the reader being before informed of my bringing my family to Kentucky, I am under the necessity of informing him that during my captivity with the Indians, my wife, who despaired of ever seeing me again, expecting the Indians had put a period to my life, oppressed with the distresses of the country, and bereaved of me, her only happiness, had, before I returned, transported my family and goods on horses through the wilderness amidst a multitude of dangers, to her father's house in North Carolina.

¹ These two stations were near the present Paris, Ky.

* Shaler says two.

† George Rogers Clark.

www.Shortly after the troubles at Boonsborough I went to them, and lived peaceably there until this time. The history of my going home and returning with my family forms a series of difficulties, an account of which would swell a volume, and being foreign to my purpose I shall purposely omit them.

I settled my family in Boonsborough once more, and shortly after, on the sixth day of October, 1780, I went in company with my brother to the Blue Licks, and on our return home we were fired upon by a party of Indians. They shot him, and pursued me, by the scent of their dog, three miles; but I killed the dog and escaped. The winter soon came on and was very severe, which confined the Indians to their wigwams.

The severity of this winter caused great difficulties in Kentucky. The enemy had destroyed most of the corn* the summer before. This necessary article was scarce and dear, and the inhabitants lived chiefly on the flesh of buffaloes. The circumstances of many were very lamentable; however, being a hardy race of people and accustomed to difficulties and necessities, they were wonderfully supported through all their sufferings until the ensuing Fall, when we received abundance from the fertile soil.

Towards spring we were frequently harassed by Indians; and in May, 1782, a party assaulted Ashton's Station, killed one man and took a negro prisoner. Captain Ashton, with twenty-five men, pursued and overtook the savages, and a smart fight ensued which lasted two hours; but they being superior in number obliged Captain Ashton's party to retreat, with the loss of eight killed and four mortally wounded; their brave commander himself being numbered among the dead.

The Indians continued their hostilities, and about the tenth of August following two boys were taken from Major Hoy's station. This party was pursued by Captain Holden and seventeen

* Shaler says that the price in 1780 was \$50 to \$175 (Continental money) a bushel.

men, who were also defeated, with the loss of four men killed and one wounded. Our affairs became more and more alarming. Several stations which had lately been erected in the country were continually infested with savages, stealing their horses and killing the men at every opportunity. In a field near Lexington an Indian shot a man, and running to scalp him was himself shot from the fort, and fell dead upon his enemy.

Every day we experienced recent mischiefs. The barbarous savage nations of Shawanees, Cherokees, Wyandots, Tawas, Delawares and several others near Detroit, united in a war against us, and assembled their choicest warriors at Old Chillicothe, to go on the expedition in order to destroy us and entirely depopulate the country. Their savage minds were inflamed to mischief by two abandoned (white) men, Captains McKee and Girty. These led them to execute every diabolical scheme; and on the fifteenth day of August commanded a party of Indians and Canadians of about five hundred in number, against Bryant's station, five miles from Lexington. Without demanding a surrender, they furiously assaulted the garrison, which was happily prepared to oppose them and after they had expended much ammunition in vain and killed the cattle round the fort, not being likely to make themselves masters of this place, they raised the siege and departed in the morning of the third day after they came, with the loss of about thirty killed, and the number of wounded uncertain. Of the garrison four were killed and three wounded.

On the eighteenth day Colonel Todd,¹ Colonel Trigg,² Major Harland and myself speedily collected one hundred and seventy-six men, well armed, and pursued the savages. They had marched beyond the Blue Licks, to a remarkable bend of the main fork of Licking River, about forty-three miles from Lexington, as it is particularly represented in the map, where we overtook them on

¹ John Todd, of Fayette County. He was in command according to Shaler.

² Stephen Trigg.

the nineteenth day. The savages observing us gave way, and we being ignorant of their numbers, passed the river. When the enemy saw our proceedings, having greatly the advantage of us in situation they formed the line of battle as represented in the map, from one bend of Licking to the other, about a mile from the Blue Licks. An exceedingly fierce battle immediately began for about fifteen minutes, when we being overpowered by numbers, were obliged to retreat, with the loss of sixty-seven men, seven of whom were taken prisoners. The brave and much lamented Colonels Todd and Trigg, Major Harland and my second son,³ were among the dead. We were informed that the Indians, numbering their dead, found they had four killed more than we; and therefore four of the prisoners they had taken were by general consent ordered to be killed, in the most barbarous manner, by the young warriors, in order to train them up to cruelty; and then they proceeded to their towns.

On our retreat we were met by Colonel Logan,⁴ hastening to join us with a number of well armed men. This powerful assistance we unfortunately wanted in the battle; for notwithstanding the enemy's superiority of numbers, they acknowledged that if they had received one more fire from us, they should undoubtedly have given way. So valiantly did our small party fight that to the memory of those who unfortunately fell in the battle, enough of honour cannot be paid. Had Colonel Logan and his party been with us, it is highly probable we should have given the savages a total defeat.

I cannot reflect upon this dreadful scene but sorrow fills my heart. A zeal for the defence of their country led these heroes to the scene of action, though with a few men to attack a powerful army of experienced warriors. When we gave way they pursued us with the utmost eagerness, and in every quarter spread de-

³ Israel Boone.

⁴ Benjamin Logan, of Lincoln County. Shaler says he had 300 men.

struction. The river was difficult to cross, and many were killed in the flight, some just entering the river, some in the water, others after crossing in ascending the cliffs. Some escaped on horseback, a few on foot; and being dispersed everywhere in a few hours brought the melancholy news of this unfortunate battle to Lexington. Many widows were now made. The reader may guess what sorrow filled the hearts of the inhabitants, exceeding anything that I am able to describe. Being reinforced, we returned to bury the dead, and found their bodies strewed everywhere, cut and mangled in a dreadful manner. This mournful scene exhibited a horror almost unparalleled; some torn and eaten by wild beasts; those in the river eaten by fishes; all in such a putrefied condition that no one could be distinguished from another.

As soon as General Clark, then at the Falls of the Ohio, who was ever our ready friend, and merits the love and gratitude of all his countrymen, understood the circumstances of this unfortunate action, he ordered an expedition with all possible haste, to pursue the savages, which was so expeditiously effected that we overtook them within two miles of their towns, and probably might have obtained a great victory, had not two of their number met us about two hundred poles before we came up. These returned quick as lightning to their camp with the alarming news of a mighty army in view. The savages fled in the utmost disorder, evacuated their towns, and reluctantly left their territory to our mercy. We immediately took possession of Old Chillicothe⁵ without opposition, (it) being deserted by its inhabitants. We continued our pursuit through five towns on the Miami river, Old Chillicothe, Pickaway, New Chillicothe, Will's Towns, and Chillicothe, burnt them all to ashes, entirely destroyed their corn and other fruits, and everywhere spread a scene of desolation in the country. In this expedition we took seven prisoners and five scalps, with the loss of only four men, two of whom were accidentally killed by our own army.

⁵ Near Xenia, O.

[www.](#)This campaign in some measure damped the spirits of the Indians, and made them sensible of our superiority. Their connections were dissolved, their armies scattered, and a future invasion put entirely out of their power; yet they continued to practice mischief secretly upon the inhabitants in the exposed parts of the country.

In October following a party made an excursion into that district called the Crab Orchard, and one of them being advanced some distance before the others, boldly entered the house of a poor defenceless family, in which was only a negro man, a woman and her children, horrified with the apprehensions of immediate death. The savage perceiving their defenceless situation, without offering violence to the family attempted to captivate the negro, who happily proved an overmatch for him, threw him on the ground, and in the struggle the mother of the children drew an ax from a corner of the cottage, and cut his head off, while her little daughter shut the door. The savages instantly appeared, and applied their tomahawks to the door. An old, rusty gun barrel, without a lock, lay in a corner, which the mother put through a small crevice, and the savages perceiving it, fled. In the meantime the alarm spread through the neighborhood; the armed men collected immediately, and pursued the savages into the wilderness; thus Providence, by the means of this negro, saved the whole of this poor family from destruction. From that time until the happy return of peace between the United States and Great Britain, the Indians did us no mischief. Finding the great king beyond the water disappointed in his expectations, and conscious of the importance of the Long Knife and of their own wretchedness, some of the nations immediately desired peace; to which at present they seem universally disposed, and are sending ambassadors to General Clark, at the Falls of the Ohio, with the minutes of their Councils.

To conclude, I can now say that I have verified the saying of an old Indian who signed Colonel Henderson's deed. Taking me

by the hand, at the delivery thereof, "Brother," says he, "we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it." My footsteps have often been marked with blood, and therefore I can truly subscribe to its original name. Two darling sons and a brother, have I lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me forty valuable horses and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I been a companion for owls, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness. But now the scene is changed: peace crowns the sylvan shade.

What thanks, what ardent and ceaseless thanks are due to that all-superintending Providence which has turned a cruel war into peace, brought order out of confusion, made the fierce savages placid and turned away their hostile weapons from our country. May the same Almighty Goodness banish the accursed monster war, from all lands, with her hated associates, rapine and insatiable ambition. Let peace, descending from her native heaven, bid her olives spring amidst the joyful nations; and plenty, in league with commerce, scatter blessings from her copious hand.

This account of my adventures will inform the reader of the most remarkable events of this country. I now live in peace and safety, enjoying the sweets of liberty and the bounties of Providence with my once fellow sufferers, in this delightful country, which I have seen purchased with a vast expense of blood and treasure, delighting in the prospect of its being in a short time one of the most opulent and powerful states on the continent of North America; which, with the love and gratitude of my countrymen, I esteem a sufficient reward for all my toil and dangers.

DANIEL BOONE

Fayette County, Kentucky

THE NARRATIVE OF DR. KNIGHT

ABOUT the latter end of the month of March or the beginning of April, of the year 1782, the western Indians began to make incursions upon the frontiers of Ohio, Washington, Youghogany and Westmoreland counties, which has been their constant practice ever since the commencement of the present war between the United States and Great Britain.

In consequence of these predatory invasions, the principal officers of the above mentioned counties, namely Colonels Williamson and Marshall, tried every method in their power to set on foot an expedition against the Wyandot towns, which they could effect in no other way than by giving all possible encouragement to volunteers. The plan proposed was as follows: Every man furnishing himself with a horse, a gun, and one month's provisions, should be exempted from two tours of militia duty. Likewise that every one who had been plundered by the Indians should, if the plunder could be found at their towns, have it again (on) proving it to be his property; and all horses lost on the expedition by unavoidable accident were to be replaced by horses taken in the enemy's country.

The time appointed for the rendezvous or general meeting of the volunteers was fixed to be on the twentieth of May, and the place the old Mingo town on the west side of the river Ohio, about forty miles below Fort Pitt by land, and I think about seventy-five by water.

Colonel Crawford was solicited by the general voice of these western counties and districts to command the expedition. He accordingly set out as volunteer and came to Fort Pitt two days before the time appointed for the assembling of the men. As there

was no surgeon yet appointed to go with the expedition, Colonel Crawford begged the favour of General Irvine to permit me to accompany him (my consent having been previously asked) to which the general agreed, provided Colonel Gibson* did not object.

Having obtained permission of the Colonel I left Fort Pitt on Tuesday, May first, and the next day about one in the afternoon arrived at the Mingo bottom. The volunteers had not all crossed the river until Friday morning the twenty-fourth; they then distributed themselves into eighteen companies, choosing their captains by vote. There were chosen also one colonel commandant, four field and one brigade-major. There were four hundred and sixty-five who voted.

We began our march on Saturday, May 25th, making an almost due west course, and on the fourth day reached the old Moravian town upon the river Muskingum, about sixty miles from the river Ohio. Some of the men, having lost their horses on the night preceding, returned home.

Tuesday, the 28th in the evening, Major Brenton and Captain Bean went some distance from the camp to reconnoitre; having gone about one-quarter of a mile, they saw two Indians, upon whom they fired, and then returned to camp. This was the first place in which we were discovered, as we understood afterwards.

On Tuesday, the fourth of June, which was the eleventh day of our march, about one o'clock, we came to the spot where the town of Sandusky formerly stood: the inhabitants had moved eighteen miles lower down the creek, near the lower Sandusky; but as neither our guides nor any who were with us had known anything of their removal, we began to conjecture there were no Indian towns nearer than the lower Sandusky, which was at least forty miles' distance.

* Col. and brevet Brig. Gen. John Gibson, commanding at Fort Pitt.

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However, after refreshing our horses, we advanced on in search of some of their settlements, but had scarcely got the distance of three or four miles from the old town when a number of our men expressed their desire to return, some of them alleging that they had only five days' provisions: upon which the field-officers and captains determined in council to proceed that afternoon and no longer. Previous to the calling of this council a small party of light-horse had been sent forward to reconnoitre.

I shall here remark, by the way, that there are a great many extensive plains in that country: the woods in general grew very thin, free from brush and underwood, so that light-horsemen may advance a considerable distance before an army without being much exposed to the enemy.

Just as the council ended, an express returned from the above mentioned party of light-horse, with intelligence "that they had been about three miles in front, and seen a large body of Indians running towards them." In a short time we saw the rest of the light-horse, who joined us, and having gone one mile further met a number of Indians who had partly got possession of a piece of woods before us; whilst we were in the plains; but our men alighting from their horses and rushing into the woods soon obliged them to abandon that place.

The enemy being by this time reinforced flanked to the right, and part of them coming in our rear, quickly made the action more serious. The firing continued very warm on both sides from four o'clock until dusk of the evening, each party maintaining their ground. Next morning about six o'clock some guns were discharged at the distance of two or three hundred yards, which continued till day, doing little or no execution on either side. The field officers then assembled and agreed, as the enemy were every moment increasing and we had already a number wounded, to retreat that night. The whole body was to form into three lines, keeping the

wounded in the centre. We had four killed and twenty-three wounded: of the latter seven very dangerously, on which account as many biers were got ready to carry them: most of the rest were slightly wounded, and none so bad but they could ride on horseback. After dark the officers went on the outposts and brought in all the men as expeditiously as they could. Just as the troops were about to form, several guns were fired by the enemy, upon which some of our men spoke out, and said our intention was discovered by the Indians, who were firing alarm guns; upon which some in front hurried off, and the rest immediately followed, leaving the seven men that were dangerously wounded; some of whom however got off on horseback by means of some good friends, who waited for and assisted them.*

We had not got a quarter of a mile from the field of action when I heard Colonel Crawford calling for his son John Crawford, his son-in-law Major Harrison, Major Rose and William Crawford, his nephews; upon which I came up and told him I believed they were before us. He asked "Is that the doctor?" I told him it was. He then replied, "they were not in front," and begged of me not to leave him. I promised him I would not. We then waited and continued calling for these men till the troops had passed us. The Colonel told me his horse had almost given out, that he could not keep up with the troops, and wished some of his best friends to remain with him. He then exclaimed against the militia for riding off in such an irregular manner, and leaving some of the wounded behind, contrary to his orders. Presently there came

A letter from David Merriweather, an early Western pioneer, dated "Forks of Cheat and Monongalia, June 27, 1782":—

* "Forks of Cheat and Monongalia, June 27, 1782. They refer to Col. Crawford's defeat—About the time I arrived home, there started an army of about 500 men from this side the mountains under the command of Col. Crawford to go to the Indian Country, their first intention was to go to Saint Dusky, a principal Indian Town, but were met when they were within about two miles of the Town by a powerful and vastly superior number of Indians, when a very severe action began and continued from eight o'clock until dark, our men being obliged to retreat and were pursued two days by the Savages, fighting on the whole retreat," etc., etc., etc.

two men riding after us, one of them an old man, the other a lad; we enquired if they had seen any of the above persons, and they answered they had not.

By this time there was a very hot firing before us and, as we judged, near where our main body must have been our course was then nearly southwest, but changing it we went north about two miles, the two men remaining in company with us. Judging ourselves to be now out of the enemy's lines, we took a due east course, taking care to keep at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards apart, and directing ourselves by the North Star.

The old man often lagged behind, and when this was the case never failed to call for us to halt for him. When we were near the Sandusky Creek he fell one hundred yards behind, and bawled out as usual for us to halt. While we were preparing to reprimand him for making a noise, I heard an Indian halloo, as I thought, one hundred and fifty yards from the man and partly behind him. After this we did not hear the man call again, neither did he ever come up to us any more. It was now past midnight, and about day-break Col. Crawford's and the young man's horses gave out, and they left them. We pursued our journey eastward, and about two o'clock fell in with Capt. Biggs, who had carried Lieut. Ashley from the field of action, who had been dangerously wounded. We then went on about the space of an hour, when a heavy rain coming on, we concluded it was best to encamp, as we were encumbered with the wounded officer. We then barked four or five trees, made an encampment and a fire, and remained there all that night. Next morning we again prosecuted our journey, and having gone about three miles found a deer which had been recently killed. The meat was sliced from the bones and bundled up in the skin, with a tomahawk lying by it. We carried all with us, and in advancing about one mile further espied the smoke of a fire. We then gave the wounded officer into the charge of the young man, desir-

ing him to ~~stay behind whilst~~ the Colonel, the Captain and myself walked up as cautiously as we could towards the fire. When we came to it, we concluded from several circumstances some of our people had encamped the preceding night. We then went about roasting the venison, and when just about to march observed one of our men coming upon our tracks. He seemed at first very shy, but having called to him he came up, and told us he was the person who had killed the deer, but on hearing us come up was afraid of Indians, hid in a thicket and made off. Upon this we gave him some bread and roasted venison, proceeded all together on our journey, and about two o'clock came upon the paths by which we had gone out. Capt. Biggs and myself did not think it safe to keep the road, but the Colonel said the Indians would not follow the troops farther than the plains, which we were then considerably past. As the wounded officer rode Capt. Biggs' horse I lent the Captain mine; the Colonel and myself went about one hundred yards in front the Captain and the wounded officer in the centre, and the two young men behind. After we had travelled about one mile and a half, several Indians started up within fifteen or twenty steps of the Colonel and me. As we at first discovered only three I immediately got behind a large black oak, made ready my piece and raised it up to take sight, when the Colonel called to me twice not to fire. Upon that one of the Indians ran up to the Colonel and took him by the hand. The Colonel then told me to put down by gun, which I did. At that instant one of them came up to me, whom I had seen very often, calling me "Doctor," and took me by the hand. They were Delaware Indians of the Wingenim tribe. Captain Biggs fired amongst them but did no execution. They then told us to call those people and make them come there, else they would go and kill them; which the Colonel did, but they four got off and escaped for the time. The Colonel and I were then taken to the Indian camp, which was about half a mile from the place where we were captivated. On Sunday

we evening five Delawares who had posted themselves at some distance further on the road, brought back to the camp where we lay, Captain Biggs' and Lieutenant Ashley's scalps, with an Indian scalp which Captain Biggs had taken in the field of action; they also brought in Biggs' horse and mine; they told us the two other men got away from them.

Monday morning, the tenth of June, we were paraded to march to Sandusky, about thirty-three miles distant: they had eleven prisoners of us, and four scalps, the Indians being seventeen in number.

Colonel Crawford was very desirous to see a certain Simeon Girty, who lived among the Indians, and was on this account permitted to go to town the same night, with two warriors to guard him, having orders at the same time to pass by the place where the Colonel had turned out his horse, that they might if possible find him. The rest of us were taken as far as the old town, which was within eight miles of the new.

Tuesday morning the 11th, Colonel Crawford was brought to us on purpose to be marched in with the other prisoners. I asked the Colonel if he had seen Mr. Girty. He told me he had, and that Girty had promised to do everything in his power for him, but that the Indians were very much enraged against the prisoners; particularly Captain Pipe, one of the chiefs; he likewise told me that Girty had informed him that his son-in-law, Col. Harrison, and his nephew William Crawford were made prisoners by the Shawanese, but had been pardoned. This Capt. Pipe had painted all the prisoners' faces black.

As he was painting me he told me I should go to the Shawanese towns and see my friends. When the Colonel arrived he painted him black also, told him he was glad to see him and that he would have him shaved when he came to see his friends at the Wyandot

town. ~~When he marched~~ the Colonel and I were kept back between Pipe and Wyngenim, the two Delaware chiefs; the other nine prisoners were sent forward with another party of Indians. As we went along we saw four of the prisoners lying by the path tomahawked and scalped, some of them at the distance of half a mile from each other. When we arrived within half a mile of the place where the Colonel was executed, we overtook the five prisoners that remained alive: the Indians had caused them to sit down on the ground, as they did also the Colonel and me at some distance from them. I was there given in charge to an Indian fellow, to be taken to the Shawanese towns.

In the place where we were now made to sit down there was a number of squaws and boys, who fell on the five prisoners and tomahawked them. There was a certain John McKinley amongst the prisoners, formerly an officer in the 13th Virginia regiment whose head an old squaw cut off, and the Indians kicked it about on the ground. The young Indian fellows came often where the Colonel and I were, and dashed the scalps in our faces. We were then conducted along towards the place where the Colonel was afterwards executed: when we came within about half a mile of it Simeon Girty met us, with several Indians on horseback. He spoke to the Colonel, but as I was about one hundred and fifty yards behind, I could not hear what passed between them.

Almost every Indian we met struck us, either with sticks or their fists. Girty waited till I was brought up, and asked "was that the doctor?" I told him yes, and went toward him reaching out my hand, but he bid me begone and called me a damn'd rascal: upon which the fellow who had me in charge pulled me along. Girty rode up after me and told me I was to go to the Shawanese towns.

When we were come to the fire the Colonel was stripped naked, ordered to sit down by the fire, and then they beat him with

sticks and their fists. Presently after I was treated in the same manner. They then tied a rope to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, bound the Colonel's hands behind his back and fastened the rope to the ligature between his wrists. The rope was long enough either for him to sit down or walk round the post once or twice and return the same way. The Colonel then called to Girty and asked if they intended to burn him. Girty answered, yes. The Colonel said he would take it all patiently. Upon this Captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, made a speech to the Indians, about thirty or forty men and sixty and seventy squaws or boys. When the speech was finished they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian men then took up their guns and shot powder into the Colonel's body from his feet as far up as his neck. I think not less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him, and to the best of my observation, cut off his ears. When the throng had dispersed a little I saw the blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof.

The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the Colonel was tied: it was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite through in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians by turns would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood, and apply it to his naked body, already burned black with the powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him, so that which ever way he ran round the post they met him with the burning faggots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards upon which they would put a quantity of burning coals and hot embers, and throw on him, so that in a short time he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon.

In the midst of these extreme tortures he called to Simeon Girty and begged of him to shoot him: but Girty making no answer

he called to him again. Girty then, by way of derision, told the Colonel he had no gun, at the same time turning about to an Indian who was behind him, laughed heartily, and by all his gestures seemed delighted at the horrid scene.

Girty then came up to me and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, I was not to die at that place but to be burnt at the Shawanese town. He swore by G-d I need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its extremities.

He then observed that some prisoners had given him to understand that if our people had him they would not hurt him; for his part, he said, he did not believe it, but desired to know my opinion of the matter; but being at that time in great anguish and distress for the torments the Colonel was suffering before my eyes, as well as the expectation of undergoing the same fate in two days, I made little or no answer. He expressed a great deal of ill-will for Colonel Gibson and said he was one of his greatest enemies, and more to the same purpose, to all of which I paid very little attention.

Colonel Crawford at this period of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three-quarters or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last being almost spent, he lay down on his belly; they then scalped him and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me "that was my great captain." An old squaw (whose appearance every way answered the ideas people have of the devil) got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head after he had been scalped: he then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk round the post: they next put a burning stick to him as usual, but he seemed more insensible of pain than before.

The Indian fellow who had me in charge now took me away to Captain Pipe's house, about three-quarters of a mile from the place

of the Colonel's execution. I was bound all night, and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June 12th, the Indian untied me, painted me black, and we set off for the Shawanese town, which he told me was somewhat less than forty miles from that place.

We soon came to the spot where the Colonel had been burnt, as it was partly in our way. I saw his bones laying amongst the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes. I suppose after he was dead they had laid his body on the fire.

The Indian told me that was my big Captain, and gave the scalp halloo. He was on horseback and drove me before him. I pretended to this Indian I was ignorant of the death I was to die at the Shawanese town, affected as cheerful a countenance as possible, and asked him if we were not to live together as brothers, in one house, when we should get to the town. He seemed well pleased, and said yes. He then asked me if I could make a wigwam. I told him I could: he then seemed more friendly. We went that day as near as I can judge about twenty-five miles, the course partly southwest. The Indian told me we should next day come to the town, the sun being in such a direction, pointing nearly south. At night when we went to rest I attempted very often to untie myself, but the Indian was extremely vigilant and scarce ever shut his eyes that night. About daybreak he got up and untied me: he next began to mend up the fire, and as the gnats were troublesome I asked him if I should make a smoke behind him: he said, yes. I then took the end of a dogwood fork which had been burnt down to about eighteen inches long. It was the longest stick I could find, yet too small for the purpose I had in view: then I picked up another smaller stick, and taking a coal of fire between them went behind him: then turning suddenly about I struck him on the head with all the force I was master of; which so stunned him that he fell forward with both his hands into the fire, but see-

ing him recover and get up, I seized his gun, while he ran off howling in a most fearful manner. I followed him with a determination to shoot him down, but pulling back the cock of the gun with too great violence I believe I broke the mainspring. I pursued him however, about thirty yards, still endeavouring to fire the gun, but could not; then going back to the fire I took his blanket, a pair of new moccasons, his hoppers, (*sic*) powder-horn, bullet-bag (together with the gun) and marched off, directing my course toward the five o'clock mark; about half an hour before sunset I came to the plains, which I think are about sixteen miles wide. I laid me down in a thicket till dark, and then by the assistance of the North Star made my way through them, and got into the woods before morning. I proceeded on the next day, and about noon crossed the paths by which our troops had gone out: these paths are nearly east and west, but I went due north all that afternoon with a view to avoid the enemy.

In the evening I began to be very faint, and no wonder: I had been six days prisoner; the last two days of which I had ate nothing, and but very little the first three or four. There were wild gooseberries in abundance in the woods, but being unripe required mastication, which at that time I was not able to perform on account of a blow received from an Indian on the jaw with the back of a tomahawk. There was a weed that grew plentifully in that place, the juice of which I knew to be grateful and nourishing; I gathered a bundle of the same, took up my lodging under a large spreading beech tree, and having sucked plentifully of the juice, went to sleep. Next day I made a due east course, which I generally kept the rest of my journey. I often imagined my gun was only wood-bound, and tried every method I could devise to unscrew the lock, but never could effect it, having no knife nor anything adapted to the purpose. I had now the satisfaction to find my jaw began to mend, and in four or five days could chew any vegetable proper for nourishment; but finding my gun only a use-

less burden, left her in the wilderness. I had no apparatus for making a fire to sleep by, so that I could get but little rest for the gnats and musketoos; there are likewise a great many swamps in the beech ridge, which occasioned me very often to lie wet.

I crossed the river Muskingum about three or four miles below Fort Laurence, and crossing all paths aimed for the Ohio river. All this time my food was gooseberries, young nettles, the juice of herbs, a few service-berries and some May-apples; likewise two young blackbirds and a tarapin which I devoured raw. When my food sat heavy on my stomach, I used to eat a little wild ginger, which put all things to rights.

I came upon the Ohio river about five miles below Fort McIntosh, in the evening of the 21st day after I had made my escape; and on the 22d, about seven o'clock in the morning, being the 4th day of July, arrived safe, though very much fatigued, at the Fort.

THE NARRATIVE OF JOHN SLOVER

HAVING in the last war been a prisoner among the Indians many years, and so being well acquainted with the country west of the Ohio, I was employed as a guide in the expedition under Col. William Crawford against the Indian towns on or near the river Sandusky. It will be unnecessary for me to relate what is so well known, the circumstances and unfortunate event of that expedition; it will be sufficient to observe that having on Tuesday, the fourth of June, fought the enemy near Sandusky, we lay that night in our camp, and the next day fired on each other at the distance of three hundred yards, doing little or no execution. In the evening of that day it was proposed by Col. Crawford, as I have been since informed, to draw off with order; but at the moment of our retreat the Indians (who had probably perceived that we were about to retire) firing alarm guns, our men broke and rode

off in confusion, treading down those who were on foot and leaving the wounded men who supplicated to be taken with them. I was with some others in the rear of our troops feeding our horses on the glade, when our men began to break. The main body of our people had passed by me a considerable distance before I was ready to set out. I overtook them before they had crossed the glade, and was advanced almost in front. The company in which I was had separated from me, and had endeavoured to pass a morass: for coming up I found their horses had stuck fast in the morass, and endeavouring to pass, mine also in a short time stuck fast. I ought to have said the company of five or six men with which I had been immediately connected, and who were some distance to the right of the main body, had separated from me, etc. I tried a long time to disengage my horse, until I could hear the enemy just behind me and on each side, but in vain. Here then I was obliged to leave him. The morass was so unstable that I was (up) to the middle in it, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I got across it; but which having at length done, I came up with the six men who had left their horses in the same manner I had done; two of these my companions having lost their guns.

We travelled that night making our course towards Detroit, with a view to shun the enemy, who we conceived to have taken the paths by which the main body of our people had returned. Just before day we got into a second deep morass, and were under the necessity of detaining until it was light to see our way through it. The whole of this day we travelled toward the Shawanese towns, with a view of throwing ourselves still further out of the search of the enemy. About ten o'clock this day we sat down to eat a little, having tasted nothing from Tuesday, the day of our engagement, until this time, which was on Thursday; and now the only thing we had to eat was a scrap of pork to each. We had sat down just by a warriors' path which we had not suspected, when eight or nine warriors appeared. Running off hastily we left our

baggage and provisions, but were not discovered by the party; for skulking some time in the grass and bushes, we returned to the place and recovered our baggage. The warriors had halloed as they passed, and were answered by others on our flanks.

In our journey through the glades, or wide-extended dry meadows, about twelve o'clock this day we discovered a party of Indians in front, but, skulking in the grass and bushes, were not discovered by them. In these glades we were in great danger, as we could be seen at a great distance. In the afternoon of this day there fell a heavy rain, the coldest I ever felt. We halted while it rained, and then travelling on we saw a party of the enemy about two hundred yards before us; but hiding ourselves in the bushes we had again the good fortune not to be discovered. This night we got out of the glades, having in the night crossed the paths by which we had advanced to Sandusky. It was our design to leave all these paths to the right, and to come in by the Tuscarawas. We should have made a much greater progress had it not been for two of my companions, who were lame; the one having his foot burnt, the other with a swelling in his knee of a rheumatic nature.

On this day, which was the second after our retreat, one of our company, the person afflicted with the rheumatic swelling, was left behind some distance in a swamp. Waiting for him some time we saw him coming within one hundred yards, as I sat on the body of an old tree mending my moccasins; but taking my eye from him I saw him no more. He had not observed our tracks, but had gone a different way. We whistled on our chargers, and afterwards halloed for him, but in vain. Nevertheless he was fortunate in missing us, for he afterwards came safe into Wheeling. We travelled on until night, and were on the waters of Muskingum from the middle of this day.

Having caught a fawn this day we made a fire in the evening and had a repast, having in the meantime ate nothing but the

small bit of ~~pork~~ I mentioned before. We set off at break of day. About nine o'clock the third day we fell in with a party of the enemy about twenty miles from the Tuscarawas which is about 135 miles from Fort Pitt. They had come upon our tracks or had been on our flanks, and discovered us, and then having got before had way-laid us, and fired before we perceived them. At the first fire one of my companions fell before me, and another just behind; these two had guns; there were six men in company and four guns, two of these rendered useless by reason of the wet when coming through the swamp the first night; we had tried to discharge them but could not. When the Indians fired I ran to a tree, but an Indian presenting himself fifteen yards before me, desired me to deliver myself up and I should not be hurt. My gun was in good order, but apprehending the enemy behind might discharge their pieces at me I did not risk firing; which I afterwards had reason to regret when I found what was to be my fate, and that the Indian who was before me and presented his gun was one of those who had just before fired. Two of my companions were taken with me in the same manner, the Indians assuring us we should not be hurt. But one in company, James Paul, who had a gun in order, made his escape and has since come into Wheeling. One of these Indians knew me, and was of the party by whom I was taken in the last war. He came up and spoke to me, calling me by my Indian name, *Man-nuchcothee*, and upbraiding me for coming to war against them. I will take a moment here to relate some particular of my first captivity, and my life since.

I was taken from New River, Virginia, by the Miamese, a nation of Indians by us called the Picts, among whom I lived six years; afterwards being sold to a Delaware, and by him put into the hands of a trader, I was carried among the Shawanese, with whom I continued six years: so that my whole time among these nations was twelve years, that is, from the eighth to the twentieth year of my age. At the treaty at Fort Pitt in the fall preceding

what is called Dunmore's war, which if I am right was in the year 1773, I came in with the Shawanese nation to the treaty, and meeting with some of my relations at that place, was by them solicited to relinquish the life of a savage, which I did with some reluctance, this manner of life having become natural to me, inasmuch as I had scarcely known any other. I enlisted as a soldier in the Continental army at the commencement of the present war, and served fifteen months. Having been properly discharged I have since married, have a family, and am in communion with the church.

To return: the party by whom we were made prisoners had taken some horses, and left them at the glades we had passed the day before. They had followed on our tracks from these glades, on our return to which we found the horses and rode. We were carried to Wachatomakak, a town of the Mingoese and Shawanese. I think it was on the third day we reached the town, which when we were approaching the Indians in whose custody we were began to look sour, having been kind to us before and given us a little meat and flour to eat, which they had found or taken from some of our men on their retreat. This town is small, and we were told was about two miles distant from the main town to which they meant to carry us.

The inhabitants from this town came out with clubs and tomahawks, struck, beat and abused us greatly. One of my two companions they seized, and having stripped him naked, blacked him with coal and water: this was the sign of being burnt; the man seemed to surmise it, and shed tears. He asked me the meaning of his being blacked, but I was forbid by the enemy in their own language to tell him what was intended. In English, which they spoke easily, having often been at Fort Pitt, they assured him he was not to be hurt. I know of no reason for making him the first object of their cruelty, unless it was that he was the oldest.

A warrior had been sent to the greater town to acquaint them

with our coming and prepare them for the frolic; for on our coming to it the inhabitants came out with guns, clubs and tomahawks. We were told that we had to run to the council-house, about three hundred yards. The man that was blacked was about twenty yards before us in running the gauntlet. They made him their principal object, men, women and children beating him, and those who had guns firing loads of powder on him as he ran naked, putting the muzzles of the guns to his body, shouting, hallooing and beating their drums in the meantime.

The unhappy man had reached the door of the council-house, beat and wounded in a manner shocking to the sight; for having arrived before him we had it in our power to view the spectacle; it was indeed the most horrid that can be conceived: they had cut him with their tomahawks, shot his body black, burnt it into holes with loads of powder blown into him; a large wadding had made a wound in his shoulder whence the blood gushed.

Agreeable to the declaration of the enemy when he first set out, he had reason to think himself secure when he had reached the door of the council-house. This seemed to be his hope, for coming up with great struggling and endeavour, he laid hold of the door, but was pulled back and drawn away by them. Finding they intended no mercy, but putting him to death, he attempted several times to snatch or lay hold of some of their tomahawks; but being weak could not effect it. We saw him borne off, and they were a long time beating, wounding, pursuing and killing him.

That same evening I saw the dead body of this man close by the council-house. It was mangled cruelly and the blood mingled with the powder was rendered black. The same evening I saw him, after he had been cut into pieces and his limbs and his head about two hundred yards on the outside of the town put on poles. That evening also I saw the bodies of three others in the same black and mangled condition. These I was told had been put to death the

was the same day, and just before we had reached the town. Their bodies as they lay were black, bloody, burnt with powder; two of these were Harrison and young Crawford. I knew the visage of Colonel Harrison, and I saw his clothing and that of young Crawford, at the town. They brought horses to me, and asked if I knew them. I said they were Harrison's and Crawford's. They said they were.

The third of these men I did not know, but believe him to have been Colonel McClelland, the third in command on the expedition.

The next day the bodies of these men were dragged to the outside of the town, and their carcasses being given to the dogs, their limbs and heads were stuck on poles.

My surviving companion shortly after we had reached the council-house was sent to another town, and I presume he was burnt or executed in the same manner.

In the evening the men assembled in the council-house. This is a large building, about fifty yards in length and about twenty-five yards wide, and about sixteen feet in height, built of split poles covered with bark. Their first object was to examine me, which they could do in their own language inasmuch as I could speak the Miami, Shawanese and Delaware languages, which I had learned during my early captivity in the last war. I found I had not forgotten these languages, especially the two former, being able to speak them as well as my native tongue.

They began with interrogating me concerning the situation of our country—what were our provisions, our numbers, the state of the war between us and Britain. I informed them Cornwallis had been taken; which next day, when Matthew Elliot, with James Girty, came they affirmed to be a lie; and all the Indians seemed to give full credit to their declaration.

Hitherto I had been treated with some appearance of kindness, but now the enemy began to alter their behaviour towards me.

Girty had informed them that when he asked me how I liked to live there, I had said that I intended to take the first opportunity to take a scalp and run off. It was, to be sure, *very probable* that if I had such intentions I would communicate them to him. Another man came to me and told a story of his having lived on the south branch of Potowmac in Virginia, and having three brothers there he pretended he wanted to get away, but I suspected his design; nevertheless he reported that I had consented to go. In the meantime I was not tied, and could have escaped, but having nothing to put on my feet I waited some time longer to provide for this.

I was invited every night to the war dances, which they usually continued until almost day. I could not comply with their desire, believing these things to be the service of the devil.

The council lasted fifteen days, from fifty to one hundred warriors being usually in council, and sometimes more. Every warrior is admitted to these councils, but only the chiefs or head warriors have the privilege of speaking. The head warriors are accounted such from the number of scalps and prisoners they have taken.

The third day McKee was in council, and afterwards was generally present. He spoke little and did not ask any questions or speak to me at all. He lives about two miles out of the town, has a house built of squared logs with a shingled roof; he was dressed in gold-laced cloathes. I had seen him at the former town through which I passed.

I think it was on the last day of the council save one, that a speech came from Detroit brought by a warrior who had been counselling with the commanding officer at that place. The speech had been long expected, and was in answer to one sometime before sent from the town to Detroit: it was in a belt of wampum, and began with addressing them: "My children," and enquiring why they continued to take prisoners. "Provisions are scarce;

when prisoners are brought in we are obliged to maintain them, and still some of them are running away, and carrying tidings of our affairs. When any of our people fall into the hands of the rebels they shew no mercy; why then should you take any prisoners? Take no more prisoners, my children, of any sort, man, woman or child."

Two days after, a party of every nation that was near being collected, it was determined on to take no more prisoners of any sort. They had held a large council, and the determination was that if it were possible they could find a child of a span or three inches long, they would show it no mercy. At the conclusion of the council it was agreed upon by all the tribes present, viz: the Mingoes, Tawaws, Chippewas, the Wyandots, the Delawares, the Shawanese, the Munses, and a part of the Cherokees, that should any of the nations who were not present take any prisoners, these would rise against them, take away the prisoners and put them to death.

In the course of these deliberations I understood what was said perfectly. They laid plans against our settlements of Kentucky, the Falls, and towards Wheeling. These it will be unnecessary for me to mention in this narrative, more especially as the Indians finding me to have escaped, and knowing that I would not fail to communicate these designs, will be led to alter their resolutions.

There was one council held at which I was not present: the warriors had sent for me as usual, but the squaw with whom I lived would not suffer me to go, but hid me under a large quantity of skins. It may have been from an unwillingness that I should hear in council the determination with respect to me, that I should be burnt.

About this time twelve men were brought in from Kentucky three of whom were burnt on this day: the remainder were dis-

tributed to other towns, and all, as the Indians informed me were burnt. This was after the speech came from Detroit.

On this day also I saw an Indian who had just come into town, and who said that the prisoner he was bringing to be burnt, and who he said was a doctor, had made his escape from him. The Indian had a wound four inches long in his head, which he acknowledged the doctor had given him; he was cut to the skull. His story was that he had untied the doctor, being asked by him to do so, the doctor promising that he would not go away; that while he was employed in kindling the fire the doctor snatched up the gun, had come behind and struck him; that he then made a stroke at the doctor with his knife, which he laid hold of, and his fingers were cut almost off, the knife being drawn through his hand: that he gave the doctor two stabs, one in the belly the other in the back; said the doctor was a great big, tall, strong man. Being now adopted in an Indian family and having some confidence for my safety, I took the liberty to contradict this, and said that I knew the doctor, who was a weak, little man. The other warriors laughed immoderately, and did not seem to credit him. At this time I was told that Colonel Crawford was burnt, and they greatly exulted over it.

The day after the council I have mentioned, about forty warriors accompanied by George Girty, came early in the morning round the house where I was. The squaw gave me up. I was sitting before the door of the house; they put a rope round my neck, tied my arms behind my back, stripped me naked, and blacked me in the usual manner. George Girty, as soon as I was tied, damned me and said that I now should get what I had deserved many years. I was lead away to a town distant about five miles, to which a messenger had been despatched to desire them to prepare to receive me. Arriving at this town I was beaten with clubs and the pipe ends of their tomahawks, and was kept for some time tied to

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a tree before a house door. In the meanwhile the inhabitants set out to another town about two miles distant, where I was to be burnt, and where I arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Here also was a council-house, part of it covered, and part without a roof. In the part of it where no cover was, but only sides built up, there stood a post about sixteen feet in height, and in the middle of the house around the post there were three piles of wood built about three feet high, and four feet from the post. Being brought to the post, my arms were tied behind me, and the thong or cord with which they were bound was fastened to the post; a rope also was put about my neck and tied to the post about four feet above my head. During the time they were tying me, piles of wood were kindled and began to flame.

Death by burning, which appeared to be now my fate, I had resolved to sustain with patience. The divine grace of God had made it less alarming to me, for on my way this day I had been greatly exercised in regard to my latter end. I knew myself to have been a regular member of the church and to have sought repentance for my sins; but though I had often heard of the faith of assurance, had known nothing of it. But early this day, instantaneously, by a change wrought upon me sudden and perceivable as lightning, an assurance of my peace made with God sprung up in my mind. The following words were the subject of my meditation "—In peace shalt thou see God." "Fear not those who can kill the body." "In peace shalt thou depart." I was on this occasion, by a confidence in mind not to be resisted, fully assured of my salvation: this being the case I was willing, satisfied, and glad to die.

I was tied to the post, as I have already said, and the flame was now kindled. The day was clear, not a cloud to be seen: if there were clouds low in the horizon, the sides of the house prevented me from seeing them, but I heard no thunder nor observed any sign of approaching rain. Just as the fire of one pile began to

blaze, the wind rose. From the time they began to kindle the fire and to tie me to the post, until the wind began to blow, was about fifteen minutes. The wind blew a hurricane, and the rain followed in less than three minutes. The rain fell violent: and the fire, though it began to blaze considerably, was instantly extinguished. The rain lasted about a quarter of an hour.

When it was over the savages stood amazed, and were a long time silent. At last one said: "We will let him alone till morning, and take a whole day's frolic in burning him." The sun at this time was about three hours high. It was agreed upon, and the rope about my neck was untied, and making me sit down they began to dance around me. They continued dancing in this manner until eleven o'clock at night; in the meantime beating, kicking and wounding me with their tomahawks and clubs.

At last one of the warriors, the Half Moon, asked me if I was sleepy. I answered yes. The head warrior then chose out three men to take care of me. I was taken to a block house; my arms were tied until the cord was hid in the flesh; they were tied in two places, round the wrist and above the elbows. A rope was fastened about my neck and tied to a beam of the house, but permitting me to lie down on a board. The three warriors were constantly harassing and troubling me, saying: "How will you like to eat fire tomorrow; you will kill no more Indians now." I was in expectation of their going to sleep: when at length about an hour before daybreak, two laid down; the third smoked a pipe, talked to me, and asked the same painful questions. About half an hour after he also laid down and I heard him begin to snore. I instantly went to work, and as my arms were perfectly dead with the cord, I laid myself down upon my right arm, which was behind my back, and keeping it fast with my fingers, which still had some life and strength, I slipped the cord from my left arm over my elbow and my wrist. One of the warriors now got up, and stirred the fire; I was apprehensive that I should be examined, and thought it was

over with me; but my hopes revived when now he laid down again. I then attempted to unloose the rope about my neck, tried to gnaw it but in vain, as it was as thick as my thumb and as hard as iron, being made of a buffaloe hide. I wrought with it a long time, gave it out and could see no relief. At this time I saw day break and heard the cock crow. I made a second attempt, almost without hope, pulling the rope by putting my fingers between my neck and it, and to my great surprise it came easily untied: it was a noose with two or three knots tied over it.

I stept over the warriors as they lay, and having got out of the house looked back to see if there was any disturbance. I then ran through the town into a cornfield; in my way I saw a squaw with four or five children lying asleep under a tree. Going a different way into the field I untied my arm, which was greatly swelled and turned black; having observed a number of horses in the glade as I went through it, I went to catch one, and on my way found a piece of an old rug or quilt hanging on a fence, which I took with me. Having caught the horse, the rope with which I had been tied serving for a halter, I rode off. The horse was strong and swift, and the woods being open and the country level, about ten o'clock that day I crossed the Scioto river at a place by computation fifty full miles from the town. I had rode about twenty miles on this side of the Scioto by 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the horse began to fail and could not longer go in a trot. I instantly left him, and on foot ran about twenty miles farther that day, making in the whole the distance of near one hundred miles. In the evening I heard hallooming behind me, and for this reason did not halt until about ten o'clock at night, when I sat down, was extremely sick and vomited; but when the moon rose, which might have been about two hours, after, I went on and travelled until day.

During the night I had a path, but in the morning judged it prudent to forsake the path and take a ridge for the distance of

fifteen miles in a line at right angles to my course, putting back as I went along, with a stick, the weeds which I had bended, lest I should be tracked by the enemy. I lay the next night on the waters of Muskingum. The nettles had been troublesome to me after my crossing the Scioto, having nothing to defend myself but the piece of a rug which I had found and which while I rode I used under me by way of saddle. The briars and thorns were now painful to and prevented me from travelling in the night until the moon appeared; in the meantime I was hindered from sleeping by the musketoes, for even in the day I was under the necessity of travelling with a handful of bushes to brush them from my body.

The second night I reached Cushakim; next day came to Newcomerstown, where I got about seven raspberries, which were the first thing I ate from the morning in which the Indians had taken to burn me, until this time, which was now about three o'clock the fourth day. I felt hunger very little, but was extremely weak. I swam the Muskingum river at Oldcomers' town the river being about two hundred yards wide. Having reached the bank I sat down, looked back, and thought I had a start of the Indians, should any pursue. That evening I travelled about five miles, next day came to Stillwater, a small river, in a branch of which I got two small crawfish to eat: next night I lay within five miles of Wheeling, but had not slept a wink during this whole time being rendered impossible by the musketoes, which it was my constant employment to brush away. Next day I came to Wheeling and saw a man on the island in the Ohio opposite to that post, and calling to him and asking for particular persons who had been on the expedition, and telling him I was Slover, at length, with great difficulty, he was persuaded to come over and bring me across in his canoe.

ROBERT BENHAM'S NARRATIVE OF AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE INDIANS

[The two following Narratives—with several others which will be found in this selection,—we have extracted from the *Western Review and Miscellaneous Magazine*, published by William Gibbes Hunt.]

ABOUT the year 1778 or 1779, seventy or eighty persons, in five keel boats, were ascending the Ohio river. Among them were a Major Rogers, Mr. John Watson and Mr. Robert Benham. Between Cincinnati and Columbia they fell in with a party of Indians engaged in making a raft or crossing the river upon it. The Major observed, "Those fellows must be disposed of before we can proceed;" and the whole party, excepting one man in each boat, went on shore to attack them. Just as they were advancing towards the raft, a heavy fire was poured in on their rear. Finding themselves surrounded, they deemed it prudent to turn upon their assailants and to endeavour instantly to regain their boats. This, however, though the Indians retreated, they were unable to effect. One of the boats was taken off by the five men left in them, and the rest fell into the hands of the enemy. The party on land drove the savages before them nearly as far as the mouth of Licking River, when it began to grow dark. There were now but ten men left, the rest, including Major Rogers, having fallen. A short council was held, and it was resolved to make a desperate effort, by charging upon the enemy's line, to make a way through it. The plan succeeded beyond expectation. Two, one of which was Mr. Benham, were badly wounded in its execution, but the rest, Mr. Watson and seven others, escaped unhurt, and reached Harrodsburgh some days after; but without any clothing except the wristbands and collars of their shirts and the waistbands of their trowsers.

Very different was the fate of the wounded. Benham, being shot through the hips, was unable to proceed. He concealed himself therefore amidst the boughs of a fallen tree, where he remained two days. Late on the second day a raccoon came near him and he shot it. Instantly some one called out. Supposing it to be an Indian, he loaded his piece and continued silent. The same voice, much nearer to him, soon called out again. He now concluded he should be killed, but resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible. He was, however, happily relieved by the exclamation in plain English, "Whoever you are, for God's sake answer me." Being now convinced that the applicant was not a savage, he answered without hesitation; and was soon approached by his unfortunate companion, *with both arms broken*. After their mutual joy at meeting had subsided a little, Benham desired his friend to kick to him the raccoon, which being thus obtained was skinned and cooked; and Benham fed his companion as well as himself. They now became very thirsty, and Benham, still unable to move, expected to die of thirst; but his companion, having been to Licking River and waded in so far as to be able to stoop and drink, returned and desired Benham to put his hat in his mouth, that he might bring him some water, which he did.

Captain Benham made use of their shirts to dress their wounds, which recovered surprisingly. They remained at this spot two weeks. Benham shot game, and his companion pushed it to him by his feet, as he did also the fuel necessary for cooking. When turkeys were seen, the broken-armed man would walk around at a considerable distance from them and drive them so as to make them come within reach of Benham's shot. The hat continued to supply the place of a water vessel. In two weeks Benham could, by using his gun as a crutch, move forward a little. They then proceeded to the mouth of Licking, about one mile, where they arrived in two weeks more. One of the broken arms getting so as to be of use and Benham being able to walk a little, they fixed themselves a kind of

shelter by the side of a large log fronting the Ohio river, where they remained, subsisting in the way described above, until late in November, when they saw a flat boat descending the Ohio. They made signals of distress, but the boat began to row off, those on board supposing them to be Indians. At last however two men (one named Nicholas Welch) jumped into a canoe, resolving at all hazards to ascertain who and what they were, and if their countrymen, to bring them off. For this purpose they landed below Licking, and took such a position as enabled them to ascertain that these unfortunate men were friends; after which they took them on board and brought them down safe to the Falls. Here fortunately their clothing was found, having been found in the boat which had escaped with the five men.

Captain Benham afterwards acted as conductor-general of the pack-horses in all the expeditions carried on by Generals Harmer, St. Clair, Wayne and Wilkinson. He was in the defeats of St. Clair and Adair, and at length purchased part of the land on which he had fought with Major Rogers, where he ended a long and useful life. Peace to his *manes!*

ADAM POE'S CONTEST WITH TWO INDIANS

ABOUT the year 1782 six or seven Wyandot Indians crossed over to the south side of the Ohio River, fifty miles below Pittsburgh, and in their hostile excursions among our early settlers killed an old man whom they found alone in one of the houses which they plundered. The news soon spread among the white people, seven or eight of whom seized their rifles and pursued the marauders. In this party were two brothers, named Adam and Andrew Poe, strong and active men and much respected in the settlement. The Indians had frequently been over before, had sometimes penetrated twenty miles into the country, and had always succeeded in recrossing the river without being overtaken by

our people. The Poes and their companions were therefore particularly anxious not to let them escape on this occasion. They pursued them all night, and in the morning found themselves, as they expected, upon the right track. The Indians, could now be easily followed by the traces left upon the dew. The print of one very large foot was seen, and it was thus known that a famous Indian of uncommon size and strength must be of the party. The track led to the river. Our people followed it directly, Adam Poe excepted, who feared that they might be taken by surprise, and broke off from the rest to go along on the edge of the bank, under the cover of trees and bushes, and to fall upon the savages suddenly that he might get them between his own fire and that of his companions. At the point where he suspected they were, he saw the rafts which they were accustomed to push before them when they swam the river, and on which they placed their blankets, tomahawks and guns. The Indians themselves he could not see, and was obliged to go partly down the bank to get a shot at them. As he descended with his rifle cocked, he discovered two, the celebrated large Indian and a smaller one, separated from the others, holding their rifles also cocked in their hands. He took aim at the large one, but his rifle snapped without giving the intended fire. The Indians turned instantly at the sound. Poe was too near them to retreat, and had not time to cock and take aim again. Suddenly he leaped down upon them and caught the large Indian by the clothes on his breast, and the small one by throwing an arm round his neck. They all fell together, but Poe was uppermost. While he was struggling to keep down the large Indian the small one, at a word spoken by his fellow savage, slipped his neck out of Poe's embrace, and ran to the raft for a tomahawk. The large Indian at this moment threw his arms about Poe's body and held him fast, that the other might come up and kill him. Poe watched the approach and the descending arm of the small Indian so well that at the instant of the intended stroke he raised his foot, and by a

vigorous and skillful blow knocked the tomahawk from the assailant's hand. At this the large Indian cried out with an exclamation of contempt of the small one. The latter, however, caught his tomahawk again, and approached more cautiously, waving his arm up and down with mock blows to deceive Poe as to the stroke which was intended to be real and fatal. Poe, however, was so vigilant and active that he averted the tomahawk from his head, and received it upon his wrist, with a considerable wound, deep enough to cripple but not entirely to destroy the use of his hand. In this crisis of peril he made a violent effort and broke loose from the large Indian. He snatched a rifle and shot the small one through the breast as he ran up a third time with his lifted tomahawk. The large Indian was now on his feet, and grasping Poe by the shoulder and the leg, hurled him in the air heels over head upon the shore. Poe instantly rose, and a new and more desperate struggle ensued. The bank was slippery and they fell into the water, where each strove to drown the other. Their efforts were long and doubtful, each alternately under and half strangled, till Poe fortunately grasped, with his unwounded hand, the tuft of hair upon the scalp of the Indian, and forced his head into the water. This appeared to be decisive of his fate, for soon he manifested all the symptoms of a drowning man bewildered in the moment of death. Poe relaxed his hold, and discovered too late the stratagem. The Indian was instantly upon his feet again, and engaged anew in the fierce contest for life and victory. They were naturally carried further into the stream, and the current becoming stronger bore them beyond their depth. They were now compelled to loosen their hold upon each other and to swim for mutual safety. Both sought the shore to seize a gun, but the Indian was the best swimmer, and gained it first. Poe then turned immediately back into the water to avoid a greater danger, meaning to dive if possible to escape the fire. Fortunately the Indian caught up the rifle which had been discharged into the breast of his smaller companion. At this crit-

ical juncture Andrew the brother returned in haste, having left the party who had been in pursuit of the other Indians, and who had killed all but one of them, at the expense of three of their own lives. He heard that Adam was in great peril, and alone in the fight with two against him. One of our people following not far in the rear of Andrew, mistook Adam in the water with his bloody hand, for a wounded Indian, and fired a bullet into his shoulder. Adam cried out to his brother to kill the big Indian on the shore, but Andrew's gun had been discharged and was not again loaded. The contest was now between Andrew and the savage. Each laboured to load his rifle first. The Indian, after putting in his powder and hurrying his motions to force down the ball, drew out his ramrod with such violence as to throw it some yards into the water. While he ran to pick it up, Andrew gained an advantage, and shot the Indian just as he was raising his gun to his eye for a deadly aim. Andrew then jumped into the river to assist his wounded brother to the shore; but Adam, thinking more of carrying the big Indian home as a trophy than of his own wounds, urged Andrew to go back and prevent the struggling savage from rolling himself into the current and escaping. Andrew, however, was too solicitous for the fate of Adam to allow him to obey, and the Indian, jealous of his honor as a warrior even in death, and knowing well the intention of his white conquerors, succeeded in retaining life and action long enough to reach the current, by which his dead body was carried down beyond the chance of pursuit.

This native was the most distinguished among the celebrated brothers belonging to the royal family of the tribe of Wyandots. Notwithstanding he was engaged in this predatory expedition, he was acknowledged by all to be peculiarly magnanimous for an Indian, and had contributed, more than any other individual, to preserve and extend the practice, which was known to prevail in his tribe, that of not taking the lives of prisoners, and of not suffering them to be treated ill. This practice was an honourable distinction

for the Wyandots, as was well understood by the white people who were traders with the Indians, and by those of our early settlers and brethren who had been made prisoners in war. It was a common remark among them, "If we become the prisoners of the Wyandots we shall be fortunate." The death of this large Indian and of his four brothers, who were all in the party, was more deeply lamented by the tribe as was afterwards learned, than all the other losses sustained during the hostilities carried on between them and us. There was a universal, solemn and distressing mourning.

Adam Poe recovered from his wounds and gave this account in person to James Morrison, Esq., from whom we have received it and by whom we are assured it is correct. The courage and enterprise, the suffering and fortitude, the decision and perseverance of the early settlers of this western country, by whose labors we are now so peaceful and happy, ought not to be forgotten, but may well be related from time to time to excite in us the spirit of similar virtues, and to teach us how to consider the slight privations which we are or may be called to meet. Gratitude is more appropriate to our condition than discontent.

REMARKABLE ENCOUNTER OF A WHITE MAN WITH TWO INDIANS

IN A LETTER TO A GENTLEMAN OF PHILADELPHIA

Dear Sir:

I wrote you a note a few days ago, in which I promised you the particulars of an affair between a white man of this county and two Indians: now I mean to relate the whole story, and it is as follows:

The white man is upwards of sixty years of age; his name is David Morgan, a kinsman to Col. Morgan of the rifle battalion.

This man had through fear of the Indians fled to a fort about twenty miles above the province line, and near the east side of Monongahela river. From thence he sent some of his younger children to his plantation, which was about a mile distant, there to do some business in the field. He afterwards thought fit to follow and see how they fared. Getting to his field and seating himself upon the fence, within view of his children where they were at work, he espied two Indians making towards them; on which he called to his children to make their escape. The Indians immediately bent their course towards him. He made the best haste to escape away that his age and consequent infirmity would permit; but soon found he would be overtaken, which made him think of defence. Being armed with a good rifle he faced about and found himself under the necessity of running four or five perches towards the Indians, in order to obtain shelter behind a tree of sufficient size.

This unexpected manoeuvre obliged the Indians, who were close by, to stop, where they had but small timber to shelter behind, which gave Mr. Morgan an opportunity of shooting one of them dead upon the spot. The other, taking the advantage of Morgan's empty gun, advanced upon him and put him to flight a second time; and being lighter of foot than the old man soon came up within a few paces, when he fired at him but fortunately missed him. On this Mr. Morgan faced about again to try his fortune, and clubbed his firelock. The Indian by this time had got his tomahawk in order for a throw, at which they are very dextrous. Morgan made the blow, and the Indian the throw, almost at the same instant, by which the little finger was cut off Morgan's left hand, and the one next to it almost off, and his gun broke off by the lock. Now they came to close grips. Morgan put the Indian down, but soon found himself overturned and the Indian upon him, feeling for his knife and yelling most hideously, as their manner is when they look upon victory to be certain. However, a woman's

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apron, which the Indian had plundered out of a house in the neighborhood and tied on him, was now in his way and so hindered him from getting at it quickly, that Morgan got one of his fingers fast in his mouth, and deprived him of the use of that hand by holding it, and disconcerted him considerably by chewing it; all the while observing how he would come on with his knife. At length the Indian had got hold of his knife, but so far towards the blade that Morgan got a small hold of the hinder end; and as the Indian pulled it out of the scabbard, Morgan giving his finger a severe screw with his teeth, twitched it out through his hand, cutting it most grievously. By this time they were both got partly on their feet, and the Indian was endeavouring to disengage himself; but Morgan held fast by the finger, and quickly applied the point of the knife to the side of its savage owner; a bone happening in the way prevented its penetrating any great depth, but a second blow directed more towards the belly found free passage into his bowels. The old man turned the point upwards, made a large wound, burying the knife therein, and so took his departure instantly to the fort, with the news of his adventure.

On the report of Mr. Morgan a party went out from the fort and found the first Indian where he had fallen. The second they found not yet dead, at one hundred yards' distance from the scene of action, hid in the top of a fallen tree, where he had picked the knife out of his body, after which had come out parched corn, etc. and had bound up his wound with the apron aforementioned; and on first sight he saluted them with, "How do do, broder, how do do broder;" but alas, poor savage, their brotherhood to him extended only to tomahawking, scalping, and to gratify some peculiar feelings of their own, skinning them both; and they have made drum-heads of their skins.

Westmoreland, April 26, 1779

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF
JACKSON JOHONNOT

A SOLDIER UNDER GENERALS HARMAR AND ST. CLAIR
CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS CAPTIVITY, SUFFERINGS AND ESCAPE
FROM THE KICKAPOO INDIANS

THERE is seldom a more difficult task undertaken by man than the act of writing a narrative of a person's own life; especially where the incidents border on the marvelous. Prodigies but seldom happen; and the veracity of the relators of them is still less frequently vouched for; however, as the dispensations of Providence towards me have been too striking not to make a deep and grateful impression, and as the principal part of them can be attested by living evidences, I shall proceed, being confident that the candid reader will pardon the inaccuracies of an illiterate soldier, and that the tender-hearted will drop the tear of sympathy, when they realize the idea of the sufferings of such of our unfortunate country folks as fall into the hands of the Western Indians, whose tender mercies are cruelties.

I was born and brought up at Falmouth, Casco Bay*, where I resided until I attained to the seventeenth year of my age. My parents were poor, the farm we occupied small and hard to cultivate, their family large and expensive, and every way fitted to spare me to seek a separate fortune; at least these ideas had gained so great an ascendancy in my mind that I determined, with the consent of my parents, to look out for a means of supporting myself

Having fixed on the matter firmly I took leave of my friends and sailed, the first of May, 1791, on board a coasting schooner for Boston. Being arrived in this capital, and entirely out of employ, I had many uneasy sensations, and more than once sincerely wished

* Now Portland, Me.

and was at home with my parents. However, as I had set out on an important design and as yet met with no misfortune, pride kept me from this act, while necessity urged me to fix speedily on some mode of obtaining a livelihood.

My mind was severely agitated on this subject one morning, when a young officer came into my room, and soon entered into a conversation on the pleasures of a military life, the great chance there was for an active young man to obtain promotion and the grand prospect opening for making great fortunes in the western country. His discourse had the desired effect, for after treating me with a bowl or two of punch I enlisted, with a firm promise on his side to assist me in obtaining a sergeant's warrant before the party left Boston.

An entire new scene now opened before me. Instead of becoming a sergeant I was treated severely for my ignorance in a matter I had till then scarcely thought of, and insultingly ridiculed for remonstrating against the conduct of the officer. I suffered great uneasiness on these and other accounts of a similar kind, for some time; at length, convinced of the futility of complaint, I applied myself to study the exercise and in a few days became tolerably expert. The beginning of July we left Boston and proceeded on our way to join the western army. When we arrived at Fort Washington I was ordered to join Captain Phelon's company, and in a few days set out on the expedition under General Harmar. Those alone who have experienced can tell what hardships men undergo in such excursions: hunger, fatigue and toil were our constant attendants. However as our expectations were raised with the idea of easy conquest, rich plunder and fine arms in the end, we made a shift to be tolerably merry; for my own part I had obtained a serjeantcy, and flattered myself I was in the direct road to honour, fame and fortune. Alas, how fluctuating are the scenes of life, how singularly precarious the fortune of a soldier! Before

a single opportunity presented in which I could have a chance to signalize myself, it was my lot to be taken in an ambushade by a party of Kickapoo Indians, and with ten others constrained to experience scenes in comparison of which our former distresses sank into nothing. We were taken on the bank of the Wabash, and immediately conveyed to the upper Miami; at least such of us as survived. The second day after we were taken one of my companions, by the name of George Aikins, a native of Ireland, became so faint with hunger and fatigue that he could proceed no further. A short council was immediately held among the Indians who guarded us, the result of which was that he should be put to death: this was no sooner determined on than a scene of torture began. The captain of the guard approached the wretched victim, who lay bound upon the ground, and with his knife made a circular incision on the skull; two others immediately pulled off the scalp. After this they each of them struck him on the head with their tomahawks; they then stripped him naked, stabbed him with their knives in every sensitive part of the body, and left him weltering in blood, though not quite dead, a wretched victim to Indian rage and hellish barbarity.

We were eight days on our march to the upper Miami, during which painful travel no pen can describe our sufferings from hunger, thirst and toil. We were met at the entrance of the town by above five hundred Indians, beside squaws and children, who were apprized of our approach by a most hideous yelling made by our guard and answered repeatedly from the village. Here we were all severely beaten by the Indians, and four of our number, viz: James Durgée of Concord, Samuel Forsythe of Beverly, Robert Deloy of Marblehead, and Uzza Benton of Salem, who all fainted under their heavy trials, were immediately scalped and tomahawked in our presence, and tortured to death with every affliction of misery that Indian ingenuity could invent.

www. It was the 4th of August when we were taken, and our unhappy companions were massacred the thirteenth. News was that day received of the destruction at L'Anguille, &c., of General Har-mar's army, numbers of scalps were exhibited by the warriors, and several prisoners, among were three women and six children, carried through the village, destined to a Kickapoo settlement further westward. The 15th of August four more of my fellow-prisoners, viz: Lemuel Saunders of Boston, Thomas Tharp of Dorchester, Vincent Upham of Mystic, and Younglove Croxal of Abington, were taken from us; but whether they were massacred or preserved alive I am unable to say. After this nothing material occurred for a fortnight, except that we were several times severely whipped on the receipt of bad news, and our allowance of provisions lessened, so that we were apprehensive of starving to death if we did not fall an immediate sacrifice to the fire or tomahawk: but heaven had otherwise decreed.

On the night following the 30th of August our guard, which consisted of four Indians, tired out with watching, laid down to sleep, leaving only an old squaw to attend us. Providence so ordered that my companion had by some means got one of his hands at liberty, and having a knife in his pocket soon cut the withes that bound his feet, and that which pinioned my arms, unperceived by the old squaw, who sat in a drowsy position, not suspecting harm, over a small fire in the wigwam.

I ruminated but a few moments on our situation. There was no weapon near us except my companion's knife, which he still held; I looked on him to make him observe me, and the same instant sprung and grasped the squaw by the throat to prevent her making a noise, and my comrade in a moment cut her throat from ear to ear, down to the neck-bone. He then seized a tomahawk and myself a rifle, and striking at the same instant despatched two of our enemies. The sound of these blows awakened the others,

but before they had time to rise we renewed our strokes on them, and luckily to so good effect as to stun them; and then repeating the blow we sunk a tomahawk in each of their heads, armed ourselves completely and taking what provisions the wigwam afforded, we committed ourselves to the protection of Providence and made the best of our way into the wilderness.

The compass of a volume would scarce contain the events of our progress through the wilderness; but as they were uninteresting to any but ourselves, I shall only observe generally that the difficulties of the journey were too great to have been endured by any who had less interest than life at stake or a less terrible enemy than Indians to fear. Hunger, thirst and fatigue were our constant companions. We travelled hard day and night, except the few hours absolutely necessary for repose, that Nature might not sink under her oppression, at which period one constantly watched while the other slept. In this tiresome mode we proceeded until the fifteenth of September, having often to shift our direction on account of impassable bogs, deep morasses and hideous precipices, without meeting any adventure worthy of note. On the morning of the fifteenth, as we were steering nearly a north course in order to avoid a bog that interrupted our course South East, we found the bodies of an old man, a woman and two children newly murdered, stript and scalped. This horrid spectacle chilled our blood; we viewed the wretched victims and from what we could collect from circumstances we concluded that they had been dragged away from their homes, and their feet being worn out had been inhumanly murdered and left weltering in their blood. We were at a great loss now to determine what course to steer; at length we pitched upon a direction about northwest, and walked on as fast as possible to escape the savages, if practicable. About noon this day we came to a good spring, which was a great relief to us, but which we had good reason a few minutes after to believe would be the last of our earthly comforts. My companion, Richard Sackville, a

corporal of Captain Newman's company, stepped aside into the thicket on some occasion, and returned with the account that a few rods distant he had discovered four Indians, with two miserable wretches bound, sitting under a tree eating; and that if I would join him, he would either relieve the captives or perish in the attempt. The resolution of my worthy comrade pleased me greatly; and as no time was to be lost, we set immediately about the execution of our design. Sackville took the lead, and conducted me undiscovered within fifty yards of the Indians. Two of them were laid down with their musquets in their arms, and appeared to be asleep; the other two sat at the head of the prisoners, their musquets resting against their left shoulders and in their right hands each of them a tomahawk, over the heads of their prisoners. We each chose our man to fire at, and taking aim deliberately had the satisfaction to see them both fall; the others instantly started, and seeming at a loss to determine from whence the assault was made, fell on their bellies and looked carefully around to discover the best course to take; meantime we had re-charged, and shifting our position a little, impatiently waited their rising. In a minute they raised on their hands and knees, and having as we supposed discovered the smoke of our guns rising above the bushes, attempted to crawl into a thicket on the opposite side. This gave us a good chance, and we again fired at different men, and with such effect that we brought them both down. One lay motionless, the other crawled along a few yards; we loaded in an instant and rushed towards him, yet keeping an eye on him, as he had reached his comrade's gun and sat upright in a posture of defence. By our noise in the bushes he discovered the direction to fire, alas, too fatally, for by his fatal shot I lost my comrade and friend Sackville. At this moment the two prisoners, who were close pinioned, endeavoured to make their escape towards me, but the desperate savage again fired, and shot one of them dead: the other gained the thicket within a few yards of me. I had now once more got ready

to fire, and discharged at the wounded Indian. At this discharge I wounded him in the neck, from whence I perceived the blood to flow swiftly, but he yet undauntedly kept his seat, and having new-charged his gun, fired upon us with them both, and then fell, seemingly from faintness and loss of blood. I ran instantly to the pinioned white man, and having unbound his arms and armed him with the unfortunate Sackville's musquet, we cautiously approached a few yards nearer the wounded Indian; when I ordered my new comrade to fire, and we could perceive the shot took effect. The savage still lay motionless. As soon as my companion had reloaded we approached the Indian, whom we found not quite dead, and a tomahawk in each hand, which he flourished at us, seemingly determined not to be taken alive. I, for my part, determined to take him alive if possible; but my comrade prevented me by shooting him through the body. I now enquired of my new companion what course we ought to steer, and whence the party came from whose power I had relieved him. He informed me with respect to the course, which we immediately took, and on the way let me know that we were within about three days' march of Fort Jefferson; that he and three others were taken by a party of ten Wabash Indians four days before, in the neighbourhood of that fort; that two of his companions being wounded were immediately scalped and killed; that the party at the time of taking him had in their possession seven other prisoners, three of whom were committed to the charge of a party of four Indians. What became of them we knew not; the others being worn down with fatigue were massacred the day before, and which I found to be those whose bodies poor Sackville had discovered in the thicket; that the other two Indians were gone towards the settlements, having sworn to kill certain persons whose names he had forgotten, and that destruction seemed to be their whole drift.

My comrade, whose name on enquiry I found to be George Sexton, formerly a resident of Newport, Rhode Island, I found to

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be an excellent woodsman and a man of great spirit, and so grateful for the deliverance I had been instrumental in obtaining for him that he would not suffer me to watch for him to sleep but one hour in the four and twenty, although he was so fatigued as to have absolute need of a much greater proportion; neither would he permit me to carry any of our baggage.

From the time of being joined by Sexton we steered a south-east course as direct as possible until the 18th towards night, directing our course by the sun and the moss on the trees by day, and the moon by night. On the evening of the 18th we providentially fell in with an American scouting party, who conducted, us safely in a few hours, to Fort Jefferson, where we were treated with great humanity and supplied with the best refreshments the fort afforded; which to me was very acceptable, as I had not tasted anything except wild berries and ground nuts for above a week.

The week after our arrival at Fort Jefferson I was able to return to my duty in my own regiment, which the latter end of August joined the army on an expedition against the Indians of the Miami Village, the place in which I had suffered so much and so recently, and where I had beheld so many cruelties perpetrated on unfortunate Americans. It is easier to conceive than describe the perturbation of my mind on this occasion. The risk I should run in common with my fellow soldiers seemed heightened by the certainty of torture that awaited me in case of being captured by the savages. However, these reflections only occasioned a firm resolution of doing my duty vigilantly, and selling my life in action as dear as possible, but by no means to be taken alive if I could evade it by any exertion short of suicide.

My captain shewed me every kindness in his power on the march, indulged me with a horse as often as possible, and promised to use his influence to obtain a commission for me if I conducted [myself] well (on) the present expedition. Poor gentleman, little

did he think he was soon to expire, gallantly fighting the battles of his country! I hasten now to the most interesting part of my short narrative, the description of General St. Clair's defeat, and the scenes which succeeded it.

On the 3rd of November we arrived within a few miles of the Miami Village. Our army consisted of about 1200 regular troops and an equal number of militia. The night of the 3rd, having reason to expect an attack, we were ordered under arms about midnight and kept in order until just before daylight; at which time our scouts having been sent out in various directions and no enemy discovered, we were dismissed from the parade to take some refreshment. The men in general, almost worn out with fatigue, had thrown themselves down to repose a little; but their rest was of short duration, for before sunrise the Indians began a desperate attack upon the militia, which soon threw them into disorder and forced them to retire precipitately into the very heart of our camp.

Great God, what were my feelings when, starting from my slumbers I heard the most tremendous firing all around, with yellings, horrid whoopings and expiring groans in dreadful discord sounding in my ears! I seized my arms, ran out of my tent with several of my comrades, and saw the Indians with their bloody tomahawks and murderous knives butchering the flying militia. I fled towards them, filled with desperation, discharged my firelock among them and had the satisfaction to see one of the tawny savages fall, whose tomahawk was that instant elevated to strike a gallant officer then engaged sword in hand with a savage in front. My example I have reasons to think animated my companions. Our own company now reached the place we occupied and aided by the regulars of other companies and regiments who joined us indiscriminately, we drove the Indians back into the bushes, and soon after formed in tolerable order, under as gallant commanders as ever died in defence of America. The firing ceased for a few

minutes, but it was like the interval of a tornado, calculated by an instantaneous dreadful reverse to strike the deeper horror. In one and the same minute seemingly the most deadly and heavy firing took place on every part of our camp; the army, exposed to the shot of the enemy, delivered from the ground, fell on every side and drenched the plains with blood, while the discharge from our troops, directed almost at random, I am fearful did but little execution. Orders were now given to charge with bayonets. We obeyed with alacrity; a dreadful swarm of tawny savages rose from the ground and fled before us; but alas, our officers, rendered conspicuous by their exertions to stimulate the men, became victims to savage ingenuity and fell so fast in common with the rest, that scarce a shot appeared as spent in vain. Advantages gained by the bayonet were by this means, and want of due support, lost again, and our little corps obliged in turn repeatedly to give way before the Indians. We were now reduced to less than half our original number of regular troops, and less than a fourth part of our officers, our horses all killed or taken, our artillerymen all cut off, and the pieces in the enemy's hands. In this dreadful dilemma we had nothing to do but to attempt a retreat, which soon became a flight, and for several miles, amidst the yells of Indians, more dreadful to my ears than screams of damned fiends to my ideas, amidst the groans of dying men and the dreadful sight of bloody massacres on every side, perpetrated by the Indians on the unfortunate creatures they overtook, I endured a degree of torture no tongue can describe or heart conceive; yet I providentially escaped unhurt, and frequently discharged my musket, I am persuaded to effect.

Providence was pleased to sustain my spirits and preserve my strength; and although I had been so far spent previous to setting out on the expedition as to be unable to go upon fatigue for several days, or even to bear a moderate degree of exercise, I reached Fort Jefferson the day after the action about ten in the morning, having travelled on foot all night to effect it.

Thus have I made the reader acquainted with the most interesting scenes of my life. Many of them are extraordinary, some of them perhaps incredible; but all of them founded in fact, which can be attested by numbers. General St. Clair, in consequence of my sufferings and what he and others were pleased to call soldier-like exertions, presented me with an ensign's commission on joining the remains of my old company, in which station I mean to serve my country again, as far as my slender abilities will permit trusting that the same kind protecting Providence which hath covered my head in the day of battle and shielded me repeatedly in the hour of danger, will dispose of me as to infinite wisdom seems best; and if I die in the cause of my country may the remembrance of my sufferings, escapes, perseverance through Divine support, and repeated mercies received, kindle a flame of heroism in the breast of many an American youth, and induce him while he reads the sufferings of his unfortunate countrymen, to exert himself to defend the worthy inhabitants on the frontiers from the depredations of savages whose horrid mode of war is a scene to be deprecated by civilized nature, whose tender mercies are cruelties, and whose faith is by no means to be depended on, though pledged in the most solemn treaties.

ANECDOTES

The two following anecdotes are taken from the *Western Review*

IN THE year 1781 or 1782, a gentleman named Woods, who with his family resided near the place now called the Crab Orchard, in this State,* and who had, for the benefit of his stock, imprudently erected his cabin at a considerable distance from the neighbouring settlement, went from home, leaving only his wife, one daughter about ten years of age, and a negro man, who was lame. Early the next morning after his departure Mrs. Woods

* Kentucky.

went out a short distance from the house, and discovered seven or eight Indians lying in ambush, who instantly pursued her. She fled, entered the house and was attempting to close the door, when one of the savages being in advance of his companions, pushed it open, went in and attacked the lame negro. Mrs. Woods shut the door, and a severe encounter ensued between the black and the yellow man. At length they fell, and the Indian being upon the negro evidently had the advantage. The latter therefore called to the little girl to take the axe and kill the savage. She seized the weapon, struck him a violent blow on the back, which wounded him severely, and by a second stroke dexterously aimed at his head brought him lifeless to the floor. The negro then called out to his mistress, who dared not leave the door for fear of its being forced open by the band without, to let in another, and they would kill them all, one by one. Fortunately however, the whites from the neighbouring station had by this time assembled, and coming to their relief fired upon the Indians, killed one, and instantly dispersed the remainder.



About the end of the year 1786 or beginning of 1787, a party of Indians attacked a family on Cooper's Run, Bourbon County, Kentucky, consisting of a young man, his mother and three sisters. The old lady and one daughter occupied the lower floor of one cabin, the young man was in the loft above, and the other two young women slept in a loom-house adjoining. The attack was made on both buildings at the same time. The young man escaped through the roof, alarmed the neighbourhood, and a party was soon collected under the command of Colonel Edwards. On their arrival at the house the old lady and two of her daughters were found dead: the third was carried off captive. Fortunately a little snow had fallen, which enabled the party to pursue with celerity, and late in the evening the noise of a dog directing their course, the young woman who had been taken was found apparently expiring. She

retained however sufficient recollection to extend her hand to her brother, who with a few others was left to take care of her, while the rest advanced with the utmost possible expedition, and in a few hundred yards overtook the savages, six in number, whom they soon dispatched. The party then returned to the place where the young woman had been left, and found that in the interval she had expired. The next morning they returned with the corpse to the first scene of action in order to inter the whole together. Whilst the graves were preparing, some dogs that had been with the party were barking at a log in the water, which several of the men concluded was in consequence of otters or other similar animals in the hollow of the log; but on examination they were much surprised to find the dead bodies of two Indians, who had probably been hidden there by their companions, having no doubt been killed by the two young women in the loom-house. Thus not one of this party survived to carry home the sad tidings.

EXPEDITION AND DEFEAT OF GENERAL HARMAR BY THE INDIANS, IN 1790 .

The following information has been derived from the official correspondence of Generals Harmar, Wilkinson, Scott, St. Clair and Wayne as published by Henry Trumbull in the year 1812.

ALTHOUGH a peace was happily effected between the two contending parties, Great Britain and America, in 1783, yet the savages who had been persuaded to take a part with the former were unwilling to bury the bloody hatchet. They had not sufficiently bathed that destructive weapon in the blood of the Americans. Without any pretext whatever they continued to exercise towards them the most wanton acts of barbarity. It appeared from respectable evidence that from the year 1783 until the month of October, 1790, the time the United States commenced offensive operations against the said Indians, that on the Ohio and

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the frontiers of the south side thereof, they killed, wounded and took prisoners about one thousand five hundred men, women and children, besides carrying off upwards of two thousand horses, and other property to the amount of fifty thousand dollars.

The particulars of many of the instances of barbarity exercised upon the prisoners, of different ages and sexes, although supported by indisputable evidence, are of too shocking a nature to be presented to the public. It is sufficient here to observe that the scalping-knife and tomahawk were the mildest instruments of death; that in some cases torture by fire, and other execrable means were used.

But the outrages which were committed upon the frontier inhabitants were not the only injuries that were sustained: repeated attacks upon detachments of the troops of the United States were at different times made. The following, from its peculiar enormity, deserves recital. In April, 1790, Major Dougherty (in service of the United States) was ordered to the friendly Chicasaws on public business. He performed this duty in a boat, having with him a party of fifteen men. While ascending the Tennessee river he was met by a party of forty Indians in four canoes, consisting principally of Shawanese and outcast Cherokees. They approached under a white flag, the well-known emblem of peace. They came on board the Major's boat, received his presents, continued with him nearly an hour, and then departed in the most friendly manner. But they had scarcely cleared his oars before they poured in a fire upon his crew, which was returned as soon as circumstances would permit, and a most unequal combat was sustained for several hours, when they abandoned their design, but not until they had killed and wounded eleven out of fifteen of the boat's crew.

All overtures of peace failing and the depredations still continuing, an attempt at coercion became indispensable; accordingly,

on the 30th September the President, by and with the consent and advice of the Congress of the United States, despatched General Harmer, with 320 Federal troops and 193 militia under his command, to attack and destroy their principal villages.

The troops, after seventeen days' march from Miami, reached the great Miami village, without any other molestation than that of having a number of their pack-horses stolen. On their arrival they found the village deserted and all the valuable buildings in flames, set on fire by the Indians. After a short tarry they proceeded to the neighbouring villages without molestation, and destroyed five of them, and a large quantity of corn, computed at fifteen thousand bushels, which they found buried at different places; and very large quantities of vegetables of every kind.

The first opposition that was met with, a party of about 150 Kentucky militia and 30 regular troops, all under the command of Colonel Harding of Kentucky, were detached from the main body lying in the great Miami village, to pursue the trail of a party of Indians which had the day before been discovered. After a pursuit of about six miles they came up with, and were attacked on surprize by a body of Indians who were concealed in the thickets on every side of a large plain; and on the first onset the militia, without exchanging a single shot, made a most precipitate retreat, and left the regular troops to stand the whole charge of the Indians. The conflict was short and bloody; the troops were soon overpowered by numbers and all fell except two officers and two or three privates, after defending themselves at their bayonet points with the greatest possible obstinacy. Ensign Hartshorn was one of the officers who providentially escaped, and his escape appeared to depend more on a lucky circumstance of faltering over a log in his retreat, and by that means screening himself from the eye of his pursuers, than from any other circumstance. Captain Armstrong, who commanded the party, likewise made his escape by plunging

himself into a pond or swamp up to his neck, within two hundred yards of the field of action; where he remained the whole night a spectator to the horrid scene of the war dance performed over the dead and wounded bodies of the poor soldiers that had fallen the preceding day; where their shrieks, mixed with the horrid yells of the savages, rendered his situation shocking.

After this, some few skirmishes succeeded but nothing material, until the second capital action, which happened two days after the army left the Miami village. At ten miles distance from the town the General ordered a halt, and detached from four to five hundred militia and about sixty regular soldiers, under the command of Major Wyllys and Colonel Harding, who were ordered to march back to the town. On their first entrance there appeared a small body of Indians, who immediately fled at the first onset, and by that means decoyed the whole body of the militia by making their flight in different directions, and encouraging the militia to pursue. By this stratagem the few regular troops were left alone, and the Indians had effected their design: for the moment they found the small handful of regular troops detached from the main body of the militia, they commenced the attack with their whole force, excepting the flying parties that had divided the militia: and although they soon found some part of the militia returning on their backs, pursued their object of routing and destroying the troops, as the only sure plan of success: which after a most bloody conflict on both sides, they effected.

Nothing could exceed the intrepidity of the savages on this occasion, the militia they appeared to despise, and with all the undauntedness conceivable threw down their guns and rushed upon the bayonets of the regular soldiers. A number of them fell, but being so far superior in numbers the regulars were soon overpowered for while the poor soldier had his bayonet in one Indian, two more would sink their tomahawks in his head. The defeat of the troops

was complete, the dead and wounded were left on the field of action, in possession of the savages.

The following is a copy of the official return of the killed and wounded in the expedition:

Killed of the Federal Troops: 1 Major, 1 Lieutenant, 73 rank and file—total 75. Wounded 3 rank and file.

Killed of the Militia: 1 Major, 3 Captains, 2 Lieutenants, 4 Ensigns, 98 rank and file—total 108. Wounded 2 Lieutenants, 1 Ensign, 25 rank and file—total 28.

The regular troops all to nine,* including two commissioned officers, were killed. Among the slain was Major Wylls, and a number of brave and valuable soldiers. The Indians it appeared from some cause, did not think it prudent to pursue their successes from the field of action, as most of the troops that were not killed or badly wounded made their escape, which they could not have effected had the enemy pursued with their usual fury.

EXPEDITIONS OF GENERALS SCOTT AND WILKINSON IN MAY AND AUGUST, 1791

Gen. Scott to the Secretary of War.

Sir: In prosecution of the enterprise I marched (with 850 troops under my command) four miles from the banks of the Ohio on the 23d of May, and on the 24th I resumed my march and pushed forward with the utmost industry, directing my route to Quiattannan, in the best manner my guides and information enabled me, though I found myself greatly deficient in both.

By the 31st I marched one hundred and thirty-five miles, over a country cut by four large branches of White River, and many smaller streams with steep, muddy banks. During this march I

* Excepting nine.

traversed a country alternately interspersed with the most luxurious soil, and deep clayey bogs from one to five miles wide, rendered almost impervious by brush and briars. Rain fell in torrents every day, with frequent blasts of wind and thunder-storms. These obstacles impeded my progress, wore down my horses and destroyed my provisions.

On the morning of the 1st instant, as the army entered an extensive prairie, I perceived an Indian on horseback a few miles to the right. I immediately made a detachment to intercept him, but he escaped. Finding myself discovered I determined to advance with all the rapidity my circumstances would permit, rather with the hope than the expectation of reaching the object sought for that day; for my guides were strangers to the country which I occupied. At 1 o'clock, having marched by computation one hundred and fifty-five miles from the Ohio, as I penetrated a grove which bordered on an extensive prairie, I discovered two small villages to my left, at two and four miles' distance.

My guides now recognized the ground and informed me that the main town was four or five miles in front, beyond a point of wood which jutted into the prairie. I immediately despatched Col. John Hardin, with 60 mounted infantry and a troop of light-horse under Captain McCoy, to attack the villages to the left, and moved on briskly with my main body in order of battle toward the town, the smoke of which was discernable. My guides were deceived with respect to the situation of the town; for instead of standing at the edge of the plain through which I marched, I found in the low ground bordering on the Wabash, on turning the point of woods, one house presented in my front. Captain Price was ordered to assault that with forty men. He executed the command with great gallantry and killed two warriors.

When I gained the summit of the eminence which overlooks the villages on the banks of the Wabash, I discovered the enemy in

great confusion, endeavouring to make their escape over the river in canoes. I instantly ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant Wilkinson to rush forward with the first battalion; the order was executed with promptitude, and this detachment gained the bank of the river just as the rear of the enemy had embarked; and regardless of a brisk fire kept up from a Kickapoo town on the opposite bank, they in a few minutes by a well-directed fire from their rifles destroyed all the savages with which five canoes were crowded.

The enemy still kept possession of the Kickapoo town. I determined to dislodge them, and for the purpose ordered Captains King and Logsdon's companies to march down the river below the town and cross under the direction of Major Barbee. Several of the men swam the river and others passed in a small canoe. This movement was unobserved, and my men had taken post on the bank before they were discovered by the enemy, who immediately abandoned the village. About this time word was brought me that Colonel Hardin was incumbered with prisoners, and had discovered a stronger village further to my left than those I had observed, which he was proceeding to attack. I immediately detached Captain Brown with his company to support the Colonel; but the distance being six miles, before the Captain arrived the business was done, and Colonel Hardin joined me a little before sunset, having killed six warriors and taken fifty-two prisoners. Captain Bull, the warrior who discovered me in the morning, had gained the main town and given the alarm a short time before me; but the villages to my left were uninformed of my approach and had no retreat. The next morning I determined to detach my Lieut. Colonel Commandant with five hundred men, to destroy the important town of Kethlipecanunk, at the mouth of the Eel river, eighteen miles from my camp and on the west side of the Wabash: but on examination discovered my men and horses to be crippled and worn down by a long laborious march and the active exertions of the previous day; that three hundred and sixty men only could

we be found in capacity to undertake the enterprise and they prepared to march on foot.

Colonel Wilkinson marched with this detachment at half after five in the evening, and returned to my camp the next day at 1 o'clock, having marched thirty-six miles in twelve hours, and destroyed the most important settlements of the enemy in that quarter of the federal territory.

The following is Colonel Wilkinson's report respecting the enterprise:

Sir: The detachment under my command, destined to attack the village Kethlipecanunk, was put in motion at half after five o'clock last evening. Knowing that an enemy whose chief dependence is in his dexterity as a marksman, and alertness in covering himself behind trees, stumps and other impediments to fair sight would not hazard an attack in the night, I determined to push my march until I approached the vicinity of the villages, where I knew the country to be champaign. I gained my point without a halt, twenty minutes before 11 o'clock; lay upon my arms until 4 o'clock, and half an hour after assaulted the town at all quarters. The enemy was vigilant, gave way on my approach, and in canoes crossed Eel creek, which washed the northeast part of the town. The creek was not fordable. My corps dashed forward with the impetuosity becoming volunteers, and were saluted by the enemy with a brisk fire from the opposite side of the creek. Dauntless they rushed on to the water's edge, and finding the river impassable returned a volley which so galled and disconcerted their antagonists that they threw away their fire without effect. In five minutes the Indians were driven from their covering and fled with precipitation. I have three men slightly wounded. At half past five the town was in flames, and at six o'clock I commenced my retreat.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

JAMES WILKINSON

Brigadier-General Scott

Many of the inhabitants of Kethlipecanunk were French, and lived in a state of civilization; misunderstanding the object of a white flag, which appeared on an eminence opposite to me in the afternoon of the first, I liberated an aged squaw and sent her with a message to the savages, that if they would come in and surrender, their towns should be spared and they should receive good treatment

It was afterwards found that this white flag was not intended as a signal of parley, but was placed there to mark the spot where a person of distinction among the Indians, who had died some time before, was interred. On the 4th I determined to discharge 16 of the weakest and most infirm of my prisoners with a talk to the Wabash tribes, a copy of which follows. My motives to this measure were to rid the army of a heavy incumbrance, to gratify the impulses of humanity, to increase the panick my operations had produced, and by distracting the council of the enemy to favour the views of government.

On the same day, after having burned the towns and villages and destroyed the growing corn and pulse, I began my march for the rapids of Ohio, where I arrived the 14th without the loss of a single man by the enemy, and five only wounded, having killed thirty-two, chiefly warriors of size and figure, and taken fifty-eight prisoners.



To the various tribes of the Piankashaws, and all the nations of the Red People, living on the shores of the Wabash River.

The Sovereign Council of the Thirteen United States have long patiently borne your depredations against their settlements on this side of the great mountains, in hope that you would see your error and correct it, by entering into bonds of amity and lasting peace. Moved by compassion and pitying your misguided councils, they have not infrequently addressed you on this subject, but without effect; at length their patience is exhausted, and they

have stretched forth the arm of power against you. Their mighty sons and chief warriors have at length taken up the hatchet, they have penetrated far into your country to meet your warriors and to punish them for your transgressions. But you fled before them and decline the battle, leaving your wives and children to their mercy. They have destroyed your old town, Ouiattanu and the neighbouring villages, and have taken many prisoners. Resting here two days to give you time to collect your strength, they have proceeded to your town of Kethlipecanunk, but you again fled before them, and that great town has been destroyed.

After giving you this evidence of their power they have stopped their hands, because they are as merciful as strong, and they again indulge the hope that you will come to a sense of your true interest and determine to make a lasting peace with them and all their children forever. The United States have no desire to destroy the red people, although they have the power to do it; but should you decline this invitation and pursue your unprovoked hostilities, their strength will again be exerted against you, your warriors will be slaughtered, your wives and children carried into captivity, and you may be assured that those who escape the fury of our mighty chiefs shall find no resting-place on this side of the Great Lakes. The warriors of the United States wish not to distress or destroy women and children or old men, and although policy obliges them to retain some in captivity, yet compassion and humanity have induced them to set others at liberty, who will deliver you this talk. Those who are carried off will be left in the care of our great chief and warrior General St. Clair, near the mouth of the Miami and opposite to the Licking River, where they will be treated with humanity and tenderness; if you wish to recover them repair to that place by the first day of July next; determine with true hearts to bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace. They will then be restored to you, and you may again set down in security at your old towns and live in peace and happiness, unmolested by

the people of the United States, who will become your friends, and protectors, and will be ready to furnish you with all the necessaries you may require. But should you foolishly persist in your warfare, the sons of war will be let loose against you, and the hatchet will never be buried until your country is desolated and your people humbled to the dust.

(Signed) CHARLES SCOTT, Brig. Gen.

GENERAL WILKINSON'S EXPEDITION

Gen. Wilkinson to Gov. St. Clair

Sir:

Having carried into complete effect the enterprise which you were pleased to direct against L'Anguille, and having done the savages every other damage on the Wabash to which I conceived my force adequate, I embrace the first moment's recess from active duty to detail to your Excellency the operations of the expedition intrusted to my conduct.

I left the neighbourhood of Fort Washington* on the first inst., at one o'clock, and agreeably to my original plan, feinted boldly at the Miami villages by the most direct course the nature of the ground over which I had to march would permit: I persevered in this plan until the morning of the 4th inst., and thereby avoided the hunting ground of the enemy and the paths which led direct from White River to the Wabash, leaving the head-waters of the first on my left; I then being about seventy miles advanced of Fort Washington, turned North West. I made no discovery until the 5th, about 9 o'clock A. M., when I crossed three much-frequented paths within two miles of each other, and all bearing east of north. My guides were urgent for me to follow these paths, which betrayed their ignorance of the country, and convinced me

*Now Cincinnati.

I had to depend on my own judgment only. In the afternoon of that day I was obliged to cross a deep bog, which injured several of my horses exceedingly, and a few miles beyond I struck a path bearing north by west, marked by recent footsteps of five or six savages. My guides renewed their application to me to follow this path, but I pursued my own course. I had not got clear of my encampment, next morning, before my advance reported an impassable bog in my front, extending several miles on either hand, and the guides asserted that the whole country to the Wabash was cut by such bogs, and that it would be impossible for me to proceed unless I followed the Indian paths, which avoided these bogs or led through them at places where they were least difficult. Although I paid little regard to this information as delay was dangerous, and everything depended on the preservation of my horses, I determined to return to the right, and fell into the path I had passed the evening before, which varied in its course from North by West to North East. The country had now become pomy, in every direction; I therefore resolved to pursue this path until noon, in the hope that it would conduct me to better ground, or to some devious trace which might lead to the object sought.

At 7 o'clock I crossed an east branch of Calumet river, about 40 yards wide, and about noon my advance guard fired on a small party of warriors and took a prisoner; the rest run off to the eastward. I halted about a mile beyond the spot where this affair happened, and on examining the prisoner found him to be a Delaware, living near the site of the late Miami village, which he informed me was about 30 miles distant. I immediately retrograded four miles and filed off by the right over some rising ground, which I had observed between the east branch of the Calumet river and a creek four or five miles in advance of it, taking my course North 60 degrees West. This measure fortunately extricated me from the bogs and ponds, and soon placed me on firm ground. Late in the afternoon I crossed one path running from North to South, and

shortly after fell in with another varying from North West to North. I pursued this about two miles, when I encamped; but finding it still inclining northward, I determined to abandon it in the morning. I resumed my march on the 6th at 4 o'clock, the Calumet being to the westward of me I was fearful I should strike the Wabash too high up, and perhaps fall in with the small town, which you mentioned to me at the mouth of the former river. I therefore steered a due west course and at 6 o'clock A. M., crossed a road much used both by horse and foot, bearing due north. I now knew I was near a Shawanese village, generally supposed to be on the waters of White river, but actually on the waters of the Calumet, and was sensible that everything depended on the celerity and silence of my movements, as my real object had become manifest. I therefore pushed my march vigorously, leaving an officer and 20 men in ambush to watch the road, in order to intercept or bear off any party of the enemy which might casually be passing that way, and thereby prevent as long as possible the discovery of my real intentions.

At 8 o'clock I crossed Calumet river, now 80 yards wide and running down North North West. I was now sensible from my reckoning compared with my own observation during the late expedition under General Scott, and the information received from your Excellency and others, that I could not be very far from L'An-guille. The party left at the road soon fell in with four warriors encamped half a mile from the right of my line of march, killed one and drove off the others to the northward. My situation had now become extremely critical, the whole country to the north being in alarm, which made me greatly anxious to continue my march during the night; but I had no path to direct me, and it was impossible for me to keep my course, or for horsemen to march through a thick swampy country in utter darkness. I quitted my camp on the 7th, as soon as I could see my way, crossed one path at three miles' distance, bearing North East, and at seven

miles fell into another very much used, bearing North West by North; which I at once adopted as the direct route of my object, and pushed forward with the utmost despatch. I halted at 12 o'clock to refresh the horses and examine the men's arms and ammunition; marched again at half after one, and at 15 minutes before five I struck the Wabash, at one and a half leagues above the mouth of Eel river, being the very spot for which I had aimed from the commencement of my march. I crossed the river and following the path at North by East course, at the distance of two and a half miles, my reconnoitering party announced Eel river in front, and the town on the opposite bank. I dismounted, ran forward and examined the situation of the town as far as was practicable without exposing myself, but the whole face of the country from the Wabash to the margin of Eel river being a continued thicket of brambles, black jacks, weeds and shrubs of various kinds, it was impossible for me to get a satisfactory view without endangering a discovery. I immediately determined to post two companies near the bank of the river, opposite to the town, and above the ground I then occupied to make a *detour* with Major Caldwell and the second battalion, until I fell into the Miami trace, and by that route to cross the river above and gain the rear of the town, and to leave directions with Major McDowell, who commanded the first battalion, to lie *perdue* until I commenced the attack, then to dash through the river with his corps and the advanced guard, and assault the houses in front and upon the left.

In the moment I was about to put this arrangement into execution word was brought me that the enemy had taken the alarm, and were flying. Instantly I ordered a general charge, which was obeyed with alacrity, the men forcing their way over every obstacle, plunged through the river with vast intrepidity. The enemy was unable to make the smallest resistance. Six warriors and (in the hurry and confusion of the charge) two squaws and a child were killed—thirty-four prisoners were taken, and an unfortunate

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captive released, with the loss of two men killed and one wounded. I found this town scattered along Eel river for full three miles, on an uneven shrubby oak barren, intersected alternately by bogs, almost impassable and impervious thickets of plumb and hazel. Notwithstanding these difficulties, if I may credit the report of the prisoners, very few who were in (the) town escaped; expecting a second expedition, their goods were generally packed up or buried. Sixty warriors had crossed the Wabash to watch the paths leading from the Ohio: the head chief with all the prisoners and a number of families were out, digging a root (on) which they subsist in the place of the potatoe, and about one hour before my arrival all the warriors except eight had mounted their horses and rode up the river to a French store to purchase ammunition. This ammunition had arrived from the Miami village that very day. and the squaws informed me was stored about two miles from town. I detached Major Caldwell in quest of it, but he failed to make any discovery, although he scoured the country for seven or eight miles up the river. I encamped in the town that night, and the next morning I cut up the corn scarcely in the milk, burnt the cabins, mounted my young warriors, squaws and children in the best manner in my power, and leaving two infirm squaws and a child with a short talk (which will be found annexed) I commenced my march for the Kickapoo town in the prairie. I felt my prisoners to be a vast incumbrance, but I was not in force to justify a detachment, having barely 523 rank and file, and being then in the bosom of the Ouiattanou country, one hundred and eighty miles removed from succour, and not more than one and a half days' forced march from the Pattawamees, Shawanese and Delawares.

Not being able to discover any path in the direct course to the Kickapoo town, I marched by the road leading to Tippecanoe in the hope of finding some diverging trace which might favor my design. I encamped that evening about six miles from Kenapacomeque, the Indian name for the town I had destroyed, and

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marched next morning at four o'clock. My course continued west till about nine o'clock, when I turned to the northwest on a small hunting path, and at a short distance I launched into the boundless prairies of the west, with the intention to pursue that course until I should strike a road which leads from the Pattawamees of Lake Michigan immediately to the town I sought. With this view I pushed forward, through bog after bog, to the saddle skirts in mud and water, and after persevering for eight hours I found myself environed on all sides with morasses which forbade my advancing, and at the same time rendered it difficult for me to extricate my little army. The way by which we had entered was so much beat and softened by the horses that it was almost impossible to return by that route, and my guides pronounced the morass in front as impassable. A chain of thin groves extending in the direction to the Wabash, at this time presented to my left. It was necessary I should gain these groves, and for this purpose I dismounted, went forward, and leading my horse through a bog to the armpits in mud and water, with difficulty and fatigue I accomplished my object, and changed my course to South by West. I regained the Tippecanoe road at 5 o'clock and encamped on it at 7 o'clock, after a march of thirty miles, which broke down several of my horses.

I am the more minute in detailing the occurrences of this day because they produced the most unfavorable effect. I was in motion at four the next morning, and at eight o'clock my advanced guard made some discoveries which induced me to believe we were near an Indian village. I immediately pushed the body forward in a trot, and followed with Major Caldwell and the 2nd battalion, leaving Major McDowell to take charge of the prisoners. I reached Tippecanoe at 12 o'clock, which had been occupied by the enemy, who watched my motions and abandoned the place that morning. After the destruction of this town in June last, the enemy had returned and cultivated their corn and pulse, which I found in high perfection and in much greater quantity than at

L'Aiguille. To refresh my horses and give time to cut down the corn, I determined to halt until the next morning and then resume my march to the Kickapoo town in the prairie, by the road which leads from Ouiattanon to that place. In the course of the day I had discovered some murmurings and discontent among the men, which I found on enquiry to proceed from their reluctance to advance into the enemy's country; this induced me to call for a state of the horses and provisions, when to my great mortification 270 horses were returned (as) lame and tired, with barely five days' provision for the men.

Under these circumstances I was compelled to abandon my designs upon the Kickapoos of the prairie, and with a degree of anguish not to be comprehended but by those who have experienced similar disappointments, I marched forward to a town of the same nation situate about three leagues west of Ouittanon. As I advanced to the town the enemy made some show of fighting me, but vanished at my approach. I destroyed this town, consisting of thirty houses, with a considerable quantity of corn in the milk, and the same day I moved on to Ouiattanon, where I forded the Wabash, and proceeded to the site of the villages on the margin of the prairie, where I encamped at seven o'clock. At this town and the village destroyed by General Scott in June, we found the corn had been replanted, and was now in high cultivation, several fields being well-ploughed, all of which we destroyed. On the 12th I resumed my march, and falling into General Scott's return trace I arrived without material accident at the rapids of the Ohio, on the 21st inst., after a march, by accurate computation, of 451 miles from Fort Washington.

The services which I have been able to render fall short of my wishes, my intention and expectation. But Sir, when you reflect on the causes which checked my career and blasted my designs, I flatter myself you will believe everything has been done which

could be done in my circumstances. I have destroyed the chief town of the Ouiattanon nation, and made prisoners the sons and sisters of the king; I have burnt a respectable Kickapoo village and cut down at least 430 acres of corn, chiefly in the milk. The Ouiattanons, left without horses, home or provision, must cease to war, and will find active employ to subsist their squaws and children during the impending winter.

Should these services secure to the country which I immediately represented, and the corps which I had the honour to command, the favorable consideration of government, I shall infer the approbation of my own conduct, which, added to a consciousness of having done my duty, will constitute the richest reward I can enjoy.

With the most perfect respect, I have the honour to be your excellency's obedient and most humble servant

JAMES WILKINSON

Governor St. Clair

A Talk from Colonel WILKINSON to the Indian Natives living on the River Wabash

The arms of the United States are again exerted against you, and again your towns are in flames and your wives and children made captives—again you are cautioned to listen to the voice of reason, to sue for peace and submit to the protection of the United States, who are willing to become your friends and fathers; but at the same time are determined to punish you for every injury you may offer to their children. Regard not the counsellors who, to secure to themselves the benefits of your trade, advise you to measures which involve you, your women and children in trouble and distress. The United States wish to give you peace, because it is good in the eyes of the Great Spirit that all his children should unite and live like brothers; but if you foolishly prefer war, their

warriors are ready to meet you in battle, and will not be the first to lay down the hatchet. You may find your squaws and your children under the protection of our great chief and warrior General St. Clair, at Fort Washington; to him you will make all applications for an exchange of prisoners or for peace.

JAMES WILKINSON

DEFEAT OF GENERAL ST. CLAIR BY THE
INDIANS, 1791

Gen. St. Clair to the Secretary of War

Fort Washington, Nov. 9, 1791.

Yesterday afternoon the remains of the army under my command got back to this place, and I have now the painful task to give an account of a warm, and as unfortunate an action as almost any that has been fought, in which every corps was engaged and worsted, except the First regiment, that had been detached upon a service I had the honor to inform you of in my last despatch, and had not joined me.

On the 3d instant the army had reached a creek about twelve yards wide running to the southward of west, which I believe to have been the river St. Mary, that empties into the Miami of the lake, arrived at the village about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, having marched near 9 miles, and were immediately encamped upon a very commanding piece of ground in two lines, having the above-mentioned creek in front; the right wing, composed of Butler's, Clarke's and Patterson's battalions, commanded by Major General Butler, formed the first line, and the left wing consisting of Bedinger's and Gaither's battalions, and the second regiment commanded by Colonel Darke, formed the second line with an interval between them of about seventy yards, which was all the ground would allow.

www.liberalarts.com The right flank was pretty well secured by the creek, a steep bank and Faulkner's corps; some of the cavalry and their picquets covered the left flank. The militia were thrown over the creek and advanced about one-quarter of a mile, and encamped in the same order. There were a few Indians who appeared on the opposite side of the creek, but fled with the utmost precipitation on the advance of the militia. At this place, which I judged to be about 15 miles from the Miami village, I had determined to throw up a slight work, the plan of which was concerted that evening with Maj. Ferguson, wherein to have deposited the men's knapsacks and everything else that was not of absolute necessity; and to have moved on to attack the enemy as soon as the first regiment was come up; but they did not permit me to execute either, for on the 4th, about half an hour before sunrise, and when the men had just been dismissed from the parade (for it was a constant practice for to have them all under arms a considerable time before light) an attack was made upon the militia; those gave way in a very little time and rushed into camp, through Major Butler's battalion, which, together with part of Clark's, they threw into considerable disorder, and which, notwithstanding the exertions of both these officers, was never altogether remedied. The Indians followed close at their heels; the fire however of the first line checked them, but almost instantaneously a very heavy attack began upon that line, and in a few minutes it was extended to the second likewise. The great weight of it was directed against the centre of each, where the artillery was placed, and from which the men were repeatedly driven with great slaughter. Finding no effect from the fire, and confusion beginning to spread from the great number of men who were fallen in all quarters, it became necessary to try what could be done by the bayonet.

Lieut. Col. Darke was accordingly ordered to make a charge with part of the second line, and to turn the left flank of the enemy. This was executed with great spirit. The Indians instantly gave

way, and were driven back three or four hundred yards: but for want of a sufficient number of riflemen to pursue this advantage they soon returned, and the troops were obliged to give back in their turn. At this moment they had entered our camp by the left flank, having pursued back the troops that were posted there.

Another charge was made here by the second regiment, Butler's and Clark's battalions, with equal effect, and it was repeated several times and always with success. But in all of them many men were lost, and particularly the officers, which, with some raw troops, was a loss altogether irremediable. In that I just spoke of made by the second regiment and Butler's battalion, Maj. Butler was dangerously wounded and every officer of the second regiment fell, except three, one of which, Captain Greaton, was shot through the body.

Our artillery being now silenced and all the officers killed except Captain Ford, who was badly wounded, more than half of the army fallen, being cut off from the road, it became necessary to attempt the regaining of it, and to make a retreat if possible. To this purpose the remains of the army was formed as well as circumstances would admit, towards the right of the encampment; from which, by the way of the second line, another charge was made upon the enemy as if with the design to turn their right flank, but in fact to gain the road. This was effected, and as soon as it was open the militia took along it, followed by the troops—Major Clark with his battalion covering the rear.

The retreat in these circumstances was, you may be sure, a precipitate one: it was in fact a flight. The camp and artillery were abandoned, but that was unavoidable, for not a horse was left alive to have drawn it off had it otherwise been practicable. But the most disgraceful part of the business is that the greatest part of the men threw away their arms and accoutrements, even after the pursuit (which continued about four miles) had ceased.

www.lib.uchicago.edu I found the road strewed with them for many miles, but was not able to remedy it, for having had all my horses killed, and being mounted upon one that could not be pricked out of a walk, I could not get forward myself, and the orders I sent forward, either to halt the front or prevent the men from parting with their arms, were unattended to.

The rout continued quite to Fort Jefferson, twenty-nine miles, which was reached a little after sunsetting. The action ended about half an hour after nine o'clock.

I have not yet been able to get returns of the killed and wounded, but Major General Butler, Lieut. Col. Oldham, of the militia, Major Ferguson, Major Hart, and Major Clark are among the former.

I have now, Sir, finished my melancholy tale—a tale that will be felt, sensibly felt by every one that has sympathy for private distress or for public misfortune. I have nothing, Sir, to say (lay) to the charge of the troops but their want of dicipline; which from the short time they had been in service, it was impossible they should have acquired, and which rendered it very difficult, when they were thrown into confusion, to reduce them again to order, and is one reason why the loss has fallen so heavy upon the officers, who did every thing in their power to effect it. Neither were my own exertions wanting; but worn down with illness, and suffering under a painful disease, unable either to mount or dismount a horse without assistance, they were not so great as they otherwise would or perhaps ought to have been.

We were overpowered by numbers; but it is no more than justice to observe that though composed of so many different species of troops, the utmost harmony prevailed through the whole army during the campaign.

At Fort Jefferson I found the First regiment, which had re-

turned from the service they had been sent upon, without either overtaking the deserters or meeting the convoy of provisions. I am not certain, Sir, whether I ought to consider the absence of this regiment from the field of action as fortunate or otherwise. I incline to think it was fortunate; for I very much doubt whether, had it been in the action, the fortune of the day had been turned; and if it had not the triumph of the enemy would have been more complete and the country would have been destitute of means of defence.

Taking a view of the situation of our broken troops at Fort Jefferson, and that there were no provisions in the fort, I called on the field-officers for their advice what would be proper further to be done; and it was their unanimous opinion that the addition of the first regiment, unbroken as it was, did not put the army on so respectable a footing as it was in the morning, because a great part of it was now unarmed: that it had been found unequal to the enemy, and should they come on, which was probable, would be found so again: that the troops could not be thrown into the fort both because it was too small and there was no provision in it.

That provisions were known to be upon the road at the distance of one or at most two marches; that therefore it would be proper to move without loss of time, to meet the provisions, when the men might have the sooner an opportunity of some refreshment and that a proper detachment might be sent back with it, to have it safely deposited in the Fort.

This advice was accepted, and the army was put in motion again at ten o'clock, and marched all night, and the succeeding day met with a quantity of flour. Part of it was distributed immediately, part taken back to supply the army on the march to Fort Hamilton, and the remainder, about fifty horse loads, sent forward to Fort Jefferson.

www.lib.ubc.ca I have said, Sir, in the former part of my communication, that we were overpowered by numbers; of that however, I have no other evidence but the weight of the fire, which was always a most deadly one and generally delivered from the ground; few of the enemy showing themselves on foot, except when they were charged, and that in a few minutes our whole camp, which extended above 350 yards in length, was entirely surrounded and attacked on all quarters.

The loss, Sir, the public has sustained by the fall of so many officers, particularly General Butler, cannot be too much regretted; but it is a circumstance that will alleviate the misfortune in some measure, that all of them fell most gallantly doing their duty.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR

Hon. Secretary of War



The defeat of General St. Clair took place within seventy miles of Fort Jefferson. The loss on this occasion was about six hundred killed and wounded (said to be nearly equal to Braddock's defeat) with seven pieces of artillery, and all the stores. General St. Clair had about 1200 men, had reason to expect an attack, and kept his men under arms all night, drawn up in a square. The attack commenced about dawn of day, on all the lines, but principally on the rear lines, which were composed of the militia. The Indians gave one fire and rushed on, tomahawk in hand. The militia gave way to the centre, and before the artillery could be brought into action, the matrosses were all killed and it fell into the hands of the enemy.

It was re-taken, but was useless for want of men to manage the pieces. The action was continued obstinately until nine o'clock, when the troops gave way. St. Clair rallied his men and brought

them off in ~~in tolerable order,~~ with most of the wounded, to Fort Jefferson, thirty miles in the rear of the action. The enemy pursued five miles.

The following is a copy of a return of the officers killed and wounded in the engagement:

Killed—1 Major General, 1 Lieut. Colonel, 4 Majors, 11 Captains, 10 Lieutenants, 9 Ensigns, 1 Surgeon.—Total 37.

Wounded—2 Lieut. Colonels, 1 Major, 11 Captains, 6 Lieutenants, 6 Ensigns, 1 Surgeon.—Total 27.

Besides the above there were about 550 privates killed and many more wounded; few officers of distinction escaped except General St. Clair, who had many narrow escapes; eight balls passed through his clothes. The attack was conducted with astonishing intrepidity on the part of the Indians: in a few moments the General's tent was surrounded: however he was rescued by a party of regular soldiers, who repelled the enemy with fixed bayonets. There was a party of the Chickasaw nation on their way to join General St. Clair, but did not arrive in season. There was but one fellow only of that nation in the action, who killed and scalped eleven of the enemy with his own hands, and engaging with the twelfth he fell, greatly lamented by the Americans.

Major General Butler was wounded and carried to a convenient place to have his wounds dressed, but an Indian having discovered the place to which he was conveyed, broke through the troops who attended him, and tomahawked and scalped the former before he was killed by the troops.

Agreeable to the statement of the Indians they killed 650 of the American troops, and took seven pieces of cannon, 200 oxen and a great number of horses, but no prisoners; and that their loss was only fifty-six warriors killed. They stated that they were 4000 strong, and were commanded by one of the Missasago In-

Indians who had been in the British service in the late war; that he planned and conducted the attack, which was even contrary to the opinion of a majority of the chiefs—that after the Americans began their retreat he told the Indians they had killed enough, and that it was proper to give over the pursuit and return and enjoy the booty they had taken. He was six feet in height, about 45 years of age, of a very sour and morose countenance, and apparently very crafty and subtle. His dress was Indian hose and moccasins, a blue petticoat that came half way down his thighs, and European waistcoat and surtout. His head was bound with an Indian cap and hung half way down his back, and almost entirely filled with plain silver broaches, to the number of more than two hundred; he had two earrings to each ear: the upper part of each was formed of three silver medals about the size of a dollar: the lower part was formed of quarters of dollars and fell more than 12 inches from his ears; one from each ear over his breast, the other over his back. He had three very large nose-jewels of silver, that were curiously painted.

The party of friendly Chickasaws who were on their way to join the American troops, arrived at Fort Jefferson two days after the bloody action. They were commanded by Piomingo, or the *Mountain Leader*. On their way they discovered that the troops had been defeated, but saw but one of the enemy, who mistaking Piomingo's party for some of his own comrades, made up to them: he perceived his mistake, but too late to retreat; he was accosted by Piomingo with "Rascal, you have been killing white men." He endeavoured to exculpate himself; but Piomingo ordered two of his warriors to expand his arms, and a third, an old man, (for says Piomingo, "none of my young men shall disgrace themselves so much as to kill a wretch like thee") to shoot him through the heart, which was accordingly executed; they afterwards took off his scalp.

During St. Clair's bloody engagement Adjutant Burges received two wounds, the second of which proved mortal: after the receipt of the first he continued to fight with distinguished gallantry; the second unfortunately stopped his progress. Faint with the loss of blood he fell; a woman who attended him and was particularly attached to him, raised him up, and while supporting him in her arms received a ball in her breast, which put an immediate end to her existence.

Soon after this Ensign Wilson (a much lamented youth) fell; one of the savages attempted to take off his scalplock which Col. Darke perceiving he hastened to the spot and with his sword stabbed the miscreant through the body.



A few weeks after the defeat of the troops under Gen. St. Clair, Gen. Scott despatched from the men under his command two spies to reconnoitre the enemy, who when they arrived at the distance of a few miles from the fatal spot where the bloody action was fought, they discovered a large party of Indians diverting and enjoying themselves with the plunder they had taken, riding the bullocks, &c., and appeared to be mostly drunk. The men returned and communicated the important information to General Scott, who immediately thereupon divided his troops into three divisions, advanced and fell on the enemy by surprise; the contest was short but victorious on the part of the American troops. Two hundred of the enemy were killed on the spot, all the cannon and stores in their possession retaken, and the remainder of the savage body put to flight. General Scott, losing but six men, returned to head-quarters in triumph, with most of the cattle, stores, &c. General Scott gave the following affecting account of the appearance of the field on which the bloody action between the American troops under St. Clair, and the savages, was fought: "The place had a very melancholy appearance—nearly in the space of 350

yards, lay 500 skull bones, 300 of which were buried by my men while on the ground. From thence for five miles on, and from the roads through the woods, was strewed with skeletons, muskets, &c.”

The receipt of the news of St. Clair's defeat caused great consternation: and even so far away as Boston newspaper broadsides or "Extras" in modern phrase, were published; one of which was headed thus:

THE COLUMBIAN TRAGEDY, containing a particular and official account of the brave and unfortunate officers and soldiers who were slain and wounded in the ever memorable Bloody Indian Battle, perhaps the most shocking that has happened in America since its first discovery; which continued six hours with the most unremitting Fury and unparalleled Bravery on both sides, having lasted from daybreak, until nearly ten o'clock on Friday morning, Nov. 4, 1791; between two thousand Americans, belonging to the United Army, and near five thousand wild Indian Savages, at Miami Village, near Fort-Washington, in the Ohio-Country, in which terrible and desperate Battle, a most shocking slaughter was made of thirty-nine gallant American Officers and upwards of nine hundred brave youthful soldiers who fell gloriously fighting for their Country; (with wood cut of 39 coffins). [Ed.]

DEPREDACTIONS OF THE INDIANS ON THE FRONTIERS IN 1791, 1792, AND 1793

ON THE 10th December 1791, as two men and three boys were fishing on Floyd's fork of Salt River, they were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians, who killed the two men and made prisoners of the boys. Soon after they liberated one of the lads, first presenting him with a tomahawk, which they desired him to carry to his friends and inform them what had become of his companions. About the 20th a party of Indians attacked the house of a Mr. Chenoweth, situated near the mouth of the Wabash. They killed and scalped two of his children and tomahawked and scalped his wife, whom they left for dead. Mr. Chenoweth (who had his arm broken by the fire of the savages) with the remainder of the family made their escape. A sick daughter who was confined to her chamber, and who during the bloody affray had been forgotten by her father, remained ignorant of the horrid massacre until the next succeeding day, when, no one of the family coming to her assistance, she succeeded in crawling

down stairs, where she was inexpressibly shocked at the sight of a beloved parent stretched upon the floor almost lifeless, and beside whom lay the mangled bodies of her brothers. Fortunately her unhappy father returned the succeeding day to the house, and conveyed the two surviving members of his family to the house of a friend, where they finally recovered. On the 24th a party of Indians attacked the dwelling-house of a Mr. John Merrill, in Nelson county, Kentucky. Mr. Merrill, who was first alarmed by the barking of his dog, hastened to the door to discover the cause; on opening of which he received the fire of the Indians, which broke his right leg and arm. The Indians now attempted to enter the house, but were prevented by the doors being immediately closed and secured by Mrs. Merrill and her daughter. The Indians succeeded in hewing away a part of the door, through which passage one of them attempted to enter; but the heroic mother, in the midst of her screaming children and groaning husband, seized an axe and gave the ruffian a fatal blow; after which she hauled him through the passage into the house. The others, unconscious of the fate of their companion, supposing that they had now nearly succeeded in their object, rushed forward, four of which Mrs. Merrill, in like manner dispatched before the others discovered their mistake. The remaining Indians, after retiring for a few moments, returned and renewed their efforts to enter the house. Despairing of succeeding at the door, they got on top of the house, and attempted to descend the chimney; to prevent which Mr. Merrill directed his little son to empty upon the fire the contents of a feather bed, which had the desired effect, as the smoke and heat caused thereby soon brought down rather unexpectedly two of the enemy. Mr. Merrill, exerting every faculty at this critical moment, seized a billet of wood, with which he soon despatched the two half-smothered Indians, while in the meantime his heroic wife was busily engaged in defending the door against the efforts of the only remaining one, whom she so severely wounded with an axe that he was soon glad to retire.

www.litprisoner.com A prisoner who escaped from the enemy soon after the transaction informed that the wounded savage above mentioned was the only one that escaped of the party which consisted of eight—that on his return, being asked by the prisoner “what news?” he answered “bad news for poor Indian, me lose a son, me lose a brother, the squaws have taken the breech-clout and fight worse than the *Long Knife*.”

Copy of a Letter from a Gentleman in Marietta to his friend in Washington, dated

Marietta, March 4, 1793.

About eight weeks since two brothers by the name of Johnson, one 12, the other 9 years old, were playing on the western bank of Short Creek, about twelve miles from Wheeling, skipping stones in the water. At a distance they discovered two men who appeared to be settlers, being dressed with coats and hats. These men, to amuse and deceive the children (as they even showed*) engaged in the same sport, advancing towards the boys till by degrees they got so near that the children discovered them to be Indians; but it was then too late to make their escape. The Indians seized and carried them six miles into the woods, where they made a fire and took up their lodgings for the night; their rifles and tomahawks they rested against a tree, and then laid down, each Indian with a boy on his arm. The children, as may be supposed, kept awake—the eldest began to move, and finding his Indian sound asleep, by degrees disengaged himself and went to the fire, which had then got low, and stirred it up; the Indian not waking, he whispered to his brother, who likewise crept away, and both of them went to the fire. The oldest boy then observed to his brother “I think we can kill these Indians and get away from them”—the youngest agreed in the proposal of attempting it. The oldest then took one of the rifles and placed the muzzle, which he rested

* As the event showed.—[Ed.]

on a small stick that he found for the purpose, close to the head of one of the Indians, and committing the execution of this part of the business to his brother, ordered him to pull the trigger at the moment he saw him strike the other Indian with one of the tomahawks. The eldest gave the signal—the youngest pulled trigger, the rifle shot away the lower part of the Indian's face and left him senseless. He then told his brother to lay on, for he had done for him; after which he snatched up the gun and ran. The boy with the tomahawk gave the stroke with the wrong end, the Indian started on his seat—the boy found the mistake and turning the tomahawk in his hand gave him another blow, which brought him to the ground. He repeated his strokes until he had despatched him—and then made the best of his way after his brother. When the boys had found the path which they recollected to have travelled before, the oldest fixed his hat on a bush as a directory to find the scene of action the next day. The tomahawked Indian was found near the place where the boys had left him; the other was not there, but was tracked by his blood, and although so weakened by his wounds that he could not raise his rifle to fire at his pursuer (the whites) they suffered him to escape; but it is supposed he must have died of his wounds. These two Indians were sent out to reconnoitre the best place for an attack, which was to have been made by a body of warriors waiting in the neighborhood.

NARRATIVE OF CAPT. WILLIAM HUBBELL

From the *Western Review*

IN THE year 1791, while the Indians were yet troublesome, especially on the banks of the Ohio, Captain William Hubbell, who had previously emigrated to Kentucky from the state of Vermont, and who, after having fixed his family in the neighbourhood of Frankfort, then a frontier settlement, had been compelled to go

to the eastward on business, was a second time on his way to this country. On one of the tributary streams of the river Monongahela he procured a flat-bottomed boat, and embarked in company with Mr. Daniel Light and Mr. William Plascut and his family, consisting of a wife and eight children, destined for Limestone, Kentucky. On their progress down the river Ohio and soon after passing Pittsburgh, they saw evident traces of Indians along the banks, and there is every reason to believe that a boat which they overtook, and which through carelessness was suffered to run aground on an island, became a prey to these merciless savages. Though Captain Hubbell and his party stopped some time for it in a lower part of the river it did not arrive, and it has never to their knowledge been heard of since. Before they reached the mouth of the Great Kenhawa they had, by several successive additions, increased their number to twenty, consisting of nine men, three women and eight children. The men, besides those mentioned above, were one John Stoner, an Irishman and a Dutchman whose names are not recollected, Messrs. Ray and Tucker, and a Mr. Kilpatrick, whose two daughters also were of the party. Information received at Gallipolis confirmed the expectation, which appearances had previously raised, of a serious conflict with a large body of Indians; and as Captain Hubbell had been regularly appointed commander of the boat, every possible preparation was made for a formidable and successful resistance of the anticipated attack. The nine men were divided into three watches for the night, which were alternately to continue awake and be on the look-out for two hours at a time. The arms on board, which consisted principally of old muskets much out of order, were collected, loaded, and put in the best possible condition for service. At about sunset on that day, the 23d of March, 1791, our party overtook a fleet of six boats descending the river in company, and intended to have continued with them, but as their passengers seemed to be more disposed to dancing than fighting, and as, soon after

dark, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Captain Hubbell, they commenced fiddling and drinking instead of preparing their arms and taking the necessary rest preparatory to battle, it was wisely considered more hazardous to be in such company than to continue alone. It was therefore determined to proceed rapidly forward by aid of the oars and to leave those thoughtless fellow travellers behind. One of the boats, however, belonging to the fleet, commanded by a Captain Greathouse, adopted the same plan, and for a while kept up with Captain Hubbell, but all its crew at length falling asleep, that boat also ceased to be propelled by the oars and Captain Hubbell and his party proceeded steadily forward *alone*. Early in the night a canoe was dimly seen floating down the river, in which were probably Indians reconnoitering; and other evident indications were observed of the neighbourhood and hostile intentions of a formidable party of savages.

It was now agreed that should the attack, as was probable, be deferred until morning, every man should be up before the dawn in order to make as great a show as possible of numbers and of strength; and that whenever the action should take place, the women and children should lie down on the cabin floor, and be protected as well as they could by the trunks and other baggage which might be piled around them. In this perilous situation they continued during the night, and the Captain, who had not slept more than one hour since he left Pittsburgh, was too deeply impressed with the imminent danger which surrounded them to obtain any rest at that time.

Just as daylight began to appear in the east, and before the men were up and at their posts agreeably to arrangement, a voice at some distance below them in a plaintive tone repeatedly solicited them to come on shore, as there were some white persons who wished to obtain a passage in their boat. This the Captain very naturally and correctly concluded to be an Indian artifice

and its only effect was to rouse the men and place every one on his guard. The voice of entreaty was soon changed into the language of indignation and insult, and the sound of distant paddles announced the approach of the savage foe. At length three Indian canoes were seen through the mist of the morning rapidly approaching. With the utmost coolness the Captain and his companions prepared to receive them. The chairs, tables and other incumbances were thrown into the river in order to clear the deck for action. Every man took his position, and was ordered not to fire till the savages had approached so near that (in the words of Captain Hubbell) "the flash from the guns might singe their eyebrows": and a special caution was given, that the men might fire successively, so that there might be no interval. On the arrival of the canoes they were found to contain about twenty-five or thirty Indians each. As soon as they approached within the reach of musket shot a general fire was given from one of them, which wounded Mr. Tucker through the hip so severely that his leg hung only by the flesh, and shot Mr. Light just below his ribs. The three canoes placed themselves at the bow, stern and on the right side of the boat, so that they had an opportunity of raking in every direction. The fire now commenced from the boat, and had a powerful effect in checking the confidence and fury of the Indians. The Captain after firing his own gun, took up that of one of the wounded men and was about to discharge it, when a ball came and took away the lock; he coolly turned round, seized a brand of fire from the kettle which served for a caboose, and applying it to the pan, discharged the piece with effect. A very regular and constant fire was now kept up on both sides. The Captain was just in the act of raising his gun a third time when a ball passed through his right arm, and for a moment disabled him. Scarcely had he recovered from the shock and re-acquired the use of his hand, which had been suddenly drawn up by the wound, when he observed the Indians in one of the canoes just about to board the boat in its bow, where

the horses were placed belonging to the party. So near had they approached that some of them had actually seized with their hands the side of the boat. Severely wounded as he was he caught up a pair of horsemen's pistols, and rushed forward to repel the attempt at boarding. On his approach the Indians fell back, and he discharged a pistol with effect at the foremost man. After firing the second pistol he found himself without arms, and was compelled to retreat, but stepping back upon a pile of small wood which had been prepared for burning in the kettle, the thought struck him that it might be made use of in repelling the foe, and he continued for some time to strike them with it so forcibly and actively that they were unable to enter the boat, and at length he wounded one of them so severely that with a yell they suddenly gave way. All the canoes instantly discontinued the contest and directed their course to Captain Greathouse's boat, which was then in sight. Here a striking contrast was exhibited to the firmness and intrepidity which had just been displayed. Instead of resisting the attack, the people on board of this boat retreated to the cabin in dismay. The Indians entered it without opposition, and rowed it to the shore, where they instantly killed the Captain and a lad of about fourteen years of age. The women they placed in the centre of their canoes, and manning them with fresh hands again pursued Captain Hubbell and party. A melancholy alternative now presented itself to these brave but almost desponding men; either to fall a prey to the savages themselves, or to run the risk of shooting the women who had been placed in the canoes in the hope of deriving protection from their presence. But "self preservation is the first law of nature," and the Captain very justly remarked there would not be much humanity in preserving their lives at such a sacrifice, merely that they might become victims of savage cruelty at some subsequent period.

There were now but four men left on board of Captain Hubbell's boat capable of defending it, and the Captain himself was severely

wounded in two places. The second attack, however, was resisted with almost incredible firmness and vigour. Whenever the Indians would rise to fire, their opponents would commonly give them the first shot, which in almost every instance would prove fatal. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers and the exhausted condition of the defenders of the boat, the Indians at length appeared to despair of success, and the canoes successively retired to the shore. Just as the last one was departing Captain Hubbell called to the Indian who was standing in the stern, and on his turning round discharged his piece at him. When the smoke which for a moment obstructed the vision was dissipated, he was seen lying on his back, and appeared to be severely, perhaps mortally wounded.

Unfortunately the boat now drifted near to the shore, where the Indians were collected, and a large concourse, probably between four and five hundred, were seen running down on the bank. Ray and Plascut, the only men remaining unhurt, were placed at the oars, and as the boat was not more than twenty yards from shore, it was deemed prudent for all to lie down in as safe a position as possible and attempt to push forward with the utmost practicable rapidity. While they continued in this situation nine balls were shot into one oar, and ten into the other, without wounding the rowers, who were hidden from view and protected by the side of the boat and the blankets in its stern. During this dreadful exposure to the fire of the savages, which continued about twenty minutes, Mr. Kilpatrick observed a particular Indian whom he thought a favourable mark for his rifle, and notwithstanding the solemn warning of Captain Hubbell, rose to shoot him. He immediately received a ball in his mouth, which passed out at the back part of his head, and was almost instantaneously shot through the heart. He fell among the horses that about the same time were killed, and presented to his afflicted daughters and fellow travellers, who were witnesses of the awful occurrence, a spectacle of horror which we need not further attempt to describe.

The boat was now providentially and suddenly carried out into the middle of the stream and taken by the current beyond the reach of the enemies' balls. Our little band, reduced as they were in numbers, wounded, afflicted and almost exhausted by fatigue, were still unsubdued in spirit, and being assembled in all their strength, men, women and children, with an appearance of triumph gave three hearty cheers, calling on the Indians to come on again if they were fond of the sport.

Thus ended this awful conflict, in which out of nine men only two escaped unhurt. Tucker and Kilpatrick were killed on the spot, Stoner was mortally wounded and died on his arrival at Limestone, and all the rest, excepting Ray and Plascut were severely wounded. The women and children were all uninjured, excepting a little son of Mr. Plascut, who after the battle was over came to the Captain and with great coolness requested him to take a ball out of his head. On examination it appeared that a bullet which had passed through the side of the boat had penetrated the forehead of his little hero, and remained under the skin. The Captain took it out, and the youth, observing "that is not all," raised his arm and exhibited a piece of bone at the point of his elbow, which had been shot off, and hung only by the skin. His mother exclaimed "Why did you not tell me of this?" Because he coolly replied "the Captain directed us to be silent during the action, and I thought you would be likely to make a noise if I told you."

The boat made the best of its way down the river, and the object was to reach Limestone that night. The Captain's arm had bled profusely, and he was compelled to close the sleeve of his coat in order to retain the blood and stop its effusion. In this situation, tormented by excruciating pain and faint through loss of blood, he was under the necessity of steering the boat with his left arm till about ten o'clock that night, when he was relieved by Mr. William Brooks, who resided on the bank of the river and who was in-

duced by the calls of the suffering party to come out to their assistance. By his aid and that of some other persons who were in the same manner brought to their relief, they were enabled to reach Limestone about twelve o'clock that night.

Immediately on the arrival of Mr. Brooks Captain Hubbell, relieved from labour and responsibility, sunk under the weight of pain and fatigue, and became for a while totally insensible. When the boat reached Limestone he found himself unable to walk; and was obliged to be carried up to the tavern. Here he had his wound dressed and continued several days, until he acquired sufficient strength to proceed homewards.

On the arrival of our party at Limestone they found a considerable force of armed men about to march against the same Indians from whose attacks they had so severely suffered. They now learned that the Sunday preceding, the same party of savages had cut off a detachment of men ascending the Ohio from Fort Washington, at the mouth of Licking river, and had killed with their tomahawks, without firing a gun, twenty-one out of twenty-two men of which the detachment consisted.

Crowds of people, as might be expected, came to witness (*sic*) the boat which had been the scene of so much heroism and such horrid carnage, and to visit the resolute little band by whom it had been so gallantly and perseveringly defended. On examination it was found that the sides of the boat were literally filled with bullets and with bullet holes. There was scarcely a space of two feet square in the part above water which had not either a ball remaining in it, or a hole through which a ball had passed. Some persons who had the curiosity to count the number of holes in the blankets which were hung up as curtains in the stern of the boat, affirmed that in the space of five feet square there were one hundred and twenty-two. Four horses out of five were killed, and the escape of the fifth amidst such a shower of balls appears almost miraculous.

The day after the arrival of Captain Hubbell and his companions, the five remaining boats, which they had passed on the night preceding the battle, reached Limestone. Those on board remarked that during the action they distinctly saw the flashes, but could not hear the reports of the guns. The Indians, it appears, had met with too formidable a resistance from a single boat to attack a fleet, and suffered them to pass unmolested; and since that time it is believed that no boat has been assailed by Indians on the Ohio.

The force which marched out to disperse this formidable body of savages discovered several Indians dead on the shore near the scene of action. They also found the bodies of Captain Greathouse and several others, men, women and children, who had been on board of his boat. Most of them appeared to have been *whipped to death*, as they were found stripped, tied to trees, and marked with the appearance of lashes, and large rods which seemed to have been worn with use were observed lying near them.

Such is the plain narrative of a transaction that may serve as a specimen of the difficulties and dangers to which, but a few years since, the inhabitants of this now flourishing and beautiful country were constantly exposed.

DEFEAT OF THE INDIANS BY GENERAL WAYNE

AUGUST 20th, 1794

General Wayne to the Secretary of War.

Sir:

It is with infinite pleasure that I announce to you the brilliant success of the Federal army under my command, in a general action with the combined force of the hostile Indians and a considerable number of the volunteers and militia of Detroit, on the

20th August, on the banks of the Miamis, in the vicinity of the British post and garrison at the foot of the Rapids.

The army advanced from Fort Washington on the 15th, and arrived at Roach De Bout on the 18th, and the 19th we were employed in making a temporary post for the reception of our stores and baggage, and in reconnoitring the position of the enemy, who were encamped behind a thick bushy wood and the British fort.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 20th the army again advanced in columns agreeably to the standing order of the march, the Legion on the right, its right flank covered by the Miamis—one brigade of mounted volunteers on the left under Brigadier General Todd, and the other in the rear under Brigadier General Barbee. A select battalion of mounted volunteers moved in front of the legation (*sic*) commanded by Major Price, who was directed to keep sufficiently advanced, and to give timely notice for the troops to form in case of action, it being yet undetermined whether the Indians would decide for peace or war.

After advancing about five miles Major Price's corps received so severe a fire from the enemy, who were secreted in the woods and high grass, as to compel them to retreat.

The Legion was immediately formed in two lines, principally in a close, thick wood which extended for miles on our left, and for a considerable distance in front, the ground being covered with old fallen timber,* probably occasioned by a tornado, which rendered it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect, and afforded the enemy the most favourable covert for their mode of warfare. The savages were formed in three lines within supporting distance of each other, and extending for near two miles at right angles with the river. I soon discovered from the weight of the fire and extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession

* Hence the action is known as the Battle of Fallen Timbers.—[Ed.]

of their favourite ground, and endeavouring to turn our left flank; I therefore gave orders for the second line to advance to support the first, and directed Major General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages, with the whole of the mounted volunteers, by a circuitous route. At the same time I ordered the front line to advance and charge with trailed arms and rouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet, and when up, to deliver a close and well-directed fire upon their backs, followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give them time to load again, or to form their lines.

I also ordered Capt. M. Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy next the river, which afforded a favorable field for that corps to act. All those orders were obeyed with spirit and promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the charge by the first line of Infantry that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers were driven from all their coverts in so short a time that, although every possible exertion was used by the officers of the second line of the Legion and by Generals Scott, Wood and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, but part of each could get up in season to participate in the action; the enemy being driven in the course of one hour more than two miles, through the thick woods already mentioned, by less than one-half their number.

From every account the enemy amounted to two thousand combatants, the troops actually engaged against them were short of nine hundred. This horde of savages, with their allies abandoned themselves to flight and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving our victorious army in full possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the guns of the British garrison.

The bravery and conduct of every officer belonging to the army, from the Generals down to the Ensigns, merit my approbation.

www.Litool.com Lieutenant Covington, upon whom the command of the cavalry devolved (Captain Campbell being killed), cut down two savages with his own hand, and Lieutenant Webb one, in turning the enemy's left flank.

The wounds received by Captains Slough, Prior, Van Rensselaer and Rawlins, and Lieuts. McKenny and Smith, bear honorable testimony of their bravery and conduct; in fact every officer and soldier who had an opportunity to come into action displayed that true bravery which will always insure success. And here permit me to declare that I have never discovered more true spirit and anxiety for action than appeared to pervade the whole of the mounted volunteers; and I am well-persuaded that had the enemy maintained their favorite ground for one-half hour longer they would have most severely felt the prowess of that corps.

But whilst I pay this just tribute to the living, I must not neglect the gallant dead, among whom we have to lament the early death of those worthy and brave officers Captain Campbell and Lieutenant Towles, who fell in the first charge.

The loss of the enemy was more than double that of the federal army. The woods were strewed for a considerable distance with dead bodies of Indians and their white auxiliaries, the latter armed with British muskets and bayonets. We remained three days and nights on the banks of the Miami, in front of the field of battle, during which time all the houses and cornfields were consumed and destroyed for a considerable distance above and below the garrison; among which were the houses, stores and property of Col. McKee, the British Indian agent and principal stimulator of the war now existing between the United States and the savages.

The army returned to head-quarters on the 27th by easy marches, laying waste the villages and cornfields for about fifty miles on each side of the Miami. It is not improbable but that

the enemy may make one desperate effort against the army, as it was said a reinforcement was hourly expected at Fort Miami from Niagara, as well as numerous tribes of Indians living on the margins and islands of the Lakes. This is an event rather to be wished for than dreaded; whilst the army remains in force their numbers will only tend to confuse the savages, and the victory will be the more complete and decisive, and which may eventually insure a permanent and happy peace.

The following is a return of the killed and wounded and missing of the federal army in the late action, to wit:

Killed—1 Captain, 1 Lieutenant, 3 Serjeants (28) privates—
Total 33.

Wounded—4 Captains, 2 Lieutenants, 1 Ensign, 4 Serjeants,
3 Corporals, 2 Musicians, 84 privates—Total 100.

I have the honor to be your obedient and very humble servant,

ANTHONY WAYNE

To the Secretary of War

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A NARRATIVE
OF THE
MOST REMARKABLE
OCCURRENCES
IN THE
LIFE AND TRAVELS OF
COL. JAMES SMITH
DURING HIS CAPTIVITY AMONG THE INDIANS
FROM THE YEAR 1755 UNTIL 1759

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

Colonel Smith informs us in his preface, that as the Indians permitted him to read and write, he kept a Journal in which he recorded every circumstance of importance as it occurred. In doing this he was enabled not only to imitate the style and manner of expression of the Indians in their different speeches, but also to preserve the ideas intended to be communicated in those speeches. "In common conversation," he adds, "I have used my own style, but preserved their ideas."

The following is an abridgement of what the Narrator suffered and witnessed during five years' imprisonment among the western savages. Our limits will not permit us to give the reader an account of the campaigns carried on against the Indians after his captivity, the circumstances of which are minutely detailed in Col. Smith's very interesting pamphlet as published in the year 1799.

IN MAY, 1755, the province of Pennsylvania agreed to send out three hundred men in order to cut a wagon road from Fort Loudon¹, to join Braddock's road² near the Turkey Foot, or three forks of Youghiogeny. My brother-in-law William Smith, Esq., of Conococheague was appointed commissioner to have the oversight of these road-cutters.

Though I was at that time only eighteen years of age, I had fallen violently in love with a young lady whom I apprehend was possessed of a large share of both beauty and virtue; but being born between Venus and Mars, I concluded I must also leave my dear fair one and go out with this company of road-cutters, to see the event of this campaign; but still expecting that some time in the course of the summer I should again return to the arms of my beloved.

We went on with the road without interruption, until near the Alleghany Mountain, when I was sent back in order to hurry up some provision wagons that were on the way after us. I proceeded down the road as far as the crossings of Juniata, where, finding the wagons were coming on as fast as possible, I returned up the road again towards the Alleghany Mountain, in company with one Arnold Vigoras. About four or five miles above Bedford three Indians had made a blind of bushes stuck in the ground as though they grew naturally; where they concealed themselves, about fifteen yards from the road. When we came opposite to them they fired upon us at this short distance, and killed my fellow-traveller; yet their bullets did not touch me: but my horse making a violent start threw me, and the Indians immediately ran up and took me prisoner. The one that laid hold on me was a Canasatauga, the

¹ Fort Loudon was built in 1756 near where is the present town of Loudon, Franklin County, Pa., and named for John Campbell, earl of Loudon, commander-in-chief in America in 1756.

² Braddock's road was opened in 1755 from Fort Cumberland to the Great Crossing of the Youghiogeny (now Smithfield, Pa.) by nearly the same lines as that of the present National Road. Smithfield is about four miles from the Turkey Foot. The road from Shippensburg to the Youghiogeny was for many years called Smith's Road.

other two were Delawares. One of them could speak English, and asked me if there were any more white men coming after, I told them not any near that I knew of. Two of these Indians stood near me whilst the other scalped my comrade: they then set off and ran at a smart rate through the woods for about fifteen miles; and that night we slept on the Alleghany Mountain without fire.

The next morning they divided the last of their provision which they had brought from Fort Du Quesne, and gave me an equal share, which was about two or three ounces of mouldy biscuit—this, and a young Ground-Hog, about as large as a Rabbit, roasted and also equally divided, was all the provision we had until we came to the Loyal-Hannan,* which was about fifty miles; and a great part of the way we came through exceedingly rocky laurel thickets, without any path. When we came to the west side of Laurel Hill they gave the scalp-halloo as usual, which is a long yell or halloo for every scalp or prisoner they have in possession. The last of these scalp-halloos was followed with quick and sudden shrill shouts of joy and triumph. On their performing this we were answered by the firing of a number of guns on the Loyal Hannan, one after another, quicker than one could count, by another party of Indians, who were encamped near where Ligonier now stands. As we advanced near this party they increased with repeated shouts of joy and triumph; but I did not share with them in their excessive mirth. When we came to this camp we found they had plenty of Turkeys and other meat there; and though I never before ate venison without bread or salt, yet as I was hungry it relished very well. There we lay that night, and the next morning the whole of us marched on our way for Fort Du Quesne. The night after we joined another camp of Indians, with nearly the same ceremony, attended with great noise and apparent joy among all, except one. The next morning we continued our march, and in the afternoon we came in full view of the fort, which stood on the point, near where

* The Loyalhanna Creek.

Fort Pitt now stands. We then made a halt on the bank of the Alleghany, and repeated the scalp-halloo, which was answered by the firing of all the firelocks in the hands of both Indians and French who were in and about the fort, in the aforesaid manner, and also the great guns, which were followed by the continued shouts and yells of the different savage tribes who were then collected there.

As I was at this time unacquainted with the mode of firing and yelling of the savages, I concluded that there were thousands of Indians there ready to receive General Braddock; but what added to my surprise, I saw numbers running towards me stripped naked, excepting breech-clouts, and painted in the most hideous manner, of various colors. Though the principal color was vermilion, or a bright red, yet there was annexed to this black, brown, blue, &c. As they approached they formed themselves into two long ranks about two or three rods* apart. I was told by an Indian that could speak English that I must run betwixt these ranks, and that they would flog me all the way as I ran, and if I ran quick it would be so much the better, as they would quit when I got to the end of the ranks. There appeared to be a general rejoicing around me, yet I could find nothing like joy in my breast; but I started to the race with all the resolution and vigor I was capable of exerting, and found it was as I had been told, for I was flogged the whole way. When I had got near the end of the lines I was struck with something that appeared to me to be a stick or the handle of a tomahawk, which caused me to fall to the ground. On recovering my senses I endeavoured to renew my race; but as I rose some one cast sand in my eyes, which blinded me so that I could not see where to run. They continued beating me most intolerably, until I was at length insensible; but before I lost my senses I remember wishing them to strike the fatal blow, for I thought they intended killing me, but apprehended they were too long about it.

* This is obviously a mistake for yards: at two or three rods apart they could not have reached him with their weapons.—[Ed.]

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The first thing I remember was my being in the fort, amidst the French and Indians, and a French doctor standing by me, who had opened a vein in my left arm; after which the interpreter asked me how I did. I told him I felt much pain; the doctor then washed my wounds and the bruised places of my body, with French brandy. As I felt faint and the brandy smelt well, I asked for some inwardly, but the doctor told me by the interpreter that it did not suit my case.

When they found I could speak, a number of Indians came around me and examined me, with threats of cruel death if I did not tell the truth. The first question they asked me was how many men were in the party that were coming from Pennsylvania to join Braddock. I told them the truth, that there were three hundred. The next question was, were they well armed. I told them they were all well armed: meaning the arm of flesh, for they had only about thirty guns among the whole of them; which if the Indians had known, they would certainly have gone and cut them all off; therefore I could not in conscience let them know the defenceless situation of these road-cutters. I was then sent to the hospital, and carefully attended by the doctors, and recovered quicker than what I expected.

Some time after I was there I was visited by the Delaware Indian already mentioned, who was at the taking of me, and could speak some English. Though he spoke but bad English, yet I found him to be a man of considerable understanding. I asked him if I had done anything that had offended the Indians, which caused them to treat me so unmercifully. He said no, it was only an old custom the Indians had, and it was like "how do you do"—after that he said I would be well-used. I asked him if I should be admitted to remain with the French. He said no—and told me that as soon as I recovered I must not only go with the Indians but must be made an Indian myself. I asked him, what news from Braddock's army. He said the Indians spied them every day; and

he showed me, by making marks on the ground with a stick, that Braddock's army was advancing in very close order, and that the Indians would surround them, take trees, and (as he expressed it,) *shoot um down all one pigeon.*

Shortly after this, on the 9th day of July, 1755, in the morning, I heard a great stir in the fort. As I could then walk with a staff in my hand, I went out of the door which was just by the wall of the fort, and stood upon the wall and viewed the Indians in a huddle before the gate, where were barrels of powder, bullets, flints &c., and every one taking what suited. I saw the Indians also march off in rank, entire—likewise the French Canadians and some regulars. After viewing the Indians and French in different positions, I computed them to be about four hundred, and wondered that they attempted to go out against Braddock with so small a party. I was then in high hopes that I would soon see them flying before the British troops, and that General Braddock would take the fort and rescue me.

I remained anxious to know the event of this day; and in the afternoon I again observed a great noise and commotion in the Fort, and though at that time I could not understand French, yet I found that it was the voice of joy and triumph, and feared that they had received what I called bad news.

I had observed some of the old-country soldiers speak Dutch: as I spoke Dutch I went to one of them and asked him what was the news. He told me that a runner had just arrived, who said that Braddock would certainly be defeated; that the Indians and French had surrounded him, and were concealed behind trees and in gullies, and kept a constant fire upon the English, and that they saw the English falling in heaps, and if they did not take the river, which was the only gap, and make their escape, there would not be one man left alive before sundown.

Sometime after this I heard a number of scalp-halloos, and saw a company of Indians and French coming in. I observed that they had a great many bloody scalps, grenadiers' caps, British canteens, bayonets, &c., with them. They brought the news that Braddock was defeated. After that another company came in which appeared to be about one hundred, and chiefly Indians, and it seemed to me that almost every one of this company was carrying scalps; after this came another company with a number of wagon-horses, and also a great many scalps. Those that were coming in and those that had arrived kept a constant firing of small arms, and also the great guns in the fort, which were accompanied with the most hideous shouts and yells from all quarters; so that it appeared to me as if the infernal regions had broke loose.

About sundown I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners, stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs, and their faces and part of their bodies blacked—these prisoners they burned to death on the bank of the Alleghany river, opposite the Fort. I stood on the fort wall until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men. They had him tied to a stake and kept touching him with fire-brands, red-hot irons &c., and he screaming in a most doleful manner, the Indians in the meantime yelling like infernal spirits. As this scene appeared too shocking for me to behold, I retired to my lodgings both sore and sorry.

When I came into my lodgings I saw Russell's "Seven Sermons", which they had brought from the field of battle, which a Frenchman made a present of to me. From the best information I could receive there were only seven Indians and four Frenchmen killed in this battle, and five hundred British lay dead in the field, beside what were killed in the river on their retreat.

The morning after the battle I saw Braddock's artillery brought into the fort; the same day I also saw several Indians in

British officers' dress with sash, half-moon,* laced hats, &c., which the British then wore.

A few days after this the Indians demanded me, and I was obliged to go with them. I was not yet well able to march, but they took me in a canoe, up the Alleghany river to an Indian town³ that was on the north side of the river, about forty miles above Fort Du Quesne. Here I remained about three weeks, and was then taken to an Indian town on the west branch of Muskingum about twenty miles above the forks, which was called Tullahas,⁴ inhabited by Delawares, Caughnewagos and Mohicans. On our route betwixt the aforesaid towns the country was chiefly black oak and white oak land, which appeared generally to be good wheat land, chiefly second and third-rate, intermixed with some rich bottoms.

The day after my arrival at the aforesaid town a number of Indians collected about me, and one of them began to pull the hair out of my head. He had some ashes on a piece of bark, in which he frequently dipped his fingers in order to take the firmer hold, and so he went on as if he had been plucking a turkey, until he had all the hair clean out of my head except a small spot about three or four inches square on my crown. This they cut off with a pair of scissors, excepting three locks which they dressed up in their own mode. Two of these they wrapped round with a narrow beaded garter made by themselves for that purpose, and the other they platted at full length, and then stuck it full of silver broaches. After this they bored my nose and ears, and fixed me off with earrings and nose jewels; then they ordered me to strip off my clothes and put on a breech-clout, which I did; they then painted my head,

* Gorget, such as then worn on the breast by officers.

³ Indian town: the Kittanning Villages, inhabited chiefly by Delawares; now Kittanning, Armstrong County, Pa.

⁴ Tullahas: at or near the junction of the Mohican and Owl Creeks (which form the White Woman or Walhonding) in the township of New Castle, Coshocton County, O. The celebrated Delaware chief "Captain Pipe" lived (1776) on the Walhonding, fifteen miles above Coshocton (the "Forks of Muskingum")

face and body in various colours. They put a large belt of wampum on my neck, and silver bands on my hands and right arm; and so an old chief led me out in the street and gave the alarm-halloo, *coo-wigh*, several times repeated quick; and on this all that were in the town came running and stood round the old chief, who held me by the hand in the midst. As I at that time knew nothing of their mode of adoption, and had seen them put to death all they had taken, and as I never could find that they saved a man alive at Braddock's defeat, I made no doubt but they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner. The old chief, holding me by the hand, made a long speech very loud, and when he had done he handed me to three young squaws, who led me by one hand down the bank into the river until the water was up to our middle. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water, but I did not understand them. I thought that the result of the council was that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be the executioners. They all three laid violent hold of me; and I for some time opposed them with all my might, which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river. At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English (for I believe they began to be afraid of me) and said "No hurt you." On this I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good as their word, for though they plunged me under water and washed and rubbed me severely, yet I could not say they hurt me much.

These young women then led me up to the council-house, where some of the tribe were ready with new clothes for me. They gave me a new ruffled shirt, which I put on, also a pair of leggins done off with ribbons and beads, likewise a pair of mockasons and garters dressed with beads, porcupine quills and red hair; also a tinsel-laced cappo.* They again painted my head and face with various colors, and tied a bunch of red feathers to one of these

*Chapeau.

locks they had left on the crown of my head, which stood up five or six inches. They seated me on a bearskin, and gave me a pipe-tomahawk, and polecat skin pouch, which had been skinned pocket-fashion, and contained tobacco, killegenico, or dry sumach leaves, which they mix with their tobacco—also spunk, flint and steel. When I was thus seated the Indians came in dressed and painted in their grandest manner. As they came in they took their seats and for a considerable time there was a profound silence. Every one was smoking, but not a word was spoken among them. At length one of the old chiefs made a speech which was delivered to me by an interpreter and was as followeth: "My son, you are now flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken into the Caughnewago⁵ nation and initiated into a warlike tribe; you are adopted into a great family and now received with great seriousness and solemnity in the room and place of a great man. After what has passed this day you are now one of us by an old strong law and custom. My son, you have now nothing to fear, we are now under the same obligation to love, support and defend you that we are to love and defend one another therefore you are to consider yourself as one of our people." At the time I did not believe this fine speech, especially that of the white blood being washed out of me; but since that time I have found that there was much sincerity in said speech, for from that day I never knew them to make any distinction between me and themselves in any respect whatever until I left them. If they had plenty of clothing I had plenty: if we were scarce we all shared one fate.

After this ceremony was over I was introduced to my new kin and told that I was to attend a feast that evening, which I did. And as the custom was they gave me also a bowl and wooden spoon,

⁵ The Caughnewagas an old tribe of the Mohawks, in the interest of the French, who early in the eighteenth century induced them to remove from New York and settle at the rapids of St. Louis, near Montreal.

which I carried with me to the place, where there was a number of large brass kettles full of boiled venison and green corn; everyone advanced with his bowl and spoon and had his share given him. After this one of the chiefs made a short speech, and then we began to eat.

The name of one of the chiefs in this town was Tecanyaterighto *alias* Pluggy,⁶ and the other Asallecoa, *alias* Mohawk Solomon. As Pluggy and his party were to start the next day to the frontiers of Virginia, the next thing to be performed was the war dance and their war songs. At their war dance they had both vocal and instrumental music. They had a short hollow gum closed in one end, with water in it and parchment stretched over the open end thereof, which they beat with one stick and made a sound nearly like a muffled drum; all those who were going on this expedition collected together and formed. An old Indian then began to sing, and timed the music by beating on this drum, as the ancients formerly timed their music by beating the tabor. On this the warriors began to advance or move forward in concert, like well disciplined troops would march to the fife and drum. Each warrior had a tomahawk, spear or war-mallet in his hand, and they all moved regularly towards the east, or the way they intended to go to war. At length they all stretched their tomahawks towards the Potomack, and giving a hideous shout or yell, they wheeled quick about, and danced in the same manner back. The next was the war song. In performing this only one sung at a time, in a moving posture, with a tomahawk in his hand, while all the other warriors were engaged in calling aloud "*he uh, he uh,*" which they constantly repeated while the war song was going on. When the warrior that was singing had ended his song he struck a war-post with his tomahawk, and with a loud voice told what warlike exploits he had

⁶ Pluggy—a Mohawk chief, probably son of Tecanyaterighto, appeared at the Dunmore council held with the Indians near Fort Pitt, 1774. Pluggy's Town—also known as Upper Chillicothe and Old Chillicothe. It was four miles below Circleville, where the celebrated chief Logan lived.

done and what he now intended to do; which was answered by the other warriors with loud shouts of applause. Some who had not before intended to go to war, at this time were so animated by this performance that they took up the tomahawk and sung the war song, which was answered with shouts of joy, as they were then initiated into the present marching company. The next morning this company all collected at one place, with their heads and faces painted with various colors and packs upon their backs; they marched off all silent except the commander, who in the front sung the travelling song, which began in this manner: "*hoo caughtainteheegana.*" Just as the rear passed the end of the town they began to fire in their slow manner, from the front to the rear, which was accompanied with shouts and yells from all quarters.

This evening I was invited to another sort of dance, which was a kind of promiscuous dance. The young men stood in one rank and the young women in another, about one rod apart, facing each other. The one that raised the tune or started the song held a small gourd, or dry shell of a squash in his hand, which contained beads or small stones which he rattled. When he began to sing he timed the tune with his rattle; both men and women danced and sung together, advancing towards each other, stooping until their heads would be touching together, and then ceased from dancing, with loud shouts, and retreated and formed again, and so repeated the same thing over and over for three or four hours without intermission. This exercise appeared to me at first irrational and insipid; but I found that in singing their tunes they used *ya, ne, no, hoo, wa, ne, &c.*, like our *fa, sol, la*, and though they have no such thing as jingling verse, yet they can intermix sentences with their notes, and say what they please to each other, and carry on the tune in concert. I found that this was a kind of wooing or courting dance, and as they advanced stooping with their heads together they could say what they pleased in each other's ear, without disconcerting their rough music; and the others or those near, not hear what they said.

Shortly after this I went out to hunt in company with Mohawk Solomon, some of the Caughnewagos and a Delaware Indian that was married to a Caughnewago squaw. We travelled about south from this town, and the first night we killed nothing; but we had with us green corn, which we roasted and ate that night. The next day we encamped about 12 o'clock and the hunters turned out to hunt, and I went down the run that we encamped on, in company with some squaws and boys, to hunt plumbs, which we found in great plenty. On my return to camp I observed a large piece of fat meat: the Delaware Indian that could talk some English observed me looking earnestly at this meat, and asked me "What meat you think that is?" I said I supposed it was bear meat. He laughed and said "Ho, all one fool you, beal now elly pool"*—and pointing to the other side of the camp he said "Look at that skin, you think that beal skin?" I went and lifted the skin, which appeared like an ox hide; he then said "What skin you think that?" I replied that I thought it was a buffalo hide; he laughed and said "You fool again, you know nothing, you think buffalo that colo [r]?" I acknowledged I did not know much about these things, and told him I never saw a buffaloe, and that I had not heard what color they were. He replied "By and by you shall see gleat many buffaloe. He now go to gleat lick. That skin no buffaloe skin, that skin buck elk skin." They went out with horses and brought in the remainder of this buck elk, which was the fattest creature I ever saw of the tallow kind.

We remained at this camp about eight or ten days and killed a number of deer. Though we had neither bread or salt at this time, yet we had both roast and boiled meat in great plenty, and they were frequently inviting me to eat when I had no appetite.

We then moved to the buffaloe lick,⁷ where we killed several buffaloes, and in their small brass kettles they made about half a

* Bears are now in very poor condition.

⁷ Buffalo Lick. In Licking and Fairfield counties, now known as the Reservoir or Licking Summit of the Ohio Canal, ten miles south of Newark, O.

bushel of salt. I suppose this lick was about thirty or forty miles from the aforesaid town, and somewhere between the Muskingum, Ohio and Scioto. About the lick was clear, open woods and thin white-oak land, and at that time there were large roads leading to the lick, like wagon roads. We moved from this lick about six or seven miles and encamped on a creek.

Though the Indians had given me a gun, I had not been admitted to go out from the camp to hunt. At this place Mohawk Solomon asked me to go out from the camp to hunt, which I readily agreed to. After some time we came upon some fresh buffaloe tracks. I had observed before this that the Indians were upon their guard, and afraid of an enemy; for until now they and the southern Indians had been at war. As we were following the buffaloe tracks Solomon seemed to be upon his guard, went very slow, and would frequently stand and listen, and appeared to be in suspense. We came to where the tracks were very plain in the sand, and I said "It is surely buffaloe tracks." He said "Hush, you know nothing; may be buffaloe tracks, maybe Catawba⁸". He went very cautious until we found some fresh buffaloe dung; he then smiled and said "Catawba cannot make so". He then stopped and told me an odd story about the Catawbas. He said that formerly the Catawbas came near one of their hunting camps, and at some distance from the camp lay in ambush, and in order to decoy them out sent two or three Catawbas in the night past their camp, with buffaloe hoofs fixed on their feet so as to make artificial tracks. In the morning those in the camp followed after these tracks, thinking they were buffaloe, until they were fired on by the Catawbas and several of them killed. The others fled, collected a party and pursued the Catawbas; but they in their subtily brought with them rattlesnake poison, which they had collected from the bladder which lieth at the root of the snake's

⁸ Catawbas—a very warlike tribe of the Carolinas. A few yet remained (in 1870) in Western North Carolina. They are supposed to be the remnant of the once famous Eries, living by Lake Erie, who were conquered and driven south by the Iroquois in 1650.

teeth. This they had corked up in a short piece of a cornstalk; they had also brought them small cane or reed, about the size of a rye straw; which they made sharp at the end like a pen, and stuck them in the ground among the grass along their own tracks, in such a position that they might stick into the legs of the pursuers; which answered the design, and as the Catawbas had runners behind, to watch the motion of the pursuers, when they found a number of them were lame, being artificially snake-bit, and that they were all turning back, the Catawbas turned upon the pursuers and defeated them, killed and scalped all those that were lame. When Solomon had finished this story, and found that I understood him, he concluded by saying "You don't know Catawba; velly bad Indian Catawba; all one devil, Catawba".

Some time after this I was told to take the dogs with me and go down the creek, perhaps I might kill a turkey, it being in the afternoon. I was also told not to go far from the creek, and to come up the creek again to the camp, and to take care not to get lost. When I had gone some distance down the creek I came upon fresh buffaloe tracks, and as I had a number of dogs with me to stop the buffaloe I concluded I would follow after and kill one; and as the grass and weeds were rank I could readily follow the track. A little before sundown I despaired of coming up with them I was thinking how I might get to camp before night: I concluded that as the buffaloe had taken several turns, if I took the track back to the creek it would be dark before I could get to camp; therefore I thought I would take a near way through the hills and strike the creek a little below the camp; but as it was cloudy weather and I a very young woodsman, I could find neither creek nor camp. When night came on I fired my gun several times and hallooed, but could have no answer. The next morning early the Indians were out after me, and as I had with me ten or a dozen dogs and the grass and weeds rank, they could readily follow my track. When they came up with me they appeared to be in a very

good humor. I asked Solomon if he thought I was running away. He said "No, no, you go too much clooked". On my return to camp they took my gun from me, and for this rash step I was reduced to a bow and arrows for near two years. We were on this tour about six weeks.

This country is generally hilly, though intermixed with considerable quantities of rich upland, and some good bottoms.

When we returned to the town Pluggy and his party had arrived, and brought with them a considerable number of scalps and prisoners, from the South Branch of (the) Potowmack; they also brought with them an English Bible, which they gave to a Dutch woman who was a prisoner; but as she could not read English she made a present of it to me, which was very acceptable.

I remained in this town until some time in October when my adopted brother, called Tontileaugo, who had married a Wyandot squaw, took me with him to Lake Erie. We proceeded up the west branch of Muskingum, and for some distance up the river the land was hilly, but intermixed with large bodies of tolerable rich upland, and excellent bottoms. We proceeded on, to the headwaters of the west branch of Muskingum. On the headwaters of this branch, and from thence to the waters of Canesadooharie,^{8A} there is a large body of rich, well-lying land. The timber is ash, walnut, sugar-tree, buckeye, honey-locust, and cherry, intermixed with some oak, hickory, &c. This tour was at the time that the black haws were ripe, and we were seldom out of sight of them; they were common here both in the bottoms and upland.

On this route we had no horse with us, and when we started from the town all the pack I carried was a pouch containing my

8A Canesadooharie—the Black River, in Lorain County, O. The route of Smith's party seems to have been from the town of Tullihias along the lake fork of the Mohican creek to its source in the northern part of Ashland county, thence a few miles northeasterly to the head waters of the Black River. The Falls of Black River, at Elyria, are doubtless those mentioned in the Narrative; the distance is forty feet perpendicularly. Smith was young, and his means of taking and preserving notes very scanty.

books, a little dried venison, and my blanket. I had then no gun, but Tontileaugo, who was a first-rate hunter, carried a rifle gun, and every day killed deer, raccoons or bears. We left the meat, except a little for present use, and carried the skins with us until we encamped, and then stretched them with elm bark, in a frame made with poles stuck in the ground and tied together with lynn⁹ or elm bark; and when the skins were dried by the fire we packed them up, and carried them with us the next day.

As Tontileaugo could not speak English I had to make use of all the Caughnewaga I had learned even to talk very imperfectly with him; but I found I learned to talk Indian faster this way than when I had those with me who could speak English.

As we proceeded down the Canesadooharie waters, our packs increased by the skins that were daily killed, and became so very heavy that we could not march more than eight or ten miles per day. We came to Lake Erie about six miles west of the mouth of Canesadooharie. As the wind was very high the evening we came to the Lake, I was surprised to hear the roaring of the water, and see the high waves that dashed against the shore like the ocean. We encamped on a run near the lake; and as the wind fell that night, the next morning the lake was only in a moderate motion, and we marched on the sand along the side of the water frequently resting ourselves, as we were heavy laden. I saw on the strand a number of large fish, that had been left in flat or hollow places. As the wind fell and the waves abated, they were left without water or only a small quantity, and numbers of bald and grey eagles, &c., were along the shore, devouring them.

Sometime in the afternoon we came to a large camp of Wyandots, at the mouth of Canesadooharie, where Tontileaugo's wife was. Here we were kindly received; they gave us a kind of rough,

⁹ The tree referred to in ancient deeds and old time history as the "Lynn" or "Linn" tree, is "Tilia Americana," the American Linden.

www.libtcol.atrac¹⁰ brown potatoes¹⁰ which grew spontaneously and is called by the Caughnewagas *ohnenata*. These potatoes peeled and dipped in raccoons' fat, taste nearly like our sweet potatoes. They also gave us what they call *cane heanta*, which is a kind of homony, made of green corn, dried, and beans mixed together.

From the headwaters of Canesadooharie to this place the land is generally good; chiefly first or second rate, and comparatively little or no third rate. The only refuse is some swamps that appear to be too wet for use; yet I apprehend that a number of them, if drained, would make excellent meadows. The timber is black oak, walnut, hickory, cherry, black ash, white ash, water-ash, buckeye, black locust, honey locust, sugar-tree and elm; there is also some land, though comparatively but small, where the timber is chiefly white oak or beech, which may be called third-rate. In the bottoms, and also many places in the upland, there is a large quantity of wild apple, plumb, and red and black haw trees. It appeared to be well-watered, and a plenty of meadow ground, intermixed with upland, but no large prairies or glades that I saw or heard of. In this route deer, bear, turkeys and raccoons appeared plenty, but no buffaloe, and very little sign of elk.

We continued our camp at the mouth of Canesadooharie for some time, where we killed some deer, and a great many raccoons; the raccoons here were remarkably large and fat. At length we all embarked in a large birch-bark canoe. This vessel was about four feet wide and three feet deep, and about five and thirty feet long; and though it could carry a heavy burden, it was so artfully and curiously constructed that four men could carry it several miles, from one landing-place to another or from the waters of the Lake to the waters of the Ohio. We proceeded up Canesadooharie a few miles and went on shore to hunt: but to my great surprise they carried the vessel that we all came in, up the bank, and inverted it or turned the bottom up, and converted it to a dwelling-

¹⁰ Potatoes—Ogh-ne-an-ta in Mohawk.

house, and kindled a fire before us to warm ourselves by and cook. With our baggage and ourselves in this house we were very much crowded, yet our little house turned off the rain very well.

We kept moving and hunting up this river until we came to the falls. Here we remained some weeks and killed a number of deer, several bears, and a great many raccoons. From the mouth of this river to the falls is about five and twenty miles. On our passage up I was not much out from the river, but what I saw was good land and not hilly. About the falls is chestnut land, which is almost the only chestnut timber I ever saw in this country.

While we remained here I left my pouch with my books in camp, wrapt up in my blanket, and went out to hunt chestnuts. On my return to camp my books were missing, I enquired after them, and asked the Indians if they knew where they were; they told me that they supposed the puppies had carried them off. I did not believe them, but thought they were displeased at my poring over my books, and concluded that they had destroyed them or put them out of my way.

After this I was again out after nuts, and on my return beheld a new erection, which were two white oak saplings, that were forked about twelve feet high, and stood about fifteen feet apart. They had cut these saplings at the forks, and laid a strong pole across, which appeared in the form of a gallows, and the posts they had shaved very smooth and painted in places in vermilion. I could not conceive the use of this piece of work, and at length concluded it was a gallows. I thought that I had displeased them by reading my books, and that they were about putting me to death. The next morning I observed them bringing their skins all to this place and hanging them over this pole, so as to preserve them from being injured by the weather: this removed my fears. They also buried their large canoe in the ground, which is the way they took to preserve this sort of a canoe in the winter season.

As we had at this time no horses every one got a pack on his back, and we steered an east course about twelve miles, and encamped. The next morning we proceeded on the same course about ten miles, to a large creek¹¹ that empties into Lake Erie betwixt Canesadooharie and Cayahoga*. Here they made their winter cabin, in the following form: they cut logs about fifteen feet long, and laid these logs upon each other, and drove posts in the ground at each end to keep them together; the posts they tied together at the top with bark, and by this means raised a wall fifteen feet and about four feet high; and in the same manner they raised another wall opposite to this, at about twelve feet distance; then they drove forks in the ground in the centre of each end, and laid a strong pole from end to end on these forks, and from these walls to the pole they set up poles instead of rafters; and on these they tied small poles instead of laths; and a cover was made of Lynn bark, which will run† even in the winter season.

As every tree will not run, they examine the tree first by trying it near the ground; and when they find it will do they fall the tree and raise the bark with the tomahawk, near the top of the tree about five or six inches broad; then put the tomahawk-handle under this bark and pull it along down to the butt of the tree; so that sometimes one piece of bark will be thirty feet long. This bark they cut at suitable lengths in order to cover the hut.

At the end of these walls they set up split timber, so that they had timber all round, excepting a door at each end. At the top, in place of a chimney, they left an open place, and for bedding they laid down the aforesaid kind of bark on which they spread bear-skins. From end to end of this hut along the middle there were fires, which the squaws made of dry split wood—and the holes or

¹¹ Large Creek—is Rocky River, in Medina, Lorain and Cuyahoga Counties. The winter cabin was probably on the east branch of the Rocky, either in the present township of Hinckley, in Medina, or in the adjoining township of Royalton, in Cuyahoga. Bear, deer and wolves were abundant here until 1818.

* Cuyahoga.

† Can be peeled from the tree.

open places that appeared the squaws stopped with moss, which they collected from old logs, and at the doors they hung a bearskin; and notwithstanding the winters are hard here our lodging was much better than what I expected.

It was some time in December when we finished this winter cabin; but when we had got into this comparatively fine lodging another difficulty arose: we had nothing to eat. While I was travelling with Tontileaugo, as was before mentioned and had plenty of fat venison, bear's meat and raccoons, I then thought it was hard living without bread or salt; but now I began to conclude that if I had anything that would banish pinching hunger and keep soul and body together, I would be content.

While the hunters were all out exerting themselves to the utmost of their ability, the squaws and boys (in which class I was) were scattered out in the bottoms hunting red haws, black haws and hickory nuts. As it was too late in the year, we did not succeed in gathering haws, but we had tolerable success in scratching up hickory nuts from under a light snow, which we carried with us lest the hunters should not succeed. After our return the hunters came in, who had killed only two small turkeys, which were but little among eight hunters and thirteen squaws, boys and children; but they were divided with the greatest equity and justice—every one got their equal share.

The next day the hunters turned out again, and killed one deer and three bears. One of the bears was very large and remarkably fat. The hunters carried in meat sufficient to give us all a hearty supper and breakfast.

The squaws and all that could carry turned out to bring in meat. Every one had their share assigned them, and my load was among the least; yet not being accustomed to carrying in this way I got exceedingly weary, and told them my load was too heavy: I must leave part of it and come for it again. They made halt and

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only laughed at me, and took part of my load and added it to a young squaw's, who had as much before as I carried.

This kind of reproof had a greater tendency to excite me to exert myself in carrying without complaining, than if they had whipped me for laziness. After this the hunters held a council, and concluded that they must have horses to carry their loads; and that they would go to war even in this inclement season in order to bring in horses.

Tontileaugo wished to be one of those who should go to war; but the votes went against him, as he was one of our best hunters; it was thought necessary to leave him at this winter camp to provide for the squaws and children. It was agreed upon that Tontileaugo and three others should stay and hunt, and the other four go to war.

Then they began to go through their common ceremony. They sung their war songs, danced their war-dances, &c., and when they were equipped they went off singing their marching song and firing their guns. Our camp appeared to be rejoicing, but I was grieved to think that some innocent persons would be murdered not thinking of danger.

After the departure of these warriors we had hard times; and though we were not altogether out of provisions we were brought to short allowance. At length Tontileaugo had considerable success, and we had meat brought into camp sufficient to last ten days. Tontileaugo then took me with him in order to encamp some distance from this winter cabin, to try his luck there. We carried no provision with us; he said we would leave what was there for the squaws and children, and that we could shift for ourselves. We steered about a south course up the waters of this creek, and encamped about ten or twelve miles from the winter cabin. As it was still cold weather and a crust upon the snow, which made a noise as we walked and alarmed the deer, we could kill nothing,

and consequently went to sleep without supper. The only chance we had under these circumstances was to hunt bear-holes; as the bears, about Christmas, search out a winter lodging-place, where they lie about three or four months without eating or drinking. This may appear to some incredible, but it is now well-known to be the case by those who live in the remote western parts of North America.

The next morning early we proceeded on, and when we found a tree scratched by the bear's climbing up, and the hole in the tree sufficiently large for the reception of the bear, we then fell a sapling or a small tree against or near the hole; and it was my business to climb up and drive out the bear, while Tontileaugo stood ready with his gun and bow. We went on in this manner until evening, without success; at length we found a large elm scratched, and a hole in it about forty feet up; but no tree high suitable to lodge against the hole. Tontileaugo got a long pole and some dry rotten wood, which he tied in bunches with bark; and as there was a tree that grew near the elm, and extended up near the hole, but leaned the wrong way, so that we could not lodge it to advantage, but to remedy this inconvenience he climbed up this tree and carried with him his rotten wood, fire and pole. The rotten wood he tied to his belt, and to the end of the pole he tied a hook, and a piece of rotten wood which he set fire to, as it would retain fire almost like spunk; and reached this hook from limb to limb as he went up. When he got up, with this pole he put dry wood on fire into the hole; after he put in the fire he heard the bear snuff, and he came speedily down, took his gun in his hand and waited until the bear would come out; but it was some time before it appeared and when it did appear he attempted taking sight with his rifle, but it being then too dark to see the sights he set it down by a tree, and instantly bent his bow, took hold of an arrow and shot the bear a little behind the shoulder. I was preparing also to shoot an arrow.

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but he called to me to stop, (as) there was no occasion; and with that the bear fell to the ground.

Being very hungry we kindled a fire, opened the bear, took out the liver and wrapped some of the caul fat round and put it on a wooden spit which we stuck in the ground to roast. We then skinned the bear, got on our kettle and had both roast and boiled, and also sauce to our meat, which appeared to me to be delicate fare. After I was fully satisfied I went to sleep. Tontileaugo awoke me, saying "Come, eat hearty, we have got meat plenty now".

The next morning we cut down a lynn tree, peeled bark, and made a snug little shelter, facing the southeast, with a large log betwixt us and the northwest; we made a good fire before us, and scaffolded up our meat at one side. When we had finished our camp we went out to hunt, searched two trees for bears but to no purpose. As the snow thawed a little in the afternoon Tontileaugo killed a deer, which we carried with us to camp.

The next day we turned out to hunt, and near the camp we found a tree well scratched; but the hole was above forty feet high, and no tree that we could lodge against the hole; finding that it was very hollow we concluded that we would cut down the tree with our tomahawks; which kept us working a considerable part of the day. When the tree fell, we ran up, Tontileaugo with his gun and bow and I with my bow already bent. Tontileaugo shot the bear through with his rifle, a little behind the shoulders: I also shot, but too far back; and not being then much accustomed to the business my arrow penetrated only a few inches through the skin. Having killed an old she-bear and three cubs we hauled her on the snow to the camp, and only had time afterwards to get wood, make a fire, cook &c., before dark.

Early the next morning we went to business, searched several

trees but found no bears. On our way home we took three raccoons out of a hollow elm, not far from the ground.

We remained here about two weeks, and in this time killed four bears, three deer, several turkeys and a number of raccoons. We packed as much meat as we could carry, and returned to our winter cabin. On our arrival there was great joy, as they were all in a starving condition, the hunters that we had left having killed but very little. All that could carry a pack repaired to our camp to bring in meat.

Some time in February the four warriors returned, who had taken two scalps, and six horses from the frontiers of Pennsylvania. The hunters could then scatter out a considerable distance from the winter cabin and encamp, kill meat and pack it in upon horses; so that we commonly after this had plenty of provision.

In this month we began to make sugar. As some of the elm bark will strip at this season the squaws, after finding a tree that would do, cut it down, and with a crooked stick broad and sharp at the end took the bark off the tree, and of this bark made vessels in a curious manner, that would hold about two gallons each: they made above one hundred of these kind of vessels. In the sugar-trees they cut a notch, stuck in a tomahawk: in the place where they stuck the tomahawk they drove a long chip to carry the water out from the tree; and under this they set their vessel to receive it. As sugar-trees were plenty and large here, they seldom or never notched a tree that was not two or three feet over. They also made bark vessels for carrying the water, that would hold about four gallons each. They had two brass kettles that held about fifteen gallons each, and other smaller kettles in which they boiled the water; but as they could not at all times boil away the water as fast as it was collected, they made vessels of bark that would hold about one hundred gallons each, for retaining the water; and though the sugar-trees did not run every day, they had always a

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sufficient quantity of water to keep them boiling during the whole sugar season.

The way that we commonly used our sugar while encamped was by putting it in bear's fat until the fat was almost as sweet as the sugar itself; and in this we dipped our roasted venison. About this time some of the Indian lads and myself were employed in making and attending traps for catching raccoons, foxes, wild-cats &c.

As the raccoon is a kind of water animal that frequents the runs, or small water-courses almost the whole night, we made our traps on the runs, by laying one small sapling on another, and driving in posts to keep them from rolling. The upper sapling we raised about eighteen inches, and set so that on the raccoon's touching a string or a small piece of bark, the sapling would fall and kill it; and lest the raccoon should pass by, we laid brush on both sides of the run, only leaving the channel open.

The fox traps we made nearly in the same manner, at the end of a hollow log or opposite to a hole at the root of a hollow tree, and put venison on a stick for bait; we had it so set that when the fox took hold of the meat the trap fell. While the squaws were employed in making sugar the boys and men were engaged in hunting and trapping.

About the latter end of March we began to prepare for moving into town, in order to plant corn: the squaws were then frying the last of their bears' fat, and making vessels to hold it; the vessels were made of deerskins, which were skinned by pulling the skin off the neck, without ripping. After they had taken off the hair they gathered it in small plaits round the neck, and with a string drew it together like a purse; in the centre a pin was put, below which they tied a string, and while it was wet they blew it up like a bladder, and let it remain in this manner until it was dry, when it appeared nearly in the shape of a sugar loaf, but more

rounding at the lower end. One of these vessels would hold about four or five gallons; in these vessels it was they carried their bear's oil.

When all things were ready we moved back to the falls of Canesadooharie. In this route the land is chiefly first and second rate, but too much meadow ground in proportion to the upland. The timber is white ash, elm, black oak, cherry, buckeye, sugar-tree, lynn, mulberry, beech, white oak, hickory, wild apple tree, red-haw, black-haw, and spicewood bushes. There are in some places spots of beech timber, which spots may be called third-rate land. Buckeye, sugar-tree and spicewood are common in the woods here. There are in some places large swamps too wet for any use.

On our arrival at the falls, as we had brought with us on horse back about two hundred weight of sugar, a large quantity of bear's oil, skins, &c, the canoe we had buried was not sufficient to carry all; therefore we were obliged to make another one of elm bark. While we lay here a young Wyandot found my books: on this they collected together; I was a little way from the camp and saw the collection, but did not know what it meant. They called me by my Indian name, which was *Scoouwa*, repeatedly. I ran to see what was the matter; they showed me my books and said they were glad they had been found, for they knew I was grieved at the loss of them, and that they now rejoiced with me because they were found. As I could then speak some Indian, especially Caughnawaga, (for both that and the Wyandot tongue were spoken in this camp) I told them that I thanked them for the kindness they had always shown to me, and also for finding my books. They asked if the books were damaged. I told them, not much. They then showed how they lay, which was in the best manner to turn off the water. In a deerskin pouch they lay all winter. The print was not much injured, though the binding was. This was the first time I felt my heart warm towards the Indians. Though they had been exceeding kind to me, I still before detested them, on account

of the barbarity I beheld after Braddock's defeat. Neither had I ever before pretended kindness or expressed myself in a friendly manner; but I began now to excuse the Indians on account of their want of information.

When we were ready to embark Tontileaugo would not go to town, but go up the river and take a hunt. He asked me if I chose to go with him—I told him I did. We then got some sugar, bear's oil bottled up in bear's gut, and some dry venison, which we packed up, and went up Canesadooharie about thirty miles, and encamped. At this time I did not know either the day of the week or the month, but I supposed it to be about the first of April. We had considerable success in our business. We also found some stray horses, or a horse, mare and a young colt; and though they had run in the woods all winter they were in exceeding good order. There is plenty of grass here all winter, under the snow, and horses accustomed to the woods can work it out. These horses had run in the woods until they were very wild.

Tontileaugo one night concluded that we must run them down. I told him I thought we could not accomplish it. He said he had run down bears, buffaloes and elks: and in the great plains, with only a small snow on the ground, he had run down a deer; and he thought that in one whole day he could tire or run down any four-footed animal except a wolf. I told him that though a deer was the swiftest animal to run a short distance, yet it would tire sooner than a horse. He said he would at all events try the experiment. He had heard the Wyandots say that I could run well, and now he would see whether I could or not. I told him that I never had run all day, and of course was not accustomed to that way of running. I never had run with the Wyandots more than seven or eight miles at one time. He said that was nothing: we must either catch these horses or run all day.

In the morning early we left camp, and about sunrise started

after them, stripped naked excepting breech-clouds and mockasons. About ten o'clock I lost sight of both Tontileaugo and the horses, and did not see them again until about three o'clock in the afternoon. As the horses run all day in about three or four miles' square, at length they passed where I was, and I fell in close after them. As I then had a long rest, I endeavored to keep ahead of Tontileaugo, and after some time I could hear him after me calling *chakoh*, *chakoanaugh*—which signifies "pull away," or "do your best." We pursued on, and after some time Tontileaugo passed me; and about half an hour before sundown we despaired of catching these horses and returned to camp, where we had left our clothes.

I reminded Tontileaugo of what I had told him; he replied that he did not know what horses could do. They are wonderful strong to run; but withal we made them very tired. Tontileaugo then concluded he would do as the Indians did with wild horses when out at war; that is, to shoot them through the neck under the mane and above the bone, which will cause them to fall and lie until they can halter them; and then they recover again. This he attempted to do; but as the mare was very wild he could not get sufficiently nigh to shoot her in the proper place: however he shot, the ball passed too low, and killed her. As the horse and colt stayed at this place, we caught the horse, and took him and the colt with us to camp.

We stayed at this camp about two weeks and killed a number of bears, raccoons and some beaver. We made a canoe of elm bark and Tontileaugo embarked in it. He arrived at the falls that night, whilst I, mounted on horseback, with a bear-skin saddle and bark stirrups, proceeded by land to the falls. I came there the next morning, and we carried our canoe and loading past the falls.

The river is very rapid for some distance above the falls, which are about twelve or fifteen feet nearly perpendicular. This river,

called Canesadoharie, interlocks with the west branch of Muskingum, runs nearly a north course, and empties into the south side of Lake Erie about eighty* miles east from Sandusky, or betwixt Sandusky and Cayahaga.

On this last route the land is nearly the same as that last described, only there is not so much swampy or wet ground.

We again proceeded towards the lake, I on horseback and Tontileaugo by water. Here the land is generally good, but I found some difficulty in getting round swamps and ponds. When we came to the lake I proceeded along the strand and Tontileaugo near the shore, sometimes paddling and sometimes poling his canoe along.

After some time the wind arose, and he went into the mouth of a small creek and encamped. Here we stayed several days on account of high wind, which raised the lake in great billows. While we were here Tontileaugo went out to hunt, and when he was gone a Wyandot came to our camp. I gave him a shoulder of venison which I had by the fire, well roasted, and he received it gladly, told me he was hungry and thanked me for my kindness. When Tontileaugo came home I told him that a Wyandot had been at camp, and that I gave him a shoulder of roasted venison. He said "That was very well: and I suppose you gave him also sugar and bear's oil, to eat with his venison?" I told him I did not: as the sugar and bear's oil was down in the canoe I did not go for it. He replied "You have behaved just like a Dutchman.† Do you not know that when strangers come to our camp we ought always to give them the best that we have?" I acknowledged that I was wrong. He said that he could excuse this, as I was but young;

* In the original edition (published by Matthew Carey, 1799) of Smith's Narrative, he says the distance between Sandusky and the Black River is eighty miles. The statement is repeated in the edition we have followed: but the real distance is only fifty-two.

† The Dutch he called Skoharehaugo, which took its derivation from a Dutch settlement called Skoharer (the present Schoharie), N. Y.—[Ed.]

but I must learn to behave like a warrior and do great things, and never be found in any such little actions.

The lake being again calm¹² we proceeded, and arrived safe at Sunyendeand;¹³ this was a Wyandot town, that lay upon a small creek which empties into the Little Lake below the mouth of Sandusky.

The town was about eighty rood above the mouth of the creek, on the south side of a large plain on which timber grew, and nothing more but grass or nettles. In some places there were large flats where nothing but grass grew, about three feet high when grown, and in other places nothing but nettles, very rank where the soil is extremely rich and loose—here they planted corn. In this town there were also French traders, who purchased our skins and fur, and we all got new clothes, paint, tobacco, &c.

After I had got my new clothes and my head done off like a red-headed woodpecker, I, in company with a number of young Indians, went down to the cornfield to see the squaws at work. When we came there they asked me to take a hoe, which I did, and hoed for some time. The squaws applauded me as a good hand at the business; but when I returned to the town, the old men hearing of what I had done, chid me and said that I was adopted in the place of a great man, and must not hoe corn like a squaw. They never had occasion to reprove me for anything like this again; as I never was extremely fond of work I readily complied with their orders.

As the Indians on their return from their winter hunt bring in with them large quantities of bear's oil, sugar, dried venison, &c.,

¹² The lake when calm appears to be of a sky blue colour, though when lifted in a vessel it is like other clear water.

NOTE—The color is also noticed by Prince Maximilian of Wied (1833) "Lake Erie: the splendid bluish-green waters of which like all the great Canadian lakes, are of exactly the same color as those of Switzerland."—[Ed.]

¹³ Sunyendeand. Pipe Creek and the big fields lying southeast of and about a mile and a half from the present Sandusky.

at this time they have plenty, and do not spare eating or giving—thus they make way with their provisions as quick as possible. They have no such thing as regular meals, breakfast, dinner or supper; but if any one, even the town folks, would go to the same house several times in one day, he would be invited to eat of the best—and with them it is bad manners to refuse to eat when it is offered. If they will not eat it is interpreted as a symptom of displeasure, or that the persons refusing to eat were angry with those who invited them.

At this time homony, plentifully mixed with bear's oil and sugar, or dried venison, bear's oil and sugar, is what they offer to every one who comes in any time of the day; and so they go on until their sugar, bear's oil and venison is all gone and then they have to eat homony by itself, without bread, salt or anything else; yet still they invite every one that comes in, to eat whilst they have anything to give. It is thought a shame not to invite people to eat while they have anything; but if they can in truth only say "we have got nothing to eat," this is accepted as an honorable apology. All the hunters and warriors continued in town about six weeks after we came in. They spent this time in painting, going from house to house, eating, smoking and playing at a game resembling dice, or hustlecap. They put a number of plumb stones in a small bowl; one side of each stone is black and the other white. They then shake or hustle the bowl, calling *hits, hits, honeseey, honeseey, rago, rago*; which signifies calling for white or black or what they wish to turn up; they then turn the bowl, and count the whites and blacks. Some were beating their kind of drum, and singing; others were employed in playing on a sort of flute, made of hollow cane, and others playing on the Jews' harp. Some part of this time was also taken up in attending the council-house, where the chiefs and as many others as chose, attended; and at night they were frequently employed in singing and dancing. Towards the last of this time, which was in June, 1756, they were all engaged in

preparing to go to war against the frontiers of Virginia. When they were equipped they went through with their ceremonies, sung their war-songs, &c. They all marched off, from fifteen to sixty years of age, and some boys only twelve years old were equipped with their bows and arrows and went to war; so that none were left in town but squaws and children, except myself, one very old man and another about fifty years of age, who was lame.

The Indians were then in great hopes that they would drive all the Virginians over the lake, which is all the name they know for the sea. They had some cause for this hope, because at this time the Americans were altogether unacquainted with war of any kind, and consequently very unfit to stand their hand with such subtle enemies as the Indians were. The two old Indians asked me if I did not think that the Indians and French would subdue all America, except New England, which they said they had tried in old times. I told them I thought not. They said they had already drove them all out of the mountains, and had chiefly laid waste the great valley betwixt the North and South mountain, from Potomack to James River, which is a considerable part of the best land in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and that the white people appeared to them like fools; they could neither guard against surprise, run nor fight. These they said were their reasons for saying that they would subdue the whites. They asked me to offer my reasons for my opinion, and told me to speak my mind freely, I told them that the white people to the East were very numerous, like the trees, and though they appeared to them to be fools, as they were not acquainted with their way of war, yet they were not fools: therefore after some time they will learn your mode of war and turn upon you, or at least defend themselves. I found that the old men themselves did not believe they could conquer America, yet they were willing to propagate the idea, in order to encourage the young men to go to war.

When the warriors left this town we had neither meat, sugar

or bear's oil left. All that we had then to live on was corn pounded into coarse meal or small homony—this they boiled in water, which appeared like well-thickened soup, without salt or anything else. For some time we had plenty of this kind of homony; at length we were brought to very short allowance, and as the warriors did not return as soon as they expected, we were in a starving condition, and (had) but one gun in the town and very little ammunition. The old lame Wyandot concluded that he would go a-hunting in a canoe, and take me with him, and try to kill deer in the water, as it was then watering-time. We went up Sandusky a few miles, then turned up a creek and encamped. We had lights prepared, as we were to hunt in the night, and also a piece of bark and some bushes set up in the canoe, in order to conceal ourselves from the deer. A little boy that was with us held the light, I worked the canoe, and the old man, who had his gun loaded with large shot, when we came near the deer fired, and in this manner killed three deer in part of one night. We went to our fire, ate heartily, and in the morning returned to town in order to relieve the hungry and distressed.

When we came to go to town the children were crying bitterly on account of pinching hunger. We delivered what we had taken, and though it was but little among so many it was divided according to the strictest rules of justice. We immediately set out for another hunt, but before we returned a part of the warriors had come in, and brought with them on horseback a quantity of meat. The warriors had divided into different parties, and all struck at different places in Augusta county. They brought in with them a considerable number of scalps, prisoners, horses and other plunder. One of the parties brought in with them one Arthur Campbell¹⁴, that is now Colonel Campbell, who lives on Holston River,

¹⁴ Arthur Campbell, of Washington County, Va. He escaped from the Indians about three years after, and returned to Virginia, where he became distinguished, then removed to Kentucky, where he died, 1816. The Royal Oak ford of the Holston river is in the present county of Smythe, about three miles east of the town of Marion.

near the Royal Oak. As the Wyandots at Sunyendeand and those at Detroit were connected, Mr. Campbell was taken in* Detroit but he remained some time in this town. His company was very agreeable and I was sorry when he left me. During his stay at Sunyendeand he borrowed my Bible, and made some pertinent remarks on what he had read. One passage was where it is said "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." He said we ought to be resigned to the will of Providence, as we were now bearing the yoke in our youth. Mr. Campbell appeared to be then about 16 or 17 years of age.

There was a number of prisoners brought in by these parties, and when they were to run the gauntlet I went and told them how to act. One, John Savage, was brought in, a middle-aged man of about forty years old. He was to run the gauntlet. I told him what he had to do: and after this I fell into one of the ranks with the Indians, shouting and yelling like them; and as they were not very severe with him, as he passed me I hit him with a piece of pumpkin—which pleased the Indians much, but hurt my feelings.

About the time that these warriors came in, the green corn was beginning to be of use; so that we had either green corn or venison, and sometimes both—which was comparatively high living. When we could have plenty of green corn or roasting ears the hunters became lazy, and spent their time, as already mentioned, in singing and dancing. They appeared to be fulfilling the Scriptures beyond those who professed to believe them, in that of taking no thought for the morrow; and also in living in love, peace and friendship together, without disputes. In this respect they shame those who profess Christianity.

In this manner we lived until October, when the geese, swans, ducks, cranes, &c., came from the north and lighted on this little lake in quantities or innumerable. Sunyendeand is a remarkable place for fish in the spring, and fowl both in the fall and spring.

*To.

www. As our hunters were now tired with indolence, and fond of their own kind of exercise, they all turned out to fowling, and in this could scarce miss of success; so that we now had plenty of homony and the best of fowls; and sometimes as a rarity we had a little bread, which was made of Indian cornmeal, pounded in a homony block, mixed with boiled beans and baked in cakes under the ashes.

This, with us, was called good living, though not equal to our fat roasted and boiled venison, when we went to the woods in the fall, or bear's meat and beaver in the winter; or sugar, bear's oil and dry venison in the spring.

Some time in October another adopted brother, older than Tontileaugo, came to pay us a visit at Sunyendeand, and he asked me to take a hunt with him on Cayahaga¹⁵. As they always used me as a free man, and gave me the liberty of choosing, I told him that I was attached to Tontileaugo, had never seen him before, and therefore asked some time to consider of this. He told me that the party he was going with would not be along, or at the mouth of this little lake, in less than six days; and I could in this time be acquainted with him and judge for myself. I consulted with Tontileaugo on this occasion, and he told me that our old brother Tecaughretanego (which was his name) was a chief and a better man than he was; and if I went with him I might expect to be well-used; but he said I might do as I pleased, and if I staid he would use me as he had done. I told him that he had acted in every respect as a brother to me; yet I was much pleased with my old brother's conduct and conversation; and as he was going to a part of the country I had never been in, I wished to go with him; he said he was perfectly willing.

I then went with Tecaughretanego, to the mouth of the little lake, where he met with the company he intended going with, which was composed of Caughnewagas and Ottawas. Here I was introduced to a Caughnewaga sister, and others I had never

¹⁵ Cayahaga—Cuyahoga. Ka-ih-ogh-ha. River, in the Mohawk tongue.

before seen. My sister's name was Mary, which they pronounced Mully. I asked Tecaughretanego how it came that she had an English name; he said that he did not know that it was an English name; but that it was the name the priest gave her when she was baptized, which he said was the name of the mother of Jesus. He said there were a great many of the Caughnewagas and Wyandots that were a kind of half Roman Catholics; but as for himself he said that the priests and he could not agree, as they held notions that contradicted both sense and reason, and had the assurance to tell him that the book of God taught them these foolish absurdities; but he could not believe the Great and Good Spirit ever taught them any such nonsense: and therefore he concluded that the Indian's old religion was better than this new way of worshipping God.

The Ottawas have a very useful kind of tents which they carry with them, made of flags plaited and stitched together in a very artful manner, so as to turn rain or wind well. Each mat is made fifteen feet long and about five feet broad. In order to erect this kind of tent they cut a number of long straight poles, which they drive in the ground in the form of a circle, leaning inwards then they spread the mats on these poles beginning at the bottom and extending up, leaving only a hole in the top uncovered—and this hole answers the place of a chimney. They make a fire of dry split wood in the middle, and spread down bark mats and skins for bedding, on which they sleep in a crooked posture, all round the fire, as the length of their beds will not admit of stretching themselves. In place of a door they lift up one end of a mat and creep in, and let the mat fall down behind them.

These tents are warm and dry, and tolerable clear of smoke. Their lumber they keep under birch bark canoes, which they carry out and turn up for a shelter, where they keep everything from the rain. Nothing is in the tents but themselves and their bedding.

www.lib.utoronto.ca This company had four birch canoes and four tents. We were kindly received, and they gave us plenty of homony and wild-fowl, boiled and roasted. As the geese, ducks, swans, &c., here are well grain-fed, they were remarkably fat, especially the green-necked ducks.

The wild-fowl here feed upon a kind of wild rice, that grows spontaneously in the shallow water, or wet places along the sides or in the corners of the lakes.

As the wind was high and we could not proceed on our voyage we remained here several days and killed abundance of wild-fowl, and a number of raccoons.

When a company of Indians are moving together on the lake, as it is at this time of the year often dangerous sailing the old men hold a council; and when they agree to embark, everyone is engaged immediately in making ready, without offering one word against the measure, though the lake may be boisterous and horrid. One morning, though the wind appeared to me to be as high as in days past, and the billows raging, yet the call was given *yo-hoh-yo-hoh*, which was quickly answered by all—*ooh-ooh*—which signifies "Agreed." We were all instantly engaged in preparing to start, and had considerable difficulties in embarking.

As soon as we got into our canoes we fell to paddling with all our might, making out from the shore. Though these sort of canoes ride waves beyond what could be expected, yet the water several times dashed into them. When we got out about half a mile from shore we hoisted sail, and it was nearly a west wind,—we then seemed to ride the waves with ease and went on at a rapid rate. We then all laid down our paddles, excepting one that steered, and there was no water dashed into our canoes until we came near the shore again. We sailed about sixty miles that day, and encamped some time before night.

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The next day we again embarked and went on very well for some time; but the lake being boisterous and the wind not fair we were obliged to make to shore, which we accomplished with hard work and some difficulty in landing. The next morning a council was held by the old men.

As we had this day to pass by a long precipice of rocks on the shore about nine miles, which rendered it impossible for us to land, though the wind was high and the lake rough, yet, as it was fair, we were all ordered to embark. We wrought ourselves out from the shore and hoisted sail (what we used in place of sail-cloth were our tent-mats, which answered the purpose very well) and went for some time with a fair wind, until we were opposite to the precipice, and then it turned towards the shore, and we began to fear we should be cast upon the rocks. Two of the canoes were considerably farther out from the rocks than the canoe I was in. Those who were farthest out in the lake did not let down their sails until they had passed the precipice; but as we were nearer the rock we were obliged to lower our sail, and paddle with all our might. With much difficulty we cleared ourselves of the rock, and landed. As the other canoes had landed before us there were immediately runners sent off to see if we were all safely landed.

This night the wind fell, and the next morning the lake was tolerably calm, and we embarked without difficulty and paddled along near the shore until we came to the mouth of Cayahaga, which empties into Lake Erie on the south side betwixt Canesdooharie and Presque Isle.

We turned up Cayahaga and encamped—where we staid and hunted several days, and so we kept moving and hunting until we came to the forks of Cayahaga.

This is a very gentle river, and but few riffles or swift-running places, from the mouth to the forks. Deer here were tolerably plenty, large and fat, but bear and other game scarce. The up-

land is hilly, and principally second and third-rate. The timber chiefly black oak, white oak, hickory, dogwood, &c. The bottoms are rich and large and the timber is walnut, locust, mulberry, sugar-tree, red haw, black haw, wild apple trees, &c. The west branch of this river interlocks with the east branch of Muskingum, and the east branch with the Big Beaver Creek, that empties into the Ohio about thirty miles below Pittsburgh.

From the forks of Cayahaga to the east branch of Muskingum there is a carrying-place¹⁶, where the Indians carry their canoes, &c., from the waters of Lake Erie into the waters of the Ohio.

From the forks I went over with some hunters to the east branch of Muskingum, where they killed several deer, a number of beavers, and returned heavy-laden with skins and meat, which we carried on our backs as we had no horses.

The land here is chiefly second and third-rate, and the timber chiefly oak and hickory. A little above the forks, on the east branch of Cayahaga, are considerable rapids¹⁷, very rocky for some distance, but no perpendicular falls.

About the first of December, 1756, we were preparing for leaving the river; we buried our canoes, and as usual hung up our skins, and every one had a pack to carry. The squaws also packed up their tents, which they carried in large rolls that extended up above their heads; and though a great bulk, yet not heavy. We steered about a south-east course, and could not march over ten miles per day. At night we lodged in our flag tents, which when erected were nearly in the shape of a sugar-loaf, and about fifteen feet in diameter at the ground.

In this manner we proceeded about forty miles, and wintered

¹⁶ Carrying Place. The old Indian Portage Path, between the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum river and the Cuyahoga, in Portage and Coventry townships, Summit County, O. It was about eight miles long.

¹⁷ Rapids. The falls of the Cuyahoga in Summit County, four miles N. E. of Akron. The descent is about 200 feet in two and a half miles.

in these tents, on the waters of Beaver Creek, near a little lake¹⁸ or large pond, which is about two miles long and one broad, and a remarkable place for beaver.

It is a received opinion among the Indians that the geese turn to beavers, and the snakes to raccoons—and though Tecaughretanego, who was a wise man, was not fully persuaded that this was true, yet he seemed in some measure to be carried away with this whimsical notion. He said that this pond had been always a plentiful place of beaver. Though he said he knew them to be frequently all killed (as he thought) yet the next winter they would be as plenty as ever; and “as the beaver was an animal that did not travel by land, and there being no water communication to or from this pond, how could such a number of beavers get there year after year? But as this pond was also a considerable place for geese, when they came in the fall from the north and alighted in this pond, they turned beavers, all but the feet, which remained nearly the same.”

I said, that though there was no water communication in or out of this pond, yet it appeared that it was fed by springs, as it was always clear and never stagnated; and as a very large spring rose about a mile below this pond it was likely that this spring came from this pond. In the fall, when this spring is comparatively low, there would be air underground sufficient for the beavers to breathe in, with their heads above water, for they cannot live long under water, and so they might have a subterraneous passage by water into this pond. Tecaughretanego granted that it might be so.

About the sides of this pond there grew great abundance of cranberries, which the Indians gathered upon the ice when the pond was frozen over. These berries were about as large as rifle-

¹⁸ Little Lake. One of the numerous Beaver Ponds on the head waters of the Mahoning—no doubt much diminished since the clearing of the forest and the drainage of the land. It may be found however, in the southern part of Mahoning County.

w bullets, of a bright red color—an agreeable acid, though rather too sour of themselves; but when mixed with sugar had a very agreeable taste.

In conversation with Tecaughretanego I happened to be talking of the beavers' catching fish. He asked me why I thought that the beaver caught fish. I told him that I had read of the beaver making dams for the conveniency of fishing. He laughed and made game of me and my book. He said the man that wrote that book knew nothing about the beaver; the beaver never did eat flesh of any kind, but lived on the bark of trees, roots, and other vegetables.

In order to know certainly how this was, when we killed a beaver I carefully examined the intestines, but found no appearance of fish. I afterwards made an experiment on a pet beaver which we had, and found that it would neither eat fish or flesh; therefore I acknowledged that the book I had read was wrong.

I asked him if the beaver was an amphibious animal, or if it could live under water. He said that the beaver was a kind of subterraneous water-animal, that lives in or near the water; but they were no more amphibious than the ducks and geese were, which was constantly proven to be the case, as all the beavers that are caught in steel traps are drowned, provided the trap be heavy enough to keep them under water. As the beaver does not eat fish, I enquired of Tecaughretanego why the beaver made such large dams. He said they were of use to them in various respects both for their safety and food; for their safety, as by raising the water over the mouths of their holes or subterraneous lodging-places, they could not be easily found: and as the beaver feeds chiefly on the bark of trees, by raising the water over the banks they can cut down saplings for bark to feed upon, without going out much upon the land: and when they are obliged to go out on land for this food, they frequently are caught by the wolves. As

the beaver can run upon land but little faster than a water-tortoise, and is no fighting animal, if they are any distance from the water they become an easy prey to their enemies.

I asked Tecaughretanego what was the use of the beaver's stones, or glands, to them; as the beaver has two pair, which is commonly called the oil stones and the bark stones. He said, that as the beavers are the dumbest of all animals, and scarcely ever make a noise, and as they are working creatures, they made use of this smell in order to work in concert. If any old beaver was to come on the bank and rub his breech upon the ground and raise a perfume, the others will collect from different places and go to work; this is also of use to them in travelling, that they may thereby search out and find their company. Cunning hunters, finding this out, have made use of it against the beaver in order to catch them. What is the bait which you see them make use of, but a compound of the oil and bark stones? By this perfume, which is only a false signal, they decoy them to the trap.

Near this pond beaver was the principal game. Before the water froze up we caught a great many with wooden and steel traps; but after that we hunted the beaver on the ice. Some places here the beavers build large houses to live in: and in other places they have subterraneous lodgings in the banks. Where they lodge in the ground we have no chance of hunting them on the ice; but where they have houses we go with malls and hand-spikes and break all the hollow ice, to prevent them from getting their heads above the water under it. Then we break a hole in the house, and they make their escape into the water; but as they cannot live long under water they are obliged to go to some of those broken places to breathe, and the Indians commonly put in their hands, catch them by the hind leg, haul them on the ice and tomahawk them. Sometimes they shoot them in the head when they raise it above the water. I asked the Indians if they were not afraid

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to catch the beavers with their hands: they said, no: they were not much of a biting creature, yet if they caught them by the fore-foot, they would bite.

I went out with Tecaughretanego and some others a-beaver hunting, but we did not succeed, and on our return we saw where several raccoons had passed, while the snow was soft; though there was now a crust upon it we all made a halt, looking at the raccoon tracks. As they saw a tree with a hole in it they told me to go and see if they had gone in thereat, and if they had, to halloo, and they would come and take them out. When I went to that tree I found they had gone past; but I saw another the way they had went, and proceeded to examine that, and found they had gone up it. I then began to halloo, but could have no answer.

As it began to snow and blow most violently I returned and proceeded after my company, and for some time could see their tracks; but the old snow being only about three inches deep and a crust upon it, the present driving snow soon filled up the tracks. As I had only a bow, arrows and tomahawk with me, and no way to strike fire, I appeared to be in a dismal situation—and as the air was dark with snow I had little more prospect of steering my course, than I would in the night. At length I came to a hollow tree with a hole in one side that I could go in at. I went and found that it was a dry place, and the hollow about three feet diameter, and high enough for me to stand in. I found that there was also a considerable quantity of soft, dry rotten wood around this hollow: I therefore concluded that I would lodge here, and that I would go to work and stop up the door of my house. I stripped off my blanket (which was all the clothes that I had, excepting a breech-clout, leggins and mockasons) and with my tomahawk fell to chopping at the top of a fallen tree that lay near, and carried wood and set it up on end against the door until I had it three or four feet thick all around, excepting a hole I had left to creep in at.

I had a block prepared that I could hawl after me to stop this hole; and before I went in I put a number of small sticks, that I might more effectually stop it on the inside. When I went in I took my tomahawk and cut down all the dry rotten wood I could get, and beat it small. With it I made a bed like a goose-nest or hog-bed, and with the small sticks stopped every hole, until my house was almost dark. I stripped off my mockasons, and danced in the centre of my bed for about half an hour, in order to warm myself. In this time my feet and whole body were agreeably warmed. The snow in the meanwhile had stopped all the holes, so that my house was as dark as a dungeon: though I knew it could not yet be dark out of doors. I then coiled myself up in my blanket, lay down in my little round bed, and had a tolerable night's lodging. When I awoke all was dark—not the least glimmering of light was to be seen. Immediately I recollected that I was not to expect light in this new habitation, as there was neither door nor window in it. As I could hear the storm raging, and did not suffer much cold as I was then situated, I concluded I would stay in my nest until I was certain it was day. When I had reason to conclude that it surely was day, I arose and put on my mockasons, which I had laid under my head to keep from freezing. I then endeavored to find the door, and had to do it by the sense of feeling, which took me some time. At length I found the block, but it being heavy, and a large quantity of snow having fallen on it, at the first attempt I did not move it. I then felt terrified—among all the hardships I had sustained, I never knew before what it was to be thus deprived of light. This, with the other circumstances attending it, appeared grievous. I went straightway to bed again, wrapped my blanket around me, and lay and mused awhile, and then prayed to Almighty God to direct and protect me, as he had done heretofore. I once again attempted to move away the block, which proved successful: it moved about nine inches. With this a considerable quantity of snow fell in from above, and I immediately received

light so that I found a very great snow had fallen, above what I had ever seen in one night. I then knew why I could not easily move the block, and I was so rejoiced at obtaining the light that all my other difficulties seemed to vanish. I then turned into my cell and returned God thanks for having once more received the light of heaven. At length I belted my blanket about me, got my tomahawk, bow and arrows, and went out of my den.

I was now in tolerable high spirits, though the snow had fallen above three feet deep, in addition to what was on the ground before, and the only imperfect guide I had, in order to steer my course to camp, was the trees; as the moss generally grows on the north-west side of them if they are straight, I proceeded on, wading through the snow, and about twelve o'clock (as it appeared afterward, from that time to night, for it was yet cloudy) I came upon the creek that our camp was on, about half a mile below the camp; and when I came in sight of the camp I found that there was great joy, by the shouts and yelling of the boys, &c.

When I arrived they all came round me, and received me gladly; but at this time no questions were asked, and I was taken into a tent, where they gave me plenty of fat beaver meat, and then asked me to smoke. When I had done Tecaughretanego desired me to walk out to a fire they had made. I went out, and they all collected round me, men, women and boys. Tecaughretanego asked me to give them a particular account of what had happened from the time they left me yesterday until now. I told them the whole of the story, and they never interrupted me; but when I made a stop the intervals were filled with loud acclamations of joy. As I could not at this time talk Ottawa or Jibewa well (which is nearly the same) I delivered my story in Caughnewaga. As my sister Molly's husband was a Jibewa and could understand Caughnewaga, he acted as interpreter and delivered my story to the Jibewas and Ottawas, which they received with pleasure. When

all this was done Tecaughretanego made a speech to me in the following manner:

“Brother:—You see we have prepared snow shoes to go after you, and were almost ready to go when you appeared; yet, as you had not been accustomed to hardships in your country to the east, we never expected to see you alive. Now we are glad to see you, in various respects: we are glad to see you on your own account, and we are glad to see the prospect of your filling the place of a great man, in whose room you were adopted. We do not blame you for what has happened; we blame ourselves, because we did not think of this driving snow filling up the tracks, until after we came to camp. Brother: Your conduct on this occasion hath pleased us much. You have given us an evidence of your fortitude, skill and resolution; and we hope you will always go on to do great actions, as it is only great actions that can make a great man.”

I told my brother Tecaughretanego that I thanked them for their care of me and for the kindness I always received. I told him that I always wished to do great actions, and hoped I never would do anything to dishonor any of those with whom I was connected. I likewise told my Jibewa brother-in-law to tell his people that I also thanked them for their care and kindness.

The next morning some of the hunters went out on snow-shoes, killed several deer and hauled some of them into camp upon the snow. They fixed their carrying strings (which are broad in the middle and small at each end) in the fore-feet and nose of the deer, and laid the broad part of it on their heads or about their shoulders and pulled it along; and when it is moving (it) will not sink in the snow much deeper than a snow-shoe; and when taken with the grain of the hair slips along very easy.

The snow-shoes are made like a hoop-net and wrought with buckskin thongs. Each shoe is about two feet and a half long

and about eighteen inches broad before, and small behind, with cross-bars in order to fix or tie them to their feet. After the snow had lain a few days the Indians tomahawked the deer by pursuing them in this manner.

About two weeks after this there came a warm rain, and took away the chief part of the snow and broke up the ice; then we engaged in making wooden traps to catch beavers, as we had but few steel traps. These traps are made nearly in the same manner as the raccoon traps already described.

One day as I was looking after my traps I got benighted, by beaver-ponds intercepting my way to camp; and as I had neglected to take fire-works* with me, and the weather very cold, I could find no suitable lodging-place, therefore the only expedient I could think of to keep myself from freezing, was exercise. I danced and hallooed the whole night with all my might and the next day came to camp. Though I suffered much more this time than the other night I lay out, yet the Indians were not so much concerned, as they thought I had fire-works with me; but when they knew how it was they did not blame me. They said that old hunters were frequently involved in this place, as the beaver dams were one above another on every creek and run, so that it is hard to find a fording-place. They applauded me for my fortitude, and said as they had now plenty of beaver skins they would purchase me a new gun at Detroit, as we were to go there the next spring; and then if I should chance to be lost in dark weather I could make fire, kill provisions, and return to camp when the sun shined. By being bewildered on the waters of Muskingum I lost repute, and was reduced to the bow and arrow; and by lying out two nights here I regained my credit.

After some time the waters all froze again, and then, as formerly, we hunted beavers on the ice. Though beaver meat, with-

* Flint and steel.—[ED.]

out salt or bread, was the chief of our food this winter, yet we always had plenty and I was well contented with my diet, as it appeared delicious fare after the way we had lived the winter before.

Sometime in February we scaffolded up our fur and skins, and moved about ten miles in quest of a sugar-camp or a suitable place to make sugar; and encamped in a large bottom on the head-waters of Big Beaver creek. We had some difficulty in moving, as we had a blind Caughnewaga boy, about 15 years of age, to lead; and as the country is very brushy we frequently had him to carry. We had also my Jibewa brother-in-law's father with us, who was thought by the Indians to be a great conjurer—his name was Manetohcoa—this old man was so decrepit that we had to carry him this route upon a bier, and all our baggage to pack on our backs.

Shortly after we came to this place the squaws began to make sugar. We had no large kettles with us this year, and they made the frost, in some measure, supply the place of fire in making sugar. Their large bark vessels for holding the stock-water, they made broad and shallow; and as the weather is very cold here it frequently freezes at night in sugar time; and the ice they break and cast out of the vessels. I asked them if they were not throwing away the sugar—they said no, it was water they were casting away; sugar did not freeze, and there was scarcely any in that ice. They said I might try the experiment and boil some of it, and see what I would get. I never did try it, but I observed that after several times' freezing the water that remained in the vessel changed its color and became brown and very sweet.

About the time we were done making sugar the snow went off the ground, and one night a squaw raised an alarm. She said she saw two men with guns in their hands, upon the bank on the other side of the creek, spying our tents—they were supposed to be Johnson's Mohawks¹⁹. On this, the squaws were ordered to slip quietly

¹⁹ Johnson's Mohawks—The celebrated Sir William Johnson, of New York State.

out some distance into the bushes; and all who had either guns or bows were to squat in the bushes near the tents; and if the enemy rushed up we were to give them the first fire, and let the squaws have an opportunity of escaping. I got down beside Tecaughretanego, and he whispered to me not to be afraid, for he would speak to the Mohawks, and as they spake the same tongue that we did they would not hurt the Caughnewagas or me; but they would kill all the Jibewas and Ottawas that they could, and take us along with them. This news pleased me well, and I heartily wished for the approach of the Mohawks.

Before we withdrew from the tents they had carried Manetohcoa to the fire and gave him his conjuring tools, which were dyed feathers, the bone of the shoulder-blade of a wildcat, tobacco, &c., and while we were in the bushes Manetohcoa was in a tent at the fire, conjuring away to the utmost of his ability. At length he called aloud for us all to come in, which was quickly obeyed. When we came in he told us that after he had gone through the whole of his ceremony, and expected to see a number of Mohawks on the flat bone when it was warmed at the fire, the pictures of two wolves only appeared. He said though there were no Mohawks about, we must not be angry with the squaw for giving a false alarm, as she had occasion to go out, and happened to see the wolves. Though it was moonlight yet she got afraid, and she conceited it was Indians with guns in their hands; so he said we might all go to sleep, for there was no danger—and accordingly we did.

The next morning we went to the place and found wolf tracks, and where they had scratched with their feet like dogs; but there was no sign of mockason tracks. If there is any such thing as a wizard I think Manetohcoa was as likely to be one as any man, as he was a professed worshipper of the devil. But let him be a conjurer or not, I am persuaded that the Indians believed what he told them upon this occasion as well as if it had come from an in-

fallible oracle, or they would not, after such an alarm as this, go all to sleep in an unconcerned manner. This appeared to me the most like witchcraft of anything I beheld while I was with them. Though I scrutinized their proceedings in business of this kind, yet I generally found that their pretended witchcraft was either art or mistaken notions whereby they deceive themselves. Before a battle they spy the enemy's motions carefully, and when they find that they can have considerable advantage and the greatest prospect of success, then the old men pretend to conjure or to tell what the event will be; and this they do in a figurative manner, which will bear something of a different interpretation, which generally comes to pass nearly as they foretold: therefore the young warriors generally believed these old conjurors, which had a tendency to animate and excite them to push on with vigor.

Sometime in March, 1757, we began to move back to the forks of Cayahaga, which was about forty or fifty miles; and as we had no horses we had all our baggage and several hundred-weight of beaver skins, and some deer and bearskins, all to pack on our backs. The method we took to accomplish this was by making short day's journies. In the morning we would move on with as much as we were able to carry, about five miles, and encamp: and then run back for more. We commonly made three such trips in the day. When we came to the great pond we staid there one day, to rest ourselves and to kill ducks and geese.

From our sugar-camp on the head waters of Big Beaver creek, to this place is not hilly, and some places the woods are tolerably clear, but in most places exceedingly brushy. The land here is chiefly second and third-rate. The timber on the upland is white oak, black oak, hickory and chestnut; there is also in some places walnut upland and plenty of good water. The bottoms here are generally large and good.

www.Woolbarn.com We again proceeded on from the pond to the forks of Cayahaga, at the rate of about five miles per day.

The land on this route is not very hilly; it is well watered, and in many places ill-timbered, generally brushy, and chiefly second and third-rate land, intermixed with good bottoms.

When we came to the forks we found that the skins we had scaffolded were all safe. Though this was a public place, and Indians frequently passing and our skins hanging up in view, yet there was none stolen; and it is seldom that Indians do steal anything from one another; and they never did until the white people came among them, and learned some of them to lie, cheat and swear; but be that as it may, they never did curse or swear until the whites learned them. Some think their language will not admit of it, but I am not of that opinion; if I was so disposed I could find language to curse or swear, in the Indian tongue.

I remember that Tecaughretanego, when something displeased him, said "God d-n it." I asked him if he knew what he then said: he said he did, and mentioned one of their degrading expressions, which he supposed to be the meaning of what he had said. I told him that it did not bear the least resemblance to it; that what he said was calling upon the great Spirit to punish the object he was displeased with. He stood for some time amazed, and then said "If this be the meaning of these words, what sort of people are the whites? When the traders were among us these words seemed to be intermixed with all their discourse." He, told me to reconsider what I had said, for he thought I must be mistaken in my definition; if I was not mistaken, he said, the traders applied these words not only wickedly but oftentimes very foolishly, and contrary to sense or reason. He said he remembered once of a trader's accidentally breaking his gun-lock, and on that occasion calling out aloud "God d-n it." Surely, he said, the gun-lock was not an object worthy of punishment for Owaneeyo

or the Great Spirit. He also observed the traders often used this expression when they were in a good humor, and not displeased with anything. I acknowledged that the traders used this expression very often in a most irrational, inconsistent and impious manner: yet I still asserted that I had given the true meaning of these words. He replied "If so, the traders are as bad as Oonasahroona," or the underground inhabitants, which is the name they give the devils, as they entertain a notion that their place of residence is under the earth.

We took up our birch-bark canoes which we had buried, and found that they were not damaged by the winter; but they not being sufficient to carry all that we now had, we made a large chestnut-bark canoe, as elm-bark was not to be found at this place.

We all embarked, and had a very agreeable passage down the Cayahaga and along the south side of Lake Erie, until we passed the mouth of Sandusky. Then the wind arose, and we put in at the mouth of the Miami of the lake, at Cedar Point, where we remained several days and killed a number of turkeys, geese, ducks and swans. The wind being fair and the lake not extremely rough we again embarked, hoisted up sails, and arrived safe at the Wyandot town, nearly opposite to Fort Detroit, on the north side of the river. Here we found a number of French traders, every one very willing to deal with us for our beaver.

We bought ourselves fine clothes, ammunition, paint, tobacco, &c. and according to promise, they purchased me a new gun: yet we had not parted with only about one-third of our beaver. At length a trader came to town with French brandy. We purchased a keg of it, and held a council about who was to get drunk and who was to keep sober. I was invited to get drunk, but I refused the proposal; then they told me that I must be one of those who were to take care of the drunken people. I did not like this, but of the two evils I chose that which I thought was the least, and fell in

with those who were to conceal the arms and keep every dangerous weapon we could out of their way, and endeavor, if possible to keep the drinking club from killing each other; which was a very hard task. Several times we hazarded our own lives, and got ourselves hurt, in preventing them from slaying each other. Before they had finished this keg near one-third of the town was introduced to this drinking club; they could not pay their part, as they had already disposed of all their skins; but that made no odds: all were welcome to drink.

When they were done with this keg they applied to the traders and procured a kettle-full of brandy at a time, which they divided out with a large wooden spoon—and so they went on and never quit while they had a single beaver skin.

When the trader had got all our beaver he moved off to the Ottawa town, about a mile above the Wyandot town.

When the brandy was gone and the drinking club sober, they appeared much dejected. Some of them were crippled, others badly wounded, a number of their fine new shirts tore, and several blankets were burned: a number of squaws were also in this club, and neglected their corn-planting.

We could now hear the effects of the brandy in the Ottawa town. They were singing and yelling in the most hideous manner, both night and day; but their frolic ended worse than ours: five Ottawas were killed, and a great many wounded.

After this a number of young Indians were getting their ears cut, and they urged me to have mine cut likewise; but they did not attempt to compel me though they endeavoured to persuade me. The principal arguments they used were: its being a very great ornament, and also the common fashion. The former I did not believe, and the latter I could not deny. The way they performed this operation was by cutting the fleshy part of the circle

of the ear close to the gristle, quite through. When this was done they wrapt rags around this fleshy part until it was entirely healed; then they hung lead to it and stretched it to a wonderful length. When it was sufficiently stretched they wrapt the fleshy part round with brass wire, which formed into a semi-circle about four inches in diameter.

Many of the young men were now exercising themselves in a game resembling football; though they commonly struck the ball with a crooked stick,* made for that purpose; also a game something like this, wherein they used a wooden ball about three inches in diameter, and the instrument they moved it with was a strong staff about five feet long with a hoop net on the end of it, large enough to contain the ball.† Before they begin the play they lay off about half a mile distance in a clear plain, and the opposite parties all attend at the centre, where a disinterested person casts up a ball: then the opposite parties all contend for it. If any one gets it into his net, he runs with it the way he wishes it to go, and they all pursue him. If one of the opposite party overtakes the person with the ball, he gives the staff a stroke which causes it to fly out of the net. Then they have another debate for it, and if the one that gets it can outrun all the opposite party, and can carry it quite out, or over the line at the end, the game is won: but this seldom happens. When any one is running away with the ball, and is like to be overtaken, he commonly throws it, and with this instrument can cast it fifty or sixty yards. Sometimes when the ball is almost at the one end, matters will take a sudden turn, and the opposite party may quickly carry it out at the other end. Oftentimes they will work a long while back and forward before they can get the ball over the line or win the game.

About the first of June, 1757, the warriors were preparing to go to war, in the Wyandot, Pottowatomy and Ottawa towns; also

*Evidently the modern game of hockey.

†Lacrosse.

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a great many Jibewas came down from the upper lakes and after singing their war songs and going through their common ceremonies, they marched off against the frontiers of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania in their usual manner, singing the travelling song, slow firing, &c.

On the north side of the river St. Lawrence, opposite to Fort Detroit, there is an island which the Indians call the Long Island, and which they say is above one thousand miles long, and in some places above one hundred miles broad. They further say that the great river²⁰ that comes down by Canesatauga and that empties into the main branch of St. Lawrence above Montreal, originates from one source with the St. Lawrence, and forms this island.

Opposite to Detroit and below it was originally a prairie, and laid off in lots about sixty roods broad and a great length. Each lot is divided into two fields, which they cultivate year about. The principal grain that the French raised in these fields was spring wheat and peas.

They built all their houses on the front of these lots on the river side; and as the banks of the river are very low, some of the houses are not above three or four feet above the surface of the water; yet they are in no danger of being disturbed by freshes, as the river seldom rises above eighteen inches, because it is the communication of the river St. Lawrence from one lake to another.

As dwelling-houses, barns and stables are all built on the front of these lots, at a distance it appears like a continued row of houses in a town, on each side of the river for a long way. These villages, the town, the river and the plains being all in view at once, afford a most delightful prospect.

The inhabitants here chiefly drink the river water, and as it comes from the northward it is very wholesome.

²⁰ Great River—The Ottawa.

The land here is principally second-rate, and comparatively speaking a small part is first or third-rate; though about four or five miles south of Detroit there is a small portion that is worse than what I would call third-rate, which produces abundance of hurtle* berries.

There is plenty of good meadow ground here, and a great many marshes that are overspread with water. The timber is elm, sugar-tree, black ash, abundance of water-ash, oak, hickory and some walnut.

About the middle of June the Indians were almost all gone to war, from sixteen to sixty; yet Tecaughretanego remained in town with me. Though he had formerly, when they were at war with the southern nation, been a great warrior and an eminent counsellor, and I think as clear and as able a reasoner upon any subject that he had an opportunity of being acquainted with, as I ever knew, yet he had all along been against this war, and had strenuously opposed it in council. He said, if the English and French had a quarrel let them fight their own battles themselves; it is not our business to intermeddle therewith.

Before the warriors returned we were very scarce of provision: and though we did not commonly steal from one another, yet we stole during this time anything that we could eat, from the French, under the notion that it was just for us to do so, because they supported our soldiers; and our squaws, old men and children were suffering on the account of the war, as our hunters were all gone.

Sometime in August the warriors returned, and brought in with them a great many scalps, prisoners and plunder; and the common report among the young warriors was that they would entirely subdue Tulhasga, that is the English, or it might be literally rendered, the Morning Light inhabitants.

* Whortle.

www.indoo.com.cn
About the first of November a number of families were preparing to go on their winter hunt, and all agreed to cross the lake together. We encamped at the mouth of the river the first night, and a council was held, whether we would cross through by the three islands, or coast it round the lake. These islands lie in a line across the lake and are just in sight of each other. Some of the Wyandots or Ottawas frequently make their winter hunt on these islands, though excepting wild fowl and fish there is scarcely any game here but raccoons, which are amazingly plenty and exceeding large and fat, as they feed upon the wild rice, which grows in abundance in wet places round these islands. It is said that each hunter in one winter will catch one thousand raccoons.

It is a received opinion among the Indians that the snakes and raccoons are transmutable; and that a great many of the snakes turn raccoons every fall, and raccoons snakes every spring. The notion is founded on observations made on the snakes and raccoons in this island.

As the raccoons here lodge in rocks, the trappers make their wooden traps at the mouth of the holes; and as they go daily to look at their traps in the winter season, they commonly find them filled with raccoons; but in the spring or when the frost is out of the ground, they say they then find their traps filled with large rattlesnakes: and therefore conclude that the raccoons are transformed. They also say that the reason why they are so remarkably plenty in the winter is, every fall the snakes turn raccoons again.

I told them that though I had never landed on any of these islands, yet from the unanimous accounts I had received, I believed that both snakes and raccoons were plenty there; but no doubt they all remained there both summer and winter, only the snakes were not to be seen in the latter; yet I did not believe they were transmutable.

These islands are but seldom visited, because early in the spring and late in the fall it is dangerous sailing in the bark canoes; and in the summer they are so infested with various kinds of serpents (but chiefly rattlesnakes) that it is dangerous landing.

I shall now quit this digression and return to the result of the council at the mouth of the river. We concluded to coast it round the lakes, and in two days came to the mouth of the Miami of the lake, and landed on Cedar Point, where we remained several days. Here we held a council and concluded we would take a driving hunt in concert and in partnership.

The river at this place is about a mile broad, and as it and the lake forms a kind of neck which terminates in a point, all the hunters (which were 53) went up the river, and we scattered ourselves from the river to the lake. When we first began to move we were not in sight of each other, but as we all raised the yell, we could move regularly together by the noise. At length we came in sight of each other, and appeared to be marching in good order. Before we came to the point both the squaws and boys in the canoes were scattered up the river and along the lake, to prevent the deer from making their escape by water. As we advanced near the point the guns began to crack slowly, and after some time the firing was like a little engagement. The squaws and boys were busy tomahawking the deer in the water, and we shooting them down on the land. We killed in all about thirty deer, though a great many made their escape by water.

We had now great feasting and rejoicing, as we had plenty of homony, venison and wild-fowl. The geese at this time appeared to be preparing to move southward. It might be asked what is meant by the geese preparing to move. The Indians represent them as holding a great council at this time concerning the weather, in order to conclude upon a day, that they may all at or near one time leave the northern lakes and wing their way to the southern

bays. When matters are brought to a conclusion and the time appointed that they are to take wing, then they say a great number of expresses are sent off in order to let the different tribes know the result of this council, that they may be all in readiness to move at the time appointed. As there is a great commotion among the geese at this time, it would appear by their actions that such a council had been held. Certain it is that they are led by instinct to act in concert, and to move off regularly after their leaders.

Here our company separated. The chief part of them went up the Miami river, that empties into Lake Erie at Cedar Point, whilst we proceeded on our journey in company with Tecaughretanogo, Tontileaugo, and two families of the Wyandots.

As cold weather was now approaching, we began to feel the doleful effects of extravagantly and foolishly spending the large quantity of beaver we had taken in our last winter hunt. We were all nearly in the same circumstances; scarcely one had a shirt to his back, but each of us had an old blanket which we belted round us in the day and slept in at night, with a deer or bear skin under us for our bed.

When we came to the falls of Sandusky²¹ we buried our birch-bark canoes as usual, at a large burying-place for that purpose, a little below the falls. At this place the river falls about eight feet over a rock, but not perpendicular. With much difficulty we pushed up our wooden canoes; some of us went up the river and the rest by land with the horses, until we came to the great meadows or prairies²² that lie between Sandusky and Scioto.

When we came to this place we met with some Ottawa hunters and agreed with them to take what they call a ring hunt, in partnership. We waited until we expected rain was nearly falling to extinguish the fire, and then we kindled a large circle in the prairie.

²¹ Falls of Sandusky—Rapids at Fremont, Sandusky County, O.

²² Prairies—Formerly called the Sandusky Plains; now within the counties of Crawford, Wyandot, Marion and Hardin, O.

At this time, or before the bucks began to run, a great number of deer lay concealed in the grass in the day, and moved about in the night; but as the fire burned in towards the centre of the circle the deer fled before the fire. The Indians were scattered also at some distance before the fire, and shot them down (at) every opportunity, which was very frequent, especially as the circle became small. When we came to divide the deer there were above ten to each hunter, which were all killed in a few hours. The rain did not come on that night to put out the outside circle of the fire, and as the wind arose it extended through the whole prairie, which was about fifty miles in length and in some places near twenty in breadth. This put an end to our ring-hunting this season, and was in other respects an injury to us in the hunting business ; so that upon the whole we received more harm than benefit by our rapid hunting frolic. We then moved from the north end of the glades and encamped at the carrying-place.²³

This place is in the plains betwixt a creek that empties into the Sandusky and one that runs into (the) Scioto: and at the time of high water, or in the spring season, there is but about one-half mile of portage, and that very level and clear of rocks, timber or stones: so that with a little digging there may be water carried the whole way from Scioto to Lake Erie.

From the mouth of Sandusky to the falls is chiefly first-rate land, lying flat or level, intermixed with large bodies of clear meadows, where the grass is exceeding rank and in many places three or four feet high. The timber is oak, hickory, walnut, cherry, black ash, elm, sugar-tree, buckeye, locust and beech. In some places

²³ Portage—This extended from the site of Garrett's Mills, near the village of Wyandot, on the Sandusky river, in Wyandot county, thence south about four miles on a ridge through part of Dallas township in Crawford county, to the north branch of the Little Scioto near Swinnerton, on the old Fort Ball and Columbus road in Grand Prairie township, Marion County. The length varied according to the stage of water. It was known as the "Four Mile Cross." In high water the north branch of the Little Scioto could be navigated by canoes to a point about a mile from Wyandot. A cut has been made by which the waters of both streams are united.

there is wet timber land—the timber in these places is chiefly water-ash, sycamore or button-wood.

From the falls to the prairies the land lies well to the sun—it is neither too flat nor too hilly, and chiefly first-rate. The timber nearly the same as below the falls, excepting the water ash. There is also here, some plats of beech land that appears to be second-rate, as it frequently produces spice wood. The prairie appears to be a tolerable fertile soil, though in many places too wet for cultivation; yet I apprehend it would produce timber, were it only kept from fire.

The Indians are of the opinion that the squirrels plant all the timber, as they bury a number of nuts for food, and only one at a place. When a squirrel is killed, the various kinds of nuts thus buried will grow.

I have observed that when these prairies have only escaped fire for one year, near where a single tree stood there was a young growth of timber, supposed to be planted by the squirrels; but when the prairies were again burned all this young growth was immediately consumed; as the fire ranges in the grass to such a pitch that numbers of raccoons are thereby burned to death.

On the west side of the prairie or betwixt that and Scioto, there is a large body of first-rate land; the timber walnut, locust, sugar-tree, buckeye, cherry, ash, elm, mulberry, plumb-trees, spicewood, black haw, red haw, oak and hickory.

About the time the bucks quit running, Tontileaugo, his wife and children, Tecaughretanego, his son Nungany and myself left the Wyandot camps at the carrying-place, and crossed the Sciota river at the south end of the glades, and proceeded on about a south-west course to a large creek called Ollentangy,²⁴ which I believe

²⁴ The Ollentangy—Big Darby Creek, which rises in Logan county, flows S. E. and empties into the west side of the Sciota in Pickaway county, opposite Circleville, is the *real* Ollentangy. This is clearly evident from Smith's description of his route from the Sandusky portage to that stream, and of the country between it and the waters of the Miami (or Mad River). The "very large prairie" is now within the counties of Madison, Clarke, Champaign, Fayette, Pickaway, and Greene, between Darby Creek and Mad River.

interlocks with the waters of the Miami and empties into Sciota on the west side thereof. From the south end of the prairie to Ollentangy there is a large quantity of beech land, intermixed with first-rate land. Here we made our winter hut, and had considerable success in trapping.

After some time one of Tontileaugo's step-sons (a lad about eight years of age) offended him, and he gave the boy a moderate whipping, which much displeased his Wyandot wife. She acknowledged that the boy was guilty of a fault, but thought that he ought to have been ducked, which is their usual mode of chastisement. She said she could not bear to have her son whipped like a servant or slave; and she was so displeased that when Tontileaugo went out to hunt she got her two horses and all her effects (as in this country the husband and wife have separate interests) and moved back to the Wyandot camps that we had left.

When Tontileaugo returned he was much disturbed on hearing of his wife's elopement, and said that he would never go after her, were it not that he was afraid that she would get bewildered, and that his children that she had taken with her might suffer. Tontileaugo went after his wife, and when they met they made up the quarrel and he never returned: but left Tecaughretanego and his son (a boy about ten years of age) and myself, who remained here in our hut all winter.

Tecaughretanego, who had been a first-rate warrior, statesman and hunter and though he was now near sixty years of age, he was yet equal to the common run of hunters, but subject to the rheumatism, which deprived him of the use of his legs.

Shortly after Tontileaugo left us Tecaughretanego became lame, and could scarcely walk out of our hut for two months. I had considerable success in hunting and trapping. Though Tecaughretanego endured much pain and misery yet he bore it all with wonderful patience, and would often endeavor to entertain

me with cheerful conversation. Sometimes he would applaud me for my diligence, skill and activity—and at other times he would take great care in giving me instructions concerning the hunting and trapping business. He would also tell me that if I failed of success we would suffer very much, as we were about forty miles from any one living that we knew of; yet he would not intimate that he apprehended we were in any danger, but still supposed that I was fully adequate to the task.

Tontileaugo left us a little before Christmas, and from that time until some time in February we had always plenty of bear meat, venison, &c. During this time I killed much more than we could use, but having no horses to carry in what I killed, I left part of it in the woods. In February there came a snow, with a crust, which made a great noise when walking on it, and frightened away the deer; and as bear and beaver were scarce here, we got entirely out of provision. After I had hunted two days without eating anything, and had had very short allowance for some days before, I returned late in the evening, faint and weary. When I came into our hut Tecaughretanego asked "What success?" I told him not any.

He asked if I was not very hungry. I replied that the keen appetite seemed to be in some measure removed, but I was both faint and weary. He commanded Nunganey his little son, to bring me something to eat, and he brought me a kettle with some bones and broth. After eating a few mouthfuls my appetite violently returned, and I thought the victuals had a most agreeable relish, though it was only fox and wildcat bones, which lay about the camp, which the ravens and turkey-buzzards had picked. These Nunganey had collected and boiled until the sinews that remained on the bones would strip off. I speedily finished my allowance, such as it was, and when I had ended my sweet repast Tecaughretanego asked me how I felt. I told him that I was

much refreshed. He then handed me his pipe and pouch, and told me to take a smoke. I did so. He said he had something of importance to tell me, if I was now composed and ready to hear it. I told him that I was ready to hear him. He said the reason why he deferred his speech till now was because few men are in a right humor to hear good talk when they are extremely hungry, as they are then generally fretful and discomposed; "but as you appear now to enjoy calmness and serenity of mind, I will now communicate to you the thoughts of my heart, and those things that I know to be true. Brother—As you have lived with the white people, you have not had the same advantage of knowing that the Great Being above feeds his people, and gives them their meat in due season, as we Indians have, who are frequently out of provisions, and yet are wonderfully supplied; and that so frequently that it is evidently the hand of the great *Owaneeyo** that doth this: whereas the white people have commonly large stocks of tame cattle that they can kill when they please, and also their barns and cribs filled with grain, and therefore have not the same opportunity of seeing and knowing that they are supported by the Ruler of Heaven and earth.

Brother—I know that you are now afraid that we will all perish with hunger: but you have no just reason to fear this.

Brother: I have been young, but am now old. I have been frequently under the like circumstance that we now are, and that some time or other in almost every year of my life; yet I have hitherto been supported, and my wants supplied in time of need.

Brother—Owaneeyo sometimes suffers us to be in want, in order to teach us our dependence upon him, and to let us know that we are to live and serve him; and likewise to know the worth of the favors that we receive, and to make us more thankful.

Brother—Be assured that you will be supplied with food, and

* This is the name of God in their tongue, and signifies the owner and ruler of all things.

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that just in the right time; but you must continue diligent in the use of means. Go to sleep, and rise early in the morning and go a-hunting,—be strong and exert yourself like a man, and the Great Spirit will direct your way.”

The next morning I went out and steered about an east course. I proceeded on slowly for about five miles and saw deer frequently, but as the crust on the snow made a great noise they were always running before I spied them, so that I could not get a shot. A violent appetite returned, and I became intolerably hungry. It was now that I concluded I would run off to Pennsylvania, my native country. As the snow was on the ground, and Indian hunters almost the whole of the way before me, I had but a poor prospect of making my escape; but my case appeared desperate. If I staid here I thought I would perish with hunger, and if I met with Indians they could but kill me.

I then proceeded on as fast as I could walk, and when I got about ten or twelve miles from our hut, came upon fresh buffaloe tracks. I pursued after, and in a short time came in sight of them as they were passing through a small glade; I ran with all my might and headed them, where I lay in ambush and killed a very large cow. I immediately kindled a fire and began to roast meat, but could not wait till it was done: I ate it while almost raw. When hunger was abated I began to be tenderly concerned for my old Indian brother, and the little boy I had left in a perishing condition. I made haste and packed up what meat I could carry, secured what I left from the wolves, and returned homewards.

I scarcely thought on the old man's speech while I was almost distracted with hunger, but on my return was much affected with it, reflected on myself for my hardheartedness and ingratitude in attempting to run off and leave the venerable old man and little boy to perish with hunger. I also considered how remarkably the old man's speech had been verified in our providentially obtaining

a supply. I thought also of that part of his speech which treated of the fractious dispositions of hungry people, which was the only excuse I had for my base inhumanity, in attempting to leave them in the most deplorable situation.

As it was moonlight I got home to our hut, and found the old man in his usual good humor. He thanked me for my exertion and bid me sit down, as I must certainly be fatigued, and he commanded Nunganey to make haste and cook. I told him I would cook for him, and let the boy lay some meat on the coals for himself; which he did, but ate it almost raw, as I had done. I immediately hung on the kettle with some water, and cut the beef in thin slices and put them in. When it had boiled awhile I proposed taking it off the fire, but the old man replied "Let it be done enough." This he said in as patient and unconcerned a manner as if he had not wanted a single meal. He commanded Nunganey to eat no more beef at that time lest he might hurt himself; but told him to sit down, and after some time he might sup some broth—this command he reluctantly obeyed.

When we were all refreshed Tecaughretanego delivered a speech upon the necessity and pleasure of receiving the necessary support of life with thankfulness, knowing that *Owaneeyo* is the great giver. Such speeches from an Indian may be thought, by those who are unacquainted with them, altogether incredible; but when we reflect on the Indian war, we may readily conclude that they are not an ignorant or stupid sort of people, or they would not have been such fatal enemies. When they came into our country they outwitted us, and when we sent armies into their country they outgeneralled and beat us with inferior force. Let us also take into consideration that Tecaughretanego was no common person, but was among the Indians as Socrates in the ancient heathen world; and, it may be, equal to him, if not in wisdom or learning, yet perhaps in patience and fortitude. Notwithstanding Tecaughretanego's uncommon natural abilities, yet in the sequel of

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this history you will see the deficiency of the light of nature unaided by revelation, in this truly great man.

The next morning Tecaughretanego desired me to go back and bring another load of buffaloe beef: as I proceeded to do so, about five miles from our hut I found a bear-tree. As a sapling grew near the tree and reached near the hole that the bear went in at, I got dry dozed or rotten wood, that would catch and hold fire almost as well as spunk. This wood I tied up in bunches, fixed them on my back, and then climbed up the sapling, and with a pole I put them, touched with fire, into the hole, and then came down and took my gun in my hand. After some time the bear came out, and I killed and skinned it, packed up a load of the meat (after securing the remainder from the wolves), and returned home before night. On my return my old brother and his son were much rejoiced at my success. After this we had plenty of provision.

We remained here until sometime in April, 1758. At this time Tecaughretanego had recovered so that he could walk about. We made a bark canoe, embarked, and went down Ollentangy some distance, but the water being low we were in danger of splitting our canoe on the rocks; therefore Tecaughretanego concluded we should encamp on shore and pray for rain.

When we encamped Tecaughretanego made himself a sweat-house; which he did by sticking a number of hoops in the ground, each hoop forming a semi-circle—this he covered all round with blankets and skins; he then prepared hot stones, which he rolled into this hut, and then went into it himself with a little kettle of water in his hand, mixed with a variety of herbs which he had formerly cured, and had now with him in his pack—they afforded an odoriferous perfume. When he was in he told me to pull down the blankets behind him and cover up close, which I did; and then he began to pour water upon the hot stones, and to sing aloud. He continued in this vehement hot place about fifteen minutes; all

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 this he did in order to purify himself before he would address the Supreme Being. When he came out of his sweat-house he began to burn tobacco and pray. He began each petition with *oh, ho, ho, ho*, which is a kind of aspiration, and signifies an ardent wish. I observed that all his petitions were only for immediate or present temporal blessings. He began his address by thanksgiving in the following manner:

“O great Being I thank thee that I have obtained the use of my legs again, that I am able to walk about and kill turkeys, &c., without feeling exquisite pain and misery I know that thou art, a hearer and a helper, and therefore I will call upon thee. *Oh, ho, ho, ho,*

Grant that my knees and ankles may be right well, and that I may be able not only to walk but to run and jump logs, as I did last fall.

Oh, ho, ho, ho,

Grant that on this voyage we may frequently kill bears, as they may be crossing the Scioto and Sandusky.

Oh, ho, ho, ho,

Grant that we may kill plenty of Turkeys along the banks, to stew with our fat bear meat.

Oh, ho, ho, ho,

Grant that rain may come to raise the Ollentangy about two or three feet, that we may cross in safety down to Scioto without danger of our canoe being wrecked on the rocks; and now, oh Great Being, thou knowest how matters stand—thou knowest that I am a great lover of tobacco, and though I know not when I may get any more I now make a present of the last I have, unto thee, as a free burnt offering; therefore I expect thou wilt hear and grant these requests, and I thy servant will return thee thanks, and love thee for the gifts.”

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During the whole of this scene I sat by Tecaughretanego, and as he went through it with the greatest solemnity, I was seriously affected with his prayers. I remained duly composed until he came to the burning of the tobacco, and as I knew that he was a great lover of it, and saw him cast the last of it into the fire, it excited in me a kind of merriment, and I insensibly smiled. Tecaughretanego observed me laughing, which displeased him and occasioned him to address me in the following manner:

Brother: I have somewhat to say to you, and I hope that you will not be offended when I tell you of your faults. You know that when you were reading your books in town I would not let the boys or any one disturb you; but now when I was praying, I saw you laughing. I do not think that you look upon praying as a foolish thing: I believe you pray yourself. But perhaps you may think my mode or manner of prayer foolish; if so, you ought in a friendly manner to instruct me, and not make sport of sacred things."

I acknowledged my error, and on this he handed me his pipe to smoke, in token of friendship and reconciliation; though at that time he had nothing to smoke but red-willow bark. I told him something of the method of reconciliation with an offended God, as revealed in my Bible, which I had then in my possession. He said that he liked my story better than that of the French priest, but he thought that he was now too old to begin to learn a new religion; therefore he should continue to worship God in the way that he had been taught, and that if salvation or future happiness was to be had in his way of worship he expected he would obtain it; and if it was inconsistent with the honor of the Great Spirit to accept of him in his own way of worship, he hoped that *Owaneeyo* would accept of him in the way I had mentioned, or in some other way, though he might now be ignorant of the channel through which favor or mercy might be conveyed. He said that he believed *Owaneeyo* would hear and help every one that sincerely waited upon him.

Here we may see how far the light of nature could go; perhaps we see it here almost in its highest extent. Notwithstanding the just views that this great man entertained of Providence, yet we now see him (though he acknowledged his guilt) expecting to appease the Deity and procure his favor, by burning a little tobacco. We may observe that all heathen nations, as far as we can find out either by tradition or the light of Nature, agree with Revelation in this: that sacrifice is necessary, or that some kind of atonement is to be made, in order to remove guilt and reconcile them to God. This, accompanied with numberless other witnesses, is sufficient evidence of the rationality and truth of the Scriptures.

Here we must close the Narrative of Colonel Smith, as our limits will not permit us to publish it in full. For an account of the general character of the Indians the reader is referred to the appendix, which has also been extracted from Colonel Smith's pamphlet.



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APPENDIX

ON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INDIANS

The Indians are a slovenly people in their dress. They seldom ever wash their shirts, and in regard to cookery they are exceedingly filthy. When they kill a buffaloe they will sometimes lash the paunch of it round a sapling, and cast it into the kettle, boil it and sup the broth; though they commonly shake it about in cold water, then boil and eat it. Notwithstanding all this, they are very polite in their own way, and they retain among them the essentials of good manners. Though they have few compliments, yet they are complaisant to one another, and when accompanied with good humour and discretion, they entertain strangers in the best manner their circumstances will admit. They use but few titles of honor. In the military line the titles of great men are only captains or leaders of parties. In the civil line the titles are only counsellors, chiefs, or the old wise men. These titles are never made use of in addressing any of their great men. The language commonly made use of in addressing them is Grandfather, Father, or Uncle. They have no such thing in use among them as Sir, Mr., Madam or Mistress. The common mode of address is My Friend, Brother, Cousin, or Mother, Sister, &c. They pay great respect to age, or to the aged Fathers and Mothers among them, of every rank. No one can arrive at any place of honor among them, but by merit. Either some exploit in war must be performed, before any one can be advanced in the military line, or become eminent for wisdom before they can obtain a seat in council. It would appear to the Indians a most ridiculous thing to see a man lead off a company of warriors, as an officer, who had himself never been in a battle in his life. Even in case of merit, they are slow in advancing any one until they arrive at or near middle age.

www.lib.mcgill.ca They invite every one that comes to their house or camp, to eat, while they have anything to give; and it is accounted bad manners to refuse eating when invited. They are very tenacious of their old mode of dressing and painting, and do not change their fashions as we do. They are very fond of tobacco, and the men almost all smoke it mixed with sumach leaves or red-willow bark, pulverized; though they seldom use it in any other way. They make use of the pipe also as a token of love and friendship.

In courtship they also differ from us. It is a common thing among them for a young woman, if in love, to make suit to a young man: though the first address may be by the man, yet the other is the most common. The squaws are generally very immodest in their words and actions, and will often put the young men to the blush. The men commonly appear to be possessed of much more modesty than the women; yet I have been acquainted with some young squaws that appeared really modest; genuine it must be, as they were under very little restraint in the channel of education or custom.

When the Indians meet one another, instead of saying "How do you do," they commonly salute in the following manner: "You are my friend." The reply is "Truly, friend, I am your friend;" or, "Cousin, you yet exist"—the reply is "Certainly I do." They have their children under tolerable command: seldom ever whip them, and their common mode of chastening is by ducking them in cold water: therefore their children are more obedient in the winter season than they are in the summer, though they are then not so often ducked. They are a peaceable people and scarcely ever wrangle or scold when sober; but they are very much addicted to drinking, and men and women will become basely intoxicated if they can by any means procure or obtain spirituous liquor; and then they are commonly either extremely merry and kind, or very turbulent, ill-humoured and disorderly.

ON ~~THEIR~~ TRADITIONS AND RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS

As the family that I was adopted into was intermarried with the Wyandots and Ottawas, three tongues were commonly spoken: viz: Caughnewaga, or what the French call Iroque, also the Wyandot and Ottawa. By this means I had an opportunity of learning these three tongues; and I found that these nations varied in their traditions and opinions concerning religion; and even members of the same nation differed widely in their religious sentiments. Their traditions are vague, whimsical, romantic, and many of them scarce worth relating: and not any of them reach back to the creation of the world. The Wyandots come the nearest to this. They tell of a squaw that was found when an infant, in the water, in a canoe made of bullrushes. This squaw became a great prophetess, and did many wonderful things; she turned water into dry land, and at length made this continent, which was at that time only a very small island, and but a few Indians in it. Though they were then but few they had not sufficient room to hunt: therefore this squaw went to the waterside and prayed that this little island might be enlarged. The Great Being then heard her prayer, and sent great numbers of water tortoises and muskrats, which brought with them mud and other materials for enlarging this island; and by this means they say it was increased to the size that it now remains. Therefore they say that the white people ought not to encroach upon them or take their land from them, because their great-grandmother made it. They say that about this time the angels or Heavenly Inhabitants, as they call them, frequently visited them and talked with their forefathers, and gave directions how to pray and how to appease the Great Being when he was offended. They told them they were to offer sacrifice, burn tobacco, buffaloe and deer bones; but that they were not to burn bear's or raccoon's bones in sacrifice.

The Ottawas say that there are two Great Beings that rule and govern the universe, who are at war with each other; the one

they call *Maneto*, and the other *Matchemaneto*. They say that *Maneto* is all kindness and love, and that *Matchemaneto* is an evil spirit that delights in doing mischief; and some of them think that they are equal in power, and therefore worship the evil spirit out of a principle of fear. Others doubt which of the two may be the most powerful, and therefore endeavour to keep in favour with both, by giving each of them some kind of worship. Others say that *Maneto* is the First Great Cause, and therefore must be all powerful and supreme, and ought to be adored and worshipped, whereas *Matchemaneto* ought to be rejected and despised.

Those of the Ottawas that worship the evil spirit pretend to be great conjurers. I think if there is any such thing now in the world as witchcraft, it is among these people. I have been told wonderful stories concerning their proceedings, but never was eyewitness to anything that appeared evidently supernatural.

Some of the Wyandots and Caughnewagas profess to be Roman Catholic: but even these retain many of the notions of their ancestors. Those of them who reject the Roman Catholic religion hold that there is one great First Cause, whom they call *Owaneeyo*, that rules and governs the universe and takes care of his creatures, rational and irrational, and gives them their food in due season and hears the prayers of all those that call upon him; therefore it is but just and reasonable to pray, and offer sacrifice to this great being, and to do those things that are pleasing in his sight; but they differ widely in what is pleasing or displeasing to this great being. Some hold that following nature or their own propensities is the way to happiness, and cannot be displeasing to the deity, because he delights in the happiness of his creatures, and does nothing in vain, but gave these dispositions with a design to lead to happiness, and therefore they ought to be followed. Others reject this opinion altogether, and say that following their own propensities in this manner is neither the means of happiness nor the way to please the Deity.

Tecaughretanego was of opinion that following nature in a limited sense was reasonable and right. He said that most of the irrational animals by following their natural propensities were led to the greatest pitch of happiness that their natures and the world they lived in would admit of. He said that mankind and the rattlesnakes had evil dispositions, that led them to injure themselves and others. He gave instances of this. He said he had a puppy that he did not intend to raise, and in order to try an experiment he tied this puppy on a pole and held it to a rattlesnake, which bit it several times; that he observed the snake shortly after rolling about apparently in great misery, so that it appeared to have poisoned itself as well as the puppy. The other instance he gave was concerning himself. He said that when he was a young man he was very fond of the women, and at length got the venereal disease so that by following this propensity he was led to injure himself and others. He said our happiness depends on our using our reason, in order to suppress these evil dispositions; but when our propensities neither lead us to injure ourselves or others, we might with safety indulge them, or even pursue them as the means of happiness.

The Indians generally are of opinion that there are great numbers of inferior deities, which they call *Carreyagaroona*, which signifies the *Heavenly Inhabitants*. These beings they suppose are employed as assistants in managing the affairs of the universe, and in inspecting the actions of men; and that even the irrational animals are engaged in viewing their actions, and bearing intelligence to the gods. The eagle, for this purpose, with her keen eye is soaring about in the day, and the owl, with her nightly eye, perched on the trees around their camp in the night; therefore when they observe the eagle or the owl near, they immediately offer sacrifice or burn tobacco, that they may have a good report to carry to the gods. They say that there are also great numbers of evil spirits, which they call *Onasahroona*, which signifies the *Inhabi-*

wants of the Lower Region. These they say are employed in disturbing the world, and the good spirits always going after them and setting things right, so that they are constantly working in opposition to each other. Some talk of a future state, but not with any certainty; at best their notions are vague and unsettled. Others deny a future state altogether, and say that after death they neither think or live.

As the Caughnewagas and the Six Nations speak nearly the same language, their theology is also nearly alike. When I met with the Shawanees or Delawares, as I could not speak their tongue, I spoke Ottawa to them, and as it bore some resemblance to their language we understood each other in some common affairs, but as I could only converse with them very imperfectly, I cannot from my own knowledge, with any certainty, give any account of their theological opinions.

ON THEIR POLICE OR CIVIL GOVERNMENT

I have often heard of Indian kings, but never saw any. How any term used by the Indians in their own tongue, for the chief man of a nation, could be rendered King, I know not. The chief of a nation is neither a supreme ruler, monarch or potentate. He can neither make war or peace, leagues or treaties. He cannot impress soldiers or dispose of magazines. He cannot adjourn, prorogue or dissolve a general assembly, nor can he refuse his assent to their conclusions or in any manner controul them. With them there is no such a thing as hereditary succession, title of nobility or royal blood, even talked of. The chief of a nation, even with the consent of his assembly, or council, cannot raise one shilling of tax off the citizens, but only receive what they please to give as free and voluntary donations. The chief of a nation has to hunt for his living as any other citizen. How then can they with any propriety be called kings? I apprehend that the white people were formerly so fond of the name of kings, and so ignorant of their power, that they concluded the chief man of a nation must be a king.

As they are illiterate, they consequently have no written code of laws. What they execute as laws are either old customs or the immediate result of new councils. Some of their ancient laws or customs are very pernicious, and disturb the public weal. Their vague law of marriage is a glaring instance of this, as the man and his wife are under no legal obligation to live together if they are both willing to part. They have little form or ceremony among them in matrimony, but do like the Israelites of old—the man goes in unto the woman, and she becomes his wife. The years of puberty and the age of consent, is about fourteen for the women and eighteen for the men. Before I was taken by the Indians I had often heard that in the ceremony of marriage the man gave the woman a deer's leg, and she gave him a red ear of corn, signifying that she was to keep him in bread, and he was to keep her in meat. I enquired of them concerning the truth of this, and they said they knew nothing of it, further than that they had heard it was the ancient custom among some nations. Their frequent changing of partners prevents propagation, creates disturbances and often occasions murder and bloodshed; though this is commonly committed under the pretence of being drunk. Their not punishing crimes committed when intoxicated with spirituous liquors, or their admitting one crime as an excuse for another, is a very unjust law or custom.

The extremes they run into in dividing the necessaries of life are hurtful to the public weal; though their dividing meat when hunting may answer a valuable purpose, as one family may have success one day and the other the next; but their carrying this custom to the town or to agriculture is striking at the root of industry, as industrious persons ought to be rewarded, and the lazy suffer for their indolence.

They have scarcely any penal laws; the principal punishment is degrading. Even murder is not punished by any formal law,

only the friends of the murdered are at liberty to slay the murderer if some atonement is not made. Their not annexing penalties to their laws is perhaps not as great a crime, or as unjust and cruel, as the bloody penal laws of England, which we have so long shamefully practised, and which are in force in this state until our penitentiary house is finished, which is now building, and then they are to be repealed.

Let us also take a view of the advantages attending Indian police. They are not oppressed or perplexed with expensive litigation. They are not injured by legal robbery. They have no splendid villains that make themselves grand and great upon other people's labor.—They have neither church or state erected as money-making machines.

OF THEIR DISCIPLINE AND METHOD OF WAR

I have often heard the British officers call the Indians the undisciplined savages—which is a capital mistake, as they have all the essentials of discipline. They are under good command and punctual in obeying orders; they can act in concert, and when their officers lay a plan and give orders, they will cheerfully unite in putting all their directions into immediate execution; and by each man observing the motion or movement of his right-hand companion they can communicate the motion from right to left, and march abreast in concert and in scattered order, though the line may be more than a mile long, and continue if occasion requires, for a considerable distance, without disorder or confusion. They can perform various necessary manoeuvres, either slowly or as fast as they can run. They can form a circle or semi-circle; the circle they make use of in order to surround their enemy, and the semi-circle if the enemy has a river on one side of them. They can also form a large hollow square, face out and take trees: this they do if their enemies are about surrounding them, to prevent being shot from either side of the tree. When they go into battle they are

not loaded or encumbered with many clothes, as they commonly fight naked, save only breech-clout, leggins and mockasons. There is no such thing as corporeal (*sic*) punishment used in order to bring them under such good discipline; degrading is the only chastisement, and they are so unanimous in this that it effectually answers the purpose. Their officers plan, order and conduct matters until they are brought into action, and then each man is to fight as though he was to gain the battle himself. General orders are commonly given in time of battle, either to advance or retreat, and (this) is done by a shout or yell which is well-understood, and they retreat or advance in concert. They are generally well equipped, and exceedingly expert and active in the use of arms. Could it be supposed that undisciplined troops could defeat Generals Braddock, Grant,²⁶ &c.? It may be said by some that the French were also engaged in this war: true, they were; yet I know it was the Indians that laid the plan and, with small assistance, put it into execution. The Indians had no aid from the French or any other power when they besieged Fort Pitt in the year 1763, and cut off the communication for a considerable time between that post and Fort Loudon, and would have defeated General Bouquet's army (who were on their way to raise the siege) had it not been for the assistance of the Virginia volunteers. They had no British troops with them when they defeated Colonel Crawford near the Sandusky, in the time of the American war with Great Britain; or when they defeated Colonel Loughrie on the Ohio, near the Miami, on his way to meet General Clarke: this was also in the time of the British war. It was the Indians alone that defeated Colonel Todd in Kentucky, near the Blue Licks, in the year 1782; and Colonel Harmar betwixt the Ohio and Lake Erie, in the year 1780, and General St. Clair in the year 1791; and it is said there were more of our men killed at this defeat than there were in any one battle during our contest with Great Britain. They had no

²⁶. Grant's defeat took place Sept. 14, 1758. The court-house in Pittsburgh stands on "Grant's Hill," long since graded out of existence.

aid when they fought even the Virginia riflemen almost a whole day, at the Great Kanhawa, in the year 1774; and when they found they could not prevail against the Virginians they made a most artful retreat. Notwithstanding they had the Ohio to cross, some continued firing whilst others were crossing the river. In this manner they proceeded until they all got over, before the Virginians knew they had retreated; and in this retreat they carried off all their wounded. In most of the foregoing defeats they fought with an inferior number, though in this I believe it was not the case.

Let us take a view of the benefits we have received by what little we have learned of their art of war, which cost us dear, and the loss we have sustained for want of it: and then see if it will not be well worth our while to retain what we have and also to endeavor to improve in this necessary branch of business. Though we have made considerable proficiency in this line, and in some respects out-do them, viz: as marksmen and in cutting our rifles and keeping them in good order, yet I apprehend we are far behind in their manoeuvres, or in being able to surprize. May we not conclude that the progress we had made in their art of war contributed considerably towards our success in various respects when contending with Great Britain for Liberty? Had the British king attempted to enslave us before Braddock's war, in all probability he might readily have done it, because, except the New Englanders, who had formerly been engaged in war with the Indians, we were unacquainted with any kind of war: but after fighting such a subtle and barbarous enemy as the Indians, we were not terrified at the approach of British red-coats. Was not Burgoyne's defeat accomplished in some measure by the Indian mode of fighting, and did not General Morgan's riflemen, and many others, fight with great success in consequence of what they had learned of their art of war? Kentucky would not have been settled at the time it was, had the Virginians been altogether ignorant of this method of war.

In Braddock's war the frontiers were laid waste for above three

hundred miles long, and generally about thirty broad, excepting some that were living in forts; and many hundreds, perhaps thousands, killed or made captives, and horses and all kind of property carried off: but in the next Indian war, though we had the same Indians to cope with, the frontiers almost all stood their ground because they were by this time in some measure acquainted with their manoeuvres; and the want of this, in the first war, was the cause of the loss of many hundred of our citizens and of much treasure.

Though large volumes have been written of morality, yet it may all be summed up in saying do as you would wish to be done by: so the Indians sum up the art of war in the following manner:

The business of the private warriors is to be under command, or punctually to obey orders—to learn to march abreast in scattered order, so as to be in readiness to surround the enemy, or to prevent being surrounded—to be good marksmen and active in the use of arms—to practice running—to learn to endure hunger or hardships with patience and fortitude—to tell the truth at all times to their officers, but more especially when sent out to spy the enemy.

Concerning Officers.—They say that it would be absurd to appoint a man an officer whose skill and courage had never been tried—that all officers should be advanced only according to merit—that no one man should have the absolute command of an army—that a council of officers are to determine when and how an attack is to be made—that it is the business of the officers to lay plans to take every advantage of the enemy—to ambush and surprize them, and to prevent being ambushed and surprized themselves—it is the duty of officers to prepare and deliver speeches to the men in order to animate and encourage them: and on the march to prevent the men at any time from getting into a huddle, because if the enemy should surround them in this position, they would be exposed to the enemy's fire. It is likewise their business at all times to en-

deavor to annoy their enemy and save their own men, and therefore (they) ought never to bring on an attack without considerable advantage, or without what appeared to them the sure prospect of victory, and that with the loss of few men: and if at any time they should be mistaken in this, and are like to lose many men by gaining the victory, it is their duty to retreat and wait for a better opportunity of defeating their enemy without the danger of losing so many men. Their conduct proves that they act upon these principles, therefore it is that from Braddock's war to the present time they have seldom ever made an unsuccessful attack. The battle at the mouth of the Great Kanhawa is the greatest instance of this; and even then, though the Indians killed about three for one they lost, yet they retreated. The loss of the Virginians in this action was seventy killed and the same number wounded. The Indians lost twenty killed on the field, and eight who died afterwards of their wounds. This was the greatest loss of men that I ever knew the Indians to sustain in any one battle. They will commonly retreat if their men are falling fast; they will not stand cutting, like the Highlanders or other British troops: but this proceeds from a compliance with their rules of war rather than cowardice. If they are surrounded they will fight while there is a man of them alive, rather than surrender. When Colonel John Armstrong surrounded the Kittaning town, on the Alleghany river, Captain Jacobs, a Delaware chief, with some warriors, took possession of a house, defended themselves for some time, and killed a number of our men. As Jacobs could speak English our people called on him to surrender: he said that he and his men were warriors, and they would all fight while life remained. He was again told that they should be well used if they would only surrender: and if not, the house should be burned down over their heads. Jacobs replied that he could eat fire: and when the house was in a flame he and they that were with him came out in a fighting position, and were all killed. As they are a sharp, active kind of people, and war is

their principal study, in this they have arrived at considerable perfection. We may learn of the Indians what is useful and laudable, and at the same time lay aside their barbarous proceedings. It is much to be lamented that some of our frontier riflemen are prone to imitate them in their inhumanity. During the British war a considerable number of men from below Fort Pitt crossed the Ohio, and marched into a town of friendly Indians, chiefly Delawares, who professed the Moravian religion. As the Indians apprehended no danger, they neither lifted arms or fled. After these riflemen were some time in the town and the Indians altogether in their power, in cool blood they massacred the whole town, without distinction of age or sex. This was an act of barbarity beyond anything I ever knew to be committed by savages themselves.

Why have we not made greater proficiency in the Indian art of war? Is it because we are too proud to imitate them, even though it should be a means of preserving the lives of many of our citizens? No! We are not above borrowing language from them, such as homony, pone, tomahawk, &c., which is of little or no use to us. I apprehend that the reasons why we have not improved more in this respect are as follows: No important acquisition is to be obtained but by attention and diligence; and as it is easier to learn to move and act in concert, in close order, in the open plain, than to act in concert in scattered order, in the woods, so it is easier to learn our discipline than the Indian manoeuvres. They train up their boys to the art of war from the time they are twelve or fourteen years of age; whereas the principal chance our people had of learning was by observing their movements when in action against us. I have been long astonished that no one has written upon this important subject, as their art of war would not only be of use to us in case of another rupture with them, but were only part of our men taught this art, accompanied with our continental discipline, I think no European power, after trial, would venture to shew its head in American woods.

F I N I S

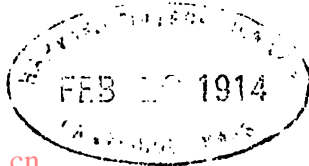
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THE
MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH
NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 27

THE PATRIOTS OF NORTH AMERICA—A Sketch, 1775

WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32^d STREET

1914

NEW YORK
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THE
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PATRIOTS
OF
NORTH-AMERICA:
A
SKETCH.
WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES.

*Urbem, quam dicant Romam, Melibæ, putavi,
Stultus ego, huic nostræ fimilem :
Sic canibus catulos fimiles, sic matribus bædas
Noram; sic parvis componere magna solebam.*

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PRESERVATION MASTER
AT HARVARD

EDITOR'S PREFACE

IN THIS curious Revolutionary poem the original thirteen States are characterized as schoolboys: and notwithstanding "a Tory here reviles the Whigs in verse," it is a clever performance, with curious notes. It was probably printed by James Rivington.

Only two copies of the original are known to exist in the United States—hence it may be classed among the rarest items of Americana—and we believe it has not before been reprinted.

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ERRATA

Page 28, Line 23, for *grev'd*, read *griev'd*.

“ 31, Line 12, for on Tumults, r. *in Tumults*.

“ 45, Line 11, for see many a Field, r. *in many a Field*.

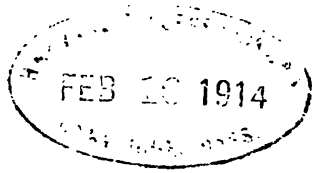
“ 46, last Line but one, for unjust Wrath, r. *just Wrath*.

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THERE is not a single Pamphlet written in North-America, that does not, by some Accident or other, find its Way to England. At a Time when the English News-papers may probably be filled with Equipments of Fleets, Embarkations of Armies, &c. the dullest Composition, relating to the Affairs of this Country, will be read there with Avidity. The author has therefore thought it proper to subjoin here and there a Note, for the Information of his English Readers. He has occasionally quoted a few Scraps of Latin, not because, like Panurge, he chooses to speak any Language rather than his Mother Tongue; for he abhors Pedantry and Affectation of every Kind: But partly from his dreadful Apprehension of the Tarrers and Featherers of the Country in which he resides; none of whom, he is well assured, were ever bred at a Latin School: And partly, from Respect to the female Part of his Readers, for whose Innocence and Modesty he has a sacred Regard. At the same Time, lest while the latter acquit his Manners they should think hardly of his Morals,—he begs Leave to assure them, that Ribaldry is unknown to that Language. The Philosophers, Poets, and Historians with whose Names the Men are too prone to insult their Understandings, abounding with Expressions, which literally translated, would be too foul for the Mouths of the most brutal of a modern Rabble.

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THE
PATRIOTS
OF
NORTH-AMERICA,
A SKETCH.

MEN plac'd by Chance, or sov'reign Fate,
In Life's low, unambitious State;
Whilst undeprav'd, all amply share
Wise, bounteous Nature's equal Care

To them impartial Heav'n assign'd
Contentment calm, sweet Peace of Mind,
Deny'd them Fame and Pow'r and Wealth,
But gave them Temp'rance, Mirth, and Health;
Preserv'd them from the fatal Snares
Which Lux'ry spreads for Fortune's Heirs.

From all the dire insidious Train
Of Wants unreal, Wishes vain,
Refinements false, and fierce Desires,
Voluptuous Arts, and lawless Fires;
Soft Blandishments of Wealth, and Ease,
Which ruin while they smile, and please
From childish, restless Whim, that reigns
In satiate Taste and pamper'd Veins;
From the dire Weight of vacant Time,
(That fatal Source of many a Crime;)

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Envy of Pension, Power and Place,
Vain Competition, sad Disgrace;
Honour and Virtue meanly sold
For Titles, Rank, or sordid Gold:
Corroding Cares, that constant wait
To check the Triumphs of the Great.

Doom'd them to earn their wholesome Fare
By gentler Toils, than anxious Care:
Free from the Woes Ambition brings,
And made them happier far than Kings.

To them our equal Laws dispense
Fair Liberty and sure Defence;
From Pride, from Force, and brutal Scorn
Of Knaves, to Power and Fortune born:
Of Foplings, dainty, weak and nice,
Who hold plain Poverty as Vice.

The same great sacred Rights afford,
They give to every splendid Lord;
Subject alike to just controul,
Dear social Parts of one great Whole;
Whilst undeprav'd, and just, and free,
Content with modest Liberty,
Industrious, Temp'rate chaste they live,
They merit all that Praise can give:
With Morals pure, Affections kind,
They claim the Love of all Mankind.

The Men deprav'd,¹ who quit their Sphere
Without Remorse, or Shame or Fear,
And boldly rush, they know not where;

¹ See the names, in the list of Committees, in the Federal Districts of North America and enquire what are their callings.

Seduc'd, alas! by fond Applause
 Of gaping Mobs, and loud Huzzas.
 Unconscious all of nobler Aim,
 Than sordid Pelf, or vulgar Fame;
 Men undefin'd, by any Rules,
 Ambiguous Things, half Knaves, half Fools,
 Whom God denied the Talents great
 Requir'd, to make a Knave complete;
 Whom Nature form'd, vile Party-Tools,
 Absurder much than downright Fools,
 Who from their own dear Puppet-Show,
 The World's great Stage, pretend to know.
 In Politics mere Punchinellos,
 Yet pass for rare, for clever Fellows;
 Like Punch, who struts, and swears and roars,
 And calls his Betters,² Rogues and Whores;
 Like Punch, who speak their Prompter's Sense,
 Like his, their pow'ful Eloquence,
 Like his, their wond'ring Audience.
 Poor, busy, factious empty Things,
 Who nothing know of Courts or Kings;
 Who Lords or Commons ne'er have seen,
 But think they're like Committee-men;
 By Rote, like clam'rous Parrots prate
 Of Trade, Revenue, Church, and State.

2 It is the practice of these Orators, all over America, to summon the Mob by some anonymous portentous handbill, addressed to the public; to mount into a gallery or elevated Station, in or near a place of public resort; and from thence, with a grave important face, harangue on the deplorable state of public Affairs and the total loss of liberty in a country which, were it not for them, would be the happiest and the freest country in the Universe. To retail from Scraps of Party Papers the Merits of the Leaders of Opposition; ascribe Opinions to them which they would hear with the highest indignation, and to engage for their countenance and support Opinions, Designs, &c., as if they were familiarly known to them as their own Characters are to their Wives, Children and Servants if they happen to have any. On the first Personages of Great Officers of State and the Majority of both Houses, they liberally bestow the delicious Epithets of Jacobites, Papists, Tyrants, Hirelings and Scoundrels, amidst the repeated Shouts of their greasy followers.

www.libtoolborn.com Born to be lodg'd, and cloth'd, and fed,
 By other Toils than Toil of Head;
 Form'd for the Oar,³ the Sledge, the Saw,
 Yet rave of Government and Law,
 As fond at Committees to prattle,
 As Babe and Suckling of its Rattle.

In costive Brains whole Weeks revolve,
 To frame some lawless, mad Resolve;
 Some Hand-Bill vile,⁴ with Threatenings dire,
 Of Murder, Feathers, Tar, or Fire,
 Of rich and poor decide the Fate
 With Scorn, of every Magistrate.

Is there among them who can read,
 It serves to turn the Ideot's Head;
 Is there among them who can write,
 It serves to wreak the Miscreant's Spite;
 With Vipers leagu'd,⁵ in borrow'd Name,
 They hiss and blast their Neighbour's Fame;

³ The Author could have added the Awl, the Trowel and many other tools, but he thinks his Rhyme rough enough in all Conscience as it is. Such Tools are as little adapted to Poetry as to Politics.

⁴ The Oracles of North America, like the Sibyl's Leaves, scattered over the whole Country. They have been lately collected with great labour and Expense, digested by the Sanhedrim at Philadelphia, and compiled into a regular Code. A memorable Era in the Annals of North America. A Code by which the Principles of Common Sense, every System of Ethics, ancient and modern, the Authority of the most celebrated Jurists, the Common and Statute Laws of Great Britain, the laws of the several Provincial Legislatures, the Authority of Provincial Magistrates and the revealed Laws of God, are all abrogated and done away. A Code which the gaping vulgar of America thumb with the same Delight as they con *Jack the Giant-Killer*: which the great and little Vulgar of England will laugh over as at the farce of *High Life Below Stairs*: and which every Man in Europe of Sense and Benevolence will read with Grief and Indignation.

*Invida satorum series, summisque negatum stare diu.
 Antiquum repetens, iterum Chaos.*

⁵ Alluding to the Figure of a Snake with which certain Printers of American Newspapers adorn their Publications, designed to allure a certain Set of Customers, and to enlist a certain Crew of Writers, who have contributed in a most criminal Degree, to subvert the laws of this Country, have already enflamed it into the most dangerous Convulsions, and threaten to complete its final Destruction. These Standards were erected perhaps in Imitation of certain well-

Vipers like, www.libipol.com.cn — — — — — *
 — — — — — or Dolt.

Fair Truth exclude from many a Press,⁶
 On Pain of every dread Distress:
 As Priests, their Flocks to circumvent,
 Forbid to read Christ's Testament,
 With senseless Jargon, stupid Lies,
 Like Morpheus, close the People's Eyes,
 Vile, false, pernicious Doctrines preach,
 Rebellion rank and Treason teach,
 Malignant o'er the Land they crawl,
 And wither, blast, and poison all.

So when the Dev'l with horrid Joy,
 Hatch'd the dire Project to destroy
 Mankind, created frail and weak,
 He took the Form of groveling Snake,
 And stung with Envy, Rage, Despair,
 To see a World so gay, so fair
 A World as erst, alas, was this
 The Seat of Pleasure, Ease and Bliss:

known Signs in Blood-Bowl Alley of London, and in la Rue D'Enfer of Paris: the Resorts of Bullies, Spies, Informers, Incendiaries, Highwaymen and Murderers. This Custom is not common to all the Publishers of Newspapers; some of the Fraternity, equally malignant in their Designs and more successful in their Operations, hang out no Sign at all. They are of old-established Credit; their Wine needs no Bush.

* The name of John Holt, editor of *The New York Journal*, was evidently meant to be inserted here.—[Ed.]:

⁶ Not every Press; Mr. Rivington of New York continues to discharge the duties of his Profession faithfully, in Spite of frequent letters from unknown Villains, threatening him with Fire, Assassination &c., in Defiance of many unwarrantable Associations in different parts of America, exhorting some and compelling others to withdraw their Subscriptions to his useful and impartial Gazetteer, in the Face of numerous Committees, who have taken the same sage Precautions to prevent the Introduction of his Publications into their respective Realms as if they had been consign'd from Smyrna or Aleppo in a Time of a general Pestilence. He grows bolder by Persecution, to the Confusion of a pernicious set of Scriblers and of an envious Gang of Rivals, who constantly mark him in their News-Papers to the deluded Rabble for Destruction. The Public is, in the Author's Opinion, much obliged to him, and to the good Sense and Liberality of the Gentlemen of all Parties in that Province, by whom he is countenanced and employed indifferently, as his Gazetteer and his Catalogue of Pamphlets testify.

The Author believes there is likewise a free Press or two at Boston, defended by an Army and a Fleet, by which alone they preserve their Freedom.

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A World where Spirits foul from Hell,
 Were too impure, too black, to dwell
 With Mortals, harmless as the Dove,
 'Midst Innocence, and Peace, and Love,
 Till they had made the simple Elves,
 As foul and guilty as themselves;
 Triumphant, us'd the same Device,
 And made a Hell of Paradise.

In Brothels, Corners, Fields, who lurk,
 Fond of Cabals, detesting Work,
 Neglect their useful Occupations,
 And starve themselves to starve whole Nations.
 Whose foul, remorseless, guilty Souls,
 Nor Laws of God or Man controuls;
 Who scowl on Wealth⁷ with envious Eye,
 For Wealth and Fame, and Influence sigh,
 And strive intent, on Pelf and Spoils,
 To plunge the Land in civil Broils.
 Furious and sleepless, till they see
 One general, glorious Anarchy.
 (Sad Scenes! where idle Ruffians gain
 Riches unearn'd by Toil or Pain,)
 And ruthless, clear their bloody Way
 To wild, despotic, brutal Sway.

⁷ No Man of common Observation who has crossed the Atlantic can have failed to remark the great Difference between the Manners of the lower and middling sort of People in England, and of People of the same Classes here. Altho' those Orders of Englishmen are not much celebrated for their Civility, The Author, who had often beheld in certain Countries of Europe the miserable and abject State of that great and Sacred Portion of the human Species, and had seen the insolent and brutal Abuse of Rank, Titles and Power, on his first arrival in North America exulted in an Appearance so honourable to Humanity; he recollected the Observation of a Philosopher, in discovering a Circle exactly described on an unknown Shore where he happened to be wrecked; and thought this as sure a Proof of general Felicity as that of Civility and Science. Jealous tho' he is naturally of his Superiors (and his Superiors are innumerable) he begins to find he was mistaken, and to perceive that there are Pleasures, like the Pleasures of Excess, exquisite but short-lived, and ending in Disease and untimely Death.

These Men begin to look upon their Superiors as if the Order of the Universe had been inverted in their Favour: as if they were possessed of what naturally belonged to themselves, and were determined to seize the first Opportunity to recover it *Vi et Armis*.

"Ye take too much upon yourselves, seeing all the Congregation are holy, every one of them: Wherefore then lift you up yourselves above the Congregation of the Lord?"

~~Like Thieves and~~ Plund'ers, Traitors fell,
 The same vile Progeny of Hell.
 When some fair City, rous'd from Sleep,
 In calm, Oblivious Mid-night Deep,
 Alarm'd by dreadful Din of Bells,
 Loud Cries of Fire, and dismal Yells;
 When Int'rest, Duty, Love demand
 Th' Aid of every friendly Hand,
 Whilst the wide-spreading Flames resound,
 With joyful Ears all catch the Sound;
 Rush on their Prey, a grisly Mob,
 And seize the dreadful Hour to rob.

Shall we applaud this vagrant Crew,
 Whose wretched Jargon, crude and new,
 Whose Impudence and Lies delude
 The harmless, ign'rant Multitude:
 To Varlets, weak, impure, unjust,
 The Reins of Government entrust.
 Will Raggamuffins bold like these,
 Protect our Freedom, Peace, or Ease?
 Ah! surely no, it cannot be,
 These are false Sons of Liberty.

The Men who form their Hopes and Fears
 From Hand-Bills, Pamphlets, Gazetteers;
 Swallow like Gudgeons, every Lie
 Which Malice, Rage, and Guilt supply;
 Whose Views reach not an Inch from Home,
 Who think their little Mantua,⁸ Rome.

⁸ There is a very remarkable Difference between the Opinions, Principles and Conduct in general, of the Natives of this Country, who have resided in Europe or have conversed much with Europeans, and of those who never passed the Limits of their own or of some neighbouring Province. Arts, Sciences, Knowledge, Accomplishments, Wealth, Power, Dignity, are all comparative. Comparisons are frequently mortifying in the extremest Degree to that Vanity which is inseparable from our Nature: But without it no Man can form a true Estimate of him-

www.libtool.com The dullest Ignorance betray⁹
 In all they do, and write, and say.
 Boldly affirm each wild Position,
 As if inspir'd by Intuition;
 Untaught in Wisdom's modest School
 That Confidence proclaims a Fool:
 Their scanty Stock of useless Knowledge,
 Taught them by Floggings sheer of College,
 Or which, alas! is ten Times worse,
 Deriv'd from some polluted Source.
 From Clodius, Judge of Men and Things,
 Of Statesmen, Ministers and Kings;
 Of power supreme, of just Protection,
 Of Order, Peace, and due Subjection;
 Too fond and credulous to see
 Treason in Mask of Liberty.
 What false Conclusions Knaves can draw
 From Gospel Truths, from Statute Law;
 How much like Fools these Knaves can write,
 From Hunger, or from Party Spite,
 Of regal Power, of legal Right.

self or establish a just Rule of his Conduct. However nauseous the Medicine may be, it is a salutary one. An overweening Conceit of the Importance of this Country, and a very inadequate Knowledge, or a total Ignorance of the Parent Country are among the fatal Sources of the dreadful Calamities at this Moment impending over a Part of this Country; may they never extend over the Whole.

9 Ignorance of the true Nature, Conditions, and Ends of Government, and of the Application of general Doctrines to particular Circumstances, in which they resemble certain bold Empiricks, who by administering excellent and efficacious Medicines unseasonably and in too large Doses, throw their Patients into Convulsions and destroy them. There are three or four Pamphlets, said to be written in America within these twelve Months, by Gentlemen called Whigs. These Gentlemen appear by their Writings to be Men of Sense and Candour. They are Proofs, in the Author's Opinion, how frequently Men are led by Youth, Inexperience, Confinement to narrow Scenes, Want of Leisure and general enlarged Knowledge, to form false and fatal Conclusions from the noblest Principles. The Epidemic, may it not prove the mortal Disease of this Country. *Esto Perpetua.*

There is a Pamphlet likewise lately written by a Gentleman who calls himself a Whig, under the Title of *Strictures*, very different from the former in its Design, if not in its Effect.

"Abominable, unutterable, and worse
 Than Fates yet have feign'd or Fear conceiv'd;
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire."

From Curio's frothy Declamation,
 Decide on Trade, on Legislation,
 On Charter Rights, and dread Taxation;
 (That nauseous Cant of old and young,
 That Theme of every Booby's Tongue;) }
 Like Pettifoggers, pert and raw,
 Who grope in Indexes for Law,
 Prating of Books they never read,
 Toiling o'er Parchment for their Bread;
 Form'd at the most to scrawl a Lease,
 Yet dare to judge of War, and Peace;
 Whom God for Scriv'ners only, meant,¹⁰
 Yet dare to ape high Parli'ment;
 Scorning o'er mouldy Books to pore,
 And learn what pass'd in Days of yore,
 With wise, important Lessons fraught,
 How Patriots acted, Sages thought.
 How Greece, that Seat of every Art
 That charms the Eye, and mends the Heart;
 By Phoebus, by the Muses chaste,
 Inspir'd with Genius, Wit and Taste:
 Of Heroes erst the blest Abode
 Of many a Sage and Demi-God;
 Source of a long illustrious Line
 Of Sculptors, Painters, Bards divine,
 Favour'd of Heav'n, immortal Land,
 Form'd to enchant, to teach, command;

¹⁰ The Author has been assured that no less than 28 of the Members of the Sanhedrim were Lawyers: he expressed Astonishment on hearing this, but on enquiring he found they were what they call in England Attorneys at Law, his Astonishment ceased. When he recollected the Observation of the celebrated Judge Blackstone "on Gentlemen placed at the Desk of some skilful Attorney, *ita lex scripta est* is the utmost his Knowledge will arrive at, he must never aspire to form, and seldom expect to comprehend, any Arguments drawn *à priori* from the Spirit of the Laws and the Natural Foundations of Justice". In the same Page he admits one or two shining Exceptions in all Great Britain; how many he might admit here, the Author is no Judge. By the abuse of certain Words of an ill Sound, much debated about in this Country, he is afraid there are many among them who are not well acquainted even with *Lex scripta*, nor much versed in English Dictionaries.

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Whose various, wise instructive Page,
 (Fond Theme of ev'ry Land and Age)
 With sense sublime, with Truth replete,
 With Precepts wise, Examples great:
 Midst Ignorance dark and deep as Night,
 Diffus'd its kind, refulgent Light;
 From Goths and Vandals, fierce and blind,
 From Slav'ry, rescu'd half Mankind.
 How ev'n wise Greece, illustrious Greece,
 Wanton with Plenty, Wealth, and Peace,
 To lawless Mobs resign'd its Pow'r,
 Chang'd Men and Measures ev'ry Hour.
 For ev'ry Whim, Town-meetings call'd,
 In greasy, tatter'd Troops cabal'd,
 Conven'd, intrigu'd, harangu'd, resolv'd,
 The Laws of God and Man dissolv'd,
 Till Liberty was prostrate laid,
 By hireling Demagogues betray'd:
 Her Offspring now, a hapless Race,
 Expos'd to Want and dire Disgrace,
 Extinguish'd all those sacred Fires,
 Which warm'd the Bosoms of their Sires;
 Each Trace of ancient Worth effac'd,
 Their Souls by Servitude debas'd,
 See all around, with brutish Eye,
 Stupendous Arts in Ruin lie:
 The vast, magnificent, sublime,
 The Prey of Rage, and mould'ring Time;
 Yet when or why erected there,
 The wretched Slaves nor know nor care,
 Unconscious that a noble Race
 Renown'd, for Valour, Genius, Grace;
 Chosen of Heav'n, the World's great Pride,
 Their Ancestors, did there reside;

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 There, where their hapless Offspring lurk,
 The abject Slaves of haughty Turk.

How dreadful! awful, was the Doom
 Of wise, imperial, haughty Rome,
 Freedom's and Honour's glorious School,
 Ordain'd by Heav'n for sov'reign Rule;
 Whose glorious Deeds, through many an Age,
 Adorn th' Historian's wondrous Page;
 Whose Sons were taught, from earliest Youth,
 To fear the Gods, to rev'rence Truth,
 The Syren Pleasures to oppose,
 Wisdom's and Valour's mortal Foes,
 To look on Danger with Disdain,
 And smile at Want, at Grief and Pain;
 To shrink from nought but mean Disgrace,
 Heroes of more than mortal Race:
 In Battle fierce as thund'ring Jove,
 In Peace as mild, as timid Dove;
 As gentle, modest, and as plain
 As artless Child or simple Swain;
 In all the' endearing Scenes of Life,
 To Friend, to Parent, Child, or Wife
 To love, to pity, taught to yield,
 And only dreadful in the Field;
 Yet fir'd with noble patriot Zeal,
 Prefer to all, the Public Weal,
 Their own, their Wives, their Children's Blood,
 The sacred Pledge to general Good.

How Manners simple, Morals pure,
 Fair Liberty and Peace ensure.
 How arts Voluptuous soon efface
 The Virtues of the happiest Race.

By Wealth, from foreign Lands acquir'd,
 How Knaves to Fame and Pow'r aspir'd,
 For Plunder, won from conquer'd Greece,
 Their Honour sold, their Ease and Peace,
 Wanton, and vain and turbulent,
 Fit for no Form of Government;
 Assum'd the Patriot's sacred Guise
 By bold Harangues, and specious Lies,
 Allurements false, and sordid Bribes,
 Seduc'd the poor Plebian Tribes;
 Taught them their fav'rite, darling Theme,
 To spurn the Rights of Pow'r supreme,
 The sacred Bonds of Peace dissolve,
 To meet, to plot, cabal, resolve,
 At Cinna's Beck, at Sylla's Nod,
 Trample on ev'ry Law of God,
 At Will of each alternate Lord,
 To plunge, (as Ruffians gave the Word,) }
 In kindred Breasts, the murd'ring Sword:
 How by ambitious Tribunes led,
 Deluded Millions fought and bled,
 And see to mad Sedition prone,
 The Mistress of the World undone.

Sad mournful Truths! Examples great!
 Mirrors to every happy State!
 Faithful, unerring Guides to shew
 How Plans ideal, Doctrines new,
 Blind Zealots, void of Worth and Sense, }
 To patriot Love, how false Pretence.
 Ambition, Lies, and Impudence,
 How vain Desires, and fond Conceit,
 Treach'ry, Revenge, and mean Deceit;

Fair Fortunes squander'd, Debts unpaid,
 Profusion, Lust, unprosp'rous Trade.
 Wild Mobs, to mad Sedition prone,
 And Liberty licentious grown,
 Must make the fatal Hour draw near,
 Of civil Discord's wild Career,
 Must cause one general Anarchy,
 Must end in Loss of Liberty;
 And this free Country soon become
 Like Carthage, Florence, Greece and Rome,
 Unless some God should interpose,
 And save it from domestic Foes.

Men to Atlantic Empire born
 Look down on Greece and Rome with Scorn;
 Disdain their Maxims, Laws or Rules,
 To take from any States or Schools,
 Prefer their Mohawks, and their Creeks,
 To Romans Britons, Swiss, or Greeks,
 Their nobler Souls no Systems please,
 But Savage Life, of Shawanese;¹¹
 Or Monsters fierce of Woods and Seas. }
 Such Notions crude the Fools retail,
 As paramount to Coke and Hale;
 Hold ----- stuff as sound and true,
 As Blackstone, Grotius, Montesquieu:
 Scorning to tread the beaten Road,
 To take a Hint from any Code;

11 A Tribe of North American Indians. The Americans wish to live in populous Towns or cultivated Countries, to have Manufactures to cloath them or Money to buy cloaths, their regular Meals, good Beds to lie on; to be protected from foreign and domestic Violence to their own Persons and Property and to the Persons of their wives and Children, without paying for it. To have their injuries redressed without the Risk of shedding their own blood, and to enjoy at the same Time, the native unrestrained Freedom of a Savage. They are not contented with being Men. "Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods."

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And while they act like Imps from Hell,
 Ween they're as wise as Machiavel.¹²
 So oft the giddy Eton Boys
 Disturb, Oh Thames, thy peaceful Joys,
 With sullen Murm'rings, loud Complaints,
 Of Studies hard, of sad Restraints;
 Calling their Comrades Knaves and Fools,
 Who tamely crouch to College Rules,
 Wanton and bold, in Pride of Youth,
 Deaf to Remonstrance, blind to Truth,
 Fond premature, to play the Man,
 They meet, and form their little Plan;
 Talk not of Task, they scorn to learn it.
 They know what's what, as well as Barnet.¹³
 Scarcely five fleeting Years revolve,
 But they cabal, harrangue, resolve,
 Rebel, associate, run away;
 Exult in Anarchy's short Day,
 At Dormer's Arms¹⁴ in Congress meet,
 A medley Herd, of small and great,
 Their little Sufferings to redress,
 They pen some petulant Address,
 The gen'ral Tenor of it runs,
 That Fathers shan't controul their Sons,
 That none but downright sneaking Fools
 Will tamely sit, and drudge in Schools,

¹² The Gentlemen of the Sanhedrim have acted in direct contradiction to the first Maxim of that extraordinary Man, "never to do anything by Halves." They have employed his flagitious and atrocious Means, wantonly and without remorse, with as much Ferocity as Caesar Borgia, his Hero, but without regard to his Ends.

¹³ Doctor Barnet, Master of Eton College, very generally respected both on account of his exemplary Virtues as a Man, and of his uncommon Attention and Kindness to his Scholars as a Master. His Scholars were much more numerous than they had ever been known to be under the Direction of any of his Predecessors.

¹⁴ A noted Inn on the River Thames, some miles distant from Eton; their usual rendezvous when the Boys rebel and run from the College.

There o'er their Cups, on Usher, Master,
Denounce some terrible Disaster;
"D--n all his Threatenings, never fear,
We'll starve the Dog in half a Year,
By this bold vig'rous Stroke we've made
The Churl will soon lose all his Trade:
Square-Toes, no Doubt, will call it Treason,
No Matter, he'll be brought to Reason."
Swear they're as wise, more stout, and bold,
Than Men infirm, and weak and old.

Then curse and rail, and roar and bluster,
With flowing Bowls, their Senses fluster;
Forget th' impending pain and sorrow,
The floggings dire, of sad To-morrow;
And while they're jovial, round the Table,
"Think they're august, and venerable;¹⁵
And to preserve th' Association,
All swear religious Observation."
Enjoy the dear, delusive Instant,
While Masters, Fathers, all are distant;
Thoughtless, how void of all Resource,
How weak their plans, how scant their Purse:
Gay as at Cricket, Play, or Ball,
Defenceless, weak, a Prey to all.
In three short Days, not worth three Groats,
They fall to cut each other's Throats,
Upbraid, recriminate retort,
"You brought us here, you'll answer for't;

¹⁵ Epithets selected with great Diligence and used with singular Propriety and Precision by the Members of a late Cabal (much resembling that at the *Dormer Arms*) in speaking of themselves in imitation of the masculine Simplicity of the Ancients: *fiducia potius morum, quam arrogantia*, e. g. *Sum pius Aeneas*.

www.libt... **Ye little Scoundrels, York¹⁶ and Penn,¹⁷**
Take care Boys, how you talk to Men.
None of your sneaking, shirking Farces,
Or hark'ee, Lads! we'll whip your A---s;
You snotty Urchins, dare to sham
Car, Vir, Mar,¹⁸ Con, Rhode, Mass, and Ham!¹⁹

16 A very genteel, good-natured, sensible, generous young Gentleman; once a great favourite, and on his Part very fond of Doctor Barnet; but had lately taken a Pique to him, was continually pouting and had grown very refractory. The Doctor, it seems, had given Orders that for the future no Scholar should deal with Mother Bat, the Apple-Woman. She had been detected in bringing the Boys by Stealth Brandy and Rum, to make Punch, the Commodities of the green Cannister, Serpents, Crackers &c. &c., all which were absolutely forbidden by the Rules of the College. As Goody Brit, who was recommended by the Doctor in her Room was a very decent Woman, who scorn'd to get her Livelihood in any way but an honest one, she could not afford to sell quite so cheap as Mother Bat. Poor York was very much nettled at these Orders, for he was a very kind-hearted Boy, and used to lay out a great Deal of Money upon Oranges and Cheesecakes &c., to treat his Comrades. Moreover, Mother Bat happened to be a near relation of his Grandmamma. However he never would join'd the Scholars if he had not been afraid of the great Boys. He was forgiven, upon Condition that for the future when he thought himself ill-treated by the Praepostors or Servants, he would come and tell his Complaints to the Doctor, and not run up and down as he used to do, telling Stories against him to all the Bargemen, Coblers, Tinkers, Blacksmiths, Newspaper Carriers, Pedlars, &c., of the Parish.

17 A Descendant of an Illegitimate Son of Admiral Penn, who with Venables conquered the Island of Jamaica. His paternal Relations, according to the benevolent Spirit of their virtuous Ancestor, treated him with as much Kindness as if he had been legally descended; he was (not long ago) the very best Boy of the College, a plain, modest, amiable, sweet-tempered Youth; so very inoffensive in his Behaviour that he was never known to Quarrel with any Body, for he had often heard his Relations, who were excellent, exemplary Men, remark that it was preposterous and horrible for Creatures who pretended to be Rational, to be one Moment bowing, scraping, cringing and flattering, and the next damning one another's Bloods for Scoundrels, knocking each other's Eyes out, and running one another thro' the Body, for every Trifle. It is said, however, that he is of late very much altered, by keeping Company with Vir., Car., Mar. and Mass., and by the Conversation, during the Holidays, of some Foreign Merchants who frequent his Uncle's House upon Business, and is grown a Fop, Swears, Drinks, Bullies, and talks of Duels, &c., to the extreme Grief of his venerable Relations. However, as early Impressions are not easily wholly effaced, it is hoped a little gentle Correction, and his Uncle's Remonstrances, may have reclaimed him. His Pique to the Doctor was for much the same Reason as York's, excepting that he was not related to Mother Bat; he was uncommonly tall for his Age, of which he was not a little Vain, and would mutter now and then, that the Doctor durst not touch a hair of his head; he was a match for the old Fellow.

18 All of them much alike, very accomplished, sprightly, sensible Lads, but the sauciest Boys of the whole College, as proud as Lucifer. They were nicknamed by the Rest of the Scholars, your Honour, your Grace, your Majesty. They had been accustomed from their Infancy to wear tawdry Cloaths, to ride in Coaches and six, to eat and drink what they liked, to be waited upon by a great Number of Servants, whom they saw every Day goaded like Oxen and beat like Dogs. At College they were pert and idle, and of course much disliked by the Doctor. They were hated by the Dame's where they lodged, for they used to D---n her for a old B---h, because she did not cure her Bacon with Salt Petre and put Cinnamon and Mace into her minc'd Pyes. Their Holy Days were spent at Sadler's Wells, Mary-Bone Gardens, Taverns and B-w-y Houses, where they hectored and swore like the Bullies of the House. At College they distinguished themselves by robbing the Ban-Yards, Quarreling with the Barge-Men,

With half an Eye, one may discern it,
 You'd Sugar Plumbs, from Doctor Barnet."
 With all this Bullying, Rant, and Noise,
 They're giddy, thoughtless, helpless Boys;

Forming a Maccaroni Club, Gaming, Drinking, Whoring and talking of New-Market Meetings. Several Reasons were given for their running from the College. They were in debt to all the Public Houses, B-w-y Houses, Shopkeepers, Taylors, Pastry Cooks, and Fruit Shops at Windsor. Car. took a Pique to the Usher, and stole behind him one Day as he was going into the School, and with a Piece of blue Crayon silyly marked on his Back, S. T. in Capital Letters, to the great Diversion of all the Boys, especially of Mass., Con., Ham., and Rhode; another time he miched into the Doctor's Kitchen, and while the Cook was winding up the Jack threw a Paper of Jallop into a Rice Pudding; a Servant who happened to pass by the Kitchen Window observing what he was about, informed the Doctor, who invited him to Dine with him that Day, gravely recommended to him a slice of Pudding, and sent him to his Dame's with a horrible Fit of the Gripes. Vir. was obliged to run off: His Master, it seems, had threatened to flog him for some Fault or another, if he did not mend his Manners; upon which he had the Impudence to throw a Chaw of Tobacco in his Face, take to his Heels and call to the Boys to follow him. These young Gentlemen would have been all expelled if some of their very near Relations, well known to the Doctor and highly respected by him, as they well deserved to be, had not interceded for him; telling the Doctor it was pitty to ruin the por Lads utterly for a few boyish Tricks which Age and Reflection might make them ashamed of. After very severe Correction, and begging hard for forgiveness, they were permitted to remain at College.

19 The Character of either of these Boys will serve for a Description of the rest. They are among the oldest Boys of the School. Their Fathers, being often at Sea or constantly employed in their Farms, had left them in the earlier Parts of their Life to the Care and Tuition of their Grandmothers and maiden Aunts, who made them read every Morning and Evening some select Chapters of the Old Testament; entertained them in the Winter Evenings with Stories of the Bloody Queen Mary, the Gun Powder Plot, the Irish Massacre, the Act of Uniformity, &c. Told them what a wicked profane Monster Charles the First was, to let People fetch a Walk, Play at Cricket, and go aSkaiting on the Sabbath. Made him read Prynne's *Histrio Mastrix Killing no Murder*, &c. Repeated to him the crying Sin of Fornication, Swearing and taking the Lord's Name in vain, made him get by Heart how Mr. Pride the Drayman, Mr. Hewson the Cobler, came to be Colonels, Mr. Praise-God-Barebones the Felmonger a member of Parliament, and Farmer Cromwell of the Isle of Ely Lord High Protector of Great Britain and Ireland. They led him to Church every Sabbath, where he spent five hours twice a day, hearing the Minister preach about David's Rebellion against Saul, about Agag and the Amalakites, Binding Kings in Chains and Nobles in Fetters of Iron, the glorious Achievements of Joshua at the Siege and Surrender of Jericho, the Priests of Baal, &c. Their Fathers were a Sagacious Sort of Men, and hearing that Boys sometimes made Acquaintances at Eton that proved very Advantageous to them when they engaged in Business and the World, sent them there contrary to the Custom of their Ancestors and of their Relations. These Boys did not appear to be so bad as Car., Vir., and Mar., but some how or other they were much less beloved by the whole College. They rarely mix'd with the rest of the Boys; if they did it was only to set them against the Doctor, calling him a cruel abominable Tyrant: that he design'd to give them harder Tasks, flog them more than ever, and keep them at Eton all the Holidays. If a Boy happened to take the Lord's Name in Vain they would give him a Knock in the Face, and tell him the D—l would carry him to H—ll in his sleep. They never play'd at Cricket, Fives, Leap-Frog or any other Game with the rest. When they bought Apples they stole into a Corner and eat them by themselves; if they saw any of the Youngsters with an Orange or a Cheesecake they would snatch it out of his hand, vow it was theirs, that they had stole it out of their Pockets; if they dar'd to complain they gave him a Kick on the Breech, bade him go and complain to the Doctor, the Doctor might K—ss their A—. These Boys would have been infallibly expell'd, but they had a great number of very near Relations very unlike themselves; to whom the Doctor had the highest Obligations, who condemned their undutiful Behaviour as much at

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Ah! cruel fate, alas! how soon
 Their idle, truant Race is run.
 Lo! Father comes, with wild Affright,
 Their glorious Noon is chang'd to Night:
 Question'd poor Things, they cry and pray,
 "T'was H-n---k,* A---s,† led the way.²⁰
 They call'd the Masters Rogues and Fools,
 Swore 'twas a Shame to be such Tools;
 That Ushers all were hellish Imps,
 The Servants Scoundrels, Rogues and Pimps!
 Combin'd, the Scholars to defraud,
 To pamper, cozen, wh--e or baud;
 That Boys were all by Nature free,
 And College Laws rank Slavery.

least as himself. They had been confin'd several Months to their Chambers, to hard Study, when the Author last heard of them: and were not to be released till they had publicly acknowledged their Faults on their bare Knees, asked the Doctor's forgiveness, solemnly promised to be good Boys for the future, and received a very severe and exemplary Flogging.

There was at the College a young Gentleman of the Name of Can., the only Scholar of any consequence who was not invited to the *Dormer's Arms*, because they knew it would have been to no purpose. Can. was a very polite, good-natur'd, sprightly young cavalier, danc'd the best Minuet of any Boy in the School, had rode the great Horse, very brave and an excellent Fencer; he had lately been remov'd from another public School, where he had been very hardly used, seldom had his Belly full, was flogg'd unmercifully by the Master, Ushers and Praeposters for the slightest Fault or Mistake, and kicked and cuff'd about by all the Servants of the College; of whom he never durst complain, for fear of worse Treatment. Finding this so very different from the School he had left, he conceiv'd a great Affection and reverence for Doctor Barnet, and behaved so modestly and dutifully that there never was a single Complaint against him. Can. was much liked by the Boys who were acquainted with him, always cheerful and obliging, laughing, singing and dancing, never complaining. If at any Marid' eve, Malagorge, Navire-gage, Dicksils, Oyseau-blue, Temps, Cuilier, or any other of the discontented Boys began to insinuate any Thing in a round-about way against the Doctor, his Ushers or Praeposters, or the Rules of the College, it was a sort of Gibberish he had never been used to. He would stare, shake his head, shrug up his Shoulders, Mutter "Nontong Pas, Comprong rieng de too Slau, Allong, Joung." If Mass. spoke out and call'd the Doctor Tyrant and the Ushers Scoundrels in plain Terms, he fell in a furious Passion, kick'd 'em and cuff'd em like a Madman. At last they let him alone, flatter'd him always to his Face and abus'd him behind his Back; for he had given many of them a black Eye, and they were more afraid of him than of the Doctor, Ushers, Praepostors and Servants all joined in a body.

*Hancock. †Adams.

²⁰ The Characters of these young Gentlemen are too well-known to need any Description, as their Fellow-creature the Author sincerely pities them, as a real Friend to the Doctor and his Scholars: He wishes them Repentance, Euthanasia, and the Forgiveness of the Father of Mercies.

For naughty Language,²¹ he had held,
 Foresaw he must be soon expell'd;
 Laugh'd at our idle, boyish fears,
 Set us with Ushers by the Ears,
 Let Fly in Master's Face, a F--t,
 And cried G-d d--n him, let's desert."

Cowards when sober, bold when drunk,
 At thoughts of Birch, their Spirits sunk,
 Their Shillings prodigally spent,
 Conscious of Weakness, they relent;
 Acknowledge they have play'd the Fool,
 Repent, return, are flogg'd in School;
 And by their suff'rings wiser grown,
 Their just Subordination own.
 Some of the Lads, perchance have Sense,
 Talents, and Wit, and Eloquence:
 But want Experience, Practice, Knowledge,
 And think the Cock-pit,²² Eton College,
 Like them, the Men whom Worlds unborn
 Shall name with horror, grief, and scorn;
 Their Mem'ries and their Deeds detest,
 Who robb'd a Land supremely blest,
 Of sacred Rights, their Sires possest.
 As savage fierce, as savage raw,
 Averse from Order, Power and Law;
 Less fit for Senates than for Toys,
 In politicks, at best but Boys,
 Are these the Men to bring Salvation
 To a distress'd, unhappy Nation;
 Ah! surely no, it cannot be,
 'Tis Licence this, not Liberty.

²¹ "Oh, Absalom, my Son, my Son," Not long ago an Acquaintance of the Author, who affectionately laments his undutiful Behaviour: A young Gentleman to whom "God has given rare Talents, but the Devil the Application of them." *O quid agis? Fortitur occupa Portum.*

²² The Chamber where the Privy Council of Great Britain sits.

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**The Men who make Revenge their Rule,
 By which to judge of Knave, and Fool;
 Who tho' no Kingdom can exist,
 Without at least, some civil List,
 Swear that all mortal Men in Place,
 Are void of Honour, Sense, and Grace.
 Forget what once they learnt at School,
 That Burrhus, was nor Knave nor Fool;
 That Barnevelt, Colbert, Sully too,
 All claim'd their Pensions as their Due;
 That Somers, C--t--m,* M--s----d, † More,
 Heroes and Statesmen many a Score;
 Receiv'd rich Salaries, or what's worse,
 Titles and Pensions, (Rogues of Course.)
 That Hampden, Pym, and fierce St. John,²³
 Were all with Place and Pension won;
 But like true Patriots, did resign,
 And scorn'd to act like Cataline.
 Forget that high Rewards are due,
 To Men who're able, just, and true;
 That they themselves, each passing Year
 Their ----- take, with Conscience clear;
 Griev'd only 'cause 'tis much below,
 The hidden Talents they could show:
 Who swear no Honour, Virtue, Grace,
 Is proof against a Bribe, or Place;
 Leave us full fairly to conclude,
 (What else would be unjust and rude;)
 That being but poor frail Men, at best,
 Their virtue ne'er had stood the Test:**

* Chatham. † Lord Mansfield.

²³ See Whitelock, the most candid Historian or Journalist, &c., of the Times of which he writ.

That Title, Pension, Power, or Place,
 Or Rank, had alter'd quite the Case.
 Made Opposition, Fiends accurs'd,
 Made B--e* a Saint, made M--s---d just:
 Made N--h† the Gift of bounteous Heaven,
 And Virtue dwell with pure St. Stephen,²⁴
 Made them all foam, and "swear by G-d,
 "A better King, on Earth ne'er trod;
 A better King, ye Rebel Crew,
 Than d---n your B----s ye ever knew."
 Can men disguis'd in Virtue's Mein,
 To wreak their mad, vindictive Spleen;
 Who spurn Religion, Law, Obedience,
 And damn as Slav'ry, just Allegiance,
 Who fume, and fret, and dart their Stings
 Like Wasps, 'gainst Ministers and Kings;
 Who roar, 'tis glorious to oppose,
 The Patron, by whose Love they rose.
 Virtuous and grateful, just and fair,
 To starve the Sire, to please the Heir;
 Unfit for Court or Camp, or City,
 Without Remorse, or Love or Pity.
 Squand'ring a wretched, frantic Life,
 In sowing jealousies and Strife;
 Can Men who all Subjection hate,
 Prove Subjects true to any state,
 Submit their furious boisterous Souls,
 To legal Pow'r, or just Controuls:
 Ah! surely no, it cannot be,
 They wear the Mask of Liberty.

* Lord Bute. † Lord North.

²⁴ The Chamber where the Commons of Great Britain sit.

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The Men who like a Trooper swear,²⁵
 And neither God nor Devil fear;
 Who shake their Sides at holy Writ,
 Spout Smut and Blasphemy for wit:
 And while they damn their Souls to Hell,
 Swear Hell's a lie, the Parsons tell.
 Can they with Covenanters dine,
 Get drunk with Rum, instead of Wine;
 Preserve unmov'd a jovial Face,
 Whilst snuffing Fanaticks say Grace.
 To puritanic Modes conform,
 Whom God, nor Man, could e'er reform;
 Long Hours in Conventicle sit,
 For Taverns, Brothels, only fit;
 Hear ghostly Pastors cant and chide,
 With Texts and Comments they deride.
 Midst bawdy Catches, nurtur'd long,
 In Chorus join, of Heavenly Song!
 Curb their impetuous, lawless Fires
 When artless Maidens raise Desires.
 Will they those Charter Rights maintain,
 They treated erst with high Disdain;
 To legal Power, who drink d-----n,
 Truckle to H-n---k's Proclamation;
 And march, encamp, retire, or stand,
 As General P--n-m,* shall command,
 Ah! surely, no it cannot be.
 They'd d--n to H-ll, such Liberty.

²⁵ Some of the Features described in the following Lines are common to many of the Author's intimate Friends and Acquaintance, for whom he feels the sincerest Affection and Respect: Men possessed of all the heathenish Virtues in the highest Degree; if they do not possess every Virtue it is the fate of Humanity. He supposes that liberal Taste and Habits to be incompatible with the Manners of the Covenanters of New England. "Oh my Soul, come not thou into their Assemblies; to their Councils mine Honour be not thou united."

* Putnam

The Men whose envious Souls repine,
 Unless they're rais'd aloft, to shine;
 Who think no Place their proper Sphere,
 Save where they rule, and domineer;
 Men vain, aspiring, insolent,
 On lawless Pow'r and Int'rest bent,
 Prone by Defect of Head and Heart,
 To act each bold, flagitious Part;
 To whom sweet, humble Peace serene,
 Appears a dull, insipid Scene:
 And deaf to Pity's sacred Voice
 In Tumults, Riots, Broils rejoice,
 Intent, as Hunger dire on Food,
 On Rapes, Adult'ry, Spoils, and Blood;
 With wild Ambition raving mad,
 Tyrants in Garb of Freedom clad,
 The Laws of God and Man defy,
 With furious Mein and Blood-shot Eye;
 Haggard, from Discord's fatal Lap,
 Display the sacred Staff and Cap.²⁶
 And Freedom's Ensigns fair pervert,
 To pierce fair Freedom to the Heart;
 Who bid us all, to Arms resort,
 That they may reap delicious Sport;
 Who'd rather see us all in Hell,
 Than wisely scruple to rebel,
 Who boast no Daughter, Wife or Son,
 Nor care if this dear Land's undone.

²⁶ Ensigns of Liberty, not as they are engrav'd on the Front of a certain American News-Paper. It would be an Affront to the Understandings of such consummate Politicians as the Printer, Designer and Engraver employed in that Paper, to insinuate that they were ignorant even of the very Ensigns of legal Liberty; possibly therefore they were designed as Hieroglyphicks, to signify that particular Species of Liberty for which they and their Friends the Chartres, Renaults and Lotharios of this Country so nobly contend. The Hint may peradventure have been taken from the pathetic Complaint of the indignant *Belvidera* to her husband, in the tragedy of *Venice Preserved, or a Plot Discover'd*: "No sooner was I laid on my sad Bed" &c.

*Quicumque, impudicus, adulter, ganeo, manu, ventre pene, bona patria, lacetaserat: quiquealimum
 aes grande constaverat*" &c.

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 Thirsting for War, for fighting Sake,
 Alike to them what Part they take;
 Whether unjust, or just the Cause,
 To shield, or to subvert the Laws.

As G----e,* or H----k† gives the Word,
 They draw th' impatient, murd'ring Sword:
 Be Men, or Measures bad or good,
 Fond to imbrue their Hands in Blood;
 Would you trust Men in any Cause,
 Who love not God, nor Man, nor Laws.
 Ah! surely no, it cannot be,
 Or farewell, sacred Liberty.

Great Shade of Locke,²⁷ immortal Sage!
 Bright Glory of thy Land, and Age.
 Apostle blest! of Toleration!
 Benign to every Sect and Nation:
 Friend to Mankind, in Mercy given,
 The choicest Boon of bounteous Heaven;
 To curb the lawless Tyrants Rule,
 And rescue Slaves from Filmer's School;
 Refute what Hobbes, what Oxford dreamt,
 And shew the Ends of Government;
 To ridicule the bigot Rules,
 Which Knaves devis'd to govern Fools;
 To prove in spite of pedant claims,
 God made not Men for Charles, or James.
 But bid them Tyrant Pow'r controul,
 Nor let a Part enslave the Whole;
 To shew that Nature, common Sense,
 Gave them the Rights of Self-defence.

*Gage. †Hancock.

²⁷ See Life of Mr. Locke, *Biographica Britannica*.

To prove when Kings the Laws invade,
 By Nature, God, or Compacts made,
 And claim like Hell, the Right divine
 To treat Mankind like Herds of Swine;
 To rob or murder, as they list,
 'Tis just and virtuous, to resist.
 That James full justly lost his Crown,
 And Laws of old, of high Renown;
 By Valour, Wisdom, all restor'd,
 Made great Nassau our lawful Lord.
 Patriot! and Legislator wise!
 Look down with Pity, from the Skies!
 Behold a vain, deluded Race,
 Thy venerable Name disgrace;
 As Casuists false, as Savage rude,
 With Glosses weak, with Comments crude.
 Pervert thy fair, instructive Page,
 To Sanctify licentious Rage;
 To form some wild, ideal Plan,
 And break the Laws of God, and Man.
 Oh! let thy bright Example show,
 What Subjects to their Sovereigns owe;
 Thou liv'dst when Britain's glorious land
 Was torn by Faction's daring Hand.
 When Foreign Gold, when Gallic Bribes,
 Seduc'd the sordid venal Tribes;
 When William's self, that Land to save,²⁸
 Was forc'd to bribe each factious Knave:
 When every Sect by turns complain'd,
 And curst the Hour that William reign'd.
 Call'd Freedom's guardian, Virtue's Pride,
 Usurper, Tyrant, Parricide;

²⁸ See Burnet, whose authority the Author presumes is rarely called in Question by the Whigs of this Country.

www.libtool.com Stunn'd gaping Crouds, with Tales of Woe
 Of Darien's Host, and sad Glencoe.
 Mid'st these mad Conflicts, vain Alarms,
 Say, did'st thou call the Land to Arms!
 Declare the solemn Compact broke,
 And Subjects free from William's Yoke.

Thou know'st that Subjects, Statesmen, Kings,
 Are frail, impure, imperfect Things;
 The polish'd Town, the Savage Wood,
 Comparatively bad, or good.
 That More's, St. Piere's, and Plato's Themes,
 Are all but flatt'ring, Golden Dreams;
 Know'st that a perfect, legal Plan,
 No more exists, than perfect Man.
 That Wisdom warns us not to grieve
 For Ills, that Wisdom can't relieve;
 Thou know'st, to mark the gradual Lines
 From Nero, to the Antonines.
 That Freedom, ev'n in Gallia reigns,
 Compar'd with Asia's hapless Plains;
 Compar'd with Gallia's boastful Page,
 Great William's was a Golden Age:
 Compar'd with That, still happier This,
 The Age of Freedom, Age of Bliss.
 Blind Superstitious Zeal, no more
 Bids Hood-wink't timid Fools adore,
 And crouch to Usurpation dire,
 On pain of God's eternal Ire.
 No more deluded Mortals fight,
 For vain, hereditary Right;
 No more the murd'ring Sword is drawn,
 For Pastor's Cloak or Prelate's Lawn.

Now Whig and Tory, Country, Court,
 No longer make the Rabble sport;
 Now Subjects, Monarchs, all combine,
 To laugh at cant of Right Divine.
 Appeal to common Sense, for all,
 And think like Thee, of good St. Paul;²⁹
 Thy general Truth's by all confest,
 And noisy Faction lull'd to Rest.
 Some Ray of thy pervading Mind
 Oh, shed on Mortals, weak and blind;
 Their wand'ring Steps to Truth recal,
 Oh save Them, save Them, e'er they fall.
 Teach them to view th' historick Page,
 To trace the Scenes of every Age;
 To look o'er Asia's, Africk's Coast,
 And see Mankind in Slavery lost.
 Born to fair Nature's equal Law,
 Doom'd to hew Wood, and Water draw;

²⁹ General as these Reflections are on the Doctrine of Passive Obedience and Non Resistance, it has occurred to the Author since he writ them that they may be wrested to gratify the Malignity of Party Zeal, into a personal Reflection.

Even the Name of the Gentleman who writ the *Friendly Address* is unknown to him: he never read a Pamphlet truer to its Title, or that appeared to be written with a more benevolent intention. It would be well for this Country if they could distinguish their true Friends. It is vulnerable in one small part only: in the rest invincible. No Man who has read the *Citizen* of Hobbes, the Decrees of Oxford, the wretched shifts that Bishop Burnet had recourse to in order to accommodate the Doctrine of his Church to the Revolution, or the bungling of the learned Grotius in endeavouring to reconcile capital Punishment, War and Resistance with the Meekness of the Gospel: no Man of Candour and good will, can wonder at or be angry with the Author of the *Friendly Address*. It is one of the sad effects of such Times as these to force Men of certain Tempers to fly for Refuge into the gloomy regions of Passive Obedience and Non Resistance. This was the case of Hobbes, and of the University of Oxford, of many other Men, and of Bodies of Men, possessed of too much Benevolence, Virtue, Learning and Abilities to be treated with petulant or arrogant Content. Such Men fly from Anarchy into these dismal but peaceful Retreats; they do not wish to remain there. Under a James the Second, Oxford and others retracted.

Naturam expelles furca: tamen usque recurret.

With the good leave of St. Peter and St. Paul, had the Author lived in the days of Nero with his present Opinions and Feelings, he would have united with Mr. A—s Mr. H—k, yea, with the Generation of Vipers, and under the Auspices of— (could he have been assured that he would not have deserted them and gone over to the Enemy) have done his utmost to tumble Nero from his Misnud. Thank God.

*Non tali auxilio, nec desensoribus istis
 Tempus eget.*

www.libtool.org The Weak, the Strong, the Young, the Old,
 Like Cattle bought, like Cattle sold;
 Their Wives, their Daughters, bed and board,
 At will of some imperious Lord.
 Fawning like Spaniels, train'd and link't,
 And every free born Thought extinct;
 The Book of Knowledge fair conceal'd,
 And Heaven's most sacred Laws repeal'd.

See ev'n in Europe's happier Climes,
 Popes, Emperors, Kings, immers'd in Crimes;
 Deaf to kind Love, to Mercy's Call,
 Th' Industrious, Good, and Wise enthrall;
 Form'd from the same Promethean Clay,
 To Nobles, Hirelings, Priests a Prey.

Bid them, some few, short Leagues advance,
 From Albion's Shores, to polish'd France;
 Alas! how soon, how great the Change!
 There bid their Contemplation range.
 There view the blind, sequacious Herds,
 Govern'd by Cowls and monkish Beards;
 See the poor Gaul, whose merry Soul
 Nor Priests, nor Tyrants, can controul;
 Give him his Onion, Soupe, and Bread,
 No idle Cares perplex his Head.
 Intendants, Farmers, Soldiers, Spies
 Unnumbered, pass before his Eyes,
 He sees them all, and never sighs. }
 Judges corrupt, and Racks, and Wheels,
 Hang o'er his Head, he nothing feels;
 Contented, in his humble Sphere,
 To mind his Work, the Laws revere,

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 As Sprightly as the Wine he Quaffs,
 Midst dire Oppression sings, and Laughs.

Woes of next Cent'ry ne'er revolves,
 Nor breaks his Rest with Town Resolves;
 Of Slav'ry, nor of Want, complains,
 But sings, and Dances in his Chains.
 Such Bliss, a Free-born Briton scorns,
 His Breast with gen'rous Ardor burns;
 He scorns to be the Tool or Slave,
 Of King, or Priest, of Fool, or Knave.
 All that Grimace, and Mirth and Glee,
 Is mere Insensibility:
 That Animal, in human Shape,
 Is but at best a merry Ape;
 Plunder'd, of every natural Right,
 And plung'd in Ignorance dark as Night.
 His Intellects as gross, and dull
 As Bear, or Ass, or Horse, or Bull;
 Doom'd to the same, insipid State,
 Born but to feed, and Propagate.
 Is this the boasted, happy Gaul!
 How blest then, every Animal!
 Yet even an Ape, a Bear, or Goose,
 Is happier much, than Men let loose;
 From all restraints of God and Man,
 In search of wild, ideal Plan.
 Satiated with Pleasure, Wealth, and Ease,
 And left to do whate'er they please;
 Yet ev'n in France, in shackl'd France,
 Midst Want and Slav'ry, Song and Dance:
 E'en there, the Friends to Truth and You,
 Helvetius, Diderot, Montescue;

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D'Alembert, Rousseau, Marmontel
 In spite of Slav'ry lov'd, to dwell.
 Yet there the Wise, the gay Voltaire,
 Freedom's and Candor's lineal Heir;
 There form'd his sweet instructive Page,
 To curb the Priests', the Tyrant's Rage,
 To scourge, divert, and mend the Age. }
 Nor chang'd, for Brunswick's mild Command,
 The Pleasures of his native Land:
 Midst Power despotic, Monkish Cells,
 Thy Beccaria peaceful dwells.
 These chosen few, the Wise, and Great,
 Lament their hapless Country's Fate;
 View all with Philosophick Eyes,
 See thro' the Gaudy, thin Disguise.
 Vile Tartuffes, Sorbonne, all combin'd,
 To check the Free-born, gen'rous Mind:
 Like Harpies, grieve to lose their Prey,
 Like Goblins, fly at dawn of Day;
 And damn Philosophy to Hell,
 That dares to break the Magic Spell.

They know why Men from Woods and Caves,
 Consented to be partial Slaves;
 United Intrests, Hopes, and Fears,
 Rather than live like Wolves and Bears,
 Resign'd their Wills to just Controul,
 And gave a Part to guard the Whole.
 They see the social Compact broke,
 They feel the heavy, galling Yoke;
 See Virtue, Honour, prostrate laid,
 Fair, equal Liberty betray'd.
 See Vice triumphant, Worth disgrac'd,
 Truth, Mercy, Justice, all effac'd;

Men born to Freedom abject Slaves,
 The Property of Fools and Knaves.
 See Kings whom God and Men design'd,
 The Friends and Fathers of Mankind;
 The Laws of God and Man oppose,
 And treat their Subjects as their Foes.

Yet ev'n in wretched Lands like these,
 True Wisdom finds Content, and Ease;
 Knows that these Ills, are gentler far,
 Than horrid Discords, civil War.
 Fatal Resource! sad last Relief!
 From just, substantial, real Grief;
 From Woes that urge, to wild Despair,
 From Ills that Patriots scorn to bear.
 On Wisdom's Arm, great sacred Shield,
 Not made for vulgar Hands to wield;
 Not made for Sport, like idle Toys,
 For peevish, froward, thoughtless Boys.
 For Lies, which factious Knaves obtrude,
 On the poor, ign'rant Multitude;
 For wild Chimeras, idle Dreams,
 Causeless Complaints, and airy Schemes.
 To combat Wind-Mills, wage with Sheep.³⁰
 Reserv'd our sacred Rights to keep,
 When Giant Power makes Millions weep.

³⁰ Alluding to the well known Life of a very amiable worthy Country Gentleman whose Imagination, by an intense Application to a certain favourite Study became so disorder'd that his Ideas of Right and Wrong and of the most common Inconveniencies, Accidents and Occurrences of Life were wholly unlike those of other Men. He had been many Years a member of a very respectable Club, and was as much esteemed by his Brother Members, and treated with as much Kindness, as any Man. From the Moment that he was seized with this strange, fatal Delirium he became another Sort of Man, always discontented, for ever complaining that he was shoved down to the lower end of the Table, had not his share of Fat, could not get a Bit of the Green, &c., that they were always plotting against him at the Upper End of the Table. That they constantly took Advantage of his occasional Absence, and never waited for his Consent when they made any new Rules for the Club. When the Reckoning was called for he would throw down a Half-penny, and swear till he was black in the Face, that it was as good a Guinea as ever came from the Mint. He would take a common Farmer for a Field-Marshal,

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When Tyrants fierce give just Alarms,
The gallant Patriot calls to Arms;
Reluctant calls, from patriot Love,
Lest Arms alas! successful prove.

Wisdom recalls the League, the Fronde,³¹
The Thousands slain, on Gallic Ground;
Recalls that black, infernal Night,³²
Recalls, and shudders at the Sight;
When Cath'rine, Charles and fierce Tavanne,
To Deeds of Horror led the Van;
When Seine's fair Stream his Banks o'erflow'd,
All swoln with native, kindred Blood:

a Plowman for a Lieutenant General, a set of Puppets for Ministers, Statesmen and Kings; a Wind-mill for some blood-thirsty gigantic Tyrant, and a Flock of harmless Animals for an Army of the Enemy. He constantly mistook his Friends for his Foes and his Foes for his Friends, herded with the lowest and vilest of the Rabble, and shunned the society of his old Companions, the Clergyman of the Parish, his Neighbour the Gentleman Farmer, Squire Question, Squire Tensis and others, with whom he had formerly lived very happily and in great intimacy: who sincerely lamented his strange Delusion, and spared no Pains to divert him from the Study of those absurd Romances which had been the fatal cause of it: such as the Works of Don Malagorge, Don Pouleqoc, Don Dickails, Don Obispo Naviregag, and above all the fabulous and monstrous History of the Reign and Achievements of Sincantrois, frequently expostulating with him in the warmest and most affectionate Terms, and warning him if he persisted in it, that he would infallibly beggar himself, his Family and Relations, rot in a jail, come to be hanged or die under a Hedge. In return for their friendly Advice he called them a Pack of Scoundrels, Lyars, Pickpockets, Sycophants and Traitors, and swore they had been bribed to ruin him by Don Jorge, a noble Duke of whom he held his Estate by the Tenure of Fealty and Homage. Every Body remembers how he took up his Lodgings one Night at a Hedge Ale-house, and thought himself in a magnificent Castle, dreamt that he was attacked by a furious Giant, jumpt out of Bed, ran to his Sword, attacked a Hogshead of Red Wine, broached the Hogshead and let out all the Wine about the Chamber, and on the Landlord's insisting upon being paid for his Wine laughed at him for a Blockhead, swore it was the blood of a Giant whom he had slain in Defence of him and his Castle, damned him for an insolent ungrateful Scoundrel, and threatened to cut his Ears off.

It is well known likewise how he put to flight all the Magistrates of the District, released a gang of Thieves, Pickpockets, Highwaymen and Murderers, and let them loose upon the industrious innocent Inhabitants: how they fell upon their Deliverer, and how he narrowly escaped with his Life.

³¹ See Thuanus, Davila, Brantôme, Henriade, L'Esprit de la Ligue, De Set, Rochefoucault, Jolly, Nemours, &c. It is much to be wished that the Details of Civil War were more generally known in America than they appear to be; the Horror of a Civil War is become a standing Joke among a very numerous Body of Americans. The Author has been assured that it is very common to the Wild Geese of this Country to fly against a Light House in the Night, and dash themselves to Pieces. The same Cause may perhaps be assigned for both.

³² The Night of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Recalls mad Clement, fierce Chatel,
 Ravallac, arm'd with Powers from Hell,
 When virtuous, godlike Bourbon fell. }
 Alas! the Liberties they sought
 For which Coligny, Condé fought,
 Subdu'd, and prostrate, still remain,
 And wretched Millions fell in vain.
 Recalls Phillippi's fatal Field
 Where Virtue's self was forc'd to yield;
 Where Heroes found untimely Graves,
 And left free Romans, abject Slaves.

Oh! didst thou live in George's Reign,
 And heard'st the Knaves, and Fools complain,
 The Fools, deluded by the Knaves,
 Complain they're worse than Galley Slaves.
 The mad, the ign'rant Knaves, complain,
 Midst Ease, and Wealth of Want, and Pain,
 With Doctrines borrow'd from the Clouds,
 Delude the stolid gaping Crouds:
 Doctrines absurd and crude, and new,
 And swear, they learnt them all from you.
 How would thy breast indignant feel
 Alternate Scorn, and patriot Zeal!
 Alas! vain Men, how blind! how weak!
 Give them the Liberty they seek;
 Grant all their vain, their fond Desires,
 Grant all that ev'ry Fool requires.
 Let them convene, in vagrant Bands,
 To play at Questions, and Commands,
 In tatter'd Garb, with squallid Mein,
 Like Children, play at King and Queen.
 Let them, round Freedom's sacred Pole,
 Quaff Toddy from the flowing Bowl.

www.libt... The Tyler's, Cade's, and Straw's debate,
 The dread Arcanas of the State.
 Issue their Mandates, near and far,
 On Pain of Feathers and of Tar,
 Pierce thro' dark Night, with gummy Eyes,
 And see an Empire, vast arise.
 (Since 'tis a Truth, by all confest,
 That Arts, and Empires, travel West,³³)
 An Empire vast, by Heav'n declar'd,
 With which each other State compar'd,
 From Delly, to renown'd Calcut,
 Is not much bigger than a Nut,
 From Ispahan to Neufchatel,
 Is but the veriest Bagatelle.
 That isle, so blest by George's Sway,
 Is but the Needle in the Hay.³⁴
 Claim Pow'r supreme, by Right Divine,
 From Acady, to Caroline.
 The Pow'r and Glory of a State,
 By Quantities of Acres rate.³⁵
 Let them, great Legislators fit,
 Instruct, advise, forbid, permit,
 Sole Judges of their private Weal,
 As they demand, enact, repeal.

³³ A very cogent Argument frequently urged with much Gravity, to prove the approaching Splendor of North America.

³⁴ A very prevailing mode of Thinking and Talking of the insignificant little Island of Britain.

³⁵ If the Author does not mistake it was a remark of Dean Berkeley that a Man might possess fifty Thousand Acres of Land in North America, and not know where to get a Dinner. The Dean was in the Right. It is the melancholly Case at this Day of innumerable American Landholders. *Experto crede Roberto.*

This Pre-eminence so much boasted of will in the Author's humble Opinion prove for many Centuries to come fatal to the Establishment of Manufactories, to permanent Independence, to mutual Defence and to lasting Peace.

Fleets, Armies, Hirelings, Viceroy's, all
 The pension'd Slaves of Courts recall.
 Let Cobblers, Tinkers, Butchers, prate
 At Will, of deep Affairs of State;
 Relate their Suff'rings o'er and o'er,
 Of Tea, of Tax, and Compacts roar,
 Till Pow'r supreme to Babes devolves,
 And every Suckling lisps Resolves.

Poor giddy Wights, without pretence
 To Age, Experience, Parts, or Sense:
 Yet dare to judge of Men and Things,
 And think themselves as great as Kings;
 Leave them their idle Course to run,
 In two short Years, they'd be undone.

Thus oft, a cocker'd, pamper'd Child,
 By fond maternal Love is spoil'd.
 Froward and petulant, and rash,
 Neglects his Books, and feeds on Trash;
 Flies in his aged Parent's Face,
 For Whims that Age and Sense disgrace.
 A weak, ungrateful, booby Son,
 Sullen, controul'd; if pleas'd, undone:
 Let him pursue his idle Way,
 'Twou'd be one glorious Holiday;
 Let the poor Thing his Fancy please,
 He'd perish soon by dire Disease
 Unconscious of the Woes to come,
 Unmindful of his future Doom,
 How rough the World, compar'd with Home.
 When left alone, on Life's sad Stage,
 When anxious Cares his Thoughts engage,

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Of Parent's fost'ring Aid bereft,
 To the wide World, an Orphan left.
 Too late, the fatal Truth perceives,
 Too late reflects, and vainly grieves,
 His Parent fondly was beguil'd,
 Had spar'd the Rod, and spoil'd the Child.
 Teach them, wise Patriot, t'obey,
 The mild Commands of Brunswick's Sway;
 Bid them the Tyrant's Pow'r defy,
 In Freedom live, for Freedom die;
 But Oh! instruct them first to know,
 Tyrants from Sov'reigns, Friend from Foe,
 Freedom, from wild licentious Schemes,
 Just, legal Rights, from idle Dreams,
 The golden Mean, from mad Extremes. }
 Like Prophets, erst in Mercy sent,
 To bid offending Worlds repent.
 Recall their wand'ring Steps, to Truth,
 Look down, with Pity, on their Youth.
 Wanton, and proud, in Nature's Bloom,
 Unconscious of impending Doom.
 Whilst George's fond, paternal Hand,
 Ling'ring suspends the stern Command;
 Ere hostile, conqu'ring Fleets appear,
 Benignant check their mad Career.
 Ere yet avenging Hosts prepare
 To shake the Land with horrid War.
 Save them, from that sad Scene of Woes, }
 Where thankless Sons their Sires oppose;
 Where Sires and Sons are mortal Foes;
 Where Moonstruck Zealots, fierce despise
 Nature's endearing, sacred Ties;
 Where Ruffians gain unblest Applause
 By violated Faith, and Laws.

Where fair earn'd Wealth, Possessions fair,
 Are torn from many a rightful Heir;
 Where Lust of Pow'r and guilty Joys,
 Sweet Peace and Innocence destroys;
 Impostors vile to Pow'r aspire,
 Honour and Worth abash'd, retire.
 Retire, and see their native Lands
 Plunder'd by bold rapacious Hands.
 Unpitying Bands, fair Seats destroy,
 Of dear domestic, social Joy;
 See many a Field and fertile Plain,
 Cover'd with kindred Natives slain.

See Friends, Companions, once belov'd,
 By dire contagious Madness mov'd;
 Frantic, and ruthless, pierce the Breast,
 Once with dear, mutual Love possest.

Triumphant Crimes pollute the Land,
 Consign'd to ev'ry Butcher's Hand;
 Spread Desolation like a Flood,
 And Brothers shed their Brother's Blood.
 Rouse these dear Lands from torpid Sleep,
 Ah! rouse them, lest they 'wake to weep;
 With Anguish weep, alas! in vain,
 For thousands ruin'd, thousands slain.
 Let not their fatal Rage despise
 The Orphan's Tears, the Widow's Sighs.
 King aged Parents left forlorn,
 Their hapless, murder'd Sons to mourn;
 Dear, pious Sons, whose frantic Eye
 Beholds their Sires untimely die;
 And Ruffians, rushing to destroy
 Soft Charms, reserv'd for virtuous Joy.

www.libtool.com Snatch this short fleeting Interval,
Their wand'ring Senses to recal.
Warn them of their impending Fate,
Lest sad Repentance comes too late.
Bid them survey the Realms above,
The blissful Seats of Peace and Love,
Yet there, even there, a rebel Crew,
That Peace, that Love, could joyless view;
See God immortal Joys prepare,
Yet Joys immortal scorn to share.
Plac'd by the Side of Pow'r divine,
Yet 'midst that Glory, could repine.
View Pow'r supreme with envious Eye,
And God's Omnipotence defy:
To Envy, Rage, and Malice prone,
Invade th' indulgent Father's Throne,
Till by just Wrath the Traitors fell,
Headlong from Heav'n, to endless Hell.

THE END

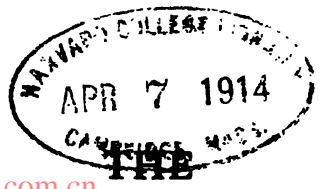
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MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 28

COMPRISING

NARRATIVE OF A TOUR TO "EDENBURGH," ILL. - - "*Walter Wilkey*" (1839)
JOURNAL OF THE SHIPWRECK AND SUFFERINGS OF DANIEL FOSS (1809)

WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32^d STREET

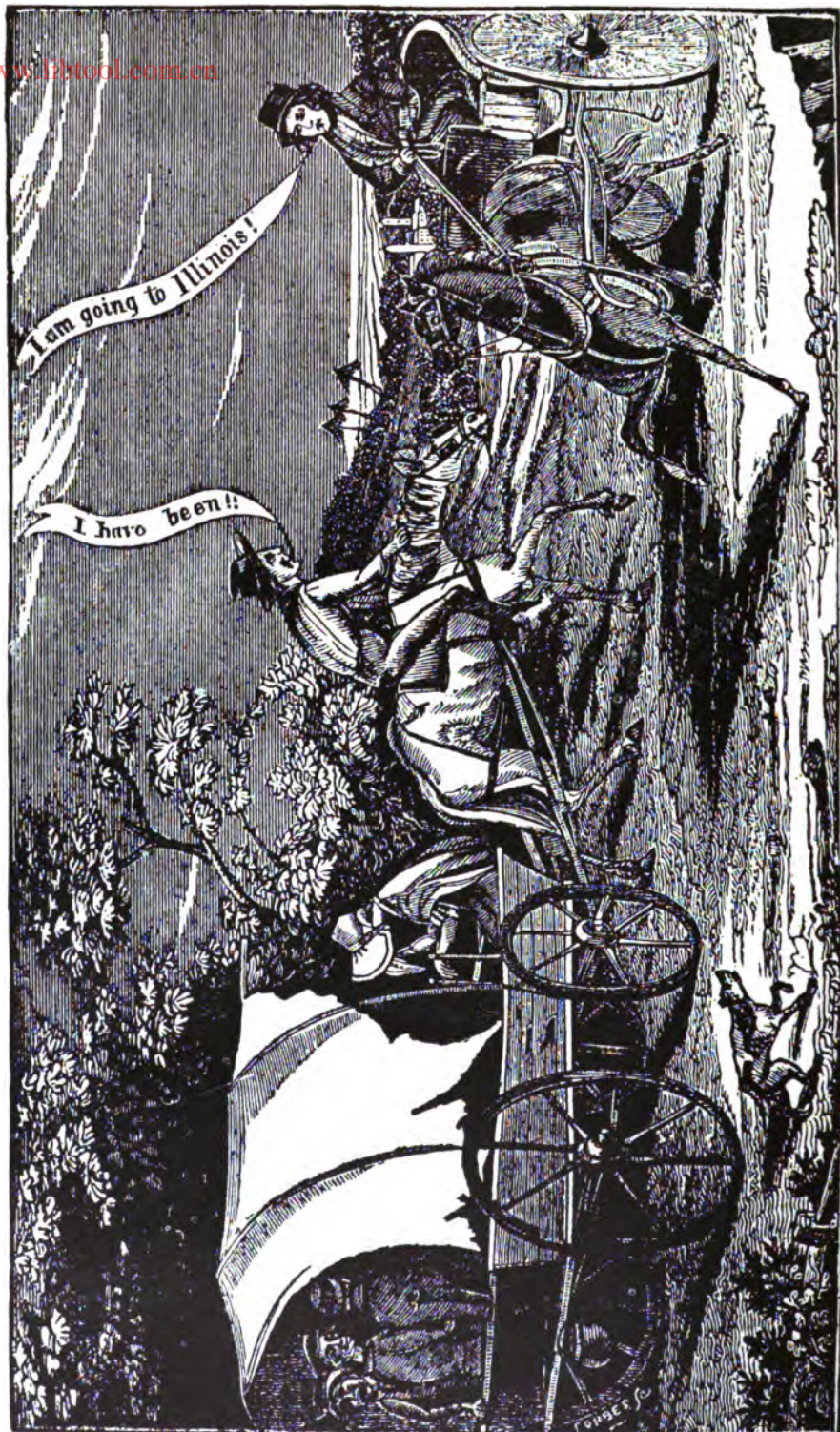
NEW YORK

1914

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WESTERN EMIGRATION.

NARRATIVE

OF A

TOUR TO, & ONE YEAR'S RESIDENCE IN

“EDENSBURGH,” (Illinois,)

BY MAJOR WALTER WILKEY,

An honest Yeoman of Mooseboro', State of Maine.

A more humorous and interesting “Traveller's Guide to the West” was never before published, and by which it will be perceived that the famous “MAINE-PINE-SWAMP SPECULATION” has been completely out-done!

EMBELLISHED WITH APPROPRIATE CUTS.

You that in comic tales delight
To pass the time away,
Some leisure hour (by day or night,)
Read WILKEY's book, I pray;
It cannot fail to make you laugh your fill,
And cure the spleen beyond a Doctor's skill!

NEW-YORK :

G. CLAIRBORNE, AND OTHERS, PUBLISHERS

1839.

NEW YORK

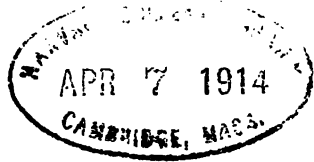
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Being Extra No. 23 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

OF THE numberless Americans who have read *Martin Chuzzlewit*, how many know that there exists a pamphlet issued in New York three years before Dickens visited us, and from which he may have drawn some of his descriptions of the swindling operations of *Zephaniah Scadder*? Yet so it is, and we are the first to republish it, as our EXTRA Number 28, completing Volume VII of the series.

As one of the rarest of rare Americana, it affords us much pleasure to add it to the already long list of such with which we have presented our MAGAZINE subscribers.

In January, 1842, Charles Dickens left England on his first visit to this country, and in 1843 recorded some of his impressions in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. His keen sense of the ridiculous found ample scope for material at that time, and "spread-eagleism," wild-cat land speculations, the newspaper editors of little Western journals, and incidental characters or types were mercilessly ridiculed. At that period steam communication with America had scarcely passed the experimental stage, but it was producing an effect and bringing emigrants to this country every year in increasing numbers, many with some capital beyond the mere ability to work. These small capitalists with a few hundred pounds became, many of them, the prey of the unscrupulous land-speculator, parting with their assets for farms in the South or West, which on examination were found to be barren pine-lands or swamps that were unreclaimable. The European was not the only victim, but probably the easiest; there were no doubt more of American birth who were thus swindled, and Martin Chuzzlewit with Mark Tapley easily fell into the trap in purchasing a farm and building site in the far-distant city of "Eden."

Curiously, two years before Dickens's visit, there was printed in New York a little pamphlet, of the sarcastically humorous character, reporting the experiences of a Maine farmer in a "City of Edensburgh" (Illinois), that in many ways parallel the experiences of Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley. The pamphlet is extremely rare, and although the Library of Congress possesses a copy, we have been unable to locate another, though there may be two or three others in existence. In the card catalogue circulated by the Library of Congress the name of the city "Edensburgh" is erroneously spelt "Edinburgh," missing the humorous point of the name. The similarity of the name of the city and some of the experiences of the unknown author suggest that Dickens may have seen the pamphlet and obtained some ideas from it beyond the name.

It consists of twenty-four pages, inclusive of the frontispiece, and is issued in plain yellow wrappers. The wood-cut frontispiece represents a party of returning emigrants in a rickety wagon; three of them sit in the rear, looking more like skeletons than human beings, on the front seat is a woman weeping, a scarecrow horse drawing the wagon is ridden by a haggard driver from whose mouth issue the words "I have been!". Confronting them is a smart chaise drawn by a dashing horse, in which sits a well-dressed man, from whose mouth issues "I am going to Illinois!"; the scene is a landscape, and at the bottom of the hill down which the returning emigrants descend is seen the roof of the poorhouse. The next wood-cut is a "Platt of the City of Edensburgh." This strongly resembles the plan of the "City of Eden" examined by Martin Chuzzlewit before he made his purchase. On it is marked "Washington Street (spelt "Washington"); Wall Street, Broadway, Commercial Street, Grand Street, the Public Exchange, the Market square, and so on, giving an impression of a settled and prosperous city. The third wood-cut represents a scene on a canal-boat. The fourth the principal building in Edensburgh, the hotel—a roughly built log cabin with an old crone looking out of the window and

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interviewing the emigrants. The last wood-cut represents the emigrants forcibly driving from their land some Swiss squatters.

The author seems to be unknown, and Edensburgh is possibly not intended for any special place in Illinois but merely typical of the schemes of swindling Western land speculators. "Major Wilkey" was possessor of a fairly prosperous farm of two hundred acres in Mooseboro, Me., when he met the Connecticut speculator, Squire Samuel Soaper (answering to Dickens's *Zephaniah Scadder*), who expatiated on the beauty of a farm in the West, where the soil without toil would produce four hundred bushels to the acre, where the air was pure, the climate healthy. The result was that Major Wilkey exchanged his Maine farm for one of three hundred acres in Edensburgh and some building lots in the city itself, and departed on his western journey with his wife, the family black, his three sons and the dog. On reaching Albany they disposed of their wagon and horse and took passage on a "penny-a-mile" canal boat. After nine days on the canal boat they took passage on a lake steamboat to Cleveland "a little village in Ohio," a mere baby of a city, as the Major supposed, to Edensburgh. A horse and wagon was here purchased and the route to Illinois by way of Detroit taken. The inhabitants of Detroit had never heard of Edensburgh. The prairie was at last reached, but instead of finding easy traveling, they found it the reverse, the ground rough, wet and miry, necessitating a dismount every fifteen minutes to put their shoulders to the wheel, Mrs. Wilkey having to walk most of the distance. Illinois reached, it was another nine days' journey to Edensburgh in a northwest direction, but cheered by the thought that they were within a reasonable distance of their destination, they pushed on. The country was desolate. Edensburgh was unknown to everyone they met, and they were getting so desperate and hopeless of finding the city from the apparent dense ignorance of the inhabitants that it was seriously considered to send one of the boys overland to Cincinnati to obtain "Dwight's Universal Gazetteer."

When hope was at last abandoned they reached a marshy spot swarming with mosquitoes, and saw a log hut of the meanest construction, in front of which was a strip of board on which was written "Hotel." Repeated pounding at the door at last brought an old woman to the one window, who looked out and in answer to the inquiries told them that they were then in Edensburgh, and on their expressing incredulity, fetched a copy of the very map shown them by Squire Soaper. They tried to make the best of it for a year, but fits of ague, treated with pumpkin whiskey sweetened with molasses, and the impossibility of growing anything, decided them to return to Maine as best they could, and the pamphlet ends with them on the return march.

As a specimen of American humor it is interesting, and still more so from the possibility that Dickens may have obtained some hints from it for his description of Martin Chuzzlewit's purchase in the city of Eden.

MAJOR WILKEY'S NARRATIVE, &c.

“**Y**ES, fellow traveller, I have been to Illinois, and as good luck would have it, after a twelve months' miserable half-starved residence in that famous and thriving 'city of EDENSBURGH,' (so called), the Major has, with a whole skin, (but with precious little flesh I assure you) providentially escaped; and is thus far back again to his good old native state of Maine—'and what (do you ask) has your year's residence in that highly extolled country produced you?' just what you might, by ocular demonstration suppose, honest friend—a broken down waggon!—a broken winded horse!—a broken hearted wife!—a broken legged dog!—and, what is still more to be lamented, the irreparable broken constitutions of my three Fever and Ague sons, Jonathan, Jerry and Joe!—ah, the Major by sad experience can now truly say to you, and to every other son of New England—

*Who have a good home, and don't realize it.
'A trip to the West' will teach you to prize it.*

Nor ought he on the present occasion fail to say to those quizical dogs, those sharp shooters, and mischievous scribbling Editors of the South—forebear! and no longer ridicule and make sport of our much talked about 'Maine-Pine-Swamp-Forest Speculation!' (in which the Major is said to have taken so distinguished a part) for never could there be experienced just such another confounded take-in as has been practised upon Major Walter Wilkey, of Mooseboro'! whom, be it remembered, (had he been present), Queen Victoria's loyal subjects, the Nova Scotians, the boast of Aroostook, could in no way have intimidated, yet notwithstanding the Major is obliged to confess, and that to his rotten shame, that one of those Connecticut-City-making-speculating-Illinois-land-

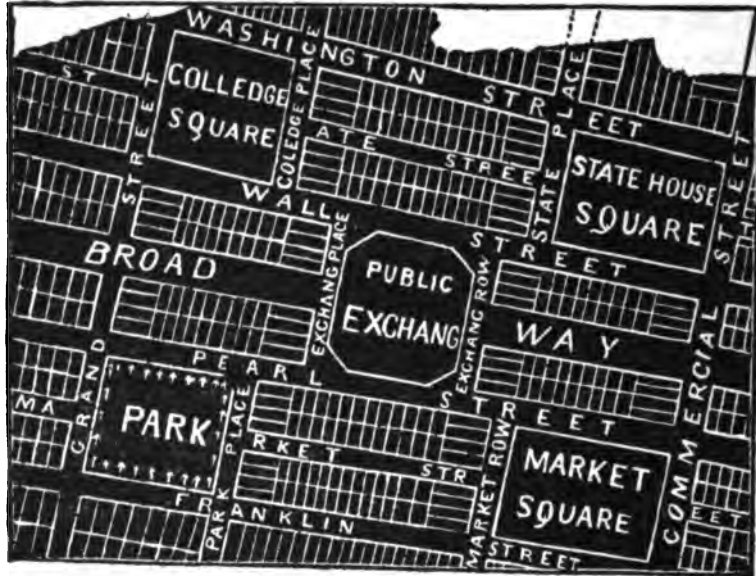
Jobbers has for once out-Majored him; and left him without a single laurel to his brow!—and pray (let me ask) who would not like him have supposed his fortune made at once, to be offered for a farm 'good for little or nothing,' a 'first rate Illinois Farm, of 300 acres, producing 400 bushels to an acre!' and withal, the goodly number of 'twenty valuable house lots in EDENSBURGH!' and (as was represented to him), one of the most delightful, prosperous and thriving CITIES in the West, which (in commercial point of view) promised soon to equal, if not outrival the cities of New-York and Philadelphia! and like the former, already boasting of her public squares, her parks, her parade grounds, her 'Change! —Broadway—Wall—Washington — Pearl — Franklin — Grand — Commercial and other streets." Howsoever, a tom-fool as I have been, there is a *leetle* consolation left for the Major yet; for it is a right-down-uncontradictable fact, that he was for a long time powder-proof against the ten thousand reports in circulation, from Kittery to Mooseboro', of the 'increasing wealth and population of the far-famed West' until, as bad luck would have it, he was beset by one of those leetle-too-slick-Yankee-land-jobbing-Gull-Catchers! a second 'Simon Swap,' who proved himself as smart in the manufacture of new Cities in the West, as that of wooden bowls, combs, clocks, pork hams and nutmegs in the East! and who first introduced himself among us as 'Squire Samuel Soaper,' and the better to effect his object, finding fault with and underrating almost everything that could be considered the produce of Mooseboro'!—the 'barrenness of the soil—impurity of the water—infectious air—sour crabbed fruit—blasted corn—watery potatoes—distempered cattle, and scabby sheep!!' and, what was a leetle too *personal*, and withal, a right-down-wilful *lie*—the puny half-starved, Job-like-appearance of our own dear *selves*, the *Mooseites!* not forgetting at the same time to draw wonderful comparisons, and to extol to the skies the abundant and luxuriant

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produce of the West!—'pure air—sweet water—*healthy* climate—(mark that, fellow traveler)—fertile and easy cultivation of the prairies—extensive and *self-sown* wheat fields!'—and, what was wonderful indeed, always free and accessible to innumerable droves of well-fatted *wild Hogs!* ripe for the slaughter, and so exceedingly kind and accommodating to Maine emigrants, as to approach their barn-yards once a week (not to be *fed*, but lo) to be *butchered!* Indeed there was nothing of that country's produce which the 'Squire' did not most extravagantly boast, the Fever and Ague excepted, about which he was as mum as a toad-fish! although the whole country so abounded therewith, that had seven-eighths been *barrelled* and *exported* to other parts of the world, there would have remained enough in all conscience, to have set half New-England into the *shivers!*

Having thus described a *few* of the advantages and good qualities of the West, this honest (soft) Soaper very modestly observed, that for the *accommodation* of some of his eastern *friends*, (as was once said by another of the *family*, who offered to exchange *new* feathers for *old*, bushel for bushel) he had a good first-rate Illinois Farm, of 300 acres, (producing 400 bushels to an acre) and a few *very* valuable house lots in the thriving city of Edensburgh, that he would exchange for one or two *inferior* farms in Maine; and with saying which, drew from the pocket of his pantaloons (carefully enveloped in parchment,) a '*Platt*' as he termed it, of his '*famous thriving City!*' Here it is, fellow traveller; and the Major will wage that a better *Gull Nett* was never before woven by one of the most skillful artists in the country—good, bad, or indifferent. Fags, the Major was most *nappingly* caught therein, neck and heels, boots and spurs, soul and body! and from which, as the fly once said to the spider, he found it a leetle-desperately-difficult to disentangle himself!

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 PLATT OF THE CITY OF 'EDENSBURGH.'



It was at this period, fellow traveller, that Major Wilkey possessed clear of debt, as good a farm of 250 acres as Mooseboro, could boast of—producing quite enough of the necessaries of life for the subsistence of his family, then composed of six souls, self, wife, three remarkably smart and healthy boys, and Cæsar, an old faithful family black—and all as happy and contented as need be, until the arrival among us of that crafty speculator; that kind and obliging *swapper* of *new* farms for *old*! and on whose representation of the advantages and enjoyments of a *City* life, Mrs. Wilkey and the boys became so elated that the temptation was, I must confess (to speak grammatically) bordering a mighty deal on *irresistibility*! Howsoever, not to be too hasty to close with the stranger, the Major begged that his family might be indulged with the privilege of one night to *dream* about it (Mrs. Wilkey with the “Platt” under her pillow!) and if the dream of but one should be considered in any way propitious, the bargain should be closed the

ensuing morning, and the deed signed, sealed, and delivered without further delay; which not being objected to on the part of 'Squire Soaper, my family retired early to bed with a determination, (asleep or awake) to dream of nothing but about the contemplated exchange! and, as a *dream* was thus not only to determine the fate of the old homestead, but probably that of the Major and his family *forever*, sometime before the break of day all were up and prepared to relate and to hear related, each other's dreams. The lot falling first on *me*, I found it no difficult task to tell all I *dreamed*; for I assured my family that whether it could be considered a dream or not, I could not for the life of me sleep a wink the whole night for thinking of the new 'Farm of 300 acres and the 400 bushels to an acre!' Mrs. Wilkey's turn came next, who with equal confidence declared that she 'positively dreamed (but whether *asleep* or *awake* she could not tell) that she had a full clear view of Edensburgh; and while taking a delightful promenade down Broadway, was met by her three boys, Jonathan, Jerry and Joe, garbed in the style of *gentlemen*, with black fox-tail whiskers, just from their commercial and mercantile business!' Never could mortal beings be more elated and transported with joy than were the boys on hearing the relation of their mother's dream, which they declared accorded exactly with their own—as they had not ceased to dream, night and day, asleep or awake, that they were all three destined to be great men in Edensburgh!

Mrs. Wilkey, as well as the rest of the family, with one exception, now without hesitation expressed her belief that the *exchange* would be a wise and judicious one. From this opinion, however, old *Ceaze* dissented: having been raised from his infancy upon the *homestead* he felt too much attached thereto to behold it thus dreamed or rather fooled away, and remained silent. ' 'Pend on't, Massa Major, said he, "as de say be, one bird in de hand is ten times better den a whole flock of 'um in de *bushes*!" And in truth, fellow traveller, I have by bitter experience, since found out

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to my sorrow that the prognostication of old Ceaze was correct—Mrs. Wilkey and the boys were, however, of quite a different opinion, and being so overjoyed at the thoughts of exchanging a country for a city life, that they became impatient for an immediate reference to the 'Platt,' and a selection of the twenty undisposed-of house lots that had been kindly offered in part payment for the premises—in this selection it may be well for me to remark, friend, that the Major had nothing to do, his mind being at that moment too much engaged (to the exclusion of every thing of minor importance) how and in what manner he could improve his new farm (producing 400 bushels to an acre) to the best advantage—whether to devote a part or the whole, to the cultivation of peas, beans, or parsnips—the choice of lots was therefore left wholly and totally to Mrs. Wilkey and the boys, the first choice falling to the mother, she selected four of the most pleasant and centrally situated, in *Broadway* near *Pearl*; intending that on each should be erected a splendid mansion, one for the Major and self, and one for each of the three boys; the next choice devolving on Jonathan, and taking it for granted that he would ultimately become an exporter and importer of domestic and foreign goods, he selected all the unoccupied lots on 'Commercial-street!' while Jerry selected five of the best on 'Change' and Josey the same number between 'College!' and 'State House' Squares!—each being thus supplied to his mind, and the 'Platt' about to be returned to the 'Squire,' old Ceaze, (who until that moment had remained in a state of sullen silence,) now put in his claim, for at least the choice of one lot—for "what (said he,) you tink old neger goen' do to 'muse, and 'ploy he'sef, in *Hellinoy*, (as you call 'um)—where de grain *sow*, *reap*, and *trash* he'sef! and de hog *feed*, *fatten* and *kill* he'sef?" The argument of the impertinent black prevailed, and a lot was granted him from the number selected by Jonathan, in 'Commercial-street' as Ceaze said 'he should like 'um bess near low water mark, where he could muse 'umself 'casionally digging *clam*!

The exchange being now amicably and finally agreed on, the deeds were filled by the 'Squire (who had a pocket full of them) and were presented to self and wife for our signatures! which I must confess, fellow traveller, on the reflection that we were about to sign away our patrimonial portions, and to quit-claim forever our right and title to the old homestead, produced for the moment, sensations similar (probably) to those of two wretched condemned criminals, when about to sign (by compulsion) their death warrants! But it was too late now to repent, the papers were signed, sealed and delivered, and 'Squire *Soaper* put into possession of the premises!—and the next thing to be done was to commence forthwith preparations for a remove, in quest of and take possession of our newly acquired Farm, and the 'twenty valuable unoccupied house lots!' I had still remaining a tolerably good draught horse, and an old farm wagon (which providentially I had not *dreamed* away) and into which were deposited a few of the most useful articles of kitchen furniture, which it was supposed would be most wanted when we should reach our journey's end; and on the top a small vacancy was left, to be occupied by my family. Thus prepared, after a farewell shake of hands with my neighbors, we bid, on my part, and no doubt on that of Ceaze, a melancholy adieu to Mooseboro'!

Our journey, for a few days, was as comfortable and as pleasant as could be expected; but when we reached the northwest corner of old Massachusetts, and began to ascent the heights of Peru, the travel became rough, and withal a little *stumpy*; my family were, as might be supposed, squeezed like a snarl of young pigs, into a very narrow compass; old Ceaze occupying no better seat then what a long-legged iron pot, reversed, afforded him; and from whom at every jirk or jolt of the wagon, a sigh or bitter groan was sure to be heard, accompanied with an expression of pain and madness! It was about noon of the eighth day of our journey, when we reached that charming half-Dutch city of Albany, where finding

that spare beds with *clean sheets* for 'Yankee emigrants' were des-
pert scarce at the public houses, we made all possible haste to find,
as we had been advised to do by our friend 'Squire Soaper, one of
the canal-penny-a-mile boats; and withal, one of a jolly mess of
passengers engaged; as the Major had been told that a drag up
the canal, *without* company, would prove a prodigious long and
lonesome one!' and as luck would have it, on my first inquiry, a
captain was found, who said that a penny-a-mile was his price,
and all that he asked; and that as regarded the 'jolly mess,' he
could accommodate me to a T, as he had already 200 passengers
engaged, well told, and on board; and in less than four hours would
be under way! This was indeed short notice as we had horse
and wagon to dispose of; but, howsoever, the society of so goodly
a number of passengers (some of whom were in all probability
bound to 'Edensburgh') was a very great consideration. Old
Ceaze was, therefore, immediately dispatched, with horse and
wagon, to deposit the loading on board the boat, then lying a
small distance on the canal, above Albany; and, moreover, the
black was strictly charged to make what observations time would
admit of, with regard to the accommodations, appearance of
passengers, &c., &c., and to make a due and correct report thereof
to his master.

Ceaze went and came, and apparently in ten times more ill
humor than when he went! and on being interrogated as regarded
the extent and nature of his discoveries, the only answer that I
received from the black saucy *salamander*, was, that 'I better go
an' zee for myself, and he guess de MAJOR wish he'sef on Moose-
boro' farm agin!' Now this, friend, was more than the Major
would have borne with impunity from the Nova Scotians, much
less from a lazy, thick-headed, half-witted Black! I seized the
impudent scoundrel by the collar with a nervous military gripe,
and demanded that he immediately and correctly inform me to the
best of his ability who the passengers were, and what they looked

like? Ceaze was evidently frightened, believing his master in earnest, and promised without further delay, to comply with my request, which he did, in the manner following: "You ax me massa Major, who da be, but Ceaze, upon he honor, can't tell you 'sactly, but he guess da be berry much like *oursef*, all ob one *family*, for I 'serb one berry old gemman and he lady aboard, who Ceaze 'spec to be granddady and grandmama to all de ress."

Major: 'But, you fool, had you no tongue in your head to ask the captain who they were?'

Ceaze: 'Yes, massa major, Ceaze got he tongue in he head, and ax de Cap'en who da be, and he say, da be Swisses!'

Major: 'Swisses, ha! and now Ceaze tell your master off at hand—what did they look like?'

Ceaze: 'Like de berry Debble hesef! No! not quite so *hash!* (Ceaze beg massa's pardon) look jus' for all de world like a dry oak tree in a chesnee swamp, cover'd from top to bottom wid tree tousand or less noisy clacking crow blackbird!'

Major: 'And so, Ceaze, this is all, is it, that you have to tell me?'

Ceaze: 'No!.no! massa major: dare one ting more I got to telle you for *sartin—Watch* and Ceaze don't go dat load, you may pend on't.'

Major: 'You don't go that load, and I may 'pend on't;' and how then will you go, you stupid——'

Ceaze: 'Stop massa Major, little bit, and Ceaze tell you all bout 'um. I hab a word conversation or two long wid de Cap'in, a cleber old gemman as eber break a biskit; he kindly offer me if I lead de horse and *Watch* follow me, and find ourself, he gib us our passage and charge nothing in welcome!'

As no correct information was to be obtained from the stupid blockhead, I declined having any further conversation with him, as at that moment there was something of more importance to attend to, which was to dispose of horse and wagon for the most they would bring; which having done, and by particular request of the Captain, having settled with him for our passages in advance, we were soon on our way to the boat: by Mrs. Wilkey and the boys it was concluded that if there were two such aged persons on board, as reported by Cease, it would be well to obtain an early interview with them; and thereby an introduction to the re-



mainder of the family; and to ensure a degree of respect and veneration, it would be best for me on this occasion on act the Major, and to garb myself accordingly; although, in truth, they proved so numerous and formed such a 'solid square' on board, that had there been an occasion for the Major to have drawn his sword, he would have been obliged to have stepped on shore to have done it!

Soon the sound of the horn was heard, accompanied by the captain's hoarse voice, "hurry! 'hurry!' 'all on board!' and on board the Major with his family went, and with feelings, I assure you, apparently similar to a drove of half-frightened-to-death sheep, just entering the slaughter-house! Very soon, however, we had the satisfaction to espy among the crowd the aged couple, whom, with somewhat of a military air, I approached, and taking the old gentleman by the hand, made my obeisance, and thus addressed him:—"Your most obedient, my aged fellow-traveller; I hope for better acquaintance; pray are you, or any one of your numerous family bound to the 'City of Edensburgh?' But to this polite and friendly salutation, what do you think was his reply?—"Ilooshephedhanzsmok'tharran!" There's for you, a word longer than my sword, from hilt to point; and not a syllable of which could I understand! Mrs. Wilkey, fortunately, stood close by, and within fair hearing, and declared that she could make no more nor less of it, than that '*he-loved-sheep's-head-and-smok't-herren!*' I then requested that she should in like manner address the old lady, as her husband might be very deaf and not understand me, which she, with a low curtsy, accordingly did, but her reply thereto was expressly the same, '*Ilooshephedhanzsmok'tharran!*' Unwilling thus to fail in my attempt to obtain a friendly introduction to some one of the family, I next accosted a younger member, and enquired if there were any military characters on board? as Mrs. Wilkey did at the same time, of a young woman, 'whether she was the great-great-grand daughter, or one of the *fifth* generation of the aged couple on board?' but the answers of both to these enquiries were precisely the same '*Ilooshephedhanzsmok'tharran.*' Come away, wife, said I, it is no use if they are so extravagantly fond of their favorite dish as to be unwilling to think or talk about any thing else, leave them alone to enjoy it! the Major will go and demand a berth for himself and family in the after cabin, where I trust we shall obtain something better to eat than "sheep's head-and-

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smok't-harran! But, what was my surprise, on application to the Captain for better quarters, to be told that it could not be granted!—that all penny-a-mile passengers, whoever they might be, were always considered deck passengers! and as such we had no right in the cabin! that our quarters, when below deck, were with the *Swisses!* in the hold, amidships, where we must contrive to mess and lodge together as well as we could! 'Mess and lodge with the d—, and his imps, just as soon!' exclaimed I, 'a pretty story this, to be sure, to reach the ears of my Mooseboro' friends—that Major Walter Wilkey, while late an inhabitant of Mooseboro' could have ordered half a dozen of his best ewe lambs butchered for his breakfast, in ten days after, not only cooped up to almost suffocation, with a family of two hundred Swiss *smok't-harran-eaters*, but compelled to mess and share with them as many sheep's-head and plucks! abominable!' exclaimed I,—'of abominables!' responded my wife. It was at that instant, I must confess, fellow traveller, that if the major ever felt a spark of military spunk burning within him, it was then enkindled to an unquenchable flame! nor did I hesitate to threaten the unmanly fresh-water captain, that if he should ever show his profile in 'Edensburgh,' I would have him indicted for 'assault and battery,' and brought before the Mayor and Aldermen! 'That's right, husband,' whispered my wife, 'for I'll wage you'll be Mayor!' But finding that threats would effect nothing, I affected to become more calm, and begged him that if he had no feeling of respect for the Major, that he would have some pity for Mrs. Wilkey, who was natuarly very *narrow*, and withal *esterrical* and that he would be so kind and obliging as to return our passage money, and we would endeavor to obtain for ourselves a more comfortable conveyance: 'not a cent—not a cent, for love or money!' was the reply of the unfeeling brute! 'that,' he said, 'would be contrary to an old established rule of the canal boat captains, who took special good care never to return a cent passage money when once fairly in their pockets!—remember this, fellow

traveller, and never pay for your passage in advance. We thus found that there was no other remedy but to bear and forbear as well as we could, with our heads more than half the time out of the port-holes, to obtain pure air and prevent suffocation, while the Swisses were almost constantly enveloped in tobacco smoke! Indeed, the boat, the whole passage, was like a floating volcano!

Of their extreme fondness for their favorite dish, their *Ilovshephedhanzsmooktharren*, as they spelled it, there could be no doubt, for not a village did we pass on the canal, from Albany to Buffalo, but was thoroughly ransacked for their favorite food; and not a sheep was slain the whole route but they, I will wage, before the animal was cold, applied for and obtained the head, &c.: they appeared to care but little for the body; but give them the head and pluck and they were satisfied!—nothing else seemed to occupy their minds, asleep or awake—sick or well—when low spirited or in high glee! On the passage one of the young Swisses was accidentally crowded overboard into the canal, and was drowned. On the melancholy occasion, the natural tender feeling of Mrs. Wilkey, who had herself the year past been called to mourn the loss of a child in a similar way, led her to attempt to sympathize with and console the afflicted mother; but to no purpose, for whatever she did or could say, the only reply made her by the bereaved parent, was '*Ilovshephedhanzsmook'tharran!*'

Indeed, fellow traveller, so unpleasant was the situation of the Major and his family while confined on board, with such a pack of tobacco smoking, swill-filching, hog-robbing, sheep's head-and-herring-eaters, that even the situation of old Ceaze, wading through mud and mire. '*working his passage by leading-the-horse-and-finding-himself-for-nothing-in-welcome,*' was almost enviable! It was indeed astonishing to witness with what a degree of apparent satisfaction, as well as patience, the black *serpent* persevered in and performed the task allotted him; and all in preference, he said

to spending one hour on board 'wid dem *ole* Nick's unaccountables-
de Swisses!' It was during a very rainy and very tempestuous
 night, that I could not help thinking of and feeling for the two
animals, *Watch* and *Ceaze*, exposed as they must be: often in the
 course of the night did I listen, while the rain poured down in tor-
 rents, to ascertain if I could hear the footsteps of the horse, and if
 the boat was in motion, believing it hardly possible for any human
 being to withstand the severity of the storm, and survive until
 morning. As soon as daylight appeared, my anxiety brought me
 on deck to learn the fate of the poor creatures; when, the first ob-
 ject that greeted my eyes, was *Ceaze!* as wet as a thrice-drowned
 muskrat, with the water dripping from every part of his body as if
 all night showered with a *water pot!* and grinning like a *Chessee*
cat. The first salutation that I received from him, the moment he
 discovered my head above deck, was 'Good mornen, massa Major,
 you 'joy yousef *cleberly* last night, I hope—*Watch* and I take *clear*
comfort!' Indeed, there was not a boat passed us day or night on
 the canal, with the appearance of any Swisses on board, that was
 permitted to escape without 'a hail' from the impertinent black,
 and, in derision of me, enquiry made 'if there were any military
 characters on board?' and 'if any bound to *Edensburgh!*' and par-
 ticularly, 'if they had on board a good store of *'Sheep-head-an-*
snoak harren!'

After a nine days' passage, and to *me* one of the most un-
 pleasant, I assure you, fellow traveller, that was ever experienced,
 we had the good luck to reach *Buffalo*, and to bespeak a passage in
 less than half an hour afterward, on board of one of the *Lake*
steamboats, taking precious good care to enquire 'if it was a-penny-
 a-mile boat?' and next, 'if there were any Swisses on board?'—
 Being answered in the negative, aboard we went, and where the
 Major and family felt themselves once more at home, and after a
 somewhat *despet* windy passage, were conveyed speedily across
Lake Erie, and safely landed at *Cleveland*, a pleasant little village

in Ohio; but as the Major then supposed, but a mere baby, comparatively to 'Edensburgh!' As my family as well as myself had become heart-sick of water-passages, we here concluded that it would be best to make a purchase of horse and waggon, and therein make an overland passage to 'Edensburgh,' the place of our destination. This we did not find much difficulty in doing, as we found that we had already arrived in a part of the country, where money was money, and old horses and waggons worth whatever they would bring; we provided ourselves with one of the second class at a tolerable reasonable price, and, having reloaded our trumpery, in less than two hours were again under way, and travelled pretty expeditiously until we reached Detroit, the capital city of Michigan; the inhabitants we found somewhat numerous, and some few wealthy; but as we then supposed, of very little information, as they seemed to discredit altogether the fact that there was in any part of the Western Country a city so respectable and populous as we represented 'Edensburgh' to be! In no way discouraged however, we pushed forward with our usual speed, and soon had the satisfaction to enter upon the much boasted of 'Prairies,' which yielded high coarse grass in abundance, and withal, *despet* wet and heavy wheeling, which Ceaze and the boys complained bitterly of, when compelled every fifteen minutes to dismount and put shoulders to the wheels! After thus travelling five days through mud and mire—a great part of the time Mrs. Wilkey on foot,—we succeeded in reaching the southeast corner of the famous state of Illinois!

From thence, agreeable to the directions that I had received from Squire Soaper, we were to proceed in a northwest direction, and a nine days' travel would bring us fair in view of the 'City of Edensburgh!' We had worried away eight days, and half of the time in penetrating through a country wet and marshy, and without any marks of cultivation, or other appearance of inhabitants than here and there a miserable log hut, with 'entertainment for

travellers, chalked upon a strip of bark or shingle and suspended to a pole—when, believing that we must be somewhere in the neighborhood of the place of our destination, by my request the boys sought for a tree or eminence from the top of which they might be enabled to discern, at least (as Mr. Shakespeare once remarked 'the *clouds* that cap-towered the gaudy palaces of Edensburgh! But they sought in vain, for nothing like either could be discerned as far as the eyesight could extend! We now came to a halt, and after an hour's consultation came to the conclusion that it would be best to pursue our journey one day longer at least, and if with no better success, that one of the boys should then be dispatched with one month's provision, to Pittsburgh or Cincinnati, for one of *Dwight's Universal Gazeteers*, for without the aid of which (so extremely ignorant did the inhabitants appear to be of the Geography of their own State) that it was to be feared that we should never be able to find Edensburgh. Hence, with new life, we put forward with all the speed that old Dobbin could be forced to, with the aid of cow whips and birch rods, and with old Ceaze and one of the boys occasionally with a shoulder to the wheels.

This day's travel proved to us a melancholy one, and much more so than any of the preceding ones; as since we left Michigan our spirits had been occasionally cheered by the appearance of a hovel; or rather, a few unhewn logs piled one upon another, like a Dutch hog-pen, to serve for the habitation of one or more newly arrived *emigrants*: and no sooner was such a shelter erected, than the inmates, like their neighbors, hung out their shingle and commenced keeping tavern! But on this day we had been travelling from sunrise until near sunset; and although in some instances through better wooded groves, yet without the discovery of any thing that had the appearance of inhabitants. Before dark, however, better luck attended us; it was when about to come to the conclusion that we would proceed no further in that direction, that a small log hut (and apparently one of the cheapest and meanest

construction) presented itself to view, with the usual appendage suspended from a pole erected in front, a strip of oak board three inches in width, containing the word *Hotel!* Judging from the external appearance of the wretched hovel, that if inhabited at all it could not be by any one able to give us the sought for information, yet as to make the usual inquiry could do us no harm, the Major alone approached for that purpose; and although all was still as death, and not a human being to be seen or heard therein, after one or two heavy thumps at the door with the heel of his boot, accompanied with as many 'ho, the house!' the landlady (for such she proved to be) raised and appeared at the window—between whom and myself a conversation like the following immediately thereupon ensued:—

Lady—'Wha! well traveller, and what is wanting? Entertainment, I 'spose!'

Major—'Can you tell us, good lady, whether you ever heard of such a place in these parts, or any other part of the world, as Edensburgh? And if so, where and in what part of the world it may be found?'

Landlady—'Wha! why, luck stranger! why, yes, you! and you may depend on't as s-a-r-t-i-n-l-y as-you-live, that aunt *Kasih* tells the *truth*, that you are now no where else upon earth but in Edensburgh City! You are from the east, man, I guess, and may I be so bold as to ax your name?'

Major—'Well, aged mother, when I left home, my name was Major Walter Wilkey, of Mooseboro', but there is I think but precious little of the Major left now! (Ceaze, aside. 'I take my oaf ob dat!) and have come with my family a great way from down east, as purchasers in and actual settlers of the populous and thriving City of Edensburgh! And now, madam, joking aside, will

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 you, in pity to us, inform us whether you ever heard of such a city in these parts or no?’

Landlady—‘Wha! unbelieving man, you, as sure as parsnips are parsnips this here city is Edensburgh—so named but a-three months ago by Squire Soaper, the lucky good man who bought the land!’

Major—(Provoked, dismayed and disheartened)—‘SOAPER, indeed, and a *soft* one, no doubt! Edensburgh! yes, as sure as parsnips are parsnips, I am now in Edensburgh!—yes, the thriving and populous city of Edensburgh. Hem! well, may be! But where in the name of *gosh*, woman, are its public and private edifices, its increased population, its Park, College, State House, and other squares, its Broadway, Pearl, Washington, Wall, Grand and other streets?’

Ceazer (in a low voice)—‘Massa Major, wont you juss please ax missa, where about *Commershall treet!*’

The old lady here hastily withdrew from the window, and for my better information, and in confirmation of what she had declared to me, soon returned with the “Platt” that the Squire had left with her. ‘Here, said she it is, in plain black and white, just as it was staked down by Squire Soaper, (placing her fore finger of the right hand upon the sheet, and drawing it moderately across from right to left, occasionally looking to *me* and then to the Platt) you now stand Major, (observed she) with one foot in Washington street, and the other in Grand street; your good woman between Pearl and Broadway, your horse in State street, the fore-wheels of your waggon in Wall street and the hind in Market street; and your black man stands in Commercial street; (Ceaze—‘Gosh, I taught so! and one feet I spec, at low water mark!’) and your dog in College Square!’



Major—‘My dog in College Square! and there let him remain until he becomes more wise than his master has proved himself!—Hem! this beats the Pine Swamp Speculation all hollow!—and for the first time the Major perceives and believes, that he has been thoroughly soaped by that arch Yankee, Squire Simon Soaper! And pray tell me, good woman, how long was the Squire himself an inhabitant of Edensburgh, as you call it?’

Landlady—‘Just three half days; half a day in making the purchase and staking out the City—half a day in drawing and fixing this here Platt, and another half day, with the assistance of my old man, in logging the house we live in.’

Major—‘Squire Soaper was a Speculator, I suspect, and came into this country with plenty of gold and silver to buy up Government lands?’

Landlady—‘O, no indeed, that he didn’t! He came into this country a poor man, as a body may say—just as one half the

Yankee emigrants come here—not worth more than five dollars in the world, and that in a few Yankee notions, wooden bowls, and pewter spoons, and the like, which he swopped for this township, and which he says as good opportunities offer, he intends to swop away for good cultivated farms down east!”

Major.—“And Landlady, will you now inform me what is the population, or to be better understood, what number of inhabitants “Edensburgh” now contains?”

Landlady.—Well, lets me see, (counting her fingers) there is myself and my old man, are *two*, and there is Bridget Bilkey is *three*, Ebednigo Bilkey is *four*, Epaphroscopicus Bilkey is *five*, Askwell Bilkey is *six*, Birchee Bilkey is *seven* and Ruthful Bilkey is *eight*, of these myself and husband are *living* inhabitants, but the Bilkeys (poor souls) are all *dead*, and died with the *Fever* and *Ague* within one week of each other! and lie buried in ‘Market Square!’ ”

Mrs. Wilkey.—“Pray husband, for the *lives* of us, don’t stop here; lets us go back again!”

Major.—That won’t do now wife, it is a pity that some of us could not have *dreamed* of this before—the Mooseboro’ farm is gone, and we have now nothing to go back to but poverty and want!”

Cæser.—“Yes, Massa Major, I did sartinly dream of um, and I tellee you now, we better be off in a twink ob an eye, fore dat *Feber-an-ach* gets hole on us, and make just such havoc wid our family, and den sus-I, de ole lady be count her finger agin, dus: (Ceaze counting his own) dare Major Wilkey, he is one, and Molly Wilkey his wife, she two, and Cæser Wilkey, (gau blessee him, good ole soul) he be three, and Jonathan Wilkey, he is four, Jerry Wilkey, he five, and Josey Wilkey, he make six—six *Bilkeys* and six *Wilkeys* all berried out dare, in Markum Square!—qui!”

Here we were, in a peck of trouble, sure enough! my Mooseboro Farm gone—irrecoverably gone!—more than eleven hundred miles from a single acquaintance (with the exception of my family) and with but one week's provision on hand, or the most distant prospect of obtaining any—and with but just thirteen shillings and sixpence half-penny in my pocket!—my wife sick, dejected and discouraged! the boys disappointed and mortified!—my horse lame and wind-broken!—old Ceaze fretful and saucy!—and *Watch* (the dog) with a leg broken by the wolves half starved and snapping at swarms of blood-thirsty musquetoos!—nor was this all, my “Farm of 300 acres, producing 400 bushels to an acre!” had been either swallowed up by an earthquake, or in some other way had unaccountably disappeared, and could no where be found!—in such a predicament did the Major and family find themselves on the first day of their arrival at “Edensburgh!” and as night approached, and no other shelter but that afforded by the log-house Inn, it was beneath its humble roof that we were compelled to seek lodgings and therein to abide so long as we remained in the country! which the landlady informed us was erected “expressly for the accommodation of travellers!”—that the price of board was *one dollar* each, per day!” and on enquiry what kind of living we might expect, her reply was “*a variety*,” and referred us to the “Bill of Fare!” a board suspended from a log in the corner of the room, on which was chalked —“for Breakfast—*Pork and Potatoes!*” “Dinner—*Potatoes and Pork!*”—Supper—*Indian ash Cakes without Potatoes!*” and a “tea-cup of *whiskey*, night and morning, as a substitute for tea and coffee”—“this (she said) was allowed to be a charming living in Illinois, where as there was not one of a million of acres under cultivation (and probably would not be for fifty years hence) beef, grain, and every other eatable was despet scarce and high!”—“But why (said I) good woman, where land is represented so exceeding fertile, does not the 'squire devote a part of his purchase to cultivation!” “not he indeed, (she replied) he knows (as every

other Yankee speculator does,) his interest better than that, that it is often times more value to *stake* it out into *City* house lots, which brings a fine price in the market at the east! and it is raley true, Mr. Major, that so much is now-a-days done in this here quarter by your eastern land-speculators, in buying and selling instead of planting and tilling, that at a mile distance one little patch of corn of half an acre became the property of seven different owners before it was fit to harvest, and then for the want of fencing, the pesket wolves reaped and ran off with the crop!—and it is a sartin fact, that so little is done to improve and cultivate the soil, that we have mostly to depend on your eastern markets for our Beef and other eatables, which I think must make it very scarce and high! with you down easters!” (Ceaze) “Scarce and high! O no Missa, berry plenty and resonble I sure you at de pressen time, in New-York an Bosson Markets, and so-fort, where you get a pound ob de berry bess shank-bone-stake for two-an-elben pence, and make you present ob de suet into de bargin!”

It was (as I observed) in this wretched hovel (the produce of one half days labour) and with no better food than that mentioned, that the Major and his family were obliged to put up with for the space of one year! going only a little way abroad in the day time, as we had been at night too much serenaded by the wolves to venture out after dark!—the Major ought not however to omit to mention one convenience of which this famous log-house Inn could boast—one candle (at night) was sufficient to illuminate every room therein—the bar-room, parlour, dining hall, sleeping chambers, &c. &c. had been either all knocked into one, or the careless carpenters, (Squire Soaper and the landlady’s “old man”) had forgotten to put up the partition logs—this evil however, was remedied (as regarded the sleeping rooms) by suspending blankets between males and females of different families—and hence the accommodating old lady said the custom was on the arrival of many strangers, to enquire how many different families there were

and to furnish blankets accordingly!—On Mrs. Wilkey's calling for a broom at night that she might sweep the mud from a space sufficient to lie down and attempt to seek repose, the landlady declared that "she didn't b'leve there was such an article in all Illinois!—that the prairie mud in their houses was too thick and heavy for corn and birch brooms," but as a substitute which they used brought her a scrub hoe! My only object in remaining more than one week in the country, was, the hope that some tom-fool (like myself) might possibly happen along and be found willing to give me a sum sufficient for my 'Edensburgh lots' as would defray our expences back to Maine!—but we had passed nearly six months in the country without beholding the faces of more than two or three strangers, and they on their return to New-England—when early one morning Ceaze rushed into the house, (apparently in great fright and nearly out of breath) and begged that I would get my sword in an instant and *Watch* and the boys and follow him! I hastened to the door, and to my great astonishment, found out the cause of Ceaze's affright and alarm! the whole of "Park" place and a part of "Wall-street," was occupied by one hundred or more, of those detestable Sheeps-head-and-pluck-gormandizers, the Swisses! squatting very composedly on their hams, in a circle around a blazing fire, over which were suspended half a dozen iron pots filled to their brims with their favorite food! and whom, as soon as our landlady saw, she pronounced "*Squatters!*" and begged that if we valued our "building lots," as worth any thing that the intruders might be driven off, and without a moment's delay, as two hours' peaceable possession would entitle them to an indisputable right to the land!

It was at this important crisis that I the second time discovered since leaving Mooseboro,' that I had one spark, at least, of *military* spunk remaining!—I seized my old faithful keen-edged *terrifier*, and mustering my forces, the three boys, *Watch* and Ceaze made a dash upon them by surprize!

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It was the work of a minute—as in less than that time we got them on a retreat, and we in a close and hot pursuit following them down “Wall-street,” through “Broadway,” up “Pearl-street,” in to “Commercial-street,” up to their knees in mud! where, while some were (by their gesticulations) begging for quarter, others were exclaiming, “Tlovshephedhanzmook’therren!”—“go, and be hang’d to you (said I) and cook and eat your fill of your “sheeps-head-and-smook’t-herren!” but blame me if you shall do it on my territories! “nor on mine in Commarshall-treet!” added Ceaze, shaking his club. In a very short time thereafter, however, we had the satisfaction to see them extricate themselves from their miry condition, and depart with bag and baggage, pots, pot-hooks and trammels, and leave us once more in quiet possession of “Edensburgh!” and where we were permitted to remain in peace and quietness (with the exception of the dismal nocturnal howlings of wolves) for the space of three months longer, when we were visited by another and still heavier judgment!—my boys, (in company with Mr. Van

Swinglecome or Stringlecone, our landlord) having gone in search of prairie hens' eggs and ground nuts, as a substitute for potatoes, (of which, as of every other provision, we had become very short,) they were overtaken nine miles from home, or any other human habitation 'by a heavy fall of rain, by which they all took shocking colds and which produced in a few days after, that dreadful scourge of the West—the Fever and Ague!—if there was any thing wanting to complete our misery, it was this! the poor boys one hour alternately shaking and shivering as if freezing to death, and crying out for woollen blankets and warming pans!—and the next burning and blistering with fever heat like a roasting goose or turkey on a spit-jack! and their mother (poor woman) being threatened with an attack of the same complaint, the only nurse that could be depended on was Mrs. Van Swinglecome, who acted in the double capacity of nurse and landlady—and the only medicine that she could prescribe, was powerful doses (five times a day) of *pumpkin whiskey* sweetened with *maple molasses*, which when their chills came on, had a powerful effect to warm and quiet them!—a Physician could indeed have been obtained from the distance of twenty-three miles, but as the landlady observed that she understood that he had obtained a knowledge of his skill from the Swisses, there could be but little doubt that "Tlovshephedhanzsmoktharran" would be the principal ingredient of the medicine that he would administer, and be more likely to kill than cure his patients!

In this dreadful condition, fellow traveller, we worried out two months longer, completing just one year from the day we entered "Edensburgh!" when we having all become either by sickness or starvation reduced to mere shadows of "living skeletons!" we concluded that before death should in some form or other, unite the *Wilkeys* with the *Bilkeys* it would be best, to satisfy demands, to give our landlord a quit-claim deed of our "Edensburgh building lots" and set out on our return back to Maine—and as you per-

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ceive, we are thus far on our journey; determined if kind providence permits us to reach the place of our destination, to say to our old friends as well as to every other son of New England.

*"Who have a good home and don't realize it,
A trip to the West will teach them to prize it!"*



▲
JOURNAL

OF THE

SHIPWRECK AND SUFFERINGS

OF

DANIEL FOSS, (also of Conn. near Providence)

[A Native of Elkton, Maryland.]

Who was the only person saved from on board the brig *Negotiator*, of PHILADELPHIA, which foundered in the Pacific Ocean, on the 26th Nov. 1809—and who lived five years on a small barren Island—during which time he subsisted on Seals, and never saw the face of any human creature.

The public may rely on the truth of the preceding narrative of the Shipwreck and Sufferings of D. Foss, who is now living with his relatives in Elkton (Maryland) and has deposited in the Philadelphia Museum, the *OAR*, which he so highly prized, and on which he kept a reckoning of the number of days he passed on the dreary Island.

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DANIEL FOSS,

[A Native of Elkton, Maryland.]

**Who lived Five Years upon a barren Island in the Pacific Ocean,
without seeing the face of any human creature.**

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

FOSS'S *Journal* is almost if not quite unique as a record of experience where the narrator was not only alone but where, animals (except, as he records the seals) birds, or even trees or plants were absolutely lacking.

Compared with him Robinson Crusoe and Alexander Selkirk lived in a populous Paradise. Neither had other than an agreeable climate in which to pass his days, while Foss was in as inhospitable a spot as can be imagined, outside of the Polar regions.

After considerable search, I have been unable to discover anything definite about Foss: but the ship *Neptune* of New York which rescued him was a real vessel, built at New Bedford, Mass. in 1809, of 284 tons, and was afloat as late as 1823, at New London, Conn. Her captain in 1815 was John W. Rolls. Foss probably understood it as "Call."

As a whole, the "Journal" appears to be genuine, and is certainly very scarce: our own being the only copy we have seen or heard of. The "Museum" Foss mentions was Peale's Museum in Philadelphia, established by Charles Willson Peale, the artist, and celebrated in its day.

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A JOURNAL, &c.

ON THE 3d September, 1809, I sailed from Philadelphia, in the capacity of a Mariner on board the brig *Negociator*, James Nicoll, master, bound to the North-West Coast, on a Sealing voyage. On the 20th October we touched at the Cape of Good Hope, from which we shaped our course for the Friendly Islands. As we proceeded north the weather became extremely cold, so that we were obliged to exchange our clothing for such as were better calculated for the climate. On the 29th we passed several islands of ice, some of them nearly three miles in circuit and sixty or seventy feet in height; this exhibited a view which for a few moments was pleasing to the eye; but when we reflected on the danger, the mind was filled with horror, for were a ship to get against the weather side of one of these islands when the sea runs high she would be dashed to pieces in a moment.

On the 25th November we experienced a severe snow storm, the brig's sails and rigging were all hung with icicles—at twelve at night it blew a gale of wind, and at half past two we struck an island of ice! The consternation we were thrown into by this unexpected shock—the fury of the storm—the darkness of night which surrounded us—the dashing of the waves against our stranded brig—and the prospect of an immediate death, which we was in momentary expectation of—created a scene of horror past description! As we found the brig in a sinking condition, we hastily threw into the long boat such articles of provision as could easily be got at, and embarked, twenty-one of us, in a small open boat, many hundred leagues from land, in a cold climate, and some without jackets, hats or shoes; myself having on only one thin jacket and a pair of trowsers—in five minutes after we left the brig she went down.

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At day light the storm having somewhat abated, we had a chance to examine our little stock of provision, which was found small indeed for so great a number of us—it consisted of about 50 wt. of beef, half a barrel of pork, a barrel of water and a small keg of beer. We made such arrangements for the preservation of our lives as our miserable situation would admit of, every man was put on an allowance of provision and water, and an equal proportion of time allotted each to labour at the oars and to bail the boat, each being eager to claim his turn, as it was considered the only means to preserve our lives from the inclemency of the weather—but these precautionary means did not avail, for in nine days from that of our leaving the brig, our number was reduced to eight, and four of these so severely frostbitten as to be unable to stand on their feet. To add to our misfortune, our water froze to a solid cake of ice, which we were obliged to cut off in small pieces and dissolve in our mouths.

As we had more to fear from the intense cold than from the want of provision and water, our great object from the time of our leaving the brig, was to reach a warmer latitude, which on the 10th January we succeeded in doing, but, alas! there were but three of us now remaining to experience a change of air, so eagerly wished for by my poor unfortunate companions. We continued to steer a South West course, but without the most distant prospect of discovering land, although five weeks had now passed since we left the brig. Of our provisions we had eaten sparingly but we on the 20th consumed our last pound of pork!—death by starvation appeared now inevitable!—five days passed without being enabled to obtain any thing to satisfy the cravings of nature—we cut even our shoes in small pieces, which, after soaking in fresh water, we devoured with the keenest appetite.

We were now driven to the awful alternative of casting lots between us, to determine who should die for the sustenance of the

remaining two. Famine frequently leads men to the commission of the most horrible excesses—insensible, on such occasions, to the appeals of nature and reason, man assumes the character of a beast of prey; he is deaf to every representation, and coolly meditates the death of his fellow creature. Fate had decreed that I should now myself take an active part in one of those shocking instances. Having cut a small piece of my jacket into three small detached pieces, one of which was marked with a brown thread, they were deposited in a hat, from which each with a trembling hand drew a piece—the unfortunate man on whom the lot fell had acted as Surgeon on board of the brig—he appeared perfectly resigned to his fate: “My friends,” said he to us, “I am a native of Norfolk (Virginia) where I expect I have now a wife and three children living; the only favour that I have to request of you is, that should it please God to deliver either of you from your perilous situation, and should you be so fortunate as to reach once more your native country, that you would acquaint my unfortunate family with my wretched fate!” He now requested of us a few moments to prepare himself for death, to which we could only reply with tears in our eyes, and which he employed in fervent prayer for himself, his family and for our speedy deliverance. Having now informed us that he was ready to die, by his direction an incision was made in a vein of his left arm, while he caught and drank the blood which streamed from the wound!

We soon had the satisfaction to see our unfortunate companion expire without a struggle—the body we cut into small slices and dried as well as we could in the sun—such alone was our food for twelve days! We must notwithstanding have perished ere this, had not the frequent rains supplied us with water, which we caught by wringing our clothes when thoroughly wet, into a bucket, with which we bailed our boat—with this short allowance, which was rather tantalizing than sustaining in our comfortless condition, I and my only surviving companion now began to grow so feeble

as to be unable to support ourselves long on our legs, and our clothes being continually wet, our bodies were in many places chafed into sores.

It was now nine weeks since the unfortunate night of our shipwreck—loathsome as our only food was, we had partaken of the last of it, when on the morning of the 5th March, we discovered breakers about two leagues ahead. We immediately shaped our course for them, and about noon discovered what we supposed to be land, which on our nearer approach proved to be a small island of about two miles in circumference, bordered with high craggy rocks, against which the sea broke with a tremendous roar. The next morning we approached the island as near as the surf would admit of, and rowed quite around it without discovering any place where we could attempt a landing with any degree of safety. This circumstance was borne by us with much impatience, for we had flattered ourselves that we should meet with fresh water at the first part of the land we might approach, and being thus disappointed, our hunger and thirst at length drove us to the extremity of even attempting a landing where there was indeed no small prospect of our being dashed to pieces. Accordingly at half past four o'clock we steered the boat directly in for a point of rocks, but when within about an hundred yards of them, the surf upset our boat! At this critical juncture I was so fortunate as to seize an oar, with which I was enabled to buoy myself up until the swell of the sea carried me within reach of a shelving rock, which I was so fortunate as to ascend before the return of another sea. Exhausted nature almost prevented my ascending the high and craggy rocks which lined the sea-broken shores of the whole island—having at length reached the summit, I looked around for my unfortunate companion, but, alas, nothing was discernable but broken fragments of the boat, which had been dashed into an hundred pieces by the surf, and which were now floating upon the foaming waves in all directions. Thus did my dreary prospects become still more terrible when I

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beheld the last of my unfortunate shipmates perish in our most arduous struggle to preserve our existence.

As soon as I had recovered sufficient strength to walk, I proceeded in search of something to appease my hunger and thirst and to take a more minute view of the island—but, alas! what was my surprize, when I discovered that the island was barren of every thing that could serve to gratify the cravings of exhausted nature—not a shrub or plant did it produce of any kind, nor was there any appearance of springs of fresh water. This island, which had no appearance of having ever before been visited by any human creature, was about half a mile in length and a quarter in breadth, and composed wholly of rocks piled one upon another in all positions, as if tumbled together by the billows. As the succeeding night approached I sought a shelter beneath a large shelving rock, where on a little rock weed that I had collected, I attempted to repose my wearied limbs. In the night there was a heavy shower of rain, some of which I attempted to catch by spreading my jacket on the rocks, but in this I was disappointed, for it having been so frequently soaked with sea-water, that it had become quite impregnated with salt. Thus I had no other resource but to lie with my mouth open and catch the drops of rain as they fell. As soon as the day began to dawn I renewed my search for water, and found some in the holes of the rocks, but it was brackish, and not fit to drink. These holes I cleared out in hopes that I might thereby be enabled to obtain some fresh water, in case of another shower, which I earnestly prayed for. I was this day so fortunate as to find a few small shell fish of the size of snails, which I chewed to moisten my mouth. As night approached I again sought my lodging place, where I laid myself down, but with little expectation of ever again witnessing the rising sun. I had now been three days without food, and to add to my misery my legs began to swell, and my whole body became so bloated that notwithstanding the little flesh I had left, my fingers with the smallest pressure upon my skin, sunk to the depth of an

winch, and the impression remained for some moments afterwards—my eyes felt as if buried in deep cavities. It was at this moment that the recollection of the peaceful home and the fond parents whom I had left at first uneasy on my account, anxiously expecting to hear from me; afterwards overwhelmed with grief at seeing the time elapse without receiving any intelligence; and at last condemned to bewail the loss of their son, during all the days of their old age. These serious reflections brought on such a fit of melancholy that I lost all recollection for many hours. Toward morning I enjoyed for the first time upon the island an hour's sleep; perspiration took place, and I awoke as from a dream, free from delirium, but painfully alive to all the horrors that surrounded me.

As soon as I felt myself a little revived by the cheering rays of the sun, I once more crawled abroad in search of something to appease hunger and thirst, nor were my researches this day so fruitless as those on the preceding one—about noon I was so fortunate as to discover in the cavity of a rock, a dead Seal, which although in quite a putrid state, proved a most seasonable relief—without this discovery I must inevitably have perished.

Of my newly discovered food I had the precaution to eat sparingly, to avoid the dangerous consequences which might have resulted from my voracity in the debilitated state to which my stomach was reduced. Such parts of the carcass as remained I conveyed to my lodging place, and preserved for a future meal. The sun had now disappeared, and I should have enjoyed a tolerable night's rest, had not my insupportable thirst prevented it—but fortunately for me, the night proved a rainy one, which, although it was attended with heavy thunder and the sharpest lightning that I had ever before witnessed, yet as the rain fell in torrents it not only served to cool my parched tongue and lips, but enlivened my fondest hopes that the holes in the rocks, which I had cleared out for the purpose, would furnish me with a sufficient supply for present use.

Day light, which I awaited with great impatience, at length appeared. I hastened to the several places which I had prepared for the reception of water, and found them filled! "What a strange thing (as once said an object of wretchedness) is that called happiness!" How shall I express my extreme joy, when after being for three days deprived of a draught of sweet water, I was unexpectedly blessed with a sufficient quantity to last me, at least, ten days—"the fond lover (indeed) never rushed more eagerly to the arms of his bride; the famished tyger more ravenously on his prey, than I to partake of the reviving draught; I drank, rested, surveyed the precious liquid, drank again, and absolutely shed tears of pleasure!"—and without once recollecting that I could not subsist on water alone, and that all the food that I had then the most distant prospect of ever obtaining, was the remaining part of the putrefied carcase of the seal, which I had been so fortunate as to find the day preceding among the rocks.

I carefully covered over my rocky cisterns with flat stones, to secure their precious contents from the salt water, which would not unfrequently break with such fury upon the rocks, as to dash completely over the highest part of the island. Having done this, I again returned to the rock, which was the most comfortable shelter I could find on the island—I had here collected a considerable quantity of rock-weed, which made me a tolerable bed. After partaking of a few mouthfuls of the seal (which was now nearly consumed) I stretched myself upon my bed and attempted to gain that repose which nature required—but those who have not experienced the irresistible power of sleep, after long watching and excessive fatigue, will scarcely believe that my repose was very short—this was nevertheless the case, my lodgings being of the most uncomfortable kind.

At day break I left my rocky cavern for the purpose of again searching among the rocks for something that might serve for food

—a dead carcase in the most putrefied state, would then have been considered by me of inestimable value. But what was my surprise, what my joy, to discover the rocks bordering upon the sea, covered with seals, to the number as I judged of many thousands!—they appeared but little affrighted at my approach, but like a small fresh water turtle, creeped moderately into the sea as I advanced toward them. I ran directly for my oar, which had once been the means of preserving my life, and which was now to be used as a principal instrument by which my food was to be obtained—indeed there was not another stick of wood of the smallest size upon the island. As I could easily approach them within reach of the oar, they fell an easy prey; a light blow upon the head was sufficient to stun them, so that they were easily taken. For the space of an hour I had fine sport, when they all (as if by a signal from their leader) instantly disappeared. With what a transport of pleasure did I now behold the rocks covered with their slain—judge reader if you can, what must have been the sensations of one nearly famished with hunger, who had for three days subsisted on the carcase of a seal in a state of putrefaction, on beholding so unexpectedly before him, and at his disposal, such an immensity of (what was then indeed to me) good and wholesome food!

Fortunately for me, I had through my many hair breadth escapes, preserved my knife, with which I proceeded to cut the throats of the seals that they might bleed—their blood I drank as it oozed from their wounds, and thought it most delicious!—indeed I at this moment think that nothing could have been to me, in my then weak and emaciated state, more beneficial—nothing could have contributed more to my immediate relief—had I instead of thus satisfying myself with the blood, partook as heartily of the flesh, the effects might have proved fatal to me.

On numbering the seals killed, I found them to exceed one hundred—a no inconsiderable quantity of provision indeed for the

consumption of one man!—but so valuable did I esteem the acquisition, so sensible was I of the value of provision to me at this critical moment, that had the stay of the seals and my strength admitted of it, it is probable that I should not have spared one of them—indeed I never made use of an eighth part of the number then destroyed.—Having skinned about a dozen of the largest of them I cut them in thin pieces and spread them upon the rocks to dry—as I was not blessed with the privilege of fire (the island producing nothing that could serve for fuel the heat of the sun, which at mid-day was very powerful, I found a tolerable substitute, by the means of which my food was so far cooked as to render it tolerable palatable—and to add to my good fortune, in many of the hollows of the rocks, which in tempestuous weather had been filled by the surf, I found small quantities of salt, made by the evaporation of salt water.

Having been thus unexpectedly provided with provision and water (for which I did not forget to return thanks to that Being through whose mercy I had been so miraculously preserved) a more comfortable shelter next demanded my attention. As I despaired of ever meeting with an opportunity that would enable me to quit this dreary island, I strove to reconcile myself to my situation as well as I could, and to employ my thoughts upon things that might serve to contribute to my convenience and comfort—I accordingly now projected a scheme of forming for myself as tolerable a dwelling as my situation, and the materials for building, would admit of. I fixed upon a convenient spot upon the highest part of the island, being the only place inaccessible to the waves in tempestuous weather. As I had not yet fully recovered my strength, and as the building was to be constructed of such detached parts of rocks as I could manage, and they to be removed by bodily strength, I made but slow progress—it was indeed four weeks before I got my house completed, and rendered water proof—it was sufficiently spacious, containing three apartments, one for the

deposit of provision, one to lodge in, and another an occasional retreat from foul weather or the heat of the sun by day—it was built in form of a sugar loaf, the walls of which were three feet thick, the whole of which I covered with dry rock weed.

Having thus completed my hut, I saw the importance of keeping some kind of reckoning of time, without which I was sensible that I should soon lose all knowledge of the day of the week, and not be enabled to distinguish one from another—but how was a reckoning to be kept, since I had neither pen, ink or paper?—as I recollected that I possessed nothing brought with me but my jack-knife and Oar, it occurred to my mind that with the assistance of the former some kind of journal might be kept upon the latter—for this purpose I scraped the broad end of the oar and prepared it for the reception of such notches and characters as formed a kind of callander, by which I was enabled at all times to determine the day of the week and month—although I was thus doomed to spend my days in solitude, I never failed to pay due regard to the Sabbath; and as the only mode of worship that I could adopt, I carved a short hymn, appropriate to my situation, on the oar, which I never failed to chaunt on the Sabbath.

The seals whose unexpected appearance had afforded me such seasonable relief, and in a great measure dissipated my fears of starvation, I was happy to find were very frequently in the habit of visiting the island—not a week passed but I destroyed more or less of them.—As my cloathing had become much tattered and torn, I made me a complete suit of their skins; but for the want of proper management they became so dry and hard that I could wear them only occasionally—as I lost my hat in my attempt to effect a landing, of a part of my flannel shirt I made me a convenient cap.

The frequent rains continued to supply me with a sufficiency of water, which lodged in the holes of the rocks, of which there were many—but as they were subject to be filled with salt water, when

there was a heavy sea, I found it necessary to prepare something for its reception in my hut—but how was a vessel to be formed, since I was in possession of no instrument by which one could be wrought?—As “Necessity is the mother of invention,” I at length hit upon a plan of forming a hollow in as large a stone as I could conveniently convey to my house, by means of other stones!—this was indeed an arduous task, but as “a continual dropping will wear a stone” so by an incessant pounding and grinding with smaller stones, in less than five weeks I completely effected my object—I succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations in forming a hollow that would contain four gallons of water. This stone vessel, of infinitely more value to me than a more elegant piece of furniture was carefully deposited in an apartment of my humble dwelling—but a smaller vessel to convey the water from the rocks to my jar, was still wanting, which I supplied myself with in a manner as above, but with less labour.

Thus I rendered my lonely situation as comfortable as could be expected—I had completed me a snug and secure shelter, and as to provision, I had always on hand a six months’ supply, preserved by salting and drying—for these things so essential to preserve life, and which one could rarely have expected to have obtained upon a barren island, I was sensible that I could not be too thankful. Although deprived of the privilege of enjoying the society of even a single one of my fellow-creatures, and with very little prospect of ever again seeing the face of any human creature, I was far more reconciled to my situation than thousands probably would have been—upon this desolate island, where fate had placed me, I conceived myself far more happy than many who, for ignominious crimes, were doomed to spin out their lives in solitary confinement. However dreary my prospects, I was not without hope that that Providence which had cast me upon these barren rocks, at the very moment when hunger threatened me with dissolution, would finally direct some one to my relief. If deprived of the society of

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my fellow creatures, and of the conveniences of life, I could not but reflect that my forlorn situation was yet attended with some advantages. Of the whole island, tho small, I had a peaceable possession, and no one it was probable would ever appear to dispute my claim, unless it was the amphibious animals of the ocean!—as the island was almost inaccessible, at night my repose was not disturbed by continual apprehensions of the approach of cannibals, or beasts of prey!

After the first year I became still more reconciled to my wretched situation—I continued to make such improvements in and about my dwelling as my helpless situation would admit of—the second year I barricadoed my hut with a wall twenty feet square, and ten feet in height—I was nearly two months in performing this work, and as it completely defended my dwelling from the high winds and the spray of the sea, I did not conceive my time mis-spent.—I erected likewise near my house a pillar of rocks and stones, of about thirty feet in height—the foundation was formed of as large rocks as I could conveniently work in, and upon these less ones were laid, from which I made use of still smaller ones until I approached the top. The object of its erection was to enable me to discover from its peak any vessel that might perchance pass the island—and that they might discover me, I made a flag of my baize waistcoat, which affixed to an end of the oar, I occasionally erected from the summit of this rocky mass.

In the month of June, of the third year of my solitary confinement to the island, I descried a sail passing to the leeward, but at too great a distance to discover me—the very appearance of this sail afforded me the greatest satisfaction—it convinced me of a fact that I had before in a degree doubted (to wit) that these seas were sometimes visited by navigators, and that I might sometime or other be so fortunate as to be discovered by them.

In the month of March, of the fourth year of my confinement, I experienced one of the most tremendous storms that perhaps was ever before witnessed by man. It commenced at about nine in the evening, with the approach of black clouds and a high wind from the south-west, which at ten increased to a hurricane, attended with incessant peals of thunder and flashes of the sharpest lightning that I had ever before witnessed—the sea, agitated by the wind, dashed with such force against the island, that I was not without my apprehensions for its safety—over every part, except the little eminence on which my habitation was erected, it made a fair breach. It was now I saw the importance of the building which enclosed my lonely hut, without which, I am confident the latter could never have withstood the force of the wind, and I probably should have been crushed beneath its ruins, for had I attempted to have sought shelter elsewhere, I should have been swept into the sea.

It is frequently remarked, that the wind that blows no one any good, is indeed an evil one—but in the present instance I was happy to find that this was not the case—as in the morning, the storm having subsided, I was not a little agreeably surprized to find the rocks covered with flying fish, among which there were many of the largest size! This was indeed a treat to one who had been nearly four years confined to one particular kind of food—I picked six hundred of them up in less than half an hour which I split and cured in the sun after the manner of cod. In visiting the south-west part of the island a few hours after, my surprize was again excited by the appearance of an enormous dead whale, which the sea had thrown high and dry upon the rocks—and what added to my astonishment, I discovered a harpoon (of the common form) buried in its bowels, with a few fathoms of new line attached thereto! Thus was my hopes again revived that I should finally meet with an opportunity to quit the desolate island—the situation of the whale rendered it probable that these seas were frequented by whalemén, although this whale might have been struck many hundred leagues to windward.

As I had now made sure of at least a year's provision, I employed my time in sketching upon my oar minutes of the most remarkable incidents that had attended me since I quit the peaceful shores of America—this I rendered as intelligible as possible, the letters being of the smallest kind, a dozen letters were a day's work for me. And lest it should be my hard fortune never to meet with the long wished for opportunity, to return to my friends, the last year of my residence upon the island, I engraved or notched upon the broad end of the oar, an account of my ill fate, &c. thinking that it might in some future day fall into the hands of some one who might possibly visit the island, and who would give the information requested.—The following is a copy of the engraving:—

“This is to acquaint the person into whose hands this Oar may fall, that DANIEL FOSS, a native of Elkton, in Maryland, one of the United States of America, and who sailed from the port of Philadelphia, in 1809, on board the brig *Negotiator*, bound to the Friendly Islands, was cast upon this desolate island the February following, where he erected a hut, and lived a number of years, subsisting on seals—he being the last who survived of the crew of said brig, which ran foul of an island of ice, and foundered on the 26th Nov. 1809.

Said Foss earnestly requests that information of his fate and that of his shipmates may be made known to their friends in America.”

The Oar which had proved so serviceable to me in my destitute situation, and which now contained a record of my own fate and that of my shipmates, I spared no pains to preserve—as it was the only substitute for a flagstaff that I could procure, to secure it from the weather, I made a covering of seal skins for it. When it could be spared, I never failed to keep it erected upon the summit of my rocky observatory, with the baize flag attached to it, that notice might be given to any vessel that might pass within view of the island, of its being inhabited—nor was this wise plan finally without its desired effect.

Having been considerably indisposed for two or three days previous to that of my happy deliverance, I did not arise until late in the morning, when ascending my observatory, as I was accustomed to do, it is impossible for me to describe my feelings on discovering a ship with topsails aback, nearly within hail of the island!—That

I might be discovered, I swung my cap in the air, and jumped from rock to rock, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing them looking at me with their spy-glasses—I now made every motion I possibly could indicative of my distressed situation—which they answered by pointing to an extreme point of the island—thither I hastened and discovered their boat (which I had not before noticed) with three men attempting a landing, but were prevented by the surf—After making several unsuccessful attempts, by their motions they signified to me that they must return to the ship without being enabled to effect their object! But at the greatest risk of my life, I was determined not to let this opportunity to quit the desolate island, pass unimproved. I seized my oar, and with it plunged headlong through the foaming surf, and was unaccountably successful in reaching the boat, which conveyed me immediately on board the ship!

The ship proved to be the *Neptune*, Capt. Call, of New York, to which port she was bound from Batavia. The captain declared that he should have passed the island unnoticed, had he not observed my flag, which he conceived erected as a signal of distress. By contrary winds the *Neptune* had been driven far out of her course, otherwise she would not have fell in with the island, which Capt. C. could not find laid down in any map or chart whatever. My being finally relieved by a vessel bound to my own country was indeed a fortunate circumstance—but from my very odd appearance, the captain and crew at first could hardly credit my being one of their countrymen—my cloathing was in a very tattered condition, and my beard more than a foot in length. My much regarded Oar, on which I had wrought so much, was viewed by all on board as a very great curiosity, which I have since my return presented to the keeper of the Philadelphia Museum, where it is lodged for the inspection of the curious. We had a quick and pleasant passage to New York, from whence I returned to my friends in Maryland, from whom I had been more than six years absent.

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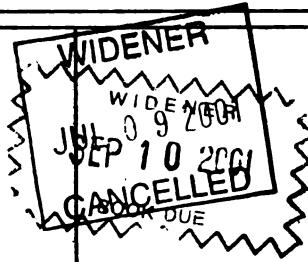


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