Pioneer History Stories

of the

Mississippi Valley
PIONEER

HISTORY STORIES

OF THE

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

FOR FOURTH AND FIFTH GRADES.

BY

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SECOND EDITION.

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THE HISTORY of western pioneers is very interesting and instructive to pupils of intermediate grades. For the children of the West it furnishes an attractive introduction to our national life.

These stories of exploration and settlement in the Mississippi Valley furnish the historical materials for an effort at concentration of studies in the fourth grade as discussed in the book on "General Method." See the latter part of the chapter on Concentration.

For a discussion of the pedagogical value of the stories and the method of treating them in classes, see the "Special Method in History and Literature."

It is the plan of the author to prepare a second series of "Pioneer Stories" of the leaders in eastern settlement and of the great ocean explorers, with two or three narratives of California and the far West. These will be designed for regular use in the fifth grade, and as a preparation for colonial history. They will also supply a basis for the concentration of studies in history, geography, and natural science, on a plan similar to that used in fourth grade.

NORMAL, ILL., March 22, 1894.
INTRODUCTION.

The Pioneer History Stories of the Mississippi valley are designed to introduce children of the fourth and fifth grades to that part of our national life which makes the strongest appeal to children's minds and that lies nearest to their own homes. There is no part of the United States where the problems of popular education are more vigorously and seriously grappled with than in the Mississippi valley. A liberal and progressive spirit calls for the selection of the best materials that can be put into our course of study. Without undervaluing our debt of gratitude to New England, Virginia, and other eastern states, we may find heroic men and deeds indigenous to the soil of western states, which best answer the aims of early history instruction.

In arranging a course of study in history for western schools, we must settle three or four important questions:

1. At what age should children begin American history?

2. What portion of our annals is best suited to beginners?

3. Should the early history of the home state and of adjoining states be used first?

4. What is the quality of our western stories as compared with those of the East?

1. Children should begin history as soon as they take a strong and intelligent interest in its simpler phases. Till of late, American history was not taught below the upper grammar grade. But now there is a strong ten-
dency to use biographical stories even in intermediate grades. This, we believe, is a correct instinct. Some of the chief lessons of history can be better taught in the intermediate grades than anywhere else. The moral effect of heroic stories seems deeper at this point than at any other time of child life. There appears to be a peculiar fitness of early history stories to children’s minds at the age of ten or eleven.

2. What portion of our history is best suited to beginners? We think that simple, thrilling biographies of early pioneer life are best calculated to awaken the interest of younger children. They are plain and primitive, and withal so energetic and spirited that they correspond to a child’s physical and mental moods. Their heroism brings out those marks of prowess and courage which children so much admire. They are, in the main, free from the complexities and entanglements of great wars and of later political and social institutions. The elements of personal character find for children a clear and full expression, and the simple experiences of pioneer struggle and danger make an indelible mark upon them.

3. Shall we begin with the pioneer biographies of the home state and of the neighboring states? It has been customary to begin with Columbus, with the Plymouth settlers, and with John Smith. Is it not better for children whose homes are between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico to hear first the thrilling stories of pioneer exploration in the Mississippi valley? The stories of eastern settlement and adventure will be the better appreciated when we come to them in fifth and sixth grades. Stories of the eastern states furnish a starting point in history for eastern children, of western states for the children of the West. So long as we remain
within the boundaries of pioneer life, a western story
gives as good a starting point as an eastern one. For
all these stories breathe the same spirit of adventure, of
exploration, and of difficult enterprise in a frontier re-
gion. In intermediate grades we aim not at systematic
history or chronology. But we wish to gain vivid impres-
sions from men of simple, strong, and sterling character,
as expressed by their deeds.

We feel disposed, then, to set up the *home state* as a
starting point and to move outward from this center.
Other things being equal, we should first select the
stories connected with Illinois. For the children of Ken-
tucky, the story of Boone would come first; for the chil-
dren of Minnesota, the narrative of Hennepin’s adven-
tures. We see no good reason why the teachers of each
state should not make the stories bearing on that region
a starting point in history, and then move outward into
the great valley. We can afford to cultivate the love of
country upon local soil. History will seem more real
and tangible if it first deals with the stream that flows
through our own state, perhaps past our own city.

4. How do the western stories compare in quality
with those of the East? To decide this point we must
read the stories of the West and make an honest compari-
sion. In the history of early exploration and settlement
of North America, some of the leading names belong to
the Mississippi valley. La Salle, De Soto, Clarke,
Lincoln, and Boone, in character and achievement, stand
second to few in all our history. Individual energy, per-
severance, and courage have seldom found more striking
examples than among the pioneers of the vast forests,
prairies, and rivers of the West. They were of the self-
same material as the men of the East who opened up
Virginia, New England, and Canada. Indeed, men like Boone, Clarke, Lincoln, and Fremont are more purely American than the early pioneers of the Atlantic seaboard, who were fresh from Europe. But the French explorers from the Northeast and the Spaniards from the South give variety and scope to the stories of the Mississippi valley. The western stories have all the flavor of personal narrative and adventure, and yet they present representative men who were dealing with the chief problems of settlement vital to the interests of Europe and America. They introduce in dramatic form, suited to the young, some of the most important phases of our early history. Many a vivid picture of primitive Indian life is portrayed. After some years of experience with children in the use of these western stories, we are convinced that they awaken a natural and lasting interest. In fact we are inclined to believe that no part of the United States and no country in the world has a richer pioneer history than the states of the central basin. The materials, also, from which these stories are drawn are supplied by some of the most interesting and reliable of our historians, as Bancroft, Parkman, and Roosevelt.

We believe that this pioneer epoch is the delightful gateway through which the children of our common schools are to find entrance to the fields of American history. These stories not only interest, instruct, and strengthen the moral fiber of children, but they are an excellent vantage ground from which to advance into history, geography, and natural science.

As representative men, the pioneers settled some important disputes and laid the ground-work for later growth. They give unmistakable proof of the quality and strength of the materials that went into the first
framework of our western states. There is scarcely a better way to begin history than with the simple rudiments from which our later social and political fabric have grown, especially when spirited, heroic biography are the medium through which these elements are brought home to the hearts and sympathies of children.

The regular geography of the fourth grade goes hand in hand with these histories. Considerable geography is indeed necessary to a just appreciation of the stories. There is not a single state of the Mississippi valley and of the lake region to which these narratives do not lend a decided interest. There is scarcely an important river in this whole vast region whose banks did not witness some of these exploits. The highest ridges of both the Alleghanies and Rockies were climbed by the pioneers. From the lakes to the gulf, and from the mountains of the East to those of the West, these hardy explorers and settlers have lent the charm of early exploits and discovery to nearly every part of this broad realm. The romance of history is in its earliest annals. Geography, like history, should be, to a large extent, a movement from home outwards. The two studies therefore move together and strengthen each other. In the "Special Method in Geography" the treatment of topics in the Mississippi valley parallel to the history in fourth grade is fully explained.

Again, the history and biography of this great region suggest many an interesting topic in natural science. The varied vegetable and animal products; the geology of springs, soils, rivers, and mountains; the seasons and winds; the instruments and machinery of men in surveying, cultivating, and bringing to light the agricultural, mineral, and commercial riches of this fruitful land—all
these suggest important topics which should be treated in science lessons parallel to the history and geography.

The pioneer stories also bear an important relation to the literature of the preceding and following grades. In the "Special Method in History and Literature," we have shown that these stories of heroism in America follow, in natural sequence, the mythical and heroic tales of Greece, Italy, Germany, and England. The stories of heroism, whether in Europe or America, are intended as an introduction to the reading of that body of myth, prose narrative, ballad, epic, or historic poem, which the experience of the world has shown to be classic. The pioneer stories of the West allow, therefore, a strong concentration of important studies. They may be deeply bedded in a school course whose parts are closely linked together.
La Salle came to Canada from France in 1666, when he was twenty-three years old. After stopping a short time at Montreal, he obtained a grant of land at a place now called La Chine, located on the banks of the St. Lawrence, about eight miles above Montreal. He and the other settlers had to clear away the woods, parcel out the land, and build houses and a stockade. It was a dangerous place, exposed to the attacks of the Iroquois Indians, but it was a good place for the fur trade. La Salle built a palisaded village from which he could overlook the broad Lake of St. Louis, into which the St. Lawrence widens at this place. Indians often visited his settlement, some of them spending the winter with him and telling of the Ohio and Mississippi, great rivers to the westward. La Salle soon began to think of plans of western discovery and of a road to the riches of India. He began to study the Indian languages, and at the end of two years had learned the Iroquois and several other Indian tongues.

La Salle's first voyage was made with four canoes, supplies, and fourteen men, to the head of the Ohio river, which he explored as far as the falls. In 1673, Frontenac, the governor of Canada, and La Salle, planned an expedition to found a fort at the head of Lake Ontario, where the city of Kingston now stands. This fort was built
after the French had made a treaty with the Indians, and was named Frontenac.

La Salle now returned to France and obtained from the king the right to own and govern the fort and surrounding country under the control of the governor, Frontenac. He had, also, upon his return to America, a chance to grow rich by trading in furs at Fort Frontenac. For two years La Salle reigned like a king in the frontier wilderness. He took down the wooden fort and built one much larger of stone, containing a row of barracks for soldiers, a guard house, a lodging for officers, a blacksmith's shop or forge, a well, a mill, and a bakery. Nine small cannon were placed on the walls, and altogether there were about a dozen soldiers, besides about forty laborers, masons, and skillful canoe men. On the shore to the south of the fort was a village of French families who had cleared a hundred acres of land for agriculture. Cattle, fowl, and swine had also been brought up the St. Lawrence.

But La Salle was not satisfied with making money at the fur trade while living at Frontenac. His mind was full of thoughts of western discovery. He returned again to France and got the king's permission to explore the lakes and rivers to the west, to build forts and to carry on the trade in beaver and buffalo skins. On his return he brought with him Tonty, an Italian, who proved a great helper. Hennepin, the priest, also joined him. In November, 1679, La Salle, Tonty, and Hennepin, with other men, went up Lake Ontario in boats to the mouth of the Niagara river, where they wanted to build a strong warehouse. The voyage was stormy and dangerous, and La Salle did not reach the Niagara till after Christmas. The Seneca Indians, who
La Salle.

dwelt near, appeared much displeased at the plans of the French, but La Salle persuaded them to remain friendly. After the warehouse was finished, the plan of building a vessel in the Niagara river above the falls was carried out. With this vessel he proposed to navigate Lake Erie and the upper lakes. A vessel in which Hennepin and others had come from Frontenac, was unloaded, and the tools, forge, and cordage were carried twelve miles along the banks and up the high hills near Niagara, to a point six miles above the falls. Wading through the cold and snow, the men got all the supplies above the falls by the end of January. Hennepin toiled along with a portable altar lashed to his back. Having found a good creek six miles above Niagara, they cleared the ground for building the new ship. Trees were cut down, and wigwams were built by two Mohegan hunters, who were with them. It was the hunting season of the Iroquois and most of the warriors were gone, but a few Indians loitered about, much displeased with the efforts of the French at shipbuilding. When they saw the great wooden ribs, they were still more angry and threatened to burn it. The carpenters were also out of food, and much discontented, but the Mohegan hunters brought in deer and other game. The men were kept at work by the brave, persevering Tonty, till the vessel, the Griffin, was completed. "When spring opened, she was ready for launching. The priest pronounced his blessing upon her, the assembled company sang a hymn, cannon were fired, and French and Indians, warmed alike by a generous gift of brandy, shouted and yelped in chorus as she glided into the Niagara. Her builders towed her out and anchored her in the stream, safe from the Indians, and then, swinging their hammocks under her deck, slept in peace. The Indians gazed on her
with amazement. Five small cannons looked out from her port-holes, and on her prow was carved a monster, the griffin."

When La Salle, who had gone to Fort Frontenac for supplies, returned, the vessel was towed with ropes from the bank up to Lake Erie, where they fired their guns and set sail up the unknown lake. After three days they reached the outlet of the Detroit river and sailed up through the straits. "Here, on the right hand and on the left, lay verdant prairies, dotted with groves and bordered with lofty forests. They saw walnut, chestnut, and wild plum trees, and oaks festooned with wild grape vines; herds of deer and flocks of swans and wild turkeys. The bulwarks of the Griffin were plentifully hung with game which the men killed on shore, and among the rest were a number of bear, which Hennepin praised for their excellent flesh. They, he says, who will one day have the happiness to possess this fertile and pleasant strait, will be very much obliged to those who have shown them the way." After they had entered Lake Huron, a fearful storm came up which threatened to send them to the bottom, but it quieted, and the Griffin kept on its way till Point Ignace was reached at Mackinac. As they approached the mission the cannon were fired and the Indians yelled. Soon the great vessel was surrounded by a hundred small boats La Salle and his men, soldiers, sailors, artisans, and priests, entered the chapel and knelt down together to return thanks.

La Salle found here that some of the traders whom he had sent out had deserted him, and were trying to trade in furs for themselves. These men were arrested by La Salle, and Tonty was sent to the Falls of St. Mary
to arrest others. In September, La Salle sailed west through the straits to the head of Green Bay, where he found friendly Indians and several of his men who had remained faithful to him, and had collected a large amount of furs. He now resolved to send back the Griffin, laden with furs, to Niagara.

"La Salle, with the fourteen men who remained, in four canoes, deeply laden with a forge, tools, merchandise, and arrows, put out from the island and resumed his voyage. The first evening was stormy, and the voyagers, after being drenched with rain, were glad to take refuge in a sandy cove where their boats were drawn up. Here they spent five days, living on pumpkins and Indian corn, furnished by their Indian friends." When the tempest ceased, they steered southward along the coast of Wisconsin. Several times they were driven by storms to the shore. "Every night, also, the canoes had to be shouldered through the breakers and dragged up the steep banks. The men sometimes paddled all day with no other food than a handful of Indian corn." They found Indian villages, but were afraid to trust the natives. As they came near the southern end of Lake Michigan, game grew plenty, and they were supplied by the Mohegan hunter with plenty of bears' meat and venison. They also cut down trees for the wild grapes clustered upon them. These were much better then the haws and wild berries which they had been eating. Further south they came near having a battle with some Indians, who at first appeared to be friendly, but stole a coat and some tools from La Salle's party. La Salle captured one of the Indians and then told the others that unless the things were returned the captive would be slain. But at last an agreement was reached, and both parties joined in
a feast and in speeches. La Salle and his party now traveled around the southern shore of Lake Michigan till the mouth of the St. Joseph was reached, where Tonty, with another party, had promised to join him. But Tonty had not yet come. The men all wanted to be led to the Illinois before the winter set in, but La Salle refused to desert Tonty, and set the men to work to build a fort at the mouth of the St. Joseph. After twenty days Tonty arrived.

On the third of December the company, thirty-three in all, in eight canoes started up the river to the site of the present village of South Bend. Near here they expected to find a path or portage leading to the source of the Illinois river. But the Mohegan Indian guide was absent hunting, and the untrained eyes of the Frenchmen failed to see the path as they passed. La Salle landed to look for it and lost his way. The snow was falling so fast that he could see only a short distance. He wandered through the woods until he saw a fire which he supposed belonged to his party. He hurried to it, but found no one near, though a bed of dry grass, still warm from recent use, showed that it had just been deserted. He called, in several Indian languages, but received no answer. Some Indian must have been in ambush waiting to kill an enemy, but as he had disappeared, La Salle decided to take possession of the place. He made a barricade of bushes around the fire, and calling to the unseen owner that he was going to sleep in his bed, he lay down on the grass, where he slept until morning. In the meantime the rest of the party was much alarmed at La Salle’s absence. They landed, fired guns, and sent men to search for him, but all in vain. That night they sat on the shore wrapped in their blankets to shield them
from the storm, and waited for the leader, who, they feared, might never return. It was late on the following day when they saw him coming along the bank of the river carrying two opossums, which he had killed with a stick as they hung, head downward, from the branch of a tree.

The Mohegan guide, having returned, the portage was soon found. The next morning, carrying their canoes and baggage, consisting of a forge, tools, merchandise, and arms, the party started for the source of the Illinois river, about five miles distant. Their course lay through a marshy plain, covered with snow and strewn with skulls and bones of buffaloes. The soil grew more spongy and difficult to traverse as they advanced. At last they came to a little stream of water, so narrow that a tall man could step over it. Here were the sources of the Kankakee. They set their canoes in this stream, and pushed their way until it widened into a river. As they floated down the river the scene changed. They saw, on either side, long chains of hills crowned with trees. By climbing these hills they discovered the great prairies beyond. They met no Indians, but at night, saw in the distance, the camp-fires of the Indian hunters. Game was scarce, and they suffered from hunger. The men grew discontented, and threatened to desert La Salle and join the Indians. Finally they come upon a large buffalo stuck in the mud near the river. They killed him, and fastened a cable around the body. So large was he that it took twelve men to pull him out. Keeping on their way, they at last reached the Illinois river. At Ottawa they noted the high plateau of Buffalo Rock, a favorite dwelling place of the Indians, and farther down the river, the steep cliff now known as
Starved Rock. Below in the valley, on New Year's day, they saw the Indian village where they hoped to get supplies. This was one of the large villages of the Illinois. Hennepin counted four hundred and sixty lodges. These lodges were built of a framework of poles shaped something like the curved top of a baggage wagon, then covered with mats of rushes. Some were so large that several fires could be built in one of them and several families find homes in it. The town seemed silent and deserted. They landed, but found no one to welcome them. The Indians were all out on their autumn hunt. Some of the men found pits containing corn. La Salle, knowing how much the Indians prized this corn, at first refused to let his men take any of it, but so great was their need that he consented that they should take a little, hoping to be able to pay the Indians and pacify their anger.

Returning to their canoes, they floated on down the river and passed into an expanse of water now known as Peoria lake. There they saw above the trees smoke from many fires, and they knew they had at last reached the village of the Illinois. Now, La Salle did not know whether he would be received as a friend or as a foe, so he decided to go prepared for either peace or war. The shores had come close together, and the Illinois was again a river where the village stood. The wigwams, about eighty in number, were built on both banks. The canoes were placed in two lines, one taking the right and the other the left bank of the river. Dropping their oars, the men seized their guns and the swift current swept them into the midst of the camp. Surprised at the sudden appearance and warlike attitude of the French, the Indians ran about in great confusion. As La Salle and his men sprang ashore some of the older warriors came forward
with the calumet. La Salle showed his in return, while Hennepin tried to soothe some of the frightened children. Soon quiet was restored and food was set before them, the Indians putting the morsels into the mouths of their guests with their fingers, as that was their way of showing kindness to strangers. After the feast, La Salle spoke to the Indians, telling them that he had come as a friend to help them, if need be, against their enemies, the Iroquois. In order to do this, he wished to build a fort near them for supplies. He told them that his men had taken from their store of corn, but offered ample pay for their loss. He explained how he was going to build a large wooden canoe, in which he and his men could go down their river and the Mississippi to the countries below. If they would not help him he would go on to the tribe of the Osages, and give them his protection. Anxious to keep the French with them, the Indians promised all that was desired, and the rest of the evening was spent in feasting. But during the night an Indian named Monso came secretly into camp, and, calling together a council, told them not to trust La Salle, as he was going below to incite the tribes to war against them, together with the Iroquois. After telling these things he stole quietly away, so that La Salle might not know that he had been there. In the morning a young chief, a friend of La Salle's, told him, secretly, of the midnight council. That day the French were invited to a feast. While waiting for their dinner, an old chief said he wished to warn them against a visit down the Mississippi. Such a journey would be full of danger. They would meet hostile tribes, great monsters, and find dreadful whirlpools which would swallow up their boats. La Salle thanked the chief for his warning, but said, the more danger the
more glory in making the journey. But had not their friends, the Illinois, been deceived? The French were not asleep, he said, when Monso came to tell that they were spies of the Iroquois. If he had told the truth, why did he skulk away in the dark? If the French had so desired, they might have killed them all, when they first came and found the camp in confusion. He spoke of the presents they had brought, and ended by saying: "If you still harbor evil thoughts of us, be frank, as we are, and speak them boldly." The Indians made no answer, but seemed to agree with what was said.

Now, La Salle's men were not all to be trusted, and fearing the dangers of which the Indian had spoken, six of them deserted during the night. La Salle at once decided to leave the Indian camp, as he could not trust them, and about the middle of January he went a short distance down the river and selected a place for a fort. This was a hill fronting the river and bounded on two sides by deep ravines. These ravines they connected by digging a deep ditch at the back of the hill. They threw up an embankment of earth all around, and sloped the sides steeply down to the ravines and ditch. Then they put a palisade twenty-five feet high around the whole. The lodgings of the men were built of musket-proof logs at two of the angles, the house of the priest at a third, and the forge and magazines at the fourth. The tents of La Salle and Tonty were in the center. This was the first occupation of the state of Illinois by white men. The new fort was called Fort Creve Cœur, a French word, meaning "a grieved heart." Here they waited for the springtime before starting out on new discoveries. But La Salle, who was very anxious to know what had happened to the Griffin, resolved to return on foot to Niagara.
La Salle.

With five companions he set out at the beginning of March, and traveled on foot through the greatest dangers and hardships for more than two months before reaching Fort Frontenac. Tonty was left in command at Fort Creve Cœur.
La Salle's Trip Down the Mississippi.

Authority, Parkman's La Salle.

La Salle had sent Hennepin and two other Frenchmen to explore the upper Mississippi. He had also left Tonty, with fifteen men, to build a large boat for a trip down the river, and to hold Fort Creve Cœur till his return. But while La Salle was absent on his long journey to Fort Frontenac, two things had happened which brought ruin, for a time, upon all his plans. While he was at Fort Frontenac, gathering supplies and men for the trip to the mouth of the Mississippi, Tonty had been unfortunate. La Salle had written to Tonty telling him to examine and fortify Starved Rock. During Tonty's absence a few days on a trip up the river to Starved Rock, the men who were left at Fort Creve Cœur had stopped work on the boat, deserted the fort, taking with them such goods, furs, and ammunition as they could carry, and had then scattered in parties to hunt and trade for themselves among the Indians.

After this, Tonty, with four men who were still faithful, decided not to remain at Fort Creve Cœur, but gathered the remaining supplies and tools and went to spend the time till La Salle's return, at the great Illinois town near Utica, on the north bank of the Illinois river. While anxiously waiting for La Salle, the great village was startled with the news that an army of Iroquois, five
Down the Mississippi.

hundred strong, was rapidly marching against the Illinois, and the next day it appeared on the south side of the river. The Illinois were much frightened. They were less than five hundred strong, many of their young men being away. A crowd of excited Indians surrounded Tonty, accused him of being a secret friend of the Iroquois, and fiercely threatened to kill him. But Tonty, who had only one hand, replied that he and the other Frenchmen were ready to go out with the Illinois to fight against the Iroquois. Both sides now prepared for the battle. Screeching, dancing, yelling, and shooting off their guns, the two armies approached each other on the plain to the south of the river. Although the battle had really begun, Tonty, seeing that the Iroquois, being more numerous and better fighters, were sure to gain the victory, marched forward between the two armies, taking a wampum belt as a flag of truce. Facing the Iroquois' guns, he soon found himself surrounded by the screeching Iroquois warriors. His dark complexion and savage dress made them think he was an Indian. One of them struck at his breast with a dagger, inflicting a deep wound; one seized his hair from behind as if about to scalp him; one chief demanded that he be burned at the stake. A chief called out that as his ears were not pierced he must be a Frenchman. At this the Iroquois at last listened to his words. He told them that they should not attack the Illinois, who were the friends and allies of the governor of Canada, that there were twelve hundred Illinois warriors and sixty well-armed Frenchmen in the Illinois camp, and they would better make peace.

The Iroquois, seeing the Illinois acting very bravely, and half believing Tonty's words, now sent him back with
a belt of peace. He had succeeded at least in preventing the battle. But the Iroquois were only waiting for a better chance to attack their enemies. As the Illinois warriors re-crossed the river in boats, some of the Iroquois followed them and hovered around the village. The Illinois, feeling it unsafe to remain longer, set fire to their houses, and, jumping into their canoes, retreated to an island down the river, where they had already hidden their wives, children, and goods. Tonty tried several times after this to make peace between the two savage armies, but was only partly successful. Finding himself feared and hated by both tribes, he and his companions embarked in a leaky canoe and started toward Green Bay by way of the Chicago portage and Lake Michigan. After great hardships, almost starving by the way, living on nuts, wild onions, and such corn and game as they could get, they reached the town of a friendly tribe on Green Bay. [The Pottawattamies.]

In the late fall when La Salle returned to the valley of the Illinois, he found the great Indian village in ruins, and the Illinois tribes fled from the whole valley. Anxious to learn the fate of Tonty, he passed down the entire length of the Illinois to its mouth, but could find no trace. The Iroquois had burnt the huts, destroyed the supplies of corn, and driven the Illinois in terror from all the settlements along the river. At the beginning of winter, La Salle and his men returned to Fort Miami, at the mouth of the St. Joseph river. All his plans had been ruined and even Tonty had not been heard from. But La Salle was not a man to be discouraged, even by great misfortunes. He resolved first to form a great confederacy of all the western tribes against the Iroquois. La Salle and the French were to be the friends of all the
western Indians, and to assist them should they ever be attacked again by the Iroquois. In this way, La Salle would be able, also, to get control of the whole fur trade of the Indian tribes in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana. For this purpose, during the winter, he held councils with the chiefs of many Indian tribes, persuading them to join with him and the Illinois in forming a union against the Iroquois. Having received news that some of the Iroquois warriors were at the portage of the St. Joseph, and that they were conducting themselves boastfully and insolently toward the Miamis and the French, La Salle hastened to meet them and openly rebuked and threatened them, so that they made no reply, but secretly crept away during the night. This greatly increased the confidence of the western Indian tribes in La Salle. In council, also, he was very bold and eloquent, and had a wonderful influence over the warriors. In a great council held in the tent of the Miami chief, La Salle undertook to persuade the Miamis to join the Illinois, their old enemies. "He first began with a gift of tobacco to clear the brains of his listeners. Next he brought in a canoe-load of presents, cloths, coats, hatchets, beads, bells, and trinkets. Praising one of their chiefs who had lately died, La Salle said he would bring him to life again; that is, he would take his name and give support to his squaws and children. When a huge pile of coats, shirts, and hunting-knives were placed before the Indians in proof of these words, the whole assembly exploded in yelps of admiration. 'He who is my master,' said La Salle, 'and the master of all this country, is a mighty chief, feared by the whole world; but he loves peace, and the words of his lips are for good alone. He is called the King of France, and he is the
mightiest among the chiefs beyond the water. It is his will that you make no war. You ought, then, to live in peace with your neighbors, the Illinois. Let us obey the Great King and live together in peace, under his protection. Be of my mind and use these guns that I have given you, not to make war, but only to hunt and to defend yourselves.' The Miamis were persuaded by these words.

During this winter La Salle made a visit to the Illinois tribes, who had begun to return to their ruined homes along the river, after the departure of the Iroquois. He persuaded them also to join the confederacy of the western Indians, promising himself to come and live among them, to furnish them with French goods, and to buy their furs and skins. The Indians were well pleased.

While among the Illinois, La Salle had heard of Tonty's safety at Green Bay, and returning to the lakes had a joyful meeting with him at Mackinaw, where the two men told each other their experiences, and laid their plans for the future.

La Salle's second great purpose was to explore the Mississippi to its mouth, make settlements along the river, and then ship his peltries down the stream, and by way of the gulf, to France. To carry out this plan, he returned to Canada during the spring, and collected many boat-loads of supplies. In the fall, with deeply laden canoes, La Salle and his men made their way along the shores of the Great Lakes, till in the late autumn they reached St. Joseph. Full preparations were made at St. Joseph for the journey to the mouth of the great river. La Salle had twenty-three Frenchmen, and selected, in addition, eighteen trusty Indians. The Indians insisted also on taking their squaws with them, ten in
number, and three children, so that the whole party numbered fifty-four. La Salle did not wait for spring to open, but on December twenty-first sent Tonty and Membre, with some of the men and six canoes, across Lake Michigan to where Chicago now stands.

It was late in December when La Salle reached the mouth of the Chicago river, with the rest of the men and boats. "It was the dead of winter and the streams were frozen. They made sledges, placed on them the canoes, the baggage, and a disabled Frenchman, crossed from the Chicago to the northern branch of the Illinois, and filed in a long procession down its frozen course." Below Lake Peoria they reached open water, embarked in their canoes and floated down the river, till, on the sixth of February, they entered the Mississippi. The river was so full of floating ice that a week passed before they could continue their voyage. They reached the mouth of the Missouri towards evening, and encamped in a neighboring forest. Three days after, they passed the mouth of the Ohio, and on the twenty-fourth of February encamped near the Third Chickasaw Bluff. The hunters went out for game. "All returned except Pierre Prudhomme, and, as the others had seen fresh tracks of Indians, La Salle feared that he was killed. While some of his followers built a small stockade fort on a high bluff by the river, others ranged the woods in search of the missing hunter. After six days of ceaseless and fruitless search, they met two Chickasaw Indians in the forest, and through them La Salle sent presents and peace-messages to that war-like people, whose villages were a few days journey distant. Several days later, Prudhomme was found and brought into the camp, half dead. He had lost his way while hunting, and, to console him for his
woes, La Salle christened the newly built fort with his name, and left him, with a few others, in charge of it."

They embarked again and went on down the river. As they advanced the climate grew more and more spring-like. The air was warm, trees were budding, and flowers opening. For several days they followed the winding course of the river through wastes of swamp and cane-brake. On the thirteenth of March they found themselves wrapped in a fog so thick that neither shore could be seen. "They heard on the right the booming of an Indian drum and the shrill outcries of the war-dance. La Salle at once crossed to the opposite side, where, in less than an hour, his men threw up a rude fort of felled trees. Meanwhile the fog cleared, and, from the farther bank, the astonished Indians saw the strange visitors at their work. Some of the French advanced to the edge of the water, and beckoned them to come over. Several of them approached, in a wooden canoe, to within the distance of a gun-shot. La Salle displayed the calumet, and sent a Frenchman to meet them. He was well received and, the friendly mood of the Indians being now apparent, the whole party crossed the river." The Indian town belonged to a tribe of the Arkansas, a people living near the mouth of the river which bears their name. They brought poles to the Frenchmen to build their huts, supplied them with fire wood, and entertained them with dancing and feasting. La Salle took possession of the country in the name of the king of France, raising a cross with great ceremony, to the admiration of gazing crowds of Indians.

After three days the French continued their journey, guided by two of the Arkansas. They passed the sites of Vicksburg and Grand Gulf. About three hundred
miles below the Arkansas, they stopped by the edge of a swamp on the western side of the river, where, as the guides told them, was the path to the great town of the Taensas. Tonty and a priest were sent to visit it. "They and their men shouldered their birch canoe through the swamp, and launched it on a lake which had once formed a portion of the channel of the river. In two hours they reached the town; and Tonty gazed at it with astonishment. He had seen nothing like it in America; large, square dwellings, built of sun-baked mud, mixed with straw, arched over with a dome-shaped roof of canes. Two of them were larger and better than the rest; one was the lodge of the chief, the other the temple of the sun. They entered the former and found a single room, forty feet square, where, in the dim light—for there was no opening but the door—the chief sat awaiting them, on a sort of bedstead, three of his wives at his side, while sixty old men, wrapped in white cloaks, woven of mulberry bark, formed his council. When he spoke, his wives howled, to do him honor. He received the visitors kindly, and joyfully accepted the gifts which Tonty laid before him." In the temple were kept the bones of departed chiefs. Within burned a sacred fire, which was always kept burning, and the room was full of smoke. The people were worshipers of the sun. On a mud wall surrounding the temple, upon which stakes were planted, were stuck the skulls of enemies who had been sacrificed to the sun. It was believed that their chiefs descended from the sun and they were worshiped as divine. Lower down the river, a village of the Natches was visited, who were also sun-worshipers. Further down the stream some of the tribes were hostile, but La Salle refused to fight with them and kept on toward the mouth, which was
soon reached. On the sixth of April they found the river dividing into three broad channels; La Salle followed one, Tonty another, and one of the other leaders the third, till they reached the salt waters of the gulf, where the three parties came together again.

A short distance above the mouth of the river all the men assembled upon a dry spot of ground. Here they caused a column to be raised, hymns were sung, and La Salle, among other things, proclaimed in a loud voice: "In the name of Louis the Great, king of France, I do take possession of this country of Louisiana, the seas, harbors, ports, bays, straits, and all the nations, peoples, provinces, cities, towns, villages, mines, minerals, fisheries, streams, and rivers, within the extent of said Louisiana, from the mouth of the river Ohio, as also along the Mississippi, and the rivers which discharge themselves into it from its source beyond the country of the Sioux, as far as its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico." The people shouted "Long live the king;" volleys of musketry were fired. A cross was raised beside the column, and a leaden plate was buried in the earth near by, upon which was written in Latin, "Louis the Great reigns."

La Salle and his party were the first white men to go from the Great Lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi. He had not only discovered the mouth of the river, but proved that it would be possible to reach France by going down to the gulf. Turning the boats up the stream, the explorers made their way slowly back to Illinois. They were without food, much of the time having little but the flesh of alligators. Landing to get supplies, they were once attacked by the Indians, but La Salle kept his men ready for battle and drove back
Down the Mississippi.

the enemy. La Salle himself was taken very sick, and was compelled to stop at Fort Prudhomme for many days, till the fever left him. He says: "On the way back I was attacked by a deadly disease, which kept me in danger of my life for forty days, and left me so weak that I could think of nothing for four months longer." Sending Tonty on before, he followed as soon as his strength would permit, and meeting him again at Mackinaw, made arrangements to carry out the plan of forming a confederacy of the western Indians. Reports came, also, that the Iroquois were preparing for another expedition against the western tribes.

La Salle had decided to build a fort among the Illinois on what is now called Starved Rock, a steep bluff on the south bank of the Illinois river, not far from the great Illinois town, near the present city of Ottawa. This was to be a fort, trading post, and headquarters of the French and Indians of the West. Tonty was sent with as many men as possible to begin the work. "The cliff called 'Starved Rock' rises, steep on three sides as a castle wall, to the height of a hundred and twenty-five feet above the river. In front it overhangs the water that washes its base; its western brow looks down on the tops of forest trees below, and on the east lies a wide gorge or ravine choked with the mingled foliage of oaks, walnuts, and elms; while in its rocky depths a little brook creeps down to mingle with the river. From the trunk of the stunted cedar that leans forward from the brink, you may drop a plummet into the river below, where the catfish and the turtles may plainly be seen gliding over the wrinkled sands of the clear and shallow current. The top of the cliff can be reached only from behind, where a man may climb up, not without difficulty, by a
steep and narrow passage. The top is about an acre in extent. Here, in the month of December, La Salle and Tonty began to intrench themselves. They cut away the forest that crowned the rock, built storehouses and dwellings, dragged timber up the rugged pathway and encircled the summit with a palisade." They called the fort St. Louis.

The Illinois and many other Indian tribes had pitched their tents in the valley below, in sight of Fort St. Louis. They depended upon the French for protection against the Iroquois. La Salle reported that twenty thousand Indians had come to dwell near the fort, depending upon his promises, and they were able to muster four thousand warriors. His plan of forming the confederacy of western Indians had been a great success.

Leaving Tonty in command at Fort St. Louis, La Salle went to Quebec, and from there to France, to ask the king to aid him in forming a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi River. His plan was to sail through the Gulf of Mexico, to the mouth of the river, as that was an easier journey than by way of Canada. Now the Spaniards claimed the sole right to the Gulf of Mexico and the country around it. As France was at war with Spain, King Louis thought it would be a fine thing to take possession of the Gulf of Mexico and to drive the Spaniards away, so he readily gave his consent to La Salle's plans. He gave La Salle four ships and plentiful supplies. Besides one hundred soldiers, there were mechanics and laborers, six priests, and thirty gentlemen, some with their families, who volunteered to join the new colony.

They sailed in July, 1684. One of their ships, laden with tools and provisions, was captured by the Spaniards. After a long and uncomfortable voyage, the other three
Down the Mississippi.

entered the Gulf of Mexico and sailed slowly along the northern shore. When at the mouth of the Mississippi two years before, La Salle had fixed its latitude but was unable to find its longitude. This was unfortunate, for not knowing its exact location, they sailed past the mouth without knowing it. The coast was low and monotonous. Finally, they landed on the coast of Texas at a place where the many inlets looked like the outlet of a river. The place is now known as Matagorda Bay.

The troops were landed and a fort was built. One of the smaller ships while sailing along the coast was wrecked, through the carelessness of the captain who was not a friend of La Salle. Many supplies were lost with her. Soon after, the large ship sailed for France leaving La Salle but one vessel, and this was soon after lost while exploring the coast.

La Salle soon found out that he had not landed at the mouth of the Mississippi and made several unsuccessful journeys in search of it. The colonists grew more and more discontented and blamed La Salle for all their troubles. Many were sick, some were killed by the Indians, and all suffered for want of good water and food. At last two men decided to kill La Salle and take the control of the company. While with him on one of his journeys in search of the river, these men, with several others, were sent out to hunt game. They were gone so long that La Salle sent his nephew with one companion in search of them. When found the nephew reproved them for staying so long and for taking the best part of the game they had killed. This made the men very angry and that night they killed the nephew, his companion, and a faithful Indian guide who had followed La Salle from Fort St. Louis. The next morning when La Salle, with a priest, came to
see what had kept them so long, they shot him, and, leaving his body in the wilderness, returned to the rest of the company. These murderers were killed a short time after in a quarrel with some of the Frenchmen.

The few who were left, among them La Salle's brother, finally made their way to the Mississippi and up it to Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois. Here they found Tonty, who treated them kindly, but they feared to tell him of La Salle's death. It was not until the next year, after the brother and his companion had returned to France, that Tonty heard through some Indians of his leader's unhappy death.
George R. Clarke.


More than a hundred years ago, Clarke, a young man from Virginia, who settled in Kentucky, formed the plan of driving the English out of Indiana and Illinois, and, by making friends with the Indians, of bringing over the whole of this region to the side of the Americans. It was during the Revolutionary war, and the English, assisted by the Indian tribes, had strong forts at Vincennes, in Indiana, at Kaskaskia, Illinois, and at Detroit, Michigan. At these places the Indians received guns, ammunition, and white leaders, and were encouraged by the British to make war upon the American people who were settled in Kentucky, against men, women, and children. For it was the practice of the Indians in attacking the settlers in Kentucky, to kill or capture men, women, and children. If they were not tomahawked or scalped, they were carried away to the Indian villages north of the Ohio river, and made slaves to the Indians. Clarke, who was only about twenty-four years old, decided to raise an army of Virginians and Kentuckians, go in boats down the Ohio, capture Kaskaskia and Vincennes from the British, and then force the Indians to become the friends of the Americans. Clarke had been in Kentucky a year and had become a bold leader of war parties against the Indians, as well as a skillful hunter and woodsman. But he had many difficulties. He had no money to keep up
an army and the men, unless well paid, were unwilling to undertake such a dangerous thing.

Clarke first decided to go back over the mountains to Virginia to see Patrick Henry, the governor, and his council. He traveled on horseback through the woods and over the mountains, starting October 1, 1777. He was a month in reaching his home, having traveled six hundred twenty miles. He persuaded the governor and council that it was a good plan, and they promised to help him, giving him $6,000 in paper money and promising to every man that would join the army three hundred acres of land. Clarke went back to Pittsburg and began to enlist soldiers. But nobody at first wished to join him.

He succeeded, however, in persuading a few to enlist with him, and then passing down the Ohio in boats into Eastern Kentucky, some other companies joined him, making in all more than one hundred and fifty men. With his boats, men, and supplies, he proceeded to the Falls of the Ohio, where Louisville now stands. But no settlers were living there when Clarke came. Just above the falls he landed on an island and built a block house and stored his supplies. He now explained to his men for the first time, his whole plan, and they were frightened. Some of them, from Tennessee, decided to return home, but Clarke refused to let them go. In the night, however, they escaped the guard, waded to the Kentucky shore, and took to the woods. Clarke sent other soldiers after them in the morning, but captured and brought back only a few.

With the rest of the men, one hundred and fifty-three in number, Clarke now made ready to set out to capture Kaskaskia and Vincennes. He saw that it was a very
dangerous undertaking, but for that very reason he liked it the more. Getting into their boats they plunged down over the rapids, and putting the men to the oars they hastened night and day till their boats reached an island at the mouth of the Tennessee river. Landing here, Clarke met a small party of American hunters who had just come from Kaskaskia. They told him that the fort was strong and in good repair, the soldiers of the garrison well trained, and the commander was watching the Mississippi river for any hostile force that might come up to capture the place. The French fur traders and boatmen upon the river were on the watch to give the commander notice of any war party. Clarke, however, did not intend to go up the river, but to march across the country and capture the fort by surprise. The hunters thought this would be possible. They joined him eagerly, and promised to guide him by the shortest route to the fort.

Clarke determined to march at once against Kaskaskia. Taking their new allies for guides, the little army of less than two hundred men started north across the wilderness, scouts being scattered well ahead of them, both to kill game and to see that their march was not discovered by any straggling Frenchman or Indian. The first fifty miles led through a tangled and pathless forest, the toil of traveling being great. After that, the work was less difficult, as they got out among the prairies. But on these great level meadows they had to take extra care to avoid being seen. Once the chief guide lost his way, and the whole party was thrown into confusion. Clarke was very angry, but in a couple of hours the guide found his bearings, and led them straight on their course. Clarke, with his army, moved along so quickly and quietly that no one was expecting him.
On the evening of the fourth of July they reached the river Kaskaskia, within three miles of the town, which lay on the further bank. They kept in the woods till after it grew dusk and then marched silently to the little farm on the hither side. The family were taken prisoners, and from them Clarke learned that some days before the townspeople had been alarmed at the rumor of a possible attack, but they were now off their guard. There were a great many men in the town, mostly French, the Indians having for the most part left. The commander had two or three times as many men under him as Clarke, and he would certainly make a good fight, if not taken by surprise. It was Clark's boldness and the speed of his movements which gave him a chance of success, with the odds so heavily against him.

Getting boats, Clarke ferried his men across the stream under cover of the darkness and in silence. He then approached Kaskaskia in the night, dividing his force into two divisions, one being spread out to surround the town so that none might escape, while he himself led the other up to the walls of the fort. Inside the fort the lights were lit, and through the windows came the sound of violins. The officers of the fort had given a ball, and the mirth-loving French, young men and girls, were dancing and reveling within, while the sentinels had left their posts. One of the captives showed Clarke a postern gate by the river side, and through this he entered the fort, having placed his men at the entrance. Advancing to the great hall where the dance was held, he leaned silently with folded arms against the door-post, looking at the dancers. An Indian, lying on the floor of the entry, gazed intently on the stranger's face as the light from the torches within flickered across it, and sud-
denly sprang to his feet, uttering the unearthly war-whoop. Instantly the dancing ceased, while the men ran towards the door. But Clarke, standing unmoved and with unchanged face, bade them grimly to go on with their dancing, but to remember that they now danced under Virginia and not under Great Britain. At the same time his men burst into the fort and seized the officers, including the commander.—[Rocheblanc.]

Immediately Clarke had every street secured and sent runners through the town, ordering the people to keep close to their houses on pain of death. Before daybreak he had them all disarmed. The French of the town were greatly frightened. The unlooked-for and mysterious approach of the backwoodsmen, their sudden attack, their wild and uncouth appearance, combined to fill the Frenchmen with fear. They believed also that the Kentuckians were harsh and cruel men. Clarke did not want to injure the French, but wished, rather, to make fast friends of them. The next morning he called together their chief men from the village and told them that he desired in no way to injure, but to treat them as brothers and give them all the rights of Americans. The French were so delighted with this speech that they passed at once from despair to the greatest joy, scattered flowers through the streets, sang and danced. The other French settlements along the river in Illinois heard with pleasure of this good treatment and became at once the firm friends of Clarke. The French were Catholics. When Gibault, the priest, asked Clarke whether the Catholic church might be opened, the reply was that, as a commander, he had nothing to do with the churches except to protect them from insult, and that by the laws of the Republic, the Catholic church had as great privileges as any other.
But though he had captured the fort and made friends of the French, Clarke was still surrounded by the greatest difficulties. There were many tribes of war-like and hostile Indians in Illinois and Indiana. The British at Vincennes and Detroit were much stronger than he, and had the Indians as allies. His own army was very small and he could expect no help from Virginia, which was hundreds of miles away and fully employed with the war of the Revolution. Besides, his own men were independent and wilful, and their time of service was about passed. But Clarke persuaded one hundred of them to enlist again for eight months, sent fifty home, and then enlisted seventy other men from among the French, so that his army was as large as before. Much of his time every day was spent in drilling his men, both American and French, and they soon became a well trained body of soldiers.

The British still held a strong fort at Vincennes on the Wabash. Clarke, in going down the Ohio, had passed by this fort, because he had believed that his army was not strong enough to take it. He now wished to capture this place, but did not know how strong it was, nor how many British soldiers defended it. The people living in the village near the Vincennes fort were also French.

Clarke now told the French at Kaskaskia that he was about to march with his little army to destroy the fort and village at Vincennes, because they belonged to and were friendly to the English. But the French at Kaskaskia, who had friends and kinsmen at Vincennes, begged him not to do so. For if he would wait, two of their best men, with other Frenchmen, would go to Vincennes and persuade the French people of the village to desert the English. Clarke agreed to this and the two
men, with Gibault, the priest, and others, set out in a boat for Vincennes. When they arrived they found only a few English soldiers at the fort, and soon persuaded the French inhabitants to join Clarke. They also went to the fort and compelled the men to pull down the English, and to put up the American flag. As soon as this news reached Clarke he appointed Captain Helm, one of his men, and a few French volunteers to go and to take possession of the fort and hold it.

The Indians along the Wabash were so much astonished at the sudden change that they began to think of joining Clarke. Tabac was an Indian chief living on the river below Vincennes. Because his tribe controlled the mouth of the river, he was called "The Door of the Wabash." Clarke sent word to him to join the British or the Americans as he pleased. After thinking it over a few days, Tabac decided to join the "Long Knives" as he called the Kentuckians. After this the other tribes along the Wabash and around Vincennes, were pacified by Helm and Clarke.

"Clarke now took upon himself the greater task of dealing with the huge horde of savages, representing every tribe between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, who had come to Illinois, some from a distance of five hundred miles. They wished to learn just what had happened and to hear for themselves all that the 'Long Knives' had to say. They gathered to meet him at Cahokia (north of Kaskaskia), chiefs and warriors of every grade, Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Sacs and Foxes, and other tribes. The straggling streets of the little town were thronged with hundreds of dark-browed, sullen-looking savages. They strutted to and fro in their dirty finery, or lounged about the houses, in-
quisitive and insolent, hardly concealing their thirst for bloodshed and plunder.”

Fortunately, Clark knew exactly how to treat them. He was always on his guard, while seemingly very cool and confident. But on the third night a crowd of reckless warriors tried to force a way into the house where he was lodging, and to carry him off as a prisoner. Clarke had been suspicious of their purpose and was on the look-out. His guards were at hand and promptly seized the savages. The townspeople also took the alarm, and were in arms in a couple of minutes in favor of Clarke. He instantly ordered the French militia to put the captives, both chiefs and warriors, in irons. His boldness was completely successful. The crestfallen prisoners humbly begged his pardon and said they were only trying to see whether the French were really the friends of Clarke. They then desired to be released. Up to this time Clarke had treated the Indians with great kindness, but now he refused to grant their request, and treated them with scorn and indifference, even when the chiefs of the other tribes asked him to let them go free. While the whole town was in confusion, Clarke seemed wholly undisturbed, and did not even shift his lodgings to the fort for safety. But he secretly filled a large room next to his own, with armed men, and the guards were kept ready for instant action. To make his pretended indifference more complete, he assembled a company of ladies and gentlemen who danced nearly the whole night. The savages were much perplexed, and held several councils among themselves during the night.

“Next morning Clarke called all the tribes to a grand council. He then released the captive chiefs, that he might speak to them in the presence of their friends and
allies. After all the ceremonies of Indian etiquette had been finished, Clarke stood up in the ring of squatted warriors, while his riflemen, in travel-worn hunting-shirts, clustered behind him. Taking the bloody war belt of wampum, he handed it to the chiefs whom he had taken captive, telling the assembled tribes that he cared neither for their treachery nor enmity. He had a right to put them to death, but instead of this he would escort them outside the town, and after three days begin war upon them. Pointing to the war belt, he challenged them to see which could make it the more bloody. Now that he had finished talking to them he wished them to depart at once." All the Indian chiefs, including the prisoners, replied in turn that they wished for peace and were sorry that they had ever sided against him.

"Clarke then rose again and told them that he came not as a counselor, but as a warrior; not begging for peace, but carrying in his right hand, peace, in his left hand, war. To those who were friendly he would be a friend, but if they chose war, he would call from the thirteen council fires (thirteen colonies), warriors so numerous that they would darken the land. At the end of his speech he offered them the two belts of war and peace. They eagerly took the peace belt. But Clarke declined to smoke the calumet (peace pipe) or to release all his prisoners, and insisted that two of them should be put to death. The Indians even consented to this, and two of their young men were surrendered to him. Advancing they sat down before him on the floor, covering their heads with blankets to receive the tomahawk. Then Clarke at last granted them full pardon and peace, and forgave the young men their doom. The next day after a peace council there was a feast, and the friendship of
the Indians was fully won. Clarke ever after had great influence with them. They admired his personal prowess, his oratory, his address as a treaty maker, and the skill with which he led his troops. Long afterwards, when the United States authorities were trying to make treaties with the Indians, it was noticed that the latter never would speak to any other white general while Clarke was present."

Clarke had now settled his affairs with the Indians, but a still greater difficulty awaited him. General Hamilton, the English commander at Detroit, knew well how small Clarke's army was. He was a man of great energy, and immediately began to prepare an expedition to recapture Vincennes and drive Clarke out of Illinois. French spies and agents were sent out by the English at Detroit, to stir up the Indians in Illinois, Indiana, and the northwest. Hamilton himself was to command the main army against Vincennes. "Throughout September every soul in Detroit was busy from morning till night mending boats, baking biscuits, packing provisions in kegs and bags, collecting artillery stores, and in every way preparing for the expedition. Fifteen large boats were procured, each able to carry from 1,800 to 3,000 pounds. These were to be loaded with the ammunition, food, clothing, tents, and especially with presents for the Indians. Cattle and wheels were sent ahead to the most important portages on the route. A six pound gun was also forwarded." Before starting, feasts were given to the Indian tribes, at which oxen were roasted whole (barbecue), while Hamilton and the chiefs of the French sang the war song in solemn council, and received the pledges of armed assistance and support from the savages.

On October 7, the expedition left Detroit. Hamilton
started with one hundred and seventy-seven whites, (British regulars, Canadian French, and Detroit militia,) and sixty Indians. About two hundred and sixty Indians joined him on the way, so that upon reaching Vincennes his army was five hundred strong. In sailing the boats across Lake Erie to reach the mouth of the Maumee river, they were overtaken by darkness and a strong gale and were almost swamped. The waters of the Maumee were low and the boats were poled slowly up against the current, reaching the portage, where there was an Indian village, October 24. Here a nine-miles portage was made to one of the sources of the Wabash. This stream was so low that the boats could not have gone down it, had it not been for a beaver dam, four miles below the landing place, which backed up the current. "A passage was cut through the beaver dam to let the boats through. The traders and Indians thoroughly appreciated the help given them at this difficult point by the beavers (for Hamilton was following the regular route of traders, hunters, and war parties), and none of the beavers of this dam were ever killed or molested. They were left to repair the dam, which they always speedily did whenever it was damaged."

The Wabash was shallow in many places, and swampy in others. Frost set in and the ice cut the men as they hauled the boats over the shoals. The boats often needed to be beached and caulked, while both whites and Indians had to help carry the loads round the shallow places. At every Indian village it was necessary to stop, hold a conference, and give presents. At one of these villages the Wabash chiefs, who had made peace with Clarke, came and joined Hamilton. Some of Helm's scouts from Fort Vincennes were also captured. War parties were sent
out to surround Vincennes and cut off any messengers that might be sent to Clarke or to Kentucky. When Hamilton finally reached Vincennes, all the French deserted Clarke and joined the English, so that Helm was left with only two or three Americans, and they were forced to surrender.

Hamilton's spies now brought him word that Clarke had but one hundred and ten men in Illinois, while Hamilton had five hundred. Had he pushed forward at once to attack Clarke, he might have captured his force. He did not fear that Clarke, with such a small body of men, would try to recapture Vincennes. He allowed the Indians to scatter to their homes for the winter and the Detroit militia to return to Detroit. Eighty or ninety white soldiers were kept at the fort and about as many Indians. In the spring he expected to begin the war again on a large scale with a thousand men, and light cannon with which to batter down the stockades. He expected not only to defeat Clarke in Illinois, but to drive the Americans out of Kentucky. Clarke, on the other hand, could expect no re-enforcements from Kentucky or Virginia, nor any further aid from the French in Illinois. In the spring Hamilton was certain to have an army so strong that he could not resist it. For a long time Clarke could not get exact information of what had happened at Vincennes, nor of the condition of things there. But at last news came from a French friend of Clarke who had been at Vincennes. He was a trader, named Vigo, from St. Louis. Having gone to Vincennes, he was at first imprisoned by Hamilton, but afterwards was released and returned to tell Clarke the news. He said there were eighty white men, besides Indians, with Hamilton in the fort, with three pieces of cannon and swivels.
was also at the fort plenty of ammunition and provisions. It was now the last of January, and early in the spring other British soldiers, from Canada, besides one thousand Indians, would join Hamilton. Clarke at once decided to march with his one hundred and seventy man and attack Vincennes before spring opened. He first, however, sent out a large row-galley with small cannon and forty men. It was to go up the Ohio and Wabash and be ready to assist the soldiers who were to march across southern Illinois by land.

With his one hundred and seventy Kentuckians and French he set out from Kaskaskia, on the seventh day of February. The route by which they had to go was two hundred and forty miles in length. It lay through a beautiful and well watered country of groves and prairie, but at that season the march was one of hardships and fatigue. There were no roads, no houses for shelter. There were no paths through the prairies and swamps, no bridges over the swollen streams. The weather had grown mild so that at first there was no suffering from the cold, but it rained, and the melting ice caused great freshets, and all the lowlands and meadows were flooded. "Clarke's great object was to keep his troops in good spirits. Of course he and his officers shared every hardship and led in every labor. He encouraged the men to hunt game and to feast on it like the Indian, each company in turn inviting the other to the smoking and plentiful banquet. One day they saw a great herd of buffaloes and killed many. They had no tents, but at nightfall they kindled large camp-fires and spent the evening merrily around the piles of blazing logs, in hunter fashion, feasting on beans, ham, and buffalo hump, elk saddle, venison haunch, and the breast of the wild turkey, some singing of the
chase and of war, others dancing after the manner of the French trappers and wood runners. Thus they marched hard but gleefully and in good spirits until, after a week, they came to the drowned lands of the Little Wabash. The channels of its two branches were a league apart, but the flood was so high that they now formed one great river five miles wide, the overflow of water being three feet deep in the shallowest part of the plains between and alongside the main channels. Clarke instantly started to build a pirogue, or boat, out of the trunk of a large tree. Then crossing over the first channel, he put up a scaffold upon the edge of the flooded plain. He ferried his men over and brought the baggage across and placed it upon the scaffold; then he swam the pack-horses over, loaded them as they stood in the water beside the scaffold, and marched his men on.” They crossed the second channel in the same manner.

The next day they came to a branch of the Wabash which was so flooded that they could not cross. Having found a dry place to camp, they waited till morning and marched down to where this branch joined the Wabash. They were now ten miles from Vincennes, seven of them being the valley of the Wabash, covered to a depth of three or more feet with water. They were entirely out of provisions, and the boat was not expected for several days. Four men were sent out to see if they could not find boats opposite Vincennes, but they could not get to the Wabash. Rafts were then made and four other men were sent to search for boats, but they found nothing, after wading in the water all day and night. One little boat was found by another party, and two men were sent with it to search for the big boat that was coming up the river. For two days now, the men had been working
hard, with nothing to eat, and the Frenchmen began to talk of going home. To keep the men busy, Clarke set them at work making canoes on the bank. At noon they saw a party of Frenchmen from Vincennes coming down the river in a boat, and called to them. They came ashore, told Clarke that Hamilton knew nothing of the little army, and that the French people at the village were friendly to Clarke. They said, also, there were two canoes adrift on the river above. One of these Clarke secured. This day one of the men killed a deer and brought it in, and this gave a bite to eat for each of the one hundred and seventy men.

They now had boats enough to ferry the army across the main channel, and they did so the next day, and the men walked three miles through the water, in places up to their necks. It rained all day and they camped on a little hill that night without food. The next day they marched three miles further on through the water with nothing to eat. That night the weather turned cold and the wet clothing of the men froze on them. The next morning the men were nearly tired out. There were still four miles of water to wade through, breast deep. Clarke encouraged his men to follow and plunged first into the water. It was covered with a thin ice, but the men gave a shout and followed him. At last they reached the edge of the woods where they thought the water stopped, but the dry land was further on. Some of the men gave out, too weak to walk. The canoes ran back and forth and helped the weak to reach land. As they touched the solid ground many fell down, hardly able to stand any longer. But the day was bright, fire was kindled in the woods, their clothes were dried, and, luckier still, some squaws and children came along in a boat with a quarter
of a buffalo, some corn, tallow, and kettles. These were captured, and "after eating some broth" the men felt better. Warmed, dried, and refreshed, they began to jest over the hardships they had just passed through.

But the fort and village were not yet captured, and Clarke's little army was so small that if his enemies knew how few soldiers he had, it would be hard to capture the place. Clarke decided first to seize the French village near the fort and to make the people think his army was much larger than it really was. In the afternoon he captured a Frenchman who was out shooting ducks. This man was sent back to the French village with word that Clarke with his army was about to storm the place, and for all the people in the village to keep quiet unless they wish to be severely punished. Towards evening, as it grew dark, Clarke approached the village on the lowlands where his men could not be seen, and suddenly entered the town and took possession of it. Hamilton knew nothing of Clarke's army till the village was taken and the Kentuckians began to fire on the fort.

Clarke threw up an intrenchment across the road in front of the main gate of the fort, and that night the British in the fort and the Americans in the town kept up a constant firing of guns without doing any damage. In the morning, early, Clarke demanded the surrender of the fort, but Hamilton refused. While they were waiting for an answer, Clarke's men cooked and ate their breakfast, the first complete meal they had had for several days. Then the firing began again. The fort was surrounded on all sides, and not a man could show his face or hand without great danger. The Americans were fine riflemen and could hit a silver dollar at a distance of one hundred yards. They kept behind houses, earth works, and logs
near the fort, and kept up such a constant firing of guns that several British soldiers were killed. The British could not use their cannon because, every time a port-hole opened, bullets flew into it too fast. Hamilton in the afternoon sent out a flag of truce, and soon made arrangements with Clarke to surrender the British, the fort, and all their supplies. The next morning Clarke marched in and took possession and changed its name to Patrick Henry. The Indian tribes of Illinois and Indiana now came to Clarke at Vincennes and made peace. From this time on, Vincennes and Kaskaskia remained in the hands of the Americans and were never again taken by the English.
In 1781 or 1782, the grandfather of Abraham Lincoln moved from Virginia to Kentucky. Settling in the forest about twenty miles east of Louisville, he cleared a small farm and built a log house. One morning in 1786, with his three sons, he was at work, in the edge of the clearing, making fence. While they were at this work some Indians crept up behind the bushes near by and shot the father. Mordecai at once ran to the house and obtained a gun. Pointing it through a loop-hole, he aimed at an Indian who was about to lift up Thomas, his youngest brother, a boy of seven. The Indian fell back at the shot and Thomas ran to the house. Josiah, the other brother, had fled to a fort a few miles away to bring help. From the loft of the house Mordecai kept firing at the Indians, and held them back till Josiah returned with help from the fort, and all the Indians fled.

Thomas, afterward the father of Abraham Lincoln, learned the trade of a carpenter. In 1806 he married Nancy Hanks, whose family had also come from Virginia. She could read and write, and taught her husband to write his own name. They settled upon a little farm about seventy-five miles south of Louisville. The cabin was on the branch of a small creek. At this cabin in 1809, about three miles from Hodginsville, was born Abraham Lincoln. Until he was eight years old, he lived a lonesome life, playing in the woods, with no toys or playthings
at home. With his sister, Sarah, he went to school long enough to learn his letters and a little more. His home was very poor and his mother worked hard.

When Abraham was eight years old, his father decided to leave Kentucky and to move into Southern Indiana, because he had heard of the rich unoccupied land there. He built a rude boat and put on board a kit of tools and some barrels of whisky. On the way down the river his flat-boat ran aground and his goods sank in the water, but he saved the tools and part of the whisky. Having landed on the north side, he made a day's journey into the forest and selected a good spot for a farm. It was necessary to walk back to Kentucky to get his family. All of their clothing, bedding, and furniture, including pans and kettles, was packed upon the backs of two borrowed horses. After crossing the Ohio river into Indiana, they also borrowed a wagon, and then, by cutting a way through the trees and bushes, reached their new home, a mile and a half east of Gentryville. Thomas Lincoln, the father, with his kit of tools, was expected to build them a house, and with his rifle, to supply them with food from the forest. They at first built a shed of poles, open at one side, in which they lived for a year. In the meantime ground was cleared of the trees, for corn and for a cabin. A cabin was soon after begun, but was occupied before it was completed, before windows, doors, and a floor were put in. There were no chairs except three-legged stools. The walls of the hut were built up of rough logs, notched and lapping over each other at the corners. A bed was built in one corner of the log hut. There was but one bed-post, a crotched stick, upon which were laid the ends of two hickory poles, the other ends of the poles being fastened into holes in
the logs of the wall. Rough slabs were laid across from these poles to the logs at the side, and a bag of dried leaves was then thrown upon the slabs. The boy slept on a bag of leaves in the loft, which he reached by climbing, not the stairs, but a ladder of wooden pegs driven into the logs of the wall.

The first summer Thomas raised corn enough for his family, and as the deer were abundant about the salt licks not far from his cabin, he was able, usually, to kill a fine deer after waiting an hour or two. The meat of a deer would last the family a week, and the skin, when tanned, supplied clothing and shoes. The house was poorly furnished, the floor was the hard earth, while a few pots and kettles used at the fire-place, and a table, which was a big log standing on four wooden pegs, completed the outfit. There was no door, but the entrance was hung with bear skins to keep out the cold. The country was so new that the cabins of the settlers were far apart, and the damp woods surrounded the little clearings in all directions. There was plenty of game, such as deer, squirrels, and bears. When Lincoln was only eight years old he shot a wild turkey, which he carried home with great pleasure.

In the fall of the first year a fatal disease, called the milk-sickness, broke out among the settlers. Mr and Mrs. Sparrow, an uncle and aunt of Lincoln, with their children, had joined them from Kentucky. They were both taken sick and died. No physicians and no good medicines were to be had. Mrs. Lincoln soon after took sick, and, in a few days, died. Thomas Lincoln made wooden coffins for them, and they were quietly buried in a little clearing in the forest. Little Abraham was grieved that his mother should be so buried without any
religious service. At this time he wrote his first letter, asking a Mr. Elkin, a minister, to come to Indiana to preach his mother's funeral sermon. Several months afterward the preacher came, and the service was held. This winter after his mother's death was very dreary. About a year afterwards, Thomas Lincoln married a Mrs. Johnston, of Kentucky, who astonished Abraham and his sister by bringing with her, when she came, some good furniture for the cabin, and some warm bed-clothing. It took a four-horse wagon to bring her furniture and goods from Kentucky. She caused her husband, also, to put down a floor, and to make windows and a door. She came in winter time, and treated the poor children so well and made the house so warm and comfortable that they were much happier. A son and two daughters came with her, who now became little Abraham's brother and sisters. She treated him so kindly, and he learned to love her so much, that long afterwards she said, "He never gave me a cross word, and never refused to do anything I requested of him."

He had gone to school a few weeks in Kentucky, and now he was sent again in Indiana. One of his teachers was Andrew Crawford, who not only taught him reading, writing, and arithmetic, but manners too, how to bow and how to introduce a person. He was a good speller and took delight in writing compositions. His first essays were against cruelty to animals. He was angry at seeing the other boys tormenting turtles, putting live coals on their backs to make them crawl. The last school he attended was four and one-half miles from home, and this distance he walked twice a day.

He was now seventeen, and very tall and strong. With low shoes, a linsey-woolsey shirt, buckskin breeches,
and a coonskin cap, he was a rough-looking backwoods boy, and so tall that his trousers had grown several inches too short. His father set him to work upon the farm, grubbing up roots and stumps, plowing, mowing and cradling, chopping wood, splitting rails, and often working barefooted. When not needed on his father's farm, he often worked as a hired hand for the neighbors. When sixteen years old he worked for a while on a ferry-boat that crossed the Ohio River. In the fall, when the hogs were to be killed, he was in demand because of his great strength, getting thirty-one cents a day for his work. He could carry six hundred pounds and lift a barrel of whisky, but people complained that he was too temperate. He was so good-natured, full of stories, and so kind in helping the women about the house, that he was much liked as a farm hand. He was ready to chop wood, bring in water, make a fire, or take care of the baby. Once he saved the life of a town drunkard, whom he found freezing by the roadside, and carried him in his arms to the tavern.

At his home there was but one room in the cabin, and a large family of seven children, including brothers, sisters, and cousins. Abraham was the big brother to whom they all looked up for help. He took no great delight in farm work, but did his tasks in a satisfactory manner. When the day's work was done, he turned with pleasure to his books and ciphering. So great was his strength that he was not wearied with the farm work, and could spend the evenings in study. When no paper was to be had, he ciphered on a board or wooden shovel and then shaved off the figures. Few books were to be had, but such as could be found, he read again and again, such as Æsop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, Bun-
yan's Pilgrim's Progress, a history of the United States, and the life of Washington. From borrowed books he would fill his copy book with choice extracts, and then often commit them to memory. Sometimes he wrote essays, poems, and speeches, and after attending a meeting he would sometimes mount a stump and repeat what he had heard for the entertainment of the other boys.

Mr. Jones, the store-keeper at Gentryville, took a liking to Lincoln, talked with him about politics, and sometimes employed him in his store. Lincoln now began to wish to see something of the world beyond his backwoods home, and turned his attention to the boats on the river. But he was not yet of age and his father needed him on the farm. When he was nineteen years old, Mr. Gentry, of Gentryville, employed him to work the front oars of a flat-boat which was loaded with bacon, to be sold at New Orleans and other cities on the Mississippi. Lincoln and a son of Mr. Gentry made this trip of eighteen hundred miles together successfully. Passing down the Ohio and Mississippi they stopped at some of the large cities on the river. One night they had anchored at a sugar plantation a few miles below Baton Rouge, the young men had gone to sleep in the cabin, when they were awakened by the noise of footsteps and saw a gang of negroes boarding the boat, for the purpose of robbing it. Abraham seized a club, knocked some of them overboard, and chased the others away. Pleased with their victory, the two young men jumped ashore, pursued the negroes a short distance in the dark, and returned, bleeding with a few wounds, to the boat. Loosening it, they then floated down the river during the night. Having sold the cargo, they returned on a steamboat, up the river, to Indiana.
When Lincoln was twenty years old, his father decided to move to Illinois. The farm and house were sold and the family, with goods and furniture, packed in a wagon, drawn by four oxen. They set out in February, when the roads were thawing and the streams flooded. After tramping fifteen days through the muddy forest roads, a distance of two hundred miles, they settled on a farm by the Sangamon river, ten miles west of Decatur. Here the men put up a log cabin, also a smoke house for drying and smoking meat, and a stable. Abraham was now about twenty-one years old, but he, with the help of John Hanks, plowed fifteen acres of land and split enough rails from the tall walnut trees to fence it, before leaving home. After getting the family well settled, he started out to work for his own living. He was at this time a very rough looking person, tall, angular and ungainly, with trousers of flax and tow, cut tight at the ankles. He was so poor that he bargained to split rails to get enough jeans to make him a pair of trousers. The next year Lincoln and his cousin, John Hanks, agreed to take a cargo of goods down the Mississippi again. They were to receive, each, fifty cents a day and twenty dollars each, on their return. They met their employer at Springfield, but he had no boat ready. Then the young men cut down trees on the bank of the Sangamon and built a flat-boat. When completed, they loaded it with corn and pork and started down the Sangamon. Just below New Salem the boat stuck fast on a dam. Lincoln waded about the boat till he made a contrivance for unloading and lifting it over the dam, and afterwards patented a machine for lifting boats over shallow places. They then passed down the Sangamon, the Illinois, and the Mississippi, to New Orleans. It was on one of these trips to New Orleans that
he was asked by two gentlemen to ferry them across the river and received for it one dollar. It was the first dollar in money that he ever received and greatly pleased him. In New Orleans he saw negroes chained, whipped, and sold as slaves, and was indignant. Lincoln returned to St. Louis and then walked home. Soon after this he became clerk in a store at New Salem, working as a salesman for a year.

In 1831, Lincoln went to New Salem, a town on the Sangamon river, to become the clerk of Mr. Offutt in the village store. After waiting a while for the goods to arrive, the store was opened and Lincoln began to serve the customers. In figuring up the account of a woman who had bought something at the store, he found that she had paid him six and a quarter cents too much. After closing the store that evening he walked several miles to the woman's home to pay her back. He was good-natured and obliging in his manner and in no way inclined to pick a quarrel. But one day, while ladies were in the store, a country bully came in and began to use very loud and profane language. Lincoln asked him to cease, and was at once challenged to a fight in the street. They went out, and Lincoln quickly threw down the ruffian, and then, pulling up some of the smart-weed in the road, rubbed his face and eyes with it till he howled for relief. Lincoln then treated him kindly and brought some water to bathe his smarting face.

There was a crowd of rough and reckless young men who came almost every week to New Salem to carouse. They were accustomed, also, to challenge any new comer in the village to a wrestle or fight, and were often very brutal to those for whom they were too strong. Mr. Offutt was very talkative, and often foolishly boasted of Lincoln's
strength and skill as a wrestler. At first the rough "Clary's Grove boys," as they were called, did not disturb him, but they were annoyed to hear the boasting about Lincoln's strength, and after a good deal of bantering, the strongest of the bullies challenged him to a wrestling match. Lincoln disliked it all, but could not well refuse. Jack Armstrong, his opponent, soon found that he was not a match for Lincoln, and was then aided by his friends, who began to close in and to kick and annoy Lincoln, so that he came near falling. Somewhat provoked at this, he seized Armstrong with all his strength, and almost choked the breath from him. The others then seeing that Lincoln was fully aroused and, with his back to the wall, was fearlessly facing the crowd, decided to withdraw and avoid a fight. These men now became his fast friends, and greatly admired his strength and pluck. His reputation for strength and good humor were now established, and he was often called in as a peacemaker to decide the disputes of others.

It was also during his year's clerkship in Mr. Offutt's store that he decided to study grammar. After some inquiries, he heard of a grammar that could be secured if he would walk several miles after it. Having obtained this prize, he was so industrious in his study of it that he soon found himself master of all it contained.

Mr. Offutt's store at New Salem was kept open only about a year. At the close of that time the Black Hawk Indian war broke out in northern Illinois, when that chief invaded the state with his warriors. Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, at once called for volunteers, and Lincoln was one of the first to answer the call. When the company met for the first time they had no captain, and at once proceeded to make a choice. About three-fourths of the
men walked to where Lincoln stood, much to his delight, and thus selected him as captain. His company then joined other companies to form a regiment, and marched northwest to the Mississippi river and up the Rock river to Dixon. Lincoln remained with the army till the war closed, although many of his companions returned home as soon as their term of enlistment was up. Lincoln was considered the strongest man in the army, and only one was equal to him in wrestling. Black Hawk's band was finally scattered and he taken prisoner. When released from service Lincoln was in southern Wisconsin. He and a friend at once set out on foot to return home, as their horses had been stolen a short time before. Other soldiers, who were traveling the same way, lent them their horses at times. Having reached Peoria they bought a skiff and began the rest of the journey down the river. The second day they overtook a lumber raft guided down the stream by two men. They were invited to join them and feasted on "fish, corn bread, eggs, butter, and coffee." They ate heartily, not having had such a warm meal for several days. Having reached Havana they crossed the country on foot to their homes.
JOLIET AND MARQUETTE.

Authority, Parkman's La Salle

Joliet was a fur-trader who was sent by the governor of Canada in 1673 to discover the Mississippi river. The French traders and missionaries had heard of a great river westward from Lake Michigan, but no white man had seen it. Joliet went up the St. Lawrence and the lakes till he reached Point St. Ignace, on the north side of the Strait of Mackinac. Here Marquette, a Jesuit missionary, was waiting to join him. Marquette had been living at the strait two years, preaching to some Huron and Ottawa Indians who lived there. He had a mission house, a chapel, and a palisade around both. Near by were the Indian villages of bark huts. The fur-traders who roamed the woods for skins and furs often met here to barter with the Indians.

Joliet and Marquette selected five men to go with them, and fitted up two birch-bark canoes, putting in a supply of smoked meat and Indian corn. Having found out from the Indians about the best route, they started, on the seventeenth of May. Paddling the canoes, they kept along the northern shore, landing each evening to camp and to build a fire in the edge of the forest. Having reached the Menominee river, they went up the stream to a village of the Menominee or Wild-rice Indians. These Indians, on hearing that they wanted to go in search of the great river, tried to discourage them, saying that the tribes on the river were savage and would kill them,
that there was a monster in the stream that would swallow up their boat and men, and that the river became hot to the south. The travelers did not listen to these stories, but went on to Green Bay, where they found a mission, and then entered Fox river. It was hard work to drag the boats up the long, steep rapids, but they reached Lake Winnebago and then the river to the west. The river wound its way among swamps of wild rice upon which many water fowls were feeding. They reached an Indian town built upon a high hill with many prairies and woods in sight. Marquette was delighted to find a cross standing in the middle of the place, "decorated with a number of dressed deerskins, red girdles, and bows and arrows, which they had hung upon it as an offering to the great Manitou of the French."

Calling a council of the Indian chiefs, they asked for guides to the Mississippi. The Indians gave them two guides, and when they were ready to go, all the people came down to the shore to see them depart. The guides pointed out the way through winding currents and swamps of wild rice, till they reached the portage. Carrying their canoes a mile and a half across the prairie and marshes, they launched them in the Wisconsin, and began the voyage into an unknown world. Perhaps they would reach the Pacific ocean, or the Gulf of Mexico, or California. They glided down the valley of the Wisconsin, viewing the islands, forests, and bluffs. Landing in the evening, they usually kindled a fire, turned the boats upside down, roasted their meat before the fire, and after smoking their pipes, lay down to rest, upon skins and blankets.

About the middle of June they were filled with joy by the sight of the current of the Mississippi, into which
they steered their little boats. Floating down the Mississippi, they were surprised at a huge cat-fish dashing against the side of the boat, and were reminded of the Indian story of the monster. Drawing in their fish-net one day, they saw in it a strange kind of fish now called the spade-fish. Later on, they saw great herds of buffalo, with their shaggy manes, grazing on the wide prairies. Fearing they might meet savage tribes, they no longer landed at night, but anchored their boat in the river, and chose one to guard while the others slept. For two weeks they had met no one and had seen no signs of Indians.

One day they saw foot-prints in the mud on the western bank, and a path leading up to the prairies. Joliet and Marquette decided to follow this path, leaving the five men to guard the boats. It was a pleasant day, and the two men followed the path for several miles across the prairies and through the woods till they came in sight of a village, on the bank of a river. They were not seen, though they could hear the voices of the Indians talking in the village. Standing out in full view, they shouted to make the Indians look at them, and great was the stir in the village when the Indians began to crowd out to see the strangers. Four chief men soon came forward, holding the peace pipe, decorated with feathers. The Frenchmen were pleased to see the Indians wearing articles of French cloth, and thought they must be friendly. Being asked who they were, the Indians replied that they were the Illinois, and offered the peace pipe. After smoking it, they entered the village together. Here the chief did them honor in a strange manner. Standing naked in his tent door, he raised both hands to shield his eyes, and said: "Frenchmen, how bright the sun shines when you come to visit us! All our village awaits you, and you
shall enter our wigwams in peace.” They were then led into the smoky wigwam, crowded with Indians, who stared at them in silence. Having smoked with the chiefs and old men, they were invited to visit the great chief of all the Illinois, at one of the villages they had seen in the distance. They went, followed by a throng of warriors, squaws, and children. On arriving there, they were forced to smoke again and listen to a speech of welcome from the great chief, who delivered it standing between two old men, naked like himself. Marquette, who could speak in the Indian language, first said that he had come to them as a messenger from God, whom they ought to obey, then told them of Frontenac, the governor of Canada, and asked them about the Mississippi river and the tribes along its banks. The chief replied, saying, they were welcome, “that their presence added flavor to his tobacco, made the river more calm and the sky more blue, and the earth more beautiful. Then he gave them a slave and asked them not to go down the Mississippi.

A feast of four courses now followed. First a wooden bowl full of a porridge of Indian meal, boiled with grease, was set before the guests, and an Indian fed them like little children, with a large spoon. Then came a platter of fish, and the same man carefully removed the bones with his fingers, and, blowing on the morsels to cool them, placed them in the mouths of the two Frenchmen. A large dog, killed and cooked for the occasion, was next placed before them. But their appetites were not strong enough for this and soon it was removed for a dish of fat buffalo meat, which ended the feast. The crowd having scattered, buffalo robes were spread on the ground and the Frenchmen slept there for the night. In the morning the chief, with six hundred of his tribe, led them to their canoes and bade them a friendly farewell.
Drifting slowly down the great river, they passed the mouth of the Illinois river, and saw farther down, the line of rocks called by some the ruined castles. Below this they saw on the flat surface of a high rock, two painted figures, a pair of monsters, each as large as a calf, with horns like a deer, red eyes, beard like a tiger, and a frightful expression. The body was covered with scales, and a long tail wound about it, ending like that of a fish. The Frenchmen were frightened at first by these pictures of the painted Indian god.

Suddenly they were astonished by a swift current of muddy water rushing into the Mississippi from the west. It was the Missouri, which rolls into the Mississippi, carrying logs, branches, and muddy water. Their light canoes were whirled around like leaves in the current. At first they were frightened, but kept down the river without further danger. After passing the mouth of the Ohio, or beautiful river, the banks were low and covered with a great growth of tall cane. The weather was very hot and the mosquitoes tormented them night and day. Seeing some Indians on the shore they were much frightened, but held out the peace pipe which the Indians gladly saw and then invited them to land. "They were acquainted with white people, for they were armed with guns, knives, and hatchets, wore garments of cloth, and carried their gun-powder in small bottles of thick glass. They feasted the Frenchmen with buffalo meat, bear's oil, and white plums, and told them falsely that they could reach the mouth of the river in ten days."

Passing on down the river three hundred miles further, they neared the mouth of the Arkansas, and saw a cluster of wigwams on the west shore. The Indians, upon seeing the white men, yelled the war-whoop, and snatching their
weapons, ran to the shore to meet the strangers, who felt themselves in great danger. Several large canoes, filled with savages, put out from the shore, above and below them, and a swarm of young warriors waded into the water to attack them. But the current was too deep and one of them threw his war club, which passed over the heads of the Frenchmen. Marquette held up the peace pipe, but the savages, paying no heed to it, strung their bows and aimed their arrows. But now the elders of the village came down, called back the young men, and seeing the peace pipe, invited the Frenchmen to land. They did so with trembling, and were better treated than they expected. After a feast of mush and fish, the Frenchmen, in much fear, spent the night in the Indian lodges. The next day, several miles lower down, they visited the village of the Indian chief. Before his lodge was a sort of platform, and the ground in front of it was covered with rush mats for the strangers. The men were naked but wore strings of beads in their noses and ears. There was in the village a young Indian who could talk the Illinois language. Through him Marquette talked with the chief and gave presents to the Indians, who feasted the Frenchmen in return. While the speeches were going on, the Indians kept bringing in food, mush, boiled corn, and sometimes a roasted dog. The Indians had large earthen pots and platters made by themselves with tolerable skill, as well as hatchets, knives, and beads bought from the French and Spanish traders. All day they kept up the feast. The Indians said that the lower Mississippi was lined with hostile Indians who were armed with guns obtained from the white men, and that they were so much afraid of these savages, that they dared not hunt the buffalo, but lived on corn, of which they raised three crops a year.
The Frenchmen now took council as to what was best to be done. They feared the Indians and Spaniards, and though they would gladly have seen the mouth of the river, they were sure it flowed into the Gulf of Mexico. Having decided, therefore, to return up the Mississippi, they left the Indian village near the mouth of the Arkansas and started homeward the seventeenth of July. It was a hard trip against the strong current of the great river, in the heat of summer. Rowing all day and camping at night in the damp, unhealthy vapors of the river, Marquette was taken sick and suffered all the long, toilsome journey from languor and weakness. When at last they came to the mouth of the Illinois, they turned their boats up its current and enjoyed its forests, prairies, and gentle current. They stopped at an Indian village of seventy lodges, each of which had several fires and families of the Illinois tribe. A young Indian chief offered to guide them to Lake Michigan. Having reached Lake Michigan, with their boats, they rowed northward along its shores, reaching the station at Green Bay about the last of September. They had been absent four months and had traveled more than two thousand five hundred miles.

Marquette stayed at the mission at Green Bay and tried to recover from his sickness. Joliet resolved to carry the maps, papers, and news of their voyage of discovery to Frontenac, governor of Canada, at Quebec. He traveled in a canoe down the lakes, past Detroit and Niagara, till he came to the St. Lawrence. He had been very fortunate thus far, but at the foot of the rapids of La Chine, just above Montreal, his canoe was upset, two of his men and an Indian boy were drowned, all his papers were lost, and Joliet barely escaped with his life. But he was thankful for life and was able to make a report to the governor of their voyage.
Marquette's health was so poor that he stayed during the winter and next summer at the mission on Green Bay. He desired greatly to return to the Illinois Indians to preach among them, and establish a Christian mission. In October of the next year, he set out with two French companions in a boat on his journey to the Illinois. Two bands of Pottawattamies and of Illinois Indians joined them, making in all ten canoes. The weather was so stormy that it took them a month to follow the coast of Lake Michigan as far as the Chicago river. They went up this river a few miles when Marquette was taken sick again with bleeding at the lungs. He told his companions that this would be his last journey. It being impossible for Marquette to travel further, his two companions built a log hut near the bank and here they spent the winter. There was plenty of game, and the men brought in venison, buffalo, and turkey. Marquette spent his time in prayers and religious devotions, and was so much recovered that in March they set out for the Illinois tribes, on the Illinois river. The canoe was carried through mud and water to the Des Plaines, and, floating down this, they reached the Illinois. On its bank, not far from the present town of Ottawa, was a large Indian village.

Marquette had been among these people before, and was received by them with great joy. He passed from wigwam to wigwam, preaching among them, and then invited them all to a council. "It took place near the town, on the great meadow which lies between the river and the modern village of Utica. Here five hundred old men and chiefs were seated in a ring. Behind stood fifteen hundred young men and warriors, and behind these again, all the women and children of the village." After
he had preached to them, and they had received his word with kindness, they begged him to stay among them to teach them; but his life was fast ebbing away and he must depart. He hoped to reach Mackinac before his death.

With his two companions, he set out again and reached Lake Michigan, escorted thus far by the grateful Indians. Then the two Frenchmen rowed slowly northward along the eastern shore, while Marquette lay weak and sick in the boat. He was cheerful and happy, though he felt that his last hour was approaching. As they passed the mouth of a small river, Marquette asked his companions to land, and there they built a bark hut for the sick man. He gave directions for his burial, asked forgiveness for all the trouble he had caused them, and thanked God that he had been allowed to die in the wilderness as a missionary of the faith. That night he quietly passed away. His companions then carried the report of his death to Mackinac.

The next winter a party of Ottawa Indians, after a hunting trip along Lake Michigan, remembered Marquette. They found his grave, took up his bones and put them carefully into a box of birch bark. "Then in a procession of thirty canoes they bore it, singing funeral songs, to St. Ignace, at Mackinac. As they approached, priests, Indians, and traders all thronged to the shore. The relics of Marquette were received with solemn ceremony and buried beneath the floor of the little chapel of the mission."
Hennepin's Trip up the Mississippi.

Authority, Parkman's La Salle.

In the first story of La Salle, we left a small party of Frenchmen living in a fort among the Indians on the Illinois river, near the present site of Peoria. Hennepin and two other Frenchmen loaded an Indian canoe and got ready to go down the Illinois river to its mouth, and then up the Mississippi, on an exploring trip. They filled their canoe with blankets, tents, knives, hatchets, tools, beads, tobacco, pipes, and other presents, for the Indians they should meet. They took guns, bullets, and powder for their own use. Some meat and corn they also needed at first, so that their boat was well loaded.

On the first day of March they left the village and fort, and floated down the Illinois river. After a few days the mouth of this stream was reached, and then began the slow journey up the Mississippi. The days were still cold and there was floating ice in the river. But the trees were beginning to bud, for spring was coming. Every night they drew their boat to the bank, gathered wood for a fire, and cooked such game as they could kill, before lying down in their tent to sleep. During all the month of March they made their way slowly up the river toward the north. Whenever they saw signs of game they landed and hunted along the banks. They killed buffalo, beaver, deer, wild turkeys, and sometimes a bear swimming in the river. Fish were caught in the stream. Thus they were supplied with meat. Up to this time they had seen
no Indians along the Mississippi, but they knew they were coming nearer the land of the Sioux, who were wild and savage and not very friendly to white men. No white man had ever gone up the Mississippi river into this country, now known as Minnesota, and they knew not what might happen to them, if they should fall into the hands of the Sioux. But in spite of this, the Frenchmen wished to explore the river farther up, and find out about this new country and its people. Hennepin was always dressed as a priest, with a hood and cape, and a robe fastened with the beautiful cord of St. Francis.

On the eleventh of April, they stopped in the afternoon to mend their canoe. Hennepin was daubing it with pitch, and the other men were cooking a turkey. Suddenly a fleet of Sioux canoes came in sight, with a war party of one hundred and twenty naked savages. On seeing the Frenchmen, they raised a great shout. Some leaped ashore, others jumped into the water and surrounded the Frenchmen in an instant. Hennepin held out a peace pipe, but one of the Indians snatched it from him. He next offered a piece of tobacco, which the Indian was more willing to take. The Indians were dressed for war, and often spoke the word Miami, as much as to say, they were on their way to fight the Miami Indians. Hennepin, by signs and by drawing with a stick in the sand, made plain to the Sioux that the Miami had already crossed the river and left the country.

The Indians would not smoke the peace pipe in sign of friendship, but made ready to camp for the night. Hennepin gave the Indians two turkeys, of which he had several in the boat. The Frenchmen hung their kettle and cooked supper while the Indians did the same. Then the Indians held a council to decide what they should do with
the prisoners. Some were in favor of killing them and taking their boat and goods. Other Indians wished to make friends with the Frenchmen and get them to bring knives, hatchets, guns, and such things into their country, to trade. After a while two chiefs came to Hennepin, and pretended to show him by signs that the Indians were about to kill him with a club. At this Hennepin ran to the boat and brought back one of the men loaded with presents, which he threw down before the Indians. He then offered them a hatchet with which to kill him if they chose. The Indians seemed pleased with his gifts and actions, and gave the Frenchmen a dish of beaver's flesh. That night the prisoners did not sleep much, fearing that the savages might come to kill them at any moment.

In the morning, a young chief, naked, and painted from head to foot, came to them and asked for the peace pipe, which he smoked, and then filled for them to smoke. This was the first sign of friendship, and now he told them they would all return home, the Frenchmen with the Indians. Hennepin was glad to go further up the river, though it was not his desire to go as a prisoner. He opened his prayer book and began to read, but the Indians gathered around him in fear and terror and told him he must not talk to the book, for it was a bad spirit. The priest was sorry for this, because it was his habit every day to read his prayer. At last he decided to sing the prayers instead of reading them, and sang them in a loud, clear voice, at which the Indians were much pleased. The whole party now started up the river in their birch canoes, camping every night on the banks and building rude huts with branches and bark if it rained. The Frenchmen always tried to sleep near the young chief, who was their friend. One day a chief killed a bear and in-
vited the other chiefs and warriors to the feast. After the feast they danced the medicine dance. All were painted from head to foot, with hair oiled, and full of red and white feathers. Then they fell to stamping the earth, and whirling around. The chief laid his hands upon the Frenchmen's heads and moaned in a loud voice. He was trying to persuade the warriors to kill the Frenchmen, but they refused. Every morning at daybreak an old warrior shouted the signal to depart, and without stopping for breakfast, they would often spring into the boats and paddle up the stream. They passed the sites of the present towns of La Crosse and Winona. Sometimes they stopped a day for a buffalo hunt upon the prairies, and there was no lack of provisions. While going over Lake Pepin the Indians wailed and mourned so often, over friends slain in battle, that Hennepin called it the Lake of Tears.

Nineteen days after the Frenchmen were captured, the party landed where St. Paul now stands. At this point the Indians prepared to march northward to their homes in the villages. They hid their canoes among the bushes, divided the goods of the Frenchmen among the bands, and set out on foot. The Indians were tall and active and walked so fast that the Frenchmen could hardly keep up. They waded through the ponds and marshes which were still covered with thin ice, although it was the first of May. Hennepin almost died with cold as he came out of the icy water. The Indians noticing that he lagged behind on the march, would set fire to the grass behind him and then run forward with him to escape the flames. One small piece of smoked meat a day was all the Indians gave him to eat, so he was nearly starved. On the fifth day they saw a crowd of children and squaws coming, and
soon they stood in the Indian village on the shores of Mille Lacs. As they came up to the village, Hennepin noticed before the tents certain tall stakes driven into the ground, wrapped with bundles of straw. This seemed to show that the Frenchmen were to be burned alive. The Indians had painted the face and hair of one of the Frenchmen, and put white feathers in his hair, and made him sing and dance while entering the village. But Hennepin and the other white men were led into a lodge, seated on the ground, and given large dishes of birch bark filled with wild rice, boiled with dried huckleberries. This tasted better than anything he had eaten since he was a captive.

The Indians now fell into a dispute as to who should keep the captives. At length an agreement was reached and Hennepin fell to the lot of the old chief, his enemy. But the old chief now treated him well, and at once adopted him as his son. The other Frenchmen were given to other Indian chiefs. Hennepin was now compelled to follow his adopted father several miles through the woods and marshes to a lake, where they entered a canoe and were ferried to an island, upon which the village and home of the old chief lay. He was introduced to several of the old chief's wives, and, as he entered the tent, an old, wrinkled Indian approached him with a peace pipe, and placed him on a bear skin spread before the fire. He was so worn out that a small Indian boy began to rub his limbs with the fat of a wildcat, which was supposed to make his limbs more supple. His new father also gave him a bark platter of fish, and covered him with a buffalo robe. Seeing how feeble Hennepin was, they made for him one of their sweating baths three times a week and he grew stronger. They did not give
him much to eat, though they respected him, and stood in awe of a pocket compass which he had, as well as of a small metal pot with feet moulded like the face of a lion. This they would not touch without first wrapping it in a beaver skin. He was not successful in teaching the Indians his religion. But he doctored them with some medicine that he always carried with him. When Hennepin complained of hunger, the Indians promised him that they would soon go on a great buffalo hunt.

The three Frenchmen had been three months in captivity when the Indians, three hundred and fifty warriors, besides their women and children, set out for their hunting party. They went in canoes down the Rum river. "After reaching the Mississippi, the whole party encamped together opposite to the mouth of the Rum river, pitching their tents of skin, or building their bark huts, on the slope of a hill by the side of the water. It was a wild scene, this camp of savages, among whom as yet no traders had come, and no handiwork of civilization had found its way. The tall warriors, some nearly naked, some wrapped in buffalo robes, and some in shirts of dressed deerskin and fringed with hair and embroidered with dyed porcupine quills, war clubs of stone in their hands, and quivers at their backs, filled with stone-headed arrows; the squaws cutting smoke-dried meat with knives of flint, and boiling it in rude earthen pots of their own making; driving away, meanwhile, with shrill cries, the troops of lean dogs, which disputed the meal with the hungry children. The whole camp was threatened, indeed, with starvation. The three white men could get no food but unripe berries, from the effects of which, Hennepin thinks they might all have died but for timely doses of his medicine."
Each tribe of Indians was appointed to a certain hunting ground, but Hennepin did not wish to go with his adopted father and his tribe, for fear that the old chief would become angry and kill him. He claimed that he expected a party of white traders at the mouth of the Wisconsin. So he and one of the Frenchmen were allowed to take a boat and go to meet them. A small canoe was given them and an earthen pot. They had also a gun, a knife, and a robe of beaver skin. They soon reached St. Anthony's Falls, where Minneapolis now stands. They saw five Indians at the falls, one of whom had hung a robe of beaver skin among the branches as an offering to the deity of the place.

They now paddled down the river, living mostly on turtles, which were so shy as to be caught with difficulty. They also killed a deer, whose flesh soon spoiled in the July heat. On the prairies a herd of buffalo was seen and Hennepin's companion took the gun and went in pursuit; meanwhile some of the herd waded into the river, Hennepin called to his friend who came up with the gun and shot a buffalo cow which fell in the water. They were not able to drag her out, but cut off the flesh where she lay, made a fire and eat heartily, as they had taken nothing for two days. The effect was that they both became sick and were compelled to remain on an island in the river for two days longer. They did not know how to smoke and dry the meat, so that it soon spoiled. They had some fish-hooks, but did not always succeed in catching fish when they were hungry. "On one occasion, being nearly famished, they set a line and lay watching it, when suddenly there was a great turmoil in the water. They ran to the line and drew in two great cat-fish. The eagles or fish-hawks now and then dropped a newly caught
fish, of which the men gladly took possession. Once they saw an otter on the bank devouring an object so wonderful in appearance that the Frenchmen cried out that he had a devil between his paws. They frightened him from his prey, which proved to be a spade-fish, with a bony projection from his snout in the shape of a paddle."

One day Hennepin was surprised at being overtaken by the old chief, who came down to meet the white traders, but passing on ahead of Hennepin, he returned after three days in anger, saying that no white traders were to be found at the mouth of the Wisconsin. As the traders were not come, and there was danger of starvation if they went up the Wisconsin alone, and because they had but ten charges of powder left, the two Frenchmen decided to join a party of Sioux hunters, who, the old chief said, were hunting near Lake Pepin. By doing this they would get a supply of food and avoid the danger of meeting parties of roving warriors. They soon found this band and joined them in a grand hunt along the Mississippi. The Sioux warriors chased the buffalo on foot with their stone-headed arrows on the plains back of the bluffs. The old men stood sentinel on the heights, watching for the approach of enemies.

One day an alarm was given and the warriors rushed to the supposed point of danger, but found only two squaws who brought strange news, that a war party of Sioux, while on the way to Lake Superior, had met five "spirits," or white men. The hunt had been successful, and the Indians, with the Frenchmen, turned northward up the river. Below the Falls of St. Anthony, they met Du Luth and four other well-armed Frenchmen. It was a happy meeting for both parties, and they all returned together to the villages about Mille Lacs. The Sioux not
only treated Hennepin better than before, but gave Du Luth and Hennepin a grand feast, at which one hundred and twenty guests were seated. The great chief of the Sioux placed before Hennepin, with his own hands, a bark dish containing a mess of smoked meat and wild rice.

In the fall the eight white men set out together on their return to Canada. "As they passed St. Anthony’s Falls, two of the men stole two buffalo-ropes which were hung on trees as offerings to the spirit of the cataract. When Du Luth heard of it he was very angry, telling the men that they had endangered the lives of the whole party." But the men insisted upon keeping the robes. On their way down the Mississippi, they met with excellent hunting, and at the mouth of the Wisconsin, stopped to dry the buffalo meat. They now made their journey up the Wisconsin to the Fox, and down to Green Bay, where there was a mission. The journey was then continued to Mackinac, where Hennepin spent the winter. The next spring he traveled down the lakes and the St. Lawrence, to Quebec, where he was warmly welcomed by the governor, to whom he related the long story of his adventures.
The Sioux Massacre.

The Sioux Indians, who once occupied nearly the whole of what is now Minnesota, had sold most of their lands to the whites and were living on two reservations along the upper Minnesota river. Missionaries lived among them, and government agents, who taught and tried to civilize them. Some of the Indians had thrown away their tomahawks, and were raising corn and wheat on the reservations. But most of them, called blanket Indians, would not be civilized, and followed the chase as of old. The Government of the United States furnished them with provisions and clothing, besides money. In the summer of 1862 the money due the Indians had long been delayed, and the Indians, who were at heart enemies to the whites, decided secretly to kill all the white people in the Minnesota valley, and to drive the others beyond the Mississippi. Just at this time the great war between the North and the South had called away most of the young men and soldiers from Minnesota, and the Indians thought it was a good time for them to attack the whites.

There were several towns along the Minnesota river, like Henderson, St. Peter, Mankato, and New Ulm, and farmers had settled up the country along both sides of the river as far as the Indian reservations. These farming people did not know that the Indians were about to fall upon them. At Fort Ridgley, on the north side of the Minnesota river, fourteen miles below the lower agency, there were about thirty soldiers stationed, and some women and children.
On the third of August, 1862, a large number of Indians appeared before the place, apparently as friends. "I was looking toward the agency," says one of the men at the fort, "and saw a large body of men coming up. They were mounted, and knowing now that they must be Indians, I was surprised at seeing so many, as they were unexpected. Returning to the garrison to inquire what it meant, I found Sergeant Jones at the entrance, with a mounted howitzer charged with shell and canister shot, pointed towards the Indians, who were removed but a short distance from the guard house. I asked the sergeant if any danger was feared. He replied, 'No, but it is a good rule for a soldier to be always ready for any emergency.'" The Indians were all warriors, ninety-six in number, all carried arms, guns, and tomahawks, with ammunition pouches hanging from their shoulders. They asked permission to dance within the enclosure surrounding the fort, but this was refused. They then arranged for a dance outside, about sixty yards from the guard house. The guard that day consisted of three soldiers. One was walking leisurely to and fro in front of the guard house, the other two were off duty, passing about and taking their rest. All were entirely without fear of danger from the Indians. But there was one man who believed there was always danger surrounding a garrison when visited by savages. It was Sergeant Jones. From the time he took his position at the gun, he never left it. He not only remained at the gun himself, but kept two other men, whom he had trained, as assistants, to work the piece. This faithful soldier stood at his gun all night, ready to fire, if occasion required, at any moment during that time. Nor could he be persuaded to leave the gun 'till all this party of Indians had entirely disappeared.
After the dance, the Indians encamped on a piece of rising ground about a quarter of a mile from the fort. The next morning at ten o'clock they all went away.

Sergeant Jones was told, not many days afterward, that these Indians had come to surprise and massacre the garrison. They had been selected for that purpose by Little Crow, chief of the Sioux. In the midst of the dance they were to seize their weapons and murder every person at the fort, and then seize all the guns and ammunition. But all the time during the dance and during the night, they saw that big gun pointed at them. About two weeks after this time, these Indians attacked Fort Ridgley and tried to capture it.

On the eighteenth of August the Indians all along the upper Minnesota fell upon the settlers and murdered them. At the upper agency they did not begin till evening. John Otherday, a friendly Indian, brought news in the evening that the Indians had risen against the whites. In the evening the stores at the upper agency were attacked by the Indians and plundered, after the clerks had been killed or frightened away. At one of the stores Peter Patoil was shot, just outside of the store, the bullet entering at the back, passing through the lungs, and coming out in front. An Indian came to him after he fell, turned him over and saying, "He is dead," left him. The Indians now turned to plundering the stores, and Patoil crawled off into the bushes on the banks of the Yellow Medicine. Here he stayed till dark. After dark he got up and started for a place of safety. Going up the bluffs, he dragged himself a mile and a half to the mouth of the Yellow Medicine, waded across the Minnesota river, and going into a house, lay down in an empty bed and slept till the next morning. Here some
friendly Indians found him, supplied him with crackers, tripe, and onions, and hid him during the day in a neighboring ravine. They gave him a blanket, also, and sent him to the northeast, across the prairies. That night he slept on the prairie. After wandering for several days, and having nothing more to eat, he entered an empty house and found some raw potatoes and green corn. On the twelfth day of his wanderings he heard the barking of dogs, and was overjoyed at seeing white men. By these friends he was taken to St. Cloud, forty miles away, where his wounds were dressed.

We now return to the warehouse at Yellow Medicine, which we left to follow the fortunes of young Patoil. After Otherday had come in with the news of the outbreak, the white families were all gathered together in the warehouse and dwelling of the agent, a part of the same building. With the guns they had, they prepared themselves as best they could, and awaited the attack, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. There were gathered here sixty-two persons, men, women, and children. Otherday and several other Indians came to them and told them that they would stand by them to the last. These men visited the Indian councils several times during the night. About one or two o’clock in the morning, Mr. Garvie, from one of the stores, reached the warehouse, badly wounded. By daylight the whites had been deserted by all the friendly Indians save Otherday. The yells of the savages could be distinctly heard at the trading post half a mile away. They were absorbed in the work of plunder. The chances of escape for the whites were sadly against them, yet they decided to make the attempt. Otherday knew every foot of the country over which they must pass, and would be their
guide. The wagons were driven to the door, a bed was placed upon one of them for Mr. Garvie. The women and children provided a few loaves of bread, and just at dawn they started on their perilous way. They crossed the Minnesota and soon turned into the woods on Hawk river, crossed that stream at some distance above its mouth and ascended from the narrow valley through which it runs, to the prairie beyond. They followed the Minnesota, keeping back on the prairie, until they reached a farm about eight miles below the Yellow Medicine. Here they stopped, undecided as to where they should go. Some of them wished to go to Fort Ridgley, others to some town farther from the frontier. Otherday told them if they attempted to go to the fort, all would be killed, as the Indians would be lying in ambush on that road. They followed his council and turned to the left, across the prairie, in the direction of Kandiyohi lakes and Glencoe. At night one of the party mounted a horse and rode forward and found a house about a mile ahead. They hastened forward and reached it in time to avoid a furious storm. They were kindly received by the only person about the premises, a man whose family was away. On Wednesday morning they left the house of the friendly settler, and that night reached Cedar City, eleven miles from Hutchinson, in the county of McLeod. The inhabitants had deserted the town, and had gone to an island in Cedar lake. From the main land the island was reached through shallow water. Through this water our escaping party drove, and was cordially welcomed by the people assembled there. That night it rained, and all were drenched to the skin. Poor Mr. Garvie was laid under a rude shed on his bed, and all was done for him that man could do. A day or two afterward he died.
On Thursday they went on by way of Glencoe to Carver, and thence to Shakopee and St. Paul. Major Galbraith, the Indian agent, said: "Led by the noble Otherday, they struck out on the naked prairie, literally placing their lives in this faithful creature's hands, and guided by him and him alone. After intense suffering and privation, they reached Shakopee on Friday, August twenty-second, Otherday never having left them for an instant; and this Otherday is a full-blooded Indian, and was not long since one of the wildest and fiercest of his race."

Rev. Mr. Riggs, the missionary at Hazlewood, above the lower agency, was told by two friendly Indians of the outbreak. His family, with others, got up a team, and the friendly Indians went with them to an island in the Minnesota river about three miles from the mission. Here they remained till Tuesday evening. In the afternoon, Andrew Hunter, a son-in-law of Dr. Williamson, came to him and told him that the family of himself and the doctor were hidden below. That night they met on the north side of the Minnesota river and commenced their dangerous journey. A thunder storm washed away their tracks, so that the savages could not follow them. They started out on the prairie in a northeasterly direction, and on Wednesday morning changed their course southeasterly, till they reached the Lac qui Parle road, and then made directly for Fort Ridgley. When within a few miles of that post, just at night, they were discovered by two Indians on horseback, who rode along parallel with the train for a while and then turned and galloped away. The fugitives hastened on, expecting every moment an attack. Near the Three-mile creek, they passed a dead body lying by the roadside. They drove on, passing the creek, and turned out upon the prairie and
halted, a mile and a half from the fort. It was now late at night. They had heard firing, and had seen Indians in the vicinity. They were in doubt what to do. It was at length decided that Andrew Hunter should enter the fort to find out its condition, and learn, if possible, whether they could get in. Hunter went, and although the fort was well-nigh surrounded by savages, succeeded in crawling by on his hands and knees into the fort. He was told it would be impossible for so large a party, forty or more, to get through the Indian lines, and that he would better return and tell them to push on to the town below. He left as he had entered, crawling out into the prairie, and returned to his friends in safety.

It seemed very cruel to be so near a place of safety and be obliged to turn away from it, and weary and hungry, press on. Perils beset their path on every hand. They knew that all around them the work of destruction was going on, for the midnight sky on every hand was red with the flames of burning houses. They heard from out the gloom, the tramp of horses' feet hurrying past them in the darkness, but they still pressed on. Soon their wearied animals gave out, and again they encamped for the night. With the early dawn they were upon the move, some eight miles from the fort, in the direction of Henderson. They traveled slowly and painfully, for their teams as well as themselves were nearly exhausted. That day the savages were attacking New Ulm, and the sounds of the conflict were borne faintly to their ears, upon the breeze. They had flour with them, but no means of cooking it, and were much of the time without proper food. On the afternoon of this day they came to a deserted house, on the road from Fort Ridgley to Henderson, where they found a stove, cooking utensils, and a jar of cream.
Getting some corn from the field or garden near by, and taking the cream, they prepared themselves the first good meal they had eaten since leaving their homes on Monday night. After refreshing themselves and their worn animals at this place for some hours, they again started on their journey. That night they slept in a forsaken house on the prairie, and on the Sabbath morning early, were again on the way. As they proceeded, they met some of the settlers returning to their farms, and calling a halt at a once deserted house, where they found a large number of people collected, they concluded to remain until Monday to rest themselves and teams, as well as to observe, in a proper manner, the holy Sabbath. On Monday morning they separated, part going to Henderson and part to St. Peter.

The Indians at first made a furious attack upon New Ulm, but being driven back from that place by the brave defenders, they collected in large numbers for an attack upon Fort Ridgley. New troops had arrived, and in this fort were now collected about one hundred and thirty soldiers, besides those who had fled from the farms and settlements along the river. The fort was on a bluff on the northern shore, about a mile from the river. A ravine filled with bushes and trees extended along either side of the bluff. Up one of these ravines ran one of the roads leading to the fort. The fort itself consisted of a square space enclosed by houses, the barracks of soldiers, storehouses, and homes of the officers. The Indians came up unseen and hid themselves in the bushes along the ravines. They suddenly opened a fire upon the soldiers, and killed and wounded a few men. At the first shot, the soldiers hid themselves behind boxes and houses, and watched for a chance to pick off the savage foes whenever
they showed themselves. In this way they fought from three o'clock till dark, the artillery all the while shelling the ravine. Many of the Indians were killed. In the meantime some of the Indians crept up behind the haystacks and into part of the out-buildings. A few well-directed shells from the howitzers set them on fire, and as night came on, the red light of the burning buildings and stacks lighted up the scene and revealed any lurking savage.

The Indians retired with the closing day, and were seen in large numbers, on their ponies, making their way rapidly towards the agency. The danger feared by all was that in the darkness the savages might creep up to the buildings and with fire arrows set on fire the dry roofs of the structures. But about midnight rain fell in torrents, making this impossible. It kept on raining till the next evening, but the Indians remained away. That night a large quantity of oats in sacks, which was stored in the granary near the stable, and a quantity of cord-wood near the fort, were piled around the fort in such a manner as to serve as a protection in case of a second attack. The water in the fort, too, had given out, and the spring was far away, down in the ravine. They had, therefore, to dig a well, and thus secured water for a few days. The ammunition for the small arms had been nearly used up in Wednesday's battle. The men and women were now employed in making the round balls into cartridges which were much needed.

About one o'clock on Friday the Indians returned in greatly increased numbers. They seemed to come from the lower mission, down the Minnesota valley, then up the ravine and soon surrounded the fort. On came the painted savages, yelling like so many demons, and
made a most furious and desperate assault. But the brave men in the garrison knew full well that to be taken alive meant certain death, both to themselves and to all within the fort, and each man was at his post. The main attack was directed against that side of the works next to the river, the buildings here being frame structures and the weakest part of the fort. This side was covered by the granary, stable, and one or two old buildings, and by the sutler's store on the west side. The Indians pressed on, seemingly determined to rush at once into the works, but were met as they reached the end of the timber and swept around up the ravine, with such a deadly fire of musketry from behind the barracks and the windows of the quarters, and with grape and canister, and shell from the big guns, that they beat a hasty retreat to the friendly shelter of the bottom, out of musket range. But the shells kept screaming through the air, and burst around and among them. The Indians soon rallied and took possession of the stable and outbuildings on the south side, from which they poured terrific volleys upon the garrison. They were soon driven from these buildings by the artillery, which shelled them out, setting the buildings on fire. The flames and smoke of the burning buildings, the wild yells of the savages, the roaring of cannon, the screaming of shells, the sharp crack of rifles and muskets, presented a scene not soon forgotten. The Indians retired hastily from the burning buildings, and received a shower of bullets as they fled to the valley below. With wild yells as they circled around the woods, and from the tall grass, lying on their faces, and from the shelter of trees, they kept up the battle till night. Little Crow, who was leading them, commanded them in vain to charge on the guns. They formed once
for that purpose about sundown, but a shell and a round
of canister sent into their midst closed the contest, and
with a yell of rage and disappointment, they left. The lit-
tle garrison watched five days longer, and then received
re-enforcements from St. Peter.

The settlers and their families all along the Minnesota
valley, fled eastwards to the towns, especially to Mankato,
St. Peter, Henderson, etc. St. Peter had been a quiet
town of a thousand people. Thousands of fugitives had
come in, till it was filled to overflowing. Every private
and public house, every church, school-house, shed, and
even saloon, was full. The throngs of people filled the
streets. A line of cooking stoves was seen smoking
along the highways. Vacant lots were occupied. All
was clatter and rattle and din. Wagons, ponies, mules,
oxen, cows, and calves were mingled with men, women,
and children. The live stock from thousands of deserted
farms surrounded the outskirts of the town. There was
the lowing of cattle, the neighing of horses, and the cry-
ing of lost and hungry children, besides the wounded to
be treated. The people feared, also, that the savages
might come at any time to attack St. Peter, and unless
there had been brave defenders at New Ulm and Fort
Ridgley, they would have come.

On August the twenty-second, fourteen hundred sol-
diers arrived at St. Peter, on their march against the
Indians. Now there was no longer fear of the savages,
but all those helpless people and cattle had to be fed.
The sick and wounded must be cared for. In St. Peter, at
this time, there were six or seven thousand people besides
the regular inhabitants, and fifteen hundred more were
daily expected from New Ulm. A committee of leading
men was at once formed, and an office opened for distribut-
The Sioux Massacre.

ing food, clothing, and medicine. A bakery was built, furnishing 2,000 loaves a day, besides much else from private houses. A butcher shop was made ready to supply 10,000 rations a day. A large soup house was opened, where as high as 12,000 meals were supplied daily. But the live stock, horses and cattle, had to be fed, and soon there was nothing green left in the streets and gardens of St. Peter.

When the war first broke out, there were but few troops in Minnesota. Many of the able-bodied men were in the south, and most of the guns and ammunition had been sent away with them. But as soon as Gov. Ramsey heard of the outbreak, he appointed Col. Sibley to organize an army and to march against the Indians. At Fort Snelling there were parts of some regiments, and volunteers were quickly called in from Minnesota. The troops first marched to St. Peter, where they spent a few days, getting their guns and ammunition in order and securing provisions for the march. They then marched to Fort Ridgley. Here the men went into camp for a time, and were regularly drilled every day, while scouts were sent out to follow the movements of the savages. At length, with ten days’ rations, Col. Sibley set out, and met the Indians at Wood Lake, where a severe battle was fought with the Indians under Little Crow. After two hours’ fighting, the Indians retreated. Word was at once sent to Little Crow not to kill any of the white prisoners in his hands, or the Indians would be severely punished. Col. Sibley feared that they, angered at their defeat, would murder the women and children who had been captured by them. The second day after the battle, he marched forward with drums beating and flags flying, and pitched his camp
close to the Indians. Then he called upon the Indians to deliver up their white captives, and about one hundred and fifty women and children came forth from the Indian tents, and were kindly received and cared for by the soldiers. They had been cruelly treated by the savages, and could hardly believe that they were safe again. At the same time the Indians gave up about two hundred and fifty half-breeds, who had also been kept as prisoners. The place where the captives had been recovered was named "Camp Release."

Afterward, the army surrounded the camp of the Indians and four hundred of the warriors were captured, chained two and two, and guarded by the troops. They were then tried, and those who were found guilty of having murdered the whites, were condemned to death. It was found that three hundred and three had been guilty of murder, but a message from President Lincoln forbade putting them to death until he had determined who were guilty. Afterwards, thirty-eight of the savages were hung at Mankato, and some others died in prison. After the war was over, the settlers began to return to their homes and farms along the Minnesota river.
Daniel Boone was one of the hunters who first crossed the Alleghany mountains from North Carolina to explore the forests and hunting grounds of Kentucky.

Boone was born in Pennsylvania, but when a boy his father moved to North Carolina and settled on the Yadkin. Here he lived till a man, married, built a log hut like the rest of his backwoods neighbors, and made a clearing for corn and vegetables. But Boone was a hunter born, and loved the woods and the pursuit of game, such as bear, deer, panther, squirrel, turkey, etc. As a young man he hunted upon the rivers flowing westward through the mountains. "In the valley of Boone's creek, a branch of the Watauga, there is a beech tree still standing on which can be faintly traced the words: 'D. Boone killed a bear on this tree in the year 1760.'" He went out sometimes as a hunter, sometimes as a surveyor for a Mr. Henderson, who was buying western lands. "Boone loved the lonely life of the wilderness, with its bold, wild freedom. He was a tall, spare, sinewy man, with eyes like an eagle's and muscles that never tired." In spite of all his hardships he was so strong and temperate in all respects that he lived to the age of eighty-six, a hunter to the last.

Boone's hunting and surveying trips whetted his appetite for adventure. A friend of his had crossed the mountains and brought back a lively account of the fine forests and hunting grounds now known as Kentucky.
In those days it was sometimes called No-man's-land, because no one, white nor Indian, dwelt there. Oftener it was called "The dark and bloody ground," because the Indian tribes from the North and the South often met there in desperate conflict. In the hunting season the Indian parties from the north of the Ohio traveled into Kentucky to hunt the deer, bear, buffalo, and wild turkey, which abounded in the woods. At the same time Indian hunting parties from southern Tennessee and Georgia did the same, and war followed.

In May, 1769, Boone persuaded five other men to join him in a journey and hunting trip across the forest-covered mountains into Kentucky. There was no wagon road nor even a path for horses, no bridges across the rivers, and no huts to shelter them at night. They started on foot with their rifles and packs, first climbing two ridges of mountains before descending into the valley of east Tennessee. Fording the rivers, they climbed the Cumberland mountains, from which they could look down upon the hilly and forest-covered hunting grounds of eastern Kentucky. They killed their own game and cooked it by the camp-fires. For five weeks they toiled through the lonely mountain forests before reaching the blue-grass region of Kentucky, "A land of running waters, of groves and glades, of prairies, canebrakes, and stretches of lofty forests." Game was abundant. "The shaggy buffaloes had beaten out broad roads through the forest, the round-horned elk abounded, and, like the buffalo, traveled in bands through the woods and waving grass lands; the deer were numerous, while bears, wolves, and panthers were plentiful. Wherever there was a salt spring the country was thronged with wild beasts of many kinds." For six months the men wandered through these rich hunting grounds.
In December, Boone and one companion were captured by Indians, but made their escape. About this time Squire Boone, a brother of Daniel, traveled through the immense forest, and by good luck met his brother in Kentucky. The other men had returned home to North Carolina, and the "two brothers remained alone on the hunting grounds throughout the winter, living in a little cabin." In the spring, Squire Boone returned to the settlements to get horses and ammunition, and "for three months Daniel remained entirely alone in the wilderness, without salt, sugar, or flour, and without the companionship of even a dog or a horse." He hunted in the daytime and sometimes lay in the canebrakes at night without a fire, to escape the notice of the Indians. He saw many signs of them and they sometimes visited his camp, but he always watched closely to avoid capture. In July his brother returned, other hunters also joined them, making a small party, but the Indians became so hostile that they withdrew to the valley of the Cumberland. In the spring of 1771 Boone returned to his home on the Yadkin. His discoveries had now made this land famous all along the border, and he with others desired to settle with his family in Kentucky. It was a most dangerous undertaking. That part of Kentucky where Boone wished to settle was more than two hundred miles from any other settlement, and the way between was through great mountains and forests. The Indians both to the north and south were hostile and ready to waylay and kill the settlers.

Mr. Henderson, who wished to obtain large tracts of land in Kentucky, went first to the southern Indians, the Cherokees, and bought of them their right to the soil in Kentucky, but other Indians from the north laid claim to
the same hunting grounds. One of the Cherokees said to Boone, "Brother, we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it." It was the land between the Cumberland and the Kentucky rivers. As soon as the purchase was made Boone was sent by Mr. Henderson with thirty men to make a road for pack horses, from the Holston, in east Tennessee, to Kentucky. This was the first path through the wilderness, and was afterwards well known as the Wilderness road, or Boone's trail. In March the men started, with rifles and axes. The way led through Cumberland Gap and across the Cumberland and other rivers where there were fords or shallow places fit for crossing. They cut a narrow path through bushy thickets and canebrakes, and marked the way through open forests by blazing or cutting the tree trunks with an axe. After two weeks' hard work they reached the banks of the Kentucky river. As they lay around their camp-fires, one morning at day-break, they were attacked by Indians, who killed two of them. The others sprang to arms and drove off the savages.

They kept on their course, and on the first day of April, reached an open place on the Kentucky and began to build a fort, afterwards known as Boonesborough. Henderson, with a larger party of settlers, was to follow Boone. "He took wagons with him, but was obliged to halt and leave them in Powell's valley; for beyond that, even so skillful a pathfinder and roadmaker as Boone, had not been able to find or make a way passable for wheels. So their goods and implements were placed on pack horses and the company started again. They carried with them seed corn and Irish potatoes, to plant and to use on the journey. They had bacon and corn-meal,
which was made into corn-dodgers and johnny-cakes, which were simply cooked on a board beside the fire, on a hot stone, or in the ashes.” Sometimes a beef, from the herd which the emigrants drove with them, was killed, but generally they lived on game: deer, turkeys, or buffalo. In the evening, after pitching tent, the men would go out to hunt the buffalo. In places the mountains were very steep, and sometimes it rained and snowed. The greatest hardship was in crossing the rivers, the banks were so rotten and miry, and sometimes the packs had to be ferried across on logs. “One day in going along a creek, they had to cross it no less than fifty times by very bad fords.”

They met some of the pioneers returning in fright to their homes beyond the mountains, for straggling war parties had attacked and killed some of the settlers. In April the party of Henderson reached the fort that Boone was building, and was welcomed with a volley of guns. The country was looking its best, the woods being full of leaves and blossoms. They at once set to work to finish the fort. It was built of logs, in the shape of a rectangle, two hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred and twenty-five feet wide. On each corner was a two-story log house with loop-holes to shoot from with rifles. A stockade, or high fence, was built of log posts sunk into the ground and firmly fastened together. Log houses were built along the sides, but separated from each other. A heavy gate stood in the center of each of the longer sides. The cattle and horses were driven into the fort and kept in the large open space. The Indians tried several times to capture
the place. One day while two girls, one of them a daughter of Boone, were rowing in a boat within sight of the fort, the Indians crept up and seized the girls, carrying them off as prisoners. The girls were cunning enough to drop shreds of their clothing, and to break branches of trees now and then, to guide those who might follow them. Boone and his men at once gave pursuit and re-captured the girls.

In one of the battles with the Indians, Boone and about twenty-five of his companions were captured and carried as prisoners across the Ohio. After staying awhile in the Indian villages in Ohio, they were brought to Detroit, the headquarters of the British and Indians in the Northwest. At Detroit most of the prisoners were ransomed and set free. But Black Fish, one of the great Indian chiefs, wanted to adopt Boone as his son, and to make him a member of his tribe. As there was no way of escape, Boone submitted. All the hair was plucked from his head except the scalp-lock, he was then painted, decked with feathers, and dressed like an Indian. For several months he thus lived as an Indian among them, and hunted with them. In the shooting matches he was careful not to excel the Indians, and thus to arouse their envy. They always counted carefully the number of bullets they gave him before going out to hunt, and measured the amount of powder, and required that he bring back game for every bullet. But Boone was more cunning than they. He cut the bullets in two and used only a half a bullet at a time.

After staying among the Indians several months, having been well-treated by them, he discovered that they were getting ready to march into Kentucky to capture Boonesborough. Knowing that his friends were at the
post and were not prepared for an attack, he resolved, in spite of the danger, to escape. Pretending to start out on a hunt, he got away from the camp and quickly turned his steps toward Kentucky. It was a wild, hilly, and rough country through which he had to journey. The Indians soon found out that he had deserted, and started, one hundred and fifty strong, in his pursuit. Boone succeeded in throwing them off the track, and hastened on to the Ohio. He had some difficulty in crossing the river, as he was not a good swimmer, but having found a canoe hidden near the bank, he rowed across. Having crossed the river, he killed a wild turkey with his rifle, and obtained thus the first full meal he had had on his journey. In four days from the time of his escape, having traveled forty miles a day, he reached Boonesborough, to the astonishment of his friends.

The fort indeed was in a poor state of defense, but they all set to work at once for the expected attack. Provisions and game were collected, the cattle, horses, and swine were brought in as rapidly as possible, and water carried from the river and spring. The stockade and houses were also strengthened, but before they had finished their preparations, the Indians appeared, several hundred strong, before the fort and demanded a surrender. Boone asked for two days to consider the matter, and then went on gathering provisions. At the end of the time, he stood on the palisade and shouting to the Indians, thanked them for waiting so long, and ended by saying that he and his friends would defend the fort to the last. The Indians now offered to make peace with the backwoodsmen, and proposed that twelve men from among the Indians and twelve men of the whites should meet in council outside
the fort. Boone agreed to this, and selected twelve of his most powerful men, fearing treachery on the part of the Indians. After the council had begun, each of the Indians suddenly seized one of the white men, but the latter tore themselves loose from the Indians and ran back to the fort, while the riflemen at the fort held the Indians back from the pursuit. The Indians then tried to storm the place but the forty picked riflemen in the fort, from behind the stockade and loop-holes of the houses, kept them at a respectful distance. The Indians climbed into the trees and shot down into the fort; they crept up at night and set fire to the houses and stockade, but the defenders put out the fires. The Indians even tried to dig a tunnel running under the wall, and to come up suddenly inside the fort, but their plan was seen and they were driven away. After many days of vain attempts, having thirty-seven killed and others wounded, they decided to give up the attempt and marched back into Ohio. This was the last serious attempt made by the Indians to capture Boonesborough. After they were gone the backwoodsmen picked out from the logs of the fort, many pounds of lead which had been left by the Indians.

Boone remained for a number of years one of the Kentucky leaders. He fought several battles with the Indians, at one of which Boone’s oldest son fell at his side and the whites were badly defeated. But other forts were built in eastern Kentucky, and the Indians at last ceased to make war upon them. The pioneers usually lived on their clearings, building log huts and cutting away the forests to get fields for corn and gardens. But in time of danger from the Indians the settlers flocked, with their families and cattle, to the forts. Each man
had at least four hundred acres of land, to which he made good his claim by clearing a small field and building a log hut. Corn was his chief crop, and when out hunting or in war the parched grains of corn in his wallet were often his only food. They also planted orchards, raised melons, fruits, and vegetables.

The cabin was built of unhewn logs, often only a single room, with a loft. "The floor was made of puncheons, great slabs of wood hewed out carefully, and the roof of clapboards. Pegs of wood were thrust into the sides of the house to serve instead of a wardrobe. Buck-antlers, thrust into the joists, held the ever-ready rifles. The table was a great clapboard set on four wooden legs. There were three-legged stools, and in the better sort of houses, old-fashioned rocking chairs. The couch or bed was warmly covered with blankets, bearskins, and deer-hides. In one family there was a huge elkskin which the children called ellick. On cold nights they quarreled for its possession, as it was very warm. But if the hair side were turned in it became slippery, and apt to slide off the bed."

As Kentucky became more thickly settled and the game was driven out, Boone, who loved hunting and solitude, pushed westward. He finally crossed over into southern Missouri and spent his old age as a hunter in the forests of that state.

There were many other noted hunters and backwoodsmen in Kentucky, besides Boone. One of them, Kenton, was a close friend of Boone. Once at Boonesborough he had saved the life of Boone, shooting an Indian who was on the point of tomahawking him. "Kenton was a tall man, of great strength and agility, famous as a runner and wrestler, and an unerring shot. He was a pleasant
and obliging man." With Boone as captain, he went to the Scioto on an Indian raid. "Pushing ahead of the rest, he was attracted by the sound of laughter in a cane-brake. Hiding himself, he soon saw two Indians approach, both riding on one small pony, and chatting and laughing together in great good humor. Aiming carefully, he brought down both at once, one dead, and the other severely wounded. As he rushed up to finish his work, his quick ear caught a rustle in the cane, and looking round he saw two more Indians aiming at him. A rapid spring to one side, on his part, made both balls miss. Other Indians came up, but at the same time Boone and his companions appeared, running as fast as they could, while still keeping sheltered. A brisk skirmish followed and the Indians retreated."

When Boone returned to the fort, Kenton stayed behind and succeeded in stealing four good horses, which he brought back in triumph. Much pleased with his success, he shortly afterward made another raid into the Indian country, this time with two companions. They succeeded in driving off a whole band of one hundred sixty horses, which they brought in safety to the banks of the Ohio. But a strong wind was blowing and the river was so rough, that in spite of all their efforts they could not get the horses to cross. As soon as they were beyond their depth, the beasts would turn round and swim back. The reckless adventurers could not make up their minds to leave their booty, and wasted so much time in trying to get the beasts to take to the water, that the pursuing Indians came up and surprised them. Their guns had become wet and useless. One of them was killed, another escaped, and Kenton himself was captured. The Indians asked him if Captain Boone had sent
him to steal horses, and when he answered frankly that the stealing was his own idea, they proceeded to beat him lustily with their ramrods. They staked him out at night, tied so that he could move neither hand nor foot, and during the day he was bound on an unbroken horse, with his hands tied behind him so that he could not protect himself from the trees and bushes. This was repeated every day. After three days he reached the town of Chillicothe, stiffened and bleeding. Next morning he was led out to run the gauntlet. A row of men, women, and boys, a quarter of a mile long, was formed, each with a tomahawk or club. At the end of the line was an Indian with a big drum, and beyond this was the council house, which, if he reached, would, for the time being, protect the captive. At the moment for starting, the big drum was beaten. Kenton sprang forward in the race. Keeping his wits about him, he suddenly turned to one side and darted off, with the whole tribe after him. His wonderful speed and activity enabled him to keep ahead and to dodge those who got in his way, and by a sudden double he rushed through an opening in the crowd and reached the council house, having been struck but three or four blows. He was not further molested that evening. Next morning a council was held to decide whether he should be burned at the stake at once, or should first be led round through the villages. The warriors sat in a ring to pass judgment, handing the war club from one to another. Those who passed it in silence thereby voted in favor of sparing the prisoner for the moment, while those who struck it violently on the ground, thus showed their belief that he should be immediately put to death. It was decided to spare him for a little while, and Kenton was led from town to town. At each place he
was tied to the stake to be switched and beaten by the women and boys; or else he was forced to run the gauntlet, while sand was thrown into his eyes and guns loaded with powder fired against his body to burn his flesh. Once, while on the march, he made a bold rush for liberty, all maimed though he was, breaking out of the line and running into the forest. His speed was so great and his wind so good that he fairly outran his pursuers; but by ill luck, when almost exhausted, he came against another party of Indians. After this he gave himself up to despair, and was often terribly abused by his captors. His face was painted black, the death color, and he was twice sentenced to be burned alive. But each time he was saved at the last moment, once at Pickaway Plains, once at Sandusky (once by Girty, an old comrade, who had joined the Indians, and once by the great chief, Logan). At last, after having run the gauntlet eight times, and been thrice tied to the stake, he was ransomed by some English traders and carried to Detroit. "They hoped to get valuable information from him about the border forts. Here he stayed till his battered, wounded body was healed." Then, in company with two other Kentucky prisoners, he got some guns and escaped. Going straight down through the great forests to Kentucky, they reached their homes in safety.
Robertson was a pioneer in the early settlement of Tennessee. Like Boone, he lived in North Carolina, and decided, in 1770, to cross the mountains, in search of a choice place for settlement. "He started off alone on his exploring expedition, rifle in hand, and a good horse under him. He crossed the ranges that continue northward, the Great Smokies, and spent the summer in the beautiful hill country where the springs of the western waters flowed from the ground. He had never seen so lovely a land. The high valleys, through which the currents ran, were hemmed in by towering mountain walls, with cloud-capped peaks. The fertile loam forming the bottoms, was densely covered with the growth of the old forest. Robertson was well treated by the few settlers already there, and stayed long enough to raise a crop of corn, the stand-by of the backwoods pioneer. Like every other hunter, explorer, and Indian fighter, he lived on the game he shot, and the small quantity of maize he could carry with him. In the late fall, however, when re-crossing the mountains on his way home through the trackless forest, both game and corn failed him. He lost his way, was forced to leave his horse among the steep precipices, and finally found his rifle useless, owing to the powder having been soaked. For fourteen days he lived almost entirely on nuts and wild berries, and was on the point of death from starvation, when he met..."
two hunters on horseback, who fed him and let him ride their horses by turns, and brought him safely to his home."

"He at once prepared to set out with his family for the new land. His accounts greatly excited his neighbors, and sixteen families made ready to go with him. The little caravan started, with Robertson as guide, as soon as the ground had dried after the winter rains, in the spring of 1771. They traveled, the men on foot, rifle on shoulder, the elder children driving the lean cows, while the women, the young children, and the few household goods and the tools, were carried on the backs of pack-horses. On reaching the Watauga, in what is now the northeast of Tennessee, they found a few Virginia settlers who had come down the great valley. On an island in the river, Robertson built a house of logs, with the bark still on them, on the outside, though hewed smooth within. It had several rooms and a loft, a roof of split saplings, held down by weighty poles, a log veranda in front, and a huge fire-place of sticks and stones laid in clay, wherein the pile of blazing logs roared loudly in cool weather."

"He had been married three years and had been 'learning his letters and to spell' from his well-educated wife, for he could not read when married." But he soon became a leading man in the little settlement. In order to prevent trouble with the Indians, Robertson and one other man were sent toward the south to make a treaty with the Cherokees. They succeeded, and the Indians agreed, for six thousand dollars' worth of blankets, paints, and muskets, to grant the settlers the use of all the lands along the Watauga for eight years. "After the lease was signed, a day was appointed on which to
hold a great race, as well as wrestling matches and other sports at Watauga. Besides the whites, many Indians were present. All went well till evening, when some lawless whites, from a neighboring settlement, who were keeping in the woods, killed an Indian, whereat his fellows left the spot in great anger." But Robertson, leaving the others to build a strong palisaded fort, set off alone through the woods and followed the great war-trace to the Cherokee towns. His mission was one of great peril, for there was danger that the justly angered savages would take his life. But he was a bold man, quiet and resolute. Besides, the Cherokees knew him, and trusted his word. He also knew well how to deal with the Indians. He persuaded the chiefs and warriors to meet him in council, told them of the sorrow and anger with which the Watauga people looked upon the murder, and ended by saying that he would try to have the wrong-doer arrested and punished. The Indians were pleased with Robertson's words, and agreed to pass the matter by. Then he returned to the settlement with the good news.

For several years the Watauga settlers were not disturbed. They lived in peace, hunting and farming, making clearings, and raising cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep. For ten years Robertson lived among the Watauga settlers and had been prosperous. But in 1779, he decided to push westward several hundred miles and found a new settlement. Many other adventurous settlers wished to go with him and take their families. In the spring of 1779, Robertson left the Watauga settlement with eight companions. He followed Boone's wilderness road through Cumberland Gap and across the Cumberland river. "Then he struck southwest through the wilderness, following in
many places the well-beaten buffalo trails which were very distinct near the pools and springs. The travelers were going toward the great bend of the Cumberland, and fixed upon a place called 'The Bluffs' or the 'French Lick,' afterwards known as Nashville." Having reached the place, they planted a corn-field on the site of the future town, put up some cabins, and then returned to their families on the Watauga, leaving three or four of their number to keep the buffaloes out of the corn. When the first hunters went to The Bluffs in 1769, "the buffaloes were more numerous than they had ever seen them before. The ground shook under the gallop of the mighty herds, they crowded in dense throngs about the salt licks, and the forest resounded with their grunting bellows."

"In the fall many men came out to the new settlement, guided by Robertson and other pioneer leaders. Robertson's special partner was a man named Donelson. The latter went by water and took a large party of emigrants, including all the women and children. Among them was also Robertson's entire family and Rachel, a daughter of Donelson, afterwards the wife of Andrew Jackson. Robertson, meanwhile, was to lead the men by land so that they might get there first and make ready for the coming of their families. The men and some families who had gone by land reached The Bluffs about Christmas. One man had taken with him twenty-one horned cattle and seventeen horses, the only ones which any man had succeeded in bringing to the Cumberland." The settlers and families who went by water had a more difficult and dangerous journey. From Watauga they passed in boats down the Tennessee, then up the Ohio and Cumberland to Nashville.

"Donelson's fleet, after being joined by a number of
other boats at the mouth of the Clinch, consisted of some thirty craft, all told, flat-boats, dug-outs, and canoes." The chief boat was the Adventure, a great scow, in which there were over thirty men, besides the families of some of them. There were between two and three hundred people. "They started the twenty-second day of December, but falling water and heavy frosts detained them two months, and the voyage did not really begin till the twenty-seventh day of February. The first ten days were uneventful. The Adventure spent an afternoon and night on a shoal, until the water fortunately rose, and all the men getting out, the clumsy scow was floated off. Another boat was driven on the point of an island and sunk, her crew being nearly drowned, whereupon the rest of the boats put to shore, the sunken boat was raised and bailed out, and most of her cargo recovered. At one landing place a man went out to hunt, and got lost, not being taken up again for three days, though many guns were fired to fetch him in, and the four-pounder on the Adventure was discharged for the same purpose. A negro became "much frosted in his feet and legs, of which he died." Wherever the river widened, a strong wind and waves forced the boats to lay to, especially the small canoes.

They soon reached the first Chicamauga town on the south shore. The Indians pretended to be friendly, at the same time sending out canoes full of armed men to threaten them; but the whites kept away from the shore and left the Indians behind. As the boats kept close to the opposite shore they were suddenly fired upon by Indians in ambush and one man was killed. "There was one boat-load of twenty-eight men, women, and children among whom smallpox had broken out. To guard
against infection, it was agreed that it should keep well to the rear, being warned each night by the sound of a horn when it was time to go to camp. As this forlorn boat-load of unfortunates came along far behind the others, the Indians, seeing its defenseless position, sallied out in their canoes and butchered or captured all who were aboard. Their cries were distinctly heard by the people in the hindmost boats, who could not stem the current and return to their rescue. But a dreadful punishment fell upon the Indians, for they were infected with the disease and it raged for several months among many of the bands of Creeks and Cherokees, so that multitudes perished.

"When the boats entered the narrows, they had lost sight of the Indians on shore, and thought they had left them behind. One man, who was in a canoe, had gone aboard one of the larger boats with his family, for the sake of safety while passing through the rough water. His canoe was towed along-side, and in the rapids was overturned and the cargo lost. The rest of the company, pitying his distress over the loss of all his worldly goods, landed, to see if they could not help him to recover some of his property. Just as they got out on the shore to walk back, the Indians suddenly appeared almost over them on the high cliffs opposite, and began to fire, causing a hurried retreat to the boats. For some distance the Indians lined the bluffs, firing from the heights into the boats below. Yet only four people were wounded, and they, not dangerously. One of them was a girl named Nancy Gower. When, by the sudden onslaught of the Indians, the crew, in which she was, were thrown into dismay, she took the helm and steered, exposed to the fire of the savages. A ball went through the upper
part of one of her thighs, but she neither flinched nor uttered any cry. It was not known that she was hurt until after the danger was past, and her mother saw the blood soaking through her clothes. She recovered, married one of the frontiersmen, and lived for fifty years afterwards, long enough to see all the wilderness filled with flourishing and populous states.

"Jonathan Jenning's clumsy boat stuck on a rock at the upper end of the whirl, as the rapids were called. The swift current made it impossible for other boats to come to the relief of this one, and they were obliged to drift by and leave Jennings to his fate. The Indians soon turned their whole attention to the disabled boat, and opened a galling fire upon it from the bluffs. He returned it as well as he could, keeping them somewhat in check, for he was an excellent marksman. At the same time he directed his two negroes, a man and woman, a nearly grown son, and a young man who was with them, to lighten the boat by throwing his goods into the river. Before this was done, the negro man, the son, and the other young man, most basely jumped into the river and swam ashore. But the negro was killed in the water and the other two were captured, one of them being afterwards burned at the stake. Meanwhile, Mrs. Jennings, assisted by Mrs. Payton and the negro woman, actually succeeded in shov- ing the lightened boat off of the rock, though their clothes were cut in many places by the bullets, and they rapidly drifted out of danger. Sailing by night as well as by day, they caught up with the rest of the boats before the dawn of the second morning afterwards.

"Having successfully run the gauntlet of Chicamauga, they were only once more molested by the Indians. The boats drifted near the shore at one place, and they were
fired upon by a roving band of Indians and five men were wounded. They ran over the great Muscle Shoals in about three hours, without accident, though the boats scraped the bottom here and there. The swift, broken water surged into high waves and roared through the drift-wood that covered the points of small islands, round which the current ran in every direction."

"On the twentieth of the month they reached the Ohio. Some of the boats then left for Natchez, and others for the Illinois country, while the rest turned their prows up stream, to stem the rapid current, which was very difficult. The work was very hard, the provisions nearly gone, and the crews were almost worn out with hunger and fatigue. The Adventure, the heaviest of all the craft, got much help from a small square sail that was set up at the bow. Two days after entering the Cumberland, the hungry company killed some buffalo, and feasted on the lean meat, and the next day they shot a swan, which was very delicious. They had no more meal to make bread with, but buffaloes were plenty and they hunted them steadily for meat. They also made what was called Shawnee salad, from a kind of green herb that grew in the bottoms."

It was not till the twenty-fourth day of April that they reached the Big Salt Lick (Nashville) and found Robertson awaiting them. The long, toilsome, and perilous voyage was at an end. There were then about five hundred settlers at The Bluff and scattered in stations along the river. The whites did not expect to be disturbed by the Indians. As there were fine farm lands in the neighborhood, the settlers began to scatter out and make claims, although Robertson warned them against the Indians.
The great valley of middle Tennessee belonged to no single tribe, but many tribes claimed it as hunting ground. In April, roving bands of Delawares, Chickasaws, and Choctaws began to worry the settlements. Soon the outlying cabins were deserted and all gathered into the stockades. The central station was that at The Bluff (Big Lick or Nashville), where Robertson built a little stockaded village. Other stations were scattered along both sides of the river. Not only was there distress because of the Indians, but lawless whites were causing trouble by wronging the Indians or killing the stock of the whites. There were also disputes among the settlers about land claims. Robertson therefore called a meeting of delegates from the different stations, at Nashborough, to form a government. It was agreed that twelve judges should be elected at the different stations to form a court to settle land disputes and other troubles. Officers were also appointed to lead the settlers against the Indians. Robertson was one of the judges, and also first colonel of the militia.

The chief danger was from the Indians. In April, as before stated, they began to attack the settlers, kill the stock, and drive off the horses. Among those killed was a son of Robertson. The savages felt jealous of the white hunters who were killing and driving off the game, and gathered from different quarters to drive away the colonists. The settlers were shot as they worked on their clearings, gathered the corn crops, or ventured outside the walls of the stockades. Hunters were killed as they stooped to drink at the springs, or lay in wait at the licks. The Indians often imitated the gobblings of the wild turkey or the cries of wild beasts to lure the hunters to death. Robertson led several bands against the Indians,
but it was difficult to overtake or chastise them. Horses and cattle had been brought into the new settlements in some number during the year, but the savages killed or drove off most of them, shooting the hogs and horned stock and stealing the riding animals. The loss of the milk cows was severely felt by the women. Besides these troubles there were heavy floods in the bottom lands, which destroyed most of the corn crop.

The settlers were greatly discouraged, and many left the country. All but two of the stockades were deserted, and the settlers were anxious to return through the forests to East Tennessee. But Robertson, though he had suffered as much as anybody, remained steadfast. He strongly urged upon the settlers the danger of flight through the wilderness. The land about them was so beautiful and fertile that it was well worth the risk of holding it. The settlers were encouraged by Robertson's confidence and courage, and they decided to remain. "As their corn had failed them they got their food from the woods; some gathered quantities of walnuts, hickory-nuts, and shell-barks, and the hunters wrought havoc among the vast herds of game. During the early winter, one party of twenty men, that went up Caney Fork on a short trip, killed one hundred five bears, seventy-five buffaloes, and eighty-seven deer, and brought the flesh and hides back to the stockades in canoes, so that through the winter there was no lack of jerked and smoke-dried meat."

The hunters were good marksmen and used the small-bore rifle, that needed but little powder, of which they were very saving. Nevertheless, by the beginning of winter, both powder and bullets began to fail. Robertson at once offered to travel alone through the woods and
barrens to Kentucky to get ammunition. It was a dreary journey, through a snow-covered region, where hunted many Indians. Robertson set out at once, alone, and reached Kentucky, where he got plenty of powder, and without delay began his return journey to the Cumberland. "He traveled through the frozen woods, trusting solely to his own sharp senses for safety. On the evening of January 15, 1781, he reached Friedland Station, near Nashville, and was joyfully received by the inmates. They supped late, and then sat up still later talking matters over. When they went to bed, all were tired and neglected to take the usual precautions against surprise. But at that time they did not fear any attack. They slept heavily, none keeping watch. Robertson alone was wakeful and suspicious; and even during his light slumbers, his keen and long-trained senses were on the alert. At midnight all was still. The moon shone brightly down on the square block-houses and stockaded yard of the lonely little frontier fort. Its rays lit up the clearing, and by contrast darkened the black shadow of the surrounding forest. None of the sleepers within the log walls dreamed of danger, but an Indian war-band was lurking near by, and was about to attack the fort in the darkness. In the dead of night the attempt was made. One by one the warriors left the protection of the tangled wood-growth, slipped silently across the open space, and crouched under the heavy timber pickets of the palisades, until all had gathered together. Though the gate was fastened with a strong bar and chain, the dexterous savages contrived to open it. In so doing they made a slight noise, which caught Robertson's quick ear as he lay on his buffalo hide pallet. Jumping up he saw the gate open and dusky figures gliding into the yard
with stealthy swiftness. At his cry of Indians and the report of his piece, the settlers sprang up, every man grasping the loaded gun by which he slept. From each log cabin the rifles cracked and flashed, and though the Indians were actually within the yard, they had no cover, and the sudden and unexpected resistance caused them to hurry out much faster than they had come in. Robertson shot one of their number, and they in turn killed a white man who sprang out of doors at the first alarm. When they were driven out the gate was closed after them. Robertson's return was at a most favorable moment. As often before and afterwards he saved the settlement from destruction."

On the second of April, a large war party of Cherokees made an attempt on Nashborough. They approached the fort at night, lying hid in the bushes, divided into two parties, a larger and a smaller. In the morning three of them came near, fired at the fort, and ran off toward where the smaller party lay ambushed, in a thicket in a ravine. Instantly twenty men mounted their horses and galloped after the decoys. As they overtook the fugitives, they saw the Indians hid in the creek bottom and dismounted to fight, turning their horses loose. A smart interchange of shots followed and the whites were rather getting the best of it, when the other and larger body of Indians rose from their hiding place, in a clump of cedars, and running down, formed a line between the white men and the fort, intending to run into the fort with the fleeing riflemen. The only chance for the whites, hemmed in, was to turn and force their way back through their more numerous foes. But their pieces were all discharged and there was no time to reload them. They were helped, however, by two unexpected circumstances.
Their horses had taken fright at the firing and ran off toward the fort, passing to one side of the Indians. Many of the latter, eager for such booty, ran off to catch them. Meanwhile, the remaining men in the fort saw what had happened and made ready for defense, while all the women likewise snatched guns or axes and stood by loopholes and gates. The dogs at the fort were also taking a keen interest in what was going on. They were stout, powerful animals, some being hounds and others watch dogs, but all accustomed to contests with wild beasts; and by instinct and training they hated Indians. Seeing a line of savages drawn up between the fort and their masters, they promptly sallied out and made a furious onset upon their astonished foes. Taking advantage of this, the whites ran through the lines and got into the fort, the Indians being completely occupied in defending themselves from the dogs. Five of the whites were killed and two wounded, while the Indians lost about as many. The gates were now closed and the whites ready, and this was the last attempt of the Indians to capture a palisaded fort in Tennessee. But in the two following years the settlers were so much troubled by the Indians that they again proposed to return to Eastern Tennessee. It was only Robertson's great influence which prevented this.

At the end of two years, in 1783, the Revolution closed and settlers began to flock to Tennessee, and the Indian troubles became less. The government was also again organized. Robertson became chairman of the Court of Judges, and a clerk and sheriff were appointed to carry out their decisions. Arrangements were made for a proper survey of the lands of the settlers and for a settlement of disputes between land owners. The
judges had also the duty of punishing thefts and crimes on the part of lawless men, of whom many had come to Tennessee. "Besides the militia, a small force of regulars was organized, that is, six spies were kept out to watch the motions of the Indians, each spy to receive seventy-five bushels of Indian-corn per month. They were under the direction of Colonel Robertson, who was the leading man in all parts of the government."

It has been seen that the lawless whites were often a source of as much trouble to the better class of settlers as the Indians. They would shoot cattle and inflict injuries upon the Indians which brought danger to all the settlements. In 1781 fifteen men, under the leadership of one Colbert, passed down the river to the Mississippi in boats and then descended that stream to plunder the Spanish settlements along its banks. They were joined by some Chickasaw Indians and captured several Spanish boats. But at last they were defeated and scattered by the Spaniards themselves. The Spaniards, of course, would blame the Cumberland settlers for sending out such lawless men. Robertson and other leading men of the settlement, in order to avoid difficulty, at once wrote to the Spaniards at New Orleans, and sent a messenger saying that Colbert and his men were outlaws and the settlers on the Cumberland were not responsible for their deeds. An order was also issued by the leading men that no one should trade with the Indians until a license was granted and a guaranty of good behavior was secured from the traders. Many desired to obtain a treaty of peace with the Indians to the south, but they were afraid to bring so many Indians and whites together, for fear of some outrage. At last it was decided to hold a great peace council with them. It took place near Nash-
Robertson. "The selling of liquors to the Indians was strictly prohibited. At the appointed time many chiefs and warriors of the Chickasaws, Cherokees, and even Creeks appeared. There were various sports, such as ball games and foot races, and the treaty was brought to a satisfactory conclusion. It did not completely stop the Indian outrages, but it greatly diminished them."

Robertson kept up a correspondence with the Spanish Governor of New Orleans, and some trade was established by means of the river, between the Cumberland settlements and the Spaniards on the lower Mississippi. At times, also, the Spanish agents attempted to stir up the savages against the people of Tennessee, so as to hinder them from further settlement to the south and west. These troubles, however, were settled, and the people along the Cumberland lived, for the most part, on friendly terms with the Spaniards.

**JOHN SEVIER.**

John Sevier was a friend of Robertson, and even more famous than he in the early history of East Tennessee. For several years they had lived as neighbors in the Watauga settlement, and they fought and served together in many Indian campaigns. Sevier was born in Virginia, the son of a French Huguenot, and came to Watauga in 1772. "He was a very handsome man, tall, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, brown-haired, of slender build, with erect, military carriage and bearing, his lithe, finely-proportioned figure being well set off by the hunting shirt which he almost invariably wore." He was well educated, also had great influence over the backwoodsmen, because of his daring courage, kindness, and generosity. He was for many years the most renowned Indian fighter in the
southwest, and was the type of a hospitable southern gentleman. In 1776, Sevier was living in the valley of East Tennessee, when the Cherokee Indians from the south crossed through the mountain valleys and marched up the valley of the Tennessee, laying waste the fields, burning houses, and killing men, women, and children. The settlers fled with such few articles as they could carry to the stockaded forts. This happened at the breaking out of the Revolution, and the Indians had been prompted to take up the tomahawk and scalping-knife by British agents among the Indians who furnished the savages with guns and ammunition. The villages of the Cherokees, many in number, were among the mountain ranges of Northern Georgia and Western North Carolina. They attempted to fall upon the Watauga settlements unexpectedly, but an Indian squaw brought word to the settlers of the uprising. Men with their families fled to the forts and the well-trained backwoods scouts watched the movements of the Indians, so as to carry word to any fort that was about to be attacked, and to summon the riflemen of the neighborhood to its defense.

There were many bands of the Cherokees, one of the largest of which was led by the great chief, Dragging Canoe. As the bands pushed northward through the valley, many backwoodsmen gathered at Eaton’s Station, at the forks of the Holston. They were good marksmen, hardy and full of fight, and, after a council was held, “they decided not to stay cooped up in the fort, like turkeys in a pen, while the Indians ravaged the fields and burnt the homesteads, but to march out against them.” One hundred and seventy strong, they sallied forth, and, marching in two parallel lines in Indian file, with scouts thrown out on each side, to prevent surprise, they bent
Robertson.

their steps in silence toward "Island Flats," a level tract of woodland on the Holston. As they came near the Flats, they surprised a body of twenty Indians, who fled, leaving their baggage. It being late in the day, the captains decided to return to the fort, though many of the men wished to advance against the Indians. They had started back, when the scouts brought word that the Indians, believing the backwoodsmen to be retreating, were rushing forward to attack them in the rear. The men at once wheeled round and formed a line of battle, and spreading out, concealed themselves behind trees and bushes. The warriors rushed forward, led by Dragging Canoe himself. Calling upon his men to come and scalp the whites, he raised the war-whoop and made a furious onset, but the backwoodsmen, with their long rifles, waited till the Indians were near at hand, and then poured in a volley that checked the advance. A short fight followed at close quarters; Dragging Canoe was badly wounded, and the Indians fled in disorder, carrying off their wounded. The Indians lost thirteen killed, while the whites had four wounded and took much plunder.

On the same day another band of Indians made an attack on the Watauga fort, where Robertson and Sevier were in command. There were many women and children in the fort and but forty or fifty riflemen. As the Indians came up the valley, Sevier sent word northward into Virginia, that the savages were advancing with the intention of driving all the whites out of East Tennessee, but he made no request for help. He was so fearless as to believe that they would be able, unaided, to drive back the Indians. No help could come from the East on account of the mountains. One morning as the Indians advanced in the early twilight, they were detected and
forced back by the well-directed shots from the port-holes. The Indians kept up the siege about three weeks. Some of the men, weary of being cooped up in the fort, ventured out and four were killed. "Tradition relates that Sevier, now a young widower, fell in love with the woman he soon afterwards married, during the siege. Her name was Kate Sherrill, tall, brown-haired, and comely. One day, while without the fort, she was almost surprised by the Indians. Running like a deer, she reached the stockade, sprang up so as to catch the top with her hands, and drawing herself over was caught by Sevier on the other side. Through a loop-hole he had already shot the foremost of her pursuers. While the foe was still lurking about the fort, the people within were forced to subsist solely on parched corn." About the time the Indians were departing, backwoodsmen came from the other forts to assist the besieged. All through the valley the Indians had been forced to withdraw, having suffered greater loss than they had inflicted. In the fall of this year, an army of two thousand men, mostly from Virginia, but joined by the Watauga men, marched southward against the Northern Cherokees. The Indians retreated before this force, and their villages were laid waste until they begged for peace.

The Watauga settlements were now secure for a time from the Indians. From 1779 on, Sevier was treated as commander of the militia. "He lived in a great, rambling, one-story house, on the Nolichucky, (a branch of the Tennessee,) a rude, irregular building with broad verandas and great stone fire-places. The rooms were in two groups, which were connected by a covered porch—a 'dog alley,' as the old settlers still call it, because the dogs are apt to sleep there at night. He kept open house to
Robertson.

all comers, for he was very hospitable, and every one was welcome to bed and board, to apple-jack and cider, hominy and corn bread, beef, venison, bear meat, and wild fowl. When there was a wedding or merry-making of any kind, he feasted the neighborhood, barbecuing oxen—that is, roasting them whole on great spits—and spreading broad tables out under the trees. He was ever ready to lead his mounted riflemen against the small parties of wandering Indians that came into the country. He soon became the best commander against the Indians in that part of the border, moving with a rapidity that enabled him again and again to overcome and scatter their roving parties, recovering the plunder and captives, and now and then taking a scalp or two himself. His skill and daring, together with his unfailing courtesy, ready tact, and hospitality, gained him unbounded influence with the frontiersmen, among whom he was universally known as ‘Nolichucky Jack.’”
CINCINNATI AND MARIETTA.

Authorities: Centennial History and American Commonwealths, "Ohio." F. S. Drake, "Indian History for Young Folks."

MARIETTA.

The pioneers who formed the first settlement at Marietta, Ohio, were Yankees from Massachusetts. In 1785, Gen. Tupper and Rufus Putnam, both of Massachusetts, began to organize a company for the purpose of buying land and forming settlements in Ohio. The Ohio Company was formed in 1787, and five and one-half million acres of land, north of the Ohio and east of the Scioto rivers, were bought of Congress. The directors of the Ohio Company had a meeting in Boston in November, 1787, and elected Rufus Putnam superintendent of their colony. At the same meeting, a number of workmen, including carpenters, boat builders, and blacksmiths, were employed to make preparations for a journey to the Ohio valley. Tools, wagons, and horses were procured, and in December, the mechanics and others met at Danvers, Massachusetts, from which village they soon started for the far west. They took the long, dreary way over the Alleghanies, and by the old Indian path over Braddock's road, and after nearly eight weeks' journeying, reached the Yough, a branch of the Monongahela, at a point called Simrall's Ferry. The weather grew so cold that they could go no farther, and the colony remained upon the Yough till the returning spring. Gen. Put-
nam, with a smaller party of leading men and surveyors, left Hartford in January, and pressed forward to the same meeting place.

"And now the stalwart New England boat builders plied their sharp axes, keen saws, and sounding hammers in building the 'Mayflower,' which was to carry these new pilgrims to a New World. This boat was the largest that had ever gone down the Ohio. Its length was forty-five feet and its width twelve feet. The Mayflower was strongly built, with sides proof against the bullets of the savages. She was placed in command of Capt. Duval, a brave leader, who helped build the first ship launched on the Ohio river." On the afternoon of the second day of April, 1788, the Mayflower, was unfastened from her moorings at Simrall's Ferry, and, with a flatboat and several small canoes, floated down the Yough to the waters of the Monongahela, and onward to the Ohio. Having passed Fort Pitt on the seventh of April, they reached the mouth of the Muskingum and landed on the east bank, about four hundred yards above its mouth, nearly opposite Fort Harmar. The little company that landed at this time numbered forty-eight souls. On the first of July, nearly three months later, eighty-four more settlers arrived from the East. "They had been nine weeks upon the way, toiling in the tedious journey through a rough frontier wilderness, with their wagons, cattle, and stock of every kind. Eight weeks of travel, with a regular encampment each night, brought them to Wheeling, about eighty miles above Marietta, on the Ohio. Here they procured a large Kentucky flat-boat, into which the colonists were crowded with their goods, and after two days' floating upon the current, they landed beside the Mayflower, at the mouth of the Muskingum."
While the first settlers were building their houses, they used the Mayflower, which had a roof, as a floating home and as a protection from the weather. Only two days after the arrival of the second colony, they met to celebrate the fourth of July, and an oration was spoken by Judge Varnum. The cannon on the boat ushered in the day. Many of the settlers were Revolutionary soldiers and officers who had come West with their families to improve their fortunes. They were men of education and refinement, and carried these advantages into the West. They employed a pious young minister to come out the following summer, who was not only to preach to the older people, but to teach the children. This man, known as Rev. Daniel Story, from Worcester, Mass., labored for many years among the settlers.

Early in July, Governor St. Clair, who had been appointed by Congress, and the judges of the court, came out to the new settlement. A public meeting of the citizens was called, when the governor made an address to the people and explained to them the new government. The county of Washington was organized west of the Muskingum, with Marietta as the county seat. The year before the settlement, in 1787, Congress had passed certain laws in regard to the Northwest Territory, which were known as the "Ordinances of 1787." They were as follows: No person should be molested on account of his worship or religion. Good faith was to be kept with the Indians. Their lands were not to be taken from them unlawfully. There were to be no slaves in the new territory; but slaves escaping from Kentucky, Virginia, etc., should be returned to their masters. On the ninth day of September, the laws of the colony were read and posted on the trunk of a tree.
On the opposite side of the river was Fort Harmar. The following is a description of the fort as it was in 1788:

"The fort stood very near the point on the western side of the Muskingum, and upon the second terrace above ordinary flood water. It was a regular pentagon in shape, with bastions on each side, and its walls enclosed but little more than three-quarters of an acre. The main walls of defense, called curtains, were each one hundred and twenty feet long, and about twelve or fourteen feet high. They were constructed of logs laid horizontally. The bastions were of the same height as the other walls, but unlike them were formed of palings or timbers set upright into the ground. Large two-story log buildings were built in the bastions to accommodate the officers and their families, and the barracks for the troops were erected along the curtains, the roofs sloping toward the center of the enclosure. They were divided into four rooms, of thirty feet each, supplied with fire-places, and large enough for a regiment of men to live in. From the roof of the barracks, looking toward the Ohio river, there rose a watch tower, surmounted by the flag of the United States."

As the colony on the other side of the river was not secure against Indian attacks, it was resolved to change the block house into a regular stockade or fortified section. Under General Putnam, the work was begun, and completed the next year. The walls of the main building formed a square of one hundred and eighty feet on each side. Each corner was protected later, in 1791, by a strong projecting block house twenty feet square in the lower story, and twenty-four in the upper. Each block house was surmounted by a tower or sentry box, bullet-proof, and the curtains or sides of the
square were protected by a range of sharpened pickets, inclining outward. The whole was surrounded by a strong palisade ten feet high and securely planted in the ground, beyond which there was a range of abatis.

The buildings were made of timber four inches thick and neatly dovetailed at the corners, two stories high, and covered with good shingle roofs. The rooms were large, and provided with good fire-places and brick chimneys. A guarded gateway stood on the west and south, and over the gateway facing the Muskingum, on the south, was a large room surmounted by a belfry in which was hung the church-going bell. The whole range of buildings was well supplied with port-holes for firing. Such was the outline of the first regular station in the Northwest, known as the Campus Martius. Its bastions and tower, all white-washed and glittering in the sun, reminded one of some ancient castle.

In the meantime the plan of a regular town was laid off on the banks of the Ohio, above the mouth of the Muskingum. Streets and squares were marked off, and the town called Marietta, in honor of Marie Antoinette, queen of France. During the summer and autumn the settlements in Washington county were increased by the arrival of new emigrants from beyond the mountains, as well as from Pennsylvania and western Virginia.

In the spring other settlements were established at Bellepre and Newbury, lower down the Ohio river. Stockades were also built in these places for protection against the Indians.

Both the Muskingum and the Ohio, at Marietta, are bordered with high bluffs, which leave only a narrow strip of level land along the rivers. This part of Ohio is very hilly, almost mountainous, and the settlers found
later that the valleys further down the river were better for farming than the valley of the Muskingum.

CINCINNATI.

Soon after the purchase by the Ohio Company of land along the Muskingum, Judge John Symmes, of New Jersey, bought of the government six hundred thousand acres, (at sixty cents an acre), between the Great and Little Miami rivers. Symmes published a pamphlet, announcing his purchase on the Miami and stating the terms on which the lands would be sold to settlers. He collected a company of thirty colonists and these, conveyed by eight wagons, each drawn by four horses, proceeded from New Jersey across the mountains and arrived at Mayesville, Kentucky, in November, 1788.

Major Stites, meanwhile, had purchased ten thousand acres of Symmes and was waiting at Mayesville with a company of settlers. On the sixteenth of November Major Stites, with a company of twenty-six, four of whom were women and two boys, took a boat and descended the river. They landed a little after sunrise on the morning of the eighteenth of November, below the mouth of the Miami river, on a spot that is now within the limits of Cincinnati. After making fast the boat, they ascended the steep bank and cleared away the underbrush in the midst of a pawpaw thicket, where the women and children sat down. They next placed sentinels at a small distance from the thicket, and, having first united in a song of praise to Almighty God, upon their knees they offered thanks for the past and prayer for future protection. This little colony contained some of the most intelligent and enterprising men who settled in this whole region. A few log houses were erected for
dwellings, a block house for protection against Indian hostility, and such other outbuildings as were necessary to a permanent settlement. Major Stites then proceeded to lay off a town in the woods. The land at this point was so fertile that from nine acres were raised nine hundred and sixty bushels of Indian corn. The Indians came to them, and were roughly treated at first by some of the settlers, but they were very submissive, desired to trade, and held out the right hand of peace. In a few days this good will ripened into friendship, the hunters frequently taking shelter at night at the Indian camps. The red men and squaws spent whole days and nights at the settlement, sometimes regaling themselves with whisky. This friendship of the Indians was owing to the kindness of Symmes himself. In the preceding autumn, while exploring the country about the Great Miami, he had prevented some Kentuckians, who were with him, from injuring a band of savages who came within their power.

In January, 1789, however, there was a great flood in the Ohio valley. Only one house escaped the deluge. The soldiers were driven from the ground floor of the block house into the loft, and from the loft into the only boat that was left them. Muskingum was also damaged by the same great flood.

About six weeks after this first settlement, Israel Ludlow and Robert Patterson led a colony of twenty persons to a point five miles lower down the Ohio and opposite the mouth of the Licking. "They landed at a little cove, now Sycamore street, Cincinnati. Three log houses were built and other preparations made for receiving families in the spring. The site was a beautiful wooded first bottom, on the immediate bank of the Ohio, about sixty feet above low-water mark, and stretched away upward of
three hundred yards from the river, where a second bank, or terrace, rose gently forty feet higher. The second bottom extended back to the base of the bluffs, more than half a mile from the shore. The whole was covered with a heavy forest. On the lower bottom were chiefly sycamore, sugar maple, and black walnut. On the upper terrace were chiefly beech, oak, and walnut. The courses of streets were marked upon the trees of the lower bottom, while the corners of lots were shown by stakes driven in the ground. This settlement did not grow rapidly the first year. It was a dangerous point, immediately on the line of the old Indian war-path between Ohio and Kentucky, and settlers were not anxious to make it their home.” But in the fall of 1789 the United States government decided to build a fort and station troops here. The spot selected for it was opposite the mouth of the Licking, within the town site of Cincinnati. A company of seventy soldiers arrived from Fort Harmar to begin the work. In January, 1790, the governor wrote: “This will be one of the most solid, substantial wooden fortresses, when finished, of any in the western territory. It is built of hewn timber, a perfect square, and two stories high, with four block houses at the angles.” It was named Fort Washington. About the last of December, 1788, General Harmar arrived with three hundred regular troops, and Fort Washington shortly afterwards became the headquarters of the northwestern army and the residence of the governor [St. Clair].

Other settlements had been made along the river, and soon the county of Hamilton was formed with Cincinnati as county seat. It began now to be a place of considerable importance, and soon grew to be the center of fashion and culture in the West, and attracted many persons of
intelligence and enterprise. Frame houses began to appear, and during the following summer (1789) forty log cabins were added as the dwellings of so many families.

In the two years after the first settlers arrived at Muskingum, settlements had multiplied. In Washington county there were four hundred and forty-seven men enrolled in the militia, and in all twenty-five hundred people. In Hamilton county there were about as many men and two thousand people in all. Besides these there were the regular troops at Fort Washington and Fort Harmar.

The Indians in Ohio from the first had been, for the most part, unfriendly. They disliked seeing the white men taking up the fine valleys of the Ohio. They lurked about the settlements, stealing, and watching the building of forts. They began to waylay travelers and small parties, even near the large settlements. A number of whites had been murdered. All male settlers were obliged to carry arms when about their work in the fields, while sentinels were posted in the fields, on a stump or hill, to give notice of approaching danger. Such was the dread of an Indian ambush that people dared not leave the enclosure.

In January, 1791, the Indians prepared to destroy the settlement at Big Bottom on the Muskingum. This place had been occupied a few months before, against the advice of the more experienced, by a party of young men who had been delighted with the beauty of the lands. The whole company consisted of about twenty-five persons, including several women with their children. They had built a block house and several log cabins, and seemed to enjoy perfect security from the Indians. On the second day of January, a party of twenty-five Indians
advanced to the brow of the hill overlooking the Muskingum valley. Here they concealed themselves, patiently watching the movements of the little colony during the day, until after the evening twilight, when, descending, they advanced to the assault. Directed by the fires within, they divided into parties to attack several houses at the same time. The whites in the block house were sitting around the supper table, by the cheerful fire light, and their guns were standing in the corner of the room. The houses being surrounded by the Indians, one large Mohawk gently pushed open the door, while his comrades fired at the men at the table, who dropped one after another. A woman seized an ax and made a desperate blow at the Mohawk who held the door, and inflicted upon him a terrible wound. She was immediately slain by a tomahawk, with the other inmates. Another cabin was entered at the same time by another party of Indians, who bound the inmates and made them prisoners. The occupants of a third cabin, being alarmed by the report of the guns at the block house, escaped into the woods and concealed themselves from the enemy. The Indians, failing to find them, plundered the houses of everything valuable, and then set fire to them. They secured the prisoners, and then feasted by the light of the burning houses. The whole number killed in this settlement was fourteen, of whom eleven were young men, besides one woman and two children. Five persons, four men and one boy, were taken as captives to Detroit. Within a few days, all the settlements on the Muskingum, beyond the guns of Fort Harmar, were broken up, and those who did not make a speedy escape were killed or taken prisoner.

About the same time, attacks were made upon the
settlements in other places, especially about Cincinnati. Colerain, a large station seventeen miles north of Fort Washington, was attacked. Captain Kingsbury, with eighteen regular troops and fourteen others, led the defense. The women supplied the riflemen with bullets, and when the lead was all gone, they melted their pewter plates and spoons into bullets. Three hundred warriors appeared before the place and demanded its surrender. The demand was promptly refused, and the attack at once began and was kept up with spirit for twenty-four hours. The Indians, fearing re-enforcements from the garrison at Fort Washington, suddenly retreated, and an hour later Captain Freeman, with sixty-three soldiers from Cincinnati, came to the assistance of the station.

The emigrants from the East, while coming down the Ohio in boats to the settlements in Kentucky and Ohio, were often attacked, from the shore or from canoes, by Indians. Captain William Hubbel was descending the river in a flat-boat, to Kentucky, with twenty persons, nine men, besides women and children. The Indians were upon the lookout for them, and one morning early, one of them from the shore tried to draw them near the bank by asking to be taken on board. But the emigrants kept away and soon saw several boat loads of Indians approaching them. The whites threw everything overboard that could hinder them, such as tables, chairs, etc., so as to clear the deck, and then hid themselves behind boxes, trunks, and railings, with guns ready to fire. The Indians surrounded the flat-boat, on both sides, at stern and prow, and raked every part of the deck. Two of the white men were badly wounded in the beginning and captain Hubbel was soon shot through the right arm. But as the Indians came up close to the boat and tried to
jump on deck, he rushed forward with two pistols and, having emptied them into the foremost of the Indians, he seized a stick of fire-wood, and wounding one of the Indians severely, drove the others back into their boat. All but four of the white men were now severely wounded, but they drove back the Indians a second time. "Unfortunately the boat now drifted to within twenty yards of the shore, and the Indians came running down the bank. Two men, the only two unhurt, took the oars; they were hidden from view, and protected by the side of the boat and by blankets in the stern. For twenty minutes they were exposed to a heavy fire. Suddenly, and providentially, the boat was carried by the current to the middle of the stream, out of the reach of the enemies' fire. The little band of men, women, and children, now out of danger, forgot their fatigue and wounds and gave three hearty cheers for their deliverance. Out of nine men three were killed and four severely wounded. The women and children were all uninjured except one little boy, who, after the battle, came to the captain and asked him to take a ball out of his head. A bullet had gone through the side of the boat and lodged under the skin of his forehead. When this was removed the brave little fellow said: "That is not all, Captain," and raising his arm exhibited a piece of bone at the point of his elbow, which had been shot off and hung by the skin. His mother, who knew nothing of all this, now exclaimed: "Why did you not tell us of this?" "Because," he replied, "the Captain ordered us to be silent during the fight and I thought you would make a noise if I told you of it."

The Indians were not willing to see their old homes and hunting grounds in Ohio taken possession of by the
whites, and they became more and more displeased with the building of forts and stockades at Cincinnati, Marietta, and at other stations north of the Ohio. Governor St. Clair tried, by all means, to make peace with them, and held councils with them upon the upper Muskingum; but the Indian chiefs refused to meet him, and were encouraged by the English at Detroit to remain hostile. When it was found that the Indians were determined upon war, General Harmar, with fourteen hundred men, marched north into the valley of the Maumee. The Indian towns along the upper part of that river were destroyed by General Harmar, but in marching against the Indians his army was twice surprised, defeated, and driven back.

The next year Governor St. Clair himself, with about two thousand men, marched north against the Indians. His army had reached the upper Wabash and was encamped near a stream with thick woods, bushes, and fallen trees all about the camp. One morning before sunrise, Little Turtle surrounded this camp with his Indians, and as the men were getting breakfast, rushed with yells upon them. The militia were frightened and fled. The regulars stood firm, but the Indians from behind the trees and logs rapidly shot down the soldiers. Several times the troops charged upon the concealed Indians, but could only drive them back a short distance into the woods, where they keep up their firing. After several hours of fighting, the army began a retreat, which was soon turned into flight. The Indians rushed after, yelling and scalping. Nearly nine hundred white men were killed on the battle ground. "St. Clair, who behaved gallantly, had three horses shot under him. Eight balls passed through his coat and hat" Many gallant officers were
slain." The whole country was in a mourning over this defeat, while the Indians grew bolder than ever.

Gen. Anthony Wayne was now appointed to get together an army to punish the Indians. In 1794 he marched cautiously northward from the Ohio, and built Fort Recovery, on the old battle ground of St. Clair's defeat. Here Little Turtle, with his Indians, attacked him and was badly defeated. Two months later, "on the morning of the twentieth of August, he encountered the Indian lines nearly two miles back from the Maumee river (near the rapids), behind thickets of trees, prostrated by a tornado, so that the engagement that followed was called the battle of the 'Fallen Timber.' His front line of militia received a hot fire and fell back. The charge was then sounded. The second and third lines advanced; the dragoons on the right penetrating the fastness by a narrow passage at the river, and turning, sword in hand, upon the flank. The front line broke through the brushwood, the Indians gave way before the troops on the left came up, and in an hour were driven more than two miles." The power of the Indians was now broken, their fields and villages were wasted and burnt. Peace was finally made, and even Detroit surrendered to the United States. The whole Northwest had been secured to the Americans.
Lewis and Clarke were two young men from Virginia, who had been appointed by Jefferson, the president of the United States, to make the first journey up the Missouri river to its sources in the Rocky mountains, and then find a way across these mountains to the rivers flowing into the Pacific ocean. Lewis was the private secretary of President Jefferson, and Clarke was a brother of George Rogers Clarke, who captured Vincennes.

Until 1804 the United States had owned no land west of the Mississippi, and even the American traders were not allowed to enter this great region. The French owned it and had called it Louisiana, while their fur traders were accustomed to pass up the river in boats, trade with the Indians, and return laden with peltries, to St. Louis or other French villages on the Mississippi. But in 1804, Louisiana was sold to the United States, and Lewis and Clarke were sent by Jefferson to explore it and to make a full report to the government. Perhaps they would find a good route of travel from St. Louis to the Columbia river and the Pacific ocean. They were to visit the Indian tribes along the river and tell them of the change of ownership. Their boats were also laden with presents for them. But it was not known whether
the Indians would be friendly or hostile, nor what other difficulties would meet them on the voyage up the swift current of the Missouri. They were also to observe the animals, trees, and plants, the soil and climate, with a view to future settlement. The government was ready to provide them well with boats, provisions, and arms, besides presents for the Indians. "A keel-boat fifty-five feet long, and drawing three feet of water, carrying one large, square sail, and twenty-one oars," was built for them at Pittsburg. "A half-deck at the bow and stern formed forecastle and cabin, the middle being left open for the rowers." The officers occupied one end and the men the other, for sleeping purposes. They had also two or three smaller boats, propelled by oars.

Lewis and Clarke selected twenty-six men for the journey. There were nine Kentuckians, fourteen United States soldiers, two Canadian Frenchmen, and one negro, a body-servant of one of the leaders. The boats were well loaded with provisions, such as coffee, sugar, crackers, and dried meat, goods and presents for trading with the Indians, and clothing, tools, and instruments for the long and difficult journey. Even some horses were taken upon the larger boat, and proved of much service. In the fall of 1803, the men and boats, deeply laden, descended the Ohio and passed up the Mississippi, landing opposite the little French village of St. Louis. Here they waited for the spring, collected information from the French traders about the river and the Indians, and made still further preparations for the voyage.

On the fourth of May, 1804, the explorers left Wood river, just below the mouth of the Missouri. There were (including men enlisted at St. Louis,) forty-two men in one large batteau and in two smaller boats. On the first
night they encamped on the bank of the Missouri, and felt for the first time that they were fully embarked upon their long and dangerous voyage. But the men were all volunteers, who had promised to explore and report to the government upon this newly-purchased country, and none were disposed to draw back. They advanced slowly up the rapid stream, often striking the drifting logs which were carried down by the muddy current. On the twenty-eighth of May all the provisions and goods were put out from the boat to air and dry, and some of the men went out to hunt, bringing home a deer. Two days before this two of the men were sent out with horses by land, to explore the country back from the river, and then to meet the boats again further up the stream. On June first they returned to camp at the mouth of the Osage river, saying that the land they had passed over was the best they had ever seen. The timber was good, consisting of oak, ash, hickory, and black walnut. The Osage Indians lived about two hundred miles up this river, and were of large size and very war like. For the sake of security the arms and ammunition of the men were inspected and found to be in good condition. The hunters were sent out to bring in game for the whole party. On June fourth they returned with seven deer. The next day, while rowing slowly up the stream, they met two Frenchmen in two canoes loaded with peltries, which they had traded from the Indians further up the river. Three days later they met four French canoes full of furs and skins which the traders were accustomed to bring to St. Louis to sell.

On the ninth of June the boats passed through a narrow part of the river where its current was only three hundred yards wide, very swift, and difficult to stem. On
one side was a level country, called by the Indians the Prairie of Arrows. In trying to pass round a raft of drift-wood, in this part of the river, the stern of the large boat got fast and the prow was swung round by the current till it was in great danger of upsetting. On the following day the wind blew so hard from the north that they could not propel the boat against it, and were compelled to encamp upon the prairie. Setting out early the next morning, they went on without halt till five o'clock, when they were met by five canoes of Frenchmen, loaded with furs and peltries which had been bought from the Sioux nation of Indians. Stopping to talk with these traders, they stayed with them the whole night, and learned much about the river and the tribes above. They persuaded one of the Frenchmen, an old man who could speak the language of the different Indian nations, to join them as their interpreter.

Not only was the constant labor of rowing against the swift current of the river a great hardship, but the oars became worn out and broken. For some days they had been on the lookout for trees suitable for making oars. Having found such a grove, they landed, and the carpenters set to work to refit all the boats with oars. While they were at this work the hunters were scouring the country for game. The largest thing they brought in was a bear, and from this time on the hunters frequently returned with bear's meat for the camp. A few days later, the hunters having returned with two deer and a bear, the men halted, pitched camp upon the bank, on a pleasant sunny day, and jerked the meat; that is, cut it into small pieces, or strips, and dried it in the sun. To their surprise, also, they brought in a fine, strong horse, which they found grazing on the meadows, lost, probably
by some previous party. By constantly sending out the hunters, it was possible, not only to supply the camp with fresh meat, but even to lay in a stock for future use.

On the twenty-first of June the water became so rapid that the oarsmen could not force the boats against the current. To meet this difficulty a tow-rope was fastened to the boat and then grasped by men on shore, and the boat dragged up for a mile till past the rapids. Soon after, in passing a sand-bar, the tow-rope broke and the large boat almost stranded. It had been greatly assisted by a mast, that was alone sufficient, in good weather and water, to propel the boat. But the wind grew so strong that the mast was snapped off, and it was some weeks before they found time and means to repair it. About the first of July, they pitched their tents for two days opposite the mouth of the Kansas river. Exploring parties were sent out to examine the river and to meet any Indian tribes, while the hunters searched for fresh game. Four deer and a wolf were killed, and one young wolf was taken alive. They were surprised also one day by catching a large wood rat, different from any animal they had seen. About this time, also, they began to catch and bring in beaver.

On the twenty-second of July they camped at the mouth of the Platte River, whence the hunters were again sent out for bear, deer, and beaver. Six men were also sent up the river to inform the Indians that the United States had purchased all this region, and that the Indians in the future were to respect their Great Father at Washington instead of the French king. Presents were also sent to the Indians, and their chiefs were invited to meet Lewis and Clarke in council. Those who had remained in camp at the mouth of the Platte were busy
bringing in game, drying meat, arranging stores and provisions, airing the goods, and making new oars. While still proceeding up the river, they sent out messengers to the Indian tribes to meet them on the meadows at the foot of the bluffs across from the present site of Omaha. Here Lewis and Clarke pitched their camp, and some of the Indian chiefs came to the council and received presents. They seemed to be pleased with the change. The peace pipe was smoked, and the Indians agreed to remain friendly to the party of white men as they traveled up the great river. This was the first great council held with the Indians of the plains, and was near the present site of Council Bluffs. Having parted in friendship from the Indians, the explorers again entered their boats and pushed northward. The valley of the Missouri contained groves of cottonwood and other hard wood trees, but when the hunting parties had climbed up the bluffs and looked out over the plains, the latter were mostly treeless and grassy, and the great herds of buffaloes began to appear. Scouting and hunting parties were constantly sent out to get commanding views of the country. One of the men was taken sick, and, although all that was possible was done to relieve him, he died after a few days, and was buried on a bluff overlooking the valley.

They were entering the country now known as Dakota, and began to meet again tribes of Indians, who did not appear so friendly as those further to the south. Councils were held and presents were given, but the savages did not seem to be satisfied. They were the Sioux of the prairies, who were invited, however, to visit the boats and were kindly treated. Once, after holding a council with them, Lewis and Clarke were preparing to re-em-
bark, when the Indians seized the cable and refused to permit them to launch out into the stream. Thinking that the Indians had evil designs, the leaders were on the point of giving the word to fire upon them, when the savages let go and the boat drifted out into the current. They said, by way of excuse, that they only wanted to trade longer with the white men. As the boats continued northward, parties of Indians followed along the shore shouting to them to land again as there were other tribes coming to meet the white men. But the explorers thought it safer to keep to the middle of the stream to avoid further contact with the savages. Autumn had now come, the trees were bright in tinted leaves, and the wild-fowl were flying southward. Westward lay the country now known as the Black Hills, toward which the herds of deer and antelope were returning before the winter set in.

As the cold nights came on and the waters of the river froze, they began to think of finding winter quarters, before the deep snows and the extreme cold should begin. They had reached the land of the Mandans and decided to seek for some place upon the river, where there was plenty of wood for fuel and buildings. After searching several days along the stream, they decided to return down the river a few miles and to pitch their winter camp upon a wooded island. Having reached this spot, they felled trees, and built a stockade and log huts for shelter during the winter. The Mandans proved friendly and helped them in building the cabins. Presents were exchanged with the Indians and the whites were attended upon their hunting parties by the friendly natives. These Indians were accustomed to use round, tub-like boats, which were made of buffalo hides patched together.
After the river had frozen over and the snows had fallen, they could travel up and down the valley or across the river on snow shoes. During the long winter evenings, before the blazing fires they heard curious traditions from the Indians. The following is said to be one of their legends:

"The Mandans believe that the whole tribe once lived under ground near a wide, dark lake. Above, on the earth, grew a grape-vine which sent its roots deep into the ground and gave the people below their first glimpse of light. Some of the tribe, more adventurous than the rest, climbed the grape-vine to the world above, and returned, bringing clusters of purple grapes. This wonderful deed so excited the admiration of the dwellers by the lake that they determined to climb the vine, and seek new homes above ground. And this would have been accomplished had not the vine broken under the weight of one very fat old lady, who tumbled backward, taking half the people with her. The remainder reached the light safely and lived very contentedly above ground, but when they died, they expected to return again to the lake and dwell there forever." They learned also from the Indians, that "after many days' journey toward the setting sun, the white man would come to a gorge, wondrous deep and wild, where the whole river plunged foaming down with thunderous roar. They even spoke with veneration of the solitary eagle which had built her nest in a dead cottonwood among the mists of the cataract."

The explorers, in their island camp, were sixteen hundred miles from the Mississippi at St. Louis. They had already met with much labor and difficulty. But the remainder of the voyage would be still more laborious.
During the winter months, they were collecting information for their future journey, mending their clothing and boots, and laying in stores of provisions. When the ice began to break up in the spring, the great floes would sometimes bring down a buffalo or other animal, which the hunters could easily slay.

Early in the spring they were ready to continue their journey. The weaker men were sent back down the river, while the more robust and hearty set out in high spirits to meet the unknown dangers. But it was now much more difficult to force their way against the current. Shoals and rapids were frequent. The tow-lines had to be used in such places, or long poles, by means of which the boats were guided.

The mouth of the Yellowstone was passed, and on the twenty-sixth of May the dim outline of the Rocky mountains came into view, extending from north to south. The summits, white with snow, stretched out like a long, low line of white clouds along the western sky. Still, the hunting parties were daily sent out to bring in fresh supplies of venison and buffalo meat, and around the blazing logs the stories of each day's adventure were related.

"On the thirteenth day of June, while scouting in advance of his party, Captain Lewis saw, in the distance, a thin, cloud-like mist rising up out of the plain. To him it was like the guiding column which led the Israelites in the desert. Not doubting that it was the great fall, which the Mandans had told him about, and of which he was in search, Captain Lewis hastened toward it. He soon heard its roar distinctly, and in a few hours more stood on the brink of the cataract itself. The Indians had told him truly. Not even the eagle's nest was wanting to make their description complete. He was the first
white man who had stood there and he calls it a sublime sight. Thirteen miles of cascades and rapids! At headlong speed the Missouri rushes down a rocky gorge, through which it has torn its way, now leaping over a precipice, now lost to sight in the depths of the cañon, a thousand feet below the plain, or again, as with recovered breath, breaking away from these dark gulfs into the light of day and bounding on again. No wonder that the discoverer stood forgetful of all else but this wondrous work of Nature."

The boats were brought to a standstill at the foot of the series of falls and rapids. It was eighteen miles over a very rough country to smooth water above the falls, but it was decided to carry the boats and supplies around the falls. All the horses with which they had started out from St. Louis had long since perished. Wheels were made, and a sort of wagon, by means of which the men dragged the boats and supplies overland. It took a good part of a month to get around the rapids, and then they found that the boats were not suited to the rough, narrow, and rocky stream above the falls. From the timber standing by the river they made new boats by hollowing out the trunks of large trees. These dug-outs were not so easily dashed to pieces on the rocks. Proceeding in these boats, they came to where the river breaks its way through the foot-hills or lower ranges. A deep, winding cañon, five miles long, and in places a thousand feet deep, had been worn down into the rocks by the action of the water during past ages. Through this deep and gloomy passage, called by them "The Gate of the Mountains," they reached the upper course of the river. They had passed near the present site of Helena and followed up the northern branch of the river named by them the Jefferson.
Having come to the head of boat navigation, they stood at the foot of the main ridge of the Rocky mountains. But they also stood at the beginning of their greatest difficulties. How to get over this rugged, rocky wall was a problem still unsolved. Scouts were sent out to search for Indian guides, and horses with which to carry their baggage across the range. But they found neither Indians nor horses, and the trails leading up into the heights were lost sight of. It began to appear as if their forward journey was at an end, for a march across lofty and unknown mountains, without guides, is a most dangerous undertaking. Leaving the men encamped at the head waters of the Jefferson, Lewis set out across the ridge, declaring that he would not return till he had found guides and horses. Climbing the precipices, he at length stood on the crest of the ridge, and then passing down the other side, entered a valley of a stream flowing into the Salmon river. Following this stream westward with great eagerness, he was pleased beyond measure at the sight of a village of the Shoshones or Snake Indians. They could scarcely believe that he had climbed the mountain ridge alone, without a guide. Some of them, however, returned with him, and supplied the whites with horses with which to carry their goods across the range. Having broken up camp on the Jefferson, they were guided by the Indians through rocky cañons, along the edge of steep and rugged cliffs, ever higher and higher, till they passed over the main chain and descended into the valleys on the west side.

"Almost a month was spent in getting through the mountains. Snow fell and water froze among those rocky heights. On some days five miles would be all they could advance. On others they could scarcely go for-
ward at all. The plenty they had enjoyed on the plains gave way to scarcity or worse. Seldom could the hunters bring in anything but a pheasant, a squirrel, or a hawk, to men famishing with hunger and worn down by a hard day's tramp. The daily food consisted mostly of berries and dried fish, of which every man got a mouthful, but none a full meal. When a horse gave out he was killed and eaten. The men grew sick and dispirited under constant labor, for which want of nourishing food made them every day more and more incapable. In short, every suffering which cold, hunger, and fatigue could bring, was borne by the explorers. Ragged, half-starved, and foot-sore, but upheld by the courage of their leaders, the explorers came out on the other side of the mountains less like conquerors than fugitives."

From the Indians they obtained supplies of fish and game, and, following the smaller streams down to their junction with the larger, they were at length able to make boats and embark upon the river again. The horses which had borne their packs four hundred miles through the mountains, were now left behind with a friendly tribe of Indians called the Nez Perces or Pierced Noses. The river was sometimes broken by falls and rapids, round which their boats were carried. The main river upon which they were floating westward was named Lewis, and a great stream from the north, which combined with it to form the Columbia, was christened the Clarke. All along the river the Indians lived largely upon fish, and especially along the Columbia, the nets of the salmon-fishers were frequently found. The Indians grew more and more numerous as they approached the lower course of the river, and were friendly, supplying them with abundant provisions and receiving gladly the presents brought by
Lewis and Clarke. Having passed the great Cascades of the Columbia, where it breaks through the range of the Cascade mountains, they were upon the smooth current of the great river in its last march to the sea. The voyage down the river had occupied several weeks, and it was the seventh of November before they saw the Pacific. The Indians on the lower course of the Columbia were in possession of fire-arms which they had evidently secured from Europeans. The rainy season had already begun, and the men set to work to build cabins on the south bank of the river, in which to spend the winter. The winter months were also employed in exploring the country, in observing the habits of the Indians, and in studying the plants, animals, and products of this far away region. They had journeyed about four thousand miles since leaving St. Louis. In March, of the following spring, they started up the Columbia on their return voyage to St. Louis, which they reached the next fall, in safety. The people of St. Louis received them joyfully, and Lewis and Clarke were soon able to make their report to the president.
In 1842, Fremont, a young explorer, employed in the service of the United States, resolved to explore the Rocky mountains and the passes in what is now Wyoming, then the northwest boundary of Missouri. The South Pass was that point in the mountains in Wyoming where the first settlers to Oregon had crossed the main chain of the Rocky mountains. Fremont desired to examine this region of country, to measure the height of the mountains and of the pass, and to find the best road for western travel.

At St. Louis he had collected twenty-one men, mostly Creole and Canadian trappers, who knew the country toward the west, having worked for the great fur companies in St. Louis. Mr. Preuss, a German, assisted Fremont with the surveying instruments. Kit Carson was his guide. All the men were armed and mounted on horseback, except eight, who had charge of eight carts drawn by mules. In the carts were put the provisions, such as sugar, bacon, crackers, salt, dried meat, and coffee, tobacco, clothing, blankets, and tools, as presents to the Indians, and the surveying instruments. Each cart was drawn by two mules, and some loose horses and oxen were driven along to be used for special need.

On the twelfth of July, they reached Fort Laramie, and found that the Cheyenne and Sioux Indians were in
a bad state of feeling toward the whites, because the Indians in a recent quarrel with the whites had lost eight or ten warriors. It was rumored at the fort that eight hundred Indian lodges were in motion against the whites. Fremont's men, though accustomed to such dangers, became uneasy on account of these stories and reports that numerous parties of Indians were on the war-path. Even Carson said it was very dangerous for Fremont's party to advance. He was afraid that the Indians might attack them before finding out who they were. Fremont, however, believed that the rumors were exaggerated, and decided to take with him an interpreter and some old Indians, so as to make friends with the war parties, should he meet them.

While Fremont was camped at Fort Laramie, a large Indian village came up and pitched its tents near. The Indians made frequent visits to the tents of Fremont's men, and the chiefs to Fremont's lodge. "Now and then an Indian would dart up to the tent on horseback, jerk off his trappings, and stand silently at the door, showing his desire to trade. Occasionally a savage would stalk in with an invitation to a feast of honor, a dog feast, and quietly sit down and wait till I was ready to accompany him. I went to one; the women and children were sitting outside the lodge, and we took our seats on buffalo robes spread around. The dog was in a large pot over the fire, in the middle of the lodge; and immediately upon our arrival was dished up in large wooden bowls, one of which was handed to each. The flesh had something of the flavor and appearance of mutton. Feeling something move behind me, I looked around and found that I had taken my seat among a litter of fat young puppies. Fortunately I was not of delicate nerves, and
continued to empty my platter. The Indian village consisted principally of old men, women, and children. They had a considerable number of horses and large companies of dogs. Their lodges were pitched near the fort, and our camp was constantly crowded with Indians of all sizes, from morning till night, at which time some of the soldiers came to drive them all off to the village. My tent was the only place which they respected. Here came only the chiefs and men of distinction, and one of them usually remained to drive away the women and children. The numerous strange instruments, applied to still stranger uses, excited awe and admiration among them, and those which I used in talking with the sun and stars, they looked upon with special reverence, as mysterious things of 'great medicine.'”—[Fremont.]

Fremont had with him chronometers, large thermometers, transit instruments, and barometers, for the purpose of keeping a record of the temperature, rain-fall, height of places, and their latitude and longitude. Before setting out on the mountain trip, several of the instruments were left at the fort. The longitude of Fort Laramie was found to be 184° 47' 48''. By means of the barometer the elevation of the fort above the Gulf of Mexico was found to be four thousand four hundred and seventy feet.

During the stay here the men had been engaged in making numerous repairs, arranging pack-saddles, and otherwise preparing for the chances of a rough road and mountain travel. As it was a dangerous journey, Fremont called the men together, told them he was determined to go on, but if any of them desired to return, they could take their pay and be dismissed. Only one man, however, accepted the offer, and he was laughed at as a coward.
Just as Fremont and his men had saddled and mounted their horses and geared up their mules, several of the old Indian chiefs, tall, powerful men, forced their way to him and told him not to proceed, as the young warriors would be sure to fire upon his men. Fremont believed that they only desired to keep the whites at the fort in order to trade with them and prevent their exploring the country. He replied that they were determined to advance, and, if the young warriors attacked them, to defend themselves with their rifles. But after having set out they were not disturbed further, by the Indians, on their journey. At the close of the week, however, they met a worse enemy in a scarcity of provisions, "a great drouth, and the grasshoppers having swept the country, so that not a blade of grass was to be seen nor a buffalo to be found through the whole region. Some Sioux Indians, whom they met, said that their people were nearly starved to death, had abandoned their villages, and their receding tracks might be marked by the carcasses of horses strewed along the road, which they had either eaten or which had died of starvation." Fremont again called his men together, explained to them the facts, and declared his purpose to keep on to the mountains. He knew that some of the men would remain faithful to him. They still had ten days' provisions, and if no game could be found, they had their horses and mules which they could eat when other supplies gave out. But not a man now desired to desert. Fremont sent back the interpreter and an Indian guide who had come with them thus far.

They were just at the edge of the foot hills, in full view of the great snow-covered chain of the Rocky mountains. Fremont resolved to leave behind and conceal
everything that would not be needed for their mountain journey. So they turned in toward the bank of the Platte river where there was a thick grove of willow trees. The carts were taken to pieces and the wheels and other parts carried into some low places among the willows and concealed among the dense foliage, so that no straggling Indian might see them. In the sand, among the willows, a large hole was dug, ten feet square and six feet deep. All their goods, not needed for the mountain journey, were carefully covered up in this hole or cache. Then the ground was smoothed over and all traces removed. A good rain was all that was necessary to make their hidden supplies perfectly safe from the Indians. Then they arranged their packs and loaded them upon the animals.

The day was calm and clear, except where clouds were seen along the tops of the mountains. "One lodge had been planted, and, on account of the heat of the afternoon, the ground pins had been taken out and the lower part slightly raised. Near it was standing the barometer, which swung in a tripod frame. Within the lodge, where a small fire was built, Mr. Preuss was occupied in observing the temperature of boiling water. At this instant, and without any warning until within fifty yards, a violent gust of wind dashed down and overturned the lodge, burying under it Mr. Pruess and about a dozen men, who had attempted to keep it from being carried away. I succeeded in saving the barometer which the lodge was carrying off with itself, but the thermometer was broken and we had no other so good."

Fremont and his party now followed the Platte river to where the Sweet-Water enters it from the northwest, then turning up the narrow valley of the Sweet-Water, he came to South Pass, on the eighth of August
It is a wide, low depression of the mountains with an easy slope, and a plainly beaten wagon track leads across the mountains. Fremont went through this pass and came upon the head waters of the Colorado, which flows into the Pacific.

In crossing a fork of the Green river, the current was so swift that the barometer was accidentally broken. It was the only barometer he had left and without it he could not measure the height of mountains. He says: "A great part of the interest of the journey for me was in the exploration of these mountains, of which so much had been said that was doubtful and contradictory, and now the snowy peaks rose grandly before me, and the only means of giving them accurately to science was destroyed. We had brought this barometer in safety a thousand miles, and broke it almost among the snows of the mountains. The loss was felt by the whole camp—all had seen my anxiety and aided me in preserving it. The height of these mountains, considered by the hunters and traders the highest in the whole range, had been a matter of constant discussion among them, and all had looked forward with pleasure to the moment when the instrument, which they believed to be as true as the sun, should stand upon the mountains and decide their dispute. Their grief was scarcely less than my own." The tube of the cistern had been broken about midway. When they had made camp, Fremont spent the rest of that day and the next in trying to repair the broken barometer. At last, by means of a piece of transparent horn, which he boiled and scraped thin, and with glue, obtained from buffalo hoofs, he succeeded in repairing the break, and found that the instrument registered the same on the shores of the lake, as before it was broken.
His success in this experiment brought pleasure to the whole camp.

His chief purpose was to climb what was regarded as the highest peak of the Rocky mountains, now known as Fremont's Peak. On August fifteenth, they took a hearty breakfast, covering what was left (dried meat and coffee, enough for another good meal), with rocks. Saddling mules, Fremont and five companions turned their faces toward the rocky summits and began to leave the valleys behind. The mules had been refreshed by the fine grass in the little ravine of their last camp. Through a deep defile of the mountains, where the sun rarely shone and where they had to pass many steep and rocky places, they rode along. Near the foot of this ravine they found themselves at the end of an almost perpendicular wall of granite, from two thousand to three thousand feet high. At the end of this valley and just at the foot of the main peak they found three small lakes, each about one thousand yards in diameter and filling a very deep chasm. The mules thus far had shown wonderful sure-footedness, leaping from rock to rock without causing the riders to dismount. About a hundred feet above the lake they were turned loose to graze. The six men prepared now to climb to the top of the peak. Taking off everything they did not need, they climbed leisurely, stopping to rest as often as necessary. They saw springs gushing from the rocks, and about eighteen hundred feet above the lakes they reached the snow line. From this point on it was steep climbing, and Fremont put on a pair of thin moccasins instead of the usual thick-soled ones. At one place they had to put hands and feet into the crevices between the rocks to scale the side. At last they reached the crest, a pointed rock, and found on the other side a
steep, icy precipice, ending in a snow field five hundred feet below. The top rock was only about three feet wide and sloping. The men ascended to this point one at a time. They stuck a ramrod in the snow of the summit and unfurled the stars and stripes. They also set up the barometer on the summit, and found that it was thirteen thousand five hundred and seventy feet above the Gulf of Mexico. As the men sat there thinking themselves to be far above all animal life, a solitary bumble-bee came flying by. The only live thing they had seen on their climb was a little sparrow-like bird. They had also collected flowers, growing in abundance on the very edge of the snow. These plants and flowers were carefully examined, preserved, and pressed between the leaves of books.

The day was sunny and bright. On the west they could see many lakes and streams, the head waters of the Colorado. On the north was the Wind river valley, in which were the head waters of the Yellowstone. Still farther to the north they could see the "Trois Tetons," near the source of the Missouri and the Columbia. To the southeast were the mountains in which the Platte river rises. "All around us the whole scene had one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length, the ridge was split into chasms and fissures, between which rose the thin, lofty walls, topped with slender minarets and columns. The little lakes at our feet were 2,780 feet below us."

It was two o'clock when they prepared to descend from the summit. When they reached the lakes the sun had already set behind the mountain wall. Having found the mules again and re-mounted, they reached their deposit of provisions at nightfall. "Here we lay down on the rocks, and in spite of the cold, slept soundly."
On the seventeenth of August, having reached the main camp, the order was given to turn homeward. Fremont resolved, instead of following by land the general course of the Platte, as before, to venture with a boat and with five companions down the canions, where the river had broken its way through the mountains to the plains on the east. The larger part of his men going on horseback, were to meet him again at Goat Island, in the Platte river after it passes through the canions. The Indians had told strange stories of cataracts, rocks, and whirlpools, but no one had ever gone through this gate of the mountains, in a boat. The boat was of India rubber, light, and loaded with the instruments, baggage, and provisions of six men for ten days.

"We paddled down the river rapidly, for our little craft was light as a duck in the water. When the sun was up a little way, we heard below us a hollow roar which we supposed to be that of the falls. We were approaching a cañon, where the river passes between perpendicular rocks of great height, which frequently approach each other so closely overhead as to form a kind of tunnel over the stream that foams along below, half choked up by fallen fragments. We passed three cataracts in succession, with perhaps one hundred feet of smooth water between, and finally, with a shout of pleasure, issued from one tunnel into the open day beyond. We were so delighted with the performance of our boat that we would not have hesitated to leap a fall of ten feet with her. We put to shore for breakfast at some willows on the right bank, for we were wet and hungry.

"Then we embarked again, and in twenty minutes reached the next cañon. Landing on a rocky shore at its commencement, we climbed the ridge to look about us.
Portage was out of the question. So far as we could see, the jagged rocks pointed out the course of the cañon, on a winding line of seven or eight miles. It was simply a dark chasm in the rock, two hundred or three hundred feet deep at the entrance, and further down five hundred feet. Our previous success had made us bold, and we determined to run the second cañon. Everything was secured as firmly as possible, and having divested ourselves of the greater part of our clothing, we pushed into the stream. Mr. Preuss, to save the chronometer, tried to carry it along the shore. But soon there was no shore except the steep rocks. An ugly pass lay before us. We made fast to the stern of the boat a strong rope fifty feet long, and three of the men clambered along among the rocks, and with this rope let her down slowly through the pass. In several places, high rocks lay scattered about in the channel, and in the narrows it required all our strength and skill to avoid staving the boat on the sharp points. In one of these the boat proved a little too broad and stuck fast for an instant, while the water flowed over us. Fortunately, it was but for an instant, as our united strength forced her immediately through. The water swept overboard only a sextant and a pair of saddle-bags. The sextant I caught as it passed me, but the saddle-bags became the prey of the whirlpools.

"We reached the place where Mr. Pruess was standing, took him on board, and with the aid of the boat put the men with the rope on the succeeding pile of rocks. We found this passage much worse than the previous one, and our position was rather a bad one. To go back was impossible; before us the cataract was a sheet of foam and shut up in the chasm by the rocks, which, in some places, seemed almost to meet overhead; the roar
o the water was deafening. We pushed off again, but after making a little distance the force of the current became too great for the men on shore, and two of them let go the rope. The third man, Basil, held on and was jerked head foremost into the river, from a rock about twelve feet high. Down the boat flew like an arrow, Basil following us in the rapid current, and exerting all his strength to keep in mid-channel, his head only seen occasionally like a black spot in the foam. How far we went, I do not know, but we succeeded in turning the boat into an eddy below. Basil arrived immediately after us and we took him on board. He owed his life to his skill as a swimmer. We now placed ourselves on our knees, with the short paddles in our hands, the most skillful boatman being at the bow, and again we commenced our rapid descent. We cleared rock after rock, shot past fall after fall, our little boat seeming to play with the cataract. We became flushed with success and familiar with the danger, and yielding ourselves to the excitement of the occasion, broke forth together into a Canadian boat-song. Singing, or rather shouting, we dashed along and were in the midst of the chorus, when the boat struck a concealed rock at the foot of a fall, which whirled her over in an instant. My first feeling was to assist the men, and save some of the effects. But a sharp concussion or two convinced me that I had not yet saved myself. A few strokes brought me into an eddy, and I landed on a pile of rocks on the left side. Mr. Preuss had gained the shore on the opposite side, about twenty yards below. On the other side, against the wall, lay the boat, bottom side up. Lambert (one of the men), was in the act of saving Descoteau, whom he grasped by the hair.
For a hundred yards below, the current was covered with floating books and boxes, bales and blankets and scattered articles of clothing. So strong and boiling was the stream, that even our heavy instruments, which were all in cases, kept on the surface, and the sextant, circle, and the long black box of the telescope were at once in view. All our books and almost every record of the journey had been lost in a moment. But it was no time to indulge in regrets. I immediately set about trying to save something from the wreck. Making ourselves understood as well as possible by signs—for nothing could be heard in the roar of waters—we commenced operations. Of everything on board, the only article that had been saved was my double-barreled gun, which Desco-teau had caught and clung to with drowning tenacity. The men kept down the river on the left bank. Basil, with a paddle in his hand, jumped into the boat alone and continued down the cañon. She was now light, and cleared every bad place with much less difficulty. In a short time he was joined by Lambert, and the search was kept up for a mile and a half, which was as far as the boat could go. Here the walls were about five hundred feet high, and the fragments of rocks from above had choked the river into a hollow pass. Through this, and between the rocks, the water found its way. Favored beyond our expectations, all our journals but one had been recovered. Other journals, however, contained duplicates of the one lost. Besides these, we saved the circle and a few blankets.

"The day was running rapidly away, and it was necessary to reach Goat Island below, whither the other party had preceded us, before night. Should anything have occurred in the brief interval of our separation to prevent
our rejoining them, our situation would be rather a des-
perate one. We had not a morsel of provisions—our arms
and ammunition were gone, so that we were in danger of
starvation, and were entirely at the mercy of any strag-
gling party of savages. We set out at once in two par-
ties, Mr. Preuss and myself on the left, and the men on
the opposite side of the river. Climbing out of the cañon
we found ourselves in a very broken country, interrupted
with ravines and ridges, which made our walk ex-
tremely fatiguing. At one point of the cañon the red
sandstone rose in a wall of five hundred feet, surmounted
by a stratum of white sandstone. In an opposite ravine
a column of red sandstone rose in form like a steeple,
about one hundred and fifty feet high. The scenery was
extremely picturesque, and, in spite of our forlorn con-
dition, we were frequently obliged to admire it. Our
progress was not very rapid. We had emerged from the
water half naked, and on arriving at the top of the preci-
pice I found myself with only one moccasin. The frag-
ments of rock made walking painful, and I was frequently
obliged to stop and pull out the thorns of the cactus, here
the prevailing plant, and with which a few minutes' walk
covered the bottoms of my feet. From this ridge and
cañon the river emerged into a smiling prairie, and, de-
scending to the bank of the river, we were joined by
Benoist. The rest of the other party were out of sight.
We crossed the river repeatedly, sometimes able to ford
it, and sometimes swimming, climbing over two more
ridges, through which the river cut its way, in cañons,
and toward evening, reached the cut made by the river,
which we named the Hot Spring Gate.

"As we entered this cut, Mr. Pruess was a few hun-
dred feet in advance. Heated with the long march, he
came suddenly upon a fine bold spring, gushing from the rock about ten feet above the river. Eager to enjoy the crystal water, he threw himself down for a hasty draught, and took a mouthful of almost boiling water. We had no thermometer to ascertain the temperature, but I could hold my hand in the water just long enough to count two seconds. There are eight or ten of these springs discharging themselves by streams large enough to be called runs. A loud noise was heard from the rock, which I suppose to be produced by the fall of the water. After a short walk beyond this cut, we reached a red ridge through which the river passed, just above Goat Island.” At Goat Island they expected to meet all their party in camp again. “Ascending this ridge we found fresh tracks and a button, which showed that the other men had already arrived. A shout from the men who had first reached the top of the ridge, responded to from below, informed us that our friends were all on the island, and we were soon among them. We found some pieces of buffalo standing around the fire for us, and managed to get some dry clothes among the people. A sudden storm of rain drove us into the best shelter we could find, where we slept soundly after one of the most fatiguing days I have ever experienced.” Fremont and his party returned by way of the Platte river and the Missouri to St. Louis, which he reached October seventeenth. Twelve days later he was in Washington, where his report for the expedition was soon in the hands of the government.
De Soto was a rich and noble Spaniard who came to Florida in 1539, to seek for riches and gold among the Indians then living in what is now the Southern States. In those days, almost nothing was known of this region, for it had been but a few years since Columbus first opened up a way to the New World. They did not even know about the Mississippi river. But the Spaniards believed that there was great wealth of gold in the country if anyone were brave enough to fight his way through Indians and swamps to reach it. De Soto was not only rich, but much admired for his strength and courage in battle. When he had asked permission of the king of Spain to conquer Florida and all the region to the north and west of it, not only was this request granted, but many brave and noble young Spaniards joined him, to share the adventures and profits of the conquest. When De Soto, therefore, landed at Tampa Bay, on the west coast of Florida, in May of the year 1539, he had a fine army of more than six hundred well-armed men, besides the sailors and others who had come as helpers with the expedition. The Spanish soldiers were armed with guns, swords, and spears, and were clad in coats of mail and supplied with shields. More than three hundred horses had been taken along for the rich young noblemen and
for the cavalry. The young nobles were richly dressed, and when the cavalry and infantry were in battle line, they presented a splendid appearance. Many supplies were needed for such a long and dangerous expedition into an unknown country. Blacksmiths' forges and workmen were also needed. Abundant clothing, weapons, and gifts for the Indians had to be carried. A large herd of hogs was driven along with the army to supply meat when needed, and to feed on the nuts of the forest. For all the men and the supplies, eight large vessels and two smaller ones had been employed to carry them from Havana, in Cuba, to Tampa Bay.

The Indians around Tampa Bay were found to be hostile, because twelve years before, Narvaez, with a small Spanish army, had landed in this place and had been very cruel to the Indians. After marching a short distance inland, De Soto sent out two companies to see if they could take any Indians. One company of fifty footmen, after passing through a country full of bogs, came upon an Indian village. Most of the Indians fled, but they took four Indian women. They were attacked by the warriors, who are described by a companion of De Soto: "It is a people so warlike and so nimble, that they care not a whit for any footmen; for if their enemies charge them, they run away; and if they turn their backs they are presently upon them; and the thing they most flee is the shot of an arrow. They never stand still, but are always running and traversing from one place to another, by reason whereof neither cross-bow nor arquebuse can aim at them, and, before one cross-bowman can make one shot, an Indian will discharge three or four arrows; and he seldom misseth what he shooteth at."

Being told by some captive natives that there was
gold to the north, the delighted Spanish, leaving a small garrison at the first town, set out northward. But now the real difficulties began to appear. Florida is a very swampy country; there were no roads, and even the secret paths and fords were known only to the Indians. The Indian guides led the strangers purposely into the worst bogs.

Marching to the northwest, the Spaniards, while in search of a better region, camped upon another great and wide-extended swamp. The narrow and difficult paths through this swamp gave the Indians an excellent chance to attack the Spaniards, and they did so constantly. But the army, having fought its way through the swamp and forest, at last came out into the open country, where the men on horseback could fight to advantage and protect the army on its march. But at night and in crossing streams, they were constantly distressed by the natives, who would creep up and shoot their arrows into the camp, or defend the fords of the rivers with ambuscades.

From the first, De Soto and his soldiers practiced many cruelties upon the Indians. They took prisoners and compelled them to act as guides or servants. "These were led in chains, with iron collars about their necks." Some of the Spanish leaders had come to Florida for the special purpose of making slaves of the Indians and of carrying them to Cuba to work on their estates. They had brought blood-hounds with them to turn loose upon the runaway slaves. Some of the Indian guides, who had led the Spaniards astray among the swamps, had been torn to pieces by the blood-hounds. During the first winter a large number of natives were captured, and were compelled to gather provisions and carry the baggage of
their masters while upon the march. Their first season's wanderings brought them east of the Flint river and not far from the head of the Appalachee bay. The Indians were always hostile. The two captives who had promised to show them large fields of gold, escaped. They found a Spaniard who had been kept captive among the Indians from the time of Narvaez, but he knew nothing of gold or silver mines. The men became discouraged and wanted to go back to Cuba, but De Soto said: "I will not turn back until I have seen the poverty of the country with my own eyes."

After wintering in a town near Tallahassee the Spaniards marched toward the northeast. An Indian guide had told them he would lead them to a country where there was so much gold that the art of melting and refining it was understood. Some of the tribes and chiefs proving friendly permitted the army to pass through their territory and supplied them with food. In going across the country from one tribe to another, the army was once lost in the wilderness of forests and almost starved. By sending out scouts in all directions, after several days, villages were discovered, toward which they marched. Deep rivers had to be crossed such as the Altamaha and its tributaries, the Ogeechee and Savannah. They were now not far from the Atlantic ocean and some of the men felt like turning homeward. But De Soto resolutely set his face to the northwest, still hoping to find rich regions of gold. They marched across northern Georgia, through the country of the Cherokees, finding the people poor, and with but little to give them except deer skins and wild hens. Scouting parties, sent out to the north, saw the southern ridges of the Alleghanies and said they were impassable; but found no mines of gold or silver. Turn-
ing toward the southwest, they spent several weeks in the valleys of the Coosa and Alabama rivers. From Coosa, De Soto marched to the southwest, hoping to meet at Pensacola, a Spanish fleet with supplies, which he had ordered to be brought thither from Cuba. In marching through the country the Spaniards admired the fine fields of maize and enjoyed the abundant wild grapes. The great kingdom of Tuscaloosa, including much of Alabama and Mississippi, now lay in their path. In October, they reached the town of Mobile, the capital, situated on the Alabama river, about one hundred miles from Pensacola.

De Soto, with the vanguard of his army, had marched into this place and taken up quarters in the houses, storing the baggage and equipments within the walls. But the natives did not want the strangers in their town. They collected in large numbers, apparently as friends, when the war-whoop was suddenly raised and a fierce conflict began. The horses had been left outside and the Indians within the walls were much more numerous than the Spaniards. De Soto, at the head of his men, retreated slowly till they reached their horses outside the walls. The natives also rushed out into the plain in great numbers and fiercely attacked the Spaniards. But the latter, clad in heavy armor and on horse-back, charged fiercely upon the throngs of savages and cut them down with sabre-strokes. The Indians were driven back into the town. Again within the walls the battle was fiercely renewed in the streets and upon the public square. The Indians fought with great bravery, and killed and wounded many of the Spaniards. They were also protected by the houses. Seeing the battle growing desperate, De Soto, though severely wounded, stayed in the midst of his men. To drive the warriors from the houses, he set fire to the
town in many places. Soon the whole place was in flames and all were compelled to flee. The Spanish reaching the plain first, from their mounted horses, cut down the fugitive Indians as they escaped from the town. The Spanish said twenty-five hundred Indians were killed, though this is probably exaggerated. Of the Spaniards, eighteen were killed, and one hundred and fifty wounded; twelve horses were slain and many others injured. A large part of the baggage of the Spaniards within the town had been completely destroyed. It was a very expensive victory for the Spaniards, and they were compelled to remain here many days, recovering themselves from the effects of the battle.

In the meantime, the vessels sent for had arrived at Pensacola with supplies for the Spanish army. But De Soto had no good news of discovered gold mines or of rich kingdoms conquered, to send back to Cuba and Spain. He resolved, therefore, to send no word to the ships at Pensacola, and to receive no help. But turning his face toward the northwest he set out again in search of rich provinces to conquer. Before winter set in, he reached a town among the Chickasaws in northern Mississippi. The country was poor and the town deserted, but the army was able to collect enough corn and other food for the winter. De Soto sent kindly messages to the Indians, who had fled, and presents for the chief. He in turn sent the Spaniards corn and venison and other game, but would not venture himself among the Spaniards. With the opening of spring, De Soto demanded of the chief two hundred men as slaves, to carry the baggage of the army. The Indians were loth to grant this request, and prepared for a secret midnight attack upon the village. The warriors had collected in great numbers, and coming into the
village, deceiving the sentinels, they set fire to many of the huts. Then raising the war-whoop they swarmed upon the Spaniards, who seized their arms and tried to repel the savages. Some of the Spaniards perished in the flames, so sudden was the onset. Soon both parties were driven from the burning town, and a fierce battle raged in the light of the burning huts. The Spaniards at length drove off the savages after great loss. Many horses and men were killed. Their clothing, arms, and supplies were burned, and even most of the swine that were left had been smothered in the flames. It was the greatest trouble that had yet befallen them. De Soto was deeply disheartened. The Spaniards were now almost naked, and suffered from the cold. "Had the Indians made a resolute attack, the soldiers would have been unable to resist; but in the course of a week, forges were erected, swords newly tempered, and good ashen lances were made, so that when the Indians attacked them again they were prepared."

Leaving the burnt ruins of the village, they built another camp of logs, where they spent several miserable weeks, while the wounded recovered and preparations were made to march westward, and escape from this hostile neighborhood. In April they set forth and soon came to a wilderness of marshes and bayous through which they toiled for seven days before reaching an Indian village that stood on the bank of a great stream. It was the Mississippi, more than a mile wide, very deep and muddy, and carrying upon its strong current stumps and trunks of trees. They were the first white men to see this great stream, which now checked their march. Finding a good place on the bank of the river where there was much timber, De Soto pitched his camp here.
They began presently to cut and hew down timber and saw planks to make barges. The Indians came presently down the river. They leaped on shore, and declared to the governor that they were subjects of a great lord whose name was Aquixo, who was lord of many towns, and governed many people on the other side of the river; and came to tell him, on his behalf, that the next day he, with all his men, would come to see what it would please him to command him.

"The next day, with speed, the cacique came with two hundred canoes full of Indians, with their bows and arrows, painted, and with great plumes of white feathers and many other colors, with shields in their hands, where-with they defended the rowers on both sides; and the men of war stood from the head to the stern, with their bows and arrows in their hands."

They all came within a "stone's cast" of the shore, and from there said to De Soto, who, with other Spaniards walked along the river's side, "that he was come thither to visit, to honor, and to obey him, because he knew he was the greatest and mightiest lord on earth." De Soto thanked him and asked him to come on shore. He made no answer, but sent three canoes, with a great store of fish, and loaves made of persimmons, shaped like bricks. After De Soto had received all "he thanked him, and prayed him again to come on shore. And because the cacique's purpose was to see if with dissimulation he might do some hurt, when they saw that the governor and his men were in readiness, they began to go from the shore, and with a great cry, the cross-bow men which were ready, shot at them, and slew five or six of them. They retired with great order. None did leave his oar, though the next to him were slain; and, shielding them-
selves, they went further off. Afterward they came many times, and landed; and, when any of us came toward them they fled unto their canoes, which were pleasant to behold, for they were very great, and well made, and had their awnings, plumes, shields, and flags; and with the multitude in them they seemed to be a fair army of galleys."

At the end of a month the Spaniards had built three barges, each large enough to hold four horsemen, besides some archers and oarsmen. All were carried across the stream. "As soon as those that passed first were on land on the other side, the barges returned to the place where the governor was; and within two hours after sunrising, all the people were over. The river was almost half a league broad. If a man stood still on the other side, it could not be discerned whether he were a man or no. The river was of great depth, and of strong current. The river was always muddy. There came down the river continually many trees and timber, which the force of the water and stream brought down."

Believing that there were rich kingdoms and mineral wealth to the northwest, De Soto spent the summer exploring the region now known as northern Arkansas and southern Missouri. Plums, grapes, mulberries, and nuts were found, and the spade-fish and other strange fish in the rivers, but neither gems nor gold, and to the north the country was found to be a wilderness but thinly settled. Turning southward in the autumn, they crossed the Arkansas, passed through the Hot Springs region and pitched their winter camp in a village upon the Washita. There was plenty of venison and other game, besides corn and vegetables furnished by the Indians. This third winter was spent in tolerable comfort,
and in the spring they followed the river to its junction with the Mississippi.

De Soto sent scouts down the river to find a way to the sea. After traveling eight days they returned and the leader said "that in all that time he was not able to go above fourteen or fifteen leagues, because of the great creeks that came out of the river, and groves of canes and thick woods that were along the banks of the river, and that he had found no habitation."

"The governor fell into great dumps to see how hard it was to get to the sea, and worse because his men and horses every day diminished, being without succor to sustain themselves in the country; and with that thought he fell sick." Completely broken in his hopes, he was attacked by a fever which increased till it was plain that his death was near. Calling his companions, he appointed Moscoso his successor, and died the next day.

"Moscoso determined to conceal his death from the Indians, because Ferdinando De Soto had made them believe that the Christians were immortal, and also because they took him to be hardy, wise, and valiant, and, if they should know that he was dead, they would be bold to set upon the Christians, though they lived peaceably by them."

"As soon as he was dead, Moscoso commanded to put him secretly in a house, where he remained three days; and removing him from thence, commanded him to be buried in the night at one of the gates of the town within the wall. And as the Indians had seen him sick, and missed him, so did they suspect what might be, and passing by the place where he was buried, seeing the earth moved, they looked and spake one to another. Moscoso, understanding of it, commanded him to be taken up by night and to cast a great deal of sand into the mantles
wherein he was winded up, wherein he was carried in a canoe, and thrown into the midst of the river."

Those of his followers who were left, about three hundred in number, first marched toward the west, attempting to reach Mexico by land and still hoping to find some rich province to plunder. But the Indians were hostile, and upon reaching the Red river, it was found impassable, so they turned their steps back to the Mississippi. They had determined to build boats, descend the Mississippi, and pass through the gulf, to Mexico. "But it was no easy task for men in their condition to build brigantines. Erecting a forge, they struck off the fetters from the slaves; and gathering every scrap of iron in the camp, they wrought it into nails. Timber was sawed by hand with a large saw, which they had always carried with them. They calked their vessels with a weed like hemp. Barrels capable of holding water were with difficulty made; to obtain supplies of provisions all the hogs and even the horses were killed and their flesh preserved by drying; and the neighboring townships of Indians were so plundered of their food that the miserable inhabitants would come about the Spaniards, begging for a few kernels of their own maize, and often died from weakness and want of food. The rising of the Mississippi assisted the launching of the seven brigantines. They were frail barks, which had no decks, and as, from the want of iron, the nails were of necessity short, they were constructed of very thin planks, so that any severe shock would have broken them to pieces. Thus provided, after a passage of seventeen days, the fugitives, on the eighteenth of July, reached the Gulf of Mexico." In September, after about fifty days sail westward along the coast of the Gulf, they came to a Spanish settlement at Panuco.
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