TALES,

TRADITIONS AND ROMANCE

OF

BORDER AND REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S APPEAL.
THE IMPLACABLE GOVERNOR.
MRS. SLOCUMB AT MOORE'S CREEK.
BRADY'S LEAP.

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(T. 6.)
SULLIVAN's campaign into the Indian country, in the fall of 1779, realized none of the anticipations regarding it; for, although the severity of the ensuing winter, and the privations they suffered from the destruction of their homes and their crops, kept the Indians from making any predatory excursions upon the settlements, yet, on the opening of spring, they swept over the country in clouds, burning with revenge, and breathing vengeance against the pale-faces.

Early in April, a party of forty or fifty Indians and Tories, under the command of Captain Brandt, the Mohawk chief, made an incursion against Harpersfield, which they surprised and destroyed. Most of the inhabitants, however, had, owing to their exposed situation, left the place, and nineteen prisoners and a small amount of plunder was all that graced their triumph. On his way from Niagara, Brandt had detached a party of eleven Indians, under a young chief called Cheyendowah, to attack the settlement at Minisink, and bring in some prisoners. This was successfully accomplished, and five of its male inhabitants were led captive into the wilderness, as far as Tioga Point. Here, however, they rose upon their captors while asleep, and in a few moments nine of them lay in the agonies of death, while the other two fled, one being mortally wounded. At the time that Harpersfield was destroyed, a party of fourteen militiamen, under command of Captain Alexander Harper, were in the woods making maple-sugar for the garrison at Old Schoharie. Not dreaming of the proximity of an enemy, they were attacked by the party under Brandt, and two of their number shot down before they could seize their arms; and when they attempted to reach them, they found themselves completely cut off and surrounded. Nothing remained,
therefore, but to surrender. The Tories composing a part of Brandt’s party, were opposed to taking prisoners, and wished to kill them at once, that they might not be an incumbrance at the attack of the Schoharie Fort, which was one object of the expedition. A frightful massacre would have ensued, without doubt, had not Brandt’s forethought prevented it. He had raised his tomahawk to strike Captain Harper, which would have been the signal for the death of the others, when, thinking he might get valuable information from him, he lowered his weapon, and, looking the other sternly in the eye, he asked: “How many regular troops are there in the fort?” Harper saw the object of the chief, and, without any hesitation or prevarication, told him that three hundred Continentals had arrived but a few days before to garrison the forts. This was not true, but the manner in which Harper told it imposed upon the chief, who, by the way, had been a schoolmate of his, and, although the circumstance disconcerted his plans, yet he was induced to believe him. One of Harper’s men, fearing that the Indians would put them all to death if they should discover the fraud, informed the chief of the true state of the case; but he, thinking it a ruse to lead him into danger, and thus facilitate the escape of the prisoners, put no faith in his story, but, on the contrary, was the more convinced of Harper’s truthfulness. A conference was held between Brandt and his subordinate chiefs in regard to the disposal of the prisoners. The former was in favor of taking them to Niagara, but the latter, disappointed at the failure of the main part of their enterprise, and thirsting for blood, were for massacreing them at once. During the controversy, the prisoners, bound hand and foot, were thrust into a pen of logs, where they were kept under guard of the Tories and their leader, an infamous wretch by the name of Becraft. The pen was near enough to the council to hear what was going on, and Harper understood enough of the Indian language to catch the import of their “talk.” Becraft took pains, too, to inform them of the wishes of the majority of the Indians, and in abusive language told them that they would “all be in hell before morning.” The influence of Brandt—at all times powerful—enabled him to prevent bloodshed, and the others were induced to forego their bloodthirsty desires, for the present, at least. In the morning, Harper was again brought before the chief and
interrogated. With great presence of mind he reasserted his story, and, although the other eyed him with the most searching gaze, he betrayed no evidence of indecision; and at length the chief, convinced, apparently, of the truth, gave the order to commence their march for Niagara. The prisoners were not allowed to reach their destination, without passing through fearful ordeals. One day they stopped at a mill kept by a Tory, who, with both of his daughters, counseled Brandt to destroy "the infernal Whigs." This coinciding with the desires of the Tories and a majority of the Indians, the chief found it difficult to restrain them, and prevent the sacrifice. On another occasion they met a loyalist, who was well acquainted with Brandt and Harper, who told the former that he had been deceived—that there were no troops at Schoharie. This led to another searching inquiry, but Harper persisted in his story with so much apparent candor as again to elude detection. But when the party reached the Chemung River, they had to pass a still more fearful trial. On reaching this point, Brandt and his warriors raised a whoop, as is customary with the Indians when they have prisoners—it was answered by a single death-yell! In a few moments a single Indian made his appearance, who proved to be the young chief Cheyendo-wah. His story was soon told. Of the eleven who started for the Minisink settlement, he alone was left so tell the tale of their massacre at the hands of their prisoners. The others had gathered about him, excited listeners to the melancholy narrative, and the effect of the recital upon these already implacable warriors was fearful in the extreme. "Revenge!" seemed to leap from every tongue, and their faces were wrought into an expression of the fiercest determination to immolate the unhappy prisoners on the spot. Every hand sought a weapon simultaneously, and the glittering tomahawk and keener scalping-knife leaped into the air, while their eyes glared ferociously upon Harper and his companions, who, conscious that their fate was inevitable, awaited it with what composure they could command. With one accord, the savages rushed in a tumultuous throng, with uplifted weapons, upon their victims. Brandt had no power to control the storm, and did not attempt it. As well might he attempt to stay the whirlwind in its fury, or beat back the mountain torrent in its course; the doom of the white men was apparently sealed.
It was to the magnanimity of one from whom they could least anticipate such forbearance, that they were indebted for their lives. Rushing between the infuriated warriors and their anticipated prey, the young chief Cheyendowah waved back the crowd with an imperious gesture which commanded attention. When silence was restored, he surprised his auditors by an urgent appeal in behalf of the prisoners. "It was not they," he said, "who had killed their brethren, and to take the lives of innocent men would not punish the guilty. The Great Spirit would be angry with them if they should do this wicked thing." Pointing upward, in words of majestic eloquence, he told them that "Manitou was looking upon them, and would send his thunders to destroy their families, their homes, and themselves, if they sacrificed the white men in their vengeance." He told them it was cowardly to kill men who could not defend themselves, and none but squaws would take such an advantage. Appealing thus alternately to their fears, their humanity, and their superstition, he wrought upon their better nature, and was successful in inducing them to forego their anticipated vengeance. One by one their weapons were returned to their accustomed places, and with subdued and less excited feelings, they recommenced their onward march to Niagara, which they reached at length; not, however, without the severest suffering by the way.

The eloquence of the red-man is proverbial. Many a time has the captive trembled when it has been exercised against him; and thrilled with joy, when it was exerted in his behalf. In the swift future, when all traces of his existence, who was once the master of this mighty continent, is swept away, and our children's children read of him, as an ancient and perished myth, the records of his eloquence shall be left alive. One of the best specimens of Indian rhetoric, is the speech of Tecumseh, at the grand council of the Creeks. One, who was present, and heard it as it fell from his lips, General Dale, says:

"I have heard many great orators, but I never saw one with the vocal powers of Tecumseh, or the same command of the muscles of the face. Had I been deaf, the play of his countenance would have told me what he said. Its effect on that wild, untutored, superstitious, and warlike assemblage, may be conceived: not a word was
said, but stern warriors, the 'stoics of the wood,' shook with emotion, and a thousand tomahawks were brandished in the air. Even the big warrior, who had been true to the whites, and remained faithful during the war, was, for the moment, visibly affected, and more than once I saw his huge hand clutch, spasmodically the handle of his knife."

But, to the speech:

"In defiance of the white warriors of Ohio and Kentucky, I have traveled through their settlements, once our favorite hunting-grounds. No war-whoop was sounded, but there is blood upon our knives The pale-faces felt the blow, but knew not whence it came.

"Accursed be the race that has seized on our country and made women of our warriors. Our fathers, from their tombs, reproach us as slaves and cowards. I hear them now in the wailing winds.

"The Muscogee was once a mighty people. The Georgians trembled at your war-whoop, and the maidens of my tribe, on the distant lakes, sung the prowess of your warriors, and sighed for their embraces.

"Now, your very blood is white; your tomahawks have no edges; your bows and arrows were buried with your fathers. Oh! Musco-gees, brethren of my mother, brush from your eyelids the sleep of slavery; once more strike for vengeance—once more for your country. The spirits of the mighty dead complain. Their tears drop from the skies. Let the white man perish.

"They seize your land; they corrupt your women; they trample on the ashes of your dead. Back, whence they came, upon a trail of blood, must they be driven.

"Back! back, ay, into the great waters whose accursed waves brought them to our shores.

"Burn their dwellings! destroy their stock! Slay their wives and children! The red-man owns the country, and the pale-face must never enjoy it.

"War! war! War forever! War upon the living! War upon the dead! Dig their very corpses from the grave. Our country must give no rest to a white man's bones.

"This is the will of the Great Spirit, revealed to my brother, his familiar, the Prophet of the Lakes. He sends me to you.
“All the tribes of the North are dancing the war-dance. Two mighty warriors across the seas will send us arms.

“Tecumseh will soon return to his country. My prophets shall tarry with you. They will stand between you and the bullets of your enemies. When the white men approach you, the yawning earth shall swallow them up.

“Soon shall you see my arm of fire stretched athwart the sky. I will stamp my foot at Tippecanoe, and the very earth shall shake.”

It appears that the wily orator had been informed by the British that a comet was shortly to appear; and the earthquake, of 1811, had commenced as he came through Kentucky; so that, when the arm of fire was actually stretched forth, and the earth did shake under old Tippecanoe, his auditors attributed it to Tecumseh’s supernatural powers, and immediately took up arms.

We think the speech of Weatherford, one of the Creek war-chiefs, engaged against General Jackson, an equally fine example of their oratory, while it illustrates the remarkable dignity of mind which enabled him to support his humiliating position with such grandeur. It was after our doughty General had nearly annihilated the tribes in his department, the Indians, seeing all resistance at an end, came forward and made their submission; Weatherford, however, and many who were known to be desperate, still holding out.

General Jackson, determined to test the fidelity of those chiefs who had already submitted, ordered them to deliver, without delay, Weatherford, bound, into his hands, to be dealt with as he deserved. When they made known to the sachem what was required of them, his high spirit would not submit to such degradation; and, to hold them harmless, he resolved to give himself up without compulsion.

Accordingly, he proceeded to the American camp, unknown, until he appeared before the commanding General, to whose presence, under some pretense, he gained admission. Jackson was greatly surprised when the chief said:

“I am Weatherford, the chief who commanded at the capture of Fort Mimms. I desire peace for my people, and have come to ask it.”

The General had doubtless resolved upon his execution, when he should be brought, bound; but, his unexpected appearance in this
manner, saved him; he said to the chief that he was astonished at
his venturing to appear in his presence, as he was not ignorant of
the warrior having been at Fort Mimms, nor of his inhuman conduct
there, for which he richly deserved to die.

"I ordered," continued the General, "that you should be brought
to me bound; had you been brought as I ordered, I should have
known how to treat you."

In answer to this, Weatherford replied:

"I am in your power; do with me as you please; I am a soldier.
I have done the whites all the harm I could. I have fought them,
and fought them bravely. Had I an army, I would yet fight—I
would contend to the last; but, I have none. My people are all
gone. I can only weep over the misfortunes of my nation."

Jackson was of too audacious a nature himself, not to be pleased
with this fellow, and told him that he would take no advantage of
his present situation; that he might yet join the war-party, and
contend against the Americans, if he chose, but to depend upon no
quarter, if taken; and that unconditional submission was his, and his
people's only safety. Weatherford rejoined, in a tone both dignified
and indignant:

"You can safely address me in such terms, now. There was a
time when I could have answered—there was a time when I had a
choice—I have none now. I have not even a hope. I could once
animate my warriors to the battle—but I can not animate the dead.
My warriors can no longer hear my voice. Their bones are at
Talladega, Tallashatches, Emucklaw, and Tohopeka. I have not
surrendered myself without thought. While there was a single
chance of success, I never left my post nor supplicated peace. But
my people are gone; and I now ask it, for my nation, not for
myself. I look back with deep sorrow, and wish to avert still
greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgian
army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river and
fought them on the other. But your people have destroyed my
nation. You are a brave man. I rely on your generosity. You
will exact no terms of a conquered people, but such as they should
accede to. Whatever they may be, it would now be madness and
folly to oppose them. If they are opposed, you will find me among
the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those, who would still hold out, can be influenced only by a mean spirit of revenge. To this, they must not, and shall not, sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told our nation where we might go and be safe. This, is good talk, and they ought to listen to it. They shall listen to it.”

Weatherford is described as having possessed a noble person and a brilliant intellect. After peace was declared, he settled amid the whites, and General Dale, who had fought against him often, had the pleasure of standing as groomsman at his wedding.

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**THE IMPLACABLE GOVERNOR.**

*When* the infamous Tryon succeeded Arthur Dobbs, as Colonial Governor of North Carolina, in 1766, he found the inhabitants of the upper part of the State in the highest state of excitement—almost in open rebellion—on account of the passage of the Stamp Act, which, to them, was like piling Pelion upon Ossa, for they had suffered for years from the rapacity of public officers, the oppression of the courts, and exorbitant taxes levied to support a venal government. They had petitioned the Governor and Council for a redress of grievances, until they found that each petition was followed by increased extortion—until their situation became so oppressive, that they resolved to take matters into their own hands. A solemn league was thereupon formed, called the "Regulation," and the members of it "Regulators." The leader of this movement was Herman Husband, a quaker, a man of strong mind and great influence. These Regulators resolved to pay no more taxes, unless satisfied of their legality; to pay no more fees than the strict letter of the law allowed; to select the proper men to represent them, and to petition for redress until their object—a retrenchment of the exorbitant expenditure of the Government, and the consequent high rate of taxes—was obtained. The exasperated feelings of the people were somewhat calmed by the repeal of the odious Stamp Act; but soon after that event, which had quieted and put to rest the stormy, riotous
assemblies of the "Sons of Liberty," as the Regulators were sometimes called, Governor Tryon succeeded in obtaining, first, an appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars to erect a gubernatorial palace, "suitable for the residence of a Colonial Governor," and a further sum of fifty thousand dollars to complete the same. This, together with the expense of running the boundary line between the State and the Cherokee nation, which was incurred by the vanity of the Governor in calling out the militia, and marching at their head into the Cherokee country, with the ostensible object of protecting the surveyors, and that, too, in time of peace, had the effect to excite the indignation of the Regulators, and they determined to resist the imposition of the tax for these objects. Tryon, observing the threatening storm, sent a proclamation by his Secretary, David Edwards, and a lawyer named Edmund Fanning, to be read and enforced among the people. Fanning was a man who was detested by the Regulators, for his extortions; but he managed to cajole them into the belief that justice was about to be done them, and they agreed to meet him, to heal all difficulties and settle the existing differences. While waiting the time of meeting, however, they were astonished and highly exasperated by the arrest of Husband and a number of friends, who were thrown into jail by Fanning's orders. A rising of the people followed, and a large body of Regulators marched to Hillsborough to release the prisoners. They were induced, however, by the solemn assurance of Edwards, that their grievances should be redressed, to retire without committing any overt act. From this time forward, the temporizing policy of the Governor, and the rankling hatred of the Regulators, caused frequent and serious outbreaks, until the former, determined to crush the spirit of disaffection, collected the militia, and marched into the disaffected district. He was met by a large body of the Regulators, and a serious battle was fought, in which nine of the Regulators and twenty-seven of the militia were killed, and a great number on both sides wounded. The Regulators had no acknowledged leader, and all was confusion after the first fire from the militia, every man fighting on his own account, and in his own way. The result was a victory for the Governor, who took a number of prisoners, upon whom he vented the implacable revenge which was as a consuming
fire within him. His conduct was more like that of a small-minded, vain, and vindictive man, than that of a Royal Governor.

Among others whom fortune had thrown into his hands, was Captain Messer, one of the most influential of the Regulators, and the father of an interesting family. Tryon could not wait the tardy course of trial for this man, but sentenced him to be hung the day after the battle. He must sate his desire for revenge in the blood of some of his victims, or his victory would be incomplete. Messer begged to see his family before he died; but this boon was denied him, and he was told to prepare for death. Information of his captivity, however, was conveyed to his wife by the fugitives from the field, and she repaired at once to the spot, with her eldest boy, a lad ten years old, to comfort him in his confinement. She did not know that he had been condemned to die, until she reached the scene of the late encounter, where she was informed of it by seeing the preparations made for his execution. In an agony of mind which threatened to unseat her reason, she flew to Tryon, and besought him on her knees to spare her husband's life. Every argument and appeal which her affection could command, was used in vain; the stony heart of the victorious Governor was not to be touched, and he spurned her from him in disdain, telling her that her husband should die, though the King should intercede in his behalf. The poor woman fell weeping to the ground, while her little son, with the spirit of his father beaming in his eyes, endeavored to console her by assuring her that Tryon would yet relent. While this was passing, the Captain was led forth to die. Mrs. Messer, on seeing her husband in the hands of the executioner, uttered a shriek of agony, which seemed to sever the cords of her heart, and swooned away. The noble-hearted boy at her side, instead of giving way to grief, determined to make another appeal to Tryon, who stood near viewing the proceedings. Throwing himself at the Governor's feet, he said:

"Sir, hang me, and let my father live."

"Who told you to say that?" asked Tryon.

"Nobody," was the reply.

"And why do you ask it?"

"Because," replied the lad, "if you hang father, my mother will die, and the children will perish."
The Governor's heart was touched, and he replied:
"Your father shall not be hanged to-day."

The execution was stayed; while the noble boy went to his mother, and restored her to consciousness by the news.

The unfeeling tyrant, however, annexed a condition to his reprieve, which was, that Messer should be set at liberty only on condition that he should arrest and bring before him the person of Husband, who had fled before the battle commenced. Reflecting that success might attend his efforts, and, at worst, he could but suffer if he failed, he consented, while his wife and son were detained as hostages for his fidelity. He pursued Husband to Virginia, where he overtook him, but could not persuade him to return, and was obliged to surrender himself again to the tender mercies of his captor. He was bound in chains with the other prisoners, and in this condition was marched through the various towns and villages on the route toward Newbern. At Hillsborough, a court-martial was held, and twelve of the captive Regulators were sentenced to be hung. Six of these were reprieved, and the others suffered death on the scaffold. Among the latter was Captain Messer, who met his fate with the resignation of one who felt that he died in the cause of liberty. His broken-hearted wife returned to her home, now rendered desolate by her husband's death; while the tyrannical Governor marched in triumph to Newbern, from whence he was soon after called to the head of colonial affairs in New York.

The execution of Colonel Isaac Hayne, which took place later in the history of the Carolinas, presents a still more touching picture of the devotion of a child and the tyranny of a British minion. After Charleston had fallen into the hands of the British, many of the Whigs of South Carolina were induced to take the protections which were offered by Lord Cornwallis. They were led to this step by the belief that in the South the cause was hopeless, and were promised, by virtue of these protections, to be allowed to remain quietly in their homes and take no part in the contest. Their surprise was great, when, soon after, they were called upon to take up arms under the British commanders and against their countrymen. Conceiving that faith had been broken with them, and their promises of neutrality no longer binding, they tore up their protections, and at once ranked
themselves under the Continental leaders. Among these was Colonel Hayne, a man of unblemished reputation, fine talents and lofty patriotism. Indignant at the course pursued by the British, he hastened to the American army, and began to take active part in the contest. Unfortunately, he fell into the enemy’s hands, was conveyed to Charleston, submitted, by order of Rawdon, to a mock trial, and, to the horror of all, was condemned to death. He received his sentence with calmness, but the whole country was horrified. Both English and Americans interceded for his life, and the ladies of Charleston immortalized themselves by the spirited address which they framed and delivered to his captors in his behalf. All was of no avail. The cruel heart of Rawdon could not be moved; not even the captive’s motherless children, with bended knees and tearful prayers, could move his obdurate nature.

Hayne’s eldest child was a boy of thirteen, who was permitted to remain in prison with him up to the time of his execution. This boy was actuated by an affection for his father of the most romantic earnestness and fervor. Beholding him loaded with irons and condemned to die, he was overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow; nothing could alleviate his distress. In vain did his parent endeavor to console him by reminding him that this unavailing grief only heightened his own misery—that he was only to leave this world to be admitted into a better—that it was glorious to die for liberty. The boy would not be comforted.

“To-morrow,” said the unhappy father, “I set out for immortality. You will accompany me to the place of my execution, and when I am dead, take my body and bury it beside your poor mother.”

In an agony of grief the child fell weeping on his father’s neck, crying:

“Oh, my father, my father, I die with you!”

The chains which bound the prisoner prevented his returning the embrace, but he said, in reply:

“Live, my son—live to honor God by a good life—live to take care of your brothers and sisters.”

The next morning the son walked beside his father to the place of execution. The history of the war scarcely affords a more heart-rending incident. There was not a citizen of Charleston whose
bosom did not swell with anguish and indignation. There was sorrow in every countenance, and when men spoke with each other, it was in accents of horror.

When the two came within sight of the gallows, the parent strengthened himself, and said to the weeping boy:

"Tom, my son, show yourself a man! That tree is the boundary of my life and all my life's sorrow. Beyond that the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too much at heart our separation—it will be short. 'Twas but lately your mother died; to-day I die; and you, though young, must shortly follow."

"Yes, my father," replied the broken-hearted boy; "I shall soon follow you; for, indeed, I feel that I can not live long."

And this melancholy anticipation was fulfilled in a manner far more dreadful than is implied in the mere extinction of life. When his father was torn from his side, his tears flowed incessantly, and his bosom was convulsed with sobs; but when he saw that beloved parent in the hands of the executioner, the halter adjusted to his neck, and then his form convulsively struggling in the air, the fountain of his tears was suddenly stanch'd, and he stood transfixed with horror. He never wept again. When all was over he was led from the scene, but there was a wildness in his look, a pallor in his cheek, which alarmed his friends. The terrible truth was soon made known. His reason had fled forever. It was not long before he followed his parents to the grave, but his death was even sadder than his father's. In his last moments he often called the beloved name in accents of such anguish that the sternest hearted wept to hear him. But the merciful all-Father took him home and restored him forever to the side of that parent, the shock of whose rude death sundered the tender strings of a child's heart.

Lord Rawdon should have been proud of this noble feat. He was one of those who

"Stand, to move the world, on a child's heart."

The outrageous oppression of Governor Tryon and Lord Rawdon were only a few among many instances of the spirit shown by Government officials, until the people of the Colonies were driven to that universal rebellion which resulted in the establishment of our independence. And when that struggle was begun, British
arrogance and cruelty asserted itself, in her officers and minions, in those equivocal shapes which ought to make British history blush with shame along the ensanguined record. It has been truly said that a wrong begun is only maintained by a wrong continued.

The first contest of England with America sprung from tyranny; she was the aggressor, the offending party; and it seems to have been a moral consequence, that a war, thus unrighteous, should have been characterized by a violation of every humane and honorable purpose. The extent to which British cruelty was carried in the memorable contest of the Revolution, is scarcely appreciated by us. Nothing equals the vindictive, bloodthirsty fury which characterized it in some quarters of the Union. It was almost a war of extermination in the South. There, lads were often shot down, that they might not live to be full-grown rebels, and mothers murdered, that they might bring forth no more enemies to the king. Among the people in villages, and in the open country, existed the greatest suffering, and often was manifested the loftiest patriotism and the grandest fortitude. With such ferocity were they pursued by the British soldiery, that their only retreat became the army. At no moment were they safe. Neither in their beds, nor by their firesides, nor on the highways. Daily and nightly murders frightened the time with their atrocities. Reckless marauders traversed the country in all directions, sparing neither sex, age, nor infancy. Nightly, the red flame glared on the horizon, and houseless children hung over the desecrated, butchered forms of their parents.

But of all atrocities, those committed in the prisons and prisonships of New York were most execrable; there is nothing in history to excel the barbarities there inflicted. It is stated that nearly twelve thousand American prisoners “suffered death by their inhuman, cruel and barbarous usage on board the filthy and malignant prison-ship, called the Jersey, lying in New York.”

The scenes enacted within the prisons almost exceed belief. There were several prisons in the city; but the most terrible of them all was the Provost (now the Hall of Records), which was under the charge of Cunningham, that wretch, the like of whom the world has not many times produced. He had a love for inflicting torture; it was his passion, his besotted appetite; he seemed to live upon the
agony of human beings; their groans were his music, their sufferings his pastime. He took an eager delight in murder. He stopped the rations of the prisoners and sold them, to add to the luxuries of his own table, while his victims were starving to death. They were crowded into rooms where there was not space to lie down, with no blankets to protect them from the cold, to which the unglazed windows exposed them, while they were suffering from fevers, thirst, and hunger. In the summer, epidemics raged among them, while they were denied medicine or attendance, and compelled to breathe the damp and putrid air. But, hear what Cunningham himself says of his acts, in his dying speech and confession, when brought to the gallows, in London, for a forgery of which he was convicted:

"I shudder to think of the murders I have been accessory to, both with and without orders from the Government, especially in New York, during which time, there was more than two thousand prisoners starved in the different prisons, by stopping their rations, which I sold. There were also two hundred and seventy-five American prisoners and obnoxious persons executed, out of all which number, there was only about a dozen public executions, which consisted chiefly of British and Hessian deserters. The mode for private executions, was this: a guard was despatched from the Provost, about half-past twelve, at night, to the barrack, and the neighborhood of the upper barracks, to order the people to close their window-shutters and put out their lights, forbidding them, at the same time, to look out, on pain of death; after which, the unfortunate victims were conducted, gagged, just behind the upper barracks, and hung without ceremony, and there buried by the Black Pioneer of the Provost."

These murders were common, nightly pastime of this monster.

The saddest of the tragedies in which Cunningham bore his ignominious part, was the execution of that glorious young martyr, whose name shall glow brighter and brighter on the record of his country's heroes, as the ages roll away.

The impartial reader will question the justice of history, which has done so much for the memory of André, and left that of Hale in comparative oblivion. And yet we can discover but little difference in their cases. Both were possessors of genius and taste, both were endowed with excellent qualities and attainments, and both were
impelled by a desire to serve the cause they respectively espoused, and both suffered a similar death, but under vastly different circumstances. And yet a magnificently sculptured monument in Westminster Abbey, perpetuates the name of the English officer, while none know where sleep the ashes of Hale, and neither stone nor epitaph tells us of the services rendered by him; while the first is honored in every quarter where the English language is spoken, the name of the latter is unknown to many of his countrymen. "There is something more than natural in this, if philosophy could find it out."

Nathan Hale was not twenty years of age, when the first gun of the revolution broke upon the ears of the colonists. The patriotic cause at once aroused his enthusiastic love for liberty and justice, and without pausing for a moment to consider the prudence of such a step, his ardent nature prompted him at once, to throw himself into the ranks of his country's defenders. Distinguished as a scholar, and respected, by all who knew him, for his brilliant talents, he was at once tendered a Captain's commission in the light infantry. He served in the regiment commanded by Colonel Knowlton, and was with the army in its retreat after the disastrous battle of Long Island.

After the army had retreated from New York, and while it was posted on the Heights of Harlem, the Commander-in-Chief earnestly desired to be made acquainted with the force and contemplated movements of the enemy, and for this purpose, applied to Colonel Knowlton to select some individual capable of performing the hazardous and delicate service. Knowlton applied to Hale, who, on becoming acquainted with the wishes of Washington, immediately volunteered his services. He stated that his object in joining the army, was not merely for fame, but to serve the country; that as yet, no opportunity had offered for him to render any signal aid to her cause, and when a duty so imperative and so important as this was demanded of him, he was ready to sacrifice not only life, but all hope of glory, and to suffer the ignomy which its failure would cast upon his name. His friends endeavored to dissuade him from the

* About ten years since, the ladies of Windham and Tolland Counties, Conn., caused a handsome monument to be erected to the memory of the young martyr.
undertaking, but lofty considerations of duty impelled him to the step.

Having disguised himself as a schoolmaster, he crossed the Sound at Fairfield, to Huntingdon, and proceeded thence to Brooklyn. This was in September, 1776. When he arrived at Brooklyn, the enemy had already taken possession of New York. He crossed over to the city, his disguise unsuspected, and pursued the objects of his mission. He examined all their fortifications with care, and obtained every information relative to the number of the enemy, their intentions, etc. Having accomplished all that he could, he left the city, and retraced his steps to Huntingdon. While here, waiting for a boat to convey him across the Sound, his apprehension was effected. There are great discrepancies in the various accounts which are given of his arrest, but all agree that it was through the means of a refugee cousin, who detected his disguise. According to one account, while he was at Huntingdon, a boat came to the shore, which he at first supposed to be one from Connecticut, but which proved to be from an English vessel lying in the Sound. He incautiously approached the boat, and was recognized by his Tory relative, who was in the boat at the time. He was arrested, and sent to New York.

There can not be a more striking proof of the different value set upon the services of André and Hale by their respective nations, than the fact afforded by the different manner of their arrest. There was not a single circumstance connected with the capture of André, but what is known to every reader of history, but in the case of Hale, who stands André’s equal in every particular, it is not even known with certainty how he was apprehended. We have a few uncertain legends relative to it, but these are widely different, some making him arrested on the Sound, some on the island, and others on the outskirts of the city. But there was one circumstance connected with Hale’s capture, which should enhance our sympathy for him. André fell into the American hands by means of the sagacity, watchfulness, and fidelity of our own soldiers; but Hale was betrayed by the base perfidy and treason of a renegade relative. And what two opposite phases of human nature does the contrast between these two incidents afford! In the first, we find three men, three poor men, so fixed in principle and determined in right, that the most
tempting offers—offers when an assent would have given them wealth, ease, and luxury—were refused. Strong honesty overcame temptation, and they were content to struggle on in poverty, oblivion, and privation, with unsullied hearts, rather than feast and riot in luxury. But in the latter incident, we find one of the most execrable acts recorded in history. The betrayal of Hale by his relative, contrasted with the stern integrity of André’s captors, affords a most striking picture.

We are all aware of what followed the capture of André. He was tried before an honorable court, and while strict justice demanded his life, the necessity was deplored by his judges, and his fate aroused in every heart the keenest sympathy and the deepest sorrow. But how widely different was the unhappy end of the noble Hale! He was surrendered to the incarnate fiend, Cunningham, the Provost-Marshal, and ordered to immediate execution, without even the formality of a trial.

The twenty-first of September, 1776, was a day to be remembered in New York. From Whitehall to Barclay Street, a conflagration raged along both sides of Broadway, in which, four hundred and ninety-three houses, or about one-third of the city, was laid in ashes. The College Green, and a change of wind, only arrested the swift destruction. On that day, the dignified, harsh, cold, and courtly Howe, had his head-quarters at the Beekman House, (now standing at the corner of Fifty-first Street and First Avenue) on the East River, about three and a quarter miles from the Park. The conflagration, checked, but not subdued, still clouded the air, when a generous youth, of high intelligence, kindly manners, and noble character, was brought into the presence of this stern dignitary. That youth was charged with being a spy, and the allegation was substantiated by some military sketches and notes found on his person. In this court of last resort, Hale dropped all disguises, and at once proclaimed himself an American officer and a spy. He attempted no plea of extenuation; he besought no pardoning clemency; he promised no transfer of allegiance. He waited calmly, with no unmanly fears, the too evident sentence which was to snap his brittle thread of life. Howe kept him not long waiting, but at once wrote a brief order, giving to William Cunningham, Provost
Marshal of the Royal army, the care and custody of the body of Nathan Hale, Captain in the rebel army, this day convicted as a spy, and directing him to be hung by the neck until dead, “to-morrow morning at daybreak.”

Dare we allow our sad and sympathizing fancies to follow the young hero to the old Provost, where one night only remained to him of earth? It is difficult to conceive a night of greater distress, or more thronged with memories; endurances, and anticipations. Never was prison presided over by a more insatiable monster than this Cunningham. All the surroundings were of the most forbidding character. The coming morning was to conduct the prisoner, through unspeakable contumely, to the portals of eternity. He calmly asked that his hands might be loosed, and that a light and writing materials might be supplied, to enable him to write to his parents and friends. Cunningham denied the request! Hale asked for the use of a Bible, and even this was savagely refused.

Thank God, there was one there with enough of the heart and feelings of a man, to be roused to energetic remonstrance by such malignant inhumanity. The Lieutenant of Hale’s guard earnestly and successfully besought that these requests be granted. In the silent hours, so swiftly bearing him on to the verge of his dear and happy life, the strong soul of the martyr was permitted to write, for loved eyes its parting messages. Doubtless, one of these was to the sweet Alice Adams, the maiden to whom he was betrothed. On came the swift and fatal morning, and with it the diabolical Cunningham, eager to luxuriate in another’s woe. Hale handed him the letters he had written; Cunningham at once read them, and, growing furious at their high spirit, tore them to pieces before the writer’s eyes. He afterward gave, as his reason, “that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such firmness.”

Confronted by this representative of His Majesty, cheered by no voice of friendship, or even of sympathy, beset by the emblems and ministers of ignominious death, Hale stood on the fatal spot. His youthful face transfigured with the calm peace of a triumphant martyr; a life, suffused with religious sensibilities, and blooming with holy love, then and there culminated.

The ritual of disgrace had been performed, and a single refinement
of malice, was all that even Cunningham’s ingenuity could devise; he demanded “a dying speech and confession.” Humanity had begun to assert itself in the crowd of curious gazers, for pity was swelling up in many hearts, finding expression in stifled sobs. Firm and calm, glowing with purification and self-sacrifice, Hale seemed to gather up his soul out of his body, as, with solemn emphasis, he gave answer to this last demand of malignity:

“I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.”

Why have not we a sky-piercing monument, wherein is set a tablet of solid silver, whereon those words are printed in letters of pure gold?

Honest Tunis Bogart, a witness of Hale’s execution, said:

“I have never been able to efface the scene of horror from my mind—it rises up to my imagination always.” Ashar Wright, who was Hale’s personal attendant, was so completely overwhelmed by his fate, that his understanding reeled from its throne, never to be fully reinstated.

There was such lamentation among relatives, friends, and brother officers, when his death was learned, as betokened how he had endeared himself to all. His memory has been quietly cherished in many hearts. And ever, as the tide of time rolls on, his fame increases—his star sails steadily up among the immortal crowd of illustrious dead.

A certain share of infamy attaches to Howe, on account of the barbarities of Hale’s execution. He could and should have known that Cunningham was a devil, unfit for any earthly trust. He should, too, have observed the due formality of a court-martial, and he certainly should have taken care to have had the sentence executed with decency. Howe is deeply blameworthy for his lack of humanity, and for his unrestrained indulgence of such monsters as the Provost-Marshal. He stands convicted of a tolerance of demoniac cruelty, not only in this case, but in the prison-ships, and his general administration. There is something even more damning in being an ungenerous enemy, than an ungenerous friend. Let the disgrace which it fairly won, rest forever on the name of Howe.

As for that sweet Alice Adams, to whom Nathan Hale was engaged, the events of a long life, the transformation of four score
and eight years, passed over her head. In life’s extremity, when shadows came and went, and earth was receding dimly, the first loved name was the last word on her lips. Truth and love came back to her in old age and death; perhaps she saw him standing on the eternal shores awaiting to help her over—love, life and youth are immortal there—and calling to him, she passed away.

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MRS. SLOCUMB AT MOORE’S CREEK.

Mary Slocumb was the noble-hearted wife of one of the bravest soldiers of the Southern army, and was a fair specimen of the heroic women whose influence was so sensibly felt in the Carolinas at the period when the Revolutionary storm was deluging that section with all the horrors of civil war. Lieutenant Slocumb, her husband, like many others whose patriotism would not allow them to remain at home in the enjoyment of ease and comfort, while their country called for the exertion of her sons to free her from the thraldom of a foreign tyrant, had attached himself to the regiment of Colonel Caswell, who, at the period of which we write, had collected his friends and the yeomen of the surrounding country, to give battle to Donald McDonald, and his Highlanders and Tories, then on their way to join Sir Henry Clinton on Cape Fear, after having escaped from Colonel Moore at Cross Creeks. In the battle of Moore’s Creek, which followed, Lieutenant Slocumb and his detachment, by turning the flank of the enemy, secured the victory to the patriots, and captured a large portion of the loyal Highlanders, among whom was the brave McDonald himself. It was a hard fought and bloody battle, and Slocumb, in after years, delighted to relate the incidents of the obstinately contested field, among which none was so interesting as his meeting with his wife on his return from the pursuit of the defeated Tories. It seems that on the night after the departure of her husband and his detachment, Mrs. Slocumb had dreamed of seeing her husband’s body, wrapped in his military cloak, lying upon the battle-field, surrounded with the dead and dying. So strong was
the impression upon her mind, that she could sleep no more, and she
determined to go to him. Telling her woman to look after her child,
and merely saying that she could not sleep, and would ride down the
road, she went to the stable, saddled her mare—as fleet a nag as ever
traveled—and in a few moments was on her way after the little
army, sixty miles distant. By the time she had ridden some ten
miles, the night air had cooled her feverish excitement, and she was
tempted to turn back, but the thought that her husband might be
dead, or dying, urged her on, and when the first faint tints of morn-
ing illumined the east, she was thirty miles from home. At sunrise,
she came upon a group of women and children, who had taken their
station in the road to catch any tidings that might pass from the
battle-field. Of these she inquired if the battle had been fought, but
they could give her no information, and she rode on, following the
well-marked trail of the troops.

About eight or nine o'clock she heard a sound like distant thunder.
She stopped to listen; again it boomed in the distance, and she knew
it must be cannon. The battle was then raging.

"What a fool!" thought she. "My husband could not be dead
last night, and the battle only fighting now. Still, as I am so near,
I will go on and see how they come out."

Every step now brought her nearer the field, and she soon heard
the sound of the musketry and shouting. In a few moments she
came out into the road below Moore's Creek bridge. A short dis-
tance from the road, under a cluster of trees, were lying perhaps
twenty men. They were wounded.

"I knew the spot—the very trees; and the position of the men I
knew as if I had seen it a thousand times. I had seen it all night!
I saw all at once; but in an instant my whole soul was centered in
one spot; for there, wrapped in his bloody guard cloak, lay the body
of my husband. How I passed the few yards from my saddle to the
spot I never knew. I remember uncovering the head, and seeing a
face clothed with gore from a dreadful wound across the temple. I put
my hand on the bloody face; 'twas warm, and an unknown voice
begged for water."

What a revulsion! It was not her husband, then, after all! She
brought water, gave him some to drink, washed his face, and
discovered that it was Frank Cogdell. He soon revived, and could speak.

"I was washing the wound on his head. Said he: 'It is not that; it is that hole in my leg that is killing me.' A puddle of blood was standing on the ground about his feet; I took his knife, cut away his trousers and stocking, and found the blood came from a shot-hole, through and through the fleshy part of his leg."

She sought for some healing leaves, bound up his wounds, and then went to others, whose wounds she dressed, and while engaged in this charitable work, Colonel Caswell came up. He was surprised, of course, to see her, and was about to pay her some compliment, when she abruptly asked for her husband.

"He is where he ought to be, madam, in pursuit of the enemy. But, pray, how came you here?"

"Oh, I thought," said she, "you would need nurses as well as soldiers. See! I have already dressed many of these good fellows; and here is one," going to Frank, and lifting up his head so that he could drink some more water, "would have died before any of you men could have helped him."

Just then she looked up, and her husband, covered with blood and dirt, stood before her.

"Why, Mary!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing there? Hugging Frank Cogdell, the greatest reprobate in the army!"

"I don't care," she cried, "Frank is a brave fellow, a good soldier, and a true friend to Congress."

"True, true! every word of it!" said Caswell; "you are right, madam," with the lowest possible bow.

"I would not tell my husband," says she, "what brought me there. I was so happy; and so were all! It was a glorious victory; I came just at the height of the enjoyment, I knew my husband was surprised, but I could see he was not displeased with me. It was night again before our excitement had all subsided. Many prisoners were brought in, and among them some very obnoxious; but the worst of the Tories were not taken prisoners. They were for the most part left in the woods and swamps, whenever they were overtaken. I begged for some of the poor prisoners, and Caswell readily told me none should be hurt, but such as had been guilty of murder and
house-burning. In the middle of the night, I again mounted my mare and started for home. Caswell and my husband wanted me to stay till next morning, and they would send a party with me; but no; I wanted to see my child, and I told them they could send no party who could keep up with me. What a happy ride I had back! and with what joy did I embrace my child as he ran to meet me."

Could the inventive genius of the most able writer of fiction suggest a more thrilling narrative? Alas! how many such intensely interesting incidents are buried in the graves of those noble men and women who sacrificed everything but honor, that we, their children, might live free and independent.

How many females of the present age could be found to ride a hundred and twenty-five miles in less than forty hours, even on such an errand?

This was not the only adventure of this spirited lady, living, as she did, in the midst of contending armies, and entering with ardor, into all the plans and hopes of her husband.

Another couple, living at the North, had some spirited adventures, quite worth chronicling. In the town of North Castle, Westchester County, New York, resided, during the War for Independence, a young married couple, who were both, heart and soul, enlisted in the patriotic cause, and whose best services were devoted to their country. Mr. Fisher was an eminent and active member of a partisan band, under Major Paulding, whose confidence and esteem he always enjoyed to an eminent degree, and who by his unflinching patriotism, and the energy and skill with which he thwarted the plans and designs of the Tories, made himself particularly obnoxious to them. His active duties as a scout, sometimes kept him for months from his home, where his young wife had nothing but her heroism of spirit to oppose to the marauding bands that traversed the "Neutral Ground," and whose creed it was, to make war upon women and children indiscriminately. While the high-minded Whig, therefore, was serving his country, in the swamp and on the mountain, the wife had to undergo scenes, requiring an equal courage and fortitude, with those of his.

She was one of those women of the revolution, by whose indomitable
spirit and active benevolence our armies were often held together, and our soldiers encouraged to persevere in the glorious course they had begun. She was without fear, and was always ready to serve her country, or defend herself, upon any emergency. The American soldier, too, often found relief from suffering, through her benevolence. She was one of those, who attended upon the wounded of White Plains, and administered comfort to the dying, and relief to the wounded. After this battle, when Washington's army was encamped near her residence, the Commander-in-Chief's table was often indebted for many of its delicacies, to the prudent attention and care of Mrs. Fisher. Washington often expressed his obligations to her in person.

Many anecdotes are related of her daring. On one occasion, a favorite colt was stolen, when she mounted a horse and rode down to Morrissania, where the loyalists were encamped, and demanded of the English officer in command, the restoration of her property. The Englishman courteously assented, and the colt being found, it was restored to her. This was considered at the time, a most daring expedition. Her route, which was a long one, was through a section of country beset with marauders, who were never in the habit of hesitating to make war on a woman.

We remarked that the danger from the marauding Tory bands, prevented Mr. Fisher from visiting his home, but at long intervals. There was one band of Tories notorious for its cruelty, headed by one Blindberry, a most blood-thirsty wretch, whose memory to this day, is only preserved to be execrated. This fellow was the terror of the whole community. On one occasion, after having been absent for six months, Mr. Fisher's anxiety to see his family, became so great, that one evening he cautiously approached the house, and was admitted unseen. Late that night, after he had retired, steps were heard without, and presently there was a loud knocking at the door, with a peremptory summons for it to be opened. This not being heeded, it was repeated, with a threat to break open the door, if it was not complied with. The house was a simple old-fashioned cottage, the door opening directly into a room, which was used by Mr. Fisher and his wife as a sleeping room. The party now discharged their pistols three or four times through the window, but the balls lodged harmlessly in the walls. This proceeding effecting nothing,
they begun at once to demolish the door, and in a few moments they burst roughly into the room. Mr. Fisher sprung from the bed, prepared to defend his wife and himself to the last. But the only object of this band was plunder. In those times, the country people were compelled to convert their effects into money, as every thing moveable, would be sure to be captured, and having no means of investing their wealth, it was generally concealed in secure places. But these concealments rarely availed them any thing, if their persons should fall into the hands of the Tories, as every means of torture that ingenuity could suggest, was availed of to force the hapless victims to betray the hiding place of their wealth. Hanging, roasting over slow fires, or a pistol at the head, were the usual modes adopted.

The Tory leader, who was no other than this same Blindberry, demanded of Mr. Fisher his gold. The stern patriot, who was a man of unconquerable will, calmly refused. The marauders became enraged, and he was threatened with death if he persisted in his denial. But neither the flashing swords that gleamed around him, the musket at his breast, nor the furious aspects of the wretches, could move him a jot from his determined purpose. The word was given to try hanging. In an instant a rope was thrown over the branch of a tree, that stood by the door, and their victim was drawn beneath it, and the rope adjusted to his neck. Once more he was asked to give up his money. Without the tremor of a muscle, he refused. The next moment he was dangling high up in the air. He was allowed to suspend for a few seconds, and lowered to the ground. His reply to the same question was given, in an undaunted refusal. Again did his tormentors run him up into the air; but when they again lowered him, he had fainted. In a few moments, however, he revived, and as the knowledge of the affair gradually broke upon his mind, he thundered out, "No, not a farthing!" Once more did the wretches swing him off, and this time he was kept suspended until they thought he was dead, when they lowered him, and seeing now no chance of obtaining the coveted gold, they departed.

The agony of the wife during this scene, can only be imagined. A Tory was stationed by her side, and with a pistol at her head, enjoined silence on the penalty of her life. In those few minutes were crowded a life of torture and suffering. When they had gone,
she tremblingly stole out to the side of her husband, and with what little strength she possessed, dragged his lifeless form into the house. With the vague hope that he might not be dead, she applied restoratives, and soon had the unspeakable joy of detecting signs of life. Ere morning, he was entirely restored, and that very day joined his scout.

Continuing their route, the Tories fell upon several of the neighbors, all of whom suffered some cruelty at their hands. At one house they placed its master in a chair, tied him down, and built a fire under him, by which means he was at last compelled by his unsupportable agony to reveal the hiding place of his gold. But a terrible retribution was preparing for them. Major Paulding had gathered a party of his men, and was in hot pursuit of them. As the Major was following up their track, he stopped at the residence of Mr. Wright, an old Quaker, who felt a strong sympathy for the American cause, but whose principles prevented him from taking an active part in the contest. To the inquiry, if such a party of Tories as has been described, was seen, the Quaker replied in the affirmative, pointing out the course they had taken.

“What do you say, my men,” said the Major to his followers, “shall we follow them up?”

A unanimous consent was given.

“Jonathan, if thee wishes to see those men,” said Mr. Wright, approaching Major Paulding, with a knowing look, “if thee wishes to see them particular, would it not be better for thee to go to ‘Brundage’s Corner,’ as they are most likely from the North, and will return that way. There thee can’t see them without doubt.”

The shrewd insinuation of the Quaker, was caught in an instant. The place referred to, afforded a most admirable place for an ambuscade, and by secreting themselves there, the enemy was certain to fall into their hands.

The Whigs had not been concealed long, ere the party was heard approaching. At the signal, the patriots sprung forward, and discharged their weapons. At the very first fire, the bloodthirsty Tory leader fell, some said from a bullet discharged by the hand of Major Paulding himself.

The intense hatred felt by the people toward Blindberry, and the
universal joy manifested at his fall, prompted some to make a public rejoicing on the event, and in order to express their uncompromising hostility to their foe, his body was hung before the assembled patriots of the district, amid their jeers and expressions of pleasure. Among the assembly was Mr. Fisher, who, but a few hours before had so nearly fallen a victim to his cruelty.

Some little time after the preceding events, while Mr. Fisher was on another visit to his family, sudden word was brought, that the Tories were approaching. This, as before, was during the night. Mr. Fisher had reason to suppose, that the object of this party, was to secure his person, and it became necessary to obtain a place of concealment. The most advantageous one that offered, was beneath the flooring, which was loose, where was ample room for him, and where it was hoped, the Tories would not think of looking for their enemy. Scarcely had he secreted himself, when the Tories appeared. They burst into the presence of Mrs. Fisher, in a boisterous manner, and with brutal jests and extravagant threats, demanded to be informed, where her husband was. To these inquiries, the undaunted woman deigned no reply.

"Come, give us a light," said the leader, "that we may ferret out your rebel husband's hiding place. I'll swear, that you've got him stowed away somewhere here."

"I have no light," was the calm reply.

The difficulties of procuring stores, sometimes left Whig families for weeks without the common necessities.

"Come, my woman, none of that!" broke in the Tory; "a light we want, and a light we must have, so bring out your candles!"

"I have none," reiterated Mrs. Fisher.

The Tory, with an oath, drew a pistol, cocked it, and coming up to her, placed the muzzle in her face.

"Look here, my lady," said he, "we know that you've got your rebel of a husband somewhere about here, and if you don't at once give us a candle, so that we may hunt out his hiding place, I'll blow your brains out."

"I have told you," replied the lady, "that I have no candle; I can not give you one, so you may blow my brains out the moment you please."

256
The heroic spirit that breathed in her words, and the firm look from her undaunted eye, convinced the Tory that she was not to be intimidated. They were compelled to make their search in the dark. After rummaging into every nook and corner in vain, they gave up their object. On several other occasions, Mr. Fisher had similar narrow escapes.

We can not refrain from referring to one enterprise in which Mr. Fisher was engaged, by which means fifteen Whigs put to flight, over three hundred Hessians. The news of their approach was spread abroad, and the utmost consternation prevailed. The Hessians were always held in great terror by the country people. On this occasion, they fled at their approach into the forests and other secure fastnesses. Coney Hill, was the usual place of retreat on these alarms. This was a hill somewhat off from the main roads, and which was surrounded by narrow defiles, and reached only through dense thickets, while its rocky and irregular surface, afforded a means of defense impregnable. No fortress could have been more secure. All the inhabitants, therefore, retreated to this fastness, Mrs. Fisher alone of all neighbors, venturing to remain within her own house.

The usual road traveled by the armies, that led north from White Plains, in one place described a wide circuit, but there was a narrow, irregular road, sometimes used, that shortened the distance considerably. But this road was very dangerous to any large body of men. It led by the Coney Hill, which we have mentioned, and its whole length was through a rocky region, overgrown with tangled thickets of laurel, that would have afforded effectual protection and concealment to a body of assailants, and have made a small force formidable to a large one.

At a point on this road, therefore, Major Paulding and fifteen followers stationed themselves, with a belief, that from the irregular and incautious manner the Hessians were marching, they would be induced to lessen their route, by taking the shorter cut. The belief proved to be well founded. The spot where Major Paulding posted his ambuscade, was one remarkably well adapted to that kind of warfare. It was, where the road passing through a defile, made a sudden turn around a large rock, and where it was so narrow, that six men could not pass abreast, while the whole rising ground
on either side was irregular, with rough, jagged rocks, and covered with a dense growth of laurel.

Stationed at different points, and protected by rocky battlements, the little band quietly awaited the coming of their enemy. At last they appeared, approaching carelessly, and with an utter want of military prudence. Not a sound, nor breath betrayed to them the presence of a foe. The rocks, and laurel bushes, gave forth no sign of the deadly messengers to be launched from their bosoms. Part of the Hessians had already passed the turn of the road, when suddenly, like a clap of thunder from an azure sky, an explosion burst from the flinty rocks that surrounded them, and several of their number, pitched headlong to the earth. Those in front, panic struck, fell back upon those in the rear, while those in the rear pressed forward, uncertain of the danger, and discharged their muskets into the thickets, but the bullets rebounded harmlessly from the rocky walls, that inclosed their enemy. Another volley completed their panic. Terrified at the presence of an enemy, that seemed to fight from the bowels of the earth, and unable to estimate the full extent of their danger, which their imagination greatly magnified, they gave a wild cry, and fled precipitately.

This event afforded the Whigs for a long time much merriment, particularly as it was accompanied with no loss to the little party, who had given the Hessians their terrible fright. Mrs. Fisher was accustomed to give an amusing relation of the manner they appeared, as they flew by her house, each running at his utmost speed, with the tin cannisters and other numerous accouterments with which the Hessian soldiers were always so plentifully provided—flying out in a straight line behind them.

The following incident, admirably illustrates the presence of mind, and the many resources of this courageous lady. One day, a Whig neighbor burst hastily into her presence, saying, that he was pursued by a body of Tories, and if not concealed immediately, he was lost. It did not take a moment for Mrs. Fisher to decide upon her course. There was a large ash heap just out of the back door, some four or five feet in height, and as many long. Seizing a shovel, in a moment she made an excavation, into which the fugitive crept, and the lady covered him with ashes, having first taken the precaution to procure
some quilts, which she placed one in another, and thus formed him a breathing-hole, by which he sustained life, while the Tories sought in vain for his hiding place.

A more humble family, but one which did good service in the cause of liberty, was that of William Maybin. Maybin was taken prisoner, it was supposed, at Sumter’s surprise, on Fishing Creek, August, 1780. He was carried to Charleston, and died in one of those charnel-houses of freedom, a prison-ship. Here, just as he was dying, he was discovered by his wife’s brother, Benjamin Duncan, a soldier in the British army, who obtained permission to bring his corpse on shore for burial. Duncan then visited his bereaved sister, and, after a short stay, returned to his duty, promising, as soon as possible, to come back and provide for her and his other sister, a married woman. As a pledge, he left with her his watch, and some other articles. The news of this valuable deposit was soon spread among the loyalists; it was rumored that the watch was of gold, falsely, for it was a silver one. Spoil was ever first in the thoughts of many of those guilty traitors; and two marauders soon came to the house of the widow and orphans. They demanded the watch, threatening to take the lives of the helpless women and children, if it was not delivered. Mrs. Maybin, anxious only, like a true mother, for the safety of her children, fled to the woods, leaving her sister to contend alone with the ruffians. She succeeded in baffling their cupidity. They did not find the watch, although it was hidden under the head of the bed. It became the property of Maybin’s son, who valued it as a memento of the courage of his aunt.

This family had their full share of trial and privation. When Rawdon’s army pursued General Greene on his retreat from Ninety-six, they encamped about a week at Colonel Glenn’s Mills, on the Enoree. They then marched through the Fork, and crossed at Lisle’s Ford. On this march, the soldiers plundered everything on their way. The only piece of meat she had left for her family, and which she had hidden on the wood-beams of the house, was found and taken away. A small gray mare, called “Díce,” her only beast, was also stolen, but was afterward recovered. This disgraceful foray, had, it is said, the sanction of Lord Rawdon.

On another occasion, a Tory visited Mrs. Maybin’s cabin, and
finding a piece of homespun in her loom, cut it out and bore it away as a prize. The wretch who could look upon the almost naked children of a poor widow, and take from her the means of a scanty covering, did not, however, escape. Little Ephraim Lyle, afterward met him, and, finding the cloth upon his legs in a pair of leggins, inflicted upon him a severe drubbing, and forced him to relinquish the spoil.

Horrible, truly, were these sufferings and privations, but far more real than the trials of fortitude to which some "leading citizens" were subjected.

John Clark, settled on the Enoree, near the place now called Clarke's Ford. He was a staunch and zealous Whig during the war. In a skirmish at the ford, under the command of Captain Jones, he was shot through the leg, and with difficulty escaped to a bluff a mile distant. To this place the enemy traced him, by his blood, and took him prisoner. His mother furnished him with a bit of salve, and a piece of cloth to draw and bind up his wound. His captors compelled him to mount a very poor horse, and ride him, with nothing to separate him from the animal's sharp backbone but an old bed-quilt, which his mother had given him from her own scanty covering. With his feet bound under the gurron, he was compelled to ride, in great and increasing agony, more than forty miles, to Ninety-six. There he was cast into prison, in his wounded condition, in the midst of poor fellows suffering under a virulent type of small-pox. He was the tenth sufferer, and marvelously recovered, was liberated, made his way home, and lived long after the close of the revolutionary struggle. His descendants are still to be found in Newberry district.
BRADY'S LEAP.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY was the Daniel Boone of Ohio, and was as efficient in the settlement of that State as his illustrious cotemporary was in establishing the domain of the white man in the State of Kentucky. He entered the army at the commencement of our Revolutionary struggle, and was engaged at the siege of Boston, as well as in many other important contests, during the war for independence. He was a Lieutenant under Wayne at the massacre of Paoli, when that officer was surprised, and the greater portion of his command cut to pieces and destroyed in cold blood. Toward the close of the war, he was Captain of a corps of rangers at Fort Pitt, under General Brodhead, and rendered effectual service against the Indians, who were in league with the British. He had lost a father and brother at the hands of the red-skins, and swore to take a terrible revenge.

To a mind fertile in expedient, and quick as a flash of light in its deliberations, he added a frame well-knit, though slight, and a constitution of iron mold. He was an Indian-fighter con amore, and the greater portion of his time was spent in the war-path. Many are the deeds of daring and thrilling adventure related of him. A volume might be written embracing the adventures and hair-breadth escapes of the gallant Captain; but, in common with an immense mass of unwritten tradition equally valuable and interesting, they are fast being forgotten and buried in the graves of the past generation.

On one occasion, while out with a small party of his rangers in pursuit of the Indians, he had gone as far as Slippery Rock Creek, a branch of Beaver River, in Western Pennsylvania, without seeing any signs of his foe. Here, however, he struck upon a fresh trail, which led up the creek, and he hastened in pursuit of the savages, who were some distance in advance. He followed the trail until evening, when he was obliged to wait the return of daylight before he could pursue it further. At the earliest dawn he started afresh, and without
stopping to break his fast, he hurried on, bent on coming up with the enemy before they could reach their towns. His precipitancy had nearly cost him his life, for although the party in front did not dream of his proximity, yet a body of warriors, far outnumbering his own small band, had discovered his trail, and were following it with as much avidity as he was pursuing their comrades.

Brady discovered those in front, just as they were finishing their morning meal and preparing to renew their journey. Placing his men in such a manner as to intercept them, should any attempt to escape, at a given signal they delivered a close and well-directed volley, and started up to rush upon the enemy with their tomahawks, when the band in their rear fired upon them in turn, taking them completely by surprise, killing two of their number, and throwing the remainder into confusion. Finding himself thus between two fires, and vastly outnumbered, there was nothing left but flight; and Brady, directing his men to look out for themselves, started off at his topmost speed in the direction of the creek.

The Indians had a long and heavy account to settle with him, however, and deemed this the opportunity to wipe it out with his blood. For this purpose they desired to secure him alive, and fifty red-skins, regardless of the others, who had scattered in every direction, dropped their rifles and followed him. The Indians knew the ground, Brady did not, and they felt secure of their victim when they saw him run toward the creek, which was at this point a wide, deep, and rapid stream. A yell of triumph broke from them as he arrived at the bank and comprehended his desperate situation. There was apparently no escape, and for a moment the Captain felt that his time had come. It was but for an instant, however. He well knew the fate which awaited him should he fall into the hands of his enemies, and this reflection nerved him to a deed which, perhaps, in his calmer moments, he would have found himself incapable of performing. Gathering all his force into one mighty effort, as he approached the brink of the stream, and clinging with a death-grip to his trusty rifle, he sprang across the chasm through which the stream run, and landed safely upon the other side, with his rifle in his hand. Quick as thought, his piece was primed, and he commenced to reload. His feet had barely made their imprint upon the soft, yielding soil of the
western bank, before his place was filled by the brawny form of a warrior, who, having been foremost in the pursuit, now stood amazed as he contemplated the gap over which the Captain had passed. With a frankness which seemed not to undervalue the achievement of an enemy, the savage, in tolerable good English, exclaimed: "Blady make good jump! Blady make very good jump!" His conflicting emotions of regret at the escape of his intended victim, and admiration of the deed by which that escape had been accomplished, did not hinder the discovery that Brady was engaged in loading his piece; and he did not feel assured but that his compliment would be returned from the muzzle of the Captain's rifle. He incontinently took to his heels as he discovered the latter ramming home the bullet, which might the next moment be searching out a vital part in his dusky form; and his erratic movements showed that he entertained no mean idea of his enemy's skill at sharp-shooting. The outline of the most intricate field fortification would convey but a slight idea of the serpentine course he pursued, until satisfied that he was out of rifle shot. Sometimes leaping in the air, at others squatting suddenly on his haunches, and availing himself of every shelter, he evinced a lively fear, which doubtless had its origin in a previous knowledge of the fatal accuracy of the Captain's aim. Brady had other views, however, and was not disposed to waste time and powder upon a single enemy, when surrounded by hundreds, and when the next moment an empty barrel might cost him his life; and while the savage was still displaying his agility on the opposite bank, he darted into the woods, and made his way to a rendezvous previously fixed upon, where he met the remainder of his party, and they took their way for home, not more than half defeated. It was not a great while before they were again on the war-path, in search of further adventures.

Brady afterward visited the spot, and, out of curiosity, he measured the stream at the place where he jumped, and found it to measure twenty-three feet from shore to shore, and the water to be twenty feet deep.

A similar incident is related of Brady in the "Historical Collections of Ohio," as having occurred on the banks of the Cuyahoga, in which it is stated that, as he was crawling up the opposite bank, the Indians fired upon him, and wounded him in the hip, but he managed
to stanch the wound and escape, by hiding himself in the hollow trunk of a tree until the search for him was over, when he crawled out, and, after incredible hardship and fatigue, arrived safe at his quarters. The two stories may have had their origin in the same occurrence, but the details are so dissimilar, except in the distance, which is in both cases about twenty-three feet, that it is possible, nay, more than probable, that the Captain was called upon to exert his great powers on two separate occasions to save himself from the torture or the stake.

At the time of this famous occurrence, Brady was under orders from General Brodhead. The Indians did not return that season to do any injury to the whites; and early that fall, moved off to their friends, the British, who had to keep them all winter, their corn having been destroyed by Brodhead.

When the General found the Indians were gone, at the suggestion of Brady, three companies were ordered out, with a sufficient number of pack-horses, to kill game for the supply of the garrison. These companies were commanded by Captains Harrison, Springer and Brady. Game was very plenty, for neither whites nor Indians ventured to hunt, and great quantities were put up.

In putting up his tent, Captain Brady's tomahawk had slipped and cut his knee, by which he was lamed for some time. This occasioned him to remain at the tents until he got well, which afforded him the opportunity of witnessing some of the peculiar superstitions of his Indian allies, for he had his Indians and their families along with him.

One of these Indians had assumed the name of Wilson. The Captain was lying in his tent one afternoon, and observed his man, Wilson, coming home in a great hurry, and that, as he met his squaw, he gave her a kick, without saying a word, and begun to unbreech his gun. The squaw went away, and returned soon after, with some roots, which she had gathered; and, after washing them clean, she put them into a kettle to boil. While boiling, Wilson corked up the muzzle of his gun, and stuck the breech into the kettle, and continued it there until the plug flew out of the muzzle. He then took it out and put it into the stock. Brady, knowing the Indians were very "superstitious," as we call it, did not speak to him until he saw him
wiping his gun. He then called to him, and asked what was the matter. Wilson came to the Captain, and said, in reply, that his gun had been very sick—that she could not shoot; he had been just giving her a vomit, and she was now well. Whether the vomit helped the gun, or only strengthened Wilson’s nerves, the Captain could not tell, but he averred that Wilson killed ten deer the next day.

Beaver Valley was the scene of many of Captain Brady’s stirring adventures. We have heard from many of the older citizens their accounts of his thrilling exploits. They speak in unbounded terms of admiration of his daring and success; his many hair-breadth escapes by “field and flood,” and always concluded by declaring that he was a greater man than Daniel Boone or Lewis Wetzel, either of whom, in the eyes of the old pioneers, were the very embodiment of hare-devilism.

The following, illustrating one of Brady’s adventures in the region referred to, we give from a published source. In one of his trapping and hunting excursions, he was surprised and taken prisoner by Indians who had closely watched his movements.

“To have shot or tomahawked him would have been but a small gratification to that of satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire, in presence of all the Indians of their village. He was, therefore, taken alive to their encampment, on the west bank of the Beaver River, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gauntlet, a fire was prepared, near which Brady was placed, after being stripped, and with his arms unbound. Previous to tying him to the stake, a large circle was formed around of Indian men, women and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuses that their small knowledge of the English language could afford. The prisoner looked on these preparations for death and on his savage foe with a firm countenance and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with truly savage fortitude. In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs came near him with a child in her arms. Quick as thought, and with intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her, and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror-stricken at the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the fire.
In the midst of this confusion, Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thicket, with the Indians yelling at his heels. He ascended the steep side of a hill amid a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles in the West. His knowledge of the country and wonderful activity enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements in safety."

Shortly after he entered the service of General Broadhead, he was sent, on a scout, as far west as Sandusky. Captain Brady was not insensible to the danger, or ignorant of the difficulty of the enterprise. But he saw the anxiety of the father of his country to procure information that could only be obtained by this perilous mode, and knew its importance. His own danger was an inferior consideration. The appointment was accepted, and, selecting a few soldiers, and four Chickasaw Indians as guides, he crossed the Alleghany river, and was at once in the enemy’s country.

It was in May, 1780, that he commenced his march. The season was uncommonly wet. Every considerable stream was swollen; neither road, bridge nor house facilitated their march, or shielded their repose. Part of their provision was picked up by the way, as they crept, rather than marched through the wilderness by night, and lay concealed in its branches by day. The slightest trace of his movement, the print of a white man’s foot on the sand of a river, might have occasioned the extermination of the party. Brady was versed in all the wiles of Indian "strategy," and, dressed in the full war dress of an Indian warrior, and well acquainted with their languages, he led his band in safety near to the Sandusky towns, without seeing a hostile Indian.

The night before he reached Sandusky he saw a fire, approached it, and found two squaws reposing beside it. He passed on without molesting them. But his Chickasaws now deserted. This was alarming, for it was probable they had gone over to the enemy. However, he determined to proceed. With a full knowledge of the horrible death that awaited him if taken prisoner, he passed on, until he stood beside the town, and on the bank of the river.

His first care was to provide a place of concealment for his men.
When this was effected, having selected one man as the companion of his future adventures, he waded the river to an island partially covered with driftwood, opposite the town, where he concealed himself and comrade for the night.

In constancy of purpose, in cool, deliberate courage, the Captain of the Rangers will compare with any hero of this age, or any other. Neither banner nor pennon waved over him. He was hundreds of miles in the heart of an enemy's country—an enemy who, had they possessed it, would have given his weight in gold for the pleasure of burning him to death with a slow fire—adding to his torments, both mental and physical, every ingredient that savage ingenuity could supply.

Who that has poetry of feeling, or feeling of poetry, but must pause over such a scene, and, in imagination, contemplate its features! The murmuring river; the sylvan landscape; as each was gazed upon by that lonely, but dauntless warrior, in the still midnight hour.

The next morning a dense fog spread over hill and dale, town and river. All was hid from Brady's eyes, save the logs and brush around him. About eleven o'clock it cleared off, and afforded him a view of about three thousand Indians, engaged in the amusements of the race ground.

They had just returned from Virginia or Kentucky with some very fine horses. One gray horse in particular attracted his notice. He won every race until near evening, when, as if envious of his speed, two riders were placed on him, and thus he was beaten. The starting post was only a few rods above where Brady lay, and he had a pretty fair chance of enjoying the amusement, without the risk of losing any thing by betting on the race.

He made such observation through the day as was in his power, waded out from the island at night, collected his men, went to the Indian camp he had seen as he came out; the squaws were still there; he took them prisoners, and continued his march homeward.

The map furnished by General Broadhead was found to be defective. The distance was represented to be much less than it really was. The provisions and ammunition of the men were exhausted by the time they got to the Big Beaver, on their return. Brady shot an otter, but could not eat it. The last load was in his rifle. They
arrived at an old encampment, and found plenty of strawberries, which they stopped to appease their hunger with. Having discovered a deer track, Brady followed it, telling the men he would perhaps get a shot at it. He had gone but a few rods when he saw the deer standing broadside to him. He raised his rifle and attempted to fire, but it flashed in the pan, and he had not a priming of powder. He sat down, picked the touch-hole, and then started on. After going a short distance the path made a bend, and he saw before him a large Indian on horseback, with a white child before, and its captive mother behind him on the horse, and a number of warriors marching in the rear. His first impulse was to shoot the Indian on horseback, but, as he raised his rifle, he observed the child’s head to roll with the motion of the horse. It was fast asleep, and tied to the Indian. He stepped behind the root of a tree, and waited until he could shoot the Indian, without danger to the child or its mother.

When he considered the chance certain, he shot the Indian, who fell from his horse, and the child and its mother fell with him. Brady called to his men with a voice that made the forest ring, to surround the Indians and give them a general fire. He sprung to the fallen Indian’s powder-horn, but could not pull it off. Being dressed like an Indian, the woman thought he was one, and said:

"Why did you shoot your brother?"

He caught up the child, saying:

"Jenny Stipes, I am Captain Brady; follow me, and I will secure you and your child."

He caught her hand in his, carrying the child under the other arm, and dashed into the brush. Many guns were fired at him by this time, but no ball harmed him, and the Indians, dreading an ambuscade, were glad to make off. The next day he arrived at Fort McIntosh with the woman and her child. His men had got there before him. They had heard his war-whoop, and knew it was Indians he had encountered, but, having no ammunition, they had taken to their heels, and ran off. The squaws he had taken at Sandusky, availing themselves of the panic, had also made their escape.

In those days Indian fashions prevailed, in some measure, with the whites, at least with rangers. Brady was desirous of seeing the
Indian he had shot, and the officer in command of Fort McIntosh gave him some men in addition to his own, and he returned to search for the body. The place where he had fallen was discovered, but nothing more. No pains were spared to search, but the body was not found. They were about to leave the place, when the yell of a *pet* Indian, that came with them from the fort, called them to a little glade, where the grave was discovered. The Indians had interred their dead brother there, carefully replacing the sod in the neatest manner. They had also cut brushes and stuck them into the ground, but the brushes had withered, and instead of concealing the grave, they led to the discovery.

He was buried about two feet deep, with all his implements of war about him.

All his savage jewelry, his arms and ammunition were taken from him, and the scalp from his head, and then they left him, thus stripped, alone in his grave. It is painful to think of such things being done by American soldiers, but we cannot now know all the excusing circumstances that may have existed at the time. Perhaps the husband of this woman, the father of this child, was thus butchered before his wife and children; and the younger members of the family, unable to bear the fatigues of traveling, had their brains dashed out on the threshold. Such things were common, and a spirit of revenge was deeply seated in the breasts of the people of the frontiers. Captain Brady's own family had heavily felt the merciless tomahawk. His brave and honored father, and a beloved brother, had been treacherously slain by the Indians, and he had vowed vengeance.

After refreshing himself and men, they went up to Pittsburg by water, where they were received with military honors. Minute guns were fired from the time Brady came in sight until he landed.

The Chickasaw Indians had returned to Pittsburg, and reported that the Captain and his party had been cut off near Sandusky town by the Indians. When General Broadhead heard this, he said Brady was an aspiring young man, and had solicited the command. But on Brady's arrival in Pittsburg, the General acknowledged that the Captain had accepted the command with much diffidence.

A few days after Brady had left Sandusky with his squaw prisoners, keeping a sharp look-out in expectation of being pursued, and
taking every precaution to avoid pursuit, such as keeping on the
dryest ridges, and walking on logs whenever they suited his course,
he found he was followed by Indians. His practised eye would oc-
casionally discover in the distance, an Indian hopping to or from a
tree, or other screen, and advancing on his trail. After being satis-
fied of the fact, he stated it to his men, and told them no Indian
could thus pursue him, after the precautions he had taken, without
a dog on his track.

"I will stop," said Brady, "and shoot the dog, and then we can
get along better."

He selected the root of a tall chestnut tree which had fallen west-
ward, for his place of ambush. He walked from the west end of
the tree or log to the east, and sat down in the pit made by
the raising of the root. He had not been long there when a small
slut mounted the log at the west end, and, with her nose to the
trunk, approached him. Close behind her followed a plumed war-
rrior. Brady had his choice. He preferred shooting the slut, which
he did; she rolled off the log, stone dead, and the warrior, with a
loud whoop, sprung into the woods and disappeared. He was fol-
lowed no further.

Many of Captain Brady's adventures occurred at periods of which
no certainty as to dates can now be had. The following is of that
class:

His success as a partisan had acquired for him its usual results—
approbation with some, and envy with others. Some of his brother
officers censured the Commandant for affording him such frequent
opportunities for honorable distinction. At length an open complaint
was made, accompanied by a request, in the nature of a demand, that
others should be permitted to share with Brady the perils and honors
of the service, abroad from the fort. The General apprised Brady of
what had passed, who readily acquiesced in the proposed arrange-
ment; and an opportunity was not long wanting for testing its
efficiency.

The Indians made an inroad into the Sewickly settlement, com-
mitting the most barbarous murders of men, women, and children;
stealing such property as was portable, and destroying all else. The
alarm was brought to Pittsburg, and a party of soldiers under the
command of the emulous officers dispatched for the protection of the settlement, and chastisement of the foe. From this expedition Brady was, of course, excluded; but the restraint was irksome to his feelings.

The day after the detachment had marched, he solicited permission from the commander to take a small party for the purpose of “catching the Indians,” but was refused. By dint of importunity, however, he at length wrung from him a reluctant consent, and the command of five men; to this he added his pet Indian, and made hasty preparation.

Instead of moving toward Sewickly, as the first detachment had done, he crossed the Alleghany at Pittsburg, and proceeded up the river. Conjecturing that the Indians had descended the stream in canoes, till near the settlement; he was careful to examine the mouths of all creeks coming into it, particularly from the southeast. At the mouth of Big Mahoning, about six miles above Kittanning, the canoes were seen drawn up to its western bank. He instantly retreated down the river, and waited for night. As soon as it was dark, he made a raft, and crossed to the Kittanning side. He then proceeded up the creek, and found that the Indians had, in the meantime, crossed the creek, as their canoes were drawn to its upper or north-easterly bank.

The country on both sides of Mahoning, at its mouth, is rough and mountainous, and the stream, which was then high, very rapid. Several ineffectual attempts were made to wade it, which they at length succeeded in doing, three or four miles above the canoes. Next, a fire was made, their clothing dried, and arms inspected; and the party moved toward the Indian camp, which was pitched on the second bank of the river. Brady placed his men at some distance on the lower or first bank.

The Indians had brought from Sewickly a stallion, which they had fettered and turned to pasture on the lower bank. An Indian, probably the owner, under the law of arms, came frequently down to him, and occasioned the party no little trouble. The horse, too, seemed willing to keep their company, and it required considerable circumspection to avoid all intercourse with either. Brady became so provoked that he had a strong inclination to tomahawk the Indian,
but his calmer judgment repudiated the act, so likely to put to hazard
a more decisive and important achievement.

At length the Indians seemed quiet, and the Captain determined to
pay them a closer visit, which he succeeded in doing, then returned,
poster his men, and in the deepest silence all awaited the break of
day. When it appeared, the Indians arose and stood around their
fires, exulting doubtless in the scalps they had taken, the plunder
they had acquired, and the injuries they had inflicted on their
enemies. Precarious joy! short-lived triumph! the avenger of blood
was beside them. At a signal given, seven rifles cracked, and five
Indians were dead ere they fell. Brady's well-known war-cry was
heard, his party were among them, and their rifles (mostly empty)
were all secured. The remaining Indians instantly fled and disapp-
evered. One was pursued by the trace of his blood, which he seems
to have succeeded in staunching. The pet Indian then imitated the
cry of a young wolf, which was answered by the wounded man, and
the pursuit was again renewed. A second time the wolf's cry was
given and answered, and the pursuit continued into a windfall. Here
he must have espied his pursuers, for he answered no more. Brady
found his remains three weeks afterwards, being led to the place by
ravens that were preying on the carcass.

The horse was unfettered, the plunder gathered, and the party com-
enced their return to Pittsburg, most of them descending in the
Indian canoes.

Three days after their return, the first detachment came in. They
reported that they had followed the Indians closely, but that the
latter had got into their canoes and made their escape.

Captain Brady married a daughter of Captain Van Swearingen, of
Ohio County, who bore him two children, John and Van S., both of
whom are still living. He possessed all the elements of a brave and
successful soldier. Like Marion, "he consulted with all his men
respectfully, heard them patiently, weighed their suggestions, and
silently approached his own conclusions. They knew his determi-
nation only by his actions." Brady had but few superiors as a
woodsman; he would strike out into the heart of the wilderness, and
with no guide, but the sun by day, and the stars by night, or in
their absence, then by such natural marks as the barks and tops of
trees he would move on steadily, in a direct line toward the point of his destination. He always avoided beaten paths and the borders of streams; and never was known to leave his track behind him. In this manner he eluded pursuit, and defied detection. He was often vainly hunted by his own men, and was more likely to find them, than they him.